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tions do not, it is true, help us to understand the Being of God, and the manner of the Unity of the Three Divine Persons: they do however serve to show that there is at least nothing contrary to human reason in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and that it is mere foolishness to suppose that the more powerful intellects the world has ever seen have blindly accepted a doctrine which is justly open to the charge that it is opposed to reason.

If at any time we are led to doubt its truth, let us first be sure that we understand what is proposed for our acceptance; for it is unhappily the case that some are led into doubting this doctrine simply because they have misconceived it.

Its Importance. We must not think of this doctrine as a mere matter of theological speculation; for its rejection is fraught with momentous consequences, and may lead to an entire shipwreck of our faith in Christ. For if we were to reject the belief that Christ is truly Divine we should practically refuse to accept His testimony as to who He was; we should virtually condemn Him as a self-deceiver and impostor!—and of all the folly of which the human intellect can be guilty, nothing can be greater than that.

Family Reading.

"Come Home!"

As a mother will gather her babe to her breast

At the wane of the evening sun,
And gently and lovingly hush it to rest

When the play of the day is done,
So the loving All-Father would gather us in

From the weariful play of the years,
With their joys and their sorrows, their gladness,
their sins,

Their pathos, their smiles and tears.

No mother so tenderly cares for her child

As our Father doth care for us all;

Though never so sinful, and wayward and wild,
He will answer the penitent's call.

Warm welcome awaits every prodigal son,

For God's love as the heavens is wide,
And none is outside the Salvation Christ won—

To redeem every sinner He died.

He yearns o'er His own as no mother can yearn

O'er the children who mock at her love.

Nor turns from the vilest who only will learn

To seek cleansing and peace from above.

For all of earth's weary ones, sinful and sad,

He holdeth rich mercies in store;

The sin-stained He'll wash, and the sad ones make glad

With a joy that endures evermore.

Then home let us hasten, no longer delay,

God waiteth to gather us in;

Let us kneel down before Him, and trustfully pray

For the pardon each sinner may win.

And then, when His presence each weary heart nears,

It will hear His soft, low-whispered "Come."

Hark! He calleth e'en now o'er the waste of the years—

"Come Home, little children! Come Home!"

—CHARLES D. MICHAEL.

A Vision of the Night.

(Continued.)

"That wealth is useless on earth—a snare to those who have it, since it hardens their hearts, and dims their eyes; and a snare to those who have it not, since, to them it seems as though injustice gave, and cruelty withdrew it."

"And ease and pleasure, the colour and the warmth for which, an hour since, thou madest thy moan—what is their use?" enquired the angel.

"Truly," I said slowly, "after the suffering I have seen, and the use whereof I admit, it seems to me that pleasure should have no place at all upon the earth. That ease and luxury, ministering as they do to senses that are not immortal, and had better not be fed, have no mission here."

"I have shown thee one phase of life—come now to see another," replied my guardian. Thou hast seen suffering, but not the mitigations of that suffering; without which it could not, by mortal strength, be borne. Look."

I lifted my eyes, and three pictures, one after another, passed swiftly before me, drawn as it were upon the air. I saw the dreary room in which the crippled man had moaned—his toiling wife, his ill-clad, half-fed children, but the room held another occupant—a sweet-faced woman who had

brought food and fruit, and, better still, kindly sympathy and gentle words, to the dreary chamber. The vision passed, like the image produced by a kaleidoscope, and was succeeded by another. The place I had not seen before, nor the people, but I knew them to be the friends of the wretched criminal whom I had watched on his bed of straw. I saw the sister find alleviation for her own grief in tenderest ministrations to her aged parents. I saw the wife putting her sorrow aside, spend every effort of her life in aiding and caring for children tempted by want and suffering into sin. I saw many souls, that but for her might have slept in that prison cell, saved and sheltered.

My heart beat, and tears of gratitude filled my eyes as I looked upon the third picture—the factory girl, with the anguish of constant pain on her lined face, and the sullen despair in her eyes, was cheered and comforted by the sympathy of another worker, in whom I recognized thankfully, myself.

Then the angel turned and spread his wings, and I—I know not how—followed him, till we reached a church, not very far from the factory, close by which stood a house. Through the uncurtained windows we saw a room, which presented a strange mingling of simplicity and something else I could not at first define. It was scrupulously clean—the furniture, of the simplest and plainest character, would hardly have been out of place in a cottage; not one article was there beyond those that absolute necessity demanded, no luxurious couch, no velvet curtains, no soft carpets, tempted to repose. Yet the room gave abundant evidence that its occupants belonged to the intellectual and cultured classes—the plain deal shelves held books none but a scholar could value; in one corner stood a piano; a plain glass bowl was filled with the white starry blossoms of the jessamine; on the walls were hung engravings of pictures that ennobled and uplifted those senses I had declared should be allowed to die for want of food. And yet, in spite of much that ministered to all that was highest of intellect and sense—no poor man could have been roused to envy by aught he saw.

