

must come into personal relation with them somehow. Never mind how. Anyhow, so long as contact is made. Let the zeal of God's house eat us up, and that will make us indifferent to the poor kinds of criticism that is dealt out to men intent on doing good. How often has the question been asked. How shall we reach the masses? Showing that the essential matter has been missed, which is, How shall we reach the individual?

We are tempted in this way, if we could accomplish it, which fortunately for us we cannot, to give the masses a ready reception and an easy shrift. But they will not come. They have a little self-respect left. They claim other treatment. They ask to be looked upon as individuals, each with his own peculiar trouble, and difficulty, and need.

They look for the light of a brother's eye, and the grip of a friendly hand, and the help of a sympathetic spirit. They want individual recognition. And no other method, into which enters in any measure of "aloofness" can meet the case. "Go ye" does not mean send some one—but simply, Go yourself. This is a call to the highest and most honorable service because it has to do with the Salvation of our fellow-men. Lifting them out of the pit of sin,—with or without its terrible defacements and degradations,—into the light of Divine reconciliation. Bringing them home from the far country and its beastiality—to the Father's houses of beauty and grace. That is a work of incomparable grandeur, transcending all other work than man may do. It stands through all eternity. Hence, either in the congregation or beyond its bounds, work must come down to true individual dealing. We get no rest from the urgency and pressure of our Lord's command, "Up Ye" till this is done. Our world in which our work lies is not far off, it is close by us, just at hand.

Among our friends and neighbors, among our servants in the home or the office or the factory, among our business acquaintance—the people we rub shoulders with almost everyday.

And when we go beyond that into a low quarter let us carry the brother's heart and the sister's hand that we may reach and rescue the lost. Do it tenderly. Don't suppose those you go to, are your own children, if you are a parent; your own brother or sister, if you are single; your own dearest friend, if you are a solitary child. Get your heart into sympathy with them and feel for them. An unfeeling heart in Christian work is a positive hinderance. It mars what may in every other respect be the best work. Come into touch with Christ's bowels of mercies and your lightest word will tell. Get rid of all mere mechanical and perfunctory service, and bend in the spirit of whole-soul endeavor and you will be used of God. *Long and pray and labor* to save some. Gather yourself together and throw yourself into the grandest work man ever touches. Do not have the shame resting on you of being outdone, by a boxer or a business man in thought and care and effort. We watch for souls as they who must give account.

Smoking Services. This criticism with which we entirely agree is found in *The Outlook* of New York. It insists on a principle which is far-reaching. "What next?" Are not new departures and novel devices almost exhausted when, after smoking concerts, we now behold "smoking services" initiated by the clergy themselves? In the early part of July this notice was widely circulated in Whitechapel: 'If you want a smoke free, come

next Sunday afternoon to Christ Church Hall. A free cup of tea if you like. Tobacco gratis.' Accordingly, the Rev. J. H. Scott, M.A., appeared at the time appointed with the unprecedented canonicals, in shape of a bag of tobacco and a short briar pipe. The latter he was himself puffing at, while he doled out the contents of the parcel to a congregation of the poorest people of East London. This enterprising cleric conducted services and preached to the congregation which he had first baptized in a cloud of narcotic vapor. The service was orderly, the prayer earnest, the sermon simple, and the singing of certain ladies on the platform excellent. A cup of tea was afterward given to each of the congregation. This incident which has already attracted the widespread attention of the press, will be productive of varied comment. The motive of the rector can be easily understood and may be commended. But most people will contemplate the proceeding with very mixed feelings, in which perhaps humiliation and shame will predominate. No tendency of the time which seems, not to uplift the Christ, but to drag Him through the mire, can be commended. While the Apostle Paul became "all things to all men" that he might "by all means save some," we cannot imagine him, for instance, conducting a smoking service. Smoking in clubs is one thing, at religious services quite another.

Rest. How is your pastor to give you the best of his energy and effort, if you puzzle his brains and perplex his life with the multitude of ill's that accompany an insufficient support? Pressing needs, accruing obligations and unpaid bills, place a minister's character and usefulness in jeopardy, and their inevitable worry leave little time or talent for his legitimate life-work.—*Lutheran Observer*.

A Song in the Pulpit. Dr. Alexander Andrew, the editor of the well known Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling, is on a visit to London. On Sunday evening Aug. 4th, he conducted the communion service in Brockley Presbyterian Church. He graphically described a visit he had made some time ago to Palestine and delivered, as he himself confessed, a sermon on "Jesus in the midst," which he had preached on that occasion in an upper room of Jerusalem to a congregation of about forty persons—the Presbyterian Church of the ancient city. One novel thing Dr. Andrew did. In his post-communion address he referred to a verse of the hymn, "Go, work in My vineyard," and instead of merely reciting it, he sang it, to the manifest surprise and consternation of some of his hearers. It may be interesting to mention that the Depot at Stirling last year sent out more than nineteen million tracts and booklets.

Some Modern Monks. Scandals, like misfortunes, never come singly. Only a few weeks ago German people were scandalized by the discovery that in the monastery at Mariaberg insane patients, and others though sane, incarcerated as lunatics, were not only inadequately tended but subjected to inhuman cruelties. Governmental inquiry in that case was instituted and the parties responsible for criminal neglect and brutality received the punishment they deserved. Now it is reported that a similar institution at Amelsburg, Westphalia, belonging to the same fraternity that had charge of the Mariaberg monastery, is as seriously compromised. Its officials and attendants were taken unawares. They received no prior hint that an inspection was to be made. An authorized person went to the gate and intimated that he had come to investigate matters in that seemingly quiet and pleasant retreat. The place was found to be in a disgracefully unsanitary condition. Hundreds of unhappy inmates were housed there without proper care and attention. Not one solitary skilled physician was found to attend to the wants of the unfortunate patients. In these instances the tender mercies of the monks were cruel.—*Interior*,