

preaching, that we have no better practising? Suppose that every minister who stands in the pulpit should be touched with seraphic fire, would the world be so speedily converted as it would if every Christian in all the church communions of the earth, should at once stand forth clothed in the full power and beauty of the Christian life?

By many motives we are urged to personal holiness. Our Master calls us to it. Angels call us to it. Heaven calls us to it. But no call is louder than the call of a world lying in wickedness. The despairing cry of dying men is a call to all of us so to live the gospel that we shall adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. We are preaching more sermons every week than our minister preaches from his pulpit in a year. We are preaching to men in the byways, to strangers, to those who hear no words from his lips. Our life, our conversation, our business habits, our unconscious influence is preaching. Is it preaching Christ? How much of Christ is it preaching? Is it illustrating what is taught in the sanctuary? Is it clinching the utterances of the pulpit? Do we take the messages of the pulpit, to send them out into the world so burdened down with the rich fruits of gospel living that men welcome them, take the truths into their hearts and feed upon them for their eternal life?

If Christians will live out the power of Christ's life great will be the company of the preachers, and glorious the results achieved.

## PATSY AND THE SQUIRE.

Patsy O'Blane was a poor lad, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes; he also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor, while his father herded the cattle of the squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window; but was *home*, and therefore dear to them.

Dan O'Blane owned one book, the Bible, which he and Patsy dearly loved, for they had raised them from the dust to be "kings and priests unto God."

One evening, as Patsy sat at the door, with his pet lamb at his side, and the Bible on his knee, awaiting the return of his father, he heard the loud voice of the blunt but good-natured squire.

"Pat, my boy," he shouted, "leave that great book for priests and bishops to read, and go hunting with O'Rook's boys."

"Please, yer honor," said Patsy, "I'm forbid o' my father to go with them same at all, for they takes the name o' God in vain."

"But you can go hunting with them without swearing," said the gentleman.

"Ah! sir, I know it's not easy to go into the fire without being burned," replied the lad.

"Well, my fine fellow, what do you find in that great book? With all my learning, I don't understand half of it," said the squire.

"And now, yer honor, doesn't yer own word show how thrue this book is?" asked Pat, "for it says, 'He hath hid these things from