

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings.
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartaches and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?"
So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for—you and me.

—Household.

Curious Trees.

The butter-tree was first discovered by European travellers in the centre of Africa; from the kernel of the fruit is produced a nice butter, "which," says Livingstone, "will keep for a year." On a par with this is the manna-tree, found in Calabria and Sicily. In August, when it is the custom to tap the tree, a sap flows out. It is then left to harden by evaporation, after which the manna, of a sweet but somewhat sickish taste to any but those accustomed to it, may be gathered. In Malabar there is the tallow-tree. From the seed of this, when boiled, is produced a firm tallow, which makes excellent candles. The guava-tree of the Indies bears a fruit giving large quantities of rich and delicious jelly. But the most remarkable tree yet discovered flourishes on the Island of Fierro, one of the largest of the Canary group. The island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found, yet there is a species of trees the leaves of which are narrow and long, and continue green throughout the year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed, and, falling in drops, keeps the cistern placed under them constantly full. In this manner the natives of Fierro obtain water, and, as the supply is limited, the population must of necessity be limited, too. In Japan and some islands in the Pacific there is the camphor-tree. The camphor forms in the trunk of the tree in concrete lumps, and some pieces have been found as thick as a man's arm. There is another curious tree in Jamaica, known as the life-tree, on account of its leaves growing even after severed from the plant. Only by fire can you entirely destroy it.

"I Believe in the Holy Ghost."

"I believe in the Holy Ghost." Every time we go to church we repeat or listen to these words; but do we realize their meaning?

Do you, who were baptised into the name of the Holy Ghost, who at your confirmation received, by the laying on of hands, the pledge and promise of His constant presence, do you know who and what He is?

Do you believe that this Comforter, Teacher, Guide is also God? That He is one with the Father and the Son? Do you believe that he is all-holy, all-powerful, ready to take your side against the world, the flesh and the devil, and to ensure your victory over them? Ready to "help your infirmities," to "teach you all things," even to "show you things to come," and by that blessed revelation to give you hope and strength to persevere?

Ah! no. If we did truly and heartily believe this article of the Christian faith half, nay nearly all of our difficulties would vanish; for once assured of victory we should fight with renewed ardour, and the Holy Spirit by His help, His teaching, and His revelation would place a weapon in our hands by which we should certainly prevail, even

the Word of God; "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." By that sword our Savior and Example signally defeated the evil one, and by it alone, "the Sword and the Spirit," can we hope for success.

Perhaps you are ready to acknowledge that your faith in the Holy Spirit has been weak or almost dead, and you may ask, How am I to strengthen it? How am I to realize the living power of an unseen Spirit to help me to resist temptation?

I would answer: First study with prayer all that our Lord said about the Holy Spirit. Secondly, look for proofs of His power (a) in the history of the church, (b) in the lives of men whom you know to have been led by Him.

Picture Him in the upper chamber! No thought of tomorrow's sufferings overwhelms him now. His whole soul is filled with love and pity for his grieved and bewildered followers. He tells them of the Comforter, of His love, of His power, but there is no brightening of their anxious sorrow-stricken faces. No words will explain to them, nothing but experience will convince them that Christ, the risen and glorified King, will be far nearer, far more actually present with them than Jesus of Nazareth, their Master.

Look on a few weeks. See, on the Day of Pentecost, St. Peter and the rest, no longer cowering with fear, doubting, bewildered, but joyful, triumphant.

That one day's experience proved to the Apostles the truth of the Savior's words. And the Church founded on that day has lasted nearly 1900 years! How strong shen our faith ought to be in the power of the Holy Spirit! In all those centuries evil has been ever taking new forms, every art and device of the wicked one has been employed to overthrow God's Church. But it stands stronger than ever, and year by year making fresh conquests.

—The Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby is generally regarded as one of our most progressive and efficient institutions. We direct attention to the advertisement in another column.

Learn to Forgive.

