

at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The Park Commissioners contemplate naming the elevation on which it is placed the Francis Drake Hill. Should the Missionary Council go to California next year, its formal dedication will probably take place at that time.

Dr. Luck, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Auckland, writes to the *Auckland Herald* objecting to the signature of the Anglican Bishop. Such a signature as W. G. Auckland "is a slap," says the Papal Prelate, "at the Catholic Bishop," while no outsider would know which Bishop is meant, and, further, Dr. Cowie's signature as W. G. Auckland has been disallowed for legal purposes. The Anglican prelate's answer, which is marked by the same politeness as that which distinguished the protest of his brother Bishop, states that he claims no rights but such as are his as a Bishop of the Catholic Church and of the Ecclesiastical Province of New Zealand, and only once to oblige a firm of solicitors has he signed his name in full. W. G. Auckland was only short for William Garden, Bishop of Auckland, and life being short, a short signature was an advantage.

A curious sight may be witnessed any day in St. Paul's Cathedral just now—preparations for hoisting into position the colossal statues of saints and fathers of the Church, to be placed in the eight niches round the drum of the dome in the interior of the church. To raise a block of stone weighing over a ton to a height of 185 feet above the pavement is no easy matter. Perilous-looking platforms, resting on strong joists and supported by scaffolding poles at daring angles, which are marvels of skilful construction, are erected across a narrow segment of the dome alongside the niche to be filled. The saint, divided into three pieces, each weighing over a ton, and carefully padded round to guard against any injury to the walls or railing of the whispering gallery, as he ascends, is attached to a pulley composed of several thicknesses of rope. The decoration of the interior, however, proceeds very slowly, and the cathedral remains a striking contrast in this respect to the great continental churches.

#### Hood's and Only Hood's

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### Family Reading.

#### The Departing Year.

The year is dying! and, when fairly dead,  
Strew some unfading flowers upon its bier;  
Though in its flight came transient hours of dread,  
And days that beam'd not always bright and clear;  
Yet hath the light it leaves us haply shed  
A brightening hope upon the coming year,  
To which we look, as when not distant far  
We watch the rising of some glorious star.

The year is dying! but another's dawn  
Will break, ere long, upon the realm of time;  
Bright be its advent! fair and calm its morn!  
Its noon and eve be cloudless as its prime!  
May peace, and joy, and plenty's garnish'd horn  
Pour forth their blessings in our genial clime,  
And trust in heaven, and love to man appear  
More bright, more glorious, in each passing year!

#### Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

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Lady Trevannion was the first to enter the church. She was attired in her usual magnificence, and her still handsome face and dignified demeanour were calculated to make no light impression on her fellow-parishioners. Behind her, Lora came floating up the old aisle, attracting, by her grace and beauty, the fixed and admiring gaze

of all. She was dressed in rich blue silk, with velvet jacket edged with ermine and a little bonnet of soft white plush, beneath which her golden hair gleamed in the winter sunlight. Her gaze of calm superiority, almost amounting to hauteur, was straight before her, fixed, as it seemed, on the coloured chancel window; and throughout the whole of the service it scarcely wandered. Very different must she have been from the Lora of by-gone years, who ran about and fidgeted beneath the accommodating shelter of the high-backed pew, whispering and laughing with her brother, and doing a hundred naughty wayward things, to the sore trouble and vexation of the nurse-governess who accompanied her. Almost unnoticed, in the shadow of her sister's presence, came Stella, with pale still face, and eyes bent on the ground. She was followed by Captain Flamank, tall, handsome, prepossessing; and last of all came Somerset himself, sternly aristocratic, and with a cold proud gaze, fixed yet more steadily than that of his sister. At an interval of some moments, and just as the beadle, deeming his duty accomplished, was about to close the door of the great pew, Lady Trevannion's footman appeared with his mistress's gilt-bound case, containing Bible and Prayer-book, which he presented with due formality. And the sermon of introduction being thus duly enacted, beadle and footman retired, the strains from the organ gradually died away, and the congregation endeavoured to return to their customary state of mind and feeling: which, on this morning, had been unusually diverted from the ordinarily-peaceful and unworldly channel.

Perhaps the only unmoved and unobservant spectator in the whole church was Dr. Lyon himself. Seriously dignified and with mind wholly occupied on the coming worship, he stood before the reading-desk; and it is doubtful whether one thought was bestowed on the occupants of the hitherto-vacant pew, until, in the middle of his sermon, his gaze falling for a moment in that direction met the expression of two earnest listening eyes—eyes of unusual thought and pathetic beauty, which seemed to be drinking in with peculiar earnestness every word that fell from his lips.

The text which Dr. Lyon had chosen for that morning's sermon was a verse from Isa. i.: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." And Stella alone, of those who sat in the large state pew, felt her attention strangely fixed, and her mind drawn out in grateful sympathy towards the preacher, whose words were simple and unadorned, yet eloquent from their earnestness and fervour.

