

are responding and God has drawn near to waiting souls.

After that how calmly and how sweetly come confession of sin, and how confidently things are asked from God, God known in Jesus Christ, because He is there, God whom the angels adore and toward whose throne the universe of intelligent and loyal beings are bending. Into that great company the believing soul has been brought, and from that hour and from that Presence he goes into the outside world, and the Presence goes with him.

When the soul has thus been lifted up by this act of common worship, it matters little what, in his sermon, the preacher may say; all shall be permeated by the impression of the hour, and the hearer shall give it a tone which it may not, in itself, have had. He has been where God was, he has mingled with the great host of worshippers on earth and with the throng of elect angels and glorified spirits behind the veil. Earth is not so real as it was. That unseen company and the unseen Christ are nearer. The things of time are dimmer than they were before, while the soul reaches out toward the heavenly things.

The coming week will tell of it. The believer has been worshipping God. The incense still lingers round him, and clouds with its white smoke the things of time. — *The Evangelist.*

Six Days of Social Calls.

The Preacher took a hint and astonished his flock Sunday morning.

[From the Living Church].

A clergyman heard that certain people were criticising the infrequency with which he visited them. "Do they say I neglect the sick or the afflicted?"

"No; but they think you might drop in oftener in a social way."

"Ah! I see; thank you very much for a hint. I'll attend to this."

Monday morning the pastor left his home, and carrying a carefully revised list of his parishioners in a small book, he began a house to house visitation. It was wash day. His congregation was made up of all sorts and conditions of people. He didn't mind it. He at once adapted himself to circumstances. Entering a house he began talking about soap, and ammonia, and royal blueing, and wire clothes-pins, and patent line pullies, and stationary tubs, and pickup dinners, and tired laundresses. It was just delightful.

Tuesday he resumed his rounds. Now he discoursed on beeswax, smoothing irons, satin finished shirt fronts, the consumption of fuel and the everlasting raking at the stove. He grew in favor.

Wednesday he continued ringing bells and rapping at doors. He threw out wise suggestions about the work basket, spoke of stocking darning and how to sew new patches in the demoralized seats of little boys' trousers. He showed a charming familiarity with needles and scissors and thimbles. He made a deep and abiding impression.

Thursday, nothing daunted, and moved by a noble ambition to elevate the flock, he spent the entire day commenting upon pleasures derived from formal calls, evening parties and dramatic entertainments. It tired him awfully, but he would not give up.

Friday found him talking up the merits of furniture polish, the advantages of salt over tea leaves for cleaning carpets, describing different methods of dusting, and the wholesome effects of exposing mattresses to the sunlight. He kept growing in favor.

Saturday morning he hurried