

the other way, and falsehood and selfishness may seem to greatly superior to truth and self-sacrifice.

An so on every side, just where men's instincts speak most plainly, these Agnostics have to say, "We cannot tell." All the people counted that John was a prophet indeed. Plain, practical, common-sense men know that Jesus is the Son of God, and that his witness is true but these Agnostics can only say, "We cannot tell," there is but little common sense in their wisdom. Spurgeon was not far from wrong. The Latin name is as accurate as the Greek one. Oh, how great the responsibility that rests upon all Christian people to give testimony. "I know whom I have believed," "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and to enforce their witness by the purity, earnestness, and unobtrusiveness of their daily conduct.

"Heal our wounds our strength is new;  
On our dryness pour thy dew  
Wash the stains of guilt away,  
Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill,  
Guide the steps that go astray."

"Though Christ is the Head, yet is the Holy Ghost the heart of the Church, from which the vital springs of grace and holiness are issued out to the quickening of the body mystical."—Old Writer.

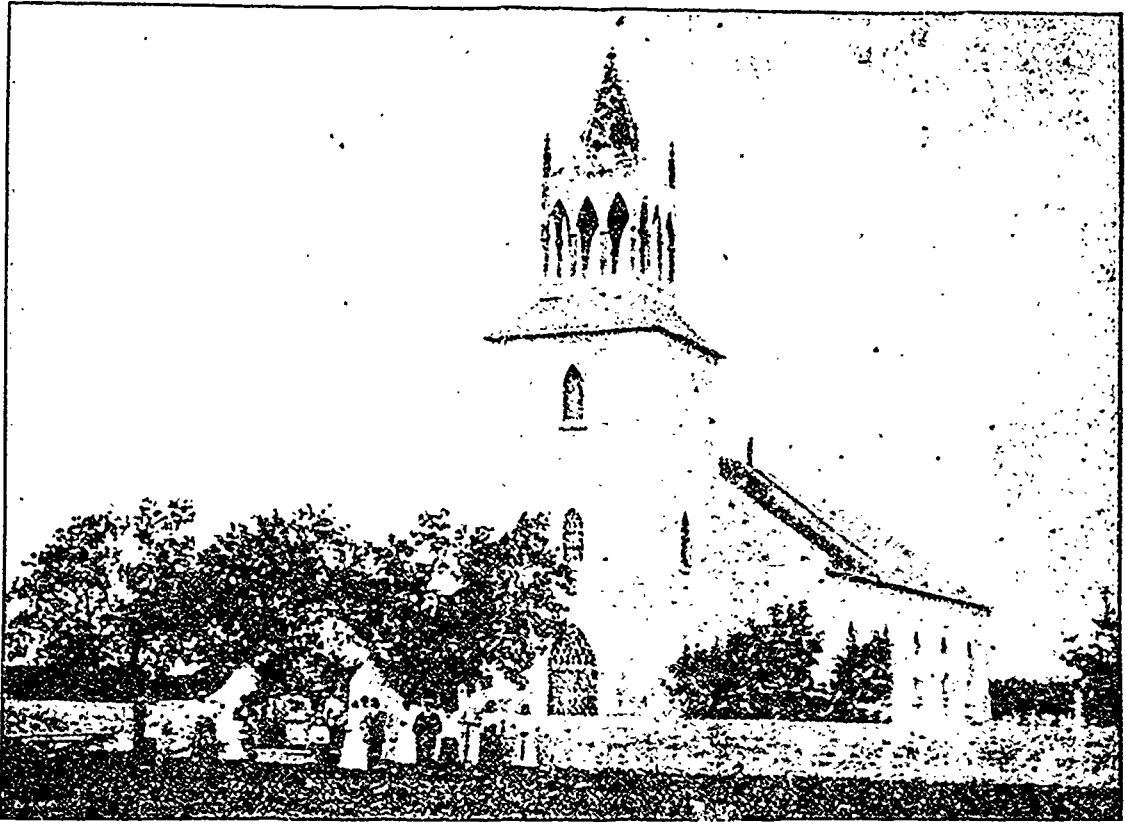
"Our Saviour was born, crucified, and died for us, that by His death He might destroy death, and when His body, as the cluster of ripe grapes was trodden in the wine-press of the Cross, the Holy Spirit was sent to prepare our hearts, that the new wine of His Divinity might be received into new bottles. First, that the heart should be made clean, that the wine

here and there as types of Heaven, as houses of refuge for His own soldiers as castles and places of defence against the powers of darkness that waste the world, as voices of God in this wilderness, as God's memorial in the midst of us."—Dr. Armstrong (once Bishop of Grahamstown.)

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST

In rural England about thirty and forty years ago, the services of our church were not rendered as they are to-day.

In some instances there was a want of decorum, a sense of slovenliness that was painful. Years roll on. These memories are mellowed and sweetened to us, as they recall only what was most lovable in those who attended these services Sunday after



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."  
"Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,  
From Thy clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give.  
Come, Thou helper of the poor,  
Come with treasures which endure.  
Come, Thou Light of all that live."  
"Light Immortal, Light Divine,  
Visit Thou these hearts of thine  
And our inmost beings fill;  
If Thou take thy gaze away,  
Nothing pure in us will stay:  
And our good is turned to ill.

poured in might not be polluted; and then sealed, that the wine poured in might not be lost."—S. Augustine.

"Under His teaching, nothing is obscure, in His presence nothing unclean can live. He gives joy to the purified conscience; He stirs up the sluggish mind. The love which he gives makes the heart prone to what is good, and apart from His Grace, nothing is really pleasant, healthful, serene, sweet, perfect."—Adam of St. Victor.

"Every church tower we pass seems to a thoughtful mind, as a sign from heaven, as though the spirit had been working amongst the stones and lifting them up to make marks in the world, of His Presence putting them

Sunday. Dear friends, and many an old village dame with her "man" as she termed her better half, trotted in the sunshine, or paddled with their patterns on the wet days, to the old church.

I am thinking of such a church.

Withdrawn from the village, the grey tower nestled and partially hid itself amidst clumps of elms and oaks, so far was the retreat from the village proper, that the ancient dial on one side of the tower could not be seen by any villager except on Sunday, a Baptism, a marriage or a funeral, on these occasions some of the rustics saw the face of their venerable friend, and could read the time there indicated.