

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December completes the year of that interesting periodical. Preparations are making for continuing, and possible, increasing the interest during the coming year.

LEFT UNDONE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough for your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful writh—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

A little boy once said: "How hard it is to do right! I've tried and tried, and there is no use trying any longer."

But one day, after reading his Bible, he said: "Why, I've been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask Him!"

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse, until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.—*Ex.*

THE PRACTICALNESS OF DOCTRINE.

It is unfortunate that there should be a growing antipathy against doctrinal preaching. It denotes a certain degree of ignorance as to the real meaning and nature of doctrine. The fact is, doctrine, considered in its general aspects, is a very practical thing. It is quite probable that many people are prejudiced against doctrine for the reason that they mistake theory of doctrine for doctrine itself. There are many theories of doctrine, but they may have no vital and essential relation to doctrine itself, and often they do not have. Take the doctrine of repentance. It is intensely practical. But there are various theories of this doctrine, some of which at least are not at all practical. They are mere unpractical theories, having no value and are mischievous. Then there is the doctrine of regeneration. This, too, is very practical, for it relates to a work done by God, on certain conditions to be complied with by the sinner. But there are several theories about this doctrine which are impracticable. Yet the real and true doctrine itself is vitally and exceedingly practical, with reference to a compliance with its terms, and especially with regard to its issues. The proof of one's regeneration is to be found, not in a theoretical profession of the fact, but in the active doing of those things that are in harmony with the fact that God has changed the heart and given it a new life and pure impulses. The doctrine of regeneration is, that God, upon condition that a person repents of his sins and believes on Christ, works a radical and transforming change in his heart, and that this is evidenced by bringing forth fruits which correspond with the nature of such a work and change. And so we might go on to enumerate other doctrines of the Bible and show that there is more or less of practicalness in them. And it is easy to show also that all true Christian practice has its foundation and roots in some form of Christian doctrine, and that it is only as one is well indoctrinated that he can be practical in the right lines and most efficient manner.—*C. H. Wetherbe.*

The congregation of Lunan, in Forfarshire, had distressed the minister by the habit of sleeping in church. One day, Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in the front gallery, when many were slumbering round him. "Look," said the minister, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I would have been sleeping too."