

A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me holy, like to thee;
Bring thou every thought of mine
Into harmony with thine;
Fix on Christ my steadfast gaze
Till I lose myself in praise.

Loving Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me loving, like to thee;
Let thy life in mine appear,
By sweet words that help and cheer;
With a sympathy divine,
Fill this narrow heart of mine.

Gentle Spirit, dwell with me,
I would meek and gentle be;
Spread within my heart abroad
Heavenly peace—the peace of God;
Calm my anxious, troubled breast,
Hush my spirit into rest.

Lowly Spirit, dwell with me,
I, myself, would lowly be;
Check, subdue my subtle pride,
Let it not within me hide;
From self-love, O set me free!
Take the place of self in me.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I, myself would mighty be;
May my every look and tone
Thy subduing power make known;
Of my heart the conqueror be,
Triumph over the sin in me.

Heavenly Spirit, dwell with me,
I would heavenly-minded be;
Upward lift this earth-bound soul,
Worldly thoughts and ways control;
Let my heart one sovereign own,
Christ its centre—Christ alone.

Joyous Spirit, dwell with me,
Make me joyous, glad and free;
Buoyant in the midst of care,
Jubilant through faith and prayer.
Show me Jesus, let his smile
All my earthly way beguile.

Glorious Spirit, fill thou me,
This poor heart I yield to thee;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Let thy life pervade the whole;
To its depths my being stir,
Print my Master's likeness there.

SIGHT-SEEING IN FLORIDA.

A TRIP UP THE ST. JOHN AND OCKLAWAHA—
THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—A NIGHT
SAIL ON A STRANGE RIVER.
BY THE EDITOR.

THE grand tour in Florida, which no visitor should fail to make, is the trip up the St. John and Ocklawaha Rivers. For a hundred miles or so the St. John is too wide to be picturesque. It is rather a chain of lakes from one to three or four miles wide. But the steamers shoot shuttlewise from side to side, calling at the many plantations and winter resorts on either shore. Many of these are charming spots, embowered amid foliage of live oak, magnolia, and cypress, and as we approach the air is fragrant with orange bloom. Among the places which may be thus visited are Beauclerc, which, it is claimed, is the old settlement on the river; Mandarin, the winter home of Mrs. Stowe, surrounded by a beautiful orange grove; Magnolia, with its magnificent hotel, and Green Cove Springs, where is situated what is claimed to be the original "Fountain of Youth," the object of the vain quest of Ponce de Leon three hundred years ago. This is a sulphur spring of surprising clearness and of the uniform temperature of 76°, both in summer and winter. It is delightful to bathe in, and is highly recommended for rheumatic and other affections. The Upper St. John is far more interesting than its lower reaches. It is much narrower, and is exceedingly sinuous in character. Large steamers ascend as far as Enterprise and Sanford, 200 miles from Jackson-

ville, but for 200 miles further it may be penetrated by smaller craft. It is one of the few rivers in the world running north, so that while going up the river you are going down the country to ever more Southern and tropical regions.

A UNIQUE RIVER.

The trip, however, better worth making, if one cannot make the two, is the sail on the Ocklawaha. The best way is to take the train from Palatka, on the St. John to Ocala and Silver Springs. This is made in three or four hours—by the steamer it takes twenty. The descent of the river is made in fifteen hours, and chiefly in daylight. The river can scarcely be said to have any banks—the channel being for the most part simply a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. It is exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the overhanging branches often sweep the deck, and the guards of the boat rub bare in many places the trunks of the trees. In one spot the passage between two huge cypress trees is only twenty-two feet wide, and the steamer *Okahumkee* is twenty-one feet beam.

SILVER SPRINGS.

The greatest marvel of the trip is the famous Silver Springs. For nine miles one sails through waters clear as crystal, the bottom, at a depth of from ten to fifty feet or more, being distinctly visible. Shoals of fish glide by as in a vast natural aquarium, every motion, hue, and play of colour being vividly exhibited. At last this crystal stream flows into the discoloured Ocklawaha, and assumes its turbid character. Palms, palmettoes, black ash, water oaks, magnolias, and cypresses, fringe the banks, from most of which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss, waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flits across the forest vista.

THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. One sharp-eyed girl counted twenty-five in a couple of hours. I did not see so many, but one was a huge fellow ten or twelve feet long. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer, when they quietly "wink their tails," and glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "Gater on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

THE OCKLAWAHA BY NIGHT.

The most wonderful aspect of the river, however, is at night. Then on the top of the pilot-house is kindled in an iron vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abyssal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into mid-stream, as if grasping at the little steamer as we pass. Anything more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck-hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a

night sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most striking and strange of a lifetime.—*Globe*.

FAITH.

