

Family Reading.

Faithful to the Right.

Gently fall the evening shadows
O'er the hills and o'er the plains,
Cattle slumber in the meadows,
Hushed are now the wild birds' strains.

Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
Stars gleam on the brimming river,
Earth is wrapped in folds of love.

Have we in the day just going
Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
Used the hours now past us flowing
Wisely, ere the night draws nigh?

On our hearts sweet peace is falling
Softly, like the shades of night,
And to each a voice is calling
"Be thou faithful to the right."

Church Terms Explained.

Minister.—One who ministers before God as the priest at Holy Communion, those who serve "the priest" as the Gospeller and Epistoler, deacon and sub-deacon, sacred minister. Acolytes as ministering to the sacred ministers.

The officiant at the choir offices is also called a minister. A layman acting as server or Epistoler or as reader of the lessons is also a "minister."

Ministerium.—The Epistle corner of the altar so-called from sacred ministers preparing the chalice, etc., there when the elements are removed from the Credence table.

Miserere.—The first word of Psalm li. ("Have mercy.")

Mitre.—The ceremonial head-dress of a bishop.
Morse.—A clasp used to fasten the cope in front.
Mothering Sunday.—See *Refreshment Sunday.*

N or M.—These letters in the Catechism are thought to stand for 'N or NN' = *Nomen vel Nomina* = 'Name or Names.' In all Latin office books 'N' is put wherever a name should follow, as 'our bishop N,' 'our king N,' &c."

Nave.—The main central body of a church in which the congregation sits, and generally having an aisle on each side.

Nicene Creed.—So called from being settled at the Council of Nicæa in 325 A. D. But the tenet concerning the Divinity of the Spirit was added at a later council of Constantinople.

Noel.—An old name for Christmas, also a carol or song of praise. *Noel* is the word derived from *Natale*, a birthday.

Habits and Principles.

It seems the easiest thing in the world for some individuals to do right, and the hardest thing in the world for others. But it will be found in the great majority of cases, if not in every single case, that those who keep the commandments, who "do their duty," as Wordsworth says, "and know it not," have had right principles formed within them and have been trained in right habits in early years.

To be very concise and practical, let us take a very spotless young man of our acquaintance. In babyhood he was habituated to going to sleep for his nap in the daytime or his rest at night without rocking. He was taught to amuse himself with toys; as early as he could learn them, to say his prayers on going to bed. He was required from a very early age to pick up his toys, to keep his clothes in place, to run errands, and do chores. The habits of correct speaking, of truth telling, of implicit obedience to parental authority, were formed in him from the earliest stages of his progress. He was taught to read, and suitable books were provided as he grew older, interesting books, illustrated books of natural history, travel, and adventure. He played with other children, but his tastes were so cultivated that he revolted from coarseness, rudeness, and vulgarity, and preferred the refined associations of home to any others. He was taught to render to all their due, not to take advantage of any less fortunate or "smart" than he, to abhor unjust gains, and to respect the rights and possessions of his brothers

and sisters. The Bible was made interesting to him by his parents, who at family devotions selected such portions of it as would be sure not to weary the children; he was accustomed always to go to Sunday-school and church more as a privilege than as a duty. In fact, the ways of virtue were made ways of pleasantness to him, and he knew no other ways. His habits and his principles were formed in him with very little volition of his own, and so when he grew to manhood, accustomed to right doing, right feeling, right thinking, it was easy to keep on in the way he had grown up. We must believe that Tennyson, Emerson, Lowell, and, to go farther back, Washington, and the eminent men that surrounded him, had substantially the same training. We know this of most of them. It was easier for them to do right than to do wrong, because to do wrong they would have to go contrary to the entire trend of their early training.

Is it necessary to elaborate this topic further? A word to the wise is sufficient.

The Beauty of Death.

If there is one thing especially of which many people cannot possibly believe that, under any circumstances, it would seem beautiful, I suppose it must mean death. That must always be dreadful. Men seldom see any misery in life so great as to outweigh the misery of leaving it. But yet it comes to all of us that He who made death made it, like all things else, to be beautiful in His time. When a life has lived its days but in happiness, grown old with constantly accumulating joys, and then, at last, before decay has touched it, or the ground grows soft under its feet, the door opens, and it enters into the new youth of eternity; when a young man has tried his powers here and dedicated them to God, and then is called to the full use of their perfected strength in the very presence of the God whom he has loved; when a man has lived for his brethren, and the time comes that his life cannot help them any longer, but his death can put life into dead truths, and send enthusiasm into fainting hearts; when death comes as a rest to a man who is tired with a long fight, or as victory to a man who leaves his enemies baffled behind him on the shore of time—in all these times, is not death beautiful? "Nothing in all his life became this man like leaving it," they said of one who died.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The Holy Spirit.

