

than "doing." I mean that the gift may consist not of money, nor of anything marketable, but of a deed of charity and real advantage to the body of Christ. Peter and John "went up together into the temple," and a lame beggar lying at the Beautiful gate, "asked an alms." Peter, fastening his eyes on him, with John, said, "Look on us." Then he said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And the poor man, who never had walked, began to leap and praise God, as he joined them in their progress into the temple, and though he got nothing from them that could be weighed or measured, yet he realized that no man had ever bestowed on him such a gift as these peculiar men had given. And as it was with Peter and John, in this instance, so it was with their Blessed Master in the days of His sojourn upon earth. He gave no gifts of money yet He gave gifts of matchless worth, infinitely more precious than silver or gold. And it is conceivable that some among his chosen may be as poor as He and His apostles in matters of money—poorer even than the famous widow of Jerusalem in her day, or her of Zarephath in Elijah's time. It is conceivable, but not very likely, that any Christian in Canada is too poor to give even on the scale of the widow's mite. But if there should be such an one, he is not excluded from the privilege of worshipping God by gifts. Let him devoutly seek occasion, and give "words fitly spoken," or "cups of cold water in the name of a disciple," or even by his cheerful patience, meekness and gentleness, give commendation of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the presence of sinners; and we can assure him that he has the great essential, the "willing mind," it will be accepted according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not. In the face of this truth, let no man ever use an excuse which betokens spiritual deadness, as truly as ever the "passing bell" betokened the pangs of the dying. I mean the excuse of "Nothing to do," which being interpreted into the language of truth and soberness, means just this: "There's nothing I want to do."

" Nothing to do in this world of ours,
Where weeds grow up with the fairest flowers!
Where smiles have only a fitful play!—
Where hearts are breaking every day!—
Nothing to do!—thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole,
Off with the garments of sloth and sin!
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win!"