

I shall never forget that scene. It was the most impressive in which I had ever been, or have since been, a participator. The ceremony over, we filled up the grave, and left our dead mate to his sleep on the hillside."—*The Living Church.*

Holman Hunt's picture of "Christ, the Light of the World," represents a man bearing a lantern. Is it not more correct to think of Him as One Who has the light in Him, and through Whom it gleams as the sun through the summer cloud?

Christ is the Word.—As shadow expresses the presence of outward substance; as light and heat, the presence of fire; as the stream flows from the fountain, being the same as that from which it flows; so words express outwardly the inner man, execute its intentions and communicate its substance.

I live for those that love me,
For those I know are true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me
And awaits my spirit too!
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hope left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

LOOKING DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

It is said of a man who looked down his neighbor's chimney to see what he was cooking for supper, not only did he not find out, but was nearly blinded by the smoke.

When you hear men say, "I have watched those who profess so much religion and I don't see that they are any better than those who do not make so high a profession," depend upon it they have got some smoke in their eyes, and those whose eyes are full of smoke cannot see very clearly.

THE CHURCH AND NONCONFORMITY.

In reference to the recessions of Dissenting Ministers to the Church, a "Nonconformist" writes to the *Hampshire Independent* that this tendency is a "growing tendency," and that "the causes" are "not far to seek"—"There is to-day more personal piety among the laity and more pulpit power among the clergy of the Established Church than there has ever been, and among Nonconformists less—of course I refer to the great average." "A dissenting cause with a weak ministry and a weak management, is not only not attractive, but positively repulsive to persons of culture and refinement; while a Church where the preaching is good and the service effective, offers attractions which are simply overwhelming to the majority of minds." "The best, the wisest, the strongest, will win in matters religious as well as in matters commercial, and that the Church is winning in the denominational race to-day seems to me a palpable and self-evident fact."

PEACE.

The Christian's peace is like a river for continuance. Look at it, rising as a little brook among the mosses of the lone green hill; by and by it leaps as a rugged cataract; anon it flows along that fair valley, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play—with hum of pleasant music the brook turns the village mill. Harken to its changeful hum as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed, or leaps adown the wheel or sports in eddies where the trees bend down their branches to kiss the current. Anon the streamlet has become a river, and bears upon its flood full many a craft. Then its bosom swells, bridges with noble arches span it, and, grown vaster still, it becomes a stream broad enough to be an arm of old father ocean, pouring its water-floods into the mighty main. The river abides the lapse of ages; it is no evanescent, moving cloud or transient rain flood, but in all its stages it is permanent.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on forever."

Evermore, throughout all generations, the river speedeth to its destined place. Such is the peace of the Christian. He has always reason for comfort. He has not a consolation like a

swollen torrent, which is dried up under the hot sun of adversity; but peace is his rightful possession at all times. Ever is the river in its place. And even thus, come night, come day, come sickness, come health, come what will, the peace of God which passeth all understanding will keep the Christian's heart and mind, through Jesus Christ.

ADVENT.

The World has a year, and the Church has a year. The World's year is in part natural, and in part capricious. It notices the seasons, yet scarcely follows them. Its arrangements are those of convenience. What the world looks at in these matters, as in all matters, is self-interest. Trade and commerce, money and business order its year, and echo the cry which needs no echoing: Live for time—hazard eternity. The Church's year is independent of the world's; follows another order; has a system, a rule, a method of its own. Her voice, still and small by comparison, vocal only to the wise, is raised, or scarcely raised, in the midst of earth's restless din, saying, Time is short—life is a dream—think of the soul—live that other life, secret yet real, in which God is all, and which Christ, the Son of God, came and suffered and died to make real, and to make possible, and to make delightful, to every sorrowing, sinning, suffering man who has a heart in him, and a conscience, and a soul—a sense of want, and an aspiration after the beautiful and the strong and the holy.

