

CIVILIZATION.

A civilization that drives the two poles of society farther and farther apart, that widens the gap and intensifies the jealousy between one class and the other, that heightens the contrast in city or country between the comforts of the rich and the hardships of the poor, that overtasks or underpays wage workers to add superfluities to the estates of the rich, which helps a hundredth part of the population to own one half the property, which exposes women to moral ruin and drives pale children from tenement houses to work in mines and factories, which countenances an owner of real estate who has pocketed four millions by the rental of dens of misery and vice five stories high, which robs the citizen voter of his independence at the polls, enslaving by the fear of want to his employer or landlord, which multiplies the influence of money instead of character, a social condition where juries are packed and legislatures bribed, where in most industries one man is master and the many serve, where the magnitude of a fraud is security against punishment, this is a civilization not under control of religion and right. In which of the two divisions the Saviour lived and died, the Church knows and the world knows. Humanity is crying aloud and we had better hear the cry. Make all apologies you choose, exhibit the tokens of progress on every hand, entertain your optimism to any measure of hope, there will stand visibly one great division of society, its persons and its households secure day and night in comfortable advantages and possessions which make it easy to live. To that deviation you belong. Over against it another great division where toil and sleep take well near all the life of men. Who dare to pretend, knowing there is a God of Truth, that it is merit, character or faithfulness that makes the contrast and keeps visible the great distance between the two? Can it be that the Gospel He sent out

to save the nations has no work to do in reducing the sorrowful disparity, leveling the partition wall, binding the sundered members of the body together in one. In these grand ameliorations sympathy and cheer will come from human nature itself. Every little while we hear it said what an interesting era, with its eager activities and rapid gains, its marvelous invention, its conquests by hand and brain, its telling out aloud of the secrets of the earth, sea, air and stars. But we are living, all of us, in the presence of a far more majestic movement, and it is the old miracle of the Galilean mountain side and within, beyond, underneath and over all these mechanisms, inventions, and expositions of energy and skill, there is building silently another commonwealth of Almighty Justice, and love of the brotherhood of man; a City of God not built by the builders of roads, or factories, or steamships.

BISHOP HUNTINGDON.

HOW OLD ART THOU?

To know how old we are we must judge our age by the true standard. "True life is not measured by days or years."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts best."

We are truly as old as the number of days in which we have grown toward the perfect man in Christ Jesus, in which we have learned good, done good, and gained good. We are as old as the number of days in which we have made progress towards eternal life, and put our lives in those things which shall never pass away.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."