

## CONSOLATION.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't have  
You know!  
What we've met of stormy pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour  
We have known,  
When our tears fell with the shower,  
All alone,  
Were not shine and shadow blent,  
As the gracious Master meant?  
Let us temper our content  
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And thro' all the coming years  
Just be glad.

## ONLY PURE AND UPRIGHT.

Sopronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding a coal," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

## THE TOMBS OF EGYPT.

Digging at Nagadah, in Upper Egypt, Mr. Petrie has come upon a very curious cemetery, which seems to be about the age of the twelfth dynasty. But the people buried there are not Egyptians, or of Egyptian habits, for the bodies have been systematically mutilated. The heads were taken off and apparently buried after the body. Moreover, the principal bones of each body are "broken off at the marrow-end and gnawed," so much so that the first idea of the finders was to account for it by cannibalism. But almost any other explanation will be accepted, for the articles found in the tombs, so far as we know, are of the latest or most advanced stone age, and are not like the tools of cannibals. There are stone and alabaster vases, beads, superb-worked flints, ivory and bone hairpins and combs and an enormous variety of pots, many decorated. No iron or bronze is mentioned. Of course, we know that many mummies were attacked by wolves in later days. No year now passes without surprises from Egypt, and this seems to be one of the most striking. We thus have indications of how long a time may have been required to reduce the whole valley of Egypt under one domination and one culture. Mr. Grenfell has also copies of some papyri he has found, in one of which we have for the first time the complete list of the first ten Ptolomies in Greek. Lepsius had determined

the list correctly from hieroglyphic and demotic documents as early as 1852. But now for the first time we have Eupator (VI.) and Philopator Neas (XIII.) set down in plain Greek. To those who are still skeptical concerning the accuracy of demotic decipherment this will be a welcome discovery, especially as the latter appears as Eupator on a Cyprian coin.

## WHY WE BOW AT THE NAME OF CHRIST IN THE CREED.

It was the custom once, in "Times whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," to bow at any mention of the Lord's name. When the creed was formulated there was much discussion as to whether we had to bow at the name of "Jesus," as His by assuming humanity. He had resigned some of His attributes of divinity. So, the second creed was compiled to emphasize the assurance that He was "Very God of very God." And in the effort to impress this idea (as with most things handed on by tradition), the reason of its necessity and importance, the origin and occasion of the form of worship, has gradually died out of observance. Those men and martyrs could not have imagined a time when the Church could not give a "reason for the faith that is within her."

I can remember several old gentlemen (my grandfather, Dr. John Dove, among the number), who, whenever they used His name, would bow the head, or remove the hat and say, "With reverence be His name spoken." M. D.

## LONDON'S SPIRES.

The spires of Greater London number nearly a thousand. Seldom is a visitor far removed from at least one of them, and he cannot remain here long without acknowledging the potency of the influence exerted by the churches. One of my many surprises in London was a casual visit to Old Bow church at noon on a week-day, when I expected to find it empty; but there was a crowded congregation listening to a practical sermon from an eloquent preacher and joining in a hearty hymn. Outside was the whirl and rumble of London, at its busiest hour, and in one of the noisiest centres, but within was an old-fashioned evangelistic service conducted with fervour. I have yet to enter an English church on Sunday that was not thronged with worshippers; nor have I ever seen a great city that was more orderly and quiet on Sunday than this great, progressive, conservative London.

## BE BRAVE WHEN YOU MUST ENDURE.

I sometimes wonder why it is that so many good people seem to really enjoy talking about all the trying, vexing things that come into their lives and are forever silent regarding their mercies and pleasures. Why are the thoughts that come to them in their drearily despondent moods given to the world? Why do they not keep these demoralizing reflections to themselves?

It may be true that some cannot help having depressing thoughts, but it is not true they must give utterance to them. They should commit to memory these words of Emerson: "If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have the headache \* \* \* I beseech you to hold your peace and not pollute the morning. Come into the azure and love the day."

How many men and women and boys and girls there are who literally "pollute the morning" by dragging into its freshness and purity and sweetness whining complaints, the outgrowth of their moody fretfulness!

I once boarded in a house in which there was one lady who invariably brought to the breakfast table a detailed and depressing account of how she had passed the night.

"I never slept a single minute from ten until one o'clock," she would say. "And then I heard the clock strike three, and four, and I don't feel as if I'd slept a wink. I shall have a headache all day to pay for it."

How much better would it have been for herself and for all of her friends, if this woman had kept her complaints to herself! How much better for her and for others if only she could "come into the azure and love the day."

I sometimes visit in a home in which there is a young girl of sixteen who is not very strong. She suffers from frequent and cruel neuralgia pains, and sleepless nights are common experiences in her life. She has other disagreeable things to endure, but she always presents a brave, smiling, cherry front to the world and few of her friends know anything about her sufferings.

There is no use in displaying one's miseries or moods to the world. It is more heroic, more like the true Christian to keep silent regarding them. The world is full enough of weariness and woe and dejection without any contribution from you to the supply on hand. Don't add to it. Take to heart Emerson's advice every morning of your life and "Come into the azure and love the day."

## JESUS THE BEST FRIEND.

However lonely our lot may be, the friendship of Jesus is offered to us. Those who enjoy that dear companionship need never be lonely:—

Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,  
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us.

Let us not forget the sacredness and tenderness of the relationship which He permits us to hold. Oh that we might become more familiar with Jesus in our daily life! He alone can perfectly understand us. Though He knows our failings and wanderings, He is not alienated from us in consequence of them. His love is greater than His knowledge. And in that crisis, when our most constant earthly friends fail us, this Friend does not fail. The constancy of Jesus will outlast death. Let us make Him our daily Friend and family Companion, allowing neither business nor pleasure to interfere with our communion! Let no alienation rise with increasing years, but let the friendship grow dearer and dearer, until the day when we shall see Him face to face.

Contentment depends upon the person, not upon his circumstances. One is content, living in the plainest way, with bare necessities and no luxuries, working hard and enduring many trials. Another is discontented in a palace, with all the comforts, delicacies and ease that money can provide. The difference is in the hearts of the two persons. The former has in himself all the resources of contentment, and is not affected by changes in his circumstances. The latter depends entirely upon his circumstances for his contentment and therefore is affected by every vicissitude. Which is the better way to live? It ought not to be hard to answer the question.

—Ambition to be something for God is one thing; ambition to be something for self is another. Let the doing part of the business shape itself—the being part is of the most concern, and with this may I leave you with the Scripture:—"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." Let Him rule your life. "See that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."