

THE HOME EMPIRE.

Let home stand first before all other things! No matter how high your ambition may transcend its duties, no matter how far your talents or your influence may reach beyond its doors, build up a true home before everything else! Be not its slave; be its minister! Let it not be enough that it is swept and garnished; that its silver is brilliant, that its food is delicious, but feed the love in it, feed the truth in it, feed thought and aspiration, feed all charity and gentleness in it. Then from its walls shall come forth the true woman and the true man, who shall together rule and bless the land. Is this an overwrought picture? We think not. What honor can be greater than to found such a home, what dignity higher than to reign its undisputed, honored mistress? What is the ability to speak from a public platform to large, intelligent audiences, or the wisdom, that may command a seat on the judge's bench, compared to that which can insure and so preside over a true home, that husband and children may "rise up and call her blessed!" To be the guiding star, the ruling spirit, in such a position, is higher honor than to rule an empire.—*Ec.*

COMPLETE CHANGE.

God never repairs. Christ never patches. The Gospel is not here to mend people. Regeneration is not a scheme of moral tinkering and ethical cobbling. What God does, he does new—heavens, new earth, new body, new heart—"Behold, I make all things new." In the Gospel thus we move into a new world and under a new scheme. The creative days are back again. We step out of a *regime* of jails and hospitals and reform shops. We get life effects direct from God. That is the Gospel. The Gospel is a permanent miracle God at first hand—that is miracle. The Gospel thus does not classify with other schemes of amelioration. They are good, but this is not simply better, but different, distinct, and better because distinct it works in a new way, and works another work. Compare the wrought chains riveted on the demoniac, and the divine work working a new creation in the demoniac. It is like the difference between the impotent Persian lashing the turbulent sea with chains, and the gracious Lord saying to the troubled sea, "Peace, be still!"—*The Rev. C. H. Parkhurst.*

PROCRASTINATION.

ACTS XXIV. 25.

A legend is told among the peasants of Southern Russia of an old woman who was at work in her house when the wise men of the East, led by the star, passed on their way to go and seek the infant Saviour.

"Come with us," they said; "we are going to find the Christ, so long looked for by men."

"Not now," she replied; "I am not ready to go now, but by-and-by I will follow on and find Him with you."

But when her work was done the wise men had gone, and the star in the heavens which went before them had disappeared, and she never found her way to the Saviour. And the same sad story could be told of thousands who, like Felix, have said, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee," but to whom, alas! the convenient season never came.

WHY IS THE DRINKER'S NOSE RED?

Because the heart beats about thirteen times oftener in the minute than the heart of one who abstains. The arteries carry blood to the nose quicker than the veins carry it back. The blood, therefore, remains congested in the over-filled vessels, and the nose, and the face as well, becomes habitually red. When a dram drinker's nose meets a sudden current of cold air, it immediately turns purple, and so remains until warm air restores the red color. The red nose is caused by congestion, and it is a true sample of every organ in the body.

It is said the needle of a missionary's wife was the simple instrument God used to give access to Oriental zenana. A piece of embroidery wrought by her deft fingers found its way to the secluded inmates of a zenana. If a woman could do such work as that, other women could learn under her instruction; and so, with the cordial consent of the husband, this Christian woman was welcomed to the inside of his home; and, as she taught his wife the art of embroidery, she was working the "scarlet dyed in the blood of the Lamb" into the more delicate fabric of her heart and life. The Church of England Society alone had in 1883, under visitation, 1,800 zenanas with 4,000 pupils.—*Crisis of Missions.*