

"WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD I WILL PASS OVER THEE."

(M. M. A. in Christian Observer.)

There is a touching Jewish tradition in connection with the institution of the Passover.

Upon that memorable night (so the tradition runs) the eldest child in one of the Hebrew families lay upon her couch, ill with fever. She knew the angel of death was to pass through Egypt at midnight to destroy the first-born in every home where the blood of the Passover lamb was not sprinkled upon the door-posts and upon the lintels of the doors. As the shadows of twilight deepened into night and darkness settled over the land, the child began to toss restlessly. Then she looked into her father's face and said:

"Father, is the blood on the door?"

"Yes, dear. It was sprinkled on the lintels and on the door-posts of every Hebrew family in Egypt," he replied. This child was his heart's delight.

The child slept, but soon awakened. Fixing her earnest gaze upon her father's face, she again asked: "Father, are you sure the blood is on the door?"

He reassured her as before. Apparently satisfied, she slept, but only for a brief while. Tossing restlessly, she fixed her fever-brightened eyes upon the uncurtained window. The black darkness without caused a shiver to steal over her burning frame. Perhaps even now the angel of death was preparing for his gruesome work!

"Father," she whispered, "are you sure the blood is on the door?"

"Yes, my child. It has been sprinkled up on the doorway of every Hebrew family in Egypt," he soothingly answered. Time passed. The child could not rest. The awful possibility that she, as the eldest born of the family, might be the victim of the destroying angel, filled her soul with terror.

It neared the midnight hour. Again she pleadingly asked: "Father, are you very sure the blood is on the door?"

Tenderly the father reassured her. But the hour was so close; the possibility forcing her so awful that, in desperation she cried: "Father, I want to see the blood. Take me in your arms and carry me to the door that I may be sure I am safe, by seeing the blood myself."

Very lovingly the father gathered her into his arms and carried her to the door. Eagerly she raised her eyes and scanned each post and lintel. No blood was there!

The father, in caring for his motherless child's physical needs which, he felt, because of her illness, kept him by her side, had trusted to others to sprinkle his door. It had been neglected.

With a moan that pierced through the father's heart, the child cried: "O father! father! you were mistaken. There is no blood on the door. The hour is almost here. Don't let me die, father. Quick! Get some blood and sprinkle it on the door!"

Swiftly the father carried his darling to her couch. Then he ran among his neighbors; found one of the vessels from which the doors had been sprinkled, and in which some of the precious liquid yet remained. It was with a tremulous hand that he seized a bunch of hyssop and carefully sprinkled the lintels and doorposts of his dwelling. Barely was the work done when the hour of midnight struck. The angel of death was busy, but that home, like all others which bore the mark of the slain lamb, was "passed over." The precious sick one, the first-born, was saved. One moment later and it would have been too late.

Need a word be added to press this thought home?

The shafts of criticism can not pierce deeply the man who knows he is right.

Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—Talmage.

TALKING WITH GOD.

Have you ever really talked with God?

Has your praying ever risen to the plane of actual communion with a personal Father in heaven? Or has it been a mere one-sided expression of your wants and purposes? There is even a great difference between praying to God, or toward God, and holding personal communion with God. "In order to commune with God, we must have something to say to Him concerning our actual life." If we believe in God it strengthens that faith to tell Him about it. If we have doubts and fears, there is no other way so effectual for getting rid of them as to tell our Father all about them. Simply spreading the out before Him often dissipates them altogether. But even though clouds and darkness still abide, we may yet talk with God, and the Comforter will take of things of his, and declare them unto us. Public prayer is in God's order, and should not be neglected, but the real inner experience of the individual Christian depends upon his personal interviews with Him who is the very life of our life—the living God. Instead of talking things over privately with the enemy of our souls, who is constantly urging his views upon us, and agreeing with so much that he says about God, let us listen to what God says about Himself, and as the infinite Father opens up his heart to us, and reveals His feelings toward us, let us do the same with Him. This heart-to-heart talk is a divine method for changing our sinful hearts until they shall beat in unison with the heart of God.

THE BEST REPLY.

