

a whale ; if you should so far forget yourself as to write the word 'pandemonium,' put it out and write the monosyllable over its ruins ; and if in a moment of delirium you should write 'my beloved, come with me on the pinions of imagination,' pause and consider soberly whether you had not on the whole better remain where you are."

Musto in the Church. This is a time when a quickened interest is being taken in the subject of public praise. Says a contemporary: "It is very frequently said that we should make more of the music in our public services. We quite agree with this, but everything depends upon how we attempt to make more of it. Elaborate music by a quartette or solos does not add to the spiritual effect. That is the music we look for at the concert, and it may please us, but the simple tunes, adapted to the words, and both adapted to the occasion, sung by all the congregation, touch the heart, and awaken proper spiritual emotion."

Winter School of Theology. What may develop into a Winter School of Theology has been inaugurated at Glasgow this year by a special course of lectures given by Prof. A. B. Bruce, D.D. The Summer School at Mansfield seems to have suggested the idea of the Glasgow brethren of founding one on similar lines in the Second City, and Dr. Bruce's course seems to have been a promising beginning. Clergymen of the three Presbyterian Churches attended and the course was wound up by a pleasant social gathering at which it is said no trace of denominational differences could be observed. Dr. Bruce's subject was the "Historic Foundations of Christianity."

Honest Aldermen. At the reception given to Rev. Dr. Parkhurst at Chicago the following pointed remarks were made by Rev. Dr. Thomas C. Hall. It is worth pondering over deeply: "If we were to awaken tomorrow morning and find that all the Aldermen in the City Hall are honest men, a lot of our most respectable citizens would be found running about town like chickens with their heads off, seeking to protect the franchises their attorneys have plotted and schemed and bribed to get for them. You say our intelligent men, our wealthy men, our brainy men should be aided in this reform. They are intelligent men who are looting the community. They don't want municipal reform. Present conditions are too profitable."

Pedigree of Fools. That genial and ever interesting writer, "Augustus" in the *New York Observer*, reports to quote from an anonymous Spanish writer of the seventeenth century, a pedigree of fools, and it will be seen how numerous the family still is: Lost Time married Ignorance, and has a son called I Thought, who married Youth, and had the following children - I Didn't Know, I Didn't Think, Who Would Have Expected. Who Would Expected married Heedlessness, and had among other children, To-morrow Will Do, There's Plenty of Time, Next Opportunity. There's Plenty of Time married Miss I Didn't Think, and had for a family I Forgot, I Know All About It, Nobody Can Deceive Me. I Know All About It espoused Vanity and begot Pleasure, who became the father of Let Us Enjoy Ourselves and Bad Luck. Pleasure married Folly for a second partner. Consuming their inheritance they said one to the other, Let us

spend our capital and enjoy ourselves this year, for God will provide for the next. But Deception took them to prison, and Poverty to the workhouse, where they died. Their grandchild, Despair, begged enough money for a rope and hanged himself—"which," says the author, "is the end of the family of Fools."

The Virtue of Industry. The genius is not the only man who sits upon a throne, says the *Young Man's Era*. There is a master of another kind—no less a genius, though not so called—who has raised himself, and that in spite of the seeming unkindness of nature in withholding her gifts ; the man who builds upon the small foundation he has, then extends his own underpinning and builds again ; the man who refuses to wait for fair weather, but improves the time even while clouds lower ; the man who sees an opportunity in every moment and improves it. The industrious man is like the coral insect which builds its own house even in the midst of beating waves. And as this unthinking thing concludes its effort with a circle shining in the sun, so may the industrious man place his own crown upon his head.

The Fragments are gathered up. No real christian effort is entirely lost. The zealous worker in the slums may not see fruit, neither may the contributor to Foreign Missions see many conversions, but the kind word, and the mite given for the Lord's cause will be added in the sum total. This is pointedly illustrated by a contemporary: The Martyr did not die in vain. The name of John Huss has lived from age to age. Rome could kill his body, but not his inspiring spirit. His vindication is found in the vast sweep and dominant power of the truth which he upheld, and for which he laid down his life. As an instance of its living and triumphant force is the fact that it is now boldly preached in the very garden where he played as a boy. In the town of his childhood is a small but vigorous and promising Gospel mission. The Roman Catholic authorities have strongly opposed its establishment, but it has survived their opposition, and is doing good work for Jesus Christ.

Suggestive Hint on Prayer. There are few Christians, certainly few growing ones, who have not time and again tested the value of secret prayer. They will find the following reflection from the *Christian Commonwealth* useful: "There is one great secret of advancement in secret prayer. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage and stimulated by the hearty singing and cheerful faces, and scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our heads and to lift up our hearts in prayer ; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, for scores of years, that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help. No one can pray in public his whole prayer: take the best man in the world and let him rise up before God in public assemblage and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances, and he would clear the room in ten minutes ; and yet there is a place where man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the sin and sorrow."