



JESUS TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

What Rules the World.

THEY say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be ;
But a mightier power, and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native sphere man finds ;
Yet all his "isms" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the gadon dying,
With the colours in his hand ;
Brave men they be, yet craven
When this banner is unfurled :
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hands of velvet
These giants regulate,
The iron arms of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

HAVE you ever noticed one of God's beautiful names for Sunday, "My Holy Day?" In his word he so plainly tells us how we may honour him in keeping his day. By "not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words." But Sunday is not to be a day of gloom, for he says: "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." And David says: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

Mr. Storey on Canada.

WE live in a land as fair and fertile as the hand of God has given to man. We are as free as the air we breathe, in all that makes men free. We have an abundance, and an inheritance in the North-West practically inexhaustible. We have a territory 18,000 square miles larger than the United States, with Alaska thrown in. We are the fourth shipping power on the earth, possessing 100,000 tons more than our neighbours across the line; and standing next to the German Empire. We are as little taxed—our privileges considered—as any people on earth.

We have peace and prosperity, and ought to be thankful when we consider that the United States pension-list for 1888 amounted to \$78,000,000, which, capitalized at five per cent., represents a funded investment of \$1,560,000,000! This vast sum annually spent is the result of a lamentable and fratricidal war. Let us congratulate ourselves that the debt of Canada has been contracted only in the interests of peaceful pursuits—the acquisition of the North-West, the construction of public works, the opening up of the country, and the building of a national highway belting the Dominion from sea to sea.

So much has been said respecting national progress and taxation, that I shall make one more comparison, and then conclude. The population of the United States in 1780 was 3,070,000, with a debt of \$75,000,000, irrespective of the various issues of Continental currency, amounting to \$359,000,000, showing a total debt at that time of \$434,000,000, incurred in the war of independence.

Canada's net debt to-day is about \$227,000,000, with a population of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. Our population is increasing in a greater ratio than that of the United States during the first twenty-five years of their independence. The rapid growth of our cities and towns bears testimony to this fact.

And last, but not least, the emigration from Dakota and Minnesota to Manitoba and the North-West, furnishes ample evidence of the fertility of Canadian farm lands.

Let us inculcate a spirit of patriotism and devotion to our country and her interests. Let us own no allegiance, save the allegiance we owe to that land that has covered us with the sheen of her glory, and thrown about us the mantle of her protection in the infant days of a grand nationality. Let us cultivate more of a national feeling and love of country in our young men, and teach the value of it to our children as a national characteristic.

A Few Words from the Dumb.

IT is the glory of a true man to stand up for the defenceless, and to scorn the cowardly oppression of the weak. Surely, then, those who own and those who use ponies and donkeys, will be willing to give a fair hearing to a pleader for the helpless, dumb creatures.

If they could speak for themselves, would they not say: "Give us some rest one day in the week,

and we will do all the more for you the other six, and last the longer for it. You yourself work the better, and live the longer, for one day's rest.

"Don't beat our sore sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master.

"Don't ride and race us about till we are ready to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage.

"Pray, let us have a little more water, when we stand weary and thirsty, with our poor, dry tongues unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst.

"And, for pity's sake," the ponies would say, "loosen this torturing bearing-rein. We toss and shake our heads, or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work, and much better, without it.

"Please remember we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender, worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you're in a rage with us that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry.

"Our last entreaty is, that when we get old and past our work, you will not let our poor, wasted bodies stagger along under some load, when our lives have been spent in your service, but that you will reward us by having us immediately put out of our pain."

Think how much you owe to mercy yourself, and remember, "The merciful man doeth good to his beast."

Patience.

I COMPARE patience to the most precious thing that the earth produces—a jewel. Pressed by sand and rocks, it reposes in the dark lap of the earth. Though no ray of light comes near it, it is radiant with imperishable beauty. Its brightness remains even in the deep night; but, when liberated from the dark prison, it forms—united to gold—the distinguishing mark and ornament of glory—the ring, the sceptre, and the crown, said the wise Hillel. Its end and reward is the crown of life.—*Krummacker.*

Wycliffe on Drunkenness.

THE older example of profuse beer-drinking, which the clergy of Europe had shown their flocks in the tenth century, was replaced by as liberal wine-drinking, and the monasteries became centres of propagandism of the evils of intemperance. The monks drank freely themselves, and as freely served wine and ale to strangers.

Wycliffe says of the clergy in the middle of the fourteenth century: "They haunt taverns out of measure, and stir up laymen to drunkenness, idleness and cursed swearing, chiding, and fighting.

They resort to plays at table, chess and hazard; and roar in the streets, and sit at taverns till they have lost their wits, and then chide and strive and fight sometimes. And sometimes they have neither eye, nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot to help themselves, for drunkenness.

"By this example the ignorant people suppose that drunkenness is no sin; but he that wasteth most of poor men's goods at taverns, making himself and other men drunken, is more praised for nobleness, courtesy, freeness, and wretchedness."—*Broken Fetters.*