

AT NIGHT I WILL PRAY.

When all the world is wrapped in solemn peace,
And darksome shades bespeak the day's release,
While all around seems bathed in balmy sleep;
Then, ere the rosy god my senses steep,
In sweet oblivion, soul forgetting mase,—
To the good God supernal, I will raise,
My heart's full strength in eager prayers for all;
And pray that in the night no harm befall;
That through the day in goodness He will guide,
All those, who trust in Him whate'er betide;
That from His throne He'll send a Heavenly ray;
From the sun of Righteousness to light their way;
Thus, for friends both dear and true, I will pray.

Oh! for a voice like many song full birds,
To wing its flight to Heaven to take my words,
And lay them at the golden throne on high,
Where a loving God deigns to hear each cry.
But if my lips should ever silent be,
My soul can pray for friends most consciously,
For by the link that binds me to my friends,
Suggests to me their need, and subtly blends
Their thoughts with mine, in some mysterious way;
That urges me to pray and think by day,
That God is all in all, and joins each soul,
Through His blest spirit, and can thus control
And keep by perfect will, each loving soul.

A. G. B.

THIRTEEN WAYS OF BEING HAPPY.

He that keepeth the law, happy is he.
Happy is the man that feareth alway.
Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.
He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.
If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.
Behold we count them happy which endure.
Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

Happy is the man whom God correcteth, for he maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a fair likeness of his face.—[*Whately.*]

A holy life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with him, is without doubt the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.—[*Melancthon.*]

The Lord's prayer is not, as some fancy, the easiest, the most natural of all devout utterances. It may be committed to memory quickly, but it is slowly learnt by heart.—[*Maurice.*]

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—[*Tillotson.*]

You may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and the dry wood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning.—[*F. W. Robertson.*]

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection of itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the lonely night: the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—[*Longfellow.*]

Humanity longs for happiness, yet is never ready to be happy to-day. In our efforts to enjoy life we forget that we cannot be happy to-morrow, next month, next year—we can only be happy to-day. Therefore make the most of to-day. Visit your friends, invite them to enjoy your hospitality, play with your children, lighten the cares of your wife, help a neighbour out of distress, beautify your home. A selfish man secures little enjoyment. The happiest man is the one who makes others happy. I.

you have vainly sought for comfort try this: help some man who has treated you desperately mean. Do him good service in his distress. It will give much more satisfaction than helping some one who has helped you.

A PARABLE.

Quoth a little brown seed, "I do not know
Why it is I must struggle and grow:
When the earth is so warm, and dark, and still,
I would never leave it, had I my will.
But something urges me still away:
I must strive and struggle; I cannot stay:
Though what awaits me above up there,
I do not know, and I do not care."

But ah! when the seed to blossom grew,
Rocked by the zephyrs and fed by the dew,
And gently unfolded to light and sun
Its delicate flowers, one by one—
It softly sang to each laughing breeze,
"Surely no blossoms were ever like these!
This glory of sunshine is life indeed
I could never have dreamed of, when but a seed."

And what are we, in this life of ours,
But seeds of God's future blooming flowers?
Shall we murmur and grieve that we do not know
For what He would have us struggle and grow?
Nay! we will patiently work His will
Mid earth's mysterious gloom, until
Beneath His sunshine, and in His land
Our souls shall blossom—and understand!

[F. M. S., in Faith and Works.]

HYMN.

BY J. R. NEWELL.

God of God, the One begotten,
Ere the worlds were hung in space;
Light of light, who dost illumine
All who come to Thee for grace;
One with Father and with Spirit,
One in mystic Trinity;
Maker, Ruler of creation,
Lord of all, we worship Thee.

Born of woman (wondrous story),
God as man was manifest,
Suffering, toiling, weeping, waiting,
Watching for the promised rest;
Man of sorrows heavy laden,
Pressed with woe and misery—
Humbly loving, meekly kneeling,
Son of Man, we learn of Thee.

God, who offerest salvation,
Man, who did'st salvation bring,
Unto Thee be glory given,
Ever Prophet, Priest and King,
Let the tongues of men and angels
Swell the song of jubilee;
God of God, the One begotten,
Lord of all, we worship Thee.

Port Dover, Ont.

—God is a kind Father, He sets us all in places where He wishes us to be employed; and that employment is truly "our Father's business." He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to him if he does it simply and humbly.

He gives us always strength enough, and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we tire ourselves, or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault, and we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.—*Ruskin.*

—The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.—*Mrs. Balfour.*

—God makes the glow-worm as certainly as the star; the light in both is divine. If mine be an earth-star to gladden the wayside, I must cultivate humbly and rejoicingly its green earth-glow, and not seek to blanch it to the whiteness of the stars that lie in the fields of blue.—*Fraser.*

Children's Department

TIM'S DOVE.

One day, when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries, the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but, all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbor going by the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran into the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it, she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbor could speak, there was a little rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Ooo! ooo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken. I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was. He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know, until she was quite well, how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.—*Selected.*

A LITTLE PRAYER.

Teach me, O God, to do Thy will
Regardless of my own;
That I may seek my truest peace
In pleasing Thee alone.

What e'er my wants or wishes be,
Should they conflict with Thine,
Help me, O God, to lay them down,
And every wish resign.

When days are dark, and nights are sad
When life seems all unblest,
Teach me to say—what e'er betide—
My Father must know best.

And when at last, weak and alone,
In Death's dim vale I stand,
Help me to feel amid the dark—
My Father holds my hand.

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy. "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound, Ont.