

with feathers on their heads?" Then you stoop again, and Justice says, still in her dull, stupid way, "Then, why don't you, every other Sunday, leave your child to sweep the crossing, and take the little sweeper to church in a hat, and feather?" Mercy on us (you think) what will she say next? And you answer, of course, that "you don't because everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them."

Ah, my friends, that's the gist of the whole question. Did Providence put them in that position, or did you? You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say, "We did not knock him into the ditch." How do you know what you have done, or are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor at least until we are so far on the way to being Christian as to have understood that maxim of the poor half-way Mahomedan, "One hour in the execution of Justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

THE CONSCIENCE.

The office of conscience is not to make law but to acknowledge it, to honor it, and to claim for it the allegiance of man's will. It speaks as the appointed organ and exponent of moral truth—"bearing witness therewith." For the authority of conscience is derived, not inherent. It becomes authoritative in the exercise of its unique gift of perceiving, reflecting and proclaiming the divine righteousness; and this explains the fact that conscience, in order truly to fulfill its mission, needs education and enlightenment, for the same Divine law of progress which governs relation, governs conscience, its counterpart.

GOD IS VERY NEAR.

Look not away for what is near thee!
Look not to the stars for light
While the sunlight all around thee
Is beaming clear and bright.

Look not away for what is near thee;
Not to the dark and dismal past,
Where each deed of awful darkness
Seemed darker than the last.

Look not away from light to shadow,
From God's splendor look not to night,
Though the soul that's born to darkness
Can scarcely face the light.

Then why should we look for sunshine
In the darkest depths of night,
When the light of God's own presence
Fills with visions pure and bright.

Oh! why look ye for a splendor
That's far away and grand,
When the Author of Creation
Holds each atom in His hand.

E. E. H., Salem, Ind.

Dedicated to Wm. Wag.

LAURIER ON CANADA'S POSITION.

The London Times prints the following report of the speech delivered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, at the Dominion Day Dinner in London, England, on July 1:

Sir Donald Smith, my Lords and Gentlemen,—It has been the privilege and pleasure of many of those who are assembled at this board to-night to commemorate the birthday of our young nation in another land than this. Perhaps, however, the celebration of it to-day derives additional charm and pleasure from the fact that it takes place upon the soil of the old motherland. Yet, if I may be permitted to speak my own feelings, I would say without any hesitation that never, perhaps, was my own native land, Canada, dearer to me than it is at this moment. I might, perhaps, be permitted to repeat the words once made use of by Daniel O'Connell on the occasion of a banquet given to him in the city of Edinburgh. When speaking of the relations of the three countries, he said: "Yes, I love England, I love