

there is no health in us. (2). It spreads rapidly and grows worse, so bad habits if not checked in the boy, are intensified in the man. (3). Incurable by man, even St. Paul could not cure it, Rom. vii. 19, see also Jer. xiii. 23. People try to be outwardly good, they may deceive their fellow man, but as there would have been no use in painting over the white spots of the leper, for he would still be a leper, so sin must be cured not covered.

(4). *It separates us from God.* The first thing sin did, was to exclude Adam and Eve from God's presence, so always, see Isaiah lix. 2; Ps. lxiv. 19; and, if persisted in, will forever separate us from God and His dwelling place, Rev. xxi. 27.

Jesus cures it. The only cure must come from Christ; man cannot cure himself. The great Physician is able to cure sin, Heb. vii. 25; and willing, St. Matthew xi. 20; St. John vi. 37, able, more particularly as He has touched our nature, Heb. ii. 14; taken it on Himself, yet undefiled by it, Heb. iv. 15; borne the curse, Gal. iii. 13, so that on the sinner coming, the curse is removed directly, Ephes. ii. 13. Just as the leper was cleansed so the heartfelt prayer of every sin-stained soul to be cleansed from sin is always met with an instantaneous answer; David an instance of this, 2 Sam. xii. 13; Ps. xxxii. 5. But suppose the leper had not known he was ill, or knowing it had not cared to come for the cure, he would have remained a leper; so men are not cleansed because they do not feel the evil of their sin, Rev. iii. 17, but Jesus has invited us all, and if we do not avail ourselves of it, it will be our own fault, St. John v. 40.

Family Reading.

SYMPATHY.

The one want in our human nature most common to us all is the need of sympathy. Not that stock in trade of well-turned formula which we pass from one to the other, much as we would say, "Good morning," or "What beautiful weather," but the mutual understanding of thought and feeling. The knowledge that any one whom we call friend will be ready to meet our thought half way, and perhaps fill out what we as yet only know in part; that he will understand our small self denials and sacrifices by intuition. How much it helps us to see an encouraging smile light up his face and receive a gentle pressure of the hand. Such a friend, always ready, is indeed rarely found in our earthly intercourse; but One such stands by each of us, only waiting to be accepted. If we could constantly keep before us the words: "Thou, God, see me," it would greatly help us in our daily jars and frets. The patient bearing of the little trials shows our Christian character. When things go wrong, or we are called upon to give up our will or our pleasures, *silently* let us say to ourselves: "Thou, God, see me;" immediately we will feel that there is one Friend near Who knows how we have fought and conquered, and the sympathy we need is ours. It makes us feel the nearness and reality of Christ to thus associate Him with our daily needs of our love and sympathy.

BAPTISM IN THE WOODS.

It was on a beautiful morning in September that Willie Graham sat at the door-step of his father's log cabin, the home of his parents had been made in the far-off West. No kind neighbours were near to run in and enjoy a social chat, and sadly did Willie miss the companionship of children. He had no playmates but a baby sister, who was yet too young to listen to him.

When Sunday came, that was the saddest day of the whole week, for well he remembered the Sunday at his former home in the East, and the dear old church where he was baptized in infancy. Now it was so different; seldom did he hear the voice of a Minister of God in his wilderness home.

There were times, however, when some good shepherd wandered that way, seeking out the lambs of Christ's flock and bringing them into His fold.

He had heard his parents frequently wishing that their baby could be baptized, and his own young heart felt a strong desire to have his little sister made one of Jesus' lambs.

It was on that bright September day, that Willie sat thinking of the subject so near to his heart, when he heard the unusual sound of wagon wheels. Starting up, he ran to his mother, who also went to the door to see their visitors. They proved to be some far-off neighbours, who had kindly come with the welcome tidings that a clergyman would visit them, hold service, baptize, and preach the next Sunday in their wilderness.

With what fervent joy the mother received the news, and, pressing her baby to her bosom thanked God for His kindness in answering her prayer.

The spot selected for the place of worship was well known to all residing within fifteen miles around. It was a charming retreat, with the blue heaven for its canopy, where, tall trees twined their boughs together in majestic loveliness. A clear, sparkling stream made its way through the beautiful grove, refreshing the thirsty and weary traveler, who often came to these gatherings of God's people, walking ten or fifteen miles, when not possessed of means to drive.

On this Sunday the meeting was unusually large, for many months had elapsed since they had been visited by a Priest of the Church; and it would be well if all children who weekly enjoy that blessed privilege, could as frequently appreciate it as did Willie Graham.

