

The *dove* is the symbol of the Holy Spirit, also an emblem of peace.

The *pelican* feeding her young from her own breast is an emblem of the resurrection.

These are some of the principal Christian symbols.

LITURGIES.

AN objection has been raised against Liturgies, on the ground that changes and chances of time and circumstances must continually require a corresponding change of forms; and, if not those, the same forms become flat and unprofitable by constant repetition. It is obvious however, that the public prayers of the Church can advert to general necessities only; and that the devotions of the private closet must be applied to particular wants, except on special occasions, for which special provision is made by authority. Confession of sin, prayer for all sorts and conditions of men, for pardon and peace, for deliverance from sin and Satan, and for the spread of the gospel, and thanks giving for the daily bounties of Providence, for the means of grace and the hope of glory, are the same at all times, and to be offered in the same terms by all the members of the Church worshipping together as one body. If prayers, which thus suffice to express our need, do not suffice to gratify our imaginations, we are like the Israelites who loathed the manna, though it was "angels' food," because of the abundance of the supply. A truly pious man will find ample exercise for his devotion in the forms which the Church has provided for him; and those who

find them flat and insipid must not charge the fault upon the prayers, but upon their own depraved and carnal appetite.—*Comber*.

THE CURATE AND THE BRICKLAYER.

A MANCHESTER curate walking along a street in the dinner hour passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their pipes, and he heard one of the men say, "I'd like to be a parson and have nowt to do but walk along in a long black coat and carry a walking stick in my hand, and get a lot of brass." There was an approving laugh all around, whereupon the curate turned quietly round, and the following conversation ensued: "So you would like to be a parson? How much do you get a week?" "Twenty-seven shillings." "Well, I am not a rich man, but I will give you 27s. if you will come with me for a week and see what my work is like." The bricklayer did not like the proposal, but his mates told him it was a fair offer and he was bound to accept it. So reluctantly he followed the parson down an alley. "Where are you going?" he said. "To see a sick parishioner," was the reply. "What is the matter with him?" "Small-pox." At that the man drew back. His wife and bairns had never had small-pox, and he was afraid of taking it to them. "My wife and bairns have never had the small-pox," said the curate: "come along." The man hesitated. "Oh, but you promised to accompany me wherever I went," urged the curate. "And where be you going next?" asked the bricklayer. "To see a family huddled in one room, with