

How does it strengthen our faith in Christianity, in its truth and its power, when we meet these unpretending, ordinarily unknown workers in the field! You may discover them in almost every church in our land. Here is the modest teacher, who takes a class of little girls, and meets them Sabbath after Sabbath, year after year, until her girls stand around her, taller than herself—young women. How they love her! How deeply is her influence impressed upon their hearts! What an imperishable work she has done! Her girls may marry and move from their early home. She may lose sight of them, but her loving labours abide. Christ will say to her "Daughter, well done!"

And here is the hard working mechanic, who snatches an hour or two from his short evenings to give to the study of his lesson for the Sabbath; who contrives to reach the home of this absentee on his way home from his work to-day, and to carry a look of affection to that sick boy to-morrow; and whose closet testifies to his care for their souls. He shall not lack his reward. He shall hear the glad words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Far away from the abodes of the rich, stands the mission chapel. Drop in and glance at that Bible class. One, two, three—yes, seventeen young men, plain young men, some of them poor, but how attentive! The gentleman who teaches them is a man of great wealth. Resisting the temptations of the easy chair, the book, and the paper, and all the luxury of a quiet Sabbath afternoon at home, he is found every Sunday in his place, teaching his class. He might give a thousand dollars a year to the mission, and be praised for generosity, but he does vastly more—he gives *himself* to it. Is there no crown laid up for him?

Our hearts grow strong as we look upon these fruits of Christianity; and we have glanced at but a single department of Christian effort. Worldliness abounds; self-indulgent Christians are many; but Christ has his true disciples, nor are they few. Let us with the Master say to all such, "WELL DONE!"

HEARING that his pastor intended to preach on the recognition of friends in heaven, a parishioner suggested that he should preach on the recognition of friends *on earth*, since he had been sitting in his pew twenty years without being recognized by the occupant of the next pew. Query—Had the complainant any cause for complaint?

THE SOUL'S BIRTHDAY.

When, beyond death, we come to ourselves, it is likely that nothing will surprise us more than our former dread of death. We shall see that we were like children in a dark room, fearing the door that led to the light.

There are many persons who have a lifelong desire to see Europe. It hangs like a vision above their common life. The Alps and glaciers, the historic cities, the great paintings and statues, the places of beauty and association, haunt their imagination. Such names as London and Edinburgh, Venice and Rome, get a magic sound to their ears. At last, after half a life-time, the day of good fortune comes. They stand on the ship's deck; they are really going to Europe!

There were thousands of souls that bowed under the yoke of slavery, sighing for release, trusting that somehow the Lord would deliver his people, yet hardly expecting ever to see it. There came a time when from one cabin to another, and at midnight gatherings, the news was whispered that they were declared free.

All this, and more than all this, will death be to us. That day will be our freedom day, our bridal day, the day when we begin to live. This life may contain, and, for the most of us, ought to contain, a great deal of brightness and happiness and present good. But, at its best, it seems like a glorious suggestion of something better than itself. In our best movements here, we touch what we cannot hold. We get glimpses, snatches, tastes of something far above common lives. We