The room was empty when first we saw it—but before I had realized all I have described, an inner door opened, and a woman entered—I knew the sweet face, the plain dark robes, the silver cross; for I had seen her ministering to the poor, in the first vision painted for me on the walls of the night. And then, by the same strange power through which I had seen so much this night, all her life passed before me. I saw her in the morning, rising early, though fatigue would fain have chained her to her couch. I saw her, kneeling before the altar of the church hard by—I saw her days spent in tending the sick, in caring for the orphan, in cheering the aged; I saw her at Evensong again kneeling in the same church—a life austere and beautiful—fair in the sight of all—lived, too, without a thought of self. Then, again, I saw her in the room before us—her day's work over. She paused for a few moments in front of her book-case; then stood, still longer, before a picture. Finally, she crossed over to the piano. As the low sweet notes were borne upon the evening air, the angel turned, and I followed him. He paused this time before a stately mansion. Lights gleamed from all its windows; sounds of music and mirth floated towards us where we stood. I saw one room crowded with fair women and stately men. Then the angel pointed out to me another, a very beautiful room. The floor was of dark polished wood, on which gay rugs and carpets were scattered, rich curtains hung at doors and windows, luxurious chairs and couches invited to repose. In the centre of the glowing warmth and colour of the room, an easel stood; on it was the half-finished portrait of a lovely child with golden hair, and daisies in her hand. Around the walls were many others, one, I remember especially—the head of a very beautiful woman, with hand shading her eyes. At the largest canvas in the room I gazed long. It represented a midnight sky over the sleeping earth. Athwart it a cross of light was flung; and in that light the figure of our Saviour stood, looking away from us, His hands outstretched, blessing the world He had redeemed.

Then an inner door opened, and the artist walked slowly into the room—a tall and beautiful woman, clad in trailing silken robes, with a face full of all noble thoughts, and of "majestic peace"; a

voice, sweet as that of my angel guide, and hands more beautiful than any I had ever seen. I gazed, delighted—then the room and its owner faded away, and I was once more alone with the angel and the night. "I know all now," I said to him, "I will never doubt nor question more."

The angel smiled.

"So thou thinkest now—But thou wilt murmur and doubt many times, and forget this thy lesson. Or else thou wilt not see how it can apply to the fresh problems which must arise. But, in the end, if thou wilt struggle and pray, thou shalt remember and shalt know. Tell me, what hast thou learnt to-night?"

"That all suffering has its purpose and its mission, that it may lead others, besides those upon whom its shadow is cast, to the upward path, by drawing forth their sympathy; since pain and love can both kill the canker worms of sin and of self-love. That all I deemed most useless for eternity—learning, and art and ease, aid and strengthen, by the relief they give, the hearts and minds of those who labour to console and teach the poor, the sick, the sad. For they are fountains by the way, without whose freshening draught all but the stoutest hearts fail, all but the strongest limbs grow weak. I see that those whose lives seem most remote from vulgar care, and from the common woe, have their own work—to fill with fresh waters those way-side wells. So, each in his own place, shall hasten the coming of that day when peace and joy shall be the lot of every soul."

"Of every soul who will," said the angel, and his face was saddened. "There are those who will not learn the lessons sorrow teaches. There are those who, pausing beside the wells, do not drink and pass on, but stay all their lives, and, misusing the waters of refreshment, make of a means an end. And there are those who forget their mission is to fill, and do but aid in emptying, these wells, and when thou seest these sinning souls, thou wilt oftentimes wonder and doubt: but remember this night; see that thine own footsteps stray not, nor thine own hands grow feeble; recall all wanderers who will listen to thy warning voice, or yield to the touch of thy guiding hand. There is one Well I have not shown thee to-night, because thou hast seen and known it long ere this. Drink of those waters deeply, what e'er betide. Take the others if they come in thy way, but ever seek thou this; and fail thou canst not, though thou faint at times. And now, farewell—remember and obey."

He smiled, this time radiantly, and then I saw his white plumes spread and vanish. Then, shadows closed about me; when they were gone I found myself in my own room. The night, with its light, had gone—and the day, with its darkness, dawned. But memory of the light remains—and the darkness is but for a day.

LEE WYNDAHAM.

From Friend to Friend

Goes the story of the excellence of Hood's Sarsaparilla and what it has accomplished, and this is the strongest advertising which is done on behalf of this medicine. We endeavour to tell honestly what Hood's Sarsaparilla is and what it will do, but what it has done is far more important and far more potent. Its unequalled record of cures is sure to convince those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla that it is an excellent medicine.

Waiting

A young man was once awakened to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" He went to a friend who was a professing Christian, and unburdening his mind, eagerly and earnestly besought him to tell how salvation was to be obtained. His adviser declared that all his efforts were unavailing; that salvation was not to be had by works; and that if he patiently waited, in "God's own time" he would get what he was in quest of. "But how long am I to wait?" asked the seeking soul. "I cannot answer that question," was the reply. Months and months passed on. He "waited," and "waited" "God's time." His agony of soul increased and grew more intense.

At last he resolved to call on another friend, and seek his advice. This person told him that