

completion of this my most precious work," and looking round I saw many things that astonished and pleased me—little deeds of love, broken bits of religious enthusiasm, some tears of tender sympathy, a few soiled pages of manuscript music, a bag of homely duties, oil paintings, and many other things that I never expected to see, but which the artist evidently prized highly. One thing that touched me much, was a collection of sermons and prayers that I remembered in connection with the tiny country chapel that I had attended when a boy, but which I hardly ever think of now, except perhaps when I want to raise a laugh at our quarterly ministerial dinner. It occurred to me, however, that the next time I should go down to the old home in Blankshire, I would look in at that little chapel some Sunday afternoon. Close to these very things the artist pointed out to me some of my own work. Until he did so I had hardly thought of the possibility of anything of my own being found in the storehouse of his treasures, and as the remembrance of my Sunday evening's discontent came to my mind, I felt both humiliated and grateful. There were some things amongst it that I was much surprised to see, such as scraps of Sunday school teaching in a poor little mission school, a few acts of kindness to children, some earnest words of reproof of a crying evil of the day, which appeared to me to do no good when I uttered them, but which I now saw the artist would use in his own good time. In my mind I wondered at the absence of some things that I had expected to see, and, as if answering my thoughts, the artist said—"I have still another storehouse, but therein are my most precious treasures, understood only by myself, and too sacred to be lightly looked upon. Having shown you so much you must trust me for the rest, only be not weary of well doing, for in due time you shall reap if you faint not. Remember the words of one of my true servants; one

whose work has often aided me in my statue, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'" And, with those words ringing in my ears, I awoke from my dream.

### Our Divisions.

#### Rising Sun Division.

DEAR SIR,—We cannot speak very encouragingly of our Division at present, as we always find it difficult to keep up an interest through the harvest months; the busy time is now over and we hope to engage in the work with fresh energy, and with renewed zeal. We are a small band holding on our way, receiving little sympathy or encouragement. Many of us have entered the Order from principle and not from caprice; realizing the responsibilities of time, and the realities of eternity, we have no desire to give up. We have full proof that we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against Principalities and Powers—against the rulers of the darkness of this world.

Truly Satan has to-day no greater ally on this sin-cursed earth than the Liquor Traffic. By it he opposes the Church more than in any other way; it being the foundation of a multitude of evils.

The Church and the Traffic stand opposed to each other. The one to save, the other to destroy; the one to spread peace, joy, and comfort throughout our land; the other, strife, misery, and want.

We desire to say, kindly, that we feel no discouragement so much as the want of sympathy manifested by professing Christians. We believe we are engaged in our Master's work, and we do look to His followers for help.

We plead with every Christian who may read these few lines, to ask the Father to give us all a clear sense of our duty in the Temperance cause.

Is it consistent for a soldier of the King Emmanuel to be sleeping at his post, or to be found

fighting, either by precept or example, in the ranks of King Alcohol?

Is it not sad to see one who professes to have passed from death unto life, enter the bar-room, and apparently enjoy the festivities and wickedness of the place. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsels of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Come out from among them, be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Is it right to take the money which a kind Father in His mercy has bestowed, and spend it too widely in the treating system of our day; does not our wealth, our time, our talent, and ourselves belong to Him who has redeemed us? "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with price." "Will a man rob God, yet ye have robbed Me, but ye say wherein have we robbed Thee, in tithes and in offerings."

Is your example right? "It is good neither to eat meat nor drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." "Ye are the salt of the earth." "Ye are the light of the world." "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "As My Father sent Me so send I you."

O Christian arise and prove the dignity of your heavenly birth, by going forward in God's name to rescue the perishing. Try to rescue some precious soul from ruin's depth to heaven's heights, and you shall receive a rich reward.

Soldiers of Christ arise,  
And gird you for the toil,  
The dew of promise on high  
Already cheers the soil.

G. MARTEN, W.P.  
Cainsville, Aug., 1879.

—An English exchange says: "The Maori tribes in New Zealand are dying out. The causes are neglect of personal cleanliness, over-crowding, bad food, insufficient clothing, and last and worst of all, the growing habit of intemperance."