

Satan does not always need coarse and striking sin for his purpose. He can kill some souls better by a hidden slow poison. If there is any sin lurking in the soul, it matters not what it is, there is a curse with it, and a curse upon it. And alas! at that day, when blessings stand on the Gerizim of God, and curses upon Ebal, from those who are doomed, we may hear that sentence, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," and our heart, self-condemned, and all the people shall answer, "Amen."

God's Gifts.

Did you ever think that God measures His gifts to us only by our capacity to receive? Do you remember the story of the prophet's widow who went to Elisha in her sore distress and was bidden to borrow all the empty vessels she could from her neighbours and pour into them the scanty supply of oil which was contained in her own pot? She was told to provide "not a few" vessels; but suppose she had thought, as might be natural, that surely a very few vessels would be sufficient to hold the oil, how she would have stood in her own light by disobeying the prophet's command! She determined by her faith the measure of her blessing. Each one of us is likewise determining his own spiritual blessing. Our blessing is limited by our capacity to receive—nothing else. God, the all-bountiful One, is never straitened; it is His delight to give royally, like a king. If we are straitened, we are straitened in ourselves; our capacity to receive is not large enough. If we are expecting the gift of the Spirit, we do not provide room enough to receive it. If we are hoping to conquer our spiritual foes, we are like the ancient king of Israel who came to mourn at Elisha's death-bed. Elisha bade him smite upon the ground, and he smote three times and stopped. Thus he would only smite Syria thrice instead of consuming her. He had limited his own victory.

We do not know how often we limit our victories and blessings; we are constantly running against the limitations of our faith. "According to thy faith be it unto thee," was our Saviour's formula of healing; but where faith stopped the blessing stopped. Nazareth could receive no mighty work because of unbelief, and there are many unsuspected Nazarenes among us to-day who are placing impassable barriers between themselves and the divine blessing. But if we cherish a feeling of our need, and a belief in God's omnipotence and willingness to help us, then we may believe that He will give us bountifully, even to the measure of our capacity.

Sunday in the Home.

We know a household in which Sunday is hardly over before the little ones begin the inquiry: "Mamma, when will it be Sunday again?" To these children Sunday is the "red letter" day of the week, looked forward to and backward to, every other day. And this because on Sunday they have their father at home all day. He dismisses his business cares, gathers his children close about him, listens to the histories of the week, reads to them, or walks with them. He is making beautiful associations to cluster around this beautiful day.

This should be the day of days in every household. Six days must the bread and butter be earned, and the bread and butter be prepared, the raiment taken thought of and the raiment stitched. Six days must the fathers and sons and daughters and little children go abroad to the work and their lessons.

But then comes the first day, the beautiful Christian Sabbath, in which business may be set aside, the lessons dismissed, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters reunited. Let this day be consecrated to all that is highest and best in our natures, to thanksgiving and aspiration, and to the development in the home of those spiritual graces which make our homes heavenly places.

Wise parents will make the day so bright and sweet with their joy, and their children, their sympathetic conversation, their choice books, and their songs, and their bits of poetry, that they who come to the hearth-stone weary and dis-

couraged will be renewed and cheerful for the coming week, and all will bear in their hearts a bright memory to shine on them in cloudy weather.

Which Will You Do?

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody round you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing-birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, throughout the day when about your daily business.

Rotten Ships.

Much has been said and written about rotten ships, and what a sad piece of iniquity it is for any, just for the sake of present gain, to attempt to trifle with human life, in sending men to sea in ships that ought to have been broken up long years ago. Old unseaworthy hulks patched up and painted, then freighted with precious life, all sacrificed for the cupidity and covetousness of the owners,—how the world reprobates such conduct, and cries out against it!

Would that all equally condemned the attempts to sail to heaven in the rotten hulks of man's providing.

