

merit was unknown in the apostolic church, and is nowhere meant in the word."

"By the washing called baptism is meant spiritual washing, which is purification from evils and falsities."

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

In silent watches of the night as we hear the trains go rushing by, on their long stretches between the great city and the great West, we experience a sort of awe at what man hath wrought. He has harnessed steam, and by controlling its force transmits vast burdens across the continent; and by applying it on the seas has added immensely to the commerce of the world. He has harnessed the lightning, and by threading the air with wires transmits intelligences long distances, even under the sea, by laying them on the ocean's bed. He has now tapped Niagara, and for utilitarian purposes lessened its volume and its roar. In considering his many inventions and discoveries, we are reminded of the Russian poet's words,

Whence came I, and how marvellously
constructed!

Thou, to the million torches lighted by
thy hand, art as the moon to night.

What am I, then?

Nothing!

Yet the effulgence of thy Life Divine,
pervading worlds, hath reached
my bosom, too.

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine.

In this statement the poet has surpassed the theologian. No marvel the Chinese Emperor had the poem framed and hung up in his palace.

The Eastern mind, in some way, seems to have a finer perception for spiritual truth than the Western, with all its subtleties and schools.

The Presbyterian General Assembly is having some trouble with Union Seminary, in this state, because of its teaching, equally with Dr. Briggs, that the Bible is fallible and open to criticism. It is thought by some that there is quite a leaning among Protestants

towards Rome, because, as they say, they want something *sure* to lean upon. Why don't they rely on internal evidence, and their own acquaintance with God through the operations of His Spirit. It is related of F. O. Robertson, of England, that at one time he was largely assailed with doubt, so much so that he trembled with fear lest his sky should become blackened with midnight darkness, from which every vestige of light, and a Father in heaven, should vanish; but he came to an experience by which every doubt was rolled away, to return no more forever.

E. AVERILL.

IN MEMORY OF AN AGED PARENT.

By Lizzie Allen Tyson when about in her sixteenth year.

Gently let the footsteps fall,
In the chamber, in the hall;
Permit no loudsome noise come near,
For the one we all hold dear.

Gather round the parent's bed,
Hot and hotter tears to shed,
While we bear him, faintly pray
To Almighty God, and say:—

Father, should it please Thee now,
Give me grace to meekly bow;
For we sinners all must go
Before Thee every fault to show.

Should we murmur at Thy will
When at Thy word the sea is still?
Oh, good! Oh, great Omnipotent!
Give me true sorrow for life mis-spent.

Prepare me for Thy face to see,—
Teach me to praise forever Thee;
And when this heart shall cease to beat,
Oh! may Thou and my soul then meet.

Death to the aged ones must come,—
It may, who knows? come to the young;
So try we should, both great and small,
To meet the blessed Saviour's call.

We've laid him in the silent tomb,
Clay tenement is there alone,
His peaceful spirit's gone to rest,
And dwell's forever with the blest.

Almwick, Laurel, Maryland.

Our faith can be measured only by what we are doing and enduring for God.