

DREAMING.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because the wild wind blew,
And because the plash of the angry rain
Fell heavily on the window pane,
I heard in my dream the sob of the main,
On the seaboard that I knew.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because the oaks outside
Swayed and groaned to the rushing blast,
I heard the crash of the stricken mast,
And the wailing shriek as the gale swept past
And cordage and sail replied.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because my heart was there,
I saw where the stars shone large and bright
And the heather budded upon the height,
With the Cross above it standing white;
My dream was very fair.

I dreamed as I slept last night.
And because of its charm for me,
The inland voices had power to tell
Of the sights and sounds I love so well
And they wrapt my fancy in the spell,
Wove only by the sea.

—All the Year Round.

—For constipation take St. Leon Water before breakfast.

A BAD HABIT.

None may estimate the power of a look, conveying either affection or reproof. A look from the tender eye of Jesus sent Peter, after denying his Lord, to weep bitterly. A gentleman cast a mild look of reproof on a young man who had taken the name of God in vain.

"I am sorry, sir," said the young man, "that I have wounded your feelings by any word I have spoken."

"I confess," was the reply, "that I can never hear that holy and blessed name profaned without deep pain. As my Benefactor and Friend, to whom I owe every blessing, I am jealous of the honor of God."

"I spoke, sir, without thought, I meant no harm."

"I believe it, my young friend; but your Creator requires you to be thoughtful of His honor and your duty to Him. As thoughtlessness cannot justify, neither can it be an excuse for any sin."

"I see that I have done wrong, sir; will you pardon me?"

"I am glad to hear this frank confession," and the gentleman held out his hand in a friendly way; "but the offence is against God. He alone can pardon. I have found Him a merciful God, slow to anger and ready to forgive; and if you seek Him through faith in Jesus Christ, forsaking every sin, you shall find mercy too."

"Accept my thanks, sir, both for the matter and manner of your reproof. I will never swear again, nor take the name of the Lord in vain."

"A good resolution, if made in humble dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit of God for help and strength. Farewell."

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I saw a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower.

I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain winding its way through the valley and the meadow receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country.

I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended, and the sun rose upon it; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and

pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, busied in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Long after, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, and temperance and judgment to come."

I looked, and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name Immanuel. Her hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheeks was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in that tear the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first dawning into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to be good.

And I said—This is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the goodly sheaves of that precious seed which probably was sown in weeping; and your gray hairs shall not be "brought down with sorrow to the grave," but in the bower of rest you shall look down on him who "will arise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition and prayer in praise.

—Drink St. Leon Water for dyspepsia or weak digestion after each meal.

SUBDUED BY KINDNESS.

At the time of the well-remembered Murphy riots in Walsall, "Sister Dora," as she was called, was one evening on her way through the streets to visit a patient. A "lewd fellow of the baser sort," mistaking her, because of her peculiar garb, for one of the Romish sisters of mercy, called out to her from the opposite side of the thoroughfare: "There goes one of the sisters of misery," at the same time throwing a stone at her, which actually cut open her forehead.

Not very long afterwards, this very same young fellow was brought to the hospital where Sister Dora presided, having been severely injured in the coal mine. Sister Dora, who never forgot a face, at first sight of him, recognising him, said, "There's my man." Meanwhile, with such assiduity, tenderness, and loving affection, did she nurse and care for him that one night, when he was recovering, she found him quietly crying. There he was, this great, strong, roughly-bearded fellow, crying like a child.

"What is the matter?" said the good nurse to the patient. The tears, upon this, only flowed the more copiously, when, with a faltering voice and many a sob, he managed to say, "Oh, Miss Dora, it was me that threw that stone at you!"

"Ah!" she replied, "Did you think I did not know that? I knew you the very moment you came in at the door."

He was greatly amazed. This was his first practical experience of good returned for evil, and he did not know what to make of it. He left the hospital soon after a changed and better man.

She had sometimes unbelievers among her patients. She had great tact in dealing with them and many who came in as scoffers went out convinced, at least, that "Jesus was the Christ."

Once, when travelling third-class (as she often did), she found herself in a carriage with a number of rough, half-intoxicated men, who began to use shockingly blasphemous language.

Her heart burned within her, and at last she could bear it no longer. She stood up and said, in a loud voice, "I will not hear the Master I serve spoken of in this way."

She was pulled down into her seat with loud threats. But when at the next station she was able to leave the carriage, she heard a rough voice behind her say, "shake hands, mum; you were right and we were wrong."

The Lord Jesus in no wise more truly evinced His superior wisdom, or demonstrated the fact that

He knew what is in man—the moral possibilities of human nature—than when He enjoined it upon His disciples, and through them upon us and His followers for ever, to return good for evil, to be kind even to them who curse and despitefully use us. How strange the fact, how impressive the thought, that only when he sees his Saviour's heart break, breaks also the sinner's guilty heart, and yields his stubborn will to grace divine.

THE CHURCH.

There is a peculiar privilege in being a Churchman. Do we all realize it? Perhaps not, or this article would certainly not have been written. The Church Catholic was established by our Lord Himself, when He gave commission to His disciples, just before the Ascension, and it has existed in unchanging authority and vitality to the present time. It has certain marks by which it may be known, and no one need plead ignorance of its claims, for want of light to discover its existence.

Its authority is derived from its Divine Head, and no man, or set of men, has power to change that which the Eternal Son has made so perfect. Now, if we must acknowledge that the origin of this Universal Church is Divine, and that she speaks with more than human authority, it becomes us to receive with humility and reverence her admonitions and laws, and to endeavor, as far as in us lies, to obey with unquestioning respect the precepts she enjoins. Were the Church a mere human society, based upon a scheme of morality, or the mouth-piece of some good man's theory of Divine revelation, it might invite criticism; there certainly could be no sin in questioning the wisdom or theology of its founder, or its adaptability to human wants; but "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the Truth," is the Kingdom of Christ, and it stands to day, as it has always stood, unerringly distinguished from every form of human society. None of the many religious bodies, calling themselves by various names, which surround us, are more than three hundred years old—many of them are much younger. The Church of God, like its Divine Head, is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." It is a precious heritage which has come to us. Let us show how highly we prize it by striving to be true followers of the Faith which it teaches, continuing steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in the breaking of bread and the prayers—the four great marks by which this Church may be known wherever she raises the standard of her Lord and Head.—*Parish Record.*

HINDU WIDOWS.

We had hoped that when English law abolished *Suttee*, (or *Sati*) in India, it put an end to the Hindu widows' miserable state. But it seems that in many cases death would be a far happier fate than the life of persecution, contempt and hardship which the wife who ventures to outlive her husband is condemned to lead. The horrors of Hindu widowhood in the heart of Hinduism, the North-west provinces of India, are depicted with great vigour, and we fear with no exaggeration, by a native hand in the *Nineteenth Century*. Even in Bengal, where milder notions prevail, a widow suffers acutely. "The old women say that the soul of a man after his death ascends to heaven quickly and pleasantly in proportion to the body inflictions which the wife can undergo in the month after the death of her husband." Accordingly, the widow approaches as near as she can to positive starvation, lies in discomfort, and mortifies the flesh in every way. After the month is over, her friends and relatives subject her to as many indignities as possible. Her presence is distasteful, perhaps pollution. Two days in every month she must fast so strictly that not even a drop of water may be taken in the twenty-four hours. She is made to feel that death was her proper lot. English women may do much to relieve the miseries of their sisters in India, and in no way more than by bringing about an end to this pernicious system.