

the use of bread and wine, it is surely the most dangerous presumption to substitute for them any other elements.

II. "THE INWARD SPIRITUAL GRACE."

(a) "*The Body and Blood of Christ.*"—The night before His death, the Master, sitting at meat with His Apostles, gave them bread and wine with the mysterious words: "This is my Body—This is My Blood" (S. Matt. xxvi. 26, 28). This was "an hard saying," difficult to believe, impossible to understand. A year before, in the synagogue of Capernaum, they had been told that eternal life depended on eating His flesh and drinking His blood. While many disciples left Him because of this saying, the Apostles believed, although they must have been greatly puzzled (S. John vi. 59, 66-69). Now their faith was rewarded, for the way was opened and the means provided for becoming one with Christ, by partaking spiritually (v. 63), yet none the less really of His Body and Blood.

(b) "*Which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful.*" Our Lord's words are accepted in four different ways by different bodies of Christians.

(1) *The Romish doctrine of "Transubstantiation,"* ("trans" across, and "substans" a substance), teaches that the outward elements of bread and wine are miraculously changed into the natural body and blood of Christ. That the bread and wine are no longer there, although the "accidents" of sight, smell and taste remain unchanged. (See Article XXVIII.) It was for rejecting this carnal doctrine that so many martyrs suffered under Queen Mary. (S. John vi. 63).

(2) *The Lutheran doctrine of "Consubstantiation,"* which teaches that the bread and wine still remain, but together with them is the natural body and blood of Christ, not received spiritually by the soul, through faith, but carnally and naturally.

(3) *The doctrine of many Protestant sects* that the outward sign merely represents the inward part, reminding the communicant of Christ. Feeding on Him being thus little more than thinking about Him. Surely the loving Saviour would never have driven away disciples by using such mysterious words as S. John vi. 53, 54, 66, if He had meant no more than that. This doctrine, like that of "transubstantiation," destroys the idea of a Sacrament; the one does away with the inward part, "the Body and Blood of Christ"—the other, the outward part, the bread and wine.

(4) *The doctrine of the Church* taught in the Catechism, Communion Service and Articles, viz., that the outward sign conveys to the faithful communicant the inward grace. "We spiritually eat the flesh of Christ," while His natural body and blood "are in heaven and not here." (See note after Communion Service). That the bread and wine still remain the same, as S. Paul seems to imply (1 Cor. xi. 26), yet that they are "the Communion" (means of communicating to us) "of the body and blood of Christ" (x. 16). This is beyond our powers of understanding, but we need not try to explain it, but simply believe because Christ hath said it, and, like S. Peter, "we believe and are sure" that He has "the words of eternal life." (S. John vi. 68, 69.)

III. THE BENEFITS OBTAINED THEREBY.

"The strengthening and refreshing of our souls," a certain result of becoming one with Christ, dwelling in Him, and He in us (S. John vi. 56). "Our sinful bodies are made clean by His Body, and our souls washed through His most precious Blood." We hereby become "very members incorporate in the mystical Body" of Christ, and He has promised to "preserve our bodies and souls unto everlasting life" (v. 54). Could any one wish for a greater blessing, or a more simple way of obtaining it? How is it that so many "(without any cause) most unthankfully refuse to come." "When God calleth you, are ye not ashamed to say ye will not come?" How many thousands of professing Christians seem neither to care for the promised life nor to be afraid of the threatened death (S. John vi. 53). The soul requires regular and sufficient food at least as much as the body. Teachers should remember that a good example goes a long way—so does a bad one.

Family Reading.

Little Jim's Good Time.

BY ISABEL FREELAND.

Jim's parents had three children, and Jim was one of them. The two that were not Jim were girls, one of them nine years of age and the other eleven. Jim himself was five, and there was so much mischievousness wrapped up within him that I am surprised he did not explode.

They lived—this family of five—in a pleasant, old-fashioned house in the country, and one day there came to visit them the children's cousin

Annie—a girl about as old as Jim's sisters, and one whom they both loved dearly; while as for Jim, he had once confidentially remarked that if he ever married anybody besides his mother, it should be Annie.

The girls' sleeping-room was a big airy chamber, and Jim's a smaller one next to it. Both rooms opened into the wide hall, and for ventilation's sweet sake the doors were always left open.

Soon after the children's bedtime, on the night of Annie's coming, Jim, from his lonely pillow, heard sounds of revelry in the next room—scampings and scurrings, and wild creakings of the bed-cord, and charming pillow-fights—and envy burned in his bosom. He even forgot the dignity that dwells in boots, and ignored the high estate of trousers, and wished in his heart's core that he was a girl.