WHEN life was drawing to a close a little boy's theme was the love of God in Jesus. He spoke of mercy and of grace; of faith in God as his only foundation for the hope of going, when he died, to be with Jesus who died for him. Being visited a day or two before he died, by an unconverted relative of mature years, the relative asked him how he was. When he answered that he was very happy, though sick in body; that his faith kept him so, his relative said:

"I can't make you out. How do you get the faith you speak about?"
"O," said Charlie, "God gives it to me."

"Well," said his friend, "I don't understand. What is it like?"

"O," replied Charlie, it's just like this: 's'pose you were up stairs, and made a hole in the ceiling and spoke to me through the hole and told me that up there was better than being down here, and that you had got some beautiful things up there for me if I was to come—I should want to come, shouldn't I?"
"Well, yes, I think you would; but how would you know I had the things I spoke of?" said the interrogator.

"Well," replied the dying child, "I would be sure to know that you were there when I heard you speak. That's what faith is. Believing God's word when he speaks, and what he says without seeing what he promises. And God makes a good many holes, and speaks to 'most everybody, only they don't pay attention; and if they do hear, they want to see the things afore the time, and that ain't faith."

Thus did a child in years and grace, silence, with the word of faith, the gainsayer, and so passed away. Reader, hast thou faith as this little child—faith to trust God for the fulfilment of his promise? "Have faith in God."

SOME years ago an American minister published facts and figures intended to explode the miserable slander that ministers' sons never amount to anything. By statistics that could not be questioned he showed that the number of ministers' sons occupying prominent places of trust is larger in proportion than that of any other class of men. If that brother had not published his book until now he might have had a splendid "point." On the fourth of last month a Baptist minister's son laid down the reins of government at Washington, and they were taken up by the son of a Presbyterian minister. Arthur made an admirable President, and astonished everybody by the wisdom and dignity of his administration. And now we venture to predict that the Presbyterian minister's son will make one of the ablest and most upright and honourable Presidents that ever ruled over the American people. Now, just see if he doesn't. And this is just as good a place as any to say that we believe a number of the volunteers who have gone to the North-West are minister's sons. The major of the Queen's Own is a manse boy, and if he has inherited his late father's pluck the Half-breeds that cross his path had better be careful.—*Canadian Presbyterian*.

FISHING WITH A PIN.

WHEN I was a "little shaver," with a straw hat badly worn, (All the crown deep-crushed and dented, and the brim cross-stitched and torn,) I used to go a-fishing, and sometimes wading partly in Where the stream was very shallow, to catch fishes with a pin.

I would take a pin and bend it to the much desired crook— For it took a full size penny if I bought a steel-made hook— And when the worm was on it, it was happiness "run o'er," Just to hold it in the water with one foot upon the shore.

I could not land a big fish—but my wishes then were small, And the big boys with their steel hooks sometimes caught no fish at all; But I often get a "nibble"—though I sometimes used to wait And watch in vain—then look, and see the capture of my bait.

But luck some days was better, and the shoals of small fry came, And when I pulled the line out it was not without its game. A "red-fin" or a shiner, I lifted out upon the grass, And felt the thrill of greatness o'er my moistened forehead pass.

True, I've fished with better weapons, and in more exalted ways, Since I used the feeble pin-hook in the long vanished days. But I never took the pleasure in the landing of a "fin" That I took in early childhood just in "fishing with a pin."

QUESTIONS AND REFLECTIONS FOR SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Do I do my duty as a teacher? Do I feel as deeply interested in the future well-being of the children whom I teach as I ought? Do I think of them, so soon to go out into the world to meet its trials and temptations, and do I pray that they shall not be drawn into sin? Do I remember that the criminals, drunkards and Sabbath-breakers of to-day were once the innocent and pure children of promise, making home and parents happy? Do I know that these, weakened as they are, by vice and immorality, will soon pass away, and their places will be filled from among this generation? It may be from among some to whom I have failed to do my duty as a teacher.

Dear teachers, let us think of these things, and let us pray and teach as we have never done.

Let us constantly bear the dear children in the arms of prayer and faith before the Mercy Seat, that having their minds well filled with the word of life, they may be able to stand when "the evil days come."

"STOP-AWHILE."

THERE is growing in Africa a thorn called "stop-awhile." If a person once gets caught in it, it is with difficulty he escapes with his clothes on his back, for every attempt to loosen one part of his dress only hooks more firmly another part. The man who gets caught by this thorn is in a pitiable plight ere he gets loose. You would not like, would you, boys, to be caught in this thorn? And yet many, I fear, are being caught by a worse thorn than "stop-awhile." Where do you spend your evenings? At home, I hope, studying your lessons, and attending to mother's words; for if you have formed a habit of spending them on the streets with bad boys, you are caught in a thorn far worse.