

might eat plenty of cakes and other sweet things. I of course told him he might eat these. He has learned to read while with us. He reminds me of a Japanese gentleman who once came to ask me if it would be a sin for him to sing hymns on horseback !

REVERENCE.

There is within the House of God a space
Wherein I may get place
To come, and pray and fill my soul with grace.

I come not here on Holy Day, to see,
What other folk there be ;
My Saviour's presence now engrosses me.

Nor hither for observance do I fare,
To see what others wear ;
My soul can not her sacred moments spare.

I dwell not, curious, upon the light
From painted windows bright,
But on that radiance seen by inner sight.

And when the sermon and the prayer are o'er,
I wait not at the door
To bow and smile and lose my holy store,

But hasten with a calm and peaceful mind,
My homeward way to find ;
My sorrows and my burdens left behind.

—Ellen V. Talbot, in *Southern Churchman*.

GIVING NOT LOSING.

BY HORATIO W. P. HODSON.



We do not live to-day as did the early Christians, having all things in common, but we must still, as faithful Christians, have in common the blessings of the Church and the opportunities for being helpful. And we must share these things with any and with all, freely, not with hope of gain or reward, but only so to pass along the blessing God has given to us, and do in our small way as Jesus Christ would have us do, and as He has done for us. We cannot lose and we cannot lessen what we have by giving. Did you ever stand within some vast cathedral and watch the sacristan as he lighted up the candles at the altar? He takes his fire all from one little flame, and going to each candle in succession, lights them all. And then the shining grows; and the rays of light reflect and intermingle, and gradually they bring to view the carvings on the wood, and on the altar, and then the cross and statues, and the figure of the Crucified bending over all, as if in loving benediction, until the aggregation of the light is like a blaze of glory. And all the while that little flame from which the sacristan took each light, has not decreased, but is burning brightly still.

Just so, I think, when from the sacred fire that God has given us, we pass on light and blessing to our neighbors, that flame of love

within our hearts never does decrease, but seems to burn more brightly still, to light us on the way. And though we give and bestow light on multitudes, we never lose at all from the flame of blessing whence we give.—*The Parish Visitor*.

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE.

Why is it that we so easily forget that the little things of life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm hand clasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones, and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of every-day life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business place. It is generally a lack of consideration which makes one forget the tiny pleasantries, but lack of consideration is really one form of selfishness, and selfishness is not considered a desirable quality. Remember that the little things in life, whether good or bad, count for more with those we love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and our words.—*Selected*.

THE PRAYER BOOK AS IT IS.



A LECTURE on the above subject was recently delivered by Mr. Inglis, President of the Church of England Workingmen's Society.

Churchmen are often met by a taunt from those who are unacquainted with the Prayer Book, and unused to its services, that it is only a set form of words for certain occasions, and utterly useless at all others; a collection indeed of vain repetitions. No prayer could be vain except in the mouth of a vain person. The Prayer book is a treasure house filled with rare and priceless gems, waiting to be brought forth, to sparkle in all their beauty before high Heaven. The lecturer went on to speak of the commendations that had been bestowed upon the Church of England by those who were alien to her pale, and quoted from the writings of the Rev. J. Cumming, and the Rev. H. W. Beecher, who wrote: "I am so ignorant of the Church service, that I cannot tell the various parts by the right names, but the portions which most affected me are the prayers and responses which the choir sing. I had never heard any part of a supplication—a direct prayer—sung by a choir; and it seemed as if I had not heard with my ear but my soul. I was dis-