

isters to a congregation of scholars, there is nothing to repel. If to a congregation of the ignorant and poor there is no word that they cannot understand, and the reason of it all is that our Prayer Book is so thoroughly permeated with the Word of God from beginning to end that the grand old language of the Word of God so fitted for all sorts and conditions of men has become its language. At the same time, while *eloquence* is not the object of prayer, and the desire to offer up an eloquent prayer may destroy all the true spirit of prayer, he who leads in prayer should seek not only chaste language, but a fervent heart."

"You remember when Wesley was so afraid of his preachers degrading the spirit of prayer by their extempore efforts, that he specially prepared a form for them."

Hatifax, N.S.

DYSON HAGUE.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

The fire upon the hearth is low.

And there is stillness everywhere;

Like troubled spirits, here and there,

The firelight shadows fluttering go,

And as the shadows round me creep,

A childish treble breaks the gloom,

And softly from the further room

Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer

And that sweet treble in my ears,

My thought goes back to distant years

And lingers with a dear one there;

And as I hear the child's amen,

My mother's faith comes back to me,

Couched at her side I seem to be,

And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place!

Oh! for the peace of that dear time!

Oh! for that childish trust sublime!

Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!

Yet, as the shadows round me creep,

I do not seem to be alone—

Sweet magic of that treble tone—

And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S CONFESSION.

DR. VALPY, late of Reading, the eminent scholar, experienced a blessed change in his religious views not long before his death, and wrote the following verse as his confession of faith:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
(Luke ii., 29.)

And Thy salvation see;

(Luke ii., 30; Gen. xlix., 18; Isa. xlii., 2);

My sins deserve eternal death,

(II. Thess. i., 8, 9; Rom. vi., 23.)

But Jesus died for me.

(Rom. v., 6; I Cor. xv., 3; Gal. ii., 20.)"

This verse Dr. Marsh repeated at a Bible reading in Lord Roden's family. Lord Roden got it written out, and fastened the paper over the mantle-piece in his study—where it still hangs, yellow with age.

Some time after this one of the old heroes of Waterloo, General Taylor, came to visit Lord Roden. He had not, at that time, thought much on the subject of religion, and preferred to avoid all discussion of it. But whenever he came into the study to talk with his friend alone, his eyes invariably rested for a few moments upon the motto over the mantle-piece. At length Lord Roden broke the ice by saying, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart."

"I know it now by heart," replied the General, with emphasis and feeling.

From the time of that visit a change came over the General's spirit and life. No one who was intimately acquainted with him could doubt its reality. During the following two years he corresponded regularly with Lord Roden about the things which concerned his peace, always concluding his letters by quoting his favourite motto. At the end of that time the physician who had attended General Taylor wrote to Lord Roden to say that his friend had departed in peace; and that the last words which fell from his dying lips were those which he had learned to love in his lifetime.

It happened, in after years, that Lord Roden told the foregoing story at the house of a near neighbour. A young relative of the family, an officer lately returned from the Crimea, heard it, but turned carelessly away.

Some months later Lord Roden received the intelligence that his young acquaintance was in a rapid decline, and was desirous of seeing him without delay. As he entered the sick-room the dying man stretched out both hands to welcome him, at the same moment repeating those simple lines. "They have been God's message," he said, "of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

I know not, my reader, whether your walk in life is a high or a low one; it matters not before God, "who accepteth no man's person" (Gal. ii., 6); for though "man looks on the outward ap-

pearance, the Lord looketh on the heart" (I. Sam. xvi., 7). But it may be that the transcribing of these brief lines, abounding as they do in gospel truth, may prove to you, as they have undoubtedly proved to others, a guide to lead you for salvation to the Saviour Christ, so that you too, may learn to say:

"My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

—*Selected.*

TRUE GIVING.

THE late Henry Thornton, Treasurer of the C.M.S., who did not drive from him people who sought subscriptions for mission work as if they were mendicants as some rich persons are in the habit of doing, in response to an appeal from a visitor, once wrote out a check for £5. Before the ink was dry a telegram was brought to him. He tore open the envelope, read the contents, and turned ashy white. He said to his visitor—a clergyman—"I have just received some dreadful news. I have lost hundreds of pounds—give me back that check." It was not pleasant to give back the check, and I dare say nine persons out of ten would have cancelled it; but Mr. Thornton, on receiving it back, altered the "£5" to "£50," saying, "God has just taught me that I may not much longer possess my property, and therefore I must use it well." Did Henry Thornton lose anything by that? Did he die a bankrupt? No; he continued one of the most prosperous merchants of his day, and consecrated his wealth, his influence, and his time to the Lord Jesus Christ.—*South American Missionary Magazine.*

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

A VERY common saying that, and very easy to say when we refer to the happenings in the life of somebody else; very hard, sometimes, when we ourselves feel thwarted.

Years ago a farmer returned from market with a golden burden, for he had sold his wheat. He thought it hard it should rain and spoil his best coat; but when he came to the lone place between the woods and perceived that a highwayman would have shot him if the rain had not damped his powder, he had a much more vivid idea of the loving care of God.

Remember Bernard Gilpin, the apostle of northern England. He was