

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

THERE are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought. Two equalities—the false, which reduces all intellects and all character to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; the true, wherein each man has equal power to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more. This is the Divine equality which the Church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does. Two brotherhoods—the false, where a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; the true, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they are all alike. The Church has three special possessions and treasures: The Bible, which proclaims man's freedom; Baptism, his equality; the Lord's Supper, his Brotherhood. — *Charles Kingsley.*

AMONG OUR WILD-FLOWERS.

AND Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untried,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

—*Longfellow.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"IN a pottery factory here," writes William C. Gannet, in "Blessed Be Drudgery," "there is a workman who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of his 'wee lad' as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon, or a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give colour to the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental man, but never went home at night without something that would make the wan face light up with joy at his return. He never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him, and by and by he moved that whole

shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning-time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it.

"And, believe it or not, cynics, as you will, but it is a fact that the entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind; and some dropped swearing as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on a sanded bank to dry, so that he should come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, right round the corner out of sight there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave half a day's time for the privilege of taking part in the simple procession, and following to the grave that small burden of a child which probably not one had even seen."

A CURE FOR A "BIG HEAD."

THERE is a very prevalent disease known as *caput magnum*, but the popular name for it is "big head." It is rarely fatal, except to the reputation of the diseased person, and to the comfort and goodfellowship of those who have most to do with him. Still, it is a very annoying and unpleasant malady, and calls for prompt and radical treatment, since it rapidly grows worse if left to itself. It is not confined to any one age, but is more apt to first manifest itself between the years of fifteen and twenty, and is said to be more common among males than females. Strange to say, it does not result from any known predisposing cause; anyhow, those who have the least reason to be conceited are most apt to be afflicted by this undue cranial development, while those who, through their

attainments and services to mankind, have some reason to think well of themselves, are seldom troubled by this malady in any of its forms. Several remedies have been recommended, but perhaps the following are the most successful. Prescription I.:—Reflection on the following topics: (a) The fact that the world got along very well before the patient came into it. (b) The fact that it will get along quite as well when he leaves it. (c) The readiness with which every vacancy is filled, and the facility with which the world forgets its idols. Prescription II.:—A thorough study of biography, which will show—(1st) How influential in their own generation really great men have been. (2nd) How little one's achievements look when placed beside theirs. (3rd) How modest and unassuming the said great men were in spite of their achievements. Prescription III. is the *most efficacious of all*, and was prescribed by one Paul, an apostle: "For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."—*The Young Man.*

SECURE.

THE winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of his hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waters upright stood;
And He whose power controlled that raging flood
Still succours helpless men.

He knoweth all; the end
Is clear at the beginning to His eye;
Then walk in peace, secure though storms
roll by;
He knoweth all, O friend!

—*Selected.*

It is said that a person who was hesitating about 'verting to Rome once called on Lidden for advice—"Read no controversialy for a year," said the 'little Doctor'; "read the New Testament only, and take no step until the year is ended." The result of this advice proved its wisdom.—*Church Advocate.*