

go by, and how hard it is to find any time for themselves. It is a good thing for these and all other burdened ones that prayer is not restricted to silence and retirement. God sometimes accepts labor as prayer, and answers these worked-out prayers very abundantly.

A prayerful heart will find that ear of the Father at any time; and yet, where it can be found, a little time spent in isolation and alone with Him will be productive of the fullest results.

If all professing Christians who compose our congregations were really prepared for the exacting duty of divine worship, how much more seed would fall on good ground to spring up and bear fruit to everlasting life! How much less unreasoning criticism would there be of the preacher and his message; how many more churches and church-members famed for usefulness and good works!—*New York Evangelist*.

THE TEST OF PROGRESS.

It was Monday morning, and, according to his usual custom, Dr. J—— set out for Boston to attend "Preachers' Meeting." As the cars were crowded, he shared his seat with a young lawyer whose face he had seen several times before, but who was a stranger to him. In chatting with him, the doctor soon discovered that his name was Robert Lindsay, and that he was the son of his old schoolmate Tom Lindsay. With the interest of an old friend, Dr. J—— inquired, "Where do you attend church?"

"Well, the fact is," replied Robert, "I am not much of a church-going man. I have never been inside of a church since I came to H——."

The doctor looked a trifle surprised as he resumed: "Were you never in the habit of attending church?" "O yes," said the young man. "I always went to church when I was a boy in New Hampshire, and thought seriously of becoming a church-member before I left home; but as I have grown older, my views have entirely changed. As I went away to school, and came to college, my studies broadened my mind, and made me see things in a different light. I am growing daily more liberal in my ideas. I believe in progress. I am what you might call an advanced thinker."

"Would you mind telling me what you

understand by the term 'advanced thinker?'" asked the doctor. "Certainly not," said Robert. "I understand by it one who cuts loose from the set notions and stiff doctrines of the past. I sympathize with the newer and more elastic views of truth that are growing out of modern scientific studies. I like a rational religion that is not bound up in a church-going and sentimentalism, but keeps abreast of the best thought of the time."

After a short pause the doctor continued: "I have not seen your father since we were boys together. Did he hold the same views that you do?"

"O, no. Father and mother were both members of the little Congregational church in my native village. Mother was brought up a Methodist, and her father was a presiding elder. Father's ancestors had been deacons in the Congregational church for several generations."

"It seems almost strange that you should break away from the old order of things."

"I consider it the natural result of my mode of life. My parents had always lived away up there, out of the world; and although they were very intelligent they were simple-minded people. It was not till I went about among men, and saw more of the world that I got rid of old notions."

"Was your father a good man, Robert?" asked the doctor.

"The best of men," replied Robert with some heat. "If ever there were saints in the world, my father and mother were two of them, and grandfather was another."

"Are you better than they were?"

"Why do you ask such a question? I don't profess to be as good as they were. It isn't in me. They were so conscientious about every thing, and so devoted to doing good. I am too busy to attend to any thing but my business and my family, though I always give something whenever a worthy cause is impressed upon me. I always intend to be honest, though I see no use of being quite so scrupulous as they were."

"Then your advanced views have not made you a better man than your father?"

"I don't know that my views have any thing to do with my life. Philosophy and business are distinct matters."

"Were your father and mother happy?"

"Yes, always. They had that sort of