

ceive willingly and entertain, without cost, the involuntary homicide. Jesus Christ is our first and only priest. In Him the Levitical priesthood which pointed to Him has been realized and fulfilled.

Jesus Christ is the one eternal High Priest, through whom salvation comes to man, and in whom man has communion with God. The Levitical priesthood was limited by imperfection and changes. The priesthood of Christ is eternal, inviolable, perfect, intransmissible, all-powerful, and all-prevailing. He is our priest upon the throne of the divine majesty, the sovereign Lord over all, God blessed forever. He is the sole and perfect mediator between God and man; He receives the trustful, penitent soul, and saves to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him; He is the sinner's refuge, his only hope, his life, his all; He is, in Himself, the living way; in His own person the bridge that spans the great gulf of eternity; the ladder set up from earth to heaven; the world's great altar stairs, which lead from man to God. The very name Jesus means saviour, and the Scriptures declare that there is salvation in Him alone, "neither is there salvation in any other." He is the world's sole refuge. There is none other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Christ is not only the divinely appointed way of escape, He is, in Himself, the city of refuge. "I have no hope in what I have been or am," said the saintly Dr. D. d. d. ridge on his dying bed, "yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence: there is a hope set before me. I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust; in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this beloved of my soul." "Believe a dying man," said the great Dr. Johnson to his physician, "there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God."

It is better to *do* one little thing than to resolve to perform many great ones.

STILLNESS.

Persons overworked, and half worn out, easily drop below a happy mental level, and in such a condition anxiety and doubt are quite sure to get the ascendancy over faith and hope. Then there begins a chewing of the cud of bitter thoughts. The constant tendency is to look back and say: "If I had not done so and so! If I had acted differently in such a crisis! If I had not done too much at this time and too little at that period!" So the poison works. The corners of the mouth droop, wrinkles form in a short time, the household at first pities, and then dreads and avoids the victim, who in his turn is grieved at their unkindness.

Now if, in such a morbid state, one could or would stop thinking, and simply be still, the morbidity would be cured much more rapidly than with constant inward irritation. A sore upon the flesh is treated with soothing appliances and left to heal. A spiritual sore is fretted day and night. Stillness is as necessary for the one as for the other. A text, speaking of God's care for us, repeated with determination, will keep out irritating thoughts and will quiet and cool the fever of the soul. An uplifting sentiment kept persistently in the mind will wonderfully help, and, better than all, at some stages of the trouble, is a determined absence of all thought, that in the silence the Comforter's message may reach us. For always the voice is ready to speak to us, but often the inward preoccupation of joy or sorrow, of earthly music, or of earthly discord, will not let it be heard.—*Golden Rule.*

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

I know our young people are sometimes a little dubious concerning stories related in books for the purpose of teaching wise morals; but the following is not taken from a book at all, but was told me by a young friend as he sat in my office, a few evenings since, and, I think, may interest by little patients.

"Isn't it too bad, doctor," began my young friend abruptly, "to think how a chum of mine might have

been helped out of trouble had he only known of help lying close at hand, of which, however, he never dreamed? You see, it happened this way:

"When leaving home a year ago his mother packed his trunk herself, and, among the last things, said to him, 'Remember, Will, you will find your Bible ready at hand, on the top of everything else. I am sure you will not forget to read it often, and, I hope, daily.'

"All right, mother," he answered hurriedly, as it was time he was off, and did not make any definite promise. But, as he told me afterward, it so happened that instead of remaining on the top the Bible was soon at the bottom of the trunk, and Will never so much as troubled himself to open it. His head, he said, was too full of other things; and soon it had cause to be, for, I am sorry to say, he got with gay companions, and gradually, not only his Bible, but his work, too, was neglected; he fell into careless, then into bad habits, lost his place, and, having saved up nothing, found himself there, among comparative strangers, without a penny.

"He was fully aroused now to the necessity of a change in his course, and was fully prepared to make it. Had he been able to raise just a few dollars, he would have braved out the situation, worked manfully for another place, and thus been saved the humiliation to himself, and the sorrow of his widowed mother, of having to return home penniless, and with only a wretched record as a foundation stone for the future.

"The evening he reached home his mother, with a heavy heart, once more bent over the trunk, removing the articles she had there placed so hopefully. At last she came to the Bible. As she opened the Book, for a moment, an exclamation of pained surprise caused Will to look up quickly.

"Oh, Will," she said, sorrowfully, 'you have not so much as opened the Book I placed here with such care!'

"Why, how do you know, mother?' he was about to ask, half doggedly, when his lips were closed; for as she slowly turned the pages, silently there fluttered from place to