

Following.

Forgive, O God, my wavering steps, if they
Have stumbled o'er the way;
Did will and impulse lack true harmony,
How could I walk with Thee?
Sin-blinded, could I see
The snares which, hidden, trapped my feet to-day?

Within my inner chamber, on my knee,
My follies now I see.
Had I but asked Thy guidance all the way,
Nor had forgot to pray,
Not any pleasures gay,
Had e'er half-drawn my trusting soul from Thee.

Purge from me quite, I pray, that foolish pride,
Which on itself relied;
Too far from Thee I followed that my feet
Might trace Thy measure meet;
I trust—that trust is sweet—
Some day I'll walk Thy blessed steps beside.

Toronto. REUBEN BUTCHART.

Launch Out.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

We are all familiar with the scene. The Saviour had been standing in a ship teaching the eager multitude who congregated upon the shore; and when He ceased to teach, and it was time for the hearers to put in practice the things they had been learning, Jesus said to Simon: "Launch out now and let down your net for a draught."

The Great Teacher well knew that His words *must* bear fruit; that they could not return unto Him void.

Simon, ever alert to take active part in every aggressive work, replies: "Master, we have toiled all night and have taken nothing; nevertheless at Thy word we will again let down the net."

We all know the result. We know that because they were not afraid to trust their Master's word; because they could dare to launch out into the deep, when there really seemed no use in toiling, they were abundantly rewarded beyond all that they could ask or hope.

I can but think that our barren lives to-day are caused by our not fully trusting the Father's word. He says to you and me: "Launch out into the deep, depending upon My promised love and care. Prove Me now, and see if I will not pour out to you such a shower of blessings as there will not be even room in your present narrow sphere to receive."

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Oh, let us launch out upon them and fear no evil. They are deeper than the

deepest ocean; they are more expansive than the broadest heavens.

If we are sin sick, we may launch out upon the promise of Him who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. He who is very near to us and so full of plenteous mercy, has promised to save to the uttermost all who will turn unto Him.

Are we tempted and tried, seemingly, beyond our strength? We still have the promised help from the Sinless One, who yet is touched with the knowledge of our weakness, for He has learned how cruel and how strong may be the power of temptation. To you and me He promises to be a mighty wall, a high rock of defence against which all the artillery of Satan shall be as nought.

Are we in sorrow? Do our friends forsake? Does the way seem lonely and dreary? Launch out; launch out upon the promises of Him who says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. As thy day is, thy strength shall be. Closer than any brother, oh dear one, will I be to thee. As one whom his mother comforteth, so would I comfort thee."

Art weary and discouraged? Sad heart, press bravely on, and do not fear to launch out upon the precious promise of the heavenly Burden Bearer, who bids you cast every care on Him who has pledged to you His constant love and His strong, protecting arms.

And then our children. Are we fearful for the ones we love so well? We do not need to fear, for "The promise is to you and to your children." And launching fearlessly out upon this most precious of all precious promises, we grow strong to walk by faith where ever duty leads, for we know that He is faithful who has promised.

And when the last dread hour, from which we cannot but shrink, shall come to us, oh, how gladly then, as we cross the dark sea, will we launch out upon the promises of Him who has been so true to us through all of the years of our life. Though the waters be cold we will not shrink, and though the way may be dark, yet will we fear no evil, for He will be with us, shielding us from every danger, filling our trembling heart with comfort and with joy, and whispering tenderly as he clasps us in His arms, "Lo, I am with you always, child, do not be afraid."

"Launch out upon the limitless ocean of my promised protecting care." This is what the Master is ever saying to you and me. And now, while faith is strong, let us reply: "Saviour, all through the long night of our past we have toiled in vain; but, at Thy promise, we turn away from self and trust the promised love that cannot fail."

A Breeze from the London Slums.

'Twas near the close of the afternoon,
The winds were sighing low,
And the streets wrapped up in old
London's gloom
Were covered with shifting snow.

Two little urchins, hungry and cold,
Crept under a sheltering arch—
Young enough in years, but in trouble
old,
Life to them was a weary march.

They had no parents, no home at all,
No brothers or sisters kind;
And crouching close to the old stone
wall,
They were glad to be out of the
wind.

Through the wintry day, with aching
feet,
They had wandered all around,
And a few little scraps on the dirty
street
Was all the food they had found.

So now, lying down on the hard stone
flags,
Which were bitterly cold that day,
They wrapped themselves close in their
scanty rags,
To pass the night away.

They could not sleep on their rugged
bed,
Pierced through by its icy chill,
So, at length, the younger, whose name
was Ted,
Said, "Tell me a story, Bill.

"I want to hear of some nice place,
Where there's lots of stuff to eat,
Where folks are dressed in silk and lace,
Then, perhaps, we can go to sleep."

The older lad thought a little while,
And then he slowly said,
As he looked at his chum with a feeble
smile:

"I'll try to please you, Ted.
"One day last summer I took a run
Through a strange part of the town—
I wanted to have a little fun,
As well as to see around.

"And when I got tired I crawled in-
side
A place where good folks pray,
I got under a seat, 'cause I had to hide,
Or they wouldn't let me stay.

"You know them places aint meant for
us,
As aint got any clothes;
Though I don't believe we are very
much worse
Than some of them as goes.

"I was pretty tired, so I dropped
asleep,
And when I woke, I found
There was folks asitting in every seat,
And I was hemmed in all round.

"I was scared a bit, but I didn't care,
Though I knew I'd have to stay
Just where I was, without a stir,
Till the people went away.

"And pretty soon a chap got up
As had a pile to say,
I almost wished he wouldn't stop,
But talk ahead all day.

"He told 'em about a real fine man,
As could do most any trick,
He could turn cold water into wine
And heal the folks as was sick.

"I can't remember all he done,
But I think the feller said,
That when a man had died and gone
He could raise him up from the
dead.

"The nicest thing I heard him tell,
Which I liked more than all the rest
Was about some tired folks, and hung
as well,
And he gave 'em a regular feast.

"The folks all sat down on the ground
He only had five loaves of bread,
But he broke up the grub and pass
it round,
Till five thousand folks was fed.

"I don't know how many five thousa
is,
But it must be quite a few—
And when they got done, the feller
says,
They had lots left over, too.

"I wish we had only been there, Ted,
It must have been jolly fun,
To eat all a feller could hold of bread
And some left when he was done.

"I wonder, Bill, where the feller lived:
I wish I knew the street—
If he only knew how hungry we are,
He'd give us something to eat.

"And perhaps he'd give us some
clothes as well,
As was getting shabby and old—
For them as aint felt it can never
How it hurts when a chap's
cold."

They were tired of talking and lay
still,
While the wind moaned down
street,
For in spite of the cold and bitter ch
The two had fallen asleep.

They did not feel their hunger now,
They felt no touch of pain,
A peaceful smile covered each you
brow—
They would never be sad again.

They dreamed of the place where
who ate
Had enough and something to sp
But they never imagined that the
would wake
To find themselves really there.

The cold wind blew in under the ar
The snow fell on each young for
And the lonely policeman, on
march,
Found them there in the grey of
morn.

They had left the place which h
nothing to give
To the feeble lambs of the flock—
Though surrounded by plenty th
could not live
Because the world gave them naught

But they had found the place where
Kind Man lived,
With the nail-pierced feet and hand
And surely the Shepherd had glad
received
His suffering little lambs.

—OTTO BULFIN.

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