

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE GLASS.

Once, as I stood musing at a window, I saw a fly upon it and made a brush with my hand to catch it. When I opened my hand, the fly was not inside but still on the same place of the glass. Scarcely thinking what I did, I made another brush with my hand, and thought I had captured the insect, but with the same result. There was the victim quietly retaining his place in spite of me. It was on the other side of the glass. And, when I saw that it was so, I smiled at my own folly. Those who attempt to find pleasure out of Christ will experience a like failure, for they are seeking on the wrong side of the glass. When we are on the side of Jesus Christ, and, having believed in Him, are cleansed and forgiven, then our pursuit of joy will be successful, but till then we shall labour in vain, and spend our strength for nought. It is of no use digging for coal where the strata show that there cannot be any; and equally useless is it to try after happiness where God's word, and the experience of those who have gone before us, assure us that happiness cannot be found. But then it is all the more needful that we should seek it where it can be had and give ourselves at once to the search. He who believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed in the deed.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A NOVEL CATECHISM.

[From the *New York Observer*.]

Our English newspapers bring us, every week, some new wonder at the height and depth of the nonsense invented by the party in the Church of England who affect Roman Catholic vices and devices. The following is an actual, verbal and faithful report of a catechetical exercise in one of these ritualistic mass-houses on a recent Sabbath day:—

Priest (doing duty for his friend, the rector). "Now, little boy, who is your father?"

Boy. "Bill Jones, sir."

Priest. "Yes, my little man; but I don't mean your father on earth. You have another father in heaven."

Boy. "God, sir."

Priest. "Quite right. Now, tell me who is your mother?"

Boy. "Please, sir, Mary Jones, sir."

Priest. "Well, yes; but I mean your mother in heaven."

Boy. "Please, sir, mother ain't dead yet, sir."

Priest. "Still, my boy, you have a mother in heaven; who is she?"

Boy. (*Silent—dumbfounded at the discovery.*)

Priest. "Don't you know? The Virgin Mary; she is your mother in heaven. Now, tell me who is your father on earth?"

Boy. "Bill Jones, sir, as I said afore."

Priest. "No, my boy; I don't mean him."