

the Christian can know—the luxury of giving for the Saviour's sake; the giving of time and talent, of money and influence, hallowed by, and associated with the Lord's own Prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." Did anyone after experiencing the happiness of giving the tithe ever stop there? Did not an irresistible impulse carry them beyond, almost unconsciously, but with great joy? Far off Africa and Japan, Greece in the freshness and beauty of her new existence, France struggling after better things, the Antilles and our own cruelly wronged and sorrowful Red men of the West, have each reaped the benefits of that resolve faithfully carried out—"Henceforth I will give to the Lord one-tenth of all I receive, and nothing shall deter me." The blessings that have followed to those who gave are more than can ever be told, and richer than it is possible to comprehend. "Prove me now herewith saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

RE-BUILD THE CHURCH.*

By Mrs. Lawson, Halifax, N. S.

YOU have heard the wondrous story
Of a strange and sacred bird,
Who in weird and lonely glory
In the far off ages stirred?
Hood and feathers green and golden,
Burnished wing and crimson breast,
And by seers and sages holden
Messenger of God's behest.

Through the mystic Eastern ages,
Living fire in haunted air—
Centuries folded up their pages,
Still the wondrous bird was there.
Generations came and ended,
Numberless in multitude,
But the Phoenix lone and splendid
In its changeless beauty stood,

None on earth its secret sharing,
Day of death and hour of doom;
On with stately presence bearing
Ever through the coming gloom
Boughs of frankincense, scent laden,
Gathered where the dew-drops press,
Myrrh, whose twigs like weeping maiden
Held life's sweet in bitterness.

All their fragrant branches heaping
Into one grand funeral pyre,
While the stars their watch were keeping;
Higher grew the pile and higher,
Until morning's rosy fingers
Rent the curtain night had drawn,
And with touch that faints nor lingers
Flooded all the golden dawn.

To the altar he had moulded
With brave step and fiery eye,
Head erect, and plumage folded,
Went the lonely bird to die.
Ambient smoke the air perfuming
From that slow and sacred fire,
All his glorious life consuming—
Only ashes strew the pyre.

Sage and seer their watch are keeping;

*An appeal for the new church, Hamilton, Bermuda, the old church having been destroyed by fire.

As they gaze with straining eyes,
From the holocaust is leaping
New born bird in glorious guise—
Brighter, statelier than the sire
Who had passed in flame away!
Germ unfolding out of fire
Into full unclouded day,
Still to walk adown the ages,
Or through realms of ether flying,
Folding up the centuries' pages,
Symbol of a life undying.

Has the legend lost its meaning
In this fair and lovely land,
Where the oleanders screening
Fill the air with fragrant hand?
Once for God's high praise and glory
Rose a temple grand and fair,
Telling day by day the story
Of a Saviour's presence there.

Prayer and praise in fulness blended,
Matin, chant and even-song
From these hallowed courts ascended,
Diapason full and strong,
Ark of God—no more remaining—
Hands unhallowed touched its shrine,
Roof and aisle with fire profaning,
Demon deed, on work divine.

House so beautiful and holy
Which our fathers built for God,
Where we knelt in worship lowly
Black the rafters, charred the sod.
From the ashes of its beauty
We to-day once more would raise
(Patriot work and Christian duty)
Unto God a House of praise.

Not like Phoenix from the pyre
Self-begotten, self-impelled!
We must build from sill to spire,
Hands must shape, and forge must weld.
Bring to-day the box and cedar,
Moulted silver—burnished gold,
HE Himself becomes the pleader
Whom no temple walls can hold.

And from Love's self-sacrificing
Fair in beauty, full of grace,
Glorious House of man's devising,
Unto God a Dwelling Place,
Here shall lift its cross-topped spire,
In its fair and new-born glory
Like the Phoenix from the fire
In the olden Eastern story.

Mr. Spurgeon sometimes tests the abilities of his students by obliging them to go up in the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of their address. On one occasion a student, on opening the paper, found this subject set; Apply the story of Zacchæus to your own personal qualifications and call, and he delivered himself in the following way—My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchæus and my own qualifications, and the first thing we read of about Zacchæus was that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he climbed up into a tree, which is very much my position now. Thirdly, we read that Zacchæus "made haste to come down," in which I joyfully follow his example.