

thought and action not a body of new truth for consideration, but a person to be trusted and loved. This is its peculiar excellency, and the reason of its heart-moving power. It is the attracting force of love in a personal life lived on earth in the fierce light of duty, in the form of a servant stooping to the lowest and showing for all time to all men, in human form, the wideness of God's mercy and the greatness of His love.

There is, in the second place, the central fact which leads to the central truth—Christ crucified. St. Paul knew well the power of attraction which lies in the person of Christ. But one act stood out above all others as a revelation of His heart, and that was His death upon the cross. So the Saviour Himself had pointed out long before when He had said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

The cross shows the way by which God is able to reconcile His justice with His mercy. A God all mercy were a God unjust. It is a bridge which passes from the one to the other. The sinner who looks in faith to Jesus Christ finds a way of access to the Father, and the free and full forgiveness of his sins.

The cross bears upon it the message of redeeming love, even as the Christian poet sings:

"Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love.'"

The outstretched arms of Jesus Christ tell the story of God's attitude to men. He stretches out untiring hands of mercy and of love. It displays the whole redeeming powers of God brought into contact with human souls. There is nothing which speaks with such eloquent voice to the sinful, and proclaims so truly God's attitude towards sin and yet His love for the sinner.

The cross proclaims our redemption. It was there that Christ triumphed over Satan and his power. It was there that sin was nailed to the tree and condemned in the flesh. It was there that Death was met and vanquished, disarmed of its awful sting, and its power forever destroyed. Truly the death of Christ was our redemption. It is not Christ without His cross, nor

the cross without Christ, but both together, that gives life to dying men. It is this that makes Him irresistibly attractive.

"As I shall be uplifted on a cross
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands
Not unto dark, but light—not unto death,
But life—beyond the reach of guilt and grief,
The whole creation."

The cross declares the way of cleansing. The forgiveness of sin is as ever through the blood. And on the cross the true paschal lamb suffered and bore away the sins of the whole world. And so in trusting faith we bring our guilt to Jesus Christ, who alone can wash our

"Crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains."

ANOTHER GIRL.

Written for PARISH AND HOME.

The recess bell had rung and on all sides came the girls trooping from the class-rooms into the corridors.

Arm in arm, school-girl fashion, rather behind the last group, came two girls chatting away.

"When is your cousin Amy coming, Alice?" asked the taller of the two.

"To-morrow. She's full of fun, Walter says. You know he was in Washington in the spring. So she'll be another girl in our set."

"Miss Walcott won't like that. She thinks we're too many now," laughed the first speaker.

"Hush! there she is!" said Alice, quickly drawing her companion back, as a tall, slight girl with rather a weary look on her young face, passed out the door and along the hall.

"Do you suppose she heard?" asked the first speaker, rather horror-stricken. It was one thing to make one of a clique whose main determination was to torment a certain teacher, but quite another thing to have her know you were purposely acting contrary to her wishes.

Had Miss Walcott heard? Yes, she had. She went into her little study at the end of the hall, placed her books on the table, and sitting

down wearily bowed her head on her hands.

So these girls had actually arranged to torment her! And there was another one coming! Would she prove still worse than these six? Could she be? And these girls she had tried so hard to win—these few girls who had given her more trouble than all her other classes put together, was it possible they were going to slip from her after all? Suddenly a voice within whispered, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." By-and-bye when she lifted her face there was a calm, sweet peace in it, very different from the weary look there when she entered.

The bell soon rang for recitations, and soon classes were going on all over the big building.

When school was over Alice and her friend walked quickly home.

The family were in the midst of supper, when who should walk in but Amy!

She was greeted with a chorus of, "Why, where did you come from?" "We didn't expect you till to-morrow." "You dear thing!" "I am so glad to see you!" "Why child, how did you find your way over from the station all alone?" "It was too bad that no one met you."

And Amy, in the midst of the laughing and joyous greeting, had to explain that a friend of her father had suddenly to come on business last night and so it was decided she had better come with him than alone the following day.

When supper was over Amy had to answer innumerable questions and deliver all the messages Uncle Fred and Aunt Bertha had sent. So it was nearly eleven when the girls finally went upstairs to bed.

"Tell me something about school," said Amy, putting her arm around her cousin, as they walked down the hall.

"Oh, there's not much to tell," replied Alice, "it's just like any other school, but we girls have a good time."

"Who are 'we girls'?"

"Till, Marian, Louise, Mamie, Margie and I. Some of the teachers think we're lazy, but we're not. Of course we like to have a good time and don't want to be forever