

## Not Worthy Yet.

I felt my tide of life was ebbing low;  
Death's angel hovered near me all aglow.  
With regal beauty, Paradise seemed near,  
And yet my spirit shrank in deadly fear.

And faint, sweet perfumes filled my silent room.  
And angels' songs were wafted through its gloom.  
Then came a voice which echoed far away:  
"Not fit to die, she still must work and pray!"

"Not worthy yet to die!" Oh, precious boon  
Of life! the vision faded all too soon.  
Only the crucifix remained, I pressed  
The sacred symbol to my lips and breast.

K.D.C. Pills cure chronic constipation.

## The Teacher's Grave.

"Oh! Nellie, can it be that she is really dead? I have been away so short a time, that it seems quite impossible it can have happened."

"Yes, yes, it is quite true, Lizzie. She was looking rather paler than usual on the Sunday, and on the Wednesday following she was dead; and now I have brought you to see her last resting-place."

These were the words of two young girls, of about the ages of twelve and thirteen. They were standing beside a newly-covered grave, on the sloping bank of a pretty churchyard. The old ivy-covered tower of the little church was catching the last rays of the setting sun, and, in the distance, might be heard the busy din of the city, and the shouts of merry children at their play. But no thought of these passed through the minds of those two girls. They could only gaze on that lowly grave, and the simple cross which stood at its head, and think of her whose body lay there, waiting for the resurrection morn. But who was she? Why should she be thus thought of by those girls? Three years ago, Anna Maynard had come to their city, to teach in their parish school. Naturally fond of children, though not possessing a very attractive exterior, she soon won their love by her ever ready sympathy in their little trials. Did a child fall, was there a hard lesson to overcome, or a dispute to settle?—"Let us go to Anna," was ever the first cry. They were always sure she would be willing to listen, to console, help, or reconcile them. They knew that from her they would receive no such answer as "I've not time now," or, "Don't bother me, children." And yet, I would not have you suppose that she was perfect. She had to strive hard to attain such forbearance, and then sometimes failed. But there is that in a gentle, persevering character, which makes us speak of the possessor in glowing terms, and in our own minds, cast aside their faults. So months passed on, whirling the common course of all things around in their rapid flight, and working many changes in the several families of our earth. And each month robbed Anna's cheeks of more and more of their healthful bloom, and each one left her more slight and languid than the last. But none thought that the crisis was so near; none thought who saw her on the Sunday, filling her place in church, that they would see her there no more. Had one girl amongst her children known, she would have listened more quietly to that gentle, though oft-repeated reproof, for irreverence in the house of her God, instead of scorning the words so sadly spoken, and so winning to herself never-ending remorse. But the end did come, and the messenger of death paused in his nightly wandering, and took the soul of their teacher, and carried it to the God who gave. And mourning waxed loud in that parish school, and the little ones asked for their friend, and could scarce be comforted in the thought that she was in a brighter home, where they might some day see her.

The sun's rays have sunk far down behind the western hill, the din has ceased, the children have gone to their homes, and the evening star is looking down upon the silent earth, wrapt in its twilight folds. Our two little friends have talked over their sad loss, and now they kneel side by side, with low-bowed heads, and clasped hands, to thank the Great Eternal for His mercy in

sending them such a teacher as she had been, and to pray that they may carry out her instructions, and so, by following in her steps, may join her in the realms of Heaven, to praise with her for ever and ever the Holy God.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

## Form Without Faith.

The man who frets impatiently under the little crosses and disasters of our passing day—who abandons himself to despair when his visions of prosperity on this side of time are scattered by the hand of misfortune into nothing—who feels that all is lost, because the earthly portion upon which he set his heart is lost—who differently reckoning from Paul, reckons himself an outcast from hope and happiness because of the clouds that sit on this temporary scene—he may try himself by these marks, and learn how little indeed it is that he lives by the power of a coming world—learn how, after all, when his faith is brought to a really practical test, it is found most woefully to fail him, and especially learn how possible it is to have quite the form of sound words, and to have all the notions and phrases of the Evangelical system, without being impregnated with that faith which is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

## Origin and History of the Term Zero.

Zero, on the common thermometers, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is a curious instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. It may be worth while to say that the word itself, zero, comes to us through the Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty—hence, nothing. In expressions like 90 degrees Fahr., the abbreviation Fahr. stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant of Dantzic, on the Baltic Sea. His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only nineteen years old, in the remarkably cold winter of 1709, he experimented by putting snow and salt together and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of the year, and that day was the coldest day that the oldest inhabitant could remember.

