

through which the water could run. The glass in those days was not transparent. No one could see from the outside how much water had escaped. So there were made on the inside certain marks that told the hours as the water ran out; or else a stick with notches in the edge was dipped into the water, and the depth of what was left showed the hour. Sometimes the water dropped into another jar, in which a block of wood was floating, the block rising as the hours went on. Once in a while, some very rich man had a clepsydra that sounded a musical note every hour.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST.

This was real and spiritual. A visible appearance of the devil need not be presumed. The Master was doubtless tempted as we are. The devil assails us to-day really, but not outwardly; with suggestions, not with a mere terrifying corporeal manifestation of himself. But once in Scripture is he spoken of as literally seen; he fell, like lightning, from heaven; but, in this attack, he assaulted the Master far more insidiously than he could have done by any bodily presence. He tempted His mind, as he tempts ours. A corporeal presence had been contemptible, and scarcely a temptation at all. Subtle and wise, he made an assault far more real than if he had attempted a merely physical one. From Nazareth to Gethsemane the Master was tempted and tried. Not more real was the agony in the garden than that in the wilderness. Satan is too wise to appear in visible shape; nor, doubtless, did he act with unwisdom when he tempted the Master with bribes and flattery. A devout Jew, of ordinary piety and average strength of will, could have spurned such a temptation; to be difficult to resist required a real temptation, an assault upon the purity of the thoughts, a subtle seduction, not a gross, carnal, hideous appearance in person of the arch tempter. Jesus, our great Master, was sinless, yet was He tempted; yea, in all points and respects, even as we have been, are, and will be. This is mere temptation not sin. Often, in these poor lives of ours, with our consciousness of temptation goes a sense of having sinned. But not so. If we have set the temptation aside, we are the stronger for it, not the weaker. If to be tempted is to sin, He had been a sinner; yea, chief of sinners, for who is tempted as He was? Let our hearts take courage; we are not sore sinners because sorely tempted. Increasing temptation is sometimes proof that we are struggling against it, or it would not so beset us.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

On Monday, the 24th ult., her Majesty the Queen, who was born at Kensington Palace on May 24th, 1819, completed her 67th year. Only seven of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest, have exceeded the present age of her Majesty—namely, Edward I., who lived 68 years; Queen Elizabeth, who died in her 70th year; James II., who nearly completed his 68th year; George II., who nearly reached his 77th year; George III., who died at the age of 81; George IV., who nearly attained the age of 68; and William IV., who was nearly 72 when he died. Queen Victoria is the thirty-fifth occupant of the throne since the time of William the Conqueror, the oldest of the line having been George III., and the youngest Edward VI., who only lived to be 16. On June 20th her Majesty will have reigned over the United Kingdom 49 years, there being only three instances of longer reigns among previous sovereigns, namely, Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., whose reign extended to 50 years; and George III., whose reign reached almost to 60 years. Only three of the reigning monarchs of Europe are older than her Majesty, namely, the Emperor of Germany, who is in his 90th year; the King of the Netherlands, who is in his 70th year; and the King of Denmark, who is in his 69th year. The Queen has living at the present time seven children, thirty grandchildren, and six great grandchildren. Her Majesty has

been a widow over twenty-four years, the Prince Consort having died on September 14th, 1861.

UNDER THE TREES.

My way is through the fields, and I am directing my steps to yonder shady retreat. It is not the season of the year to act the astronomer, when one's feet are clasped by creeping vines, and their measured strides dulled in the cushioned pathways of tufted grass; when one's ears are ravished by the music of birds, brooks, and fluttering insects. How dull some people are! They walk through this world with their eyes apparently shut. They see nothing beyond their daily wants—they live not in the higher intelligence of things. Why, along this trailing path there is one object alone that starts my mind a teeming with contemplative thoughts, and fairly thrills my soul. Flowers and flowers! Daisies and violets and buttercups—and yonder are roses in the farmer's yard. Two hundred thousand species of them are in the world, and all of them are like angels let down from heaven. Yes, we have an affected notion of the ingenious contrivances of art, but under the microscope a flower exhibits the most matchless perfection of ingenious delineation. See how significant their language! They speak of God, and whisper love to our hungry hearts. Even their habits are akin to human experiences. The Cypress hangs its head, it is the symbol of mourning; the Amaranth never dies, it is the symbol of immortality; the Heliotrope ever follows the sun, it is the symbol of the heart's affection; the Windflower flits aimlessly by, it is the symbol of human fickleness; the Snowdrop battles storm, it is the symbol of soul endurance amid the trials of life.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

