

THEN AND NOW.

One rainy morning a few days ago little Harry, just five years old, was looking over a last years story book. He called his mother and begged that she would read him about some of the pictures. As they turned over the leaves they came to one of Adam and Eve being driven out of the garden by the cherubim with flaming sword.

"Now," said his mother, "you can tell me about that one, can't you?"

Harry thought that he could; and began answering such questions as his childish ability suggested. He seemed to think that it was perfectly just that they should have been punished for their disobedience, and he would have done the same thing; that it was very naughty in them to have disobeyed God, and consequently that their punishment was not too severe.

"Now," said mother, "Don't you and I and everybody do things every day that we know are wrong and for which we deserve punishment?—Then don't you think that Adam and Eve should have been spared? Was it not hard that there was no one there to speak for them, to beg God not to be angry with them, and to forgive them, and to give them another trial to do better?"

"Yes," said he "I do."

"Yes, I know that you do. Do you not remember that there is some one who always begs God to forgive us our sins, and to look again upon our faults and give us a chance to do better in the future? Who was it that gave himself up into the hands of sinful men to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and reigneth in heaven as a mediator with God for our sins?"

"Jesus Christ," answered the little one; "I remember it."

"Yes, you do remember, too, that he is still there with God."

"Which do you love the best," said Harry; "Jesus Christ or God?"

His mother endeavoured to explain to him the difference, if there was one. Said she: "The love for God, my child, is like the feeling you have in the presence of the grandest and best person you know; that for Jesus like that you have for one who always comes to your rescue and helps you



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FROM S. B. WHITELEY, ESQ., ORGANIST AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR,
CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, NEW YORK CITY.

New York, July 20th, 1889.

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when you are in any trouble and begs for you pardon and peace."

Perhaps it would have been well for Harry to have had the word mediator properly explained to him; but as he was not old enough to understand it his mother did not attempt it.

The other children who read this, and who have studied Latin, know that the word comes from medius, which means middle. The word mediator means, then, literally one who stands in the middle. Jesus Christ is our mediator between God and man—man the offender, on the one hand; God the righteous Judge of all the earth, on the other, and Christ our mediator in the middle. Here he stands interceding for us, and begging God to be merciful, to forgive, spare and save. Should we not delight in the imitation of such a character, and be charitable and merciful to others?

When Adam and Eve lived there was no one to take this place, no mediator between God and man; but now, when we feel that "there is not one good, no not one," we can pray our Heavenly Father, "that we who for our evil deeds do worthily deserve to be punished, by the comfort of his grace may mercifully be relieved, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

A certain house was much infested with mice; but at last they got a cat, which caught and ate some of them every day. The mice, finding their numbers growing thin, resolved

to call a meeting, to see whether any means could be devised to protect themselves from the devouring jaws of their cruel enemy. At this council many plans were proposed and rejected. At last a young mouse rose up, and proposed that a bell should be hung round the cat's neck, that they might have timely warning of her approach, and so make their escape into their holes. This proposal was loudly applauded by all the junior members, and at once agreed to by all. Upon this an old gray mouse, who had sat silent all the while, stepped forward, and in a short speech said the proposal of his young friend was, indeed, a most admirable contrivance, and that the mouse who made it was, without doubt, an ingenious fellow; but he said he thought it would not be proper to give him a vote of thanks till he should further inform them how this bell was to be fastened about the cat's neck, and what mouse would undertake it. The mice looked into each others faces; but as no reply was given to the question, the assembly dispersed.

It is generally easier to propose than to execute.

A number of boys set out with their fishing-rods and baskets to fish in the river. It was the afternoon, just after the school had been dismissed for the day; and the water being in fine condition, they very soon had their labour rewarded by hooking several good-sized trout.

"Old Houghton was telling me," said Tom Mathers, "that the river is twice as good in the morning. I propose we rise at five, and have a good two hours before school to-morrow."

"I think I see you coming out at five!" said one of the boys, laughing; and no wonder, for Tom Mathers was always late for his classes, and was constantly being fined for his slothfulness.

"I can get up when I make up my mind," said Tom a little hotly. "It is not such a very difficult thing to do; and what's more, you will find me here before five, if you choose to come."

The other boys agreed to be there, they parted—Tom firm in the determination to be the first on the ground.

But, alas! a bad habit is not to be uprooted in one night. So closely did sleep bind him to the pillow, that it was not till his sister had opened his door, a little after the usual hour, and told him to hasten, that he remembered his appointment. He was just in time to get into his place before the bell stopped ringing; but, to his great distress, there lay a large dish of glistening, speckled trout on the master's desk; while his companions were smiling good-naturedly at him. To make matters worse, the lesson the junior class read that morning was the fable of the "Mice in Council;" and after they were finished, the master said, by way of application, "I think our young friend Tom there, knows now that it is easier to propose than to execute; though I, for one, ought to be much obliged to him, for I have now a very fine dinner secured to me."

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