

A DREAM.

A few months ago we were out in a Chinese boat for a little trip. One evening after our four little ones were all asleep, I sat down for a quiet hour of reading, and took up Baxter's Reformed Pastor. For a week or so I had been enjoying the earlier chapters, and now turned to the one on Pride, which made a deep impression upon my mind. Later my husband and myself spread our bedding upon the floor and lay down to rest. But soon the scene changed and I had been transported to Heaven, with the experiences of the Judgment Day passing before my eyes. An indescribable quiet and halo of glory most impressed me as I stood on the margin of an innumerable company near a large open space, where occurred the incidents I wish to describe. I seemed to know that the throne of God was not far distant, and that among the heavenly hosts were those I loved; but I was conscious that I had not come to remain with them, and my whole interest centered in the area before me. I knew, too, that not only I, but all the dwellers in heaven, and even God Himself, were watching, with me, those wonderful scenes.

Before us had risen a building which was made up of the actions, thoughts and words of life, and beside it stood the person whose life is represented. In very conspicuous places were large bundles of good deeds. Indeed, so many and so large were these that I felt a thrill of pleasure for the person standing there, and was surprised on looking at him, and then upon the faces of those near me, to see no pride or exaltation, nothing but a most profound expectancy. As I wondered at this the structure was in a blaze, and from the many places where had been the good deeds, the person himself appeared. Here, there, everywhere, he was visible; sometimes pushing himself almost entirely out of the fire, trying by every possible movement and contortion to make himself seen. It was perfectly evident that he did not fear the fire, but his every motion said: "Here am I; look at me." The mass blazed on and soon was all consumed. Only a few ashes remained, through which, however, glimmered a foundation of solid gold. The man quickly passed me to retake his position among the heavenly throng, and I thought "How ashamed he must be;" but no one upbraided him, though there was a sorrow that could be felt in the very air of heaven. All attention was soon turned upon the same spot again, where had risen another building much smaller than the first, and this, too, was soon ablaze. The person of whose life deeds it was composed was standing beside it, and I remember how sorry I felt for him that his life seemed to have amounted to so little. But as the fire burned on, the pile became a mass of burnished gold and really seemed to increase in size and beauty as the flame became hotter. Then the fire died away, having accomplished its work, leaving gold and precious stones in such preciousness of arrangement as only heaven itself could furnish. I looked for a proud, exultant bearing as this man passed by me; but he took his way as modestly and humbly as the other, though a shout of joy and praise rose from the myriads about me—praise, not to him, but to the Son of God—and then a joy that could be felt took possession of us all.

And now pile after pile rose in quick succession, by each one of which the person whose life it represented immediately appeared, and then the fire applied its test. Larger or smaller, as the buildings might be, I soon learned not to judge its real worth from its first appearance. The saddest part of the test was the burning of those deeds which were done to be seen of men when the doer, by all possible contortions, strove to show himself in the burning mass. Often a small unpretending structure loomed up into beautiful proportions as the fire burned on, and stood afterwards a grand testimony to the grace of God. Often a large, imposing mass of seeming good works showed, on the test of the fire, only the deformities of the doer of them, and at last there would remain little or nothing of it at all. The golden foundation, however was always there, and shimmered under the edges of the golden masses or gleamed through the remaining ashes with no change. Suddenly an edifice arose in size and splendor far exceeding

any of the others; I gazed anxiously to see what the fire would work on this, but just as it blazed up I was carried away.

"Go back to earth and remember," and then I was in the same little Chinese boat, wide awake. For days the reality of all this so impressed me that I felt as if I were living a different life, and those five wonderful verses in the third chapter of Corinthians a living voice:—

"For other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

"Now, if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble;

"Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.

"If any man's work abide which he has built thereupon, he shall receive a reward.

"If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."—*A Missionary in Woman's Work for Missions.*

SHE WAS SAVED from days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putnam's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

FOOTPRINTS.

When Robinson Crusoe in his desert island came down one day to the seashore, and saw in the sand the print of a human foot, could he help the instantaneous conviction that a man had been there? You might have tried to persuade him that it was all chance—that the sands had been washed up by the waves or blown by the winds, and taken this form, or that some marine insect had traced a figure like a human foot—you would not have moved him a particle. The imprint was there, and the conclusion was irresistible; he did not believe—he knew that some human being, whether friend or foe, civilized or savage, had set his foot upon that desolate shore. So when I discover in the world (as I think I do) mysterious footprints that are certainly not human, it is not a question whether I shall believe or not; I cannot help believing that some power greater than man has set foot upon the earth.—*Field.*

THE LATE MRS. J. J. ASTOR.

