

which came from a rigid adherence to truth. Nothing could make him bend when truth was at stake; but no man was ever further from official stiffness than he. None less than he gave sanction by his actions or by his words to that externalism that has resulted in winning for the clergy the name of the "cloth." It was with him the man and not the mannerism, the grace and not the garb, that gave him influence with men. Ministers are servants. They should speak and act not as above, but as among men. They can never raise the fallen save as they stoop to the fallen and get their arms beneath them; and this they cannot do so long as they continue to walk on stilts. Their Master became poor, made Himself of no reputation, that He might accomplish His blessed mission. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, the servant as his Lord.

Public Schools and Columbus Day.

WE desire to be recorded as heartily in favor of the proposal that the public schools of our land take the lead in commemorating the day of America's discovery by Columbus. This not only because such an observance will have an educational value as the thoughts of the millions of children who share in the celebration are turned simultaneously to the greatest event in the world's history since the advent of our Lord, but also

because of the immense obligation under which that event has brought so large a number of the world's children. The advantages reaped by them from the opening of a new continent and the preparation of the way for a new nation among the nations of the earth are too manifold for enumerating. The blessing of a free education to the 13,000,000 pupils who are to share in the exercises of the day passes all estimation, and in the train of this are numberless others, a proper appreciation of which will come to them with advancing years. One thought cannot fail to occasion gratitude to every patriotic heart in connection with that celebration, that while the discovery of the continent was attributable to one sailing under the flag of Spain, yet that flag never came to float over the section which has so long and so truly borne the name of the land of liberty. While grateful for the discovery, we as a people have every reason for gratitude that the providence of God guided the bark of the discoverer to the far south and reserved for the occupancy and development of those who represented liberty of thought and conscience that part which was to become the glory and the crown of the Western Hemisphere. It will be well if the children who are to share in the proposed celebration are reminded of this fact, a fact that has everything to do with the enjoyment of the privileges which have come to be theirs.

BLUE MONDAY.

THE American Missionary Association has five hundred missionaries. Among the Indian children they have encouraged unselfish efforts to help in carrying the Gospel to the destitute and unevangelized. But the children had no money—some of them had never seen a copper coin. The government had offered premiums for the killing of gophers; and so the boys would hunt the gophers, and bring their tails in as the proof of the work done. Among other contributions was an inclosure, wrapping a gopher's tail within, and bearing this memorandum: "*Richard Fox, one gopher's tail; four cents.*" One old colored saint in the far South used to pray with great fervor for the missionaries, and this was one prayer heard from her lips: "O Lord, let de missionary down deep into de treasures of de word, and hide him behind de cross of Jesus." For whom might not that prayer well be offered!

FATHER, mother, servant, and Arthur, the only son, aged three, were reverently bowed at

morning prayers. The father, leading in devotion, was repeating the Lord's Prayer. When he came to "Give us this day our daily bread," Arthur put in audibly, "and 'punk ' pie, too, papa!" It is needless to say that little Arthur believed in having the luxuries of life as well as its necessities. Prayer ended that morning with Arthur's request.

HE was at once a good man and a modest man, who went home in tears when he was elected a deacon, because he wasn't fit to hold the office.

One day in the shop, where he had charge of two hundred or more women, one of them in anger berated the good man soundly, calling him all manner of names, and attributing to him all kinds of motives, and finally wound up by saying to him: "John Smith, you are not fit to live." He calmly looked her in the face and said: "I've often thought so myself." The angry woman went away speechless.