

ROLAND'S DAUGHTER, A MAIDEN OF THE NINETEENH CENTURY, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, is one of the late issues of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. The different characters in the story illustrate different phases of life. There is a picture of faithful, unselfish devotion to duty meeting at length its reward. There is the misery and ruin wrought by the demon drink. The name of the writer is a guarantee that the aim and tone of the book is noble, pure, healthful, stimulating, and the style attractive. Whatever Mrs. McNair does, is well done in every sense. Sold by Macgregor & Knight. Price \$1.25.

The Bell of Justice.

It is a beautiful story that in one of the old cities of Italy the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "bell of justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city, and ask and receive justice. And, when, in the course of time, the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day an old and starving horse that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and trying to eat the vine rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse; and he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as his poor horse had rung the bell of justice, he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

The Sermon.

It is a great mistake to undervalue the sermon in the services of the sanctuary. It pleases God by the simple means of preaching to save the world. As a consequence every preacher should give diligence to his preparation for the pulpit, so as to be able to present the truth with power. It may be necessary for preachers to examine themselves and see whether they are moving in ruts; and if so to arouse themselves to renewed effort. The Gospel is old and yet ever new and fresh. Let it not be made to seem stale because of the indolence of the preacher.—*The Messenger*.

Excuses for Not Going to Church.

Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, mean to take a little exercise; new bonnet not come home; don't like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, it is too noisy; don't like singing without instrumental music, makes me nervous; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; dislike an extemporary sermon, too frothy; nobody to-day but our dull minister; don't like a strange one; can't keep awake when at church, fell asleep last time I was there, shan't risk it again.

Mother and Daughters.

A well known pastor, who is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures to young women, recently received an anonymous communication asking that he would say something for the "poor martyred mothers," whose daughters are sweet and smiling when young men are present, but sour and snappish at other times, willing only to work tatting and making slaves of their mothers in the kitchen. Referring to this at the subsequent lecture the preacher said, "I have only to say that that mother is weak, and those girls are wicked.—*Congregationalist*."

Faith's life is a song. She marches to battle with a psalm. She suffers with a hymn upon her lips. She glorifies God in the fires. She passes out of the world to the music of the *Te Deum*, and not to the dolorous notes of a dirge. She thrusts out the wailers and lamenters from the chamber of her departed, and enters the room, having none with her but the Lord, who is the Resurrection and the Life. Does Doubt compose sonnets or chant hosannas?—*Lutheran*.

There are now seven Protestant churches in Rome and it is reported that the Pope is both anxious and indignant at the fact. But that is very foolish, in the holy father, for those seven churches are there to stay, and, in addition, there are many more to follow.

A lady was once lamenting the ill luck which attended her affairs, when a friend wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side." "O!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.