

him of supreme insignificance; if a layman, "make his calling and election sure" (II. Peter i. 10), being "sealed" (Rev. vii. 3) with "the spirit of adoption" (Rom. viii. 15-16), and with "His Father's name written in his forehead" (Rev. xiv. 1.) Then the Pope and his contrivances may continue their awful parody on religion without disturbing the full, satisfying stream of his assurance that his "living sacrifice" (Rom. xii. 1), body, soul, spirit, life and effort—is "accepted in the beloved." G. C.

Family Reading.

Alleviation.

Sometimes there comes a sense of cradled peace,
When the whole world is dark, and life is set
With sore perplexities; and we forget
All these in that sweet moment of release.

Our head seems pillowed on some arm unseen,
That stretches far beyond, and holds the key
Of all the future's labyrinth that we
In vain have toiled to solve from morn to e'en.

This seems no hour of time's, but something spared
From dim eternity's imagined calm:
A feat of pity from the heavenly balm
To which in hope earth's hopeless wounds were
Bared.

Or so the loneliest wanderer may prove,
In the black night without one guiding gleam,
The darkness and its weariness a dream
Of some vague sheltering home, some tender love.

The Keeley Treatment for Inebriety.

In 1880, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, of Illinois, surgeon of the C. and A. Railway, made an announcement which was in the nature of a surprise. He declared that inebriety was a disease, having a definite pathology, and that he had discovered a remedy which, as the principal factor in a course of medical treatment, would cure the disease, removing every trace of alcohol craving.

That his theory was correct, and that his treatment was scientific and successful, would seem to be established beyond question; for in the seventeen years since he made the announcement, it is claimed that more than three hundred thousand persons have made trial of it, with most satisfactory results. Among others who have investigated this matter, and given unqualified testimony to the excellence of the results accomplished, are a committee of the Church of England Temperance Society of London, Eng., with Canon Fleming as chairman, and the well-known temperance advocates, Donald Baynes, M. D., and Amos Schofield, Esq., among its members.

An institute has lately been opened in the fine mansion at 582 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, which is officially authenticated by Dr. Keeley as the only one in Ontario having right to use his remedies and his system. It is in charge of gentlemen of wide experience in this line of work, Dr. A. Boutbee of Toronto, who has studied the system under Dr. Keeley, being the medical director. Visitors are made welcome, and will be given all desired information.

From its credentials and indorsements, we are led to believe this Institute one which merits the confidence of all who have interest in the reclamation of the victims of drink or drug—the morphine and other narcotic addictions being also subjects for treatment.

Your Present Need

Is pure, rich blood, and a strong and healthy body, because with the approach of spring and the beginning of warmer weather your physical system will undergo radical changes. All the impurities which have accumulated during colder weather must now be expelled or serious consequences will result. The one true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its record of cures is unequalled. Its sales are the largest in the world. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will prepare you for spring by purifying and enriching your blood and toning and invigorating your whole system.

Believe in God.

Believe in God—that is our Lord's first precept—if we would believe in Him. All faith must base itself on this fundamental factor: Believe in the Father, believe in God. Start there, that is the only way; believe in God, not only in the hidden recesses of your own secret spirit, but in your practical every-day working life in the world; see this world with the eyes of men who believe that God is in it, that God is to be seen and heard there; spread out this timid, shrinking, nervous faith that lurks there in your secret souls cringing in the shadow; carry out in the interpretation of life that which is your own conviction. If you believe in God in yourselves, believe in Him in others; believe that what He proves Himself to be to you, that He is in all. Believe in God when you look out in life. So different, so much harder it is, this belief, from that of our private affairs. We may try it sometimes, we may exercise ourselves in it in this way. We who pray, and pray earnestly, with real assurance, may nevertheless try what we feel if we turn our eyes to watch another man at his prayers as he kneels there in the church, if we quietly think it over in cold blood as a spectator, and say, "Look there, that man there is speaking into the ears of the living God; those lips of his that I can see moving are actually conveying to a present God what it is he desires. God is there with him then in that place, and is moved by what He hears, and is acting back again in answer. God and the soul, look at them there, actually communing together before my eyes." If we remember that, now we recall, how we start! Our usual apparatus for taking in the visible world has not allowed for this. It seems a dream and a fancy in other men, and yet it is no dream, no fancy at all when we do it ourselves: it is natural, secure and reliable. Let us believe that first in our own experience, let us know it, try it, and hold by it, and live in it, and then, if we do believe it, if we do know it with all the intense conviction of a lifelong piety, then believe it wholly, believe it everywhere, give it objective reality, throw yourself out in it in your estimation of life in this great round earth, believe that the Father is there, that this world is full of His energy, His breath, appealing to this under-world of living Spirit: then you will have got to the roots of that faith which, by believing in God, cannot but go on to believe in Jesus Christ, whom He raised from the dead.—Conan Scott Holland.

