

high affairs; having a share in its prosperity; having a keen regard for the honour of its King and an eager love for His service. What others find in this present world—in its pleasures, honour, gains—we are to find in the kingdom of our Father. How soon would this world come to believe in that other world when its citizens set before them first His kingdom! How soon would men believe in Him if we set foremost His righteousness—that always supreme, and all things else so ordered as to secure that!

Holiness, then, is simply this: perfect health of soul. And what is perfect health anywhere, in any thing? It cannot be other than these: perfect reception and perfect distribution of all that life depends upon. "Christ, who is our life," perfectly received for forgiveness, for deliverance, for victory, for all. "Christ, who is our life," perfectly distributed over the home and the business, throughout the thoughts and wishes and words and deeds. This is holiness. This reception checked, then at once the life is a sickly one. This reception stopped, then the sickness is unto death.—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

CERTAIN HYMNS.

It is with some degree of hesitation that I give some hymns to be sung in our meetings, considering the low state of piety that prevails. I have questioned whether it were not solemn mockery for most persons to join in singing them. It has seemed to me that none but the most devout and spiritual could do it with propriety. Take for example, this hymn—

"One more day's work for Jesus."

We come together at the close of the day and sing these words. We all ought to be up to the standard of them. But what is the real fact? Perhaps the greater part of us have not done a thing for Jesus. Instead of working for Him we have been working for ourselves. We have had scarcely a thought of Him all the day long. We have gone about our business with a worldly spirit, and we have come together with cold and worldly hearts. How, then, can we sing such a hymn with any acceptance to God? I have not given it out for months, and it seems to me that I can never do it again, until I shall see more signs of working for Jesus than I have seen of late.