

there a difficult Gospel? Is there a learned Gospel? What do the good men mean who talk about their simple Gospel? Do they mean Bible and water? If so, we pity their hearers! We observe that some excellent communities will speak and write of themselves as "baptized Churches." We do not wish to touch in any way the question of baptism as a matter of controversy. We simply ask, Is that an apostolic phrase? When Paul wrote to the Church at Rome, did he salute it as "a baptized Church," or did he write "to all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints?" A gentleman wanting to find a minister's house made inquiry in the street in which he lived, when he was told to refer to a lady opposite who was "an old standard." He marveled what that could mean, and felt rather afraid to confer with one who had so peculiar a designation. He found her an old Methodist woman of great zeal and goodness, but he thought that the military diction employed to describe her was not very felicitous. There are not a few persons who think that they exalt the Saviour by calling him "dear Jesus," "sweet Jesus," and so on. The sacred writers never did this. They called him Jesus, Master, Christ, Saviour, Lord, and did not apply to him the verbal endearments of lovers and sentimental friends. These are not small matters. Religious cant, slang, and vulgarity hinder the diffusion of Christian truth, and should be avoided by all who desire to conciliate opponents and multiply converts to Christ.—*English Paper.*

Light and Cheer.

BY M. M.

NEXT to an earnest, warm-hearted superintendent, the most important item in the furnishing of a Sunday-school room is *plenty of light*. Unhealthy people sometimes declare that they enjoy a gloomy day, and even show their faith by their works, in shutting out the blessed light from their parlors; but children, birds, and flowers, the freshest creations of God's hand, have a sure instinct which leads them to seek the light, to drink it in, and

to blossom out beneath its rays. If, then, we are trying to labor for our Master in bringing the little ones to him, it is good policy to see it that we have the "light of light" in ourselves, and the material light, which God has not scorned to use as a symbol of himself, to shine upon, making bright and attractive, all our surroundings.

Some weeks since I went one cold stormy morning to visit a strange Sunday-school. It was in a city church, and the school room was in the basement. As I stood in the vestibule for a few moments, and noticed the brick walls rising up at a little distance on either side, I thought, "What a pity that the children have to go down into this gloomy place for their Sunday-school!" My sympathy was not needed. The door opened into a large, cheerful room, full of happy people. The gas was burning brightly, the atmosphere was warm and *pure*, (I noticed ventilators here and there,) and it was evident at first sight that some generous heart had "taken thought" for the children, so many pleasant things met the eye. I looked in vain for one idle teacher. The classes seemed to be full, more than full to me, accustomed to see teachers trying to get up an interest in the one, two, or three who are to be depended upon. I noticed a peculiarity about those teachers—they were remarkably good-looking. Perhaps it was the effect of the gas-light.

That school has an afternoon session. It chanced to be the day for the Sunday-school prayer-meeting, and I resolved to be present. To tell the truth, I did not expect to find the room full, but I was mistaken again. There they were in force, looking just as bright and interested as in the morning, and I could not help thinking that the *light* in that room had something to do with it all.

Two weeks later I visited a school in a neighboring city. It was held in a basement room, quite similar to the one already spoken of as far as externals go, but O, how different! Possibly it is more cheerful when the sun shines, but I can only remember it as a dreary cellar like apartment, partly filled, badly ventilated, imperfectly heated, and not lighted at all. Two or three of the officers of the school when off duty sat down on a dusty bench