

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

Perhaps no quality of our divine, yet human, Saviour, wins our hearts so irresistibly as this. We may admire his all-consuming zeal, His condescending love, His matchless self-sacrifice, but His quick and perfect sympathy reaches the inner citadel of our affections, and claims a swift response. In whatever scene we find Him, whether at the marriage feast, in the sick chamber, or beside the new-made grave, we witness the same complete sympathy with those around, and the same regard for their feelings. We often painfully realize, when in trouble, that earthly friends are wanting in that "tender disciplined feeling" which can fully understand and appreciate our sorrow. But here is one who has that feeling in its full perfection, who knows all the circumstances of the case, and can fill the blank or heal the wound as no other can. Every trial that we can know he has borne. His brow felt the pressure of every thorn in the harassing circle of earthly troubles. Pain, bereavement, loneliness, misunderstanding were His in full measure, that He might know how to sympathize with us, and they are ours, that we may fly to the asylum of that sympathy. His sorrows now are all over, and He is prepared to make ours His own. To realize the perfection of His sympathy, we need to surrender ourselves entirely to its sway. Then shall we find it as much superior, in satisfaction and fulness, to all other comfort, as His life is superior to all others.—*Boston Watchman.*

MODERN DRESS AND MANNERS.

It is a bad sign when men cease to respect women of their own, or indeed, of any class; but the women themselves are to blame for the intolerably flippant and impertinent tone pervading young society. We do not want to go back to the formalities of Sir Charles Grandison, and there is a winning charm in naturalness not to be had from the most perfected artificiality. Nevertheless, a slight return to Old World forms of courtesy, a little dash of that stately reverence of speech and demeanor which our forefathers exaggerated into pedantry, would be a gain in times when the young men give, as their greatest praise of a girl, "There is no nonsense about her," meaning no bashfulness, no reserve, no girlish shrinking modesty; while the girls justify the compliment by calling the young men "dear boys;" and sometimes when they have less nonsense even than usual, and desire a closer assimilation of style, "old men."

This is the "form" which is taught and held up for admiration in the ladies' novels of the day; and it is impossible to exaggerate the degree in which these writings have tended to corrupt and degrade the sex who chiefly write and read them. All these things are patent. Patent, too, is the inference that a woman, from no fault of her own, falls into trouble; she suffers for the mistakes and follies of her class and the time. Personally she may be wholly blameless; but with all these lines of demarcation blurred, these distinctive characteristics confused, it is almost inevitable that there should be mistakes. Until we come to a more ethereal condition of existence the burden of self-protection must, we fear, lie on the women themselves. That burden is not very heavy, and the penance it includes not very bitter. It is only that modest women must show what they are by a series of negatives, and take care not to expose themselves to misconception by an attractiveness of out-of-door dress, a doubtful manner of speech, and a Bohemian bon-

net of behaviour to strangers which shift the labels, mislead their companions, and end in the confusion of a mistaken affinity, by which they themselves are the greatest sufferers in the end.—*Saturday Review.*

A LITTLE Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, became absorbed in contemplation of the skies. Being asked of what she was thinking, she replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be!"

It is a mistake for a pastor to suppose that he can have his people take an interest in the religious movements of the day without having a religious periodical circulated among them. It is a mistake for a pastor to suppose that his people can be acquainted with the progress and wants of his own organization, and contribute liberally to the support of its institutions, unless they are readers of a paper devoted especially to the interests of that branch of the Christian Church. It is a mistake for anyone to suppose that he can, by the same expenditure in any other way, bring as much religious information before his family as by subscribing and paying for a well-conducted religious paper. It is a mistake for a man to begin and practice economy by stopping his religious paper. To do this is to deprive himself and family of a great benefit. It is a mistake for anyone to suppose that a paper can be made exactly what everyone would like it to be. The general taste and wants must be consulted. It is a mistake for any to think that editors can, by any possibility, admit to their columns every article that is sent to them. They must often decline contributions ably written, because space is demanded for something of present interest, of which the church and the world wish to read. It is a mistake for one who can compose lines containing a certain number of syllables to suppose himself a true-born poet.

