

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 catch-  
ing 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, child-  
ren." 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 com-  
mon 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 health-  
ful 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 messen-  
ger 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 look-  
ing 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 coinci-  
dence 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 con-  
structed 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 con-  
tracted 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 coun-  
tries which use Fahrenheit are England, Holland  
and America. Russia and Germany use Raumer's  
thermometer, in which the boiling point is count-  
ed eighty degrees above the freezing. France  
uses the centigrade thermometer, so called be-  
cause it marks the boiling point 100 degrees from  
the freezing point. On many accounts the centi-  
grade system is the best, and the triumph of con-  
venience 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 de-  
vout soul which has, for months, been contem-  
plating 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 "Look-  
ing 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 am-  
bassador, but he cannot do it to any purpose with-  
out a commission from his prince. As, suppose  
a foreign nation should set up one among them-  
selves 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 them-  
selves teachers, having itching ears. But such  
teachers as men thus heap to themselves, how-  
ever 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 sal-  
vation 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 knowl-  
edge 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.