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"Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us."

Has not God in his providence taught us a lesson on this subject of late which we may not allow to pass by unheeded ? The merciful and blessed work which has recently gladdened our Brantford brethren, began with a fellowship meeting. Many hearts were pressed with a burden of anxiety for a revived state of personal piety. A word of confession and desire from one and another, awakened a general response. It was like dropping a spark upon a prairie in autumn. The fire kindled—blazed—spread—and glowed ; consuming the stubble of ungodliness, and leaving a clean soil for a harvest of righteousness.

We want among us something worthy of being called *Christian fellowship*. We want a knowledge of each other's hearts. Little do we or our people know, the sympathy, the fellow-feeling, the life, the warmth, the glow of high and holy friendships that might be awakened, if what the world, the flesh and the devil have succeeded in making dormant, were roused to activity and to speech by the Spirit of the living God. There's a fund of hallowed emotion among our flocks, never circulated ; and the result is an appearance of spiritual poverty which does us injustice, and what is far worse, does injustice to the gracious work of God upon our hearts. We are deemed cold, and our fellowship is shunned by not a few choice spirits, who will tolerate a form of godliness which they do not approve, for the sake of the living soul that is in it, while they will turn away from another form, which, though it has lineaments of beauty, and symmetry of shape, has no glistening eye, no loving tongue, no cordial grasp, no beating heart.

There is a like defect in our *ministerial fellowship*. It lacks *soul*. It needs an effusion of the love of Christ into it. It's a fellowship of *head-work*, rather than that of *heart-work*. What do I know of my brother's spiritual joys and sorrows,—his inward trials, sharp temptations, bitter conflicts, blessed triumphs, or rapturous delightings of the Lord ? What does he know of mine ? His soul may sink in the deep waters, where the felt companionship, even of one so weak and unworthy as I am, might help to re-assure him,—or he may be exalted to a third heaven of "joy unspeakable and full of glory," whither I would give an earthly kingdom, if I had it, to accompany him ; but I am profoundly ignorant of both experiences. The telegraphic communication of a true fraternal fellowship is not established between us. We are isolated and insulated both as it respects the world and the church.

Let a simple illustration,—worthy of better treatment than it usually gets,—that of being laughed at,—help our thought. Most of us have wooed and won a kindred human heart for the closer fellowship of the varying experiences that chequer our earthly life. There were indications of reciprocal attachment ere they found a vehicle of expression in language. But how different the relations established by a mutual acknowledgment of affection. And, in the intercourse of domestic life, what a magic is there in the words, so seldom spoken, yet so often yearned after, "I love you !" What though it be known and believed without the intrusion of a single doubt ? The confession of it never leaps from the heart's deep fountain spontaneously and ingenuously, without sending a thrill of delight through every fibre of one's being. And, brethren, have you never felt an inexpressible longing after the unaffected assurance from the fellow-Christian or brother minister with whom you are one in Jesus. "My brother in the Lord, I love you ?" Do you never feel as if you wanted more than looks, or hints, or reserved and fettered actings out of the love you hope and believe is cherished for you by your Christian brother ?