

horns of the altar; and then the sacrifice itself was consumed upon it by fire. This lamb, of course, was not guilty, it had not deserved death. The people understood that the sacrifice was for them, and that God had accepted another life instead of theirs.

When the guilt of the people had been put away they were instructed to offer themselves, their whole life and being to God (Ps. c. 3). The spotless lamb was a type or shadow of Christ, the sinless Saviour, and so it was acceptable to God.

III. THE MEAT OFFERING.—Something else besides the lamb was laid on the altar. The people were instructed to bring flour (as much as was sufficient for the food of one man daily), and also oil and wine. Then the sacrifice was complete. All was consumed. But these latter gifts, called the meat offering, could never be offered alone. The sacrifice, the sprinkling of the blood, the taking away of life, must come first. Then Israel could bring to God what He had bestowed, to show that they willingly consecrated God's good gifts to His service.

Once more compare carefully the shadow with the reality, the type with the anti-type, the bleeding lamb with the suffering Saviour. Note how Christ was slain, His blood poured out, His life offered up, and think "all this was for me!" Remember, too, how the flour and oil and wine meant, "All that God has given me—life and strength and joy, it is my duty to consecrate to His service."

But these offerings were to be made daily. Each morning and evening similar sacrifices were presented. Yet all these offerings could not take away sin (Heb. x. 1, 2, 11). But when Christ's sacrifice was completed on Calvary, He secured for us, by it, perfect redemption. It was offered once for all (Rom. xiv. 10; Heb. vii. 27). His blood

"Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

Family Reading.

JUDGE NOT!

"Judge not, that ye be not judged; for with what judgment ye mete it shall be measured unto you again."

I am not so upright,

That on another's weakness I should lay
The weight of my reproach; the with'ring might
Of scorn uphold not in its scorching way.

What do I know of Truth

Or Purity, but what I learned of Thee?
O, Thou impartial Judge! in wrong and ruth
Help me to bring earth's weary ones to Thee.

This for myself I crave,

O loving Father! that the cross I bear
May prove a staff, not one alone to save;
Lord, bid it shine with mingled faith and prayer.

That they who pass me by,

May see the cross illumed, and learn to hold
More closely theirs, that happy by and by,
Will be exchanged for a bright crown of gold.

A contrite spirit, Thou

Wilt not despise, when it shall come to Thee;
Lord, though the fruit hangs trembling from the bough,
I must not taste; unto Thy help I flee.

And not alone for me,

Would I entreat Thy blessing; all who sin,
And who have never learned Thy love to see,
Open Thine heart and take these wand'ers in!
London, Ont. FRANCES M. ASBURY.

TWO LEGENDS WITH A MORAL.

1. In Joinville's Memoirs of Saint Louis IX, under the date A. D., 1260, we are told that during the encampment of the Crusaders at Acre, a monk called Fr. Yves le Breton, of the order of the preaching Friars, was with them. This Fr. Yves was one day sent for and despatched to the ambassadors of the Sultan, to say that the king had ordered him to accompany them to Damascus to inform the Sultan what were the king's intentions respecting the Saracens. This Fr. Yves did; but I must relate the following incident in his own words:

On going from the king's residence to the lodgings of the ambassadors, he met a very old woman in the street, having in her right hand a porringer full of fire, and in her left a chalice of water. Fr. Yves asked, "Woman, what art thou

going to do with this fire and water which you are carrying?" She replied, that with the fire she wished to burn up paradise, and with the water to quench the flames of hell, so that there should be never more a paradise or a hell. The Monk asked why she uttered such words. "Because," she said, "I wish not that anyone should do good for the reward of Paradise, nor shun evil from fear of hell; but every good ought to be done from the perfect and sincere love we owe to our Creator, God, who is the supreme good, and who loved us so much that He suffered death for our redemption; which death he submitted to for the sin of our first father, Adam, and for our salvation."

2. In Roman History we read that if ever the fire which burned on the altar of the Temple of Vesta was extinguished by the neglect of the priestess-in-charge, an event which was regarded as portentous of some terrible calamity, it could not be rekindled by any ordinary means, but only by the priest producing sparks from the friction of two pieces of the sacred wood, *arbor felix*, or from the burning rays of the sun, concentrated with a glass. Even so, only the Spirit of God can renew that which has been decayed by the fraud and malice of the Devil. Only the wood of the Cross, only the Sun of Righteousness, only the fire which comes down from Heaven, can illumine and warm the soul.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A HANDSOME CLOCK FOR THE PARLOUR MANTEL.—Take a common pine box, twelve inches long, five inches high, use your own ingenuity to turn or fashion out four standards for the corners about one inch high. Purchase an ordinary little circular clock—they may be found for a dollar, but for two dollars find one with a handsome circular frame around the face—saw out a circular piece from the centre of the front side of the box, just large enough to admit the clock face, and show about one-half inch of the frame around the face, then cover the box smoothly with rich dark red plush, put the clock in the box with the face in the circular opening, cover the lid of the box with plush and fasten on. Have ready some moulding about an inch wide, which may be procured at a trifling cost from any picture frame dealer; bronze the moulding carefully with any good bronzing powder, then glue the moulding firmly around the edges of the box and bronze the standards. Now to beautify the clock find some plaster of Paris statuette, eight or ten inches long, four or five wide, and not too high; to look well on top of the clock bronze it to compare with the moulding, and place on top of the box, and you have a handsome parlour ornament.

