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Thyself Captain of a far greater army, even every thing in heaven and earth, be obeyed when Thou speak-est the word. If Thou only speak, the sickness and disease of my poor servant will at once depart. Was he right? Yes! Jesus over all, see Cor. i. 16; St. Matt. xxviii. 18; Ephes. i. 21; 1 Peter iii. 22; Rev. xvii. 14. He had power over not only angels and spirits but diseases of all kinds, His power was absolute, see Psalm ciii. 19; Psalm xlvii. 2.

(4). *The Centurion's Reward.* Our Lord was struck by the remarkable faith shown by the centurion, greater than any He had found in Israel. We are told He marvelled greatly. No where had He found a faith so true and clear as this man's was, and how did He reward it? St. Matt. viii. 13, his prayer was granted and his servant healed. Jesus does speak the word, see Psalm cvii. 20; Psalm xxxiii. 9. More than this, what does He say to the elders of the Jews, who no doubt expect that the cure, if wrought, would be done because they asked it, see St. Matt. viii. 11, 12. What good news was this for the centurion and for us too. The doors of God's Kingdom open to all believers. The church was to be Catholic, no longer a church of one nation, but free to all. This was the very promise of Abraham, "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed," and proclaimed so often by Isaiah, see ch. xi. 10; ch. xlii. 6; ch. ix. 6; ch. ix. 3. But mark what was to be the passport into the kingdom? not the color or degree of any man but the very thing Christ praised in the centurion, real, true, living, working faith, see Romans iii. 29, 30. Observe too how our Lord's words to the elders of the Jews describes two states. *Outside and inside*, in one or other we shall be. Sin shuts us out, but Christ died to put away sin, see 1 John i. 7. Have we accepted Him as our personal Saviour? He has invited us, do we believe He is able and willing to save? Let us remember that God will call us to account for the way we have used our privileges and blessing, St. Matt. xxv. 19, 30.

Family Reading.

REPHAIM.

Giants lived in the Holy Land four thousand years ago. They were the first or earliest people in perhaps the greater part of Canaan. We read of them as Rephaim, which means men of high stature. When Arab kings came down from Aram and invaded Palestine, this tall race, east of the Jordan, first bore the brunt of the robbers' onset.

They had massive stone houses, many of which are still standing, solid and empty, in Argob. Besides these Rephaim, the spies sent up with Joshua and Caleb to search the Promised Land, seemed in their own sight like grasshoppers. Huge graves, memorials of this dead race, are found in various parts of Palestine, as in Lebanon and near Damascus.

Like Og, most of them passed away or were destroyed at an early period. But some of them remained, a terror to the Hebrews, and leaders of the hosts of their foes, such as Lahmi and Sappai and Goliath, even to the days of King David.

East of the river Jordan, the giants had a capital city and stronghold. It was called after an idol, Ashteroth-Karnaim, or Astarte of the Two Horns. For there this Venus of the Rephaim was worshipped. And still, among those solid houses you find in sculpture here and there an image of the goddess, with the crescent moon upon her brow, whose horns gave her the name of Karnaim.

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Bad men die reluctantly; life is extorted from them as if by main force. The believer dies willingly; his will is submitted to his Father's will, he makes it a religious act to die. With Jesus he says, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Yet the believer is sometimes fearful at the last hour. To go before God is so awful, such a venture!

O fearful soul, be of good courage; your God is a God of love, it is He Who calls you. Say to Him in the hour of death, "Take my soul, it is Thine do with it what Thou wilt; I have given it to Thee to be washed in Thy blood and sanctified by Thy Spirit, I am sure Thou wilt do it no harm."

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

ADVENT: now begins the year,
Opening with holy fear.
Haste, ye faithful, to prepare
For the coming in the air
Of the Lord with angels' bright
Thronging from the heavenly height!
He shall come our judge to be;
Haste, ye faithful; bow the knee;
Watch ye all, and watching pray;
"Jesus, spare us in that day!"

CHRISTMAS: time of exultation,
Joy, and peace, and adoration,
Telling how of old He came,
Sinless Babe of Saving Name;
How the shepherds, angel sent
Swift to Bethlehem's manger went,
There to find the Child foretold
By all Prophet-tongues of old;
Little King, no scepter bearing,
But the meanest shelter sharing;
Son of God, His glory hiding
And as Man with man abiding;
Son of Mary, lowly Maiden,
With eternal honor laden.
Little Jesus, coming still
To the hearts he fain would fill;
Finding with the meek a place
To exalt them through His grace;
While the angels, as of yore,
Praises still on praises pour,
And with "Merry Christmas" sweet
Christians all good Christians greet.

