

What rich examples we have in Scripture of "devising liberal things!" The patriarchs of old, the law of Moses, the schools of the prophets, all did so in the rules laid down to guide the tithes and offerings of the faithful. But when we come to the new dispensation, think of the Saviour himself as one who devised liberal things. He gave his life for the life of man. Who surely had a better right than he to say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Think again of the disciples of Jesus, who left their callings and their homes, and went out penniless and homeless to preach the gospel of Jesus in foreign lands; and of the early Christians who, selling all that they possessed, formed one common fund for the advancement of early Christian truth.

Contrast this whole-souled liberality with the miserable "heaping up of riches," piling Pelion upon Ossa, that we meet with at the present day. The devising there is not of liberal things, but of everything that is miserly and selfish. An immense income represents an immense capital—a capital quite large enough for the man who owns it to leave behind him when he dies, quite large enough at such a time to make his relatives comfortable, why then should he not use the income at least from that great capital towards making this a better world and devising liberal things? If one out of every hundred of our wealthy men would do this, the church would never have to ask for a copper, the heathen would soon be converted and a highway opened for our God.

And as it is with individuals, so it is with churches. The mother church of England has devised liberal things indeed during the last forty-five or fifty years—but what of the church in Canada? There is not the same wealth or the same power, it is true, but ought there not to be more liberality than there is? Why should the work drag on so slowly as it does? What "liberal things" is the Church of England in Canada devising? Look at the foreign mission field—not a single missionary of her own!

Some congregation would do well to set the example of maintaining for itself a missionary in foreign lands. The spirit of devising liberal things would quickly grow and bear fruit. When will this come for Canada?

How refreshing it is to see a liberal man! How frank and open he is! What an interest he takes in every thing that is good! He does not wait till things are drawn from him. He anticipates the wants of the Church and the wants of the poor. Many is the poor widow that has blessed him. Many are the clergymen that have thanked him. Untold is the good that he has done.

But see the illiberal man. How anxious he is! How afraid he is that somebody is going to ask him for a dollar! How displeased he is when anything is "said about money" in the church. How terrified he is to die! He won't make his will because he is afraid to think of death. He won't read the Bible because what is said in it

about rich men makes him feel uncomfortable. Who will care for him when he dies? Who will bless him in the world beyond?

No, the words of Isaiah are the truest and the best. The liberal man may count upon a blessing. "By liberal things he shall stand." It is all we want for our church, our parishes, and our people,—the spirit of devising liberal things.

"Give! as the morning that blows out of heaven.
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven.
Give! as the pure air and sunshine are given—
Lavishly, utterly, joyfully given;
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing;
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing;
Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live."

THE PRIESTLESS BAND.

By HARRIET ANNIE, HAMILTON, ONT.



PRIESTLESS band went up to pray;
The balmy breeze swept by,
Charged with sweet odors from each spray—
Under the sunny sky.
They passed beneath the chestnut tree,
And through the orange bower;
They saw the beaming of the sea,
The budding of the flower.

They reached the temple's sacred spire,
And earnestly they pray'd.
They had seen their Champion expire
And in life's noontide fade.
He found them offering incensed wine
To rude-carved idols there;
He left them kneeling at the Cross
Of Calvary, in prayer.

An ardent glow was in his heart—
The lost he sought to save;
He wasted 'neath that southern sky,
And filled a stranger's grave.
The little flock were left as sheep
Without a shepherd's voice;
As helmless ship upon the deep
When the storm birds rejoice.

And now no shrieking rent the air;
They gazed upon his sod;
A solemn silence brooded where
Man pleaded with his God.
The sweeping wave rolled hoarsely past
Washing the jewelled strand,—
Upon its gift no look they cast:
To Heaven rise heart and hand.

They asked not wealth or fairer realm,
Or kingly robe or crown;
They did not seek to rule the helm
Of nations in renown.
They only asked the Lord to grant
Over the waters sped,
A bark upon their shores should plant
A teacher, like the dead.

O ye who dwell where Gospel light
Beams brightly far and wide,
Give to the children of the night
Our Lamp, our Blessed Guide.
Grant to those bound by ocean's foam
The blessings to you given,
Till true Light makes each heart its home
And guides the lost to Heaven.