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July 31st, 1892.

e religion of the re more mighty, ower of speech. It as having been there be light."

It and Evangelists other by speech, n, to confuse; to ler, to lead, etc. and uses of speech chapter is closely lesson; and the gue and a "little great evils may

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ot count this as a ners in private life alse witness in the ldly honour, it is a hings about people have no chance o correcting. And our Christian duty goes far higher. The Saviour has taught that we cannot be His disciples unless we love one another (St. John xiii. 35), and that we are to "love our enemies" (St. Matt. v. 44). We know what a glorious example He has given us in this respect (St. Luke xxiii. 34; 1 Pet. ii. 23). If we should not openly revile those who have injured us, how much more should we be on our guard against anything like slanderous speech!

The devil is a liar, and those who tell lies are his children (See St. John viii. 44). He teok the form of a serpent to deceive Adam and Eve, and the serpent was condemned to crawl along on the earth (Gen. iii. 14). So every lie is a mean crawling thing which every honest person hates and despises. Think how terribly God has sometimes punished liars (2 Kings v.; Acts v). Be sure that He regards the sin in the same way now. People sometimes tell falsehoods in joke. But see what the Bible says about that! (Prov. xxvi. 18, 19). We all know the fable of the boy who met his death through calling "wolf!" And some months ago a man died in much the same way in Paris. He was what is called a practical joker, and told his friends that on a certain day he would play them a trick that no one could detect. They were on the watch, and when he fell down in the street, and appeared to be suffering great pain, they thought how well he was acting. None of them would go for a doctor, and a little after they were horrified to find he was dead.

Family Reading.

A Great Frozen Lake.

On the road from Irkutsk to Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Chinese empire, the terrible monotony of Mr. Price's journey was broken, for he had to cross Lake Baikal, the wonderful lake frozen for nine months in the year, which has sixty times the area of the Lake of Geneva, or 12,441 square miles, and has an average depth of no less than 5,404 feet, or more than a mile. Its origin, says Mr. Price, is undoubtedly volcanic. The cold is so terrible that when a hurricane stirs the waters, the waves often freeze as waves, remaining in hummocks above the surface; but when Mr. Price crossed the cold had caught the lake asleep, and the ice was perfectly smooth. He had thirty miles to drive on the solidified water: "For about a mile from the shore the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, but we gradually left this sort of dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice, when I saw around me the most wonderful and bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the marvelous transparency of the water, the ice presented everywhere the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness, was so colorless that it was like passing over space. It gave me at first quite an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath; this feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depths, with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travelers, on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time, experience the same weird and fascinating influence. About half way across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter, as I found on getting out of the sledge, for the ice was so slippery that in spite of my having felt snow boots on I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings reminded me not a little of my experiences in the ice of the Kara Sea. This wonderful stillness was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds, as though big guns were being fired at some little distance. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight. We reached Moufshkaya, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestvenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of over thirty miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up in the post yard as when they started in the morning."-J. M. Price, "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea."

False Ambition.

One of the greatest pictures of modern times is the representation of ambition. The artist becomes a great teacher. He puts on his canvas a telling thought. This, in brief, is the picture:

A young man is riding a swift and powerful steed. His mantle is flying behind him, in the wind. His face is aglow with eager desire and anticipation. The eyes flash. The whole look is that of one consumed to grasp a prize. Before the steed is a ball of gold rolling rapidly on a very narrow way. This is what the young man is so eagerly pursuing. On either side of the narrow pass is a precipice, into which a misstep may plunge both horse and rider. Under the feet of the steed lies the prostrate form of virtue, over which the youth has ridden in his hot haste. Behind, eagerly trying to catch the rider, with his bony hand extended, is the skeleton form of death. The goal of ambition ahead, death behind, virtue trampled under foot, danger on either side—these are the elements of the picture. It teaches its own lesson. In the case of many it is sadly true to life. How often manhood is sacrificed to success! How ardently men seek prizes which they may never reach! How unconscious in our hot ambition we are that death is on our track! How eagerly we ride, and how a misstep may plunge us in ruin! And even if we obtain, what is this ball of gold? Only a transitory pleasure. Better to seek the true riches, in the pursuance of which we may preserve our integrity and which can never be taken from us.

The Genuine Merit

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. Its proprietors are highly gratified at the letters which come entirely unsolicited from men and women in the learned professions, warmly commending Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it has done for them.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Vagaries of Etiquette.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat; the same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on a stairway.

To place your hand on the arm of a lady in Italy is a grave and objectionable familiarity.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit, "This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you may please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—uno de nosotros ("one of us"), as they express it. If the words are not spoken, you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes with goloshes over them; the latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water; water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel on while saying prayers.

In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopis with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow,

In Chinese conversation etiquette requires that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration:

"What is your bonorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Chang."
"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Luchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?"
"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is your distinguished spouse?"
"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is

Forgiveness.

Bishop Ridley, of Caledonia, has sent home this story:-Two years ago, one of the Indian churchwardens at Metlakahtla gave great offence to one of his neighbours. From that time until last December the two men had not spoken to each other. Last Christmas Day, however, the man who thought himself wronged gave his hand to the other, and wished him a happy Christmas. The churchwarden, in delight, came to Bishop Ridley to tell the good news, and added that it must have been his words that brought it about. But it was not through the Bishop that God had sent the message of peace, but through a little Indian child. The young daughter of the man who had been wronged lay very ill, and wished to see Mrs. Ridley, to whose Sunday-school class she belonged. The Bishop goes on to say: -"When I called I was surprised to see how ill she was, and thought she would die. Her father was unremitting in his tender attention, and could not help sobbing when he read my thoughts, as he clearly did. She was the peace-maker. . . . This child's Sunday custom was to read from the translated Gospels the lessons for the day, and then explain to her father and mother what her teacher had taught the class. Last Tuesday she stood in her class at the annual examination and took a prize. I then noticed her pale lips. She grew rapidly worse, but before her little strength was quite exhausted she put her arms round her father's neck, and said, 'Darling father, hear me about the little child Jesus.' Then she repeated the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the Highest,' and finished up by saying, 'We must be happy at Christmas, because of heaven, not of earth. The little Jesus brought down peace.' Now, father, listen to the little child of God, and try to love every one and hate nobody. Will you. darling father?'

"'Dum watu,' was the tearful promise; 'I will,

my darling.

"At the midnight service, when we watched in prayer for the New Year, I asked the congregation, at the father's request, to remember his sick child. After the midnight service, Miss Dickinson flew off to the dying-bed, but the gentle peace maker, having ended her sweet work, had entered into eternal rest. Her sermon was better than mine, and worthy of attention by all."

-"Anyone who has watched a sunrise among mountains will know how the light opens out depths of beauty and life where but lately the eye rested on a cold monotony of gloom or mist. At one moment only the sharp dark outline of the distant ranges stands out against the rosy sky, and at the next, peak after peak catches the living fire, which then creeps slowly down their rocky slopes, and woods and streams, and meadows and homesteads start out from the dull shadows, and the grass upon which we stand sparkles with a thousand dewdrops. Now, all this represents in a figure what is the effect of the presence of Christ in the world, when the eye is opened to see Him. Let the thought of Christ rest on anything about us, great or small, and it will forthwith reflect on the awakened soul some new image of His power and love."-Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D.

—Hope is a very beautiful Christian grace. It makes the spirit very bright and peaceful. The hopeful Christian is a blessing to himself, and all around him. He seems to live in the sunshine, his thoughts are glad and happy thoughts, his words are cheering and inspiriting; his very look is sunny.—Bishop Walsham How,