

qualifying power from the altar of Christ within the veil. The Lord Jesus will be exalted vicariously, before the smitten heart and dying eye of our fallen race. His saving love will shine in upon the special assembly, and His sunbeams of vivifying grace, will penetrate and open receptive hearts, who like Lydia of Thyatira, give earnest attention to the gospel of God. Some persons will mock at those who preach "Jesus and the Resurrection," Others will rush along and say, "We will hear thee at a more convenient season." Sin will be exposed and condemned in the fleshly heart. Satan and his devices will be resisted, and successfully overcome. The spiritual atmosphere of the visible church will be renovated and refreshed with showers of holy blessing, the typic mounts of Sinai, Horeb, Ebal, Gerizim, Nebo, Pisgah, Hermon, Tabor, Zion, Olivet, Calvary, and the royal mountain of the Revelation, will become all aglow with the majestic justice of God, and with His free grace and glory everlasting; and in the coming day of the Great King, what think you, oh men of God, will be the value and the joy of the "well done," pronounced by the Divine Head of the church universal, that shall then crown the harvest-home of all the faithful who have laboured in love for the name of "the Lord Jesus Christ," and the salvation of mankind?

"Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
Bye-and-bye the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."—
1 Cor. xv. 37, 38.

Respectfully submitted—F. GUNNER, pastor of Lis-towel Cong. Church.

Western Cong. Association, Oct. 22, 1884.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

In time of service seal up both mine eyes,
And send them to thine heart, that spying sin
They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
These doors being shut, all by the ym comes in.
Who marks at church time others' symmetry
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures hither,
Christ purged His temple; so must thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee; look to thine actions well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot,
The worst speaks something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text and preaches patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
He that loves God's abode, and to combine.
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.
—George Herbert. (Born 1592, died 1634.)

A FRIENDLY LETTER ADDRESSED TO PRINTERS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will not, I think, contradict a well-known author, who says printing is the greatest of all the arts. However this may be, it is certain that not only those who write books, but all who read them, owe a vast debt of gratitude to your skill and labour. When William Caxton erected the first English printing press, A.D. 1471, in Westminster Abbey, and produced from it "The Game and Play of Chesse,"—the first book ever printed in these kingdoms—how little he thought what a mighty engine the printing press would become! For to this is chiefly owing our deliverance from ignorance and error, the progress of religion and learning, the spread of the Bible in 250 different languages, the revival of the sciences, many of the modern inventions and discoveries, and numberless improvements in comfort and art, which without this noble invention would have been either lost or confined to the knowledge of a few.

Then with regard to printing itself, what vast improvements have taken place, even since the time when the reader of the *Times* newspaper was told (November 28th, 1814) that he held in his hand a newspaper printed by machinery and by the power of steam!

Now may I give you a few hints—first, from an author's; and, secondly, from your own point of view?

1. As an Author. The *compositor*, placing the copy of the work before him, picks up letter by letter, and arranges them in order to form words and sentences, till he has composed a page, or column, and so on for the whole work, with a degree of quickness and accuracy not easily to be conceived, though he is frequently ignorant of the subject on which he is engaged. But not so the *composer*, or author of the work itself. You do not know what sleepless nights, what painful effort, and what prayers and tears it may have cost him! Therefore, deal gently with your author. For books are like children, and the feeling of pride and sense of possession over the first published volume are very much akin to the joy of a parent over a first-born child; whilst many a book, has like a prodigal son, brought down the gray hairs of its author with sorrow to the grave! I know your patience is often sorely tried with badly written and sometimes almost illegible MSS. The *compositor* especially, being usually paid by piece work, thus loses both time and money in trying to decipher them. But remember that the Christian grace of *patience* is spoken of in the Holy Book, as "perfect work," and, as the most learned author is often the worst writer—when he "comes again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him," will not you, who have helped him to garner