

If we would revive religion in our land, we must return to primitive methods, as in the days of the Apostles and of our Scottish forefathers in Reformation times, when *expository teaching* formed so prominent an element in the instruction of the masses. We live in a practical age, in which the people who are asking for the bread of life will not be satisfied with the husks of a dead formalism, or have their souls fed with the outer shell of Christianity, but with the living kernel of gospel truth. The earnest prayer of pastors and of parents, and of all church members, should be the cry of the prophet in the valley of vision; "Come from the four winds O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live;" or in the language of the Church in Solomon's Song, "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow forth." AMEN.

W. McK.

ATHANASIUS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

More than fifteen centuries ago, just three hundred and two've years after Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, a number of boys were playing on the sea shore, near the great city of Alexandria in Egypt. It was the month of January, but January in Alexandria is very different from the same month in Canada, for all the flowers and trees are in bloom and leaf while February begins. Among these boys, who played upon the sandy beach of the Mediterranean Sea, there was one who seemed to be the leader of their sports. He was a bright, fearless lad, about fourteen years of age, and the other boys called him Athanasius. His Christian parents had given him a beautiful name at his baptism, for in Greek it means the undying, immortal one. But, I fear, they had not instructed him very well in the truth of God's Word, which tells us how reverent we should be in worshipping Him that made the heavens and the earth, and who is high above them all. Young Athanasius called his companions to join him in a game they had often played at before. It was to make believe that he was their minister, and they were elders and deacons and the congregation, all met together to worship as on the Sabbath day. While this was going on, a good man called Alexander, who was bishop of Alexandria (for there were bishops at this time placed above ministers, although the Bible says this ought not to be), was looking out of a window in a house near the spot where the boys were playing. When he saw what they were doing he was shocked at their imitation of things divine, and sent at once for the parents of the children, among whom he specially wished to see the father and mother of Athanasius. After they came, Alexander told them, that since their sons delighted even to imitate the work of the Gospel ministry, they should train them up to be true and faithful ministers of Jesus Christ when they came to be men. So Athanasius was put under learned and pious teachers, who taught him the knowledge of the one great Book which tells us of God the Father and His Son Jesus, and which makes the foolish and the sinful wise and good. He liked, above all things, the story of Jesus Christ. He knew all about Him as the little Babe of Bethlehem, the wonderful Boy of Nazareth, the Teacher sent from God who went about continually doing good, and the Man of Sorrows that hung upon the bitter cross; but he loved also to think of Him