

"personal hymns," and they are sung much more vigorously than any others, unless, perhaps those describing the Christian's life as a Soldier's life.

The second objection is in the form of a query:—Is it possible to make people consider the *words* of hymns as of at least equal importance with the *tunes*? At present, if the tune does not please, it is next to impossible to teach the children to sing a hymn however beautiful the words may be. Is there not something wrong in a practice which leads to this?

A young lady once told me, in reference to Mission Services, that it often pleased the people, if, out of the elder scholars you could procure one who would sing a solo, but be sure, that as far as you can judge, *he is a Christian*. I asked her what the difference was between *one* getting up and singing what was *not* true, and a whole congregation doing so? She told me there *was* a difference, but I fail to see where.

Fully realizing the difficulty of conducting a Mission Meeting as a Friends' Meeting I bring this matter forward, but, "Hath He not His ancient power," and in these days of religious bustle— if I may be allowed the expression— would not the beautiful quietness of a Friends' Meeting be welcomed by many with gladness, where it is left for those whom the Lord Himself shall call to take part in the Ministry of the Church, whether it be in prayer, in exhortation or in praise.—*British Friend*.

Liverpool.

A. K. D.

• "READ AND YOU WILL KNOW."

The real object of education, boys and girls, is to give you resources that will endure as long as life endures; for instance, teach you to form habits that will ameliorate, not destroy, and occupation that will render affliction tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, and life dignified and useful, and death less dreaded. This is the mission of education. A sensible brother of fifteen told his sister of twelve to read

more, and after pointing out what books she should peruse, he said: "If you do not learn more, when you get to be an old woman you will have to sit in the corner, with no resource for your thoughts. This will make your last days miserable."

A BUDDHIST'S REBUKE.

CHRISTIANS SCORED AT CHICAGO BY A
PRIEST FROM CALCUTTA.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15. — Arrayed in robes of spotless white, which seemed all the whiter by reason of his swarthy countenance and wealth of jet black hair, with arm and index finger extended, and every muscle of the body quivering with excitement, Dharmapala, the Buddhist priest and scholar from Calcutta, stood upon the edge of the platform in the religious congress yesterday afternoon. He expressed his gratification that an opportunity had been afforded him of crossing the water to participate in the parliament, and said that it mattered little what a man's dogma or what his theology, *if he was only sincere and true to the light within him*. Then, surveying the audience, he suddenly demanded:

"How many of you have read the life of Buddha?"

Five hands, four of them belonging to women, were held up.

"Five only," said the Buddhist. "Four hundred and seventy-five millions of people accept our religion of love and of hope. You call yourself a nation, a great nation, and yet you do not know the history of this great teacher. How dare you judge us? (The audience cheered again and again.)

"You complain that you do not make converts among us," he continued, "you preach a God of love, but in your actions you are selfish. You make of an ignorant or an unsophisticated man a perfect hypocrite. You have used the story of a life-crushing,