

one may think one thing, and another maintain the opposite, and this must always be the case with them, while they refuse the divine authority of the Church, and degrade her to the level of a voluntary association, depending for her existence and continuance upon the accidents of human opinion and preference.—*Bishop of Springfield.*

Whitsunday.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth."

Our Lord's words suggest many lessons, but one of especial and incontrovertible importance; reverence for the presence and work of that Holy Visitor whose festival this is. Reverence for Him, in the Bible which he inspires, in the Church which He governs and sanctifies, in the souls, whether our own or others, in which He deigns to dwell. It is easy to become familiar with the outward tokens of His presence; to use language which has no meaning apart from Him; to forget that He is the Lord and giver of life; without whom Holy Scripture, the Church, the New Birth, the New Life, would be empty phrases. If nature is full of interest and wonder, if the bodily frame which we inhabit, like the sea or the sky, are ever presenting to us new material for thought, much more is this the case with the mysterious depths of the human soul. And few things, perhaps, weigh more heavily on those of us who know that life is already on the wane, and that the greater number of the years for which we shall answer hereafter must have already passed, than the recollection which at times steals over us, of that almost unnoticed multitude of thoughts, feelings, aspirations, pointing upwards and onwards, which have presented themselves in the presence chamber of the soul, and then have vanished away, and left no trace behind. Whence came they? Those glimpses of nobler truth, those sudden cravings after a higher existence, those fretful, uneasy yearnings, full of wholesome dissatisfaction with self, those whisperings, those voices, which would not for a while allow us to rest; but which, as the years have passed—is it not often thus?—have died away into silence. Whence came they; and whither should they have led us on? Ah! we have said to ourselves, or the world has said to us, that the foolish enthusiasm of youth has passed, and that with middle age we have succeeded to common sense and ripe discretion. It may be so, but there is, at least in some cases, another way of reaching the result.—*Canon Liddon.*

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An Adventure of Rubens.

Rubens was thirty-five years old when he returned to Antwerp, his own city, there to build for himself a beautiful house, in which he lived till his death, which took place in 1640. One of the rooms on the first floor was assigned to his pupils, and a smaller one served him for his own private studio, where he painted many fine pictures. It was absolutely forbidden to his scholars to enter this room. When he went out he took the key with him, and his old servant, Francesco, who sometimes had the care of it, was the only person permitted to enter.

One day Rubens received a letter from a prince who begged him to visit him at his castle, twenty miles from the city, for the purpose of painting his portrait. At the moment of his departure, consigning the key to Francesco, he charged him on no account to allow any one to enter the room on pain of instant dismissal from his service. The next morning the pupils came, according to custom, to Rubens' house, to copy some pictures the master had given them; and learning of his departure for the castle of Prince de P—, the boldest among them gathered around Francesco, begging him to allow them to enter, if only for five minutes, into the studio of the master. But he replied at once that it was quite impossible, and that he should never think of disobeying the ex-

press commands of his employer. One of the scholars, the richest among them, drew from his purse a gold piece, and said to him:

"This is for you if you will consent to our petition, and we promise never to speak of it to any one."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," answered Francesco; but, unable to resist the temptation of becoming the owner of the beautiful gold piece, he yielded, little by little, to their prayers, and at length took the key and opened the door.

The students, impatient to enter—each one pushing and thrusting away the other—one of them, wishing to be the first, and being strongly impelled by his companions behind him, fell, as ill luck would have it, directly upon the last picture of Rubens, the "Deposition from the Cross," of which the colors were still fresh. The face of the Virgin and the arm of Mary Magdalen were effaced by this accident.

No words can express the absolute terror that fell upon the group of students, who, pale and motionless, stood like so many statues. After a short silence Francesco exclaimed:

"An evil genius tempted me, and I am punished indeed; but not one of you young gentlemen shall go out from this room without having repaired the harm you have done."

"Impossible!" cried the pupils with one voice. "We are not skilful enough even to touch the grandest works of our great master; we are not capable of it; we cannot do it."

Then Francesco, placing himself before the door, said in a solemn voice: "No one shall go out of this room except over my dead body."

Seeing the inflexible determination of the servant, the oldest student—the same who had offered the gold piece—said: "Francesco is right in what he says. We have done the harm; we ought to repair it to the best of our ability; so let us draw lots to decide who shall do it."

Having said these words, he took a leaf from his pocketbook, tore it into strips, wrote on them his own name, and those of his companions, and, putting them together in a hat, told Francesco to draw out one. He at once obeyed, and drew out a strip on which was written the name of the youngest of all, who at once declared with great emphasis that it was very unjust that he should be made to repair the damage caused by the others, for he had entered the studio the last of all, and consequently had pushed no one. But his companions, without heeding him for a moment, rushed headlong from the studio, and Francesco made haste to shut the door and put the key in his pocket, leaving behind him the youth whom fate had destined for the accomplishment of so difficult a task. After some time he rang the bell. Francesco came, and, seeing that he had painted the face of the virgin and the left arm of the Magdalen, gave the prisoner his liberty. We may imagine, however, poor Francesco's state of mind. He desired the return of his master because the moments of expectation were terrible to him, and he dreaded it because he expected to be instantly dismissed for his disobedience.

At length Rubens returned. He would not go up-stairs to change his travel-stained garments, but said to Francesco, who stood behind him, not daring to look him in the face: "Give me the key of my studio. I want to see again that last picture that I painted; it will make me famous, and will make the envious tremble. Quick! quick! the key!"

Francesco gave it up quickly and followed his master, trembling from head to foot.

Rubens entered his studio, and surveying his masterpiece with loving eyes, he could not refrain from exclaiming: "Look, Francesco, look! See how beautiful the face of the Virgin is! Look at the left arm of the Magdalen; it seems to me even finer than the other."

Francesco at these words felt a new life within him, and, unable to contain his joy, threw himself at the feet of his master and told all that had taken place in his absence. When he reached the part of his story relating that the names of all were written on strips of paper from which the name of the one who was to paint the picture was drawn by lot, Rubens did not allow him to finish,

but exclaimed impatiently and anxiously: "Which one was it who repaired the injury? Quick! quick, Francesco! give me his name!"

Francesco replied—"The Young Vandyck."

Two Stupid Boys.

Dean Stanley once said to a boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic. Dr. Boyd writes in Longman's Magazine that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures that ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honours must be proficient. He would not have done so well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight.

The story has two morals. One is, that a boy may be stupid in one study, and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.

"Be Not Conformed to this World."

We must influence the world or the world will influence us. We must act or we shall be acted upon. If we do not try to straighten the world to the standard of right, the world will bend us to the standard of wrong. The fashions, the follies, the maxims, the customs, the practices of the world exercise a moulding influence on all who yield to their power. If we are to withstand these influences we must plant our feet on the Eternal Rock, we must oppose the current of worldly influences, even though we resist unto blood, striving against sin; and we must be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. If we are passive and listless we shall be overcome; we must actively oppose those influences which seduce us or assail us; we must neither be beguiled by earth's blandishments nor swept away by its rushing tides. We must stand fast in the faith.

"This One Thing I Do."

The conquering word is, "This one thing I do." The difference between the amateur and the artist is that the one pursues an art by spirits, as a *parergon*—a thing that is done in the intervals of other occupations—and that the other makes it his life's business. There are a great many amateur Christians amongst us, who pursue the Christian life by fits and starts. If you want to be a Christian after God's pattern—and unless you are you are scarcely a Christian at all—you have to make it your business, to give the same attention, the same concentration, the same unwavering energy to it which you do to your trade. The man of one book, the man of one idea, the man of one aim is the formidable and the successful man. People will call you a fanatic; never mind. Better be a fanatic and get what you aim at, which is the highest thing, than be so broad that, like a stream spreading itself out over miles of mud, there is no scour in it anywhere, no current, and therefore stagnation and death.

For nervous headache use K D.C.