

told, in Psalm c., to enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise, and also to come before His presence with singing? In Ephes. v. 19, we find "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." While St. James goes farther, and gives us psalm-singing as an outlet for all gladness of heart, "Is any merry, let him sing psalms." And this brings us after all to the root of the matter. If our hearts are right with God, we shall want to sing, to show our gladness, and like the little birds, whose only study is to praise their Maker, we shall let the service of our lips testify to the gladness of our hearts within. But to how many of our scholars will this apply? How many even of the teachers realize that, by their example, in showing enjoyment of, or indifference to, this most important part of the exercises in Sunday School, they are showing whether they are rejoicing in the Lord or no? Let us, in this, as in all other ways, seek to set our scholars a good example, and out of the fullness of our own hearts sing praise to God. And further, let us seek to win each soul to Christ, showing that those who belong to Him are privileged to rejoice at all times. If all in the school, both teachers and scholars, were really rejoicing Christians, as they both might and should be, we should have a burst of melody that would resound far and wide, even to the gates of heaven.

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Orillia.

A LITTLE SANCTUARY.

How often amid the tumult of our busy work-day life do we long for a refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat! "He shall be for a sanctuary." None but the loving heart of Christ—that human heart—could so understand and satisfy our heart's need. Oh, precious thought, that as we go about our ordinary daily work we may not only rest, but continually abide, in the secret of His presence!

Can these hands and feet and head be so used in even our secular work that they may be hallowed vessels meet for the Master's use in

His sanctuary? Was it not something of this thought that wrung from Peter, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head?"

What a hallowing influence would this thought exercise over every act of our daily life! All the vessels of the sanctuary must be hallowed. What a dignity would it add to our lives in Christ Jesus! These hands are to be used for Christ to-day, therefore, they must be gentle and kind, if Christ is to be glorified through them. These feet must be beautiful like the Master's, in going about doing good. This intellect must be laid at the feet of Christ, and there used as a consecrated vessel. Was this not the attitude of those two most loving of women who wiped His feet with the hair of their head? Have they not answered for all time the question, "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth"? Is it not in the hair of loving, humble consecration—yea, the laying of our intellect, our all, at the feet of Jesus?

But you say is this complete surrender of body and mind possible for us? No, but it is possible with Christ. "I will be to them a little sanctuary." Yes, and when the waves of our life rise high, and we are storm-tossed, and tempest driven, how sweet to creep within the sheltering arms of Christ, and find his great, loving, human heart a little sanctuary.

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FOUL MOORINGS.

The harbour of Quebec has ever been regarded as one of the finest in the world. During the summer it is not unusual to see a hundred ships riding at anchor. The name of Quebec, which was originally Kébec, is a Micmac idiom, meaning a strait. Properly applied it is an adjective, and signifies closed or obstructed; this word wears somewhat the appearance of a prophecy, for the beautiful harbour was for many years obstructed in a very singular way. Whether the difficulty had its origin on the memorable 13th of September, when the troops of the intrepid Wolfe took

the flood under cover of darkness in their attack upon the rock-founded city, will never be known, but there are not wanting evidences that the earliest of these impediments were dropped there by the invading fleet as long ago as the middle of the last century.

More than fifty years ago master mariners seriously complained that the moorage of vessels was impaired by accumulations of anchors and chains, forming huge nests in various parts of the river. As years wore on these bunches of tangled iron grew in size and losses were serious. It was found that six or eight nests of these anchors and chains were in different parts of the harbour. Subsequent operations have shown that some of these weighed as much as 240 tons. A powerful vessel was built, fitted with compound windlasses with enormous lifting power. Early in 1875 three large nests of anchors and chