

with an erect stem to the height of 100 ft., and instances are recorded of its having attained the extraordinary height of 220 to 260 ft.

Here to the side of our path lies prostrate a pine of good size. Years must have passed since it bowed its head to the pitiless blast, for every part of its trunk yields to the touch and sundry plants find nourishment on its moss-grown surface. What a lesson it teaches us of the changing scenes of life. Once it towered in grandeur in the full vigour of maturity above its fellows around, nor heeded the fury of the elements; but old age crept on and its muscles like roots gave signs of decay. It tottered and fell, and its mouldering remains now mingle with their kindred dust.

J. M. J.

## Correspondence.

*(The Editor of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)*

### CHARITY.

At this moment there is abroad in the world what may well be deemed a spurious charity. It is not the pure metal from the Gospel mint, but is, at the same time, a very cunning counterfeit of it, and requires a somewhat close examination in order that it may be detected. Men permit each other to go on in error without so much as one word of expostulation—for fear of giving offence—and call this cruel neglect, this cold-hearted calculating cowardice, by the holy name of Christian Charity. Charity it is not. Its language is not like the language of the Gospel. Where in the whole range of inspired truth do you find the sentiment—that it makes no difference what a man's faith may be so long as his life is in the right? Is it not rather written by the hand of an earnest Apostle: "though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." And he wrote this who likewise wrote: "though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal": and this fact alone might be sufficient to suggest to us that by charity—is meant something very different from that cunning, cringing disposition which bows to every form of error, for fear of giving offence to any. The truth lies in this—that true charity is love. Love seeks the good of its object. It is less cautious not to offend than it is not to injure. Now perhaps nothing can have a more decidedly injurious tendency than the affectation of a persuasion that every body is right at the very moment when we are invariably fearing that the majority are wrong. Would you count it love to permit a friend of yours to lose some great fortune or emolument, rather than run the risk of incurring his displeasure by frankly telling him if you thought him not to be taking the right way of obtaining it? The advocates of the temperance movement do not, I fancy, deem themselves guilty of any breach of love when they expose themselves to the ill-will of the inebriate by loudly declaring that he is indulging in a propensity in the end destructive to soul and body. No: and neither can it be uncharitable to "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints." It is love which prompts to this contention. The world's very best men of to-day, of whom it is not worthy, are, perhaps, the men whom, in its fashionable theological jargon, it loudly denounces as "uncharitable, superstitious lights." I have affirmed that something goes by the name of charity, which is not the true metal. Now listen, "I hope