

Lord's work may be prevailed upon to contribute indirectly. No matter what your motive in giving, we want your money, and we shall be satisfied."

The representatives of Him who said "the world is mine and the fulness thereof" advertise for all, friends or foes, to patronize the entertainment to raise funds for His work! Well, I suppose I am a crank. Somebody else will put it quite differently.

But how about the *social* side of the affair? It does bring the people together in a fraternal way, does it not?

Why, yes, of course. That young couple who are well off and have plenty of comforts and lots of society enjoy the fraternal intercourse for twenty cents. My poor brother over the way who gets a dollar and a half a day for nine months of the year and would like to bring his wife and six children to enjoy some of the brightness and Christian fellowship may do so for eighty cents—the price of more than half a day of hard work. It will not cost him that, though! He will *stay at home* and let the wife and two of the children go.

I once watched a young man go in for "fellowship" in this way. He told his chum beforehand that he "knew better than to take more than a V. with him." He was wise. From the time he entered the east door till he got out at the west, he *was* entertained. Little girls and big girls, young girls and—no, pardon me!—but it was "Slipper and Slipper Case," "Photo Frame," "Ice-Cream," "Ticket for Tea." Fellowship, social intercourse indeed! When he escaped he had to walk home for lack of car fare. And this for the glory of the great God, for the cause of the meek and lowly, the self-sacrificing Jesus! Surely I must be getting astray somewhere. I am getting cranky again. It is time to stop.

R.

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If you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and what people think of you.—*Charles Kingsley.*

AWAKE, ARISE, THY LIGHT IS COME.

Awake, arise, thy light is come;
The nations, that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee!

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray
From every nook of earth shall cluster;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy homesick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allowed
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions.

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon, thy pomp shall grace—
The fir, the pine, the palm victorious,
Shall beautify our Holy Place,
And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways,
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation;
But thou shalt call thy portals Praise,
And thou shalt name thy walls Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee;
But God Himself shall be thy Light,
And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down;
A ray, from heaven itself descended,
Shall light thy everlasting crown—
Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own, elect, and righteous Land!
The Branch for ever green and vernal,
Which I have planted with this hand—
Live thou shalt in Life Eternal.

—*Thomas Moore.*

TRUE HEROISM.

All men admire a hero. Most men would like to be heroic. But only now and then is there a man who realizes what it is to be a hero, and how simple a thing is heroism. What is a hero? What is heroism? The primitive meaning of the Greek word "hero" is "a man." Heroism is acting like a hero—like a true man. Yet so rare a thing is it

that a man *is* a man, or that a real man—a real hero—shows himself fully competent to his position in an emergency, that men of old came to look at a real man, a real hero, as something more than a simple man, more than a simple hero: and so men came to think that a real hero was god-like, and finally to count him partly divine. Yet, after all, a real hero is only a real man. Even to this day we speak of an exceptional human personality as "a manly man," or as "a womanly woman"; and in thus speaking, we practically assert that a hero—of either sex—is a God-inspired, a God helped, a God-like man, or woman. We need not be more than God made us to be, we need not expect more power than God gave us, and that God will inspire and enable us to use, if we would be true heroes. It is a great thing, it is a heroic thing, for any man to do as well as he can do, to do as well as he ought to do, in an emergency. Any man who does that is a hero in God's sight, and he ought to be so in man's sight.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE SCORN OF JOB.

Ch. xxxi, 17.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone,"
The patriarch spoke in scorn.
What would he think of the Church were he shown
Heathendom huge and forlorn;
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the Church's ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone?

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"
The mighty apostle cried,
Traversing continents souls to seek
For the love of the Crucified;
Centuries, centuries since have sped,
Millions are famishing; we have bread,
But we eat our morsel alone.

Ever of those who have largest power
Shall Heaven require the more,
Ours is affluence, knowledge and power,
Ocean from shore to shore;
And East and West in our ears have said,
"Give us, give us your living Bread,"
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely as ye have received, so give,"
He bade, Who hath given us all,
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Deaf to their starving call;
For whom the Blood of the Lord was shed,
And His Body broken to give them Bread,
If we eat our morsel alone?

—*Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry.*