

A Needful Warning.

In the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Germany, there is an old slab with the following inscription :

Thus speaketh our Lord to us :
 Ye call me Master, and obey me not ;
 Ye call me Light, and see me not ;
 Ye call me Way, and walk me not ;
 Ye call me Life, and desire me not ;
 Ye call me Wise, and follow me not ;
 Ye call me Rich, and ask me not ;
 Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not ;
 Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not ;
 Ye call me Noble, and serve me not ;
 Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not ;
 Ye call me Just, and fear me not ;
 If I condemn you, blame me not.

The Luminous Match Box.

A Word to the Young and to All.

Theo Graham had a beautiful match box. Aunt Bessie had brought it to her one visit. For several days it hung from a little hook over Theo's bed just facing the west window. Through that window the bright sunbeams fell freely into the pink room, filtering through a trellis work of crimson rose shoots and yellow rose blooms. They fell, too, on the white face of the luminous match box.

Then when the great sun disappeared behind the mountain, and darkness brooded over the face of the land, Aunt Bessie's gift shone out softly. It always showed Theo where to find a light, and was quite a companion to the lonely little girl.

A few weeks passed away and Theo noticed her match box was getting dusty. So she wrapped it up carefully in paper (it was so much trouble to keep all her possessions dusted and cleaned) and stowed it away in a drawer.

When Aunt Bessie came on her next visit, Theo brought out the luminous box and hung it up in the spare room. "You will not need a night light," she said, as she kissed her aunt before going to bed. "The luminous match box is in your room."

But when dear Aunt Bessie had put out her candle, no soft light gleamed on the wall.

The next day the two had a talk over the matter. Theo said she had put

by the box to keep it safe, and Aunt Bessie told her what was wrong in the action.

"The box is painted with a peculiar kind of phosphorous paint, little one," she said. "It needs to absorb as much sunlight in the day as it can. Then at night it reflects. It just gathers all the beams into itself, as it were. The box has no power to shine of itself, It absorbs and then gives out. Keep it in the sun, Theo, and it will be of use."

There was a pause as the little girl fingered the white box.

Then Aunt Bessie added softly : "I think it is just a picture of you and me, Theo, and of all Christians. We need to live in the light in order to shine as lights. If we shut up ourselves in the darkness of selfishness or pride, or unbelief, we cannot possibly be bright. Will you remember this, my little niece ? Every morning spend a little time in absorbing. Read your Bible and try to get to know the mind of Jesus. Then your face will shine and it will do so unconsciously."

They talked a good deal more about the lessons the luminous match box had to teach them. I cannot repeat all the conversation. My readers will perhaps, be able to think out some for themselves. The one most useful to Theo Graham was the thought of how the match box could not help shining if it had been in the sunlight. There was no effort about it, no trying, no straining. Just quietly, if we are living in God's presence, we must reflect the light. —*Selected*.

Quebec Clerical Library.

The Sub-Librarian, the Rev. E. J. Etherington, desires to remind the Members of the Library, that they should send in their Annual Subscription (\$1.00) at the same time as they make their first application for book in any particular year, thus saving the trouble of the collection of arrears at a later date.

S. P. C. K. DEPOSITORY.

CHANGE OF SECRETARY.

In our last issue we reported, that, the Rev. A. J. Balfour having resigned the position of Secretary of the S. P. C. K. Depository, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, was elected to take his place,