

MR. SNARLING comes to church occasionally. Presumably, he comes to worship. How much he does worship may be learned from the fact that when he leaves he sneers at the sermon, makes small remarks about the singing, speaks like a genuine "puppy" about the class of people who worship there, and talks disparagingly about the whole service. Mr. Snarling, if that is the best you can do in the way of worship, it will go hard with you some day.

Here is a citizen who constantly growls about the government of his municipality. The taxes are high, the streets are in a bad condition, the sidewalks are in need of repair, the gas is dim and the water bad. Everything is mismanaged. The aldermen are a bad lot. The officials are dishonest. If the aldermen levy taxes for improvements, this citizen talks about rebellion. He thinks he ought to have good light, good water, good streets, good sidewalks, good everything without paying for them. Mr. Growler, is that the best you can do for your town? If it is, you had better go north somewhere, and live among the Indians. You are not sufficiently educated for civilized citizenship. A good citizen helps to advance the interest of his community, and if he cannot put his shoulder directly to the wheel himself, he encourages those who have their shoulders there.

Here is a man who calls himself a Presbyterian, but can never see any good in the Presbyterian Church. He sees good things in Episcopalianism; admires much in Methodism; approves strongly of some of the methods of the Plymouth Brethren; and has a decided liking for the Salvation Army. Dear Mr. Softy, is that the best you can do for your Church? If it is, then, perhaps, you had better join the Salvation Army, and run for drummer. If you get elected, you can command more attention by beating the drum head than you are ever likely to do by using your own head.

Before closing, let us take a look at this good man who gives his attention to the public schools. Everything is wrong. The teacher is too lax or too severe. The text books are not proper. The schoolroom is too hot or too cold. The hours are too short or too long. The real trouble with that school is that the teacher cannot put brains into this good man's brainless children. Considering their parentage, the children are about what any sensible man would expect them to be. They came into the world under some terrible hereditary disadvantages. Nature was too kind to make them so clever as to hurt their father's feelings, by contrast. Stand up, Mr. Grumbler, and honestly tell us if worrying that teacher is the best work you can do for education in this count. If it is, you had better join the first form of some good school for intellectual culture, and read the Scripture selections to tone you up morally.

If an editor writes an abusive editorial, or states

facts that are not facts, it would be a good thing to say to him: Is that the best editorial work you can do?

If a politician makes a low, abusive speech full of distorted facts and untrue statements, somebody ought to go quietly up to him at the close and say: Mr.— is that the best work you can do?

When a man worries or bores a public meeting, somebody should whisper gently to him: "Is that the best work you can do?"

Good question this for us all.—*Knoxonian, in The Canada Presbyterian.*

#### AFTER THE SNOW.

Already we dream glad dreams of spring;  
Of its warmth and colour and light;  
The twitter of birds 'mong leafy boughs,  
The hum of the honey-bees' flight.  
Rich tints of beauty and fragrant bloom,  
Of those flowers the poets love well,  
Narcissus, daffodil, cowslip sweet,  
And delicate hyacinth bell.

Of stretches of crimson and snowy drifts,  
As June's meadow blossoms unfold  
Into rose-red clover and daisies white,  
'Mid yellow of king-cups gold.  
Of butterflies dancing from flower to flower,  
In purple and scarlet bedight,  
Shaking the drops of the truant shower,  
Into quivering gleams of light.

Of the grassy nooks in sylvan shades,  
Where gay sunbeams, glimmering through,  
Find, hidden away 'neath ferns and moss,  
The sweetest of violets blue.  
Of the golden hush of sunlit days,  
The murmur of rivulets' flow,  
The changeful forms of the clouds above,  
And their fitting shadows below.

The tender tints of the after-glow,  
As the sunset's radiance dies  
Into dusky bars of amber light,  
Into splendour of star-lit skies.

Oh, blessed Spring! Let thy magic spells—  
That so quicken our earth's chill gloom  
Into marvellous fashions of grace,  
Into beauty of fragrant bloom,—  
Fall on wearied hearts,—on shadowed lives,  
On souls that have borne long strain,—  
With the restful peace thou givest to Earth,  
After her travail and pain.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

THE additions to Rev. Dr. Talmage's Church in Brooklyn, N. Y., during the past winter, number 647.

THE Connecticut Congregational Club in Hartford has elected as its president, Yung Wing, a naturalized Chinaman. He came to this country nearly twenty years ago as Educational Commissioner from the Chinese Government, became a citizen, joined the Congregational Church, and married a lady of Hartford.