Learn how to forgive. Do not carry an unforgiving spirit with you through all your life; it will hurt you more than anything else. It will destroy the happiness of many around you, yet its chief feeding-ground will be found in your own heart. You hate your neighbour. Yonder is his dwelling, one hundred and fifty yards away. Suppose you pass a wood fire, and as you pass you pluck a half-consumed brand from it, flaming and gleaming, and thrusting it under your garment to hide it, you start for your neighbour's dwelling to burn it. Who gets the worst of it? You find your garments on fire and your own flesh burned before you can harm your neighbour. So is he who carries an unforgiving spirit in his bosom. It stings his own soul like an adder shut up there. I know of some who call themselves Christians who are miserable because of their own revengefulness. Forgive your enemies and get down on your knees and pray for them, and salvation will come into your own soul like a flood. "Father, forgive them." Sweet prayer and blessed example.

A Delightful Result.

Archdeacon Moule, of Ningpo, China, has given in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* some reminiscences of his thirty years' life and labors among the Chinese. Here is one of them which illustrates the good results of open-air preaching in the towns and villages, a method of propagating the gospel of which the Archdeacon is a great advocate:

One delightful, and to me ever-memorable result, from open-air village preaching, I will in a word relate, especially as it illustrates another point which my reminiscences emphasize, namely, not the apathy, but rather the energy and devotion of many of our Christian brethren and sisters in China. One autumn day in 1875 we had been preaching all day long from 7 a. m. till 5 p. m. I turned to my native brethren and said, "There is time to visit one more place; let us press onwards to the large town of 1,000 inhabitants in front of us." "Why so?"

they replied; "is not our command clear to preach the gospel to every creature? Why pass by this little village close at hand?" "Be it so," I said, and we turned in; and immediately as I began to speak, an old man came to listen; one who had sought peace, he told us, and rest for his soul, in different temples for years, in vain; a man notorious, as his sister told me, for bad language and quarrelsomeness, and despairing then as to the possibility of correcting faults of sixty years' growth. Then with joy and actual clapping of the hands he received the truth; he prayed and strove in triumph against his besetting sin; he burnt a cross into his wrinkled hand that he might remember his Saviour's love at all times; he set himself to exhort others to come to the mission house; and then he died in the full hope and peace of the gospel, leaving an example which has stirred up many a veteran Chinese Christian in those districts and a memory which is green and fragrant still.

"Neither."

"Well, I cannot understand why a man who has tried to lead a good, moral life, should not stand a better chance of heaven than a wicked one," said a lady, a few days ago, in conversation with others about the matter of salvation.

"Simply for this cause," answered one. "Suppose you and I wanted to go into a place of interest where the admission was one dollar. You have fifty cents and I have nothing. Which would stand the better chance of admission?"

"Neither," was the solemn reply.

"Just so; and, therefore, the moral man stands no better chance than the outbreking sinner. But now, suppose a kind and rich friend who saw our perplexity, presented a ticket of admission to us at his own expense! What then?"

"Well, then we could go in alike; that is clear."

"Thus, when the Saviour saw our perplexity, He came, He died, and thus obtained eternal redemption for us' (Heb. ix: 12), and now He offers you and me a free ticket. Only take good care that your fifty cents does not make you proud enough to refuse the free ticket, and so be refused admittance at last."

Sentiment on Wheels.

"My darling." These endearing words, in bright golden letters, stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a Broadway blockade of vehicles. They aroused tender memories. The driver looked as unsentimental as possible in his coarse raiment and with his rough manners, but he was not profane or brutal toward his horses. Patiently he awaited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbours filled the air with curses. Finally, his horses becoming restive, he climbed down from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Why," he said, "because it keeps green the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she joined the angels she clasped her hands around my neck and said:

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll promise anything; what is it?"

"Then fixing her eyes on mine, she said: 'Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you'll never swear any more nor whip your horses hard, and be kind to mamma.'"

"That's all there is about it, mister, for I promised my little girl I'd grant her last request, and, sir, I've kept my word."

Then the blockade was lifted, the big truckman resumed his seat, dashed a tear from his eye, and was soon lost in the muddy tide of travel.

Purity.

Purity is power. The rose, among the sweetest and most beautiful of God's creations, is armed with thorns, nature's sharp bayonets for warding off attack. Purity is the defense of beauty; modesty is the safeguard of innocence. "Keep thyself pure." The severe chastity which repels familiarity is an absolute essential for the safety of the soul as genial attractiveness is for its beauty.