

that lit up every scene in which he appeared, was in his countenance. His eloquence penetrated the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, whatever their professions or creeds. None looked on the Sovereign Pontiff, a captain in his own palace, without feeling

that he was above monarchs, princes, or any of the great ones of the earth. Even when speaking of the wounds that cruel enemies have inflicted upon the Church, his words were not harsh. He spoke like a father grieving over rebellious children."

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

"THOUGH I DO NOT GO TO CHURCH, I READ MY BIBLE AT HOME."

Lately, one Sabbath afternoon, I called on a young woman, who, for a very frivolous reason, has resolved not to go back to the Sabbath School, though she is very much in need of instruction. In self-defence, she said that though she did not attend Sabbath School, she read her Bible at home. She clearly thought that doing the latter made up for not doing the former. I then asked her what she had been reading about that afternoon. She, however, had not the slightest remembrance of it. On further questioning her, I found that she had not spent fifteen minutes on her Bible. But, in her opinion, having her eyes a few minutes on the printed page, though her mind might be taken up with worldly affairs, was a very good substitute for attendance at the Sabbath School.

Many who wilfully absent themselves from the House of God, use in their favour the same plea as this young woman did. With very few exceptions—if any—this is a mere pretence—nothing but a piece of hypocrisy. They give as little time and attention to their Bible, as she did to hers. But, though they should give much more,

that would not be a substitute for going to the House of God. The performance of one duty, is no excuse for the neglect of another. Besides, love to God's Word and His House always go together. F.

CONSECRATED GAINS.

Whose is the money, the wealth, the silver, the gold, the earth and the fullness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills? Whose are the treasures of darkness, the wealth of the deep places of the earth? Who sends the sunshine and the rain! Who clothes the hills with forests and the vales with corn? Who gives the strength to labour and the skill to plan? Who has given life for life, blood for blood, to purchase and redeem a ruined, sinful race?

What then are we but ransomed captives, released from bondage and adopted as the sons of God? What have we but the free gifts of a tender, loving, gracious God? And what can we do more fitting and proper than to consecrate our gains to the Lord of the whole earth?

We are the Lords; and when he bought us with his blood, the purchase covered all we were, and all we had, for time and for eternity. We are not our own. What then have we that