It is not fanciful—it is true—to see this office of the Church in her very calendar. Here, three weeks before New Year's Day, the Church is solemnly closing and re-beginning. *In the world, not of it,* is written upon her almanac. Very striking is it, to hearts capable of such thoughts, to enter one of her homes or worship on some dark December weekday morning, and find a handful of devout men, under her guidance, praying and giving thanks, making mention of the first Advent and the second; carrying on a soul's work, and recognizing God's presence, while the world is busy buying and selling, fastening upon itself more rigidly, more immovably than ever, the yoke and the gripe of things that are seen. And so when we see the Church calmly ending her year and beginning her year without asking what the world does—guiding her course by the rising and the setting, and the immortal re-rising of the Sun of Righteousness—there is something of Divine admonition in the independence; like her Master, she has meat to eat, and a message to deliver, and a work to do, which the world knows not of; and, not in cold isolation, not in heartless self-complacency, but in meekness, and in tenderness, and in love, she will say to the passer-by, she will say to the most thoughtless alike, and the most sin-bound: We are going to the place and to the rest which God hath told us of—come thou with us—let thy soul, with us, eat and be satisfied.—*C. J. Vaughan, D.D.*

EX TEMPORE PRAYERS.

"We must not yield to the vain notion that extempore prayer is a mark of spirituality. If awe of the Most High and humility are characteristics of a spiritual man, then disuse of well-considered and authoritative words of prayer, and fearless adoption of thoughts and words which come uppermost in worship, may be marks of an unspiritual state, and not a spiritual."—*W. E. Heygate.*

AN ANECDOTE OF GARIBALDI.

One evening in 1861, as Gen. Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The

attendant went off softly and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes, and so did attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it. Even so doth the Good Shepherd go in search of his lost sheep until he finds them.

THE HOPE OF THE SAINTS.

When shall I see that city whose streets are paved with gold, in which shall be sung the song of gladness, and through all the streets of which the Hallelujah shall be uttered by all? O holy city! O beautiful city! from afar I salute thee! I cry for thee; I entreat for thee; I long to see thee, and rest in thee; but, kept still in the flesh, I am not permitted! O city to be longed for! thy walls one gem, thy keeper God himself, thy citizens always rejoicing, for they exult in the vision of God. In thee there is no corruptibility, nor defect, nor old age, nor anger, but perennial peace and festal glory—joy everlasting, festival unbroken! In thee there is no yesterday nor tomorrow, but an unchanging to-day. To-morrow is as yesterday, and the long age is eternally the same. To thee belong salvation, life and endless peace. To thee God is all. In thee there is no fear, no sadness. Each desire passes at once into joy. All that is wished for is at hand, all that is longed for abounds.—*St. Augustine.*

In all times and in every nation, there hath been in the heart of man a Light; revealing itself according to their obedience to the witness therein—in the philosophy of the Greeks, and in the piety or natural dutifulness of the Romans, though nearly overwhelmed with the darkness; but whenever in sage or poet, in man or child, a better spirit hath shone, it hath been Christ giving light.

SCIENCE AND GOD.—In all human affairs there it a mainspring. It is of the nature of a mainspring to have a regulating force. There is a tendency outward and a tendency inward; a power which would get loose and a power which would keep from getting loose; a something which expands and a something which contracts. So, wholesome fear is set to control wild love; so prudence is made for the government of dash; thrift for the guidance of expenditure—and so forth through all. Now in like manner, over against this dreadful largeness of things, this infinitely advancing growth, we find in God's dealings an infinitesimal care. Lest we should be shaken by thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, we thankfully note the minutest and most special love. If, on the one hand, He in whom we live and move and have our being is vast beyond our freest imagination; if He is wide-sweeping in His doings past the utmost scope of our conception, He is also, on the other hand, tender beyond our belief, and His consideration passes understanding. If His path is in the great waters of being, and His way not known in the circles and cycles of the world's future and our own, yet the forth-breaking movements of our trembling thoughts on this track (which is like some main-tain path that loses itself in darkness and death) are to be held in check by our sense and experience of His special lovingkindness.

Rest is never so sweet as after a long struggle; strength never so strong as through trial; joy is a blessed thing after sorrow; and the fair dawning of sunny days could never come if we had no night.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his power upon a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.

—The Venerable Archdeacon Whitaker has arrived in Toronto. The Bishop is expected in a few days.