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fabric is to be woven. But it is only when we are in perfect relation to our fellows that God finds it possible to weave us in as parts of this wondrous texture. When we come into right relations with all human beings we have come into right relation with the universal man, who is the Son of God, who was the embodiment of the mind of God; and thus we have connected our hearts with the lines which run through the human race, through Jesus Christ, straight to the heart of God.

While we are going about doing good, often weary and heavy hearted, serving our fellows, relieving their wants and seeking to assuage their sorrows, the divine shuttles are flying, and the great loom is in constant motion, but never forgets to deposit in our lives the very hues and figures which are necessary to make us beautiful and complete. Isolated and alone we are nothing. It is when we stand in terms of service and love with humanity that we become great and strong and perfect. Jesus became a perfect man by perfect relation with humanity, and perfect sacrifice for humanity. Touch humanity perfectly and you touch God's Son, you touch God's heart, and you get all that is gracious and tender and sweet and holy that God has to give.

Should we not, then, devoutly thank God today for this glorious privilege of service. "I thank him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that he counted me faithful, appointing me to his service." Our thanksgiving for the privilege of service to follow in the apostles' way should be: (1) Thanksgiving for appointment to service; (2) Thanksgiving for sustaining strength in service.

Glance back over the past year. There have been many riddles, but an Aedipus is at hand. There have been many wounds, but the fields of nature abound with the little blue flowered brunella, or self heal. There are many things for which we ought to be devoutly thankful today. In this loved Canada of ours we scarcely know what it is to suffer want. We have been kept from pestilential scourge. We have enjoyed continued peace. God has showered his temporal blessings upon us. From Cape Breton to the Klondike the wave of prosperity has set in. The young sleeping giant Canada is beginning to bestir himself, and we look forward hopefully to greater things. We are not unmindful of this, and devoutly thank God for it; but with the apostle we would gather all these notes of thanksgiving into one lofty strain. Let us in mighty unison render thanks that he has sustainingly appointed us to use these blessings in the service of Jesus Christ.

The delightful French artist, Millet, used to say to his pupils: "The end of the day is the proof of the picture." He meant the twilight hour, when there is not light enough to distinguish details, is the most favorable time to judge of a picture as a whole. Now in the twilight of the past year do you see in your life the picture of grateful service to the Lord Jesus? If not, resolve with God's help that you will be more thankful in the coming year for this great privilege. Then the churches of this city will thrill with spiritual life, sinners will be converted, and Jesus Christ will be King. Amen.

Contemplations Crystalized.

The pastor said his people were living in the third heaven, but they soon came down when he asked them for a large collection.

The Lord made use of an ass to rebuke a prophet. How much more can he use a man to rebuke sin and preach righteousness.

Christian character is to be estimated by the whole trend and bent of the man, not by any particular act.

However great a man's talents may be, if he is truly great the man must transcend the talents.

The religion of Jesus begins in the human heart, transfuses the whole being and finds an end in society.

The ancients sought to discover how the universe was made, the medievalists how to get to heaven, the moderns study how to stay here.

Modesty in the individual is to his merit what proper shading is to the characters of a painting, it gives it strength and prominence.

The great work of redemption has an outer and an inner sphere. The former represents the greatest possible extent of salvation, the latter its actual operation.

In the battle of life there are no cases or exceptions for which the grace of God is not suited and equal.

The trial of our faith pays us well when by it God's Providence is revealed to us.

"If I were rich," says one, "I would live among the poor and help them," but could a man have wings and not fly?

The Christian should make a hobby of no book but the Bible. It is at the bottom and top of all.

The backbiter is the devil's wasp, who dies about only to sting.

The talebearer is bad enough, but the one who receives his tale and passes it on to others is worse.

To be clamoring for "power for service" smacks of Simon Magus. Better pray to be in the will of God.

The world lives largely on one of three realms, that of pleasing others, of selfish interests and that of doing the will of God. The realm which yields the threefold result of perfection, happiness and perpetuity is the only right one.

J. HARRY KING.

Toronto.

Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

If your own loaf is small somebody else's may be smaller.

The human tongue gets no shorter by being used.

Wit needs to be joined to wisdom.

Those who have felt the storm value the shelter.

Endeavor to be straight yourself, even though others remain crooked.

By beginning to meddle you may end in a muddle.

Your neighbor's fault may only be an oblique reflection of your own.

If you cannot win new friends, be worthy of the old ones.

Even apart from reward or penalty, it is better to do right than wrong.

More hand on the plough and less in the pocket!

Little do the reapers,
Gathering golden store,
Grieve o'er seed they planted
Weeks or months before.

Westchester Station, N. S.

O, Reaper.

The harvest fields are white
And yellow in the sun;
The reaper's face is bright,
The work has just begun.

The rustling fields are wide,
O, reaper, and thy heart?
Is strong; I can abide
The heat and every smart.

The day will soon be done,
O, reaper, and thy will?
Is steady as the sun,
And soon I'll top the hill.

The threat'ning night is near,
O, reaper, and thy mind?
Is like the morning clear,
I cannot look behind.

A something in me turns
My gaze towards the east,
And, oh, my spirit burns
To join the harvest feast.

-A. D. W.

A Precious Old Hymn.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

This familiar hymn appeared in London in 1787, in a little volume entitled, "A Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors." The authorship was designated simply by the initial "K.," and it was assigned in turn to three different writers. But now compilers have agreed that it should be credited to George Keith, a publisher and bookseller in London, who for many years led the singing in his own congregation. In that little old volume this hymn bore the title "Precious Promises."

