


to Timothy alone, on what ground do you object to my interpretation of the Apostle's advice to Timothy to drink wine as being purely local and personal, and, as such, no command to me or you? The two things equally and alike apply to us, and that is—not at all.

C. Caught, —fairly caught! Well, if you will promise not to quote Timothy to justify your journey to Troas, I will promise not to quote Timothy to justify wine-drinking any more. Good-bye.

#### The Parson's Dream.

 CAME home from my day's labour on Sunday evening, feeling more than usually weary, and feeling also depressed and discontented. My careful wife had prepared a comfortable supper, but I sat down listlessly in the old easy chair, because I was just too tired and sick at heart to do anything else. Just then baby cried, and the wife hurried away to soothe him; so I was left alone with my thoughts. The room grew darker and darker, but I did not light the lamp; I preferred to sit dreaming, moodily gazing into the firelight. I thought of my ten year's ministerial work, of the joyful enthusiasm with which I had entered upon it, of the glowing hopes I had entertained of its results, of my plans for the benefit of my people, of the labour spent on lectures and sermons, and of the hundred and one failures, discouragements, and disappointments. I knew I was not a lazy parson—I had certainly worked hard—and yet my congregation was no better than other congregations. My people had their quarrels, and divisions and differences; and my sermons (alas, for my pride therein!) often fell flat, or were preached to a small and unappreciative audience. I asked myself whether I did right to go on working year after year, with such poor results. I knew that the same amount of earnestness and perseverance in any other profession would have

yielded me an abundant harvest; and I wondered whether it would not be worth my while to give up preaching, and turn my energies into some more profitable channel. I was still pondering this matter, when I found myself becoming very chilly, and was thinking of rousing up to stir the fire when I noticed a door in the wall of the room that seemed somehow strange to me. I arose and opened it, and found myself in a dark, cold passage, down which I walked as if compelled to do so. I remember a dim feeling of wonder that I had never discovered this place before, although I had so long lived in the house; but I soon forgot all that when, at the end of the passage, I entered a hall of grand proportions, which was evidently the studio of some great artist. I found there pictures of wondrous beauty, some finished, some nearly so, and some only just begun. There were also works in stone, marble, and bronze, rough models in clay, tools, and artists' materials of every kind. But my glance was soon rivetted on a statue in white marble at the further end of the room, upon whose pedestal I read the word "Humanitas." It was the figure of a noble youth, so fair and well formed that it first appeared to me absolutely perfect. As I drew nearer, however, I observed certain stains and cracks upon it, which the artist was working to efface. I seemed to be fascinated by the figure, and longed to talk with the sculptor about it. Presently he turned his face towards me, and I ventured to ask whether I might assist him at all. He replied by pointing out various dark-looking excrescences, on the surface of the marble, and telling me that they were caused by some of his workmen having been too hearty and violent in the use of a certain tool called religious opinions, he gave me a composition marked True Christianity, with which he bade me rub the spots until they disappeared. I began to rub very vigorously, but the artist checked me, saying,

"Be not over hasty, or you will spread the spots instead of removing them; mix a little of this Oil of Patient Endurance with the composition, you will manage better then." As I grew more and more interested in the work the artist conversed with me frequently, telling me that of all the works I saw in his studio this statue was the one he loved best. He said he had been engaged upon it for many many years, and that he had employed hundreds of workmen to assist him; that he had gathered tools and materials from every possible source, and that he should continue to labour on so long as there was one flaw unremoved, or one touch more to be given to the stone. I ventured to ask him if he never felt weary or discouraged as time went on and he still found the figure imperfect, but he said he loved his work too well ever to grow weary. Sometimes he said his workmen would throw down their tools or leave him for a while to serve another master, but they mostly returned again and worked more earnestly than ever. "But," said I, "do you never give your workmen a holiday?" "Oh, yes," replied he, "sometimes I call them away for a short time, and when they are refreshed I send them back again; but when I see that they are quite worn out with the burden and heat of the day, then, in the quiet twilight I send my messenger to whisper words of comfort and hope from me, and often and often when my servants endure to the end, I fold about them the strong arms of my love, and bear them away to a haven of everlasting rest." Somehow the thought of my weariness came over me just then, and impulsively said, "Sir, I should like to be one of your servants." Then the artist laid his hand kindly upon me, and said, "Son, you have already worked for me, though as yet you have not realized the fact; henceforth you will understand your duties better. Come now with me and see the materials and tools that I have gathered in my storehouse towards the