

## STRIKE WHILE IT IS HOT.

Mr. Moody hit the nail on the head the other evening at Philadelphia, when he said, at the close of one of his soul-stirring addresses, "Now let us praise God by giving two hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the Young Men's Association building." Three gentlemen then and there became good for \$70,000; a lady gave her diamond ring which was sold for \$1,000; altogether, there was contributed on the spot \$100,226—the largest amount, it is said, ever obtained in this country, by a single effort, for any purpose whatever. The secret of the whole matter was—and this is the point we want to make—the iron was hot. Enough hard blows are dealt, as we all know very well, in quest of this same money. There is plenty of striking. But the hammer too often falls upon cold steel. Let ministers be eloquent as they may: let every sentence they utter be rounded and polished to suit the most fastidious taste and most refined intellect: let each sermon have the finish and the fascination of a poem; after all, only ears may have been tickled, while the heart has been untouched and the conscience unawakened. So, too, congregations may be faultless in respect of organization, yet, utterly fruitless. Except the root of the matter be in them, their splendid appliances are "nothing but leaves."

"Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
 Bearing but withered sheaves?  
 Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
 Before the awful judgment seat,  
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves?"

Let us get "warmed up" first, then shall we throw our hearts into the Lord's work, and there will no longer be any difficulty in providing both the men and the

money that are so much needed for carrying it on. What a glorious New Dominion psalm that would be, were only one hundred of our merchant princes, following the example of one of their number, to give one thousand dollars each for the missions of the church! And such a thing might be.

SAX-PENCE A WEEK.—

There is another way of putting the question—the way Dr. Norman McLeod is said to have put it to a labouring man at one of his missionary meetings:—"Will you give me five shillings a year, John, for the India Mission?" "I cannae dae that, Sir," replied John, "for I am a puir man and have a lairge family to provide for." "True, John, five shillings is a large sum for *you* to give. What would you say if I should ask you for *sax-pence a week*?" "I could dae that brawlie, Sir," was the ready reply. The man's ability was actually five hundred per cent in advance of his own estimate of it! And it is pretty much the same with most of us.

TIMES OF BLESSING.—

Our exchanges, British and American, are filled with accounts of evangelistic meetings, and bear united testimony that the Spirit of the Lord is working mightily in the hearts of both ministers and people of all denominations. Vast numbers have been gathered into the Church and made partakers of the heavenly gift. The result is that the Churches have been quickened into new life, and missions, at home and abroad, have received a fresh impulse. In Canada, although we are not able to speak of any such wide-spread revival as yet, there exists, what is nearly allied to it, a great deal of hope and expectancy, and much earnest prayer. Perhaps there has been just a little