The last line of the last stanza,—

"I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

was doubtless suggested by the Scripture, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." In the Revised Version this is translated, "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee." There are in the Greek text five negatives, and each adds its meaning with accumulated force. The line of the hymn is thus a correct translation of the text.

Dr. C. S. Robinson gives this reminiscence: "Once in the old oratory, at evening devotion in Princeton Seminary, the elder Dr. Hodge, then venerable with years and piety, paused as he read this hymn preparatory to the singing, and in the depth of his emotion was obliged to close his delivery of the final lines with a mere gesture of pathetic and adoring wonder at the matchless grace of God in Christ, and his hand silently beat time to the rhythm instead, 'I'll never, no never, no never forsake.'"

Frances Willard in her book, "Glimpses of Fifty Years," makes this note:

"Mother says that at family worship in her home they were wont to sing together 'How firm a foundation,' and her parents used to say it would never wear out, because it was so full of Scripture. When mother came back to us after being confined in her room six weeks, we sang that hymn for her at family prayers, and she broke in at the verse about 'hoary hairs,' and said, 'How I enjoyed that for my old grandmother, who lived to be ninety-seven! and then I enjoyed it for my dear father, who was eighty-six when he passed away; and now my daughter enjoys it for me, who am eighty-four; and perhaps she will live on to be as old as I, when I feel sure she will have friends who will enjoy it just as tenderly for her.'"

A clergyman in recording a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage, in 1843, says, "The old hero was then very frail, and had the appearance of extreme old age; but he was resting with calmness and confidence on the covenant of God." During the conversation General Jackson turned to his visitor, and said: "There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to His people. It was a

favorite hymn with my dear wife till the day of her death. It commences thus: 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!' I wish you would sing it now." And so the little company sang the entire hymn in its seven stanzas.

At the close of the Christian Endeavor Convention held in Chicago a large number of Eastern delegates returning by the St. Lawrence River were overtaken by a terrific storm. For a few minutes there was grave peril; and, had the gale struck the vessel four minutes sooner, while in the Lachine Rapids, no skill could have saved her or the hundreds of precious lives. But the Lord held the tornado and thunderbolt in His hand. As the storm cleared away, a chorus of a hundred voices broke forth into singing:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?"

In a little Western village whose population had suffered from drought and blight and failure till they were ready to lie down in despair and die, a few faithful ones were met one Sabbath in the little schoolhouse for worship. The pastor, an aged man, talked to them for a little of the richness of God's promises, and closed by relating an incident in the life of the missionary Fidelity Fisk. When she was in the Nestorian mission, in feeble health and much discouraged, she sat on her mat on the chapel floor one very warm, uncomfortable Sunday afternoon, without support for her weary head or aching back. The woes of life and her lonely position pressed upon her like a great burden, and she was ready to sink beneath it, when a woman came and sat down on the edge of the mat at her back, and whispered to her, "Lean on me." Miss Fisk scarcely heeded the request, and still longed for support to help her bear her burden of weariness. Presently the words were repeated, "Lean on me." Then she divided the weight with the gentle pleader, but it did not satisfy. In earnest, almost reproachful, tones the voice again urged, "If you love me, lean hard."

At the close of this touching incident, the pastor left his people to make the application, and sat down. And an old saint in quivering tones broke forth into singing:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

One after another took up the song till the walls of the little room rang with the melody. Then with tear-dimmed eyes they clasped one another's hands and separated to their homes, feeling sure that the Lord's promises would carry them through.

It is interesting to note that the tune, "Portuguese Hymn," to which these words are sung, was composed by Marcus Portugal, who was a chapel-master to the king of Portugal, and died at Rio Janeiro about 1831. It is known by Romanists as "the midnight mass," and used to be sung to the words of a Christmas carol in the procession of priests and nuns on their way from their houses to the church on Christmas morning. Thus Romanism and Protestantism, Portugal and England, have been laid under tribute to produce this grand old hymn.—Endeavor World.

The World's Progress.

A recent statistician presents the following figures as indicating the physical condition and suggesting the moral condition of the human race. He says:

"The human family living on earth today consists of about 1,450,000,000 persons in round numbers. Of these only about 500,000,000, or one-third, are properly clothed; 250,000,000 habitually go naked; 700,000,000 have only the middle part of their body covered; only 500,000,000 live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts or caves, while the remaining 250,000,000 have no home or shelter whatever."

These figures suggest that the world is yet a long way from its final state, if indeed we are to assume that the final state of the world is to be a kingdom completed in righteousness, peace and blessedness. As a matter of fact we are as yet in the earlier part of the world's progress; and this we ought to assume in indulging of current conditions, notwithstanding the accelerated rate of present moral movement. We are in danger of under-estimating the influence of masses of degradation upon the structure of our judgments and the type of our moral acts. Even in the midst of enlightenment our spirits breathe in the malarial air arising from the uncleaned masses, and the tone of average life is vastly lowered. Mr. Stabley tells us that the pigmies he found in the jungles of Africa are the equals in intelligence of the lower third of the population of New York city. That this submerged third is not without its influence on the general life, even the more cultured portion of it, no thoughtful person can doubt. Slavery barbarizes the slave-holder more than it degrades the slave; so dense masses of ignorance and vice degrade the sentiments and taint the life of those that are lifted above them. In the present condition of the world we have great need to scrutinize our judgments about prevalent social facts and practices, lest a more advanced age cover them with ridicule.—Rx.