Ennobling Daily Work.

Do you ever grow tired of the every-day duties that come to you, girls? Do you find it hard to fill up the cracks in the home-life, those little places that don't seem to amount to much and for which you get very little credit? Do you sometimes almost rebel at your place in life? We were led to think of these things by talking with a friend not long ago. This friend, Isabel, used to think she had to work very hard. Her mother had no servant, and as the family was large, the daughter had for her task the making of her own bed, sweeping and dusting certain rooms, paring potatoes, and other matters. To be sure these duties left plenty of time for going to school, besides several play-hours every day; but Isabel was not satisfied.

"I wish," she would say, "I could get these things done, and that they would stay done: but every day I have to do them over again. I wish I were a woman and were not obliged to wipe dishes and dust rooms." And if any one suggested that being grown up usually brought more and harder work instead of less, Isabel would declare that she wished she could grow younger then instead of older. You see she had not yet learned the true spirit of work, doing it "heartily as to the Lord and not unto men," nor had she found out that the play and rest that come after work well done are the sweetest, because we have earned them.

Now what a change has come over this once discontented girl! She is one of the working bees in this world-beehive, and she goes about her daily toil with as cheerful a hum as any brown bee in a summer clover-field. Her eyes grow bright as she tells of what she is doing and

of her hopes and plans for the future; her step is brisk, and her face sunny. Ah, you see she has let Christ into her heart now, that Master for whom all labour is sweet. And then she is working with a purpose. She sees that God did not mean us to be idlers, and more than that, that He gives us problems to conquer, difficulties to overcome, and disagreeable things to do, so that we may grow strong and sensible and trustworthy in accomplishing them. Even paring potatoes and making beds, if done in the right spirit, will help to develop a girl into a true, womanly woman: and that we are sure every one of our girl readers wants to be, only some of you haven't realized yet that these homely tasks are one way toward that end.

So we say, don't look upon the work and self-sacrifice that come to you as bothers and hindrances. They will be so if you take them fretfully; but if you do them in the spirit of love you will find after a time they will become even pleasant. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Growing Through Habits.

One whose daily life is careless is always weak. But one who habitually walks in the paths of uprightness and obedience grows strong in character. Exercise develops all the powers of his being. Doing good continually adds to one's capacity for doing good. Victoriousness in trial or trouble puts ever-new strength into the heart, the habit of faith in the darkness prepares for stronger faith. Habits of obedience make one immovable in one's loyalty to duty. We can never overestimate the importance of life's habits; they lead our growth of character in whatever way they tend.

New Creatures in Christ.

Christians are new creatures by present, ever-growing holiness of life—by the renewing of their very inmost soul. They are absolutely new creatures—new in the truth of moral reality; new altogether, but still the same. It is moral contradiction, moral conflict, the clash of moral antagonists, that makes God and man to be two, and the race of man as divided as it is numerous; and so is it in every living soul changed by the grace of God. He was an evil creature, he is a holy one; that is, he was an old, he is new. When the flesh is subdued to the spirit, and Satan bruised under our feet, this old world passes away as a shadow, and the new stands out as the visible reality from which the shadow fell; and the whole man grows into a saint. The lowliest and most unlettered man, to whom written books are mysteries; the tiller of the ground, the toiling craftsman, the weary trader; the poor mother fostering her children for God; the little ones whose angels do always behold the face of their Father in heaven—all these, by the Spirit of Christ working in them, are changed into a saintly newness and serve with angels, and look into the mystery of God with the cherubim and adore with the seraphim of glory.

Judging Men.

Never take any man at his worst; God always takes us at our best. If ever we touch the reality of prayer, He answers us then; He knows we must offer a million words before we come to the one word, and no sooner do we utter it than He gathers the clouds in His heavens and sends rich rain upon the thirsty land. You may talk six times to Him and hear nothing, see nothing, by way of response; but in the seventh time you will come upon the right chord, the right word, the right appeal; He will then open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing so great that there shall not be room to receive it. As God therefore takes us at our best, so let us take each other at our best. When we are infirm, and when our whole course is deflected, when our very speech is blurred, wanting in distinctness, and our prayers reel because charged with selfishness, do not judge one another then. When there is a deed of nobleness done, a word of kindness spoken, an indication that the soul wants to attain a higher level, say concerning each other—There, that is the man!