

ing his foe. What an apt and beautiful type of the three passages from God's Word, the River of Life, with which Christ, the true David, met and vanquished His deadly antagonist! Carnal weapons would have been of no avail against a spiritual foe, and so He rejected them as did David the heavy armour of Saul; choosing only to use the single weapon at the disposal of His followers throughout the ages. "Tempted in all points like as we are," He chose to confine Himself to our one weapon of defence, the "Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," and to illustrate, to all time, its power and effectiveness.

Before it, the Prince of Darkness trembled and fell, and the simple command of the Divine Conqueror was thenceforth enough to disperse and subdue the Satanic legions that withstood every step of His advance.

Let us take the lesson to heart, and go forth to meet our already-conquered foe, armed with the same irresistible weapon, which used, in the name of Jesus, can never fail.

TRUE HEROISM.

When I was in Cornwall, many years ago, I was shown a mine in which two men were once engaged in sinking a shaft. It was a rather dangerous business they had to do—it was to blast a piece of rock. Their custom was to cut the fuse with a knife. One man then got into the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man got into it, and—with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire—he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. It was a dangerous business. One day they left their knife up above, and rather than ascend to procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire." Both leaped into the bucket, and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One man instantly leaped out, and said, "Up with ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up and the one man was saved.

The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the charge had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him; so that, with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, the man was unhurt. When asked why he urged the other man to escape, he gave a reason that sceptics would laugh at. If there is any being on the face of the earth I pity, it is a sceptic; I would not be what we call "a sceptic" to-day for all this universe. They may call it superstitious and fanatical; but what did he say? "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his broad dialect he said, "Because I knowed my soul was safe, for I've gie in in the hands of Him of whom it is said that 'faithfulness is the girdle of His loins'; and I knowed that what I gied Him He'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I want-d to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a single act of heroism as, that.—*J. B. Gough.*

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

Dr. J. R. Miller, of Philadelphia, in his "Silent Times," gives the following incident, which illustrates the power of unconscious influence:

A young man, away from home, slept in the same room with another young man, a stranger. Before retiring for the night, he knelt down, as was his wont, and secretly prayed. In old age the stranger, who by this act had been aroused to a Christian life, testified, after a life of rare usefulness: "Nearly half a century has rolled away, with all its multitudinous events, since then; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that silent praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten among the splendors of heaven and through the ages of eternity." It was but a simple act of common faithfulness, unostentatious, and without thought or purpose of doing good, save as the prayer would bless his own soul;

yet there went out from it an unconscious influence which gave to the world a ministry of rare power and value.

We do not realize the importance of this unconscious part of our life-ministry. It goes on continually. In every greeting we give to another on the street, in every moment's conversation, in every letter we write, in every contact with other lives, there is a subtle influence that goes from us that often reaches farther, and leaves a deeper impression, than the things themselves that we are doing at the time. After all, it is life itself, sanctified life, that is God's holiest and most effective ministry in this world—pure, sweet, patient, earnest, unselfish, loving life. It is not so much what we do in this world, as what we are, that tells in spiritual results and impressions. A good life is like a flower, which, though it neither toil nor spin, yet ever pours out a rich perfume, and thus performs a holy ministry.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

FURNITURE POLISH.—Equal parts sweet oil and vinegar and a pint of gum arabic, well powdered; shake the bottle and apply with a rag. It will make the furniture look as good as new.

Never set the lamp upon a red table cover; if you cannot find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green cardboard under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

GELATINE APPLES.—Peel and core the apples, leaving them whole; put in a kettle and boil, adding a slice or two of lemon, a little green ginger and sugar. Cook the apples till tender. Take them up carefully, boil down the syrup, and add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine which has been dissolved in four spoonfuls of water to a cup of this syrup. Pour this over the apples, and set where the whole will cool.

DEATH IN CANNED LOBSTER.—The other day a gentleman ate a lobster salad. He shortly afterward died in great agony. There was, indeed, no trace of any poisonous metal, or of any poison, but the lobster was crowded with bacteria—in other words, it was rapidly decomposing. Potted fish, it seems, unless it is preserved in oil, is liable to speedy putrefaction in warm weather, and should not be eaten after the day the tin is opened.

