

How soon should we put to silence the sneer of the ignorant, of the wise in their own conceit, by making them "behold our good works" to the glory of God!

The Church must stand for ever, but who that loves her must not mourn to see her misunderstood, misrepresented, ridiculed, if not reviled by open enemies, or her influence undermined or weakened by false friends? O, that we were true to our mother! that we held bravely by her, ever ready to defend her, not in word only, but in deed. O that we realized the greatness of our heritage, and the responsibility which it entails, the glow of our charity must melt the cold scepticism of the world, the fervour of our faith must kindle it in hearts now barren and unbelieving, and our simplicity and sincerity must shame those whose aim it is to serve two masters! And those who, without the Fold, are yet following the great Shepherd of the Sheep, would be led to feel in their fulness the truth of His words: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." It is a thought to fill us with shame and humiliation, that we, children of God, members of Christ, inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, should be so careless of the unspeakable blessings bestowed upon us, so dead to the duties which they involve, that through us the Church which our Saviour established, in which are the channels of His Grace, the Church which is His Spouse, His Beloved, should be, as was her Head when on earth, too often despised and rejected of men.

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS.

All true love to God is preceded in the heart by these two things—a sense of sin, and an assurance of pardon. Brethren, there is no love possible—real, deep, genuine, worthy of being called love to God—which does not start with the belief of ones own transgression, and with the thankful reception of forgiveness in Christ. You do nothing to get pardon for yourselves; but unless you have the pardon you have no love to God. I know that sounds a very bad thing—I know that many will say it is very narrow and very bigoted, and will ask, "Do you mean to tell me that the man whose bosom glows with gratitude because of earthly blessings, has no love—that all that natural religion which is in people apart from this sense of forgiveness of Christ, do you mean to tell me that this is not all genuine?" Yes, most assuredly; and I believe the Bible and man's conscience say the same thing. I do not for one moment deny that there may be in the hearts of those who are in the grossest ignorance of themselves as transgressors, certain emotions of instinctive gratitude and natural religiousness, directed to some higher power dimly thought of as the author of their blessings and the source of much gladness; but has that kind of thing got any living power in it? I demur to its right to be called love of God at all, for this reason, because it seems to me that the object that is loved is not God, but a fragment of God. He who but says, "I owe to Him breath and all things; in Him I live and move and have my being," has left out one half at least of the Scriptural conception of God. Your Gov, my friend, is not the God of the Bible, unless He stands before you clothed in

infinite loving kindness indeed, but clothed also in strict and rigid justice. Is your God perfect and entire? If you say that you love Him, and if you do so, is it as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? Have you meditated on the depths of the requirements of His law? Have you stood silent and stricken at the thought of the blaze of His righteousness? Have you passed through all the thick darkness and the clouds with which He surrounds His throne and forced your way at last into the inner light where He dwells? Or is it a vague divinity that you worship and love? Which? Ah, if a man study his Bible and try to find out for himself, from its veracious records, who and what manner of God the living God is, there will be no love in his heart to that Being except only when he has flung himself at His feet and said, "Father of eternal purity and God of all holiness and righteousness, forgive Thy child, a sinful broken man, forgive Thy child for the sake of Thy Son!" That, and that alone, is the road by which we come to possess the love of God, as a practical power, filling and sanctifying our souls; and such is the God to whom alone our love ought to be rendered; and I tell you (or rather the Bible tells, and the Gospel and the Cross of Christ tell you), *no love without pardon, no fellowship and sonship without the sense of sin and the acknowledgement of foul transgression!*

THE TWO ROBINS.

Concluded.

They do not interfere with each other.—They both seem to have the same end in view—that is, to build their nests and get it ready to occupy when the roses shall begin to blow. They work together in carrying out their plans: one does not tear down what the other builds; neither does one refuse to work because the other will not.

They do not get discouraged because they cannot build their nest in a day.—They are satisfied if they can add a little to it each day. They go about, picking up a straw here and there as they can find them, and then put them in the proper place; and so on each day until the work is done.

They do not refuse to work because they have to find their own straws.—They fly around, singing as they go, picking up the bits of straw and moss, without waiting for some one to bring it to them.

They do their work in the right time.—They do not put off until tomorrow what ought to be done to-day. They do not wait until the summer before they begin to build, nor stop and complain if the weather is cold; but they begin early, and work away to get the nest ready for the little family of redbreasts that they expect will want the room when the cherries begin to get ripe.

Will not the little readers of these lines learn a lesson from the robins? If the robins which God has made and cares for each day, but which can neither talk, nor read, nor reason, as we do, are so kind to each other; so industrious, persevering, and energetic; how much more is it the duty of boys and girls who can read God's Holy Word to be kind to each other, and industrious, and try to help each other in doing all that God has told them to do. What a blessed world this would be, if little children—and

big ones too—would only behave as well as do the birds!

BAD THOUGHTS.

