

and the thing—having no positive doctrines of its own—is gradually becoming withered up from the roots.

THE LATE REV. W. P. WASTELL.—The bent of his mind was philosophical and argumentative, yet he was a lover of music, of poetry and the beautiful things of nature and of art. His most unique utterances, however, were his prayers. Their devotional spirit was impressive; they seemed like inspirations—talks with God. The writer recalls an instance at the breaking out of the War, when Mr. Wastell was a delegate to the General Assembly at Syracuse. A prayer meeting was held with special reference to the state of the Union, and Mr. Wastell was asked to take part. After the services Dr. Cox, the most famous divine of that day, approached him and said, "I have forgotten your name, my good brother." "Mr. Wastell of Michigan, Dr. Cox," was the reply. "Oh yes! I shall not forget it again, for you are the dear brother that *was telling* God so many good things in your prayer to-night."—*The Kingdom*.

ADVERTISING HINTS.—In *Printers' Ink*, a weekly of 32 pages, magazine form, "the little Schoolmaster in the art of advertising," (New York, 10 Spruce St., \$2 a year), are many good hints; for instance, "An elegant embossed cover on a catalogue insures it from the waste-basket." Again, a man is going to travel through Europe on foot, and advertises weekly letters to newspapers at 40 cents each, and only one paper in each locality dealt with. One "Ad. constructor" says, "If you want an original *ad*, chock full of convincing common sense, I'll think it up and write it out for \$2." Another man will sell "30,000 letters of 1892 and '93." The Editor says, "If you would have your ads. impress people with the belief that your goods possess worth, have them of an earnest rather than of a frivolous tone." And again, "Ads. should be made to resemble, as closely as possible, the arguments that the merchant would use in his store."

AT A "COUNCIL."—A year ago we heard a young man put through a most unmerciful amount of questioning, at an ordaining council. To him the chief benefit would be—not a clearing-up of less apprehended doctrines in his mind—but an admirable testing and training of his temper. The candidate was patient

and courteous. The Rev. C. H. Beale was lately ordained at Roxbury, Mass. The *Congregationalist* says, respecting the council that examined him—and he was pastor before, at Lansing, Mich., and was therefore no new beginner:—"We do not wonder that Mr. Beale was tempted now and then to turn in a good-natured way on the Roxbury council which showered upon him so many questions. One of his best rejoinders was when, asked to define his doctrine of the Holy Spirit, he said, "I think I am in substantial agreement with the church doctrine, and if the moderator will be so kind as to state what is generally held in this vicinity in regard to the Holy Spirit, I shall be glad to assent to it." The moderator did not embrace the tempting opportunity.

A BOND STREET INCIDENT.—A good many years ago, in the first part of his ministry, Dr. Wild's evening sermons in Bond Street pulpit were published in a local paper in Yorkville, now a part of Toronto. We remember reading there the announcement of the sermon for the next Sunday evening—"The Sayings of a Thumbless Man." It was a "taking" title; but we were not there, to hear the sermon. Six or seven years after, Dr. Wild preached the Sabbath-evening "Union sermon" in Montreal; and he told us it was the first Sabbath-evening he had been absent from his own church since he had been settled in Bond Street—eight years. Now, a Methodist brother preached for him that night in Bond St. Toronto; and of all subjects in the world, he had had it announced in the Toronto papers on Saturday, that he would preach in Bond St. Church on "The Sayings of a Thumbless Man!" We sometimes forget where our promptings and inspirations come from; and this second overhauling of Adonibezek's bones has its humorous side in the unconscious re-adoption of the whimsical title which Dr. Wild had neglected to copyright!

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.—Sleeping with older persons or in unventilated rooms, as well as insufficient hours for sleep, are a damage to the child and are responsible for a deal of the fretfulness that makes the morning hour a trial to the household. The practice of reading, singing or in any way coaxing a child to sleep is a dangerous one, for in nothing are we more thoroughly the creatures of habit than in this matter of sleeping and