

preservation as a Society, called queries. When we deliberate on these queries, let us know that there is one thing needful, if we would not be as sounding brass or tingling cymbal, we must know of spiritual power which no education can give,—a power drawn from the still heights within the soul, that lie directly under the dews of heaven, a power which we cannot receive from man, but from the shadow of the Almighty, when we have learned the secret of the Lord; and from the cleft, when the still, small voice has been revealed to us.

No greater mistake can be made by man than to regard these queries as a system of doctrines, or a collection of articles to be held and believed as the only requisite for our becoming members of the Church Militant.

The very essence of them is in their deep spiritual significance. We cannot explain the fact, and all explanations fall short of the fact, but those that know of the Divine birth, know for a certainty that this soul life does come from Christ to the individual soul. Often when I have entered into this spiritual communion He has spoken unto me in tones so audible that I have looked up, thinking that those who were present must have heard the revelations of the Father unto me. Then let us bow before Him in silent adoration, who is willing to reveal unto us of those things that will enable us to become as a city set on the hill-top that cannot be hid.

God has fixed a great responsibility on language, and one of the greatest sins of the lips is detraction. If thou lovest not thy brother whom thou hast seen, how can thou love God whom thou hast not seen? Christ says, "Ye are the salt of the earth;" then, if the salt retaineth its savor then the Divine spark in us will shine and glow. There are those whose silent presence is a reproof to evil speaking. Although this spark may be feeble, you who have this gift, let it shine. It is the same in its nature as the outward sun—it

may assist some benighted traveller.

Whether we are Christians or not depends upon the principles which govern our daily lives, and the harvest the world is gathering from that life. We are touching our fellow beings on all sides; they are affected for good or evil by what we are, by what we say and do. We are each of us silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our characters. Others are built up by our unconscious deeds, and if we say aught to detract from their best welfare, are we not sowing seeds detrimental to them? We can never tell where or when our influence may strike root in the soil of another heart. Perhaps these silent unconscious influences are the most powerful we ever exert.

RUTH A. DIXON.

Holder, Ill.

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#### EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

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MY DEAR FRIEND,—I must begin by saying this is a beautiful sunshiny day—the first one in just three weeks yesterday. An old woman said this morning: "I can't too tank God for de sun once more again." It is still cold though. It is cold enough to make winter clothes feel none too heavy. The weather has just been cruel for six weeks past. No work has meant scanty food, scanty fuel, and still more scanty clothing, for hundreds of these poor people. And they are fast dying off from the effects of it. A woman and two children were found dead—frozen—one of those cold mornings. Inquests over those who have died suddenly have mostly returned, "Died of exposure and privation."

We are just tired and worn out with the struggle for comfort, and the continual tax upon our time, strength and sympathies. I couldn't tell you anything to make you realize it. I know the suffering has been terrible everywhere, and everybody has been taxed