

"All that pleases is but for a moment." Over the other is sculptured a cross, and these are the words beneath, "All that troubles us is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance, in the main aisle, is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal."

The bells of Westminster Abbey chime hourly a sweet, simple melody. Everyone does not know the words allied to the tune, so I will give them here:

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide,
And through Thy power
No foot shall slide."

The late Dr. Pond of Bangor had several young children removed by death, and he left a tender and beautiful allusion to them in the following paragraph:

I love to think of them as away from me at school—the best school in the universe, where they have the best teachers, and are learning the best things in the best possible manner. I expect ere long to go and see them—see what progress they have made, and to what heights of glory they are ultimately destined, for I think it is not unlikely that among the brightest spirits that surround the eternal throne may be found many at the last who have left this world in infancy.

The celebrated traveller, Baron Humboldt, wrote a thrilling account of the first earthquake he ever witnessed. The earthquake was at Cumana, South America. The first shock came after a strange stillness, and produced a terrible effect on the Baron's mind, upsetting all his previous notions as to the permanency of the earth. He could no longer trust the ground that seemed so firm and solid under his feet. The houses could not shelter him, for they were tumbling to the ground. He turned to the trees, but they were being thrown down. He looked toward the sea, but its waters had so receded that snips were rolling on the sand. He thought of fleeing to the mountains, and looked that way; when, lo! the mountains were reeling to and fro like a drunken man. He turned his eyes towards the heavens above him, and of all he could see, they alone seemed calm, firm, and immovable. Let Christians read and learn a lesson. Look up! "There is nothing firm but heaven."

Those who are accustomed to regard the verse "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night" as a mere figure of speech, are told by the writer of "Limaings for Teachers" that the "smiting moon" is a much dreaded reality in equatorial climates. Says the author: "Last night was a full moon at the equator. With the sun standing directly overhead in December this means not night, but a silver day of exceeding brightness, a blue sky, now white clouds, scarcely any stars visible. Upon such a night

a stranger would wonder to see the native people carrying an open umbrella. The fact is, such a radiant moon possesses the smiting power to which the composer of the Psalm refers. If one walk out bareheaded, soon an unpleasant sensation of fullness will be felt above the temples, and next day there may be a fever and symptoms similar to those of sunstroke. Many cases occur of the people who have lain out in the open air being smitten by moonlight with facial paralysis. Any of the features may become violently and permanently contorted. The mouth especially suffers, sometimes so distinctly as to give the unfortunate the veritable appearance of a *lusus nature*. This is the moon David knew, and after beholding its beautiful yet dangerous brilliancy this Psalm acquires a new force and sweetness."

An evil is to be let alone, even if the letting it alone be called by some obnoxious name. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." This is the divine counsel. Treat the saloon thus, even though some call it "boycotting." Treat the gambling hall thus, even though some call it "Paritaneal." Treat the Sabbath breaking resort thus, even though some call it "fanatical." There is but one way for a Christian to act in reference to anything in the world, and that is the way in which Jesus Christ would if He were in his place.

Our days are like beautiful summer fields, as God gives them to us. The minutes are lovely blooming flowers and silvery grass-blades, and stalks of wheat with their germs of golden foliage, or vines with their blossoms—prophecies of coming purple clusters. O, the fair possibilities of the days and hours and minutes as they come to us from God's hands! But what did you do with yesterday? How does the little acre of that one day look to you now? Is it waving with beauty? Are there no waste spots in it? What did you do with the seven days of last week? How does that seven-acre field appear to you as you view it from the hill-top of the holy Sabbath? Are there no wasted minutes, no squandered hours?—*Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.*

Christ is our life. In heaven He ever liveth to pray. His life in us is an ever praying life, if we will but trust Him for it. Christ teaches us to pray, not only by example, by instruction by command, by promises, but by showing us Himself, the ever living Intercessor as our life. It is when we believe this and go and abide in Him for our prayer life, too, that our fears of not being able to pray aright will vanish, and we shall joyfully and triumphantly trust our Lord to teach us to pray, to be Himself the life and the power of our prayer.—*Andree Murray.*

A noble life crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.—*James A. Garfield.*



"A LION'S HEAD."

UPON the wall it hung where all might see:
A living picture—so the people said—
A type of grandeur, strength and majesty—
"A lion's head."

Yet, if you gazed awhile, you seemed to see
The eyes grow strangely sad, that should
have raged;
And, lo! your thoughts took shape unconsciously—
"A lion caged!"

You saw the living type behind his bars,
His eyes so sad with mute reproach, but still
A very king, as when beneath the stars
He roved at will.

And then your thoughts took further ground, and ran
From real to ideal, till at length

The lion caged seemed but the type of man
In his best strength;

Man grand, majestic in both word and deed,
A giant in both intellect and will,
Yet trammelled by some force he can but heed
And cannot still;

Man in his highest attributes, but bound
By chains of circumstance around him cast,
Yet nobly living out life's daily round,
Till work be past.

So musing, shadows fall all silently
And swift recall the thoughts that wandering
fled:

The dream has ended and you can but see
"A lion's head."

G. WEATHERLY.