

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.

Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death wrote his life, but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long epistles, of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but his form was as much kept secret as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early church to permit any attempt to print the human as it appeared in him.—*Rev. William Arthur.*

NOVEL-READING.

Zest! How may it the most effectively be dissipated, how irrecoverably be lost? Forgive me now this wrong if, conscience-driven as I am, I utter what must, I know, offend some who may read this paper. Genuine zest disappears wherever fiction holds sway. I am intending no onslaught on novel-reading. I have no puritanic horror of novels. I have listened to most of those that were the popular fictions of that by-gone time. I would say this only to the heads of families. Make your choice—freely admit from the circulating library the three-volume novels of the season, and then be content to find that all residue of zest is gone as to history, or biography, or science, or anything else that is real and genuine, Christianity included.

Novel-reading is an infatuation which masters souls as surely as dram-drinking does. Many are the melancholy spectacles which one encounters in towns—as, for instance, a woman, wasted, worn, in tatters, and near to starvation—this is a sad sight. And so it is sad to meet the well-dressed lady of forty or fifty, hastening home with the three greasy-bearded volumes, which are all to be devoured between the noon of to-day and the dawn of to-morrow! The alternative for the individual or for the family is this; novel-reading with its consequent ennui and utter apathy, or else genuine feeling, employment, with zest as to whatever is real in life, in history, in science, poetry and general literature. Fiction of any sort in one scale, and reality in the other, the beam will never stand on the level.”—*Littell's Living Age.*

ANECDOTE ABOUT ROWLAND HILL.

As the worthy preacher was once proceeding along the Blackfriars-road, he saw a person followed by a drove of pigs. As all were proceeding so systematically along he wondered how the man managed them; so, to get into the secret, he kept close behind till they arrived at a house in a contiguous street, into which the man entered, followed by the pigs in the greatest order. Rowland entered, and at once began to inquire of the man how it was that the pigs followed him so orderly. The man replied, “Don't you see, sir, I carry a bag of beans with me, and I keep dropping them as I go along, and they are fond of beans, and follow me to get them.” “Well, and now you have got them in doors,” said Rowland, “do you give them any?” “O no, this is the slaughter-house, and once in here, no more beans.” “Now,” said Rowland, in a sermon soon after, “this is what the devil does, he entices men on by all sorts of beans, till he gets them to destruction: then farewell to beans and all. Now, my friends, the devil will present many beans to you, such as theatres, casinos, balls, &c., &c., but don't be led astray by any of them, but use the Bible-class, the lecture, the mutual improvement class, the Sunday-school, and, above all, the house of God.”

IDLENESS.—Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the step-mother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion on which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases; for the mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief, or sinks into melancholy.—*Burton.*