

efforts unless they themselves can see their effects. They are not content to fight for the well-being of a race, and to think that the victory shall not come till the victors themselves shall have been mingled with the dust. The friend of the negro, when he puts his shoulder to the wheel, and tries to preserve his black brother from the degradation of an inferior species, hopes to see his client rise up at once with all the glories of civilization around his head. "There, behold my work, how good it is!" That is the reward to which he looks. But what if the work be not as yet good? What if it be God's pleasure that more time be required before the work be good—good in our first sense of the word—in our sense, which requires the show of an immediate effect?

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We are always in such a hurry; although as regards the progress of races, history so plainly tells us how vain such hurry is! At thirty a man devotes himself to proselytizing a people; and if the people be not proselytized when he has reached forty, he retires in disgust. In early life we have aspirations for the freedom of an ill-used nation; but in middle life we abandon our protégé to tyranny and the infernal gods. The process has been too long. The nation should have arisen free at once, upon the instant. It is hard for man to work without hope of seeing that for which he labours.—*Anthony Trollope.*

"SO MANY CALLS."

For what purpose? for the payment of numerous bills made for life's luxuries,—its pomps and vanities? Oh no! "so many calls for the Church:" that is, some six or eight objects a year are presented to our friend's consideration. He was called on only a month ago, and with that call he parries every other, just as the Indian holds up some prisoner he has taken to shield him from the arrows of his pursuers. He gave so much on such an occasion, and that is used as a scarecrow for all future collectors. It would seem that any one loving Christ would *rejoice* at the increasing calls to extend His kingdom, and would expect that any once made should increase. Christ, through his Church, takes the attitude of a suppliant, that His people may know the superior blessedness of giving to receiving; and yet He is denied, because the calls are so frequent! But He does not call upon you as often as *you* call upon Him, for from Him you daily receive your breath, your reason, and all the comforts of this life. He is called on to protect you by His providence, and to supply mercies as numerous as minutes. Above all, He is called on to spare you under provocations of ingratitude which you daily heap upon Him. And yet, with all these calls, never has "His arm been shortened, or His ear heavy." But when he calls on *you*, and that, too, for your own benefit, you treat Him as some troublesome mendicant. "Freely ye have received" and sparingly do ye give. Suppose He should take you at your word, and say, "Yes, I *have* called too often, I will do so no more:" then, indeed, there would be no more calls on your charity, but then, also, would you lose your ability to be charitable; your talents, unimproved, would be taken away. If your life were spared, which still would be an exercise of His mercy, you would wander abroad an outcast, exposed to every stress of weather, and sensible of your former blessings by their withdrawal. But if there are so many calls on you, suppose you retaliate, and make calls on other people. "By no means," you reply; "you would sooner *give* than do that; you could not think of exposing your feelings in such a way." Very well! then, of course, you will consider that those who call on you have feelings also, and you will doubtless be particularly careful to render their stony path as smooth as pos-