

were intended to alleviate the suffering of mankind. In the general progress of social life there were many things to be noted. The masses have risen from serfdom and the representative self-government is universal throughout the civilized world. In the conflict of commerce Britain leads the world, and since the adoption of free trade the development of her trade and commerce had been marvellous and her wealth was incalculable. The time has arrived for social reform, for an equitable distribution between capital and labor. Labor is not yet free, but the struggle is going on towards ameliorating the common lot of the hard working man. The end and object of all this struggle is not progress and liberty alone, but the acquisition of a higher and nobler life.

Rev. Dr. McKee was the last speaker and his subject "What of the Future?" He predicted that the Church of the future would follow the precedents of the past. He thought, however, that some change would be made in the form and wording of some of the inferior standards. He also predicted that woman's rightful position in society would ere long be recognized and the Church would not look with horror on exercise and amusement.

The meeting was closed with the benediction.

The unusual experience of a centennial celebration attracted visitors from all parts of the province and they were cheerfully welcomed. It was singularly fitting that all the speakers at the services were with a single exception natives of Pictou, men who are prominent in the religious and educational life of Canada, and of whom Pictou is proud.

The Review is indebted to Mr. S. M. McKenzie, the enterprising proprietor of the *New Glasgow Chronicle*, for the cuts used in this article.

THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

REFLECTIONS ON HUMILITY.

"He was known to them in the breaking of the bread."—St. Luke xxiv 35.

I dreamt I pleaded with my Lord. "No more I feel Thy presence, oh, my Master dear; I do not know that Thou indeed art near, Within me or around me as of yore; There is an awful silence in my heart And yet I cannot hear Thy much-loved voice. No faintest echo makes my soul rejoice; Not Mary's mine, nor even Martha's part. Would I could clasp, O Christ! Thy garment's fold, Know by some smallest token Thou wert nigh, know that Thou wert not deaf to my heart's cry, This heart so all-forsaken and so cold!" Thus in my bitterness of grief I said: Lo! He was known in breaking of the bread.

Duty does its part; love does its best.

When man thinks it necessary to lie in order to live, it is in order for him to inquire whether life is worth living.

To get the spiritual temperature of any place use the thermometer of prayer.

There are persons who are fond of saying that time is money. Time is infinitely more than money; it is opportunity, power, a fragment of eternity itself.

He who is determined to make no mistakes will probably make the one greatest mistake of fruitlessness. Better fail in half the efforts made than to fail to do anything.

The costliest garment worn is the cloak of hypocrisy. He who wears it dress in taste and without cost should be "clothed with humility."

It may be truly said that no man does any work perfectly who does not enjoy his work. Joy in one's work is the consummate love, without which the work may be done indeed, but without its finest perfection.

The continuous testimony of a godly life to the genuineness of the religion of the Gospel is the strongest argument that is ever employed by man. Pascal has well said; "The serene beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of God."

We are consistent as Christians only as we recognize the good land of God in all of our mercies, and as we, not only, exercise but also give continued expression to our grateful love. If we are as fully occupied as we should be with these exercises, we shall have little time left in which to complain of our trials or of our wants.

That is no true Christianity which breaks with and scorns the past. The men who despise the work of the church, though they profess to fall back on the New Testament in its simplicity for their guide, do but cast contempt on all the workings of Christ through the Holy Spirit in the church, and whilst professing themselves to be wise, do but confess that they are fools.

Let us consider then, what Humility is. It is simply the acknowledgement of what I am, it is truth, it is accepting the state of a sinner, the state of a creature. . . . It is the being before others as I am before myself, as I am before God. It is myself taking my right position in the Kingdom of God. Humility is

Christ Himself embodied in my human form. He taught me how He said "Learn of me, I am meek and lowly of heart." Shall not my heart be as His Heart? Are we not one? But my heart can not be as His Heart unless mine be lowly.

Our Divine Teacher has not only set us an example of Humility, but He has also bidden us follow it in our outward acts. "If I, your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet." In our inward disposition, "He opened his mouth and taught them, saying (as the first characteristic of the citizens of the Kingdom) Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Again, think of the beauty and the happiness of Humility. It is perpetual quietness of heart, it is to have no trouble, it is never to be fretted or vexed or irritated, never to be sore or disappointed. It is to expect nothing; to wonder at nothing that is done to me, to feel nothing done against me. It is to be sweetly at rest when nobody praises me, when I am blamed and despised. It is to have a blessed home in myself where I can go in and shut the door and kneel to my Father in secret, and am at peace, as in a deep sea of calmness when all above and around me is troubled.—T. T. CARTER.

Lord, I would learn of Thee.
To be quite still,
To wear Thy easy yoke
Bending my will;
To take one little step
In following Thee,
One heavenward little step
Humility.

To leave my laurel crown So unlike Thine, And cherish one of thorn And make it mine; To turn from my brightest star Of golden light, To take up my heavy cross In darkest night.	Empty myself of all,— All unlike Thee Of thoughts that cannot bear Thy scrutiny. Thoughts full of self, of pride, Of vanity. All alien from the grace Humility.
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O meek and lowly One.
I come to Thee
Lord give me what I need
Humility!
O teach me what I am,
But dust and clay
And teach me what Thou art,
The Life, the Way,
The Truth whose perfectness
My soul shall prove,
That I am nothing, Lord,
And thou art Perfect Love.

THE LAMBS OF CHRIST.

They were gathered early, earth's young and fair;
Time cannot touch them, nor woe, nor care;
Safe in the harbor of endless rest,
The babes are cradled on Jesus' breast.

There are eyes of sapphire, and locks of gold
And roseate buds, in that little fold;
Music untaught, like the wild birds' song,
In quavering bars from the cherub throng.

From silken couches, and beds of down,
Through the busy ways of the crowded town,
By hall, and village, and moorland bleak,
Have the angels travelled those beds to seek.

And some were born to an earthly crown,
When the angels called them, they laid it down;
'Twas a weary weight for those tiny heads,
So they died uncrowned in their little beds.

There are those who were born in grief and shame,
Without mother's love, or a father's name;
O'er their lamps of life the chill night wind swept
They were laid in the earth uncrowned, unwept.

There are some for whom gray heads toiled and planned,
And they hoarded gold, and they purchased land;
The innocent heirs of a sordid care,
They were snatched from the teeth of the gilded snare.

There are some who were taken we know not why,
By the love that walketh in mystery,
The mercy that moves behind sunless clouds;
For earth's saints wept o'er their early shrouds.

There are those o'er whom solemn tears were shed
By parents who struggled for daily bread,
Who mourned o'er the soul they brought to strife;
But the angels gave it the bread of life.

They are one in heaven,—the wept and dear,
The foundling who perished without a tear,
Of lands and titles earth's infant heir,
And the blighted offspring of want and care.

The lambs of Christ! by the founts and rills,
O'er the heights of the everlasting hills,
They follow with joy the Bridegroom's train;
If ye love, can ye wish them back again.