

pressed at the instant of the flash and again at the sound. In the meantime a needle traverses a dial, registering time to the one-tenth part of a second. The rest is a mere matter of calculation.

Family Reading.

Patience

Is the guardian of faith, the preserver of peace, the cherisher of love, the teacher of humility. Patience governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride; she bridles the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, consummates martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the state, harmony in families and societies; she comforts the poor, and moderates the rich; she makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity, unmoved by calumny and reproach; she teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, and to be the first in asking forgiveness of those whom we have injured; she delights the faithful, and invites the unbelieving; she adorns the woman, and improves the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young man, admired in an old man; she is beautiful in either sex and every age.—*Bishop Horne.*

Faith.

That is a rare faith which can look beyond what men call success, which can steadily bear witness to truth and righteousness in spite of indifference, which does not depend for its energy upon the artificial stimulus of praise or opposition, but draws its life from a divine and invisible spring, bearing up buoyantly in the still deep waters of cold isolation, holding fast to noble principles in the midst of petty stratagems and ephemeral expediency, still blowing at the little spark of right in the great black heap of wrong, aiming high, though all around are mean, suspicious or unconcerned. This faith is of the divine prophetic sort, but more or less must warm all leaders of the people to their work. There must be some of it in the statesman who looks beyond the commercial prejudices of the day, and dares to act on principles at which the mob are sure to hiss for years and years to come. There must be some of it in the divine who stands fast for some old truth which it is the fashion to disparage, or who dares the heresy of progress, and rests his title of reformer, not on the victories of men who conquered centuries ago, but on his own solitary struggles against prevailing favourite errors and respectable corruption.

Historical Churches.

Vienna is rich in old and historical churches, that of St. Stephen's being the most famous. It is in the centre of the city and from it radiate all the principal streets. I lingered long in St. Stephen's one day and watched the ebb and flow of humanity through the old carved portals. There were some half-burned candles on a table near a statuette of the Virgin and Child. One by one came the people, or sometimes a group of a dozen or more were there making the sign of the cross, repeating prayers or leaning over the railing to kiss the hand of the Virgin, or reaching out a handkerchief, a little dress or tiny pair of shoes with which to touch the image. Their faith was great, and they went away with lighter steps and brighter faces, feeling as if the mere touching of a garment to the carved image or kissing the marble hands would put health into a weak body or bring peace to a wounded heart. For more than four centuries this old church has kept guard over the city. It has sheltered thousands of penitents, listened to the moans of unhappy mortals, heard the confessions of saint and sinner; calmly and dignifiedly watched the course of events in peace and war. It is rich in legends and stories of the varied history of Austria. One of the most interesting is that of the Stock im Eisen—log of iron. It is said a young locksmith's apprentice was told in a dream to make an iron circlet to be secured by a padlock that no mortal strength could force.

He made the circlet, and as the dream commanded, fastened it about the stump of an old tree in the Church of St. Stephen's. Years afterward a reward was offered for the undoing of this circlet. The apprentice happened to be again in the city and unlocked the padlock. He was ever afterward considered the greatest of locksmiths, and became wealthy and influential. Ever since it has been customary for young locksmiths starting out in their trade to drive a nail into the old tree stump to bring good luck, and it is therefore literally covered with nail-heads. The bells of the church were cast from Turkish cannon captured during the siege of Vienna.

"I Should Kneel Down."

There is a beautiful story told of Charles Lamb, the essayist, and one which is worth remembering.

Some friends of his had met one day at his house, and were discussing the great men of the past. Lamb had mentioned one or two whom he would specially like to see, and his friends rather flippantly began to ask him what he would do if such and such a man came into the room; how he would meet them and what he would say. Charles Lamb had answered one or two questions of this kind in the same spirit in which they were asked, saying how he would salute this great man, or ask questions of that one.

But presently flippancy degenerated into something like irreverence, as one of his friends suddenly turned to him with the question: "And what would you do if Jesus of Nazareth came?"

Charles Lamb looked his questioner quietly in the face, and in a gentle, reverent tone, which contrasted strongly with his former answers, said, "I should kneel down."

His manner showed that he felt, and felt very strongly, that there could be but one answer to that question, but one attitude for a Christian in the presence of his Lord.—*E. M. Blunt.*

The Shady Side of Life.

When any man on the shady side of middle life has the fortitude to look around, to note the number of his old and valued friends, he is shocked to find how meagre is the list. One after another has disappeared, from no other perceptible cause than that their physical powers, originally vigorous, had succumbed in the feverish, and we might also say insane, battle of life. Too long and too diligently have they stuck to their professional pursuits, or been fascinated by the allurements of society, taking relaxation only by fits and starts, and seemingly under the impression that they have still a long career before them. Having realized a fair competence, they might very well ask themselves why they should continue to toil, to speculate and to rack their brains, when a life of comparative ease and reflection would, in all respects, be more becoming. This is exactly the question, however, which they never put. The upshot is well known. Through sundry real or imaginary entanglements, their day of safety is past. A cold, foggy, drizzly November finishes them; and at about two o'clock on a wintry afternoon they are, in all the pomp of hearse and carriages, decorously conducted to the burying-ground.

Progress of the Individual.

Every man must protect himself against the demands of his position, of the community in which he lives, and of the causes which solicit his support, if he is to secure his highest growth and do his best work. He must heed not only the imperative demand of the duty of to-day, but the equally imperative demand of the duty of the next ten years. The young minister must defend himself against the not unkindly but often too exhausting demands of his congregation and the community. This is true of the teacher, of the writer, of every man who, by position or talent, addresses the public, or is engaged in any kind of public work. The world does not, and, in the nature of things, cannot stop to think of a man's future. It leaves that to him. If it is denied its requests it may sometimes grumble, but ten years afterward, instead of discarding a spent force, it is cherishing and following a growing leadership.

There is a duty which every man owes to himself which is quite as great as that which he owes to the community. Indeed, it is in the widest sense a duty to the community; for the greatest thing which any man can do for the world is to make the utmost of the power, the force and the character which are given him, and he can do this only by taking constant thought of the conditions which elicit what is deepest and greatest in his nature.

Tried and Recommended.

I have used with beneficial results K.D.C., and have recommended it to a great many of my friends, all of whom speak very highly of it. To all who suffer from indigestion I can heartily recommend it as the best.

J. H. TIMMIS.

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The Gentleman.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman that he is one who never inflicts pain. The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion, or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics that may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours when he does them, and seems to be receiving when conferring. He never speaks of himself unless compelled—never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, and he never even intimates or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophic principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.—*Cardinal Newman.*

The Church of God, Unalterable.

The Church is a divine institution, not a mere human association. It is constituted by God, *not made by man*. Its representative on earth is the family. The divine Master weaves the family idea into His teaching about the Church, as He does no other. We breathe it when we say the prayer which He taught us to repeat, "Our Father." He roots it in the sacrament which makes us His members, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." (St. John iii. 5).

Man can no more alter the character and essentials of the Church of God than he can contrive substitutes for father and mother, and invent some new method of entering the world to supersede natural birth. He seeks to do this and his efforts are on exhibition all around us. He depraves the divine organization into a voluntary association, and lowers his language about it accordingly. To him entering the Church is joining it as one does a club. To the divine Master it is being born into it. The idea of joining the Church of God is utterly abhorrent to the mind of Christ. It is an utter impossibility. One might as well talk of joining a family as of joining the Church. The idea of the Church is a closed question. Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has closed it in His Holy Word. All the essentials of the Church in faith, polity, sacraments and worship, are closed questions for us, who are within the fold. They may be and are to those without open questions about which