

Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven." It is often asked, "What tracts can you recommend? would we not be the better of some fresh and striking book, explaining and enforcing real religion?"—Perhaps we would; but the greatest want of all is of "living epistles."

By all means go on scattering by the wayside, tracts, and lending books to your neighbor; but there is something still better. Let all of us seek to become one of those rare and invaluable publications which, when the Spirit of God writes and circulates it, is usually more effective than preached or printed sermons,—a living letter, and a shining one. This suggests the one thing needful. If you would shine, you must be shone upon; if you would be bright to others, God must be dear to you.

Secret of Ministerial Success.

The biographies of those who have accomplished most for Christ in the work of the ministry show that the secret of their success has been in their deep and earnest love for souls. Their learning has been deficient, their methods of study and their manner of preaching irregular and defective, but their fervent desire for the salvation of men counterbalanced all such difficulties and made them effective and useful ministers in an eminent degree. Dr. Asa D. Smith, now President of Dartmouth College.

"There be those who fancy that the chief deficiency of the modern ministry is of an intellectual sort; that if only the memory were more richly stored, and the logical faculty more thoroughly disciplined, and the art of rhetoric more fully mastered, the cause of Christianity would receive a new impulse. But I have no sympathy with such views. God forbid that I should disparage learning—the more of it the better; and in this respect, I am confident, the ministry of the present day will bear comparison with any that has preceded it.

"The chief want of our clerical order—and I mean no aspersion when I say it—is not *lore* of any sort, but *love*:—the love that prostrates itself, first of all, with streaming tears of gratefulness, at the foot of the cross, and then looks with unutterable yearnings upon the souls for whom Christ died—the love that measures not carefully its sacrifices, but delights to multiply them—that, in its deep devotion, forgets the thorns in its pillow, the burdens it has to bear, the roughness of its pathway. O, it is more *heart* we need in the pulpit, rather than more of the head. A greater boon to the Church, with the work she has to do, were one Peter the Hermit, with only the

fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasuses. Our greatest peril is dead orthodoxy, a perfunctory service, a ministry merely professional, or cold, sluggish and timid. Having reached the point of respectable ability and acquisition it is the loving life beyond the sermon, it is the tears that bedew it, it is the heart that flames out in every sentence, however simple and unadorned, that moves, more than all else, even the callous and skeptical."

Martyr Fires in Scotland.

More than a hundred years before the Reformation, there came to the North an Englishman who had fled for his life from the priests in his own country. This Englishman, John Resby by name, went about teaching the Scottish people the truth as it is in Jesus. Many heard, and some believed. But the priests seized this good soldier of Jesus and burned him alive at Perth, the first of our martyrs. Far away in the city of Prague in Bohemia, the people of God heard what had been done to the preacher of the cross, in dark, fierce Scotland. They found a man who was willing to come here, and risk his life to tell perishing souls of a Saviour. The name of this noble, generous man, was Paul Crawler. He was a doctor of medicine; and while he healed the diseases of the body, he told his patients of Him who alone can heal the soul. The good which this blessed stranger did among our benighted fathers the last day will only reveal. But the priests got hold of him also. They kindled his death-fire at St. Andrew's, and there they burned him to ashes. They forced a ball of brass into his mouth, lest he should speak to the people who came to see him die; and thus, among cruel strangers, far from his fatherland, he endured his great dumb agony. Such was Scotland's welcome to the messenger of peace.

From the time of John Resby, there never ceased to be a little hidden flock of Christ in Scotland. They met in great secrecy, to encourage one another in the faith and hope of the gospel. The fear of discovery forced them to use many strange concealments. For example, one Murdock Nesbit, an Ayrshire man, had a written New Testament. He dug a vault below his house, and there, by the light of a burning splinter of bog-fir, he was wont to read his precious book—a few trusty friends, who were in the secret, creeping into the murky den to hear.

As printing came into use, copies of the English Bible were secretly brought into the country, and eagerly read by hundreds of little clubs like that which met in Murdock Nesbit's hole. In this way the Word