

of 8, on My Sabbath, all anonymous. Necessarily there is much repetition in the multiplicity of these documents, worthy as they are in aim and in statement.

What are we going to do about the Sabbath? Make the Sabbath services in Church, in Sabbath School, in Bible Class, more real, more vital and practical, more interesting in every way. This does not mean wit in the pulpit, display in the choir, or "Amen, brother" in the pew. It does not mean polemic theology, or disgusting discourses on the sins of great cities, or topical lectures with sensational titles on semi-political themes. It means, make the gospel real. If you don't, if you preach so that it is a weariness of the flesh and spirit, and people outside the Church doors say "We can't tell what in the world the minister was driving at," do not be astonished if next Sunday, your hearers go and get their sermon from Mr. Greenfields. O, the long-suffering patience of good children, and young people, who go, Sabbath after Sabbath, to droning Sunday Schools and Bible Classes, in which, from Superintendent to Librarian's Assistant, all seem mentally asleep! Young men have got tired of listening to pious jackdaws and parrots. Give them a live man, and they will go to hear him. Make the Sabbath a delight, as well as the holy of the Lord and honourable, and all, who are not openly vicious, will help you to keep it. Yes, if you are alive enough, even some of the vicious will keep part of the day with you. The young fellows, the working men, get sick tired of holidaying all the long Sabbath day, and would gladly turn in for a mouthful of the Gospel, preached as by Him whom the common people heard gladly. As for sermons and tracts on Sabbath observance, they will have none of them. Without the living Sabbath of earnest, joyous Christian life and work, they are unleavened dough to them, good for no man's digestion.

Some Sabbath observance men are like the Glaswegian who said: "There was a chiel' cam' doon Argyll Street whustlin' on the Sawbath, when me an' a wheen God-fearing chaps yokit on him. Man, we lairnt him no to whustle on the Sawbath i' oor toon." You don't think much of the man who does not go to Church on Sunday, and in some ways you are right. But perhaps he is a better *chum* than the one who sallies forth, regular as clock work, with Bible and Psalm or Prayer book under his arm. You know what that eccentric genius, Rudyard Kipling, says of chums: