

IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
Ofttimes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowded street;
If we knew, our pace would slacken,
We would step more oft with care,
Lest our careless feet be treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew that hearts are watching,
For the comfort we might bring;
If we knew what souls are yearning
For the sunshine we might fling;
If we knew what feet are weary,
Walking pathways roughly laid;
We should quickly hasten forward,
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell,
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet,
We would give to each one freely
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

—*Genesee Richardson.*

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

One of the most heartening passages in the Bible is this: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Were it not for this divine assurance, our hearts would often utterly despair. We have committed some sins which, as we first reflected on them, seemed too great to be forgiven, too foul for cleansing; but soon the truth that Christ's blood cleanses from "all sin," even all manner of sin, came to us with fresh force; and we took courage, thanked God, and rejoiced. If there were some sins which could not be cleansed from us by Christ's blood, we would indeed be hopeless; but it does cleanse from all kinds and degrees of sin. Why should we despair?—*Selected.*

SIR MATTHEW HALE ON THE DAY OF REST.

"Though my hands and my mind have been as full of secular business, both before and after I was judge, as, it may be, any man's in England, yet I never wanted time in six days to ripen and fit myself for the business and employment I had to do, though I borrowed not one minute from the Lord's Day to prepare for it, by study or otherwise. If I had at

any time borrowed from this Day any time for my secular employment, I found that it did further me less than if I had let it alone; and, therefore, when some years' experience had given me this instruction, I grew peremptorily resolved never in this kind of way to make a breach upon the Lord's Day, which I have now strictly observed for more than thirty years."

MIND THE LITTLE THINGS.

Remember that springs are little things, but they are sources of great streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship, a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the larger parts of buildings together. A word, a look, a frown, are all little things, but powerful for good or evil.—*C.D.*

READING THE WORD.

No other Church, as a Church, does so much for the New Testament by simply standing faithful to the New Testament, and by believing in the New Testament's own power to stand by itself without being helped, and to float in its meaning to the souls of men without always being explained. And how does our Church perform that? By its order of reading the Scripture in public every day. So of this we can be sure, that where our emigrants go, wherever there is one of our churches, however humble, wherever worshippers meet, there the voice of the New Testament is never mute from day to day. This, it seems to me, is one great reason why, thank God, we may say that our Church is fit to be made the Church of the colonies.—*Archbishop Alexander.*

GENERAL GORDON'S PRAYER.

The Bishop of Tasmania, in one of his recent sermons, told a story which brings out the character of a man whom all the world learned to respect before he died. The Bishop, so says the *Sunday Magazine*, was indebted for the story to a clergyman who had spent some years in Gaza, Palestine.

One night this clergyman was coming home late, and in the dusk

of the evening, when objects were not very distinct, he saw what looked like a man kneeling on the ground by the side of his horse. The place was not a safe one. Arabs might easily surprise the kneeling traveller.

"I must go and warn that man," thought the clergyman. "It will never do to let him remain there. He does not know that he may get into trouble."

As he came nearer to put his resolution into practice he was stopped by words that evidently were not addressed to himself. A moment's listening convinced him it was a voice of prayer which he heard.

"Oh, my God, take me away out of myself, lest I fall; make me to look unto Thee," said the voice of the kneeling man.

The clergyman hesitated to interrupt the stranger's devotion, but he could not persuade himself to leave him in danger. After waiting for a time he approached, saying as he did so, "I beg your pardon, but you are in danger here."

The man rose, and the clergyman's surprise was great when he found himself standing face to face with Gen. Gordon.

"What are you doing out here in this dangerous place?" he asked, not recovered from his astonishment.

"This morning I received a telegram from England, asking me to undertake a mission which I had longed to undertake all my life," replied the general. "It filled me with such elation that I felt I might get into trouble through pride, and I thought I would just get upon my horse and go away to humble myself before God."

EARLY RISING.

The Duke of Wellington was an early riser. An aide-de-camp who visited him early on the morning of the battle of Salamanca, perceiving that he was lying on a very small camp-bedstead, observed that his Grace "had not room to turn himself." The Duke immediately replied with much humour, "When you have lived as long as I have you will know that when a man thinks of turning in his bed it is time he should turn out of it."