

end has been steadily kept in view, and that is what the German Universities glory in—to have the instructors engage in original research, in which they interest their pupils, and thereby give a mighty stimulus to them. We have succeeded in this. A number of older professors have been contributing by their writings to the science of literature of their age; and now we have from twelve to fifteen young men who are fellows, tutors, assistants, lecturers, who are devoting their time to independent investigation, while they teach classes larger or smaller.

God uses not the most capable, but those nearest at hand and most willing. Those who are watching at the gates and waiting at the posts of the doors are first to receive his orders, and to be advanced to power and influence. Israel was watching and waiting at the sea when God spake to them the "Go forward," and the sea divided for them to pass through. They were waiting and willing at Pentecost who were endued with power from on high, and went forth to reap the glorious Pentecostal harvests. Prophets were "holy men," who lived near to God, and He used them to declare His purpose to men. John, at Patmos, was in the Spirit on the Lord's day; was near to God when he received that most glorious revelation ever given to mortal. Paul was up in the third heavens when he had the vision too glorious for human language to describe. Joshua and Gideon and Luther and Judson were not more capable than some others, but they were at hand, ready and willing, and God used them for accomplishing a glorious work.—*Select ed.*

WHEN the saintly Payson was dying he exclaimed, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." This was the language of a heart thoroughly purged of all selfish affection, and filled with the spirit of that love which led our adorable Jesus to give his life for human redemption. If every Christian would go out daily among men filled with such longing for human happiness, what marvellous changes would be wrought in human society! The selfish element would be eliminated from the dealings of the Christian business man. Not justice merely, but benevolence would enter into his every day trade. The same spirit would rule his home and church life. He would become an incarnation of good will toward all, and would so preach the gos-

pel by his deeds that men would see his good works and glorify his Heavenly Father. The spirit of Payson is worthy of every man's imitation. Happy is he who can truthfully say, "I long to hand a cup of happiness to every human being."
—*Zion's Herald.*

HAPPY is the man who can bring the very atmosphere of heaven whenever He approaches us!—who acts upon our spirits as the May breezes act upon the first shoots of the tulip and violet! He is a bountiful giver: he confers on us light; he beams goodness into our souls; he teaches us patience; he showers on us brotherly kindness; he illustrates for us faith; he exhibits the true beauty of meekness; he sheds hope by his very presence; and his unflinching bravery has often been an inspiration of valor to our failing hearts. Next to Christ himself, there is no blessing to the community like a Christlike Christian.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

For the Young People.

India—At a Heathen Festival.

BY THE REV. J. H. HACKEE.

I will now try to describe a day spent among the heathen at the temple of which I spoke last month. For ten days before the greatest day of the festival, thousands of pilgrims pass through our villages carrying their sacrifices, and filling the air with discordant shouts. On this day it is supposed that between forty and fifty thousand people are congregated near the temple. We start early in the morning to escape the heat of the sun, and pass slowly amongst the crowds of people who throng the roads leading to the place. Beggars of all kinds and all ages lie by the road-side, and clamour for help in the loudest and most piteous tones. Here is a blind man—a pitiable sight in all countries, but most pitiable in this. Here are a man and woman with several children, all naked and covered with sores. Here is a woman lying covered with sand; only her face can be seen as she lies in the blazing sunshine, crying, "Help, for the sake of the goddess." It seems as if all the most loathsome and suffering creatures in the wide world have been gathered together and placed in this road to-day. We reach the pagoda at about seven in the morning. If the sight