It is not too much to say that the death of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, last week, has cast a shadow upon our Christmas joy; there was weeping at Bethlehem when Christ the Lord was born. A great loss has come not only to the highest circles of wealth and fashion, but to the homes of the poor, where Mrs. Astor was a ministering angel, ever by her abundant charities proclaiming an evangel of love. Born to fortune, by her marriage coming to stores of vast wealth, in many ways accomplished, queen in society wherever high birth and great possessions have influence—these were her least claims to respect and love. If she possessed great talents she felt their responsibility and improved them. She went about doing good, and her charities, not the mere giving of money, but personal ministry among the poor, found a hundred channels, and eternity alone can measure the results of her wise beneficence. The poor not only received her alms, but, like her Lord, she condescended to their estate, and they blessed the hand that relieved. Much of the charity to the poor inspires no gratitude and deserves none: we throw them a soup ticket as we would a bone to a dog and pass on our way followed by no thanks. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" little Eva could not influence Topsy for good until she put her hands upon her—it is sympathy, love, hearts that soften the poor, and not mere silver and gold. This secret Mrs. Astor had early learned as she sat at the feet of the pitying Jesus or followed in his steps. She gave money by thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars,

but it was all outweighed by a kindly word, a ministry of personal love; and she is to-day, perhaps, more truly mourned in the slums of the city than in the stately avenues, and will be no longer remembered. She seemed especially to love to care for poor children. For a quarter of a century she supported a school of the Children's Aid Society. Hundreds of forlorn children she sent to the West that they might be provided with homes, sometimes at a cost of \$40,000 in a single season. So she interested herself in the Newsboys' Lodging House, and if at Thanksgiving or Christmas she herself feasted, she took care that hundreds and hundreds of others should share her joy. To the humblest homes she sent, often she carried, flowers and fruit and kind words, and was thus more widely known for her charity than for her wealth. Such a woman never dies; but we miss her presence.—*New York Correspondence of Standard of the Cross and the Church.*

GOOD FRIDAY—HOW SHALL I KEEP IT?

Let me think first what the day is.

It is a day of death;—of a Friend's death;—of a Saviour's death, my Saviour's, upon the Cross.

Who is He who died?

He is the Son of God. He is the True God. It was for my sake he left the glory of heaven, and became a man, a poor, despised, suffering man. For my sake He was mocked, spit on, stripped, scourged, and nailed to the cross between two thieves. For my sake He chose to bear all this, willingly, and died on this day, Good Friday.

Why did He die? For my sake, in my place, that I might be saved from my sins and their punishment, that I might be restored to the favour of God that I might have eternal life. If he had not died for me my soul must have been lost for ever. The day of his death is the day of my life.

Oh! how wonderful! God made in the likeness of men! suffering death to give me life! Then my sins nailed Him to the Cross, and killed Him. Ought I not to be sorry for them?

He died for me, ought I not to think of Him with sorrow, and love, and pity, on the day of His death?

I ought not to make it a day of pleasure. I ought not. I cannot. I dare not. I will not. No. I will keep it as a day of mourning, out of shame for my sins which slew Him, out of love and gratitude for Him Who loved me so, and has done done so much for me.

I will think of Him on Good Friday, as if I had just been set free, and He had taken my place to die. I am set free. It is a great gain to me. But oh, how much it cost Him! Could I die for Him in return?

But He does not ask so much? Well. What shall I do? How shall I keep Good Friday?

Shall I forget Him, and enjoy myself, eating and drinking, dancing and singing, laughing and playing, going to a concert, or on an excursion, a picnic, or a pleasure trip, making merry, on the very day, and at the very hour, when my Lord was dying on the Cross for me?

No. My heart is hard I know, but not quite so hard as this. I have some feeling left, some shame.

On Good Friday I will look at the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and try to understand how much He loved me. I will think of Him, I will be with Him in spirit, and follow Him all the day. I will keep the day of His death as a sad and awful day, remembering that I ought to have died and not He; that my sins nailed Him to the Cross; and that every wilful sin that I have committed has helped to crucify Him afresh.

O Lord Jesu, what love in Thee! What coldness in us. O loving Lord, make us to mourn with Thee on this day of Thy death, that we may rejoice with Thee in the day of Thy glory.

The special, constant hindrances of our religious life are ever these three: Selfishness, indifference and worldliness. Of these tendencies and characteristics none of us are wholly guiltless.

April 5, 1888

Children's

A CHILD'S

You have seen the sorrowful Lord. He can save his people, but a great man like Him to be thought so great as a king in power would not accept Jesus, so they death, Jesus in hearts, and am He loved was who for a sum to point out Je

On the same day with His friend with them for entered into Jesus said to not drink of the more until the come" and who broke it and gave "Do this in remembrance of me" as ye eat of the bread and drink of the cup. Lord's death see it was our that his faith His body and bread and wine come again gather in his Easter morn

When Jesus finished that to the Mount dear Lord knew that he seemed very ple he loved, put him to death the garden a to comfort H ful angel on Him, and af but arose and told them t Then the s came and s was with th Jesus, was a kiss, Jesus b heart, and h was, when h into the har When Je Pilate, Pilat him, but



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