

deep sense a divine faith, or no? On the answers to such questions the whole conception of religion depends; and between an Unitarianism which with reverence and spiritual affection answers them positively, and an Unitarianism which equivocates, doubts, talks vaguely and sometimes denies, there can be no permanent fellowship. It is to be hoped that the first type of Unitarianism will begin ere long to see this irreconcilable antagonism, and to assert its own worthier convictions, even though the inevitable issue of such a movement would be a gradual return to the substance of evangelical orthodoxy. If this movement is not made, if Parkerism is to retain its ascendancy, the days of American Unitarianism are numbered, and the time is not far distant when it will be described as a form of belief which died from the exhaustion consequent upon false generalizations, latitudinarian tendencies, and the consequent loss of real religious life.

It is not for the benefit of Unitarians alone or mainly, that we have made these references. Orthodoxy is by no means free from like danger. There is indeed on one side a letter that killeth—a sticking to the words and technicalities of faith, that narrows, dwarfs, exalts, destroys. But there is a liberalism on the other side that allows silent deviations from the positive teachings of Scripture; that talks much about the general plans and substance of Christianity, and on its absoluteness and universality; that advocates dogmas for which only possible authority of Revelation can be claimed, and which are subversive of what is plainly taught; that diverges more and more distinctly from the common faith, and yet is unable to define the limits of its own divergence; and that by a law which its own representatives do not clearly see, tends steadily downward toward looser thinking, toward latitudinarianism in tempo; toward more dangerous aberration, and ultimate loss of positive and saving belief. It is against this movement without, even more than within the circles of Unitarianism, that as friends of a truly catholic Christianity, we would enter most earnest protest. There is danger in it!—*N. Y. Evan.*

INDOLENCE IN THE CHURCH.

There is a good deal of religious laziness in this world. Once in a while we hear of

a Christian worker who is overwrought, one who dies too soon or is laid aside through excessive devotion. But the occurrence is so rare that a small volume would probably contain the records of all such lives in a generation. There are more churches dying for want of working pastors than there are pastors dying through excessive work for their churches. There are Sabbath-schools languishing for want of energy in those who conduct them. There are classes that make no progress because lazy teachers sit before them and yawn through a lesson which they have not prepared, and which they have not earnestness enough to teach if they were prepared. There are Christian men that let their church run down because they are too lazy to keep it up. Yet these same men make their own secular business succeed. It is only as Christians that they are lazy. It is a shame to do the world's work well and then Christ's work shabbily. What is wanted is a revival of Christian energy and zeal. God never blesses laziness. It is a farce for you to ask him to bless your parish-work, your preaching, your teaching, your superintendency, if you put no life into your work. Consecration is a mockery unless it be made real by the utmost we can do. The curse of the church to-day is laziness!—*The Presbyterian.*

THE DYING HOUR.

Said one man, as his spirit was about to leave the body: "I would gladly give £30,000 to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell!" And another, looking back upon his past life, as his dying hour approached, said: "What a fool I have been!"

But how different it is with the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ! A well-known lady, who had rejoiced in the Saviour's love for many years, could face death without the slightest fear: "What a glorious prospect!" she exclaimed; "Christ is the rock upon which my feet are placed!" And another could say: "Christ is precious! The Lord is my trust!" And another dying saint remarked: "Had I a thousand tongues, they should all be employed in praising God; and had I a thousand lives, they should all be devoted to Him!"

Reader, perhaps your last words will one day be recorded. What will be the nature of them, do you think?