

food becomes a very part of our bodies, bread becomes part of our flesh and bone, even so does the Lord Himself condescend to become part of our souls; to be our very life, that is, not the life of our bodies, but our spiritual life, that will go on for ever.

Shall I try and make this plainer still? When you are tired and hungry you eat and drink; and what then? You feel almost at once that the food and drink has made you feel refreshed. And something else too. You are stronger than you were before. You feel renewed literally; for the little bits of your body that were worn away are made new again; the bread you have eaten has made them new.

Now the soul wants making new again as well as the body. It is faint and weary, and that's why you feel sometimes as if you can't make yourself do right things; it is so very hard, rather like walking uphill when you are very tired.

Surely food for the soul is just what you want, the very thing of all others to help you on, and make the hard things seem easier. For when you are strong nothing is really hard, you are as bold as a lion, and rather enjoy difficulties than otherwise, for the simple reason that you feel you can conquer them.

Well, then, that strength may be yours; for the words are plain enough in the Prayer-book, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

And how will Jesus refresh and strengthen you? By giving you Himself, His own Body, His own Life.

How wonderful it all seems! yet not too wonderful to be true. People have proved its truth again and again. Many a poor soul has been lifted up, many a weak soul has found that it is made "strong in the Lord," by thankfully receiving what Christ offers—yes, He Himself. For remember, it isn't the Church or the clergy who invented the Holy Communion, but it was ordered by the Lord Himself. It is just as if you heard His voice distinctly, clearly saying, "Come, and I will refresh you."

Just one more word.

When you attend the Holy Communion, be very deeply in earnest; don't think of it as a charm that is sure to keep you safe whatever happens. There is a kind of danger in all religious forms, and I will tell you what that danger is—thinking that going through them is enough in itself.

No, you must have the beautiful inner meaning very present to your mind if the Holy Communion is to do you any real good—a sense that Jesus, whom you cannot see, is near, and that the really important part of the ordinance is what goes on out of sight, in the inner sanctuary of the soul. Jesus coming to dwell there.

Arthur's Trial.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"O sir! indeed I know nothing about it."

"Tell me," interrupted the Doctor, "how does it chance that you, whose parents are, I know, in poor circumstances, through your father's ill-health,—how does it happen that you have so much money in your possession now, at the end nearly of the term?"

"I earned it, sir," said Pierce, with some hesitation, turning very red.

"Really!" said the Doctor coldly. "What time have you had to earn money this term? and how could you earn it if you would? My dear boy," he continued suddenly changing his tone and manner, without giving him time to answer, "if you do indeed know anything of this sad affair, if any thought of your home has tempted you to do evil that good may come, stop now and think, could the money be any real comfort to you?"

"Indeed, sir, indeed, I did not take it. I did earn the money."

"How did you earn it?"

"I sketched the old Abbey, sir, in water colours, and sold several copies at five shillings each; and I asked Mr. Jones to let me do some copying for him, while his head clerk was ill."

The Doctor looked surprised, and after a little more questioning, "I must inquire into it," he said. "Send Barkley to me." As Pierce left the

room, "God grant it may be so," thought Doctor Grey, for it would almost kill his father.

Now I must ask you to leave Wardsley and travel with me some forty miles north, to a large manufacturing town. In a poorly furnished room of a house, in one of the many rows of villas which are built on the outskirts of P—in every direction, lies a sufferer tossing in the restlessness of pain. He is still young, not forty, and he looks almost handsome, with the bright flush on his face, which is but one sad token of disease.

"What did Arthur say in his letter to you this morning, Rosie?" he asked, turning to a little maiden who sat on a footstool beside his couch.

"He said the holidays would soon come, papa, and that then—" She stopped abruptly.

"Then what?"

"Oh! I mustn't tell; I'd forgotten."

"Very well, then I won't ask. I suppose you will tell me when the right time comes. Here comes the mother!" said the sick man cheerfully as his wife entered the room. She had a gentle but sorrow-worn face, and already there were streaks of silver in her dark hair. She began to talk to him of the persons she met in her walk up to the town, but after a little time silence fell over them, and a calm, which seemed well suited with the "solemn evening hour," and as they watched the sun slowly sinking to rest, thoughts came, even to little Rosie, of the land where there is no setting sun to remind the inhabitants of an hour that cometh when "no man can work," and where none shall say any more for ever, "I am sick." Presently, however, the invalid broke the silence by beginning, "Jerusalem the Golden" in a feeble voice, and the mother and little Rosie joined in it, singing with mingled joy and sorrow, till tears would flow, and at the end of the last verse the only voice to be heard was his who had begun the sweet song of joy and hope.

