

a's awantin'. Ye'll mind the king's son's feast? The servants didna only tell that a' thing was ready, but they compelled them to come in."

The young preacher was too intelligent not to see the aptness of the criticism, and when George had retired he said to his friend:

"I've been criticised by learned professors and doctors of divinity, by fellow-students and relatives, but that good old man has given me more insight into what preaching should be than all the others put together. I hope as long as I live I shall never again, when delivering God's message to my fellow-men, forget to tell them 'how to get there.'"—*Selected.*

LOVE'S LESSON.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.
—*Selected.*

RUSKIN ON SERMONS.

THERE are two ways of regarding a sermon—either as a human composition, or a divine message. If we look upon it entirely as the first, and require our clergyman to finish it with the utmost care and learning for our better delight, whether of ear or intellect, we shall be necessarily led to expect much formality and stateliness in its delivery, and think that all is not well if the pulpit have not a golden fringe around it, and a goodly cushion in front of it; but we shall at the same time consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is our duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour or three-quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, we may dismiss from our minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary. But if once we begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to us, which it is a matter of

life or death whether we hear or refuse; if we look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if we make some endeavor to conceive how precious those hours ought to be to him—a small advantage on the side of God, after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the world's temptations, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and the thistle springing up in their hearts, and to see what wheat he had scattered there, snatched from the way-side, by this wild bird and the other; and at last, when breathless and weary with the week's labour, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weakness, shame them for all their sins, warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master Himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened—thirty minutes to raise the dead in! Let us but once understand and feel this, and we shall look with changed eyes upon that frippery of gay furniture about the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them.—*The Parish Visitor.*

HOW TO KNOW GOD.

I HAVE been asked, "How do we become acquainted with God?" How do we become acquainted with an earthly friend? I may be introduced to some one here this afternoon. We exchange a few words—the acquaintance is begun. It is continued by and by when I meet him down by the lake or on the street, and have a little talk with him. Next week I find him on a steamer going abroad, I talk with him again and again, and finally the chance acquaintance ripens into a friendship for eternity. It we are separated, we keep up the acquaintance by correspondence. In like manner we become acquainted with God. Talk to Him, begin the friendship. "Acquaint now thyself with God." Go to your room, kneel down, tell Jesus you want to become acquainted with Him. Read about

Him, find out what He says. He will talk to you. I don't know how—perhaps by His Spirit, perhaps by His Word; probably the latter. Open your Bible—it is His answer to you. The friendship will grow just like any other friendship—you can follow out the simile. "Just like any common friendship, then, religion is?" you ask. There is no such thing as a common friendship. Is not a true friendship an inconceivably beautiful thing? The friendship of man for man, of man for woman. Abraham was called the "friend of God." Enoch "walked with God." "Know thou the God of thy fathers," said David to Solomon. So this is no "common friendship"; it is the most beautiful thing on God's earth. To be Christ's friend is to be everything that heart can desire. I am asked, "Can we have it for the asking?" It! It is no "it," but "Him." It is no experience, no frame of mind. We cannot keep experiences or modes or feelings. We have "Him"—the Spirit, the Lord. We abide in Him by keeping up correspondence with Him, by word, by work, by prayer, by meditation, through the Church, and so on. Then we shall never die—we "have passed from death unto life. We are in eternal life. We live here and now an eternal life. Religion gives us life, not merely peace or a happy frame of mind.—*Drummond, in the Parish Visitor.*

A GIFT OF A WALK.

AT Christmas time we give gifts to our friends. But the gifts are of a thousand kinds all over the world, and perhaps the two African boys whom the *Missionary Herald* tells us about made their long hundred-mile walk as truly a gift of love as any Christmas gift.

Chisamba is thirty-six miles from Kamondongo where Dr. Clowe lives, runs the story, and it was necessary to summon him at once. Two boys, or young men as we should call them, Ngulu and Muenekanye, volunteered to start immediately. With their guns and bag of meal, they started late in the afternoon, walking all night through dense woods, and bogs, and plains, to find on reaching Kamondongo that Dr. Clowe had started on the previous day for Bailundu.

Without delaying they hastened to overtake him, reaching his camp that