There, with the green glade for their church, the boughs their shelter, and the breeze among the woods accompanying the simple music of their voices, the solemn prayers and lessons of the Church were read, the people joined with reverence and chastened joy in the dear services, and Willie's sister, at the proper time, was taken into the Clergyman's arms, while one held in a bowl—for want of better font—pure water from the stream, and the little one, amid the prayers and thanks of its sponsors, was made "a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

How earnestly Willie listened to every word that fell from the good man's lips, and how he treasured up in his heart, the solemn scene of the baptism, and he almost wept when he saw his mother wipe the water from the baby's brow, whispering eagerly, "Don't wipe off the cross." Dear Willie, God can see the sign on His children's foreheads, and I am sure it shines bright in your clear, open brow, where truth and purity are marked.

Lambs of Jesus' flock, do you ever think of the sacred mark on your foreheads? Try by your pious lives to keep it bright, that you may be known here and at the last great day as members of your Saviour's body.

A CURE FOR SWEARING.

Isaac Hopper, a Quaker, in Philadelphia, found a colored man in the street swearing loudly. He had him up before the magistrate and got him fined. Swearing was wicked; it must be stopped.

The man's name was Cain. After some years had elapsed, Mr. Hopper met him again in the street, poor and ragged, and spoke to him.

"Friend," he said "I had thee once fined for profane swearing; did it do thee any good?"

"Not a bit," said Cain; "it just made me mad to lose the money—that's all."

"Nay, friend, I am sorry to hear this. I meant the punishment for thy good, Cain, verily."

He paused a moment, as if considering, then asked the amount of the fine, calculated what would be the interest of the sum for the past years, and handed principal and interest to the poor negro.

"Take it, friend. I wanted to do thee good, not ill," repeated the kind Quaker.

Tears rolled down the black man's face; he was won at last.

"Massa, you never hear 'nother oath from me," he said, as he gratefully thanked the Quaker.

And he never did swear again.

THOSE WORLDS ABOVE US.

The Solar System, that is, the family of sun and planets to which our earth belongs, is often represented in our books by drawings; and there is also an instrument called an "orrery" which shows it by a set of little balls; but both these give a wrong idea of the true proportions.

Let us suppose this mighty world we live on represented by a ball just one inch through. I wish you to keep this little measure in mind, for I intend to show the sizes and distances of the planets which correspond to it.

Now suppose we stood upon a vast, level park, extending every way as far as we could see. In the middle of it we will place a ball to stand for the Sun. How large must this be, if the Earth is only one inch? You will guess all wrong, and probably not half enough. The Sun is really about one hundred and eleven times larger than the Earth, measuring right through it, and therefore we must build a huge ball for the Sun that will be one hundred and eleven inches, or nine and a quarter feet through, to correspond with the little ball of one inch that represents our Earth.

Now, how far apart should these be placed to correspond correctly with their sizes? By calculating, I find this to be 990 feet, or nearly a fifth part of a mile. A good long walk from the big ball, across the park to the little one.

As we set out on this walk we will take with us other balls for the other planets, and lay them down in their right places. Leaving the great ball of more than nine feet high, which stands in the centre of the family of planets, and balances them all, and gives them light and heat, we walk on 384 feet, and place on the plain a large pea to represent the first planet, *Mercury*.

At 708 feet from the Sun we place a ball nearly as large as our Earth, for the beautiful planet *Venus*.

Now, at the distance I mentioned before, we lay down our *Earth*, whose moon we must not forget, —a small pea only a quarter of an inch through, and about three feet off.

Next, we drop down for *Mars* a fiery red marble of a half an inch through, at a distance of a little more than one fourth of a mile from the Sun.

Now at a half mile we place a group of little planets,—there are more than a hundred of them represented by different sized grains of sand. These are the *Asteroids* (which means "little stars.") Some think they were a single planet once, which blew up and went to pieces. But this is only a guess.

At a mile distant from the Sun, a walk which would tire some of my young readers, we station a good large ball for *Jupiter*, eleven inches through.

We will not trouble ourselves with his moons, but go on three quarters of a mile farther, and place *Saturn*, whose size is ten inches,—nearly as large as Jupiter. Saturn has a good many moons, and also a very singular set of rings around it, the largest of which will fill a hoop a little more than two feet across.

Next comes *Uranus*, three and a half miles from the Sun, like a very large orange four and a half inches through; and finally *Neptune*, more than six miles away, represented by a ball of six and a quarter inches.

We are well tired now with our long walk, and with carrying so many worlds in our hands, and we will sit down and look at the work we have done. Our planets have been dropped for convenience in a straight line. This was only to place them at the right distances, for they are not really in line, and are all in motion at different speeds, circling around the central sun; the nearest going round the oftenest. Our Earth, you know, makes its circuit in a year. Jupiter takes nearly twelve years; and Uranus is eighty-four years in making his mighty journey.

If you will try to realize, now, what I have been telling you, the great ball for the Sun, and little ones for the planets, and how far they are apart; you will have in your mind a very good picture, or miniature, of our family of worlds. Perhaps you will have a better idea than you had before of the wonderful power and grandeur of the great Being who