Bad thoughts, if cherished, blight virtue, destroy purity, and undermine the stablest foundations of character. They are like rot in timber; like rust in iron. They eat into the man. And when the process has gone on for a while, and there comes the stress of an outward temptation, down they go into a mass of ruins! Ships go out to sea, all bright with fresh paint, their sails all spread and streamers flying, and never come back—never reach port. Why? They met a storm and went down, because they were rotten. Under the paint was decay!

Just so bad thoughts, vile, impure thoughts and imaginations rot the manly oak of character, rust the iron of principle, slacken all the stays of virtue, and leave the man, or woman, to the violence of temptation, with no interior of reserve power to withstand the shock. Bad thoughts, fed and fattened, are the bottom vice of society.

"Idleness is the soil for all manner of vice to thrive in; but be constantly employed in some innocent business, and thou shalt leave small room for the unclean spirit to enter into thy soul and tempt thee."

"A man may as well pretend to be learned without study, and rich without industry, as to be pious and virtuous without mortification and self-denial."

(Albany Press and Knickerbocker.)

A PANIC AT THE DELEVAN HOUSE LAST NIGHT.

The usual quietness of the Delevan House was broken in upon last night in a strange manner, and for an hour or more the guests of that hitherto orderly and first-class hotel were in a ferment of excitement. At precisely 5 minutes past 10 o'clock, according to Senator Grady's chronometer, an individual was seen to enter hurriedly by the main entrance on Broadway and rush in an excited manner to the desk. His appearance was somewhat startling, and the swaying motion of his long body, coupled in the wildly gesticulating manner with which he stood and questioned the clerk, would lead a beholder at once to know that there was something of import in connection with his nightly visit. We approached the desk, or rather we were pushed thither with the crowd eager to hear his question propounded. He spoke in a husky voice, and in that peculiar key akin to stage whispers, so that his question was lost to our ears, as well as the answer of the attentive night clerk, Mr. Leland Simons, who appeared to share in the anxiety of the nocturnal visitor. Having received an answer, however, he turned towards the elevator in the same hurried manner which had characterized his entrance, and pulling the door shut after him, he again, in husky tones, gave his order to the youth in charge of that pedal relieving automaton, and as a result, and before we could gather our senses, which had gone wool gathering he was rapidly ascending. Our journalistic ear however, had caught the words "fourth floor" as they fell from the lips of the long-legged, long-haired and excited individual and in a moment more we were mounting the stairs. We were not long in reaching the floor

adverted to, and just as we gained it we saw the coat-tails of the excited personage just turning the corner in the southeast end of the building. We hurried after the receding figure and gained the corner just in time to see our "chase" bolt into the room of Col. M. C. Murphy, representative of the New York district. Here he remained closeted for some time, during which we were joined by several others who had mounted the stairs out of curiosity like ourselves and who now stood open-mouthed around the door. Of course we all listened, but not even our journalistic news hunting tact, backed by all the ingenuity present, could devise a plan by which we could hear. One reckless individual, thinking probably of a former occasion, suggested a step-ladder, and muttered something about the transom. Another, whose ear was glued to the key-hole, remarked that after all may it not be a Platt—or plot—or something of that sort; for his remark was also lost to us. A third suggested that the trained ear of a chambermaid be brought into requisition. But before either plan was made use of, the man glowering on the group, made his way through the doorway and crowd and started off again. He entered another room on the same floor, and again the listeners followed, but it was of no avail; not a sound could be overheard save indistinct mutterings. On leaving this room he descended to the floor beneath, and entered the room of a well-known military gentleman, who bears the distinguished title of general, and who arrived a day or two ago; here the tones were somewhat louder but still not loud enough to be clearly overheard. For an hour this continued. The excited individual with the elongated hirsute appendage and the Faber fortified ear, flew around the hotel. At last he descended to the ground floor, where he stood for a moment and looked about him. Soon his eyes rested on Mr. Ed. C. Sheehy, the representative of the twenty-second district of New York, and a most instantaneous change came over him. He no longer glared savagely, he approached the honorable gentleman with the air of an Adonis, smiling as sweetly as a love-sick swain. He apparently met with an old friend in the person of Mr. Sheehy, judging by the way that gentleman thrust forth his extended, and somewhat extensive palm. A light burst upon us at this moment; we remembered that Oscar Wilde has proved to be an Irishman. Was this Oscar in disguise, and speaking to a Milesian friend? We had not long to wait for an answer. The crowd, which had momentarily accumulated, pushed us forward, and we caught the following remarks from Mr. Sheehy:

"Why, to be sure, I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy? Excellent, sir. I would not be without it. I am a great admirer of St. Jacobs Oil. I—"

The cat was out of the bag. Our sensation had taken wings. Our Oscar had "busted." We had been following one of the many press agents of St. Jacobs Oil, who was simply hurrying around among the notables to "do" them for the columns of the newspapers. Later investigations proved this, and we have learned from the lips of several of our senators and assemblymen and others that were subjected to the reportorial pump. Let our readers look out for some excellent testimonials for St. Jacobs Oil soon.