

of real benefit to my soul, for which I may have reason to bless thee to all eternity: for Jesus Christ's Sake. Amen."

Just here, may it not be asked of those who excuse themselves from such times of preparation by the plea that there is no time on Sunday morning, why, in any but exceptional cases, should the freshest, most beautiful, early hours of the Lord's Day be spent, as in so many of our homes, in unnecessary sleep? Why should that day, rather than any other, be so cut off at the beginning?

In an up-town church in New York, the writer found the following "Hints for church Attendants" on printed slips scattered in the pews:

"1. Prepare for divine service in your closet, not at your toilet."

"2. Be early at church, and occupy the moments before service with meditation and prayer."

"3. Consider the sermon, no matter who may be the preacher, as a message to you from God, not as an effort of man."

"4. Pray before, during, and after the service for the minister and your fellow-worshippers."

"5. In God's house all should be 'kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another.' Greet cordially those around you; welcome strangers into your pews; but let all be done reverently, and for the glory of God."

"6. Give according to your means. If you spend money for dress and luxuries, do not stint your offerings for God's house. Always begin to economize with self first, and God last."

"7. Carry your religion in its your daily life."

Over the entrance of the little parish church Hawarden, England, where Mr. Gladstone worships whenever he is at his country home are inscribed these directions, which may be suggestive to those of other sects as well as the humble parishioners for whom they were designed:

"On your way to church.—On your way to the Lord's house, be thoughtful, be silent, or say but little, and that little good. Speak not of other men's faults; think of your own; for you are going to ask forgiveness. Never stay outside; go in at once; time spent inside should be precious."

"In church.—Kneel down very humbly and pray. Spend the time that remains in prayers. Remember the awful presence into which you have come. Do not look about to discover who are coming in, nor for any other cause. It matters not to you what others are doing; attend to yourself. Fasten your thoughts firmly on the holy service; do not miss a word. This needs a severe struggle; you have no time for vain thoughts. The blessed Spirit will strengthen you if you persevere."

"After church.—Remain kneeling and pray. Be silent. Speak to no one till you are outside; the church is God's house, even when prayer is over. Be quiet and thoughtful as you go through the churchyard."

"On your way home.—Be careful of your talk, or the word will soon slip back into your heart. Remember where you have been, and what you have done. Resolve and try to live a better life."—*Sunday School Times*.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THEE.

Oh Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart.
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee!

To Thee, my God, to Thee!

What'er pursuit my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee!

On Thee, my God, on Thee!

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space.
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot shall be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee!
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing;
Safe 'neath the shelter of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee!
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

—Copied from the Life of John Frederick Oberlin.

Taking the Tide.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

By Sarah Pitt, Author of "The w Para-
dise," &c.—Part 2.—(From the Quiver).

(CONTINUED.)

In the darkest, deepest part of the cutting he caught the sound of a coming train; whether it was behind or before he could not tell—the noise seemed to fill all the air about him. He crept a little way up the bank and waited, holding his breath to listen. On it came, with a dull roar, making the ground under his feet vibrate and quiver. He could see it now; it was coming from the station, a passenger train, every window lighted. With a curious flash there came into the lad's mind the train, on the yellow bill upon the boarding last summer, and the rows of faces looking through the windows; they were going to London, and they were perhaps never going anywhere again. Another second, and it had dashed past him, away into the dark night, and a sudden glad mist crept into the watcher's strained eyes. It was on the far line—the safe one!

A few minutes more, and he was in sight of the bridge, and in the midst of the broad network of rails. There was no chance of picking his steps now. He flew straight across, in and out, under the stray trucks and carriages. He had looked down upon it often from his perch on the parapet, but he had never yet contemplated entering the station after that fashion.

"I say, come out of that! What are you doing down there?"

It was a big burly guard, with a lantern, who had just caught sight of the small figure climbing up the end of the platform. Tom's trembling knees would hardly hold him.

"There's something blown on the line down there, and I've come up to tell you," he gasped.

"You're sure?"

"It's the roof off that shed by the sand-pits, and I was afraid the train would come before I got here."

"Which line is it?"

"The outside one; a train did come down the other: it passed me."

The guard wasted no more time in questions; he hurried Tom into an office, where he repeated his story to the station-master, who straightway sent off a telegram to stop the up trains, and hastily despatched a gang of men down the line to clear off the obstruction. He went with them himself, leaving orders that Tom was to remain in the office till his return.

Tom was by no means unwilling to do that; he was feeling much too tired to walk home or anywhere else just then, without considering the dignity of being not merely in the station, but in the master's office. He looked about him with great interest for a minute or two, then his head gradually bowed on the table, and every thing faded away in a confused jumble.

He woke up with a start, to find three or four gentlemen standing around the fire, and his first acquaintance—the burly guard—beside the door. He got up off his seat and looked at them a

minute before he remembered where he was or what had happened.

"Did the train get hurt?" he cried, as it came back to him.

"The people didn't, and the train is all right," said one of the gentlemen; "your information just came in time to save it. But how did you come to be on the line at all?"

"I was put out about something," returned Tom gravely, "and I went along the bank for a walk by myself, but it was too windy; so I climbed down to the shed to rest a minute, and the roof wasn't there."

"Well, we don't allow trespassing on the bank as a rule, but this time it has been of service. What is your name?"

Half a dozen other questions followed, which Tom answered after his usual candid fashion, not forgetting to express his great satisfaction at finding himself an invited guest inside the station.

He was dismissed after that, with the guard and a shilling, to the third-class refreshment room to get some supper after his night's work; he also received—and esteemed far more highly, which is saying a good deal, considering his hungry plight—an injunction to come to the office again three days later.

Cold and wet made little difference to Tom during those three days. The crossing had never been muddier, but he wielded his broom with a vigour that liberally besprinkled the passers-by.

The third afternoon, with hands, face, and boots in quite a startling state of polish, Tom marched majestically down the steep incline to the station, through the chief entrance, past the platforms, with only a brief glance at the engines moored there. In front of the Left Luggage Office he encountered Barker, who demanded what he was doing down here.

"I'm going to see the station-master in his own office," answered Tom with dignity "he told me to come."

"Have you been damaging anything on the bridge?"

"I've no time to stand talking to boys now," was the lofty response as he knocked at the office door and walked in, before the disconcerted Barker could think of any retort sufficiently crushing.

It was a good half hour before he re-appeared. He was never very clear afterwards how he got through it. There were two gentlemen who questioned him closely about all sorts of things, and gave him a feeling of being tried for his life, but after that it came to him like a kind of revelation that he was not to go back to his crossing any more—that all day long he was to be under that great glass roof learning all about the engines, and helping to take care of them—perhaps, in time, even to be a driver.

He looked up with radiant eyes. "I've wanted to be down here for years, sir, and I'll make the engines shine like gold. What a pity, though, that wind didn't come months ago," he added; "then I needn't have gone to the Sunday-school at all—that was all Barker's doings."

"It is the Sunday-school that is the chief reason of your being taken on here," was the response. "The one was an accident, the other showed that you had some perseverance in your character, and no good is ever done without that."

"And that was just the part I thought the hardest," owned Tom, "and—and I can't read very much now—only spell."

"You will have time to go on learning in the evenings, and you shall have lessons occasionally; never miss a chance of learning anything—it is the surest way to get on. There is nothing to prevent you becoming a skilled workman if you set your mind to it. Now you may go and see the foreman, and begin work to-morrow morning?"

And that next day Tom began his duties in the engine shed. Fortune knocks at every man's door once, they say. Tom feels that she