

The Presbyterian General Assemblies, North and South, held their Centennial sessions this year from the seventeenth to nearly the end of May, the former in Philadelphia, the latter in Baltimore. They had a grand joint Centennial meeting in Philadelphia on the 24th. Both Assemblies paid their respects to President and Mrs. Cleveland at a beautiful country seat about five miles from Philadelphia. He gave as he always does an excellent address and gave them some good hints on Union.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, a friend of Henry Ward Beecher, and who has supplied Plymouth pulpit most of the time since the great preacher's death, has been called as permanent pastor of the congregation.

RESEMBLING JESUS.

The familiar truth that being a Christian means being like Christ, is prettily illustrated by a writer in the *Quiver*:

A little child, pondering in her heart concerning the Lord to whom she prayed, came to her mother with the question, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" And in all reverence we, who move amid Christian surroundings, should be able to answer "Yes" to a question like this from little lips. Are there not those helping and praying for the children who, in some degree, picture him whose arms were stretched out to bless and comfort them? A more vital question is this:—Am I *myself* mirroring Jesus, if only to some little child? or is his light in me obscured, so that the fact that I name his name hinders, rather than promotes, his glory? We know the tale of the little one who objected to entering heaven because mamma said that grandpa, who was always so irritable, would, of course, go there. Would that every one who stands out upon the Lord's side would carry his spirit into the home circle, the little things of daily life, the lesser domestic worries, in which the eyes of children and servants, and perchance many others, are upon us—influenced by our example, and helped or hindered by our bearing. A child should see God mirrored in its mother's face: our Sunday scholars should get some glimpse of the Eternal Love from the teacher's heart and looks. This can come only as we tarry at the mercy-seat, as we keep our own gaze Christ-ward.

OLD LETTERS.

It seems but yesterday she died, but years
Have passed since then; the wondrous
change of time
Makes great things little, little things
sublime,
And sanctifies the dew of daily tears.
She died as all must die; no trace appears
In History's page, nor save in my poor
rhyme,
Of her, whose life was love, whose lonely
prime
Passed sadly where no sorrows are, nor
fears.

It seems but yesterday; to-day I read
A few short letters in her own dear hand,
And doubted if 'twere true. Their tend-
er grace
Seems radiant with her life !O! can the
dead
Thus in their letters live? I tied the band,
And kissed her name as though I kissed
her face.

—Lord Roslyn.

OPPOSITION IN AUSTRIA.

Tidings from Austria show that the authorities are looking with no favor upon the success of missionary movements. Mr. Clark an American missionary reports that on the nineteenth of June he was called before the criminal court in Prague on a charge of disturbing the public peace. A long document was presented against him, and he was required to make answer in behalf of himself and his helpers. What the immediate issue will be it is impossible to say; the ultimate result will doubtless be the furtherance of the gospel. Already, as Mr. Clark reports, God is bringing good out of evil, and the meetings are well attended by interested hearers.

The congregation at Scotsburn &c., so long vacant, has been making marked progress since the settlement of Mr. Cairns. An indefatigable worker, he has been holding special services in different parts of his scattered charge during a great part of the winter. Large numbers have been added to the church. Some twenty-five prayer meetings are carried on, largely by the people themselves within the bounds of the wide field over which he has to travel. The congregation has also built an excellent manse.