Gabriel was the more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded that he had found the lowest degree of temperature known in the world, either natural or artificial. He called the degree zero, and constructed a thermometer or rude weather glass, with a scale graduating up from zero to boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point 32, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than "from Dan to Beersheba" expressed the extremes of Palestine. But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science. The three countries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland and America. Russia and Germany use Raumer's thermometer, in which the boiling point is counted eighty degrees above the freezing. France uses the centigrade thermometer, so called because it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from the freezing point. On many accounts the centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is put 100 degrees or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally. If Fahrenheit had done this first, or even if he made it one of his many improvements after the public adopted his error, the lack of opportunity, which was real-

ly his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.

## Trinity-tide.

Trinity-tide is the season during which the devout soul which has, for months, been contemplating the Sublime Spectacle of the Divine Man treading the *Via Dolorosa*, is moved to make, at least, an earnest effort to "Follow His steps,"—exclaiming:—

"Since Thou hast done this for me,  
What shall I do for Thee?"

"Trinity-tide" thus becomes the Dress-Parade of the Christian, the time when he "Shows his Faith by his Works;" and even though the weeks be long, and his following of his Master ever so faltering and distant, yet his eyes are ever "Looking unto Jesus," and his heart is ever yearning:—

"O God, to me may grace be given  
To follow in His Train."

## Christ's Ambassadors.

Any man may read the Scriptures, or make an oration to the people, but it is not that which the Scriptures shall call preaching the Word of God, unless he be sent by God to do it. *For how can they preach except they be sent?* A butcher may kill an ox or a lamb, as well as the high priest; but it was no sacrifice to God unless one of his priests did it. *And no man taketh this honour to himself but he that is called of God, as was Aaron.* Any man may treat of public affairs as well as an ambassador, but he cannot do it to any purpose without a commission from his prince. As, suppose a foreign nation should set up one among themselves to make a league with England, what would that signify when he is not authorized by the king to do it? And yet this is the case of many among us, who, as the Apostle foretold, cannot endure sound doctrine, but after their own lusts heap themselves teachers, having itching ears. But such teachers as men thus heap to themselves, howsoever they may tickle their itching ears, they can never touch their hearts; for that can only be done by the power of God accompanying and assisting His own institution and commission. Inasmuch that if I did not think, or rather was not fully assured, that I had such a commission to be an ambassador for Christ, and to act in His name, I should never think it worth the while to preach, or execute my ministerial office; for I am sure that all I did would be null and void of itself, according to God's ordinary way of working, and we have no ground to expect miracles. But, blessed be God, we in our Church, by a successive imposition of hands, continued all along from the Apostles themselves, receive the same Spirit that was conferred upon them for the administration of the Word and Sacraments ordained by our Lord and Master, and therefore may do it as effectually to the salvation of mankind as they did. For as they were, so we are, ambassadors for Christ.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

—There can be no question but that one of the needs of the Christian Church is that of more preparation for the Holy Communion. At the same time, it can be said that the Christian should always be prepared. He should be prepared to die whenever it may please God to call him. That summons may come at any moment. And he should be always prepared to accept the invitation to the Supper of the Lord. The knowledge of the truth, "Behold, I come quickly," is one that teaches the need of constant preparation in the spirit of watchfulness and prayer. And so it should be for the Holy Communion. For that preparation our communion service is a wonderful model.

Bread pudding with cherries is an ingenious method of using stale bread. Put one cupful (one half-pint) milk in a double boiler. When hot add two ounces of stale bread crumbs, a grated rind of lemon, one tablespoonful butter. Cook ten minutes. Beat two eggs, without separating; add four tablespoonfuls sugar and another cup of milk; add these now to the boiler, then turn into a greased baking dish, sprinkle with dried cherries and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown. Serve hot.