But by-and-by, after a due display of the charity that "suffereth long and is kind," his father came to the foot of the stairs and shouted, "All abed!" and directly Jim heard a great silence in the next room, and directly again he was asleep. But later he awoke, and as he lay thinking of the good time which the girls had had and he had missed, a very bright idea put its head around the corner of his mind and whispered, "Wouldn't it be funny to play a joke on 'em?"

Jim never allowed a suggestion of this kind to pass unheeded. He rose with great caution, and arranging his bed clothes so that he could get into bed and be dreaming sweetly in the twinkling of an eye if he heard his father coming, he threw a sheet about himself and set forth.

He paused at the door of the girls' room and listened till he knew they were asleep, and then, running lightly, he made a flying leap and alighted on his hands and knees on the middle of the bed, and straightway proceeded to hop about in the most extravagant manner.

Any girl in her right mind would awake under such treatment, and any kind of a girl would be frightened, even if she didn't awake, and before Jim had hopped many hops the quilt was drawn wildly up over the girls' terrified heads, and held fast with a mighty grasp, while from beneath them, sounding muffled and far away, rose shrieks and wails and howls and appeals and protests, making night hideous.

Jim's father, not being deaf, was awakened. He arose from his comfortable couch, and put on his dressing-gown and a pair of soft slippers, and set out upon a tour of investigation.

Just as he reached the head of the stairs Carrie uncovered her head, and shrieked in a way to ruin her voice, "Pa, there's something on our bed!"

He had a grave suspicion as to what the something was, and going to Jim's bed and finding it unoccupied, he took up a quilt and went into the girls' room.

Jim, imbued with such feelings as a war-horse has in battle, would not have noticed the approach of three tribes of Indians; and so it happened that when a blanket was thrown over him, and he was tipped over upon his side, and the blanket was gathered up at the four corners, and he was borne from the scene of his triumphs, he knew not whence his trouble came.

He submitted gracefully to being carried somewhere, thinking impartially the while of dog-catchers and ghouls; but when he felt himself hung up by the four corners, and knew that "it" was standing beside him, and looking down at him, or rather at the situation he was in, he lifted up his voice in three far-reaching yells.

Then the thing that had caught him went away, and soon Jim's father and mother in their own room had laughed much, but subduedly.

Jim dared not scramble out of the blanket, and he dared not try to arrange himself more to his liking, for he feared that the string with which his captor had tied the quilt corners together might slip off, and he knew not whether he should fall feet or miles, for he might be suspended from the strong hook in the play-room, or he might be hung from a buckle on the sword-belt of Orion.

His legs were hanging up one side of his narrow space, and his body up the other, and on the whole he would have given his boarded fifteen cents if he had never been born. But shortly he fell asleep.

His mother, thoughtful, as women always are for

those they love, reflected, when she had laughed as much as she liked, that Jim would be so cramped up he couldn't be happy; and two silent fingers stole out and placed the small sleeper in a more long-drawn-out position.

The girls, when the dreadful thing had gone from their bed, lay with their heads close together under the covers, wondering in whispers what it could have been, since it was too substantial for a ghost, too awkward for a beast, and too fiendish to be human. They had an uncomfortable impression that it was yet in the room, ready to pounce upon them; but after a time Carrie uncovered her head, and saw one of Jim's slippers on the floor, and forthwith assumed that the transgressor was Jim. The girls had just begun to remark vigorously upon the total depravity of boys, when Jim's three shrieks reached their ears from the distance, and they covered up their heads again, this time lastingly.

They went to Jim's bed in the morning, and found that there was nothing left of him but the place where he had been; and remembering his loud cries of the night-time, were much relieved when his father discovered him hanging in a blanket from a portiere pole.

Jim did not tell the harrowing tale of the good time he had had; he was in doubt about how to begin it. The girls told theirs, however, and Jim didn't laugh as he listened; he didn't even smile. But all day he had a dazed air, like a grasshopper drowned in its own "molasses."

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

The Mother's Prayer.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh, we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Walking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them,

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Do thou hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Do thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

Unto thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving, oft and strong,
To deceive them;
Trustful, in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

Candles.

"I have, in my life, which is now a long one," said a gentleman the other day, "had a singular experience in the matter of light. In half a dozen parts of the globe, I have had to make my own candles, and to collect the wax or oils to make them of, too. In Virginia, once, all our oil gave out. We collected Virginia myrtle berries enough to see by for several nights. This berry makes a fine lamp; it burns free from smoke and smells nice at the same time.

"Once in South Africa, we had to cut the wax-bearing tree up into bits, and boil the oil out, and in this way got along excellently. In South America the very next year, I found a tree that was covered with scales of wax; and another that was varnished with it; my lamps were tin cups and my wicks strips of cotton; oil I got in abund-