

language this is! We are here upon the earth struggling with sin and infirmities. But we belong to a heavenly community. Our Lord and Saviour is soon coming from the glorious world where He dwells; and when He comes He will transform these bodies of ours, now so frail and suffering, into bodies like His own. Every defect and deformity will be removed, and, clothed with immortal beauty and endued with the power of an endless life, they will live for ever and ever! All this will be accomplished by the same Omnipotence which subdues and controls all things, and makes the Son of God King of kings and Lord of lords!

"So then," or "therefore," in view of all the glorious things which had been spoken of, the heavenly citizenship, the coming of the Lord Jesus, the resurrection of the dead, the change of our bodies into the likeness of Christ's body—in view of all this, "stand fast." Have no doubts, or fears, or misgivings, but stand unmoved. But mark the language: "My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown!"—What endearing terms, what tenderness, what an accumulation of epithets! How beautiful this whole spectacle! It would seem that this venerable man could hardly find language in which to express his affection and sympathy for his brethren. And he was not ashamed to say all this, to write it down, and leave it to be read by all believers in all ages. Surely here was *demonstrativeness*.—A real, gushing love which would speak out. And why not? When we love people, let us say so.—*London Parish Visitor*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LOVE IN THE HOME.

"SOME of us forget that everything must be cultivated in order to thrive. We don't cultivate the affections in the home so much as we ought to do. We don't love enough in the home. Fathers and mothers might love a little more, and brothers and sisters might exhibit a little more of that unselfish, self-sacrificing love, which yields when it might demand, and by yielding draws more closely the bonds of family union. We want to feed the flame of love, and stimulate the affections into unselfish activity." So writes another. How most of us fail here. How often we say bitter words

and do unjust, unkind things to those we love best on earth, thinking that within our own dwelling it does not matter. But, although the things that hurt may be forgiven and overlooked, yet they leave their scars in the heart. If Christian love can do this *in the world*, "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you," ought not the sunshine that comes from the presence of love to be very bright and warm *in the home*. Love, like the burning globe, ought to grow hotter as we approach the centre. "Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

First of all, let us see to it that we minister to those of our households in a Christ-like spirit, anticipating their daily needs, and learning how and where we can help them in the best and truest way. We may all be together in the home now, but sooner or later some will go out of it to return no more, and others will be scattered far and wide from each other. Let us do while we may what we shall wish we had done when we see the vacant chair and long for the absent faces. If any unpleasantness occurs in the home circle, right the wrong before going to sleep at night. Let us make it a point that, with the Lord's help, we will give our first and best ministrations to the dear ones of our own family; and when the days come that we shall be separated, we shall have the sweet satisfaction of knowing that we did all that we could to make their lives pleasant. The old Quaker was right: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If there is any kindness or any good thing I can do my fellow beings, let me do it now. I shall pass this way but once." B. B.

STINGS.

A LITTLE boy went out from his home with some companions to gather berries at a "splendid patch" at the bottom of a neighbour's farm. Unfortunately, in trying to reach some very ripe ones that hung high up and seemed ready to drop, he disturbed a nest of bees. They were very angry at being thus disturbed and made after him. He got away as quickly as he could, but one bee flew straight at his head and stung him in the face. The wound soon swelled up and became very pain-

ful and sore. How much pain there is in these little stings! How one feels the poison working in the blood and producing for a time a very agony of suffering! But are there not other things that sting? Little stings! How they hurt! Not the sting of a bee or the bite of a serpent, but the sting of words—the stings which are the points of sarcastic remarks, thoughtless words and careless acts. The sharpness and the poison of these will fester and rankle in the wound long after the heedless author has forgotten them. Could he see the flushed cheek and hot tears when the victim has escaped to seclusion; could he hear that prayer, "O, Father, help me to forget these words, for I do not believe they were intended to trouble me so," he would have been sorry for their effect, and would have chosen his words with more care. There is innocent, joyful mirth which "doeth good like a medicine," but the sarcastic or rude jest has a penetrating sharpness which hurts while it amuses. Let us earnestly seek to have such an abiding love for our fellow men that we shall instinctively say and do those things which will cause a merry spirit devoid of a pang. And let us remember that we have no excuse to offer for our stings. The bee has. His are given in self-defence, self-protection, self-preservation; ours are given in cruelty, spite, envy, sin. "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." B. B.

THE LAST DAY.

WERE this the last of earth,
This very day,
How should I think and act?
What should I say?
Would not I guard my heart
With earnest prayer?
Would not I serve my friends
With loving care?

How tender every word
As the hours wane!
"Like this we shall not sit
And talk again."
How soft the bearing heart
That soon must cease!
What glances carry love—
What, heavenly peace!

And yet this fleeting life
Is one last day;
How long so'er its hours,
They will not say.
O heart be soft and true;
While thou dost beat;
O hands, be swift to do;
O lips, be sweet! —*Selected.*