

to God, compare 2 Cor. xii. 10; Hoshea xii. 4. Thy name shall be called Israel, for as a prince hast thou power with God, and how much more wilt thou prevail with men. After the wrestling was over, Jacob asked for the name of the mysterious stranger, verse 29, but none was given, and so the patriarch calls the name of the place "Peniel," i.e., "the fancy of God." Does God ever meet us, yes, may we then like Jacob, strive for a blessing. Let us cling to God. Be it ours to say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

E'en while I plead, the gloomy shadows vanish;  
The clouds uplift, the day begins to break;  
O weary heart! the joyous morning cometh;  
Thy God hath blessed thee for thy Saviour's sake;  
My quiet chamber hath become a Bethel;  
The spot whereon I kneel is holy ground;  
For 'mid the darkness and the spirits conflict,  
A very present help in God I've found.

## Family Reading.

### COMMUNION.

What is communion? Communion is simply sharing. To have communion, therefore, we must have something to share; and to have communion with a holy God, we must have something which we can share with Him. We cannot share nothing, and He will not share with us in the unclean. Our attainments, therefore, cannot yield communion, nor our works, for the best have sin in them. But, thank God, there is a perfect offering, the offering of our blessed Lord; and if we would have communion with God, the only way is to share that offering.

And this, at once, gives us the key to the cause of our general and acknowledged lack of communion. Of intercourse we have enough, perhaps too much. Of communion how very little. The reason is, so little of Christ's Offering is apprehended that, when believers meet, they have scarce anything of him to share. And the same is true of our approaches to God, for there may be intercourse with God without communion. How often when we approach God do we speak to Him only about our feelings, our experiences, our sins, our trials! All this is right; we cannot be without these, and we are right to tell them to our Father. But after all, this of itself is not communion, nor will speaking of these things ever yield it to us. Let us come before God to be filled with Christ, to be taken up with Him, His life, His ways, His sweetness. Let the confession of our failure and nothingness in ourselves be made the plea that we may be filled with Him; and our intercourse will soon be changed to communion, for in Him we shall have something we can share. May the Lord lead us more into His presence, there to be taught what we possess in Jesus!

### THE BITE SIDE DOWN.

A stage coach stopped at grandpa's door. It brought Allan and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother. Allan was a stout boy, but something was always the matter with Nell.

"Can it be green peas, now?" thought her mother, when they had been a week at grandpa's, and Nellie was paler every day.

Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allan was never hit. Of course not—the boy that minded mother.

And nobody saw any little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning though, when Dinah, the nurse-girl, came out to the porch door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to the one that lay at her feet. Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of the little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody.

"Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must take that pear, and show it to your mamma!"

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie. "Then I shall hold it the bite side down."

"No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah, looking like a minister with a white tie and apron: when one has been doing wrong, 'the bite side' always comes up."—Our Little Ones.

### FOR FATHERS.

One morning, a short time since, a distinguished professional gentleman was in a horse car, on his way to his office in Boston. His little daughter, nine years old, was seated by his side. A newsboy soon brought in the car the morning papers, one of which the gentleman bought for himself, and, on the petition of the little girl, one for her too. The child became much interested in reading the name of the paper, the date, and then some of the advertisements. Soon her eye fell upon the word "mortgage," the meaning of which she did not know. In her anxiety to find out, she immediately turned to her father, and said, in a most winning way, "Papa, what does mortgage mean?" Now, her father was in the midst of reading an interesting article on a subject which was of great importance to him; but at the sound of the sweet little voice asking for information, he dropped his paper, withdrew his mind instantly from the deep thought of the article which had claimed his attention, and spent some little time in giving to her a clear, simple talk upon the subject of mortgage, illustrating it in a way adapted to a child's capacity. The little girl intelligently drank in all that he said, and when the question seemed to be answered satisfactorily, the gentleman took up his paper and returned to his reading. His mind was so disciplined that such an interruption could not hinder him from returning immediately to the deep thought which he had left. His nature was so well balanced, that, with all his strong desire for learning, he could not think those moments wasted which had been spent in a loving and intelligent conversation with a little child who was hungry to learn.

On their arrival in Boston, he stopped on the way to his office to point out to her the place where Benjamin Franklin was born (where the Boston Post building now stands), and promised that on his return home at night he would tell her all about him.

On reaching his office they met a lady who had promised to enjoy with the little girl a few hours visit at the Art Museum before she could take her back to her home in the afternoon. So they separated, the child going to her interesting pleasure, and the father to his professional business, in the midst of which he passed a busy, successful day. On his return home at night he was surprised to find such a general interest manifested by all the members of his family in the subject of mortgages. He immediately surmised that his little daughter had been entertaining them with the knowledge which she had gained in the morning. He was soon assured of this when his little six-year-old boy asked him if he couldn't go in the morning in the horse car with him, and have a newspaper all by himself, and have him tell him too all about mortgages!

In the meanwhile the little girl had not forgotten her father's promise that when he should return home at night he would tell her about Benjamin Franklin. So, after supper, when he was seated in his easy chair, she climbed upon one knee while the little brother took possession of the other, and they eagerly listened to the story of Benjamin Franklin as it fell from their papa's lips. They thought that they could listen all night to such a delightful story, but the father knew that when the little lids began to droop it was time to end with his customary Good night.

So the talk was ended, and the children went to bed happier and wiser for having such a father, the learning and public fame of whom they never dreamed of. They only knew that he could tell them beautiful stories on everything that they asked about. And this learned man found perfect rest for his mind, which was tired with the deep and intricate law questions of his day's work, in telling this simple story to his children; and he knew that in no other way could he so vitally unite himself to their little growing minds.

The life of Christ is first communicated to the spirit of our mind; there it is first kindled and rooted; and thence by degrees it spreads itself into the flesh; and to this the flesh is most unwilling, but at last the Spirit overcomes the flesh, and leads it forth into its own righteousness and life.

### BISHOP WHIPPLE ON CHRISTIAN WORK IN ENGLAND.

It was my privilege to see much Christian work, and the brief record may stir your hearts to deeper earnestness for Christ and His Church. I was prepared to find great changes in the work of the Church of England. A fellow-passenger of the Wesleyan communion said to me, "You will find the old Church alive with work. Had the Church in the past exhibited the same loving earnestness, there would not have been any dissent in England. It is only a question of time when we shall all go home to our Mother." I was deeply impressed with the work of the laity. Persons of the highest social position taught in Sunday and night schools. The Christian home invariably had a family altar. Laymen often read the lessons in the Church, and were the counselors and helpers of the clergy in all good work. At Mildmay Park I found over five hundred laboring men in a night school. At Rochester I addressed, at the request of the Bishop, seven hundred Bible readers, district visitors and helpers, and the following day was present at a confirmation of five hundred persons. The Churches in the worst districts of London were crowded during the London mission. The secret was that warm-hearted men and women had gone into the highways to constrain these lost souls to come to the Gospel feast. At a missionary meeting, on a week day, in Oxford, one thousand undergraduates came to welcome some missionaries from the interior of Africa.

At both Oxford and Cambridge the proposition has been made for university men of the highest social position to go down into the slums of London, not to rebuke these poor souls, telling them "it is your own fault," but to go as Christ went, to seek and save the lost. Party spirit and party prejudices are dying out in England. The Church is learning her Master's lesson, and sisters of mercy and district visitors are doing the same work for the sinful and sorrowful. The Church is too busy to discuss shibboleths.

England has its sin and shame. It is an over-peopled land. There are nearly five millions of souls in London. Wherever men gather in crowds sin runs riot and death reaps its harvest. As the palace is builded on the avenue the attic and cellar warm with souls. The parish Church in London is never removed to follow a fashionable population. The endowments given by pious faith are the guarantee that it will forever remain the Church of the people. At no period of her history has the Church of England builded so many churches, and every Church builded must have its endowment.

There has been a great work done in temperance. The English people do not believe in prohibition. They know that sin cannot be cured by legislation. They trust to Christian sympathy, Christian work and the grace of God. Coffee houses are established beside the gin shop, houses of refreshment and places of social entertainment, supply a felt want of the people. Thousands of young men have become total abstainers for the sake of example to their poorer brothers. Not less remarkable is the White Cross movement, recently begun by Miss Ellice Hopkins under the patronage of the wise Bishop of Durham. The object is to awaken in the hearts of men a chivalrous defense of womanhood; to banish from Christian society that deadly sin of impurity which will shut more souls out of the kingdom of God and of Christ than all other sins put together.

Much of this new life from our Incarnate God is due to the dying out of party strife. Christian men feel that the evils of our time cannot be cured by human eirenicon, that the kingdom of God can only come by the consecration of hearts in His work. We cannot silence gain-sayers by arguments about religion. They have and will scoff at a historical Church, and even doubt the Christ of history, but the living Christ who dwells in the hearts of His people none can gainsay or deny.

DOCTRINE and duty go together. The one is the root, but the other is the outgrowth.