SWEET PEA LAMP LIGHTERS.—Cut a strip of white paper half an inch wide and eight inches long; roll or twist in the usual way—between the thumb and finger. Cut two pieces of tissue paper, one red and one white, in shape of a heart, but left half an inch wide at the point. Crimp down the centre with a pin, paste or gum on the lighter, first the white, and then the red one. Bend in shape. When in a vase, they look like a bouquet of sweet peas, and are very pretty.

WHAT'S A BISHOP?

The *Indian Churchman* tells the following story:—

"Father Carrol, S. J., now minister at St. Francis Xavier's, in West Fifteenth Street, New York City, was once stationed at the mission among the coloured Catholics attended by the Jesuits on the Maryland peninsula, and tells some amusing stories of these interesting people. One concerning Cardinal Gibbons, then Archbishop of Baltimore, will bear repetition.

"I was once," said Father Carrol, "preparing a class of coloured children for a visit from the then Archbishop Gibbons, who was to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to them, and I was specially anxious to have them well prepared. We

were out in a field adjoining the church, and I was explaining to them that it was a Bishop alone that could administer the Sacrament. I was at a loss, for a moment, to show them by a familiar figure the relative difference between a priest and a Bishop, when I heard the 'honk, honk,' of a flock of wild geese flying over our heads, and called the children's attention to the leader who headed the flight. 'This,' I said, 'my dear children, will give you an idea of what a Bishop is—the leader of his flock.' We got along after that first-rate, and in a day or two, when the Archbishop arrived, I related with pride how much progress my little charges had made, and begged his Grace to question them himself in the catechism. He promised to do so, and soon the hour of ceremony was at hand. The children were all assembled, looking their best, and the Archbishop, after giving them some kindly words of encouragement and advice, before going into the church, began to put a few questions to them, receiving satisfactory answers, as to their understanding of the nature of the Sacrament they were about to receive. At last he said, 'What is a Bishop?' and there was a pause for an instant, and then an ebony midget shot up his hand and said: "I know, I know."

"That's well, my child," said Archbishop Gibbons. "Now tell us what is a Bishop?"

"He's," answered the ardent youth, with a zest that betokened the confidence of superior wisdom, the old gander what shows the rest of the geese how to fly!"

The face of the Archbishop, in his effort to retain his episcopal dignity, was a sight; and I was so overcome by mortification of this unexpected denouement that I had to abandon my charge for a while to regain my composure. You may be sure it was a long time before I heard the end of my bragged-of Confirmation class."

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT?

What is the good of learning texts, father?" said little Mary Barnes, one Sunday. "I've been trying hard to learn this, and I can't. I wish I needn't go to Sunday-school. What's the good?"

Mary's usually bright face was very cloudy, and there was a pout in her lips as she spoke.

"Come here, little one," said her father, who was reading by the fire. "When I was a boy I never went to church or Sunday-school, I never read my Bible, and I hardly ever said my prayers. I did just as I liked from morning to night."

"That must have been nice father; how happy you must have been."

"Not a bit of it, Mary. I just got out of one scrape into another, until at last I got into sad disgrace. The gentleman whom I had injured tried to save me from going from bad to worse. He took me to his house, and talked to me about Jesus, until I cried as I had never cried since mother died."

"But did you have to go to Sunday-school?" interrupted Mary, who, to tell the truth, had a new picture book, and wanted to stop at home to read it.

"I didn't have to; but I went once, and was put into the old gentleman's class. He taught us so nicely, and made us understand so well that we were all God's children, and that Jesus loved us dearly, that I never missed once. At first I found it hard to learn the texts, but when I remembered that every one was a sort of message to guide us on our way to heaven, I set to work to learn them."

"Are you glad now, father, that you know such a lot?"

"Yes, dear, because I can say them over to myself when I am at work. If I were to be ill, think how nice it would be for you to be able to say some texts and hymns to me."

"I'd read them instead," said Mary, with a knowing little nod of the head.

"That isn't the same as saying them, little one. You may not always be able to see to read in a darkened room, or you may not have time to fetch a book. Then it is grand to have a store of good things in your mind."

"I see," said Mary, slipping off her father's