"My message, this morning," Dr. Lyon had said, "is to a peculiar class of hearers. Not to the glad and joyous; not to those who, basking in the sunshine of rest and prosperity, are light at heart, and unconscious of ought to disturb them; not even to those who are rejoicing in the full sunshine and gladness of a Saviour's smile and presence; not to such as these are my words, this morning, addressed. But, to whom, then? To the weary. And by whom are they spoken? By none other than the Lord's anointed One, the Saviour, even Jesus. And who, it might be inquired, are included in these weary ones? Ah! the question answers itself in the hearts of many now listening to my words. Hearts, hidden perhaps beneath the semblance of rest and tranquillity, yet aching even at that very moment with a grave sad burden, known only to themselves, too sacred or too sorrowful to be breathed into the ear even of a sympathizing fellow-creature. And, first of all, there was the heart weary with the sense of guilt—of sin unpardoned, and of impending justice. And this, of all others, was indeed a weary soul. But he, the Saviour, the Comforter of the cast-down and the sin-stricken, has a word indeed 'in season' to such an one. The very sense of sin, which you are at this moment experiencing, is a sign of the working of the Spirit in your heart: 'He shall convince the world of sin.' For, without this awakening knowledge, how could you receive and welcome the atonement which a Saviour's blood wrought out for you, and the pardon which He holds wide open in His hands to bestow? Come then, weary and heavy-laden one, cast your burden of sin on the Lamb of God, accept His message of perfect re-

mission and forgiveness, and depart in peace. Again, there are weary souls, who, having known what it was once to enjoy the favour and light of their Father's countenance, have lost their sense of peace, and are now walking in darkness, and having no light. A cloud has come between you and your God—a cloud of secretly-indulged sin, it may be; or it may be the hiding of His face in chastisement and wise correction. You know yourself to be His: you feel, even in the darkness, that not for worlds would you renounce your hope; and yet your heart is in heaviness, no ray of peace or rest crosses your pathway, you feel that your way is hid from the Lord. Ah! to such weary ones as you the Father has a gracious, a sustaining message: 'Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' Do not faint or sink under the present weight of weariness, but stay upon the Lord; and, in His own good time, and that perhaps speedily, light will break in upon your sadness: the shadow of death shall be turned indeed into the morning, in your experience, and all the more bright shall morning seem after such obscurity. Only see to it that it be not sin which is cutting off your peace, and marring the sweet communion which once was held between you and your Master. And again, there are weary souls upon whom the trials and roughnesses of the world are sorely pressing. It may be poverty or failing health, the loss of dearest friends or long and painful separation from them. It may be the estrangement of those with whom you once held the closest and most familiar intimacy, or that weary loneliness of heart which knows of none to love or sympathize. A thousand cases of weariness and sorrow might be enumerated, of which each individual sufferer feels his own the harder and more difficult to bear. But to each case the Divine Comforter has a "word in season," if only, forgetting for awhile, if may be, its pain and burden, the mourner will turn a listening ear to the pitying and loving message. For it is with one who was in all points tempted like as we are that we have to do; and each sorrow comes within the compass of that "all points." Pain and weariness, poverty and persecution, the estrangement of His own, the contempt and scorn of the stranger, all were His; and ah! what depths beyond, which no human spirit can conceive or penetrate, who shall declare? The sympathy of such a one should indeed be priceless. The same gracious tongue which spoke our text to the solitary ear of the awe-struck prophet, spoke also a yet more gracious and a plainer message in the presence of listening eager multitudes six hundred years later in the world's story. In that multitude there were doubtless, as there must be in every earthly multitude, hearts sad and weary, as yours may be this day—hearts tired and way-worn, cast down, and ignorant where to apply for relief and comfort. 'Come unto me, all that are weary and heavy-laden; and I will give you rest'—rest for the soul; not, perhaps, the removal of the external cause of weariness, but the strength and grace to bear it, and withal the imparting of that rest and peace which the Saviour would ever have His trusting children know. Do not our hearts thrill even now, and do not tears of thankful joy rush unbidden to our eyes, as we read such messages as these, 'Daughter, be of good comfort;' or, 'It is I; be not afraid?' In the dark night-watch of adversity, let those words be heard again across the billows; and the tempest of the soul must cease:

"Great the calm the Saviour spreadeth:  
Peace, peace! be still!  
Whatsoever your spirit dreadeth,  
Peace, peace! be still!  
Though with mighty foes engaging,  
War with sin and Satan waging,  
Storms of trial fiercely raging,  
Peace, peace! be still."  
(To be continued.)

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—The heart of the wise teacheth his mouth, and addeth learning to his lips.