This singular question was put to Sam Jones, the evangelist, by one of his wealthy Church members in Georgia, whose cotton crop yielded him some \$20,000 the last year. "Where is heaven?" said the rich planter. "I'll tell you where heaven is," said Mr. Jones. "If you will go down to the village and buy \$50 worth of groceries, put them in a waggon, and take them to that poor widow on the hillside, who has three of her children sick. She is poor and is a member of the Church. Take with you a nurse, and some one to cook their meals. When you get there read the 23rd Psalm and kneel by her side and pray; then you will find out where heaven is." Next day, as the evangelist was walking through the village, he met this same wealthy planter, his face beaming with joy. He spoke after this manner: "Mr. Jones, I've found out where heaven is. I went and did as you directed me. We took up the waggon load of groceries, and the poor widow was completely overcome with joy; she could not express her thankfulness. As I read to her the 23rd Psalm my heart was filled with thankfulness to God, and when I prayed the angels came down, and I thought I was nearer to heaven than I had ever been in my life. I left the nurse and the cook in her humble dwelling and promised her she should never suffer so long as I could help her."

CHURCHES HOUSES OF MERCHANDISE.

We consecrate our churches and call them the houses of God; upon the wall we write "This is none other than the House of God" and "Holiness becometh thine House forever," forgetting that the consecrated building can never be His house unless the consecrated heart be found within its walls. Too often these earthly temples are but houses of merchandise, for there sits the man of business, outwardly reverent, trying to solve the problem which perplexed him in the counting house during the past week, the politician calculating his chances of success at the coming election, the matron speculating as to the future of her children, the maiden counting the cost of some desired ornament, the schoolboy planning the trap that is to make his fortune.

Could all that we have thought in God's house for one year be transcribed, we ourselves would read the record with shame and humiliation.

That which is lawful and right in its own place may be wrong when out of place. The tables were necessary for the money-changers, and the seats for them that sold doves. It was lawful for them to change money and sell doves—but not in the temple; so it is right for us to be concerned about the things of this life, to study ways and means and do our business diligently, but these things are not to be taken into the sanctuary. They are to be left outside in their proper places. God will not be mocked by lip service. "Those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

SELFISHNESS.

If you want to spoil all that God gives you—if you want to be miserable yourself, and a maker of misery to others, the way is easy enough. Only be selfish, and it is done at once. Be defiled and unbelieving; defile and foul God's good gifts by self, and by loving yourself more than what is right; do not believe that the good God knows your needs before you ask, and will give you what soever is good for you; think about yourself—about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you—and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery yourself out of every thing which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell;—it turned heaven into hell for the great Devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory (so at least wise men say), that he fell from heaven. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found that he had made a hell; when he wanted to be a little God for himself he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death.

And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learnt to hate Him whose name is love. May God keep our hearts pure, from that selfishness which is the root of all sin—from selfishness from which alone spring adultery, foul living, drunkenness, evil speaking, lying, oppression, cruelty, and all which makes man worse than the beasts.

May God give us those pure hearts of which it is written that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance. As a wise father says, "Love and do what thou wilt, for then thou wilt be sure to will what is right," and St. Paul says, "If your heart be pure, all things will be pure to you."—Charles Kingsley.

TRUTH.

Truth gives no trouble. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas, a lie is troublesome and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first, upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger.

—An earnest desire and striving to do what is right will help us to understand much of true doctrine (see 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15). Who does not know by experience how greatly the truth of Divine doctrines is borne in upon the soul when we are making real efforts after holiness; and on the other hand, how often doubting and disbelief attend upon careless and sinful living? "Love," says St. Bernard, "is the proper cure for doubt."

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