

judice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer, but I don't know how." "Well, then, summon your people and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were on their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands, "God teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it." "Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you." "Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then said some prayers himself. Two years afterward, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as a result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

MISSIONARY POWER.

Every impulse and stroke of missionary power on earth is from the heart of Christ. He sows, and there is a harvest. He touches nations, and there arises a brotherhood not only civilized by his light, but sanctified by his love. The isles of the ocean wait for him. He spreads his net and gathers of every kind, and lo! the burden of the sea is not only fishes but fisherman, who go and gather and come again. What follows, then, but that the criterion of missionary power and success in any branch of the Church is its conscious nearness and likeness to him? If there are activity, free giving, ready going, a full treasury, able men who say, "Here am I, send me," it is because, through all the organization, Christ lives, and his Personal Spirit works. There is no other possible spring for that enthusiasm. Take him away from the bravest missionary at his post—the lion-heart of Selwyn would break; St. Paul would sink and die of homesickness "alone at Athens." If the ship labors in the sea, it is because there is no call of faith to the Master. If the machine stops or creaks it is because the motive force is not let on. If the flower of Lebanon languishes, it is because the roots are not in the heart of the ground. If money fails, you may start a thousand conjectures as to this defect or that in the plan, but you are looking for a disorder on the surface which is deeper down at the core. You have undertaken the amazing task of converting the world to Christ by a selfish Christianity. Know, O blind interpreter, that when men love Christ with right loyal and joyous devotion, they will speak of him, run for him, give to him, tell out his history; and of missionary money and men there will be no famine. God's river of life will be full of water. It is time for Christians to think, amidst their perplexities, whether the difficulty is not where they forgot to look for it—in their piety itself. We shall have more money for the Master when we have more of the Master. The world and the flesh and the devil have got the money; and they have got not a little of it in the hands of baptized men and women. It will come out when they believe with all their might in him by whom that "world" was overcome; who transfigured the "flesh" into a living temple, and who by putting Satan behind him drew to him the ministry of angels. How much of the Present Christ, so much Missionary strength. —Bishop Huntington.

THE MOUNTAINS OF JUDEA.

After having ridden an hour over an uneven piece of ground, we arrived at some huts on the top of a rocky eminence. We passed over one of the projections of the plain, and, at the end of another hour, arrived at the first undulation of the mountains of Judea. We turned, by a rugged ravine, around an isolated and arid height. On the summit one had a glimpse of a village in ruins and the scattered stones of an abandoned cemetery. The village bears the name of Latroun, or of the robber; it was said to be the country of the thief who repented on the Cross, and caused Christ to perform His last act of mercy. Three miles further we entered the

mountains. We followed the bed of a dry torrent; the moon, half its disc obscured, hardly lighted our steps in these depths; the wild boars were uttering around us cries that were singularly savage. When the day came we found ourselves in the midst of a labyrinth of mountains of conical form, nearly similar, and connected by their bases. The rock that formed the foundation of these mountains could be seen through the earth. Its parallel bands or cornices were arranged like the rows of seats in a Roman amphitheatre, or like those walls *en echelon* with which the vines are supported in the valleys of Savoy. At each rise of the rock tufts of dwarf-oaks, of box-trees and oleanders were growing. At the bottom of the ravine, olive trees were springing up, and at times these trees formed an entire forest upon the flanks of the mountains. We heard the cries of many birds, and among them, of some jays. A village situated on the top of one of these mountains bears the name of Saint Jeremiah; it is believed that the author of the Lamentations first saw the light there; it is certain that the sadness of these places seems to exhale in the canticles of the prophet of woe.—From the French of Chateaubriand.

THE UNION-JACK.

Our national flag at the present day is the Union Jack—a combination of the flags of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland and Ireland. It is only since the union of Ireland, which took place in 1801, that this banner has been in use. Indeed, the first Union Jack we possessed dates no further back than 1606, after the union of the crowns of England and Scotland by James I. This flag consisted of a combination of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and was in 1707 constituted by royal proclamation the national flag, after the union of the parliaments of the two countries. To unite the three crosses into an harmonious whole has been now satisfactorily accomplished—the cross of St. George is red on a white ground, that of St. Andrew a white cross in this form X (called a saltire) on an azure ground, that of

St. Patrick a red saltire on a white ground, and you will find each of these crosses distinctly visible on our present national banner. On our bronze money you will also find upon the shield of Britannia a tolerably accurate representation of the Union Jack. With regard to the name by which our national flag is known, while "union" seems appropriate enough, the reason why it is called a Jack is not at first apparent. It is said, however, by some to derive its name from James I. (*Jacques*), who united the kingdoms of England and Scotland; but this is not probable. The most likely derivation is from the word *jacque*, applied to the jacket or overcoat formerly worn by the British seamen, which bore the representation of a cross.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Some weeks ago, a gentleman walking in one of the metropolitan cemeteries observed, kneeling beside a tombstone, a little girl about ten years of age. In her hand she held a wreath, which she placed on the grave. Going up to her, he asked if anyone very dear to her lay there.

"Yes," she said; "my mother is buried here."

"Have you a father, or sisters, or brothers?"

"No, they are all dead, and I am the only one left. Every Saturday afternoon I come here, and bring flowers to lay on mother's grave. Then I talk to her, and she talks to me."

"But, dear child, if she is in heaven, how can she talk to you?"

"I don't know," was the artless reply; "but she does, and tells me to be truthful, and to do what is right, so that one day Jesus will take me to live with her in heaven."

A prayer went up from the stranger's heart that the remembrance of that mother might be as a shield to guard her child from evil.—*Children's Friend*.

—The diamond fallen into the dirt is none the less precious, and the dust raised by high winds to Heaven is none the less vile.

