

Episcopalian. Not so some of the influences that have been drawn from the fact.

What I have written is not a challenge to the Episcopalian. That was not contemplated. Nor do I, as a Presbyterian, need to ask anything from him in this. I have purposed to challenge a preconceived and very persistent prejudice in the average Presbyterian mind. In these days of church union and potential church union let the decks be cleared for action—not fight, but conclusive argument. There is no conclusive argument unless every square inch of common standing ground has first been ascertained.

THOUGHTS FOR DISCOURAGED.

It were foolish to say there is nothing in this world to worry about, for "man is born into trouble," but the thing for consideration is how to get rid of our worries. Some people pile up their troubles as if they were laying in a stock of fuel for a cold winter. Others live days and weeks in advance of troubles, accumulating thus in advance many imaginary trials, until life is so overshadowed that it seems hardly worth the living. If such persons would go to work making some one else happy, they would unload much of their own worry, for in blessing others we bless ourselves. There are always those who are worse off than the complaining one, so that there is a large field for service. Then, too, take pencil and paper and carefully mark down all your blessings, and your troubles will vanish in the bright sunlight of your gifts. Try it for one week as an experiment, and learn from happy experience the blessedness of looking on the bright side of things, rather than all the while nursing your troubles, and you'll discover that if you don't trouble trouble trouble won't trouble you. The Lord himself bids us not worry, and lovingly bids us cast all our cares on him, for he careth for us. He is our Burden Bearer, and graciously bids us rise on the wings of praise into his arms of love, and, like a loving mother, He will bear us on His bosom. Unfortunately, some thus rise; but, instead of dropping their burden, they seem to find pleasure in carrying it with them, keeping it closely tied about them, instead of casting it wholly upon the Lord. God is our Father, and he knoweth our wants; why not, therefore, trust Him, believing He will do for us according to our respective needs? "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Why not, therefore, believe it, and, believing, trust in Him, and, trusting Him, cast all your cares on Him? Do it, and you will find rest unto your soul.—Selected.

"There is nothing more fatal to Christian character than the idea that it is a fixed point,—that conversion is safety."

The man whom a dollar owns is always small. The smallest man in the world is the dollar-owned millionaire.

JACK'S GLAD EASTER.

Jack Wardell had all of a boy's love of fun. His dancing black eyes showed that, and a hearty dislike of "sermons for grown people," as he called them. Of course, he went to church,—no one could live with his Aunt Laura and not go to church. Jack had no other home, and loved his motherly aunt with all his boyish heart, trying in his awkward ways to please her. And she would have liked well to know that Jack really enjoyed the morning service. Because he did not, he sometimes dreaded the coming of Sunday, always till a wonderful Easter day that—but I will tell you the story.

It was a pleasant morning. Aunt Laura has made Jack's favorite waffles for breakfast. He knew that was specially for him, and, while eating an amazing number—it would have amazed any one but Aunt Laura—made up his mind to show his appreciation in some way, and though nothing that he could do for her occurred to him, the waffles must have had some silent power, because he made ready for church very promptly and with unusual care. And that pleased Aunt Laura quite as much.

The church was all aglow with flowers, lovely lilies everywhere. Jack revelled in their beauty as a boy can, and was glad he could see and think of them till the sermon should be done. But some things seem to go by contraries in this world, and that Easter sermon, which Jack did not intend even to hear, he never forgot. Perhaps he would not have heard it if he had known it was a sermon. He really thought the good old minister had forgotten, for when the anthem was over, he stepped down from the pulpit, right down in front of the seat where a row of little children sat drinking in with wide-open eyes the beauty of the nodding lilies. And presently Jack was sure he had forgotten about his sermon, for he began to speak to the little ones, without any text, just as if he were talking to them, and it was all about the lilies.

"Consider the lilies," he said. And Jack listened, for he loved the lilies, and the minister was talking of them, of their beauty and wonderful life, how the bulbs must be placed in the earth before they can give us their fragrance and whiteness, and so why we fill churches and homes with them on Easter day.

"But these are not your offering to God, my children. How can they be that? They are His own flowers, made by His own hand. What will you offer to Him on Easter day?"

"Lift up your little hands to God, my children, your little white hands which have done so little wrong, and pray God that you may bring them here next Easter as pure from wrong as the lilies. But let them not be idle hands. The lilies are fragrant; your hands must be busy; every day they must do kindly

things, little things which only you can do, for this shall be the fragrance of our Easter lilies."

There were more words said that morning, there were sweet Easter songs, and Jack sat so still and walked home so quietly that Aunt Laura wondered whether he had enjoyed no part of the service. But Jack was thinking of the Easter lilies.

Aunt Laura wondered a good many times after that, but wisely kept silence. Not that there was any great change in her rollicking nephew,—Easter lilies do not bud and blossom in a single day. But many a little thing might have been noticed, if one were a keen observer of boys. The fact was that the simple sermon had found its way into Jack's heart, and though he said nothing about it, he had sturdily resolved upon cultivating Easter lilies himself.

And the best of all was that he did it, too. Not in any very great way; often his efforts were very odd; sometimes the only thing he could think of doing for his lilies in a whole day was to keep his hands clean. But in the course of a year—Jack never knew exactly how it came about—he found himself in the habit of thinking how the risen Christ would like his Easter offering, and of talking with him a little about it every morning before the day was fairly begun. And when another Easter dawned bright and clear, Jack would have curtailed the time for waffles rather than miss the morning service.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS."

It is "righteousness" which "exalteth a nation," and primarily and fundamentally righteousness is right-heartedness. It is not merely rightness of rule, nor rightness of conduct, but rightness of heart. Good and strong laws are of value, so are good and strong sentiments, but best of all are good and strong characters. What the world needs, then, above all things else are preachers of righteousness, teachers come from God.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

"We put it as our sober judgment that the great need of the Church in this and all ages is men of such commanding faith, of such unsullied holiness, of such marked spiritual vigor, of such consuming zeal, that their prayers, faith, lives and ministry will be of such a radical and aggressive form, as to work spiritual revolutions, which will form in individual and church life."

"Observe what direction your thoughts and feelings most readily take when you are alone, and you will then form a tolerably correct opinion of your real self."

Christianity is a life supernaturally bestowed, supernaturally sustained, supernaturally consummated.—G. C. Morgan.