The Holy Scriptures are the best possible reply to the errors of Rome. If a priest comes to you with teachings which are not in the Word of God, let nothing persuade you to accept his views. Now in the Holy Scriptures there is not one word about the Pope of Rome, not one word ordering or directing you to submit to the Church of Rome, or to a Roman Catholic priest, or to go to mass, or to submit your conscience to any man. When the question is asked, "What shall I do to be saved?"—the answer is as plain as possible. You know far better, probably, than that worthy priest. The answer is not "go to the priest," or "Go to Confession," or "Submit to the Pope." The answer is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—The truth of God is plain and clear. Christ is one and Only Saviour. The man who teaches otherwise, however plausibly, is in error. Pray for him; teach him. He hopes to do you good. It is your duty to do what you can for him.

We must live in the world, not in caves or in books. Some of our theories that look well on paper or in the seclusion of our studies do not turn out just as we expected when put to the test. And the thing above all else that must stand the test of life is our religion. Most of us pride ourselves on our religious views. No one would admit that he holds the wrong religious views. Well, then, are we daily testing them? "We don't want a religion," said a preacher, "that's been so long in the cloister that it stinks at the sunlight."—Sunday School Times.

Drudgery is the portal through which we enter the illuminated and bannered City of Achievement.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Dec. 4. Christ reigns in heaven. Rev. 1: 10-18.
T., Dec. 5. The songs of heaven. Rev. 15: 1-4.
W., Dec. 6. The white-robed. Rev. 7: 9-12.
Th., Dec. 7. The glory of the city. Rev. 21: 22-27.
F., Dec. 8. The River of life. Zech. 14: 7-11.
S., Dec. 9. Shall not be moved. Ps. 46: 1-5.
Sun., Dec. 10. Topic—The city of God. Rev. 22: 1-8.

THE CITY OF GOD.

Some Bible Hints.

Continual fruitfulness—is not this condition of the trees in heaven (v.2) to be also the condition of the people of heaven always happily at work and always with blessed results?

To see God's face! (v.4.) The more we know God on the earth, the more we understand how that vision is the climax of heaven.

It is to be God's city, and yet within it is provided for each of us the authority that is so dear to every manly soul. We are to reign, and forever (v.5).

The city of God comes quickly. Heaven is born slowly enough upon earth, but God is mercifully swift in taking us to heaven (v.7).

Suggestive Thoughts.

The best way to become a citizen of heaven is to try to make your own city a city of God.

What your heaven is you are. How necessary, then, that you make the real heaven the heaven of your thought and longing.

It will be heaven only not to have to fight sin, either in ourselves or in others.

Heaven is perfect service of God. You can get heaven anywhere and at any time if you will serve God perfectly.

A Few Illustrations.

Rich men on earth pay taxes in many cities, but the citizens of heaven may have no divided interests.

The streets of heaven are to be of gold. Then let us begin to tread gold beneath our feet on earth.

The value of all that a city owns—its parks, its schools, its libraries, its expensive public buildings, and other belongings, is all a part of the property of each citizen, and all citizens share alike.

A man may be a citizen of New York, yet never vote in an election. No one can be a citizen of heaven without taking an eager part in all its affairs.

To Think About.

Am I accustoming myself more and more each day to the thought of heaven? Is my daily life a preparation for heaven?

What if I were transported to heaven this minute?

A Cluster of Quotations.

A cluster of questions etoain shrdlu yj Dreams cannot picture a world so fair, Sorrow and death cannot enter there.

Mrs. Hemans.

Seek well another world; who studies this Travels in clouds, seeks naught where mine is.—Vaughan.

Heaven will be inherited by every man who has heaven in his soul.—Beecher.

Perfect purity, fulness of joy, everlasting freedom, perfect rest, health, and fruition, complete security, substantial and eternal good.—Hannah More.

Some Pleasant Socials.

A post-office social, in which each writes a helpful letter to some other member of the society, signing his name.

A botanical social, with contents in the identification of common plants, and with microscope exhibition and talk.

A phonograph social, with an explanation of the machine, and with illustrations from previously prepared records, and from impromptus.

A hodge-podge social, in which each member is called upon by lot to lead in one game of his own choice.

A spelling-school, the words to be spelled backwards.

A puzzle evening, puzzles being placed on small tables, and groups of the Endeavorers being sent from table to table at the top of the bell.

A recent-events evening, with bright accounts of the leading features of recent history.