

child of eight or nine years can do these exercises; but what does a child know about proportion or interest or cube root or the higher mathematics? These are fields yet to be conquered. And suppose a person is a perfect mathematician, does that imply that he is a perfect scholar? He excels in one department, but perfection in scholarship has many departments, and excellence in each and all is essential to full orbited culture. The same is true in the Christian life. Perfection here is not a simple element; it is a compound, made up of many parts. It is a circle made up of many sections. It is a rainbow composed of many colors. Steadfastness in the faith is one element, and no one can be a perfect Christian who is imperfect in this. Whatever excellencies he may have there is always something lacking. Purity of life must be a sector, and a large one, in this circle. The circle cannot be complete without it. But purity of life is not all. Here is where the great mistake is made. Power for service must be a color in the rainbow; and it is vain for any one to think that he is perfect, unless he is an earnest worker for Christ and humanity. Perfection is not the moon at the quarter, but the moon at the full.

Original Contributions.

VACATION NOTES.

There is no better place for a tired preacher to spend a vacation than Prince Edward Island. Here he can preach, and rest, and recruit his wasted energies, and be invigorated, all at the same time. Here is a place where the sun will not smite him by day, and the wicked (mosquito) will not trouble him by night.

I have just enjoyed a few weeks of such active leisure in this island paradise. All things seemed to conspire to make my visit a delight. The weather, so often abused, was just perfect, and every incident a pleasure.

First came the annual meeting of the Province, at Summerside, which has already been reported. Those who attend these meetings know how pleasant and helpful they are. Those who do not would not understand it if I should attempt to describe one, and so I need not do it.

The social and spiritual side of this meeting was all that could be desired. There might be added to these, with great profit, a larger share of what I might call Christian business. Here at such a meeting, when the churches are gathered together by their representatives, is a good place to consider the things that pertain to the common interest and progress of the cause of Christ in the whole province, and to hear full and accurate reports of the work done by each congregation in its own field during the year. Such reports and discussions will lead to larger and better work in the churches, and bring them into closer and more sympathetic cooperation in every good work.

One good result of this meeting was the organization of the young people of the church in Christian Endeavor. This is a permanent and well directed force that will bring forth fruit for many days. It is also an indication and promise of a more aggressive spirit among the churches. It supplies a great lack, and will prove a power for good to the church. Another society of Christian Endeavor was organized in the church in Charlottetown, and this is a beginning of many good things for the cause in that city.

I spent a few days with the church at Summerside, and then enjoyed a brief visit to St. John, for one Sunday, during the absence of the pastor, Bro. Stewart. Preached in the new and beautiful church at New Glasgow, the home of my beloved

Bro. Crawford. Another Sunday was given to Bradalbane, where I preached six times in all, to large and most attentive audiences, and four made the good confession. Two Sundays were spent in Charlottetown, one with our own people and one supplying the pulpit of Zion Presbyterian church.

The churches at Charlottetown, Summerside, Tignish, Montague, East Point, Tryon, are all without regular preaching at present. Bro. Crawford, at New Glasgow, and Bro. Emory, at Lot 48, are the only preachers at present laboring among the churches on this island. The harvest, truly, is plenteous, but the laborers are few. They are good men and true, but what are these among so many? There is great need of wise and faithful men in this field.

The next annual meeting is to be held in Charlottetown, and the church is looking forward hopefully and eagerly to its coming. They will do all in their power to make it a success. They should have the sympathy and co-operation of every disciple on the island in every move they make in the right direction; and I believe they will, for all recognize the importance of the work in this city, and feel that it ought to be strengthened and made a centre of power to the cause on the whole island. They have made mistakes and have been unfortunate in some of their experiences and are keenly aware of it, but they seem intent upon better things for the future, and there is reason to hope for a brighter future for this church.

I must omit many things from this review, which is already too long, things that were pleasant to experience, and that I would be glad to tell if your space would permit. But I must express my pleasure in meeting once more the many dear friends of my life on P. E. I., and especially the editor of THE CHRISTIAN, to whom I owe so much, and not myself only, but all the churches on the island. He has devoted his life to the cause. Others come and go, but he abides. He has been a tower of strength to the cause. He "stands four square to every wind that blows," and no man like him today feels the care of all the churches. The younger men are to be congratulated who enter into his labors, and especially while they have him as a wise and loving counselor and helper. The churches have reason to thank God that He has prolonged his days and made the pleasure of the Lord to prosper in his.

I return to my work refreshed and bearing with me most pleasant memories of my visit.

Fraternally, NEIL MACLEOD.

En route to Evansville, Ind.

