

written and away on its mission. And it is not only swift-footed, a natural traveler, and with its pack quickly adjusted, but it is terse and intense, short and usually to the point. It has an object, and goes for it with single eye and purpose. But see what it will do. It will inform your pastor that you are sick, or that a friend or neighbour is sick, and that a call from him would be acceptable. You may be wondering why he has not called. But the postal card is wondering why you have not sent it to tell him. Again, it will tell your pastor of that new family that moved in, etc.; indeed, anything that he would like to know. It will carry a message of comfort to the sick, of encouragement to the timid, of counsel to the tempted, of incidental suggestion and help to the forgetful, reminding of duty, etc. Once more, it will be of immense personal benefit, in saving you that long walk to deliver a single message, in relieving the anxious friend who is interested equally in the work you are doing, in binding workers together in sympathy and helpfulness, in enabling one to perform both services when there is apparent conflict of duty, in helping you to plan a meeting so that it will secure the largest results, etc. It will—but what may it not do? It is a mighty little agent, and should be captured and utilized for Christ and His kingdom. Remember the postal card won't work itself. It must be made to do work for Christ. But the sanctified heart and brain and hand can work wondrous ministry by it. Think of it. Try it. Use one to-day.

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

THE Church and the World walked far apart,
On the changing shores of Time;
The World was singing a giddy song,
And the Church a hymn sublime.
"Come, give me your hand," cried the merry
World,
"And walk with me this way";
But the good Church hid her snowy hand
And solemnly answered, "Nay,
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way of endless death;
Your words are all untrue."
"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the World with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
And mine is broad and plain;
My road is paved with flowers and gems,
And yours with tears and pain.

The sky above me is always blue,
No want, no toil I know;
The sky above you is always dark;
Your lot is a lot of woe.
My path, you see, is a broad, fair path,
And my gate is high and wide—
There is room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World,
And gave him her hand of snow;
The old World grasped it and walked along,
Saying, in accents low—
"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;
I will give you pearls to wear,
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The Church looked down at her plain white
robes,
And then at the dazzling World,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip
With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the Church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure, white garments drifted away,
And the World gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And roses and gems and pearls;
And over her forehead her bright hair fell
Crisped in a thousand curls.
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old
World;
"I'll build you one like mine;
Carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house—
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt
there
Gleaming in purple and gold;
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the World and his children were there;
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and the
great
To sit in their pomp and pride,
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The Angel of Mercy flew over the Church,
And whispered, "I know thy sin";
The Church looked back with a sigh and longed
To gather her children in.
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play,
And some were drinking in gay saloons;
So she quietly went her way.
The sly World gallantly said to her,
"Your children mean no harm—
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm
And smiled, and chatted, and gathered flowers;
As she walked along with the World;
While millions and millions of deathless souls
To the terrible pit were hurled.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay old World with a sneer;
"They frighten my children with dreadful
tales,
Which I like not for them to hear;
They talk of brimstone and fire and pain,
And the horrors of endless night;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.

I will send you some of the better stamp,
Polished and gay and fast,
Who will tell them that people may live as they
list

And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Tender and true and kind;
Do you think He would take one child to heaven
And leave the rest behind?"
So he filled her house with "cultured" divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the Cross
Were out of the pulpit turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the
World,
"Far more than you ought to do;
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go, take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine,
And pearls and jewel, and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."
The Church held tightly the strings of her purse
And gracefully lowered her head,
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I'll do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn
And she heard not the orphan's cry;
And she drew her beautiful robes aside,
As the widows went weeping by,
The sons of the World and the sons of the
Church
Walked closely hand and heart,
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.
Then the Church sat down at her ease and said
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing and nought to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
The sly World heard her, and laughed in his
sleeve,
And mockingly said aside,
"The Church is fallen—the beautiful Church—
And her shame is her boast and pride!"

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,
And whispered in sighs, her name.
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed
And covered their heads with shame.
And a voice came down, through the hush of
heaven,
From Him who sat on the throne—
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
I am rich; and hast not known
That thou art naked, and poor and blind
And wretched before My face;
Return, repent, lest I cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place!"

—Matilda C. Edwards.

DIVISIONS.

"How is your church prospering?"
asked one friend of another. "Oh," re-
plied the other with grim humor, "our
church seems to have been born to
illustrate the infinite divisibility of
matter, for we have now forty mem-
bers and seven churches!"