

babes, and rejoice to anticipate the work of heaven by study of the heights and depths, the length and breadth of the love of Christ.

"JESUS teaching humility" was the type of one of our late Sunday school lessons, and it is a lesson we should all learn; the New Testament is full of teaching to that end; the incarnation, life and death of the Master, have written upon them in letters of light "he humbled himself." But there is a mock humility as well as a true one, a spurious coin of the kingdom often passed for the sterling. Those who remember Dickens' portraiture of Uriah Heep, who was so very 'umble, will admit that if a caricature there is a reality behind it. There are Uriah Heeps in our churches, so 'umble you know, so very 'umble: beware of them—there is a proper, a wholesome pride that every Christian should have in what Christ has done for him, in the dignity conferred upon him and in the glorious future awaiting him, and although we constantly cry "not unto us, not unto us O Lord be the glory," yet can we lift our heads to heaven assured that our brother and father are there, and exclaim "Now are we the Sons of God, * * and we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him." Honor and humility.

There are two favorite phrases employed by unbelievers with reference to the belief and practice of Christians, these are "cant" and "fanaticism," speak to one of these men of the vital truths of religion and their personal application, and the likelihood is that you will be met by these phrases. What is cant? if it be whining, unmanly, professional talk, nothing but talk, then we declare unhesitatingly, as the result of many years' reading, that there is more "cant" by far in the deification and worship of humanity with the lesser gods of nature, evolution and development, than in the exposition and enforcement of revealed truth. We dislike cant wherever found, but for its rankest development commend us to the prophets of secularism.

As to "fanaticism," interpreting it as wild, extravagant, baseless notions, can anything be more so than the theory that gives to reason, differing as it does in every man, an authority final and decisive? Such authority can only belong to a revealed will of God. Reason alone

is, ever has been, a blind leader of the blind, but where reason sits at the feet of revelation and rises up to walk in its light, there is soberness and sense. Unbelief in God with belief in self is the wildest of all fanaticism.

WE are told sometimes of the vast power unutilised as the waters leap over the Falls of Niagara, in fact statisticians have given us calculations of the marvellous saving of steam, which means coal, which means money, that might thus be saved. We are not sure but that it has been proved that there is power enough, if it could be communicated, to give electric light to the whole continent,—and any one who has walked along the banks of the Niagara river for two or three miles above the Falls, and studied the tremendous force of the current, will hesitate to doubt such statements. Is there not in this a parable? There is a whole Niagara of Christian power running to waste in our land; power that if utilised would flash the light of salvation over the world, and bring in the perfect day of Christ's kingdom on earth. Take any of our churches, what are a large portion of the members doing? absolutely nothing—they are in their places on the Sabbath, and just possibly at the weekly prayer meeting, beyond that what? But "I can do so little." O my friend, put your little and a thousand littles of your brethren together, and it would make a power that by the grace of God would be irresistible. Niagara is but the united power of a thousand streams far, far away.

THE same lesson is taught in many things, take the suspension bridge at Niagara. One strand of the wire cable, what would it carry? how little, but add strand to strand, hundreds of wires, and it supports not only the bridge itself, but the heaviest train that can pass over: so if I gather the scarcely felt rays of the sun into a focus, it will make a heat that will blister my hand, that will burn and consume all within its radius. Let us take note and act upon our knowledge.

WE would direct the attention of our churches again to the little "Church Manual for Congregationalists," by G. B. Johnson, of Torquay, Devon, Eng. We have met with nothing better to be placed in the hands of our young people than this, we do not expect to find anything