

parts of Repentance, (a) sorrow for sin, (b) confession of sin, (c) amendment of life.] (iii) "Have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ." (iv) "With a thankful remembrance of His death, (v) and be in charity with all men." These last three belong to Faith.

Suppose S. Paul on earth and some one came to ask him to explain what he meant by 1 Cor. xi. 28, he would probably have answered, "(i) Have you thought of your past sins and repented of them? That is (a) Have you looked into your life to see in what way and how many times you have offended against God? (b) Do you hate your sin, trying to do so as God does (Ps. xcvi. 10). (c) Are you sorry for your sins, and have you confessed them? (1 S. John i. 9.)

Perhaps they would say we have done all this, what more is necessary? S. Paul would say, "Let us see what your repentance is worth? (ii) Do you steadfastly purpose to resist temptations to these sins in the future?" Perhaps some would say, "I cannot do this." S. Paul would say sorrowfully, "Then I cannot say 'Come to the Holy Communion,'" while on the other hand to those who said, "well I do not mean to do these things again, though I am afraid I shall, but I mean to try not to do so. God helping me," S. Paul would say, "Then come to the Holy Communion and be strengthened to do these things."

III. FAITH.

S. Paul would say, "But there is something else to ask you about." All the repentance in the world would not wash away your sins. "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." (iii) Do you believe he will save you? trust in Him, and no one or nothing else. Do you believe His promises made in this Sacrament? S. Paul would say, "I see you have faith in Jesus Christ." I must now ask you (iv) Have you "a thankful remembrance of His death? If so, you may show your thankfulness as S. David did (Ps. cxvi. 12, 13).

S. Paul would add one more question (v) "Do you love your fellow-man?" You must not come unless you are "in charity with all men" (S. Matt. v. 23, 24). But if you have (i) Repentance, (ii) purpose of amendment, (iii) faith, (iv) thankfulness, (v) charity, by all means "come." If in doubt at any time after this self-examination whether you ought to come, go at once to your own clergyman, as the Church advises at the close of the first exhortation for use "when the minister giveth warning for the celebration of the Holy Communion," "And because it is requisite," etc.)

Family Reading.

The Heart that Trusts.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as if it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good, or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

—Selected.

An Indian Simile.

Some years ago a party of Canadian hunters went up in the Saskatchewan district to hunt deer, and when there fell in with a small party of Christian Indians, the leader of whom was fond of singing. The hymns that he sang were from the Cree Hymnal. The hunters were both interested and surprised, and one day one of the party said to the Indian: "What are you always singing about Jesus for; what has Jesus done for you?" The Indian looked at the traveller with some amazement, but said nothing. An Indian never speaks when he is astonished, for he would consider that to be as foolish as a white man, who, he says, "speaks first and thinks afterwards"; but an Indian thinks first and then speaks; so, without speaking, this Indian made a circle of moss on the ground, he then placed a worm in the centre of it; this done, he took his flint and steel, and striking a light, set fire to the moss. In a short time the poor worm began to writhe in pain; just then the Indian stooped down, lifted it up and put it on a stone; then, turning to the traveller, he said with emphasis: "That is what Jesus did for me. I was like that worm, and felt in my

heart all that it could have felt in its body; and just then God's Child stooped down and lifted me up and put me upon a rock, and do you wonder that I love Him? Can you wonder that I sing His praises?"

Parental Interest.

It is not enough for parents to do their best to educate their children and give them a good start in life; what appeals to the boyish heart is the kindly, loving interest in all his pursuits from the earliest days of his existence—and this both father and mother can and must give if they wish to keep in touch with their sons. It seems little to silence the eager description of a cricket-match or a paper chase because it interests no one but the narrator; but the want of sympathy chills the child, and he grows reserved towards those whom he should be most open with.

How to Know People.

If you want to know people, you must get near them; first get down to their level, and then bring them up to yours, not waiting for any great occasion, or a more direct revelation, but taking advantage of small opportunities, and making your influence felt in quiet, unobtrusive ways. There is always some one to smile at, somebody to give your chair to, somebody to whom a book, a flower, or even an old paper will be a boon. These small attentions will open the way to confidence, will make it possible that in need these friends will give you opportunities to help them which, unless you had shown thoughtfulness and regard for them, they could never have done. A quiet sympathetic look or smile many a time unbars a heart that needs the help you can give.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Hidden Treasures.

In the "green-room" in Dresden, where for centuries the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is hid a chicken, whose wing being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all: another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent diamond ring. So it is with every truth and promise of God's word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the spring.

Call Him Father.

Boys, when you speak of your father don't call him "the old man." Of course you are older now than when you learned to call him "father." You are much more manly looking. Your clothes fit better; you have a more modern shape and your hair is combed differently. In short you are 'flyer' than you were then. Your father has a last year's coat and a two-years' old hat, and a vest of still older pattern. He can't write such an elegant note as you can and all that—but don't call him "the old man." Call him father. For years he has been hustling around to get things together; he has been held to the thorny path of uphill industry for years, and the brightest half of his life has gone from him forever. He loves you, though he goes along without saying much about it, and if he knew you were bad it would be the heaviest burden he has to bear.

Catarrh not Local, but Constitutional.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man, showing itself in the nose—a Local exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give temporary relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood, does eliminate all impurities and makes the whole man healthier. It removes the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Obedience.

A butterfly is much more free than a bee, but you honour the bee more, says Mr. Ruskin, because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And, throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. Restraint characterises the higher creature; and, from the ministering of an archangel to the labour of an insect, from the poisoning of a planet to the gravitation of a grain of dust, the power and glory of all creatures, and of all matter, consists in their obedience, not in their freedom.

Progress.

Real progress consists less in the increase of knowledge than in the increase of vitality with which it is grasped and held—less in the number of moral truisms enjoyed than in the moral power which governs the life—less in what is brought to men from without than in what is aroused and developed from within. Measured by this standard, we may find some of the bubbles of boasted advancement broken; but, with more reverence for the past and more modesty in the present, we may safely cherish a well-founded hope for the truest and best progress in the future.

The Winds.

The birds may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the birdie's sake;
Kissing them, fanning them, soft and sweet,
E'en till the dark and the dawning meet.

The flowers may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the flower's sake;
Rocking the birds on the rose-mother's breast,
Swinging the hyacinth-bells to rest.

The children may sleep, but the winds must wake,
Early and late, for the children's sake;
Singing so sweet in each little one's ear,
He thinks his mother's own song to hear.

To an Unknown.

You are melancholy; and you are brooding over your own distemper, and so aggravating it. Neither prayer nor meditation will cure it. The difficulty is that you are self-centered. Every self-centered person must be either self-conceited or melancholy. Every man is but a sorry object for self-contemplation. You are constructing your life on the Ptolemaic theory; you are making everything revolve around yourself. The glow-worm and the firefly live in the light they produce themselves, and they are poor creatures. Phosphorescence never lasts long.

Walk in the light of God—that is, in the light which comes from God. The remedy for melancholy is to become God-centered. You are unhappy! What of it? There is only one question: Are you useful? No? Then become useful. Set yourself, not to being happy, but to doing other people good. Forget yourself; think of others. "Happiness is got by being forgot." Still, do not forget happiness in order to get it. Simply forget it. Live for others, not for yourself. It is of small consequence whether you are happy or