

The Berlin Street Car Company paid \$250,000 into the treasury of the city for the privilege of crossing the principal avenue, Unter den Linden, at one point.

For stomach troubles use K.D.C.

The Rev. C. G. Abbott, M.A., was presented with a purse of \$150 in gold by the parishioners of St. Mark's, Halifax, on his resignation of the curacy of that parish.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is far from active mentally, but she now and then brightens up and makes a remark that shows that she is still conscious of her literary fame. She recently remarked that she was the oldest living woman novelist.

The rector and churchwardens of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, have received a memorial brass tablet in memory of the late Dean Geddes, for many years rector of the cathedral. The plate is mounted on antique oak and bears a suitable inscription. The tablet will be erected either in the chancel or over the font.

Packages of photographs with the autograph of Mrs. Cleveland inscribed upon each of them, have been received by the Duke and Duchess of Fife for their bazaar recently opened in aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Aid Society.

British cricketers mourn the death of the Rev. James Pycroft, who died recently at the age of eighty-two. He was a member of the Oxford eleven, and was practically the originator of the matches between the two universities. He was an ordained minister.

The Arctic fox shows the greatest change in the colour of its coat throughout the year. In summer its coat is dark blue, and gradually lightens until snow begins to fall, when it is pure white.

The clergy have tested K.D.C. and pronounce it the best.

The albatross has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to alight in the water or take a moment's rest. It is believed to sleep on the wing.

The sea has no herbivorous inhabitant. Its population live on each other, and the whole of this immense expanse of water is one great slaughter-house, where the strong forever prey upon the weak.

Within easy reach of the bed in Queen Victoria's saloon carriage is a handle on the floor, by pulling up which Her Majesty is able to apply the brakes to the whole train at any moment.

Family Reading.

The Hidden Treasure.
CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"So you are Master Lucas' son of Bridge-water!" said Father Barnaby, bending his dark eyes at Jack's with no friendly expression. "I have heard of you, young sir, and am glad to meet you. I must have some conversation with you before we part. But I must first send my attendant with a message to the lady at the hall!"

"Hark ye, myson, don't anger him!" whispered Father John, as Father Barnaby left the room. "Don't contradict him, or give him a handle against you. He is a devil when his temper is up—the saints forgive me for saying so—and he would detect heresy in St. Peter himself an he were here."

"Like enough!" thought Jack, and wondering whether the trial Richard Fleming spoke of had arrived already, he lifted up his heart in prayer for strength and wisdom. But the trial was not to come just yet.

Father Barnaby came back in a moment, and seating himself in the hardest chair in the room, he called Jack to stand before him and bent his eyes upon him as though he would look him through and through. Jack sustained the glance with modest confidence and waited to be spoken to.

"They tell me that you are a scholar," said Father Barnaby: "and I hear of you that you have an appetite for novelties and would fain pry into high and sacred matters above your station!"

"Who told you as much as that, I wonder?" thought Jack, but he held his peace.

"I do assure you, brother, the lad is a good

lad!" said Father John timidly and anxiously: "He can say his creed and questions and is regular in his duties."

"Say you so! Then you have examined him!" "Oh yes!" replied Father John hastily; "and he can say the seven penitential psalms."

"That first was a bit of a fib!" thought Jack: "but then I dare say he thinks he has."

"I am glad to hear as much!" said Father Barnaby, though he did not look so: "but I purpose to examine him myself, always with your good leave, brother. I would not for the world trespass upon those duties which you are so careful to fulfil."

Jack was trying hard to keep his mind in a calm and proper frame for the trial which he supposed was coming: but he could not help thinking he should like to break the monk's head for his insolence to his old friend. He thought Father Barnaby meant to intimidate and confuse him, and he was determined to be neither confused nor scared. After another interval of silence, the younger priest began again.

"I have heard something of an ill report of you, young man, and I desire to discover whether there is, as I fear, good foundation therefor. So answer my questions plainly, and let me have no evasions."

"So please your reverence, I will do my best to satisfy you!" replied Jack modestly. "I trust I have been well taught both at home and at school, as well as by our parish priest, Sir William Leavett."

"Umph!" returned the priest. "It takes more than sound teaching to make a good Christian. But what book is that you are hugging so closely under your arm?"

"My Horace, an't please you!" replied Jack, producing the volume for inspection.

Father John had declared that Father Barnaby had no infirmities, but in this he was mistaken. Father Barnaby did possess one unregulated affection, and that was his love for the Latin poets, especially for Horace. If anything could draw his attention from a controversy on theology, or make him forget his canonical hours, it was a new edition or a disputed passage of his poet. He had read all that had ever been written on the subject, and had himself written a treatise on the eleventh ode, in which he discussed the questions of the Babylonian numbers at length, and proved conclusively that Father Thomas of Glastonbury was altogether mistaken with regard to them.

