

trifugal force which the farther it hurls men away from each other the further it banishes them from God, and while this peace-maker is always rebuking the winds to a calm, and bringing men to be of one mind, it is quietly impressing itself more and more upon their hearts as the visible expression of that Christian unity for which so many plaintive prayers are going up to God in these days.

It is, indeed, a wonderful book when we consider what worlds of knowledge and wisdom it contains, so much more than the casual or careless reader suspects. What vistas of history many a rubric opens to view! What fights with heresy, what victories for all time, many a sentence witnesses! What new floods of living water from the dear old psalter are always flowing to make glad the city of our God, and refresh the souls that get weary with serving sin and denying self, until the irrigating streams cause the wilderness of their worldliness to blossom as the rose! What calm, sweet voices of saintly bishops and priests seem to whisper in those inspired collects! What never-ceasing pentecosts hover on wings of fire over those solemn sacramental offices! How the amber shades of life's evening, softening down to the horizon till they melt into the gorgeous splendor of the departing sun, make many a page as sacred as heaven in our memory! How the full voices of the living choir of devout antiphoners blend with the alleluias that come floating over from the land that is not far away, notes the ear of sense is too gross to hear, but silent only to sense, soft echoes from spiritual choirs stealing into hearts that are meek and pure!

It is a wonderful book for the spiritual gifts which it contains and imparts. It is a mirror in which souls see the reflection of their unloveliness; but while they look see also the reflection of the Son of God standing over them as the objects of His protecting love. Nowhere else do the reproaches which our sins deserve become so emphatic, and nowhere else is the marvellousness of mercy for the penitent so apparent. As nature supplies food for every need of man and for every man's need, according to the measure of his desires, the Prayer Book enshrines grace no less for the babe in grace than for him who would be filled with all the fullness of God. We marvel sometimes, thinking how it finds its way to the affections of the undeveloped Christian, while at the same time it captivates those who are moved of God to scale the heights of sanctity. Its

graces are suitable for every need, and, like the ocean, there is a place even for those who wish to stand on the dry sands only, for those who approach the water line but shrink from the balsamic spray of its surf, for those who fear not the foam of broken crests as they ripple up to the slope of the shore, for those who feel the power of the wave as it breaks upon them in torrents, for those who plunge fearlessly into the very bosom of the sea, diving to its depths or resting on its buoyant surface as it gleams like molten silver under the splendor of the sun.—*Bishop McLaren.*

A HARVEST HYMN.

"Thou visitest the earth and blestest it; Thou makest it very plenteous."

Now with thankful hearts and voices,
Thee we praise, our Lord and King,
Who hast crowned the year with fullness,
Causing earth with joy to ring.
Safely gathered in and garnered
Are the tokens of Thy love,
Emblems of the glad fruition
In Thy blissful home above.

Winter, with its snowy garment,
Days and nights of frost and rain;
Spring, with mingled shower and sunshine,
Clothing earth with smiles again;
Summer, with its radiant glory,
Blooming flowers, and strengthened roots;
All have done their part in bringing
These our golden autumn fruits.

Just so varied are the changes
Waiting on the spirit life;
Sunny days of health and gladness,
Stormy days of pain or strife,
Fierce temptations sore bereavements,
Intermingled joy and woe;
All are tokens of Thy favor,
All Thy perfect wisdom show.

Grant that these Thy dispensations
For our growth in grace may be,
So that, as each day departeth,
We may more resemble Thee.
May Thy life-impacting Spirit
Pure desires within us raise,
Forth to ripen into action
Fruitage to Thine endless praise.

LET parents beware what they say about the sermons or the preacher before their children, in whose hearts the Word of God may be seeking a lodgment. Why pray in the morning for the conversion of sinners, and then, by cold criticism of the sermon, neutralize the very means by which it pleases God to save? Thoughtless comments at the dinner table will do this far more effectually than all the profanity children hear as they pass the drinking saloons on their way to school. Parents, beware!—*The Lutheran.*

"OUR DAILY BREAD."

LORD, by Thee the world is fed,
Thou dost give our daily bread.
Soon as man the seed hath sown,
Thy almighty power is shown.

Thou with warmth and genial shower
Giv'st the seed its quickening power.
Held by Thee, the clouds on high
Drop their fatness from the sky.

Thus the stalk, the leaf, appear,
Thus the seed-producing ear.
Myriad blossoms in the sun
Glitter till their work is done.

Thou dost every step defend
Till is reached the happy end.
Thus by Thee the world is fed,
Thus Thou givest daily bread.

—*Henry Moule.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

FROM MALACHI TO JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Continued from September.)

ON the ancient road leading northwest from Jerusalem to the town of Lydda and the plain of the Mediterranean Sea was the little village of Modin, some twenty miles from the capital. It lay nestled away among the mountain fastnesses of Judea, in the midst of a sea of rocks, but commanding a fine view of the more fertile and wooded Shephelah or low hills towards the coast and the sandy plain leading to the sea. At the time of the persecution by Antiochus, an aged priest, Mattathias, was living here with his five grown sons. With a heavy heart he had retired from Jerusalem to the country on the desecration of the temple and the Jewish ritual, and there mourned the sad lot of God's people. At Modin he was probably the chief man of the place, and when the king's commissioners arrived to carry out the edicts against the Jewish religion he was the first to be approached. Their policy was, by bribery, or persuasion, or threat, to induce the leading families of a place to succumb, the populace being very likely to follow their example without compulsion. But in Mattathias there breathed a lofty spirit, and it was the sight of the heresy of Jerusalem that had led him to leave the city. When he saw, therefore, a weak-kneed Jew falling prostrate at the pagan altar, all the old fury of the judges and prophets in the presence of idolatry broke out within him, and he ran upon the apostate and slew him at the altar, and then followed up this deed with the life of the king's commissioner himself. All Greeks were driven out of the village, and the pagan altar was destroyed.