

(Conclusion.)

"A work which grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength of the individual and the mass, which becomes interwoven with the very fibre of the heart, and inwrought with the texture of the moral frame and the mental substance, is not going to be uprooted without the exercise of some monstrous violence."

In its language the writer, to whom this College owes so much, expressed the sentiments of the Baptists forty years ago.

The spirit of the age, like a terrible  
 olive, has been poured into all things,  
 crystal: and old. The force at work  
 make transition and transformation the  
 present processes. Questions of burning  
 interest to all English speaking people  
 demand a wise and permanent settlement.  
 Mandates are called upon to help solve  
 them. Having given educated talent to  
 a state in the past, shall the purpose now  
 be to give more? Is shaping and guiding

to persuade men to acknowledge  
 the power and usefulness of  
 melior to Him. In such preparation  
 of the power and usefulness of  
 the matter is, "Give heed to reading, to  
 exhortation, to teaching. . . . Be diligent  
 to give, to help, to give thyself wholly  
 to them, that they may be manifest  
 all."—*Homiletic Review*.

Have you never stolen by some arm  
 of sea which prestrates far inland,  
 its emptiness and ugliness? There is  
 the ocean, myriad deep of the creek;  
 the line of ocean is far away on the horizon,  
 can be filled with water. The little  
 comes from the hillsides can't never fill  
 thousand empty indentations in our  
 soil. But the great quiet ocean begins  
 to creep in. It spreads slowly over its flat  
 There is no storm power or variation  
 and, fills every crevice of the rocks,  
 covers the long grasses, it drives you  
 step by step; it surges in, ifing itself  
 quiet strength, until the little gulf  
 to be the brim, and the bowing billows  
 on the surface, and the ships are  
 and the great mail boats are  
 pointed havens. Two inlet is lost; it is  
 ed with all the fullness of the ocean, and  
 its mighty power. So we are empty  
 and we are filled with the power of God, the  
 and sacrifices and duties of life seem  
 to rise to come in upon us, where  
 love begins in our hearts, with His grace  
 inexhaustible power behind it, we can  
 all our burdens buoyant upon such a  
 strength, and can feel an overabundance of  
 power filling our hearts.—*George*

Read it, Joe."

And Joe read:

"Dear Fellows:—Forgive me. I'm gone. I have left the company for good. I've done you all the best I have with my pen."

"I ask your forgiveness, and I beg you not to think that there is nothing worth having in religion because I have disagreed with your profession. I was on the other side of the hay-stack, where—you won't believe it—there were some of the best fellows praying for help to conquer my baseness, and to control my wicked longings when you two came there. I heard you say, 'If you are right Bert, and I am a hypocrite, then may God be merciful to me.' Well, I was right, and I was a hypocrite, but I can pray. But if you are right, I can pray. But if you are really true, in spite of all my wickedness, I may, I am a disciple of Christ, then, too, I must pray, God be merciful to me."

"And forgive me, I have no dishonour in saying to you, my fellows, can't you help me? I know that I ought to have been a help to you, and I've only kin a hindrance. But I did want to live so as to win you to Christ. I have mislead my own humanity, as you may, Joe, and what can I do now? I pray that you may not mine yours, and I pray that you may not lose the help and opportunity? Oh, pray for me. I am very wretched; what you told this morning, in answer to my cruel conscience, has opened my eyes. I saw myself as you see me, and hate myself. Of course, after the way I have made, I have no right to be made in the Christian life, nothing but a hindrance."

"But I am sure that I am likely to influence you, yet I will say that, if I never tried to do so, I should be a hindrance to you both, and I ask your pardon for all that I have said."

at the picture on Sunday. One must not sit or whistle anything but something solemn on Sunday; she must not throw the piano; said she was hardly allowed to look out of the window on the way; for fear she might see the lambs at play; at the close of a dismal day she threw herself upon her bed and said, "I almost wish I was dead; I almost hate Sunday." Said her sister, "You wicked thing; what will you do if you go to heaven; where they don't have anything else?" "Ah, well, I would bother about that now; maybe I won't have to go there, after all." I am glad the Pilgrim Fathers lived; I am also glad they are dead. They laid the foundations broad and deep, and gave a type of character to our American civilization that it will never lose.

**Burdette on the Sunday Question.**

ST. JOHN. N. H.  
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