

with more determination, or a deeper reverence thereunto joined with a straightforward freedom, than in that land of persecution and the covenant. And if the pulpit is to maintain its place among the spiritual powers of the day, not only must the hireling be banished from its desk, the charlatan from its enclosure, but the conceit of ignorance must depart from the house of God, and the pew fulfil its responsibilities.

We do need however, simple straightforward dealing with sin in all its forms, and a plain presentation of Jesus as the only hope of the individual soul, and through the individual of society. All other hopes are vain, any other means of drawing men worse than vain, for alluring by false hopes they land in the outer darkness, cry peace, when peace is not.

We do not need speculations regarding heaven, the millenium, the heathen, etc. There is often profoundest wisdom in saying, I do not know. There are secret things which belong to God, faith willingly leaves them there. It is unbelief that vainly tries to tear down the veil. During the oft times angry discussions regarding the proper method of defining the divinity of Christ at the licene council, Spiridion, a shepherd with one eye and a deformed leg, the results of persecutions, a Cyprian bishop, wearied with scholastic disputings abruptly rose and said: "In the name of Jesus Christ, hear me philosophers: there is one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, who made all things by the word of his power, and by the holiness of His Holy Spirit; this word, by which name we call the Son of God, took compassion on men, for their wanderings astray, and for their savage condition, and chose to be born of a woman, and to converse with men, and to die for them, and he shall come to judge every one for the things done in life. These things we believe without curious enquiry—if thou believest, rise and follow me to the Lord's house and receive the sign of this faith."

This is the simple all embracing gospel. Expounding it the pulpit has gospel power, believing it brings salvation to heart and house.

Believest thou this? then salvation is yours: rejectest thou? then the condemnation of death remains upon you.

.. If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

Correspondence.

THE CROSS CORNERS,
SMITH'S VILLAGE, Feb., 1886.

MR. EDITOR,—Having heard how as the columns of your valuable journal is open to the public, I thought I would send you a few lines. I'm a plain spoken woman, I am, I allers says what I means and means what I says, and I want to give you a few thoughts that have been a kind of floating loose like in my mind lately with regard to some things I have been noticing in "Modern Christianity" as they call it, and want to say something in this about giving. I am an old-fashioned woman, I am, and I like old fashioned ways. When I was a girl I was taught that to give meant putting one's hand in one's pocket and handing out the cash cheerfully, without expecting anything in return—but now-a-days it appears to me that people (at least most of them) thinks when a man comes to ask for help for the master's work—well, what am I going to get in return. Mrs. A. comes to Mr. B. and says, says she, "Mr. B. I'm a collecting for a very deserving cause—to help a poor church out of debt." "Very sorry mum says Mr. B., but times is hard, and family expenses is heavy, and business very bad, and charity you know begins at home, and so you must pass me by." But by and by in comes Mrs. C. and says, says she, "Oh. Mr. B. I our church is getting up a little entertainment, nice singing, some pretty young ladies in tableaux, and Mr. Glibtongue to give some comic readings, and lots of ice-cream to cool off with—tickets only 25c.—you must take half-a-dozen, and bring Mrs. B. and the children—its for a good cause you know." Mr. B., with a smile, puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out one dollar and fifty cents. No talk of hard times and family expenses now, and he puts the amount down in his petty cash to benevolent account, and thinks he is a giving to the Lord. Now sir, I may be an old fool, but I don't call that giving—no sir, I don't. Times was mighty bad last year, they was sir; I never knew wheat so low, and we had hard work to get along. Silas (that's my old man) was wanting a new hat and a new suit badly, and he intended going into the city to buy them; the time came round for the missionary collections, and Silas says, says he, "Betsey, I'm afeard I can't give nothin this year, and yet it goes agin the grain not to," and I seen him for a day or two looking very thoughtful like. Well, Friday came and he goes off to the city—when he came home he looked a kind of relieved, and I heard him a humming "From Greenlands Icy Mountains," as he went about his work. Sunday, when he went up to dress for meeting, I expected to see him come down with his new suit and hat, but law if I warn't surprised to see the old things on him. Law, Silas, I says, ain't you agoing to git ready? I'm already says he with a smile, the old duds has to do another turn. Why, says I, have you lost any money? No, says he, I've lent it to the Lord; and then I understood it, and I tell you sir, I was prouder of my old man in his shabby suit, than if he had the finest broadcloth on, and I guessthe Lord was proud of him too—I guessthat's the kind of giving He takes stock in. There's a pile of money spent on dress and finery for these poor bodies of ours, and in decorating our houses with all kinds of "brick bats" I thinks they calls these odd things that are always in