

respect to keep it on. And now as I paid this mark of respect to their synagogue, may I ask those three young Jews in the gallery, to comply with our rules, and kindly uncover their heads." The sequel was such that Mr. Spurgeon was annoyed no more.

But I must not assume the role of an iconoclast, but be consistent and suggest some possible way to improve the spirit of reverence in our public worship.

How may a greater spirit of reverence be secured? It is a matter, that is largely in the hands of the leaders in the public worship, to create or to destroy this spirit of reverence. An irreverent minister in the pulpit can do more in one year to destroy the spirit of reverence, than can be cured in ten. An irreverent attitude on the part of the preacher will leave its evil impress upon a whole body of worshippers. An irreverent handling of the Bible, in reading, or in comments, and especially an irreverent tone or attitude in prayer by the leader will be felt by the whole congregation. If we were as susceptible to the reverent, as to the irreverent spirit, we might hope for speedy reform. But next in point of responsibility to the minister is the choir. The choir have a hard place to fill. Their position before the whole congregation is one of great responsibility. By times the strain upon the nervous system is trying. This may account for the lack of reverence in many of our church choirs. Singers should be the most holy and reverent of all the worshippers. In our church services there is so much committed to the choir, that they have it in their power to make or destroy the spirit of reverence to a large degree.

Again, the ushers, have much to do in impressing the people with the sacredness of God, house and worship. I have always held that we needed the most religious and reverent men in the church as ushers, and for this reason I think the deacons should be the ushers. But the foundation of this spirit of reverence for the home and worship of God, must be laid in the Sunday School. Hence the grave responsibility that rests upon the officers and teachers in our Sunday Schools. Teachers, don't go where you cannot welcome your scholars; don't do what you would not like to see your scholars do. Above all impress them with the thought that the Vestry is the house of God, and the portion of the Scripture you are studying is the word of God, and that the Sabbath is God's day most holy, that He has said: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If these simple suggestions should be put in practice by the leaders in public worship, a greater spirit of reverence would be the happy result, and God's name and house and worship, would be honored, among us, more and more.

The Right Kind of Piety.

Christian life is one of continual growth and progress. Those who have but recently passed from death unto life have ordinarily but very inadequate notions of what the Christian life really is. A Christian's joys and hopes they have experienced, and amid the delightful associations and salutary influences of a revived and active church, they may be making rapid progress in the Christian course. They are encouraged and strengthened by everything around them, and it seems to them that after all it is not so difficult a thing as they imagined to be a Christian. But it is one thing to live like a Christian amid such scenes and surroundings, and with such congenial helps; and quite another thing to pursue a life of holiness through all the vicissitudes and varying circumstances of a personal history. The piety that God owns and rewards is a piety that dares to be singular; a piety that is not dependent for all its fervor and stability on the zeal and perseverance of others, but that lives and flourishes, breathes and burns, in times of general declension and in seasons when activity in the service of God is most needed, but least seen. It is a personal piety which has its root deep in the heart of the individual himself, and is not dependent for its existence or growth upon any outward circumstances or surrounding whatever. It is a piety two grand elements of which are decision and perseverance—uncompromising integrity and undying energy. Its foundations are laid deep, and its superstructure rises above the clouds. It makes its possessor permanently happy, and constantly useful. He makes it the main thing of his life, and exalts it above everything else. His path shines brighter and brighter. He is safe amid the storm of life, and secures at last an inheritance among the redeemed and sanctified on high.—Christian Work.

Be Ready.

I beg you to get ready to meet our returning Lord. What is the way to be ready to meet Jesus? It is the same Jesus that went away from us who is coming, then let us be doing what he was doing before he went away. It is the same Jesus that is coming; we can not possibly put ourselves into a posture of which he will better ap-

prove than by going about doing good. If you would meet him with joy, serve him with earnestness. If the Lord Jesus Christ were to come today I should like him to find me at my studying, praying or preaching. Would you not like him to find you in your Sunday School, in your class, or out there at the corner of the street preaching, or doing whatever you had the privilege of doing in his name? Would you meet your Lord in idleness? Do not think of it.

I called one day on one of my church members, and she was whitening the front steps. She got up all in confusion, and said:

"Oh, dear, sir, I did not know you were coming today, or I should have been ready."

I replied, "Dear friend, you could not be in better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you."

She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty by keeping the home tidy. I thought she looked more beautiful with her pall beside her than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion. I said to her:

"When the Lord Jesus Christ comes suddenly, I hope he will find me doing as you were doing, namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour."

I want you all to get your pails without being ashamed of them. Serve the Lord in some way or other. Serve him always. Serve him intensely. Serve him more and more. Go tomorrow and serve the Lord at the counter, or in the work-shop, or in the field. Go and serve the Lord by helping the poor and the needy, the widow and the fatherless. Serve him by teaching the children, especially by endeavoring to train your own children. Go and show the drunkard that there is hope for him in Christ, or let the fallen woman know that Jesus can restore her. It is what Jesus has given you the power to do.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Maxim's in Rhyme.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

Every glad new comer
May not always stay;
Spring insures the summer,
Morn is pledge of day.

Crowns may come from crosses,
Joys may flow from pains;
Things we count as losses
God may count as gains.

Words we do not utter
None can e'er repeat;
Needless fear and flutter
Oft insure defeat.

True and tried believers
Know the worth of prayer;
Bountiful receivers
Seldom cry, "Forbear."

Justice cannot lustre
Deeds of sin and shame;
Hollowed memories cluster
Round a good man's name.