AN AGE OF SPIRITUAL STUPOR.

Is there a great, all-wise, all-powerful God? Is there a cunning, malicious devil? Is there a heaven of endless joy? Is there a hell of eternal woe? Have we immortal spirits that must forever live in light or dwell forever in darkness? Does our eternal destiny depend upon our present manner of life? Open your eyes and gaze abroad in the world, and let your ears be ready to catch the sounds that fill the air. Enter into business houses, and into factories; go with the fisherman as he toils on the sea, and with the farmer as he tills the soil; descend with the miner into the bosom of the earth, and climb with the hunter to the summit of rugged mountains; spend an hour with the lady in the parlor, and another with the cook beside her range; boldly enter into the mansion of the wealthy, and fail not to cross the threshold of the poor. With an eye that is quick to behold, with an ear that is ready to receive, and with a tongue that is faithful to report, come and answer: Do men and woman act as though eternity held for them infinite possibilities for weal or woe?

No: mankind does not. Here and there you may find some choice spirits whose affectionate do not rest upon earthly things. Blissfully conscious that this short life is but the vestibule to an unending one, they sedulously prepare for that eternity which lies shrouded in mystery, but which, beyond

a doubt, holds for them measures of the richest happiness. Upward, and not downward, their eyes are turned. Forward, and not backward, their steps are tending. Heaven and hell are realities to them, and by preparing for the one, they hope to escape the other. In their manner there is no carelessness, and in their movements there is no delay. Escaping for their lives, they look not behind them.

But it is only here and there that we find spirits of such a mould. The busy, bustling, booming city is not crowded with them. Walk her streets or stroll her parks, and they will not jostle you on every side. Like Sodom, many centers of population have become centers of wickedness. Vice unblushingly holds up her head, and virtue flees for shame. People are active in every kind of business but the business of the Lord. Saloons flourish and gambling hells thrive. The poor too often are the slaves of the rich, and millionaires are sometimes the servants of the devil. We glory in the exceptions, and pray for the time when men will seek first God's kingdom and His righteousness.

And when we enter the country made beautiful by God's own finger, and tread her roads, and cross her fields, and linger beside her brooks, and gather flowers in her valleys, even here we do not find that every one is looking through nature up to nature's God. They are not all thinking about, and seeking, that better country, even the heavenly. Ah! how many of them are purposing in their hearts to pull down their barns and build greater, and are anxiously and impatiently awaiting the time when each can say to his soul, Take thine ease.

On the Lord's day, go to the house of prayer—God's own house—the place of sacred memories and of blessed privileges. Behold there the vacant seats, and think of the crowds that throng the halls of vice, and drink to its dregs, with swinish greed, the poisoned cup of pleasure. Think not only of the myriads who like these have never tasted the joys of sins forgiven, and whose hearts have never beaten in unison with the loving heart of Christ. But call to mind the thousands who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Spirit, but in whose hearts the heavenly guest no longer dwells, because these hearts have become the hiding place of many sins—a fit abode for Satan. They have forgotten their first love. Their hearts have cooled to Jesus, but have warmed to Jehovah's foes. To the world they are alive, but truly they are dead to Christ.

Nor is that all. The picture is black, but the truth will paint it blacker. At the hour of evening worship, take your stand beside the minister of the word, and study the frequenters of the house of prayer. There you will find many moral, honest, honorable men of the world. Their brother men have no stones to hurl at them. There are no glaring faults over which the mantle of charity must needs be thrown; none but this one great fault which no mantle of charity can ever cover: Their disregard of the cause of God upon them. Surely Satan must have filled the air with some delusion which, deadening the sensibilities, has rendered multitudes oblivious to the interests of their immortal spirits, deaf to the imperative commands of Christ, and blind to the awful horrors of eternal death.

It were well if we could stop here; but we cannot. Are all those who gather around the Lord's table conscious—actually conscious—of the manifold obligations laid upon them? Do we find no indifference among them, no lukewarmness, no coldness, no frigidity? Have they grasped in its approximate fullness the meaning of the Christian life? Is there on their part that constant and intense desire for purity, righteousness, and godliness which we expect to find in heaven-bound mortals? Do they never show an unmistakable apathy to the fate of their fellow-travellers to the eternal world? Do they possess the mind of Him who went about doing good, and who voluntarily gave himself for the world?

A few you will find who seem to have arisen to the heights whence they can clearly see, not only the glorious prospects above them, brighter than ever setting sun pictured on the snow-clad mountain top, or flashed upon dissolving clouds; but who can see, as well, the paths of duty that radiate in every direction from their feet, and, stretching out farther and farther, at last encircle the globe.