

monthly a chart for mariners upon which is indicated as nearly as can be ascertained the course of every ocean derelict.

The immense distance over which these dismantled and abandoned vessels wander is surprising. According to one of these recent charts, the derelict Fannie E. Wolston, which has been left to drift on the sea for over five years past, has travelled somewhat more than ten thousand miles. Another derelict, in a period of about twenty months, travelled about thirty-five hundred miles before she was destroyed. Still another floated about for nearly a year, passing in its wayward course over five thousand miles. All these ships had cargoes of heavy lumber, which explains their long existence above water, the lumber keeping them afloat even in the midst of severest storms. Eventually, every derelict, by the action of ocean currents, is carried into the Sargasso sea, better known as a portion of the North Atlantic. Happily, this sea is far remote from the usual lines of steamer travel, and sailing vessels carefully avoid it. While wandering over the ocean, however, the derelict is a serious menace of life and property.

We do not know if there is any Sargasso sea into which all church derelicts are carried, nor the nature of the perdition to which they may be condemned; but we do know that it is very important that they should be sought for, aid hold of and tugged into some church harbor before they drift into the final whirlpool of abandoned wrecks.

A little girl had been rummaging in her mother's trunk. There she found a "church letter" which her mother had neglected to present to the church into whose neighborhood she had moved. The little explorer rushed into her mother's presence shouting: "O mamma, I've found your religion in your trunk!"

There is a needle-like point in that story for a great many people. With far too many the neglected church letter comes to be about the only part of the old church life remaining. But surely a trunk is a poor, dark, moth-y place for one's religion. Why should any one keep it there?

It is lamentable how much of religion there is which will not bear transportation or transplanting. We once heard the late Dr. George P. Hays bewailing the fact that there are so few Eastern Christians whose religion will stand crossing the Mississippi river. Speaking of this subject at a recent General Assembly Dr. Arthur J. Brown remarked, "It is a long distance from the East to the West. Baggage-men are rough, and it often happens that the piety gets to its destination in bad shape—like the wife whom the Hudson Bay Fur Company's employe had sent to him from London, and concerning whom he ruefully wrote in the receipt book: 'Received one wife; condition slightly damaged.'" There is a good deal of Eastern religion arrives in the West, or Northern religion arrives in the South more than slightly damaged. We think it remarkable, in view of their faithfulness at home, how many Scotch, Irish and Canadian church members, coming to this country, either fail to bring their letters, or fail to present them to any church when they have brought them. This result is nearly always a deterioration of the spiritual life. After a few years such persons are apt to become to communities what derelicts are to the ocean—waterlogged wrecks, drifting aimlessly about, and seriously menacing the safety of other voyagers.

One of the most noticeable results of nearly every revival is the large number who are received by letter. Old letters are brought out of the trunks, or are sent for. People the pastor never suspected of being church members, confess that in some former place of residence they were. Any pastor, especially in a city church, who will make the effort, can find large numbers of people who either have old church letters or who have been members elsewhere and have failed to get them. These people well know that when they made their first confession of faith in Christ they joined His whole church, not simply one local branch of it, and they joined it for life. There may be room for criticism of professing Christians who bring a little old experience, hand it in an envelope, and are never heard of again until they die. But that is no excuse for any one storing his religion away in cellar or attic in some musty trunk. Out with that old letter, my brother, my sister. Out with your religion too. Out into the light with it, where it may shine and bring glory to God and help to men. Get quickly back into right relations with both Christ and His Church. There are many, many conscious neglecters in this matter.

As a refreshing example of such faithfulness as ought more frequently to be seen we quote from the *Christian Observer* the following: "It was a cold, rainy morning in March. The pastor of a certain church was sitting by his fire reading, when his ringing door-bell startled him. On going to the door, he found a plain-looking man awaiting him. 'Good morning, sir; come in, won't you?' 'No, thank you. Is this Mr. Blank, the Presbyterian minister?' 'Yes, sir; what can I do for you?' 'Well, sir; I am a Presbyterian. My name is Smith. I have just moved here from Geneva. My wife and I are living on Knox street. I have sent for our letters, and they will be here next week. I hope that you will come out to see us soon.' 'Well, now, my dear brother, I am very glad you came around to see me. Come in, come in, and let's have a talk. You are the first man that ever hunted me up in this manner.' 'No, thank you; I must be going. We could not work to-day, and I thought that I would come and hunt you up and let you know that we were here. Good morning.'"—*The Interior*.

## Burdens that are Too Heavy.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, MIMICO.

I knew an old man who might have been a model of grace and comeliness, but who was quite deformed, and bent, and twisted round to one side. What was the cause of this deformity? The man had through long years been accustomed to carry heavy burdens on his shoulder, and thus became stooped, deformed, ungainly in his appearance. Sad it is to see this beautiful human form so deformed and disfigured by heavy toil. But is it not sadder to see the soul deformed and distorted by carrying the heavy burdens of life? The load of care, and trouble, and pain, that is laid on some poor souls is really too heavy to be borne, and if borne alone, is sure to cripple the soul's energies, and mar its beauty. But then, to every one so oppressed and weary there comes this inspiring invitation, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee, He will never suffer the righteous to be moved."

## Foreign Mission Fund.

There are yet required \$7,500 in order to close the Foreign Mission account free of debt. It will be remembered that the year began with a deficit of \$9,685.67, so that the Fund is at the present time in a better condition than it was at the beginning of the year by \$2,000. That is encouraging, but it is exceedingly desirable that the year should close with a balance, if any, on the right side. It will require some effort to accomplish this. A considerable number of congregations have not yet forwarded their contributions, and some congregations have not yet adjusted their collections to the new law by which the year closes on the 31st March. Is it not possible to induce all congregations to make the necessary effort and bring about this desirable result?

The strongest argument that can be used is, that it will help in the cause for which Christ died—the evangelization of the world. R. P. MACKAY.

## War.

This is an anxious time for those who are old enough to know from experience, or thoughtful enough to know from observation, what war means. The blare of trumpets and roll of drums, the flashing of accoutrements and streaming banners, even the execution of maneuvers, have a certain attraction to young minds; but following all this brave show is the ambulance car. The old scenes of '60 to '65 are in a measure renewed this week. Crowded streets about the newspaper offices, and on Washington's birthday the marching of soldiers through the streets, thought by many to be a call to the front. We saw such a troop, a stirring band ahead, with mounted officers following. Then the rank and file, young men for the most part, flushed by the attention paid them, and self-conscious in their new uniforms. Crowds along the way whispered of war, not thinking of the day, and all the surroundings recalled those bitter times. So the boys then marched; their step was just as firm, their eyes as bright; but many to return no more or to go halt and lame through life.