Minds enthusiastic
Need a sacred leaven;
Consciences elastic
Win no smile from heaven.

Why should one be lonely
Who makes Christ his friend?
Heavenly pleasures only
Never, never end.

Bass River, N. S.

The "Last Rose of Summer."

Considerable interest has been awakened throughout the country by the announcement of the death of Mrs. Amelia Koehler, of Mount Vernon, New York, at the age of ninety-two years, owing to the fact that she is supposed to have inspired Thomas Moore's famous poem, "The Last Rose of Summer."

When she was thirteen years old she was sent to London, and there she attended a school kept by a sister of the poet, who frequently visited the school and became acquainted with the pupils. Moore took a decided liking to her, and would spend hours in conversing with her.

One day as they were sitting in the garden, she plucked a rose, and placing it on the lapel of the poet's waistcoat, exclaimed, "Oh, now I have given you the last rose of summer." And, as the story runs, this very rose was in fact the last rose left blooming in the garden.

"My child," said the poet, "you have made a beautiful suggestion, and when I have written some verses on it they shall be dedicated to you."

A short time after the incident, Moore wrote the famous lines, and dedicated them to "Amelia," that being the first name of the woman who has just passed away.

Mrs. Koehler's maiden name was Amelia Oftergeld, and she was born in Aix-la-Chapelle. Her father was an officer in the Prussian army, and her mother was of British descent. She was fifteen years old when she married Charles Koehler, an importer of Bond Street, London. When he died, forty years ago, she came to

live with her daughter in this country, and remained here until her death. She was at Queen Victoria's wedding, and one of her treasures was a piece of cake, protected by a glass case, which she said was a part of the queen's wedding cake, and which had been given her by Lady Blakely, one of the maids of honor. On the occasion of the golden jubilee of the queen, ten years ago, Mrs. Koehler, it is said sent the cake in a box to Victoria. The queen, in returning it, so the story runs, wrote "a brief autograph letter."—Harper's Round Table.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—

It has come! It has come at last! Thanks be to God! The blessed rain has come! The windows of heaven have been opened, and the thirsty earth has rejoiced in fountains of life-giving water.

Last Wednesday afternoon I went to Vizianagram, and it was food for the soul to behold the reviving country. Man and beast are risen from the dead. With the exception of the hills which are ever barren, as far as the eye can reach, everything is green—green trees and green fields beneath a cloudy sky that promises more rain still. The birds sing a new song on the living boughs, and even the frogs in the well-filled tanks join with their voices in the chorus of victory. The boys with their trouting poles are once more sitting on the banks of the canals catching fish out of the muddy streams. The rice fields, where a few weeks ago nothing could be seen but a crow or a jackal, are now alive with farmers and oxen. Men and women are busy from morn till eve transplanting rice. There they are, more than ankle deep in mud and water, setting out the rice sprouts in their watery bed. Why are the roots of the rice plant like fish? Because they cannot live out of the water. The rice field is divided into beds or plots like a great checker-board. Each plot is a few rods square and has a wall of mud around it about a foot or more in height. This mud wall is a dike to hold the water. This plot might be called a big mud pan, and it is kept about half full, until the rice grows tall and gets ripe. Harvest month is December. If the water fails at any time the crop is gone. If the autumn rains do not come all these green fields will wither, and the ground become as barren as the sandy desert. In India rain is life and drought is death. We like to read about the promised land, which was to be well watered with the rain of heaven.

The women who are at work near the side of the road see us coming. One of them snatches up a bunch of rice sproats in each hand and hurries to the road. There she places the bunches in the middle of the road in front of us. That is their way of asking for a present.

At Vizianagram we found Mr. Sanford and Mr. and Mrs. Gullison well. Mr. Sanford is busy with his native helpers and his mission work, while Mr. and Mrs. Gullison are busy learning the language. The air is musical with the buzz of the munshi and the hum of Telugu.

On my way back about five and a half miles from Bimli, I turned off to the left and went along a road to the northeast, about a mile and a half to Polepilly. Come and stand with us at Somalingam's well and we will show you a beautiful sight. Here at our feet lies a broad rice field, waving in the evening breeze like the ocean. It is over a mile broad and three or four miles long. The sight of this expanse of living green is refreshing to body and mind. It is like a long draught of cold water to a thirsty soul. Springtime creeps over this mortal frame and my hard heart begins to melt. The setting sun is buried deep in a bank of thunder clouds; but the rising moon shines brightly to light my pathway home.

But the famine will not be over until the rice is reaped. The harvest is not sure until the autumn monsoon bursts. At present the same old scarcity prevails, and rice is sold at famine prices. Last year about this time, the fields looked as green as they do now. But the October rains did not come. The farmers still hoped that the time of rain was only a little delayed. They watched the burning sky until their eyes failed with longing and the half-grown grain withered in the fields. It was a sad sight to see the crops parched as if they had been scorched with fire from heaven. Wherever a few green patches were left, the farmers in despair, were cutting them down as fodder for their cattle.

As the Bible speaks of the early and the latter rain, so we need them both in India. This year the early rain has come about two months late. When the latter rain will come or whether it will come at all or not we do not know. God's will be done! If it should fall the glory of the broad fields will be like the grass indeed! May a merciful God forbid! If the autumn rains do not come the sufferings of the past year will sink into insignificance compared with what must be endured in the year before us. But the bountiful showers which God has already given have inspired much hope that in October or November we shall behold again the wonders of his mercy and longsuffering.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, September 15.