"Don't be sad, mother," he said, with a beautiful expression of love and hope on his face. "Is it not well?" And by and bye, when Rosie was gone to bed, he said, "Read to me from the 'Imitation,' Mary, my favourite chapter 'of entire rest in God.' 'Above all creatures whatsoever, 'above all joy,' 'all sweetness,' " he repeated after her. "Yes, He is teaching us now to do that," and when she had ended the chapter he said, "Now my other favourite," and as she read "That all our hope and trust is to be fixed on God alone," the blessed words of resignation and peace seemed to soothe the bodily weariness of the sufferer, for before she ceased his eyes were closed in sleep. His wife sat there beside him while he slept, thinking of the past, of the time of their wealth, when he had first begun to practice his profession in P—, and had as many patients as he could possibly attend to; and then she remembered his failing health, the sorrow it had been to him when at last he was compelled to sell his practice, and how he had been since then gradually growing worse, till now, through his inability to work, their income was all too small to provide him with comforts in his sickness. And now, she thought, now his pain and weariness will soon be over, his waiting and watching rewarded, but I—and then came the memory of her boy. "God bless and keep him," she murmured, "we must needs look to him for comfort in this world." Such then was Arthur Pierce's home. For his education he was partly indebted to his mother's only brother, and he was not in a position to afford them much help. Truly,

"Not e'en the dearest heart and next our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

So it was no great wonder that Arthur, who was naturally reserved, seemed at times gloomy and sad; it was only to be expected that some of his companions should set him down as a fellow "without much pluck." The battle-field on which he won his victories was hidden from the eyes of those who surrounded him, for the din of the world's wrestling and striving drowns the sound of the conflict which angels watch with loving interest; but the time shall come when the victors in the invisible fight shall raise their triumph songs evermore, when earth's eager struggles for the "things that perish" shall have ceased for ever,

yea! shall have passed away "even like a dream when one awaketh."

(To be Continued.)

A Fatal Error.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by members of his congregation looking round at late-comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading desk one day,—

"Brethren, I regret that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may enter, and I hope that the service will then be allowed to proceed without interruption."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half way to interpolate, "Mr. Stubbins, with his wife and daughter."

Mr. Stubbins looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed his exhortation. Presently he again paused: "Mr. Curtis and William Diggle."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity

"Mrs. Symons, in a new bonnet."

In a moment he felt his mistake, but it was too late. Every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Wet tobacco will relieve bee or wasp stings.

For nausea lay a little pounded ice on the back of the neck.

A GOOD PRACTICE.—If the children suffer from pimples, irritated skin, headache, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters is by far the best remedy. Mr. McConnell, 28 Henderson Avenue, Toronto, says: "Since I made a practice of using B.B.B. my children have got strong and well."

For neuralgia bruise horse radish and apply as a poultice to the wrist.

A couple of figs eaten before breakfast are an excellent laxative, especially for children.

When suffering from over strained and tired eyes, bath them in hot water several times a day.

DISAPPEARED IN ROCKWOOD.—Last fall Mr. Jesse Johnson, of Rockwood, suffered very much from boils. He says: "I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and the effect was wonderful; the boils at once began to disappear and I was soon totally cured. B.B.B. is a natural foe to impure blood."

For cankered throats, mix equal parts of powdered borax and sulphur, and blow a little into the throat through a quill.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

For ivy poisoning, boil wood ashes enough to make a strong lye; wash the poisoned parts of this let it remain on a few minutes, and wash off in soft lukewarm water; when dry, anoint with vaseline. Repeat this process as the poison develops itself. One or two applications will effect a cure.

DISTRESS IN DIGBY.—DEAR SIRS—I was troubled by costiveness and sick headache, and in fact felt very miserable until I tried B.B.B. I used seven bottles with Burdock Pills also, and they made me as well as ever I was. This is about two years ago, and I still enjoy the best of health.

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