A FINE CLIMBING PLANT.—People seeking a nice climbing plant are advised that there is none in cultivation that surpasses the similax in the graceful beauty of its foliage and orange fragrance of the flowers. Its peculiar wavy formation renders it to be the most valuable of all plants for vases or hanging baskets, as it can be used either to hang or droop, as required. In cut flowers, particularly for wreaths, it is now considered indispensable by all florists. It is very highly prized by ladies in the dressing of their hair on festive occasions; flowers white. Soak the seed in warm water for twelve hours, plant in pots, and in a moist, warm place.

A SIMPLE TEST OF BUTTER.—There is a qualitative test for butter so simple that any housewife can put it into successful practice, says a scientific authority. A clear piece of white paper is smeared with a little of the suspected butter. The paper is then rolled up and set on fire. If the butter is pure, the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant, but the odor is distinctly tallowy if the butter is made up wholly or in part of animal fat.

FIVE drops of the "solution of chloride of iron" to a gallon will purify the muddiest water and render it as fine for drinking as the purest spring water. Strain through flannel before using. A water pail usually holds about two gallons and a half. Put twelve drops of the solution in it and let it stand over night; then strain off and use.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot soapsuds. Into this put the silver. A soft brush may be used to remove the dirt from chased silver or repousse work. Wipe with a soft cloth and polish with a chamois.

GOOD EXAMPLES.

I have many great examples before me. I have Abraham, the friend of God; Enoch, who walked with God; Isaac, who meditated in the fields. I admire them and look up to them. I have the saints and martyrs, the apostles, the fathers, the confessors, and I admire them and their glorious sufferings and deaths. I have had parents and friends, perhaps good and holy ancestors, and I am proud of them. I have the greatest example of all—that of our Lord Jesus Christ, who died the death of the righteous, and resigned His soul to His Father with a great thirst for the redemption of all mankind. All these are before me, and the prayer "Let me die the death of the righteous," is often on my lips; but I must remember that he who would die the death of the righteous must live the life of the righteous. What am I doing in my present life, and should I be content were it suddenly to be cut short?

Oh Lord! I entreat Thee to give me reality! I fear a sentimental dreaming over the great deeds and holy deaths of others. Grant that I may discipline myself, and so live that I may not fear to die.

IGNORANCE.—Men will confess their ignorance about almost anything except religion. You may catechise them upon any subject, and to many of your questions they will answer "I don't know." Question them upon religion and they know all. Few "I don't know" come in then. Here is a sample of such ignorance. It will show how much of the subject the individual understood, yet his conceit was great. A man once said to me with contempt, "Just to think that a priest can forgive my sins; there is transubstantiation for you." One could have patience with such people if they would admit only a little, that they are not "well larned," as it is commonly put in the accepted phraseology of the back-woods country; but when they know, or think they know more than bishops, it is contemptible.

MAN'S CHANGEABLENESS.—What a difference there is in men on different occasions. Many at election times are all spirit and enthusiasm; they have interest and life. They fly here and then there. But look at those very men in church, and you would think they are as drunk and as dead as the devil can make them. What is the cause of this? Carelessness, indifference and inconsistency.

PUNISHMENT.

Some time ago, as I was coming up the street, I met a young married friend, holding her little boy by the hand. The child had evidently had a fall, for the pretty suit he wore was covered with splashes of mud.

"Just look at Willie's new coat," she said in an aggrieved voice. "It is perfectly ruined; and I have had such trouble to get it made. Is it not too bad?"

While I was expressing my sympathy, the little fellow looked up into my face with a woeful expression on his own.

"And mamma is going to whip me just as soon as we get home."

"I certainly am," she said in her same indignant tone, "I have told him at least fifty times to take hold of my hand and he never will do it, and this is the consequence."

"It seems to me," I answered, somewhat dryly, "that if you have condoned the sin of disobedience for forty-nine times, it is for the sin of falling down that the child is to be punished; for if the accident had not happened, I imagine that the fiftieth act of disobedience would also have passed without comment."

Her cheek flushed for a moment, then her honest hazel eyes met mine steadily.