When we try to gain everlasting life by anything that we do, say, or promise, ignoring the new and living way, what is it but sailing in a rotten ship that must founder? When we boast ourselves of our morality, sincerity, good deeds and intentions, ignoring the work and person of Jesus the Saviour, what is it but a fair coat of bright paint that covers a worm-eaten, rotten ship, that will not stand one breath of God's judgment? When we weary ourselves with the performance of outward forms and ceremonies of religion, and try to satisfy the conscience with acts of devotion and contrition, rejecting the work of Christ, who hath "by Himself purged our sins," what is it but building again what God has destroyed, and embarking in that which will never reach the shore?

God condemned all these ways four thousand years ago, providing an "ark," even Christ Jesus, for the saving of the soul—the sinner's refuge and way of escape. And what He said unto Noah, He says to you, "Come thou, and all thy house, into the ark."

Silence About Ourselves.

Think as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirements, your influence, your plan, your success, your following—above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood which has been laid in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before God.

Again, be specially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought, it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man.

Place yourself often beneath the cross of Calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; hear those words of wonder; look at the Eternal Son humbling Himself there for you, and ask yourself, as you gaze fixedly on Him, whether he, whose only hope is in that cross of absolute self-sacrifice and

self-abasement, can dare to cherish in himself one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring even in your ears: "How can ye believe who receive honor one of another and seek not the honor that cometh from God only?"—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

Sunday Services.

The *New York Tribune* says that the following notice was recently distributed in the pews of a church in Somerville, Massachusetts: "It may not be inappropriate to call attention of the audience to the bad habit they have fallen into of watching people who come in late, especially those who have new clothes. These late-comers are modest people, and it must be a serious annoyance to have their raiment a subject of remark. They wear it unconsciously, and prefer that you would not notice them. The Sunday services are at half-past ten and at half-past seven, for the benefit of all who desire to spend an hour in worship; but for all those who have recently visited the tailor, and milliner, and dressmaker, the morning service begins anywhere from half-past ten to eleven, and the evening service ten minutes before eight. For the benefit of the very tardy ones the announcement is hereby made that the Benediction will be the only portion of the service in which they are respectfully invited to participate."

The Awakening of Spring.

"Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

How glad we all are when the happy time of the awakening of spring has come! The warm breath of the south wind soon changes the look of every thing, and covers the surface of the earth with flowers. Then the voice of the cuckoo calls all the lingering songsters to hurry over the sea, and muster again in their old cathedrals of the woods. Slowly the sap begins to rise in the trees, and the little branches soon blush with a faint rose colour or purple. The bleating of the lambs is heard; imprisoned insects rise into the air and dance in the sunshine; butterflies flit to and fro; and at the foot of the hedges the starry celandine is already running a braid of gold. Winter is gone, and will not return till the pale green leaves now unfolding have changed to fiery red, and fallen over the graves of the flowers, to form a couch on which winter can once again spread his snow-white sheet, and the earth will sleep till the coming of another spring.

My Passport to Glory.

When, in the darkness of the midnight train, the collector's lamp is seen glimmering from carriage to carriage, does he hold it to your face to learn who you are, in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed? No! he lets its light fall on the ticket which you hold out to him, and if that is right you are right, no matter who you are—rich or poor, rude or noble. So Christ, and Christ alone, is our passport to glory. Never can we say, Lord, look upon me, for I am holy—never; but upon Christ who is my passport. Unworthy? Most assuredly you are. And if you live to be the veriest saint, you will be unworthy still. God has chosen to save you. It is not a question of what you deserve, but what Christ deserves. It makes all the difference when, instead of putting our own value upon the work of Christ, and accepting it merely as meeting our need, we learn God's estimate of that work.

"Be not afraid, only believe."

Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the whole system.

—It is a great mistake to suppose that Christianity is merely a fire escape, of value only to the soul, and that not until after death. Religion is a spiritual illumination, blessing the home and society with a quiet helpfulness in the present life, and giving to us a foretaste of heaven. The fact is that heaven begins in this world, and the spiritual atmosphere which we breathe is the same which shall surround us hereafter. There are some professing Christians who would be asphixiated if they should reach heaven.