We are often where the Ephesians were when they said "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." What came to them and saved them was the Holy Ghost. What must come to us and save us is the same Holy Spirit. There they were holding certain truths about God and Jesus, holding them drearly and coldly, with no life and no spirit in their faith. God the Holy Spirit came into them, and then their old belief opened into a different belief; then they really believed. Can any day in man's life compare with that day? If it were to break forth into flames of fire and tremble with sudden and mysterious wind, would it seem strange to him—the day when he first knew how near God was, and how true truth was, and how deep Christ was? Have we known that day?

The Holy Spirit not only gives clearness to truth, but gives delight and enthusiastic impulse to duty. The work of the Spirit was to make Jesus vividly real to man. What He did, then, for any poor Ephesian man or woman who was toiling away in obedience to the law of Christianity, was to make Christ real to the toiling soul behind and in the law. I find a Christian who has really received the Holy Ghost, and what is it that strikes and delights me in him? It is the intense and intimate reality of Christ. Christ is evidently to him the dearest person in the universe. He talks to Christ. He dreads to offend Christ. He delights to please Christ. His whole life is light and elastic, with this buoyant desire of doing everything for Jesus, just as Jesus would wish it done. Duty has been transfigured. The weariness, the drudgery, the whole task-nature has been taken away. Love has poured like a new life-blood

along the dry veins, and the soul that used to toil, and groan, and struggle, goes now singing along its way, "The life that I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."—*Phillips Brooks.*

A Mistaken Thought.

When we are having great worldly prosperity, getting on easily, without much trial or struggle, writes Dr. Miller, we think we are enjoying God's special favour and are being peculiarly blessed by Him; but when times get harder, when there is more conflict, when there are fewer pleasant things, we think we are not having so much Divine favour as formerly. But we are wrong in inferring this. It is a mistaken thought that God sows life's best blessings thickest amid the flowers of earth's gardens; really, they lie most plentifully on the bare fields of toil and hardship. Luxury has not in it half so many germs and possibilities of real good as are found along the sterner paths of life. The poor man's boy envies the rich man's because the latter does not need to do anything or to exert himself to get started in life; the poor boy wishes his lot were the same, and laments the hardness of the circumstances in which he is doomed to toil and struggle. The angel that bends over the boy's head in guardian care sees the seeds of a great harvest of blessing in the very things the boy bewails as discouragements and hardships. The need for exertion, self-denial, and endurance, for doing without many things which he craves, and working early and late to get the bare necessities of existence, build up in him a strong, self-reliant manhood. Idleness anywhere and always is a curse and brings a curse upon itself, while work anywhere and always is a blessing and brings blessing upon itself.

Get leave to work

In this world: 'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
That man in benediction. God says, "Sweat
For foreheads"; men say "Crowns"; and so we
are crowned—
Aye, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work! get
work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

Christlike.

The deepest yearning of every true Christian life is to be like Christ. But what is Christ like? In the fourth century the Empress Constantine sent to Eusebius, begging him to send her a likeness of the Saviour. "What do you mean?" Eusebius asked in reply, "by a likeness of Christ? Not, of course, the image of Him as He is truly and unchangeably; not His human nature glorified as it was at the transfiguration . . . Since we confess that our Saviour is God and Lord, we prepare ourselves to see Him as God; and if, in addition to this hope, you set high value on images of the Saviour, what better artist can there be than the God-word himself?" Thus he referred the Empress to the New Testament for the only true picture of Christ.

When one turned to Jesus himself and gave utterance to his heart's yearning in the prayer, "Show us the Father," the answer was, "Look at Me. He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." When we turn the pages of the Gospels and look upon the life of Christ as it is portrayed there in sweet gentleness, in radiant purity, in tender compassion, in patience under injury and wrong, in dying on the cross to save the guilty, we see the only true picture of Christ there is in this world. There is an old legend that Jesus left His likeness on the handkerchief the pitying woman gave Him to wipe the sweat from His face as He went out to die; yet this is but a legend, and the only image He really left in the world when He went away is that which we have in the Gospel pages.

Renew Thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear;
No anger mayst Thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind.
But faith and heaven-born peace be there.
—Gerhardt.