"Indeed! You read Horace, do you?" he said in quite a different tone of voice.

"But a little, your reverence. I had just begun it when I left school, and I fear I shall find it too hard without help."

"How far had you gone?" was the next question.

"I am just at the eleventh ode, but I do not understand it very well!" said Jack, not less surprised than pleased at his catechiser's change of tone and manner.

"Find your place, and I will explain it to you!" said Father Barnaby. "I have bestowed much study upon it—too much, some might say, for a Churchman—and I can no doubt help you. Draw up your chair to the table, and we will go over it together."

For more than two hours, till the return of the messenger sent to the hall, did Father Barnaby expound to his willing and attentive pupil, divers difficult and disputed passages in his favourite author, delighted to find that Jack understood and appreciated him. Then bestowing his blessing and promising to send Jack a copy of his treatise, he rode away in high good humour, and was half way on his road homeward before he remembered that he had forgot to catechise Jack as to his theology.

The Lord's Supper.

Let us all remember how express is the command, "Do this in remembrance of Me;" how solemn the time when it was delivered—on the very same night our Saviour was betrayed; how touching the memorial of His death; how great the benefit of the communion of His body and blood! We may be sure that if there be danger of receiving unworthily,—which danger may be avoided by all who are in earnest and sincere,—

there is great guilt and great loss in neglecting our Lord's command, and absenting ourselves from this most solemn and edifying act of Christian worship, this great means of promoting Christian unity.

Give glory to the Lord your God by fearing and obeying Him, by trusting Him, and drawing near to Him, whether in joy or sorrow; and then He will not cause our feet to stumble at the last upon the dark mountains. When we look for light, He will not turn it into darkness; but He who Himself knew the comfort of trust in God under the deepest darkness, will rise upon us as the Sun of righteousness with healing in His wings.

How blessed is the assurance that the Sacrifice of Christ was accepted on behalf of such as trust in it! It was "an offering and a sacrifice unto God for a sweet smelling savour;" that is, it was an offering accepted by God, as a Propitiation for the sins of men. Be we ever encouraged to draw nigh unto Him through that Sacrifice, and let our whole trust be rested on its merits.

Bearing the Cross.

All those who love the Lord, and labour in His cause, must bear a Cross.

Our Cross may be poverty, reproach, sickness or persecution. Whatever it is, when it comes, let us think of the way He trod, who is our Master.

So great was the weight of Christ's Cross that He fell fainting and exhausted to the ground. Let us make that scene so real to us now, that, so in all our sufferings and afflictions we may have the picture before us, and remember that He Himself went not up to glory before He suffered pain.

"It is Finished."

THE REV. PERCY T. FENN.

The mighty conflict now is past;
'Tis finished all, the Saviour cries;
The temple's veil is rent at last,
For see, the Man of Sorrows dies.

Gethsemane with struggles keen,
And mighty prayer and bloody sweat,
And ministering angels, all unseen,
And foes who from their ambush leapt.

The traitor's kiss, the robe of scorn,
The heavy cross, the shout of hate,
All, all are past; the life has gone,
The captain's cry is now too late.

Along the wine press has been trod;
The meek lamb to the slaughter led,
Has borne in full the wrath of God
And for mankind His blood has shed.

With tear-dimmed eye, and reverent hands,
Take from the cross the mangled form;
Lay it at rest where angel bands
Will safely guard, till Easter's dawn.

Easter, the Queen Feast of the Year—The Festival of the Resurrection of Our Lord.

The observance of this festival is as old as the glorious Resurrection of our Lord, and was honoured by the Church above all other days. The people of every diocese met at the cathedral or mother church to receive the Holy Communion and to hear the Bishop preach. It is a day of great rejoicing on earth, on which the Holy Church sings triumphantly her Alleluias, because the Son of God returned from Hades, rose from the grave (attended with holy angels and the bodies of the saints, who rose from their tombs), and brought life and immortality to light. It is our Passover, the king of days, the queen of feasts. The Fathers called it the *Paschal joy or solemnity of the Resurrection*; the bright and glorious day of Christ's rising from the dead; the holy and venerable day that brought life into the world; the queen of feasts and the festival of festivals, the great and holy Sunday in which the hopes of eternity were confirmed to us. We call it Easter Day from an old Saxon word *Oest*, which means arising; for on it our Redeemer arose victorious from the grave, put a period to the tyranny of Satan, loosed the bonds of death, opened to us the gates of everlasting life, and admitted us to the society of angels. Henceforth there is to the Christian no death; it is changed into sleep; those who die in the faith sleep in Jesus, and, since the Head rose, they, who are His members, shall also rise again with their bodies at the last day.