

of the Old Catholics as reluctant, for private reasons, to return into a Church which would unfrock them, as they are at present reluctant to return for dogmatic reasons. The dogmatic reasons may or may not remain, but the private bias on that side cannot but remain.

Children's Department.

PLEASE THE LORD AT ANY COST.

Never mind,—the world will hate you!
Never mind its frowns or smiles!
Never mind what griefs await you!
Please the Lord at any cost!

See, He reigns supreme above us!
See! His favor's light itself;
'Tis our all that He approves us;
Please the Lord at any cost!

Listen to His still small voice!
Act upon it while He speaks;
Give thyself no time for choice!
Please the Lord at any cost!

Perfect love will dictate to you,
Though severe the mandate be,
Only good His will can do you;
Please the Lord at any cost!

Please the Lord in lonely hours,
With your friends or with the world,
Spend for him your gifts and powers;
Please the Lord at any cost!

Think His eye is on you ever,
Think—He heareth *all* you say,
Marks each *motive* and endeavor,
Please Him then at any cost!

Where's the friend would die to save you?
Who would bear with you all day?
Who but He would care to have you?
Please Him then at any cost!

Have no object but t' obey Him,
Single eyed to do His will,
Your whole life could ne'er repay Him!
Please Him then at any cost!

Work in faith of future glory,
Nothing's lost you do for Him,
All recorded, your life's story,
Please the Lord at any cost!

Living always in His presence,
You will realize His "peace,"
Aye! this forms its very essence!
Please the Lord at any cost!

Then there follows sweet communion,
Such as worldlings never know,
One with Christ,—a growing union!
Please Him then at any cost!

O! His love is never dying,
Still preparing bliss for you.
It is worth *all self-denying*;
Please the Lord at any cost!

BEING HIS OWN PILOT.

A bright boy, who loved the sea, entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was made the master of the ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there, and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. "Anchor! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot." "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply.

Intent upon reaching port before morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, grey-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the

wider course; but he only laughed at their fears, and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before daybreak.

We need not describe a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind, and the wild orders to get the life-boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

Oh young readers beware of being your own pilots! Take the true and able pilot on board, who can stride upon those waves, who can speak, "Peace be still," to that rough Boreas, so that, "with Christ in the vessel, you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self—that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You will not ask in vain. And encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.

DIZZY DISTANCES.

The other day, one of the school-children said to a chum, "The Little Schoolma'am told us the other morning that some parts of the ocean are more than four miles deep!"

That's easy to say, thought I, but try to think it my dear! Fix on a place four miles away from you, and then imagine every bit of that distance stretched down over you. Perhaps in this way you may gain an idea of the depth of the ocean; but just consider the height of the air—which I am told, is a sort of envelope about the earth—more than nine times the depth of the ocean! Yet, what a wee bit of a way toward the moon would those thirty-six miles take us! And from the earth to the moon is only a very little step on the long way to the sun.

Oh, dear! Let's stop and take a breath! Why did I begin talking of such dizzy distances?

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

O God, may thoughts of Thee depart
At night the latest from my heart,
And in the morning first arise
To Thee in grateful sacrifice.

And from the morning's early light
Until the darkened shades of night,
May thoughts of thee inspire my heart
Well to perform my humble part.

And when my days and nights are o'er
And I shall wake to sleep no more,
Then may my soul delighted rise,
To serve Thee better in the skies. M. N.

—There is no music box so freighted with harmonies as is the heart of the Christian, full of the promises and of the spirit of the gospel. The Man of Sorrow has filled the world with songs of gladness and of triumph. His love has harmonized once discordant passions, and caused jarring conflicts within the soul to yield to all the sweet enchantments of faith, hope and charity. It is not allowed a believer to be always on the mount of ecstasy, nor all the while in the shadowed valley. The disciple cannot be exempt from tribulations or distresses. He must have his Gethsemane and his Calvary. For him there is some bitter cup, some piercing spear. Yet, notwithstanding, he shall joy even in tribulation. His soul shall have its tempted glory, its celestial peace, and its anthems of rapture. His exalted and exalting faith will enable him to catch the notes of the celestial choir, and to hear the strains of the harpers before the throne. Nothing can put so much music into a man as the consciousness of being at one with Christ. Selfishness, of whatever sort, begets moroseness, and faultfinding, and distrust. But whoso is reconciled in his

heart, mind and will, to the authority of the All-Loving, will be able to testify,

"My life flows on in endless song, above earth's lamentation,
I catch the sweet, though far-off hymn that hails a new creation;
Above the tumult and the strife I hear the music ringing,
It finds an echo in my soul; how can I keep from singing?"

—Everybody remembers the story of the two sisters, one of whom being cross and disagreeable, the fairy caused toads and snakes to drop from her mouth every time she spoke. The other was good-natured and kind; so when she spoke pearls and diamonds came from her lips. The fairies are dead, and for the sake of the good children we are sorry; but whoever is bright and cheery and pleasant, pearls and diamonds do drop from their lips even now, and that without the aid of fairies. As beautiful, indeed no one would blame us if we were to say, more beautiful than the beautiful words are beautiful deeds; little deeds of kindness; a gift of a book, of a meal to a sick neighbor, of kind help some way; these make the day on which done all the brighter. If there happens to be in your neighborhood the earnest pastor, to remember he has but little and kindly send him of the fruit of your garden, or farm, or dairy, or if in town something else; these are kind deeds which his Master and yours will not forget.

BE THANKFUL.—It is high time you began to thank God for present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise Him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore Him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise Him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock, and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love Him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank Him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

GLOOMY CHRISTIANS.—Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble.

LEARN ABOUT THE PULSE.—Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then by comparing it with what it is when ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiar slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is one hundred and forty; a child of seven, about eighty; and from twenty to sixty years, it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore. A healthful grown person's pulse beats seventy times in a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds seventy there is a disease; the machine is working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is, over seventy, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches one hundred and ten or one hundred and twenty, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected.

DEATHS.

Marianna, the beloved wife of Major Thomas Bute, of Fergus, Ont., entered into her rest on Sunday morning last at 8 a.m. Of this family of fourteen, it may be said:

"Half of them have crossed the stream,
And half are waiting now."

The family have the sympathy of the entire village and vicinity.