CIRCUMCISION: showing forth
Of obedience the worth,
When the little Jesus brought
To the Rite commanded taught
All his children to obey,
Following in the Church's way;
To be pure as He is pure,
Seeking pleasures that endure.

EPIPHANY: whose wondrous star
Led the Magi from afar,
And the Christ revealed to them
In the Babe of Bethlehem.
Precious gold to him they bring,
Thus acknowledging their King;
Precious frankincense they pour
For the God whom they adore;
Precious myrrh their love supplies
For their Lord and Sacrifice,
Every gift we can command
Of loyal heart and loyal hand,
Every deed that serves to show
Heavenly love in love below,
Jesus claims as tribute due
All good Christians now from you.

When Epiphany is spent
Sundays three, like heralds sent,
Cry aloud the Fast of Lent.
Septuagesima first, and second
Sexagesima is reckoned:
Quinquagesima, the last;
Then comes in the solemn Fast
With *Ash Wednesday's* litanies
That from hearts repentant rise.
Forty days at Jesus' feet
Hide we now in blest retreat.
At their close through *Holy Week*
We His Way of Sorrow seek,
Entering first Jerusalem,
While the throngs His progress hem,
And with shouts of welcome press
Zion's lowly King to bless,
Scattering palms along His way
On that one triumphant Day.
Though they about He weeps aloud
O'er the self-deceiving crowd.
Through that week we see Him bear
Anguish none can know or share;
On Good Friday follow Him,
Scourged and bruised in every limb,
And with thorns in insult crowned.
While the foes that Him surround
Jibes and sneers incessant toss
On the Altar of the Cross
We behold Him meekly die
For the world's iniquity.
Every Friday for His sake
Let us here our station take,
At His feet confession making,
Self and sin abhorred forsaking.

EASTER-EVEN: Hour of rest;
Faith's sweet vigil calm and blest,
In the tomb His Body lies,
And His Soul in Paradise
Waits the morn when He shall rise.
Here we watch, and watching ponder
On the never lessened wonder,
How from Baptism we emerge
On the new life's trembling verge,
In His death the "old man" dead
And the "new man" raised instead.
Henceforth now be crucified
All our anger, lust, and pride;
Every evil passion die,
Mortified continually!

EASTER-DAY: The "day of days";
Radiance immortal plays
Round the sepulchre whose door
Open now, can close no more!
Stricken guard and broken seal
To our longing eyes reveal
What the glorious angel saith
Who unbarred that gate of death;
"He is risen; do not fear;
Jesus is no longer here;
But in lowly Galilee
Ye again your Lord shall see."
Swift, with Alleluias sweet,
Follow we His holy feet,
Singing all the joyful way;
"Christ the Lord has risen to-day!"

Precious EASTER-TIDE: Again
Jesus walks the ways of men,
In a body glorified,
Yet the very same that died,
Pierced in hands, and feet, and side;
And we know in His own time
We shall have that change sublime.
Forty days, most wondrous days!
He, in word and act, displays
Sign and miracle, the keys
Of His Kingdom's Mysteries.

On the great ASCENSION DAY,
When those *Forty Days* are ended,
With His holy hands extended,
Leading forth His chosen, pressing
To receive His final blessing,
We behold Him pass away;
In a cloud of glory rise,
Vanishing from mortal eyes.
Once again the Angels fair,
Tidings wonderful declare;
He shall come again, they say,
As ye saw him go away.

While our hearts within us burn,
With His chosen now we turn,
And, obedient with them,
Go we to Jerusalem,
There in expectation sweet,
To wait the Promised Paraclete,
The Holy Ghost whose tongues of fire
Shall illumine and inspire.
Lo! He comes on WHITSUN-DAY,
The Holy Ghost for whom we pray,
And on rushing, mighty wings,
Gift of seven-fold gifts he brings,
And his coming marks the birth
Of the Holy Church on earth.

Now our Jesus' mission ended,
Be our triune praises blended
To the Father and the Son
And the Holy Ghost in One.
Holy! Holy! Holy! cry
On the Feast of TRINITY;
And till Advent comes again
Alleluia be our strain!

ANSWERED PRAYER.

In the prosperous Bethel Mission in St. Louis, Mo., superintended by Mr. Daniel Wolfe, there is held every Sunday afternoon at the close of the session of the school a devotional meeting, where prayer is offered for the workers and for those in school who are ill or in trouble. At one of these meetings a judge received a telegram that his brother, living in New New York, was dying. He arose, and asked the teachers to pray that this brother, whom he believed had never uttered a prayer in his life, might at that moment pray for salvation and trust Christ ere he died. Earnest prayers were offered. The judge went home to find another telegram, which told him his brother had departed. Reaching New York, to attend the funeral, the first words his widowed sister-in-law said to him were that during those fifteen minutes