

the train drew up in the dark smoky depot, some one murmured Tennyson's favourite lines:—

“Pray for my soul! More things are
Wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.”

—*Christian Era.*

THE THREE SIEVES.

“Oh, mamma?” cried little Blanche Philpott, “I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—”

“My dear,” interrupted Mrs. Philpott, “before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves.”

“What does that mean, mamma?” inquired Blanche.

“I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*”

“I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith.”

“And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*”

“I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her.”

“And, *Is it necessary?*”

“No, of course mamma; there was no need to for me mention it at all.”

“Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all.—*South Register, Bethlehem, Pa.*”

ONLY A PRAYER MEETING.

Very true. There will be no sermon from a favourite minister; no instrumental music. The house will not be crowded, and the few that will be there will not be dressed in their best attire. The prayers that are offered are not likely to be clothed in accurate and eloquent language, and it is quite probable that many of the Psalms sung will be pitched a note too high or too low.

It is only a prayer-meeting—a meeting like those held in the days of Malachi, whose proceedings were noted down by the Lord in the book of remembrance kept before him: like that one held by the disciples in the upper room which

preceded the great pentecostal revival; like those noticed in the book of the Acts, when the assembled disciples were filled with the Holy Ghost, and prison doors were opened and captives released in answer to their prayers.

It is only a prayer-meeting—only an appointment which the risen and exalted Saviour has made with his disciples; only a time when God “harkens,” listens attentively, that he may hear the holy converse as the Holy Ghost descends upon waiting souls.

A NEW USE FOR THE DOXOLOGY

A good deacon, who was naturally a high tempered man, had been used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbours did. It was observed that when he became a Christian his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. “Why,” said the deacon, “formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully. This made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go down behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the psalm-tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen.”

A CHILD'S ILLUSTRATION.

A very little girl, in England, was asked by her mother if she knew how Christ could save her? “O yes,” she replied; “I will tell you. One day I was naughty, and went up into the nursery. Presently I heard nurse coming up stairs to have me punished. I looked round to see what I could do, and I saw your wide dress hanging on the chair. I ran to it, and covered myself all over, so that nurse could not see even my foot. Now, just so, when God comes to punish me for my sins, I run to Jesus, and he covers me all over, so that God cannot see even my feet.”

Henry Clay Trumbull says, “Do we make enough in our Sunday school work, of the children's prayers? We speak of the power of their pennies, of the influence of their songs, and of their artless prattle, but do we appreciate their prayers? How many teachers say to their classes, ‘Pray for me?’ How many superintendents say to their schools,