THE Moabite stone, about which so much was written a few years ago, is attracting special attention once more. Our readers will remember that it is a monument of victory erected by Mesha, king of Moab, near the borders of the Dead Sea, about two thousand seven hundred years ago. The war of Israel against Mesha is noticed in 2 Kings, iii. At the close of the chapter some mysterious dis-ection among the Israelites is hinted at, and their retreat is recorded. It is supposed that upon this the Moabites reconquered their territory, and set up this stone as a memorial of their success, an account of which is engraved on its sides. The language of the inscription is so nearly allied to the Hebrew as to be read easily. The monument is of black basalt; it is about four feet high, three wide, and one and a half thick. It was discovered in 1870; but the Arabs, who cherished a superstitious reverence for it, broke it in pieces, scattered the fragments among different families, in order to keep the Europeans from gaining possession of it. Most of the fragments, however, were speedily purchased and put together. The few which remained in the hands of the Arabs were of great importance, as they contained some portions of the inscriptions. By great patience and tact, M. Clermont Ganneau has at length recovered almost all of them, and has deposited the monument, put together with black cement, and substantially complete, in the great Museum of the Louvre. It is one of the most curious and interesting confirmations of the Scriptures which Eastern exploration has discovered.

BARLEY WATER FOR AN INVALID.

Take two ounces of pearl barley and wash it thoroughly, then place it in some boiling water, and boil it for about ten minutes. This has the effect of dissolving the outside of the barley. Strain it off, put it into a couple of quarts of fresh boiling water, and let it boil gently till it has nearly half boiled away. Then strain off the liquor, and flavour it with a little sugar and lemon-juice, putting in a small piece of peel. Barley water is often made too thick. Patients, especially feverish ones, want something to drink. By adding water to it, it can, of course, be made as thin as wished. Barley-water should be kept in a jug, with a spoon in it, and stirred up each time before it is poured out, and only the quantity required poured out, as it settles and does not look nice—milky at the bottom and watery at the top.

BIRDS VERSUS VERMIN.

"In 1873," says M. de Lantrie, "I took five little sparrow hawks from a high tower and put them in a cage on the balcony. The parent birds immediately brought them food, and I was not surprised to see that this food consisted of twelve mice, four large lizards, and six mole crickets. A meal of like size was brought every day for a month. At one time there were fifteen field mice, two little birds, and a young rabbit. Last year I made the same experiment with the same general result, one meal consisting of twelve young nightingales, one lark, three moles, and one hedgehog. The parents always ate the heads of their prey, and picked from the bodies of the dead birds some of their feathers. In the case of the hedgehog the only part not eaten by these voracious little creatures was the skin of the back, which was too much for their maws. In one month the five baby hawks rid the world, by actual count, of four hundred and twenty rats and mice, two hundred and twenty mole crickets, and one hundred and fifty-eight lizards. Were not the twelve poor little nightingales and the lark well paid for?"

LOG-NAVIGATION OF THE NILE.

As we watch, almost breathless, the strain on the ropes, look! there is a man in the tumultuous rapid before us swiftly coming down as if to destruction. Another one follows, and then another, till there are half a dozen men and boys in this jeopardy, this situation of certain death to anybody not made of cork. And the singular thing about it is that the men are seated upright, sliding down the shining water like a boy, who has no respect for his trousers, down a sandbank. As they dash past us, we see that each is seated on a round log about five feet long; some of them sit upright with their legs on the log, displaying the soles of their feet, keeping the equilibrium with their hands. These are smooth, slimy logs, that a white man would find it difficult to sit on if they were on shore, and in this water they would turn with him only once; the log would go one way and the man another. But these fellows are in no fear of the rocks below; they easily guide their barks out of the rushing floods, through the whirlpools and eddies, into the slack shore water in the rear of the boat, and stand up like men and demand backsheesh. These logs are popular ferry boats in the Upper Nile; I have seen a woman crossing the river on one, her clothes in a basket and the basket on her head—and the Nile is nowhere an easy stream to swim.—*Warner, in the July Atlantic.*

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