

## Ambulance for Horses.

Who can look upon this picture without experiencing a longing desire that Toronto should possess such an ambulance for our poor, long-suffering horses? Who among us but would gaze with approbation upon such humane vehicle carrying with tender carefulness the tired, diseased, or worn-out friend and faithful servant of man through our streets.

The other day a man poor in this world's goods, but rich in the gratitude animating his heart towards his comrade in daily toil—his horse—called at the office of the Humane Society, 103 Bay St., imploring of the secretary to have an ambulance sent to convey his poor, sick animal to his stable.

Alas! that it should be so, the answer was reluctantly given that our funds do not admit of our caring for those faithful creatures as it is our bounden duty.

As we continue to gaze at above picture, and mark with what apparent carefulness the driver guides his horses, and the manner of their movements, so replete with gentle pity for the poor, sick member of their race they carry—oh! let us each determine that the day is very near when

time in which it is not "just the thing" to go to the theatres and balls, but quite the thing to have a nice, quiet card party at home.

Wise Lent, if it preach to us in such fashion as to hear it when it calls to *repentance*; for this is its prime purpose. Not a pleasant duty, though it leads to peace. Repentance does not mean so much sorrow, but such sorrow, be it much or little, as causes us to change our way of living. We want to feel deep sorrow from sin, strive to work in ourselves this heavier sorrow, and mourn that we cannot. If our sorrow be much or little, if it be godly sorrow, or sorrow as towards God, and if it lead us to change our character, this is repentance. When the cross man becomes patient, and the dishonest man honest, and the impure man pure, and the man who is a liar becomes truthful, and the man that has no love for God and no faith in Christ, becomes a man who trusts in Christ and loves God and his fellow man, this is repentance. But because this repentance is imperfect, therefore it is there is a Lent season to make us think about it and try harder, so that repentance may be more perfect.

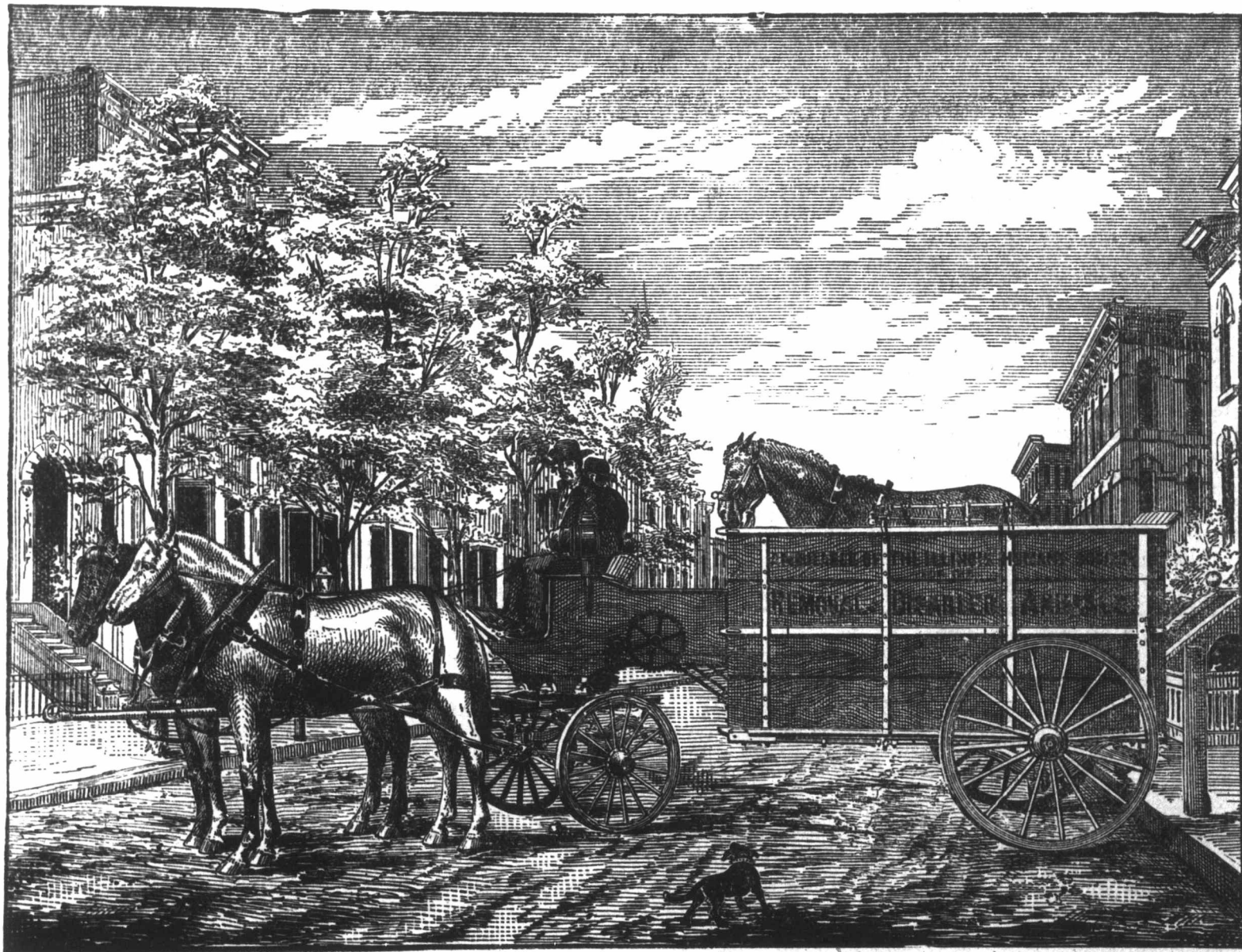
May we and our families, may our parishes and

## "All the Days."

This ray of promise falls on darkened ways,  
"Lo, I am with you alway"—"all the days."  
The bright, untroubled, glad some days of life,  
The days of bitterness, and care, and strife;  
The days when peace doth like a river flow,  
The days of grief, with weary hours and slow.  
He goes not on far journeys, Christ is near,  
He leaves no day of life without its cheer.  
As once of old, "He knew what He would do,"  
Though servants were dismayed and puzzled too,  
So now, with infinite supplies at hand,  
He walks with us, though in a barren land.  
Some sweet surprise He doubtless has in store,  
Some secret that He never told before.  
For this, perhaps, He leads through shaded ways,  
And you will understand, ere many days.

## Worship.

No doubt worship is a means of grace. It puts us in possession of spiritual power otherwise unattainable, so far as we know. It has wider results when it takes the energetic forms of supplication and intercession, and asks and receives blessings, temporal and spiritual, from the source of all good. But apart from these possible effects, an act of worship is itself a training of our life be-



CHICAGO AMBULANCE FOR THE REMOVAL OF DISABLED ANIMALS—AN EXAMPLE FOR TORONTO.

Toronto shall awake to her duty, and provide such an ambulance for her patient servant, the horse.

A. G. SAVIGNY.

## Is it True of Me?

I sometimes go musing along the street to see how few people there are whose faces look as though any joy had come down and sung in their souls. I can see lines of thought, and of care, and of fear—money lines, shrewd grasping lines—but how few happy lines! The rarest feeling that ever lights the human face is the contentment of a loving soul. Let each of us ask—Is it true of me?

## Lent.

Lent does not differ from other good things; it will be to us—just what we make it. To use it wisely and after its proper manner, it will be such a help to us that we will feel, as many have felt, sorry when it is over. To be sure it is not everyone that knows how to use it wisely; it has become to many but a form, and to others only a

the great Church with which we are connected, get from this Lent, through God's blessing in Christ, such a rich harvest of good, that we may be able to say at its close it has been a help to us in our warfare against evil.

## Influencing Others.

There is one power God bestowed that must surely carry with it the heaviest responsibility that it is possible for a human being to possess, and it is this—the subtle power of influencing others. Consciously at times, unconsciously at others, this strange electric force exerts an irresistible power upon those with whom such a nature comes in contact; as the character deepens from the experience of suffering and the discipline of life, this power, intensified by the greater capacity for sympathy with others, gathers force and strength, and when life is ended, when the "spirit hath returned to God who gave it," the trace of that influence yet remains, lingering like the sunset light of an evening sky in the hearts and lives of others.

yond the grave, and for the great change which leads to it. In sincere worship we shut out the things and thoughts of sense and time, we cleanse the inner temple of the tables of the money changers and the seats of them that sell doves; we cleanse it, if need be, by a stern effort of the will. When we enter thus in spirit in the train of our great High Priest, within the veil, and behold the realities over which death has no power, and which have no relation to time—the everlasting throne, the unending intercession, the countless intelligences who worship and who serve; their ceaseless and consummate activity, which is a perpetual rest, we are not only insensibly affected with the light which streams from that other world, we learn how to behave ourselves in that majestic Presence. We learn the manners of another climate, the habits of a higher society before our time. Thus worship is a training for death. Each sincere act of worship involves that self-detachment from the world which will be a necessity for the dying. Each sincere act of worship trains the soul to gaze beforehand on the sights and hear the sounds which will burst on it in all their awe and beauty as it crosses the threshold of eternity.