

THE RIGHT KING OF PREACHING.

One is amazed that an ambassador of Christ, especially if he be an able man, should turn from the Gospel to descant upon poets and novelists, upon makers of philosophy or leaders of the democracy, upon the problems of politics or the laws of commerce. One pities the preacher who has so despaired of the Bible that he depends for a message upon the last distinguished name in the obituary, or the last flaming sensation of the week, and is empty-handed if Saturday comes without a death or a scandal. Browning, it is true, always remains a last resort, and Mazzini has for certain a mysterious fascination which never fails, but there cannot be an earthquake every week or a first-rate social crime. When one notices that a school of preachers of to-day include within their commission science, literature, the drama and politics, to say nothing of stranger subjects, and that the only themes which are ostracised are the necessities, the aspirations, the trials and the hopes of the human soul in her religious mood, then he is tempted to be critical. What is this man thinking of who will preach on anything, however tedious or unpleasant, but will have nothing to do with the Evangel? Who ordained him to teach English literature or natural science? Does he really suppose that he can deal with those subjects better than their experts? Will not this man be twice discredited, because he has traveled into another province than his own, and because he is a stranger in it? Must he not be twice condemned because he received a message and refused to deliver it, because men wistfully expected that message at his hands and did not obtain it? There are many lecture-rooms where one can study Wordsworth and Darwin; many meetings where one can hear about education and sensation; but there is only one Christian pulpit where men can be warned against their sins, and comforted in their sorrows, where peace can be proclaimed by the Cross of Christ, and the east-down soul confirmed in the hope of everlasting life. It is a good thing that Christ's minister should be in measure a man of letters to appreciate the construction of the Bible, and a student of philosophy, to grasp the principles of religion; it is a good thing that he be in touch with life, to know how to apply the medicine to its wounds, and that he be a public-spirited citizen to sanctify the commonwealth by the spirit of Jesus. But his first concern and his imperative charge is the eternal welfare of the human soul.—Rev. John Watson, D.D., in the British Weekly.

PRAYER.

O Lord, listen to the sighing of those that are ill at ease, to whom day is night, and night is seven-fold in darkness, and all life is a huge burden or a sharp pain. Make us wise, true, noble, gentle, charitable; give us those eyes of sanctified affection which see excellence and not defect in the character of others. Arrest all evil men in evil courses; drive them back in shame, and make them think of God and truth and heaven. Help all good men in noble toil; may their courage never go down, may their hope be as a burning lamp, and may their inspiration be renewed day by day. Be with those in trouble on the sea; with wandering ones in lands far away; with missionaries trying to turn difficult language into heavenly music by filling it with the gospel of Christ. Thus the Lord put His arms around the little world, and say to us in tones of comfort, the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, and His the fullness of the sea. Amen.—British Weekly.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord" (Phil. 3:8). The word "Christ," what meant it to Paul? Is there a dictionary that tells out its significance in a single line? Can you fathom its import to him at the beginning, midway, and at the end of his journey? Throughout his life the meaning was deepening and broadening and heightening, comprehending all questions, peopling all realms, and filling as a central sun the whole universe of his being with its radiance. No one eye can see the whole ocean at once, so no soul can see the whole Christ. "Truth," says Schiller, "never is, it is always a becoming." Not at once and by one glance of the eye do we behold all that Christ is, but incorporating Him, and living out His life, we see more and more with ever-increasing distinctness.—Dr. John Clifford.

THOU ART MY HOPE.

Father, I know not what's in store
For me upon this distant shore,
But I do pray that evermore
My hope may rest in Jesus.

I do not know what days of pain,
What sorrows may my soul enchain,
Or black despair; but my refrain
Is ever hope in Jesus.

Oh! that through this and future years,
While treading through this vale of tears,
Through cloud and sunshine, hopes and fears,
My trust may bide in Jesus.

So may this hope rejoice my heart,
And when life's done, and I depart,
I'll praise the God who did impart
This saving-faith in Jesus.

—Selected.

The promise and hope of youth are not always kept. When Cain was born his mother said: "I have gotten a man from the Lord." But Cain became a murderer and was "a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth." Many a child nurtured in the embrace of love has ended his days in prison or has met death in the electric chair. But the promise of God's still to parents and their children, and the wisdom of Solomon still lies in the admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go and even when he is old he will not depart from it."—United Presbyterian.

MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT.

God, make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower
Altho' the place be small.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what wealth and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

—From "Songs for Little Ones."

Who pays the license? The saloon-keeper doesn't pay it. He produces nothing. As far as he is concerned he has nothing to pay it with. Who pays it, then? Those who can least afford it and those of whom it ought to be least expected. The drunkard's family pays the license tax. See the poor woman, pale and wan and wretched, wearing her life out over the washboard. What is she doing? She is paying the license tax. See the little boy going along the street half clad, with his feet protruding through the holes in his shoes, and with degradation written on every line of his face. What is he doing? He is paying the license tax. Why should people have to pay such taxes?

THE CHURCHES AND PROFANITY.

Editor Dominion Presbyterian:—My text will be found in the number of your bright paper for the 19th of December, 1906, first column, last sentence of the fourth paragraph, "We need an anti-profanity society in this city—we need it badly." My friends in this twentieth century of the Christian era, it seems as though the church is, and can do, nothing without a subsidiary society, or "limited liability company." With the number of "churches" to be found throughout the land, why should any city, town, village, hamlet, or community "need an anti-profanity society?" Ought not every congregation to be that? and with as great-aye, greater union and zeal than could be found in any subsidiary or outside organization? If they were, there would soon be little profanity heard in our streets, work shops or homes. The great hindrance to effective Christian effort, as well as the enemy of political uprightness in this our day, is "The Machine." The churches are largely religious clubs and if anything is to be done, from washing "the cup" and communion linen to building a cathedral, combating evil, instructing the young, rescuing the perishing, or even sending the Gospel to the heathen, it is relegated to a small body either appointed or self-selected, termed a committee, a guild, a league, or society, according to the taste of the "promoters." If anything "worth while" is accomplished, the whole club—I beg pardon, congregation—takes the credit and pains to see that "the good work" is duly recorded in the newspapers. If the effort is not "successful," the faddists are reminded that "we told you so"—their zeal had been so manifestly without knowledge that no other result could be looked for. If a tithe of the time now devoted to "running" the "organizations" were given to doing the work of the church with New Testament simplicity and absence of fuss, fathers and mothers might know more of their children and exert a more wholesome influence over their lives and characters in the formative period, thereby doing away with much of "the need" now felt—and felt badly. And pastors—well their visits to the homes might then partake less of the nature of "social calls" upon "the lady of the house," and also serve as a preventive of a large proportion of the aforesaid "needs." Moreover, the economy of time thus effected might enable pastors to devote say half-a-day in each week to visiting the schools, where the law gives them the privilege—denied to laymen—of instructing the children as to what the Bible says in regard to lying, swearing, intemperance, over-indulgence of every sort, impurity and all those evils, the growth of which good men lament, but under existing conditions seem so woefully unable to cast out of our glorious land.

ULSTER PAT.

Dr. James Gale gave the Alma Presbyterians a fine address on "Corea" early last week. Fine lantern slides were shown through the kindness of Rev. Mr. McIntosh, of Elora.

In Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, the total contributions for the year amounted to \$9,936.62. By a unanimous vote the pastor's salary was raised to \$1,500. The membership is now 435.

Central Presbyterians, Hamilton, contemplate the erection of a new church to cost \$150,000. The receipts for the past year were \$14,854.23. The membership is 706. The amount contributed to missions last year was \$6,000.