

Family Reading.

The Blessing of Death.

Has God one blessing only—the blessing of life? or is there healing in the wings of the angel of death? Shall we shrink from death as the Greeks in Herder's simile, like children covering their eyes with their hands, to hide its horror? or may we welcome it as an angel of the All-merciful, although it robs us of our best and best-beloved, and say in the spirit of St. Francis, "My sister, Death?" There are some purposes which cannot be wrought out by life, but must needs be accomplished by death. It is not the faiths for which men are ready to argue, although they forge ever so cunning a chain of arguments, it is the faiths for which they die that conquer the world. God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. Nay, He makes their very death a strength and solace to the generations which are the heirs of their high purpose.

Home the Type of Heaven.

The sweetest type of Heaven is home, writes Rev. T. Holland Day; Heaven is the home for whose acquisition we are to strive most strongly. Home, in one form and another, is the great object of life. It stands at the end of every day's labour, and beckons us to its bosom. And life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides us from the life beyond, glimpses of the pleasant mansion prepared for us.

Politeness Pays.

"I have often heard my uncle," said the nephew of a noted lawyer, "dwell upon the fact that he owed much of his success in life to a habit of invariable politeness, without any element of toadyism, which had been instilled into his nature by the teaching of a wise mother.

"His first start in his profession came through an old scrub-woman who was employed about the house where he boarded when a young man. One morning he passed out as she was scrubbing the front stairs, and he saluted her politely as usual. She stopped him.

"They tell me ye are a lawyer," she said.

"Yes."

"Well, I know a poor widdy woman that wants a lawyer, and if you give me your address, I'll tell her."

"The 'poor widdy' proved to be the chief heiress to a large estate in Delaware county, Pa. My uncle became her attorney and trustee of her children, recovered her interest in the estate, and derived a good income from its management for many years."

He Shares Our Burdens.

I knew a Christian lady who had a heavy temporal burden. It took away her sleep and appetite, and there was danger of health breaking down under it. One day, when it seemed especially heavy, she noticed lying on the table near her a little tract called "Hannah's Faith." Attracted by the title, she picked it up and began to read it, little knowing that it was to create a revolution in her whole experience. The story was of a poor woman who had been carried triumphantly through a life of unusual sorrow. She was giving the history of her life to a kind visitor on one occasion, and at the close, the visitor said, feelingly:

"Oh, Hannah, I don't see how you could bear so much sorrow!"

"I did not bear it," was the quick reply: "the Lord bore it for me."

"Yes," said the visitor; "that is the right way. We must take our troubles to the Lord."

"Yes," replied Hannah; "we must do more than that: we must leave them there. Most people," she continued, "take their burdens to Him, but they bring them away with them again, and are just as worried and unhappy as ever."

But I take mine, and I leave them with Him, and I come away and forget them. If the worry comes back, I take it to Him again; and I do this over and over until at last I just forget I have any worries, and am at perfect rest."

Minor Untruthfulness.

There are other forms of untruthfulness besides the direct lie. There are those who would not speak an untrue word who yet color their statements so as to make them really false in the impression they leave; such people would not speak a lie, but they will act one. Their lives are full of small deceits, concealments, pretences, insinuations, dissimulations, dishonesties. We all know how many of these there are to be met with. Let us be true in our inmost soul—true in every word, act, look, tone and feeling, determined never to deceive, remembering ever that there are no "white lies" in God's sight; it is a miserable fiction that thinks there are.

Spring Requires

That the impurities which have accumulated in your blood during the winter shall be promptly and thoroughly expelled if good health is expected. When the warmer weather comes these impurities are liable to manifest themselves in various ways and often lead to serious illness. Unless the blood is rich and pure that tired feeling will afflict you, your appetite will fail and you will find yourself "all run down." Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the system, drives out all impurities and makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and the best spring medicine. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Save Your Temper.

Probably no small article among indispensables of modern life causes more annoyance than a poor pen, when writing. Some say they have never yet found a pen to suit them. Our ideal of a pen is one that seems to glide over the paper without effort, and by its own qualities makes the writing neater and more legible.

Experts in writing say that the Spencerian Co.'s pens are the best. Whether this is so, it is not for us to say, but we are informed that those who send return postage to the New York Office, 450 Broome St., will receive samples of several of their different numbers, among which may yet be found that greatly to be desired thing, a pen that does not spoil one's writing and one's temper.

—A beautiful person is in the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure, and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. —Our Young People.

A Picture of Peace.

