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called "His glory," "His strength," (Ps. lxxviii. 61, Compare 1 Sam. iv. 11, v. 1, 2) for to Israel it was the sign of God's presence. Now Christ is said to be "the brightness of God's glory, the express image of His person," and to "uphold all things by the word of His power," (Heb. i. 3). Compare, too, St. Luke ii. 32 with 1 Sam. iv. 22. Also the name *Ark of the Covenant* with Mal. iii. 1, where Christ is called the "Messenger of the Covenant." Thus we see that the Ark was a shadow or type of Christ. It went before Israel in time of danger (Jos. iii. 6); it brought destruction to God's enemies (1 Sam. v. 3), and blessings to his people (2 Sam. vi. 11). Where shall we find God's presence now? (St. John xiv. 7. 9). And the name given to Jesus is "Emmanuel," "God with us." The covering of the Ark set forth God's mercy; it was the "mercy seat." So Christ is our "propitiation" or "Mercy seat" (Rom. iii. 25; 1 St. John ii. 1, 2). The Mercy seat was the place where God met his people (v. 22). So Jesus is our meeting place with God. God comes to us in Him (2 Cor. v. 19), and we come to God through Him (St. John xiv. 6). Let us do, then, what St. Paul tells us (Heb. iv. 16).

Family Reading.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE.

"So you've brought me this costly Bible,
With its covers so grand and gay;
You thought I must need a new one
On my eighty-first birthday you say;
Yes, mine is a worn-out volume,
Grown ragged and yellow with age,
With finger-prints thick on the margin;
But there's never a missing page.

"And the finger-prints call back my wee ones
Just learning a verse to repeat;
And again in the twilight their faces
Look up to me eagerly sweet.
It has pencil marks pointed in silence
To words I have hid in my heart;
And the lessons so hard in the learning,
Once learned, can never depart.

"Your gift is a beauty, my dearie,
With its wonderful clasps of gold,
Put it carefully into that drawer;
I shall keep it till death; but the old—
Just leave it close by on the table,
And then you may bring me a light,
And I'll read a sweet psalm from its pages
To think of, if wakeful to-night."

A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and my powers, my failings and my weakness; what I can do, and cannot do. So I desire to be led; to follow Him, and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my Church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate are Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root-out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God, hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.—*Norman Macleod's Diary.*

ORIGIN OF "AN AXE TO GRIND."

When Benjamin Franklin was a little boy at school he was accosted one morning at his father's gate by a very polite stranger, who complimented him on his appearance and manners, and presently asked, "Has your father a grindstone?" "Yes," said Ben. "Well, I declare," said the stranger, "this is one of the nicest little boys I ever met. Son, do you reckon your father would let me grind my axe on his grindstone?" "Certainly," said

Ben, greatly pleased with the compliment. "Well, now," said the stranger, "this is a very polite little boy. Son, do you reckon you could turn a little for me?" "I suppose so," said Ben. "I turned and turned," said Benjamin Franklin, who told the story on himself, "till my hands were blistered and my back was sore. The stranger continued to praise me till his axe was sharp, when he turned upon me grimly and said: 'Go along to school, you little rascal, or I will report you for playing truant.' From that day to this," said Franklin, "whenever I have met a man more polite and complimentary than the occasion demanded, I have said to myself, *May be he has an axe to grind.*"

THE EXPRESSION OF FEELING.

Americans do not lack feeling, but they are sadly wanting in the expression of it—in the little deferences, the tender courtesies, the free, ready signs of affection that make home so satisfying and contenting. To give to the white-haired father or mother not only respect but confidence, to tell the joke and secret to them first, to accord to them cordially the central place in the merry-making, seem trivial matters. Yet it matters much to them who at the end of life begin to think that they are useless and forgotten; and to question whether they shall be missed when they go out into the nearing night.—*N.Y. Tribune.*

A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

The following advice and prayers were written by a father to his two daughters on the event of their leaving home, to take positions, consequent upon the adverse circumstances of the family:

Now my dears, you are in a strange State, amongst strange people, you see faces you never saw before, and I know full well you miss all your faces and home things, but remember things do not occur by chance or accident, but the Almighty worketh all things for good to those who love Him. The same heavenly Father is ever mindful of you; He is the same everywhere, and you will find in going to Him humbly and earnestly, with all your troubles, you will receive great comfort; always remember this, dear children, and try and live near to Him. Never fail to say your prayers night and morning, humbly, earnestly and reverently; help one another in everything, comfort and love one another, and—dear, do not forget dear—is younger than you are, and has never left home before; have perfect confidence in one another, and allow no one to come between you; listen to nothing you may hear from strangers, that falls short of truth and right, do your duty to the best of your ability, avoid if possible, being told twice about the same thing, be obliging and willing to obey orders from Mrs.—, strive to please, and do everything within your power to give satisfaction; attend church all you can, and never fail to read your Bible, and pray. I have written a little prayer for each of you, which may perhaps be an assistance to you both. Lastly, never fail to tell the truth, even if it brings blame upon you; and may the Lord of heaven, the Creator and Preserver of all things, Our heavenly Father, guide, guard and bless you, may He keep you in the paths of peace, and bring you both in health and strength to us all again.

PRAYER FOR MORNING.

Almighty and everliving God, accept I humbly beseech Thee, my heartfelt thanks for the loving kindness in bringing me to the light of this another day, through all the perils of the past night; be with me during this day, endue me with heavenly virtues, preserve me in health and strength, and bring me to its close, in peace and safety; assist me to faithfully perform the duties Thou has allotted me, and ever keep me under the shelter and shadow of Thy Almighty wings; bless all my family, and friends, and grant that whatever I may do, it may please Thee, and redound to Thy honor, and Thy glory; all this I humbly ask, in the name of our great and glorious Redeemer, Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

PRAYER FOR EVENING.

O Lord, merciful Father, I thank Thee, for thus allowing me to approach Thy mercy seat to offer my humble thanks for Thy kind preservation, and protection, during the past day, and for many mercies, and blessings, Thou hast been pleased to bestow, so bountifully upon me; continue thy loving kindness and tender mercy to me this night, refresh me with sweet sleep, and bring me to the light of another day, in health and strength, in peace and safety. Suffer no evil one to approach my dwelling, or to molest anything Thou hast given me, or given into my charge; bless all the dear ones at home, and all our relations and friends, and may we all, in Thy due time, meet in the realms of bliss: forgive O Lord, the many misdeeds I have committed this day which is now past, in thought, word and deed, all of which, I humbly acknowledge and confess unto Thee, and grant me grace to live, more and more, unto Thee; all this I humbly ask, in the name of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

TO SAVE HIS MOTHER.

We have had a German baron among us, Baron von Karlstine, who has written a book about New York and its inhabitants. One of his anecdotes is very good and interesting:—

On Washington's birthday he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man, in his shirt-sleeves and hatless, passed through the assembled multitude and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer," he exclaimed, "my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue; she has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her."

"O.K., young fellow," said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession and screamed, "Halt!" holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck, and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command, "Forward! march!" was heard, and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth Street, without any music except the lightest possible tapping of drums.

Then came, "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth Street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled admirably equipped men, many of them battle-scarred veterans, turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a little rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to take Gotham; but no, the general in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, be he a soldier or not, reverses the sacred name of mother.—*Youth's Companion.*

A BAD HABIT.

None may estimate the power of a look, conveying either affection or reproof. A look from the tender eye of Jesus sent Peter, after denying his Lord, to weep bitterly. A gentleman cast a mild look of reproof on a young man who had taken the name of God in vain.

"I am sorry, sir," said the young man, "that I have wounded your feelings by any word I have spoken."

"I confess," was the reply, "that I can never hear that holy and blessed name profaned without deep pain. As my benefactor and friend, to whom I owe every blessing, I am jealous of the honor of God."

"I spoke, sir, without thought, I meant no harm."

"I believe it, my young friend; but your Creator