In the Pitti Palace at Florence hangs a picture which represents a stormy sea with wild waves and black clouds and fierce lightnings flashing across the sky. Wrecks float on the angry waters, and here and there a human face is seen. Out of the midst of the waves a rock rises, against which the waters dash in vain. It towers high above the crest of the waves. In a cleft of the rock are some tufts of grass and green herbage, with sweet flowers blooming, and amid these a dove is seen sitting on her nest, quiet and undisturbed by the wild fury of the storm, or the mad dashing of the waves below her.

The picture fitly represents the peace of the Christian amid the sorrows and trials of the world. He is hidden in the cleft of the Rock of Ages, and nestles securely in the bosom of God's unchanging love.

lineament was plain to them, he was in truth mentally present with them. And the same sentiment is the experience of every human family, savage and civilized. The loved one, laid to rest, is in spirit ever with them. There is no mystery in all this other than the common mystery, or more properly the usual wonder, which even physiology fails accurately to explain, how the brain brings to it in a flash the likeness of a loved individual, perhaps many thousands of miles distant. 4. It is this persistent endeavour to encourage the idea of a special spiritual intervention or mystery, inherent in the administration of the Communion rite, which has in the past done and is still doing great injury to our common Christianity. I fear that numbers of the intelligent laity absent themselves from the Lord's table because they think the mode of administering the Communion service in the one particular mentioned teaches transubstantiation, and I think they have good cause. True, our honored clergy do sometimes, perhaps once a year, tell us in their sermons that the bread and wine are only emblems, but the intervening business of the world makes us unfortunately forget the instruction, and none of us can say our preparation for the Communion is all that it should have been. When there present, we are suddenly, too suddenly, almost bluntly, presented with the "body of our Lord." It seems to me to be an unnecessary, almost a thrilling act of presumption. I have often thought that it would be well, in the interest of truth and propriety, if this ancient form were altered and a form adopted by the early Church authorities, who did not notice or care to notice, to put it in the mildest form, that the words of our Lord, "This is my body," were spoken figuratively. We know now that they were so spoken, and if the above authorities had studied the Scriptures as they ought to have done, they would have seen that our Lord Himself told His chosen twelve that they were figurative. 5. We can only account for the very strong expressions Jesus used when speaking to His disciples on an occasion previous to the last supper, about eating His flesh and drinking His blood, to the fact that he was in great trouble of mind; He was indeed a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; the wonder is that He was so calm and collected; but His language was so unusually strong that His disciples did know what to make of it. They were perplexed beyond measure, for they were all Jews, and one of their most binding laws was, and is to this day, the prohibition to eat blood. "But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." Gen. ix. 4. "Whatsoever man there be of the House of Israel, or of the stranger that sojourneth among you, that eateth any manner of blood, I will even set My face against that soul that eateth blood and will cut him off from among his people." Lev. xvii. 11. "Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh, for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof: whosoever eateth it shall be cut off." Lev. xvii. 14. 6. This was the strict Jewish law given by God Himself. Is it conceivable that Christ, who was sent to fulfil that law, would direct His disciples to break it by drinking His own blood? No! a thousand times no! 7. It is on record, John vi. 60, that many disciples were amazed, and forsook Him and walked no more with Him for His sayings, but He calmed the minds of His chosen twelve by telling them that His words were figurative; "The words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are life." 8. It is clear, then, that the language our Lord used was purely figurative. We know that He often used parables in His discourses. It was the usual manner in which the Jews expressed themselves. Thus Jesus Himself said, "I am the door," "I am the vine," "This cup is my blood," and the Scriptures are full of similar passages, as, "God is a rock," "God is a shield," "All flesh is grass," "Your life is a vapour," &c., &c. 9. With great submission I would say in conclusion to anyone interested that when the minister delivers the bread the form used should be altered, as suggested by Mr. Keble (annotated common Prayer-Book, page 387), by the addition of the words "Receive this bread," as follows. 10. "Receive this bread, emblem of the body of the Lord Jesus Christ. Take and eat in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart, by faith, with thanksgiving." 11. This, in one sense small, but most important change, would, I think, be acceptable to the vast majority of Churchmen, and would destroy forever even the semblance of the absurdity of the doctrine of transubstantiation in the English Church. 12. The Catechism, which now reads "The Body and Blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed, (that is, which are actually and without doubt,) taken," etc., can easily be modified. Yours, &c.

Toronto, 23rd March, 1897.

J. SYMONS.

—Some day He will tell you why He has tried you, and let you look back upon your life story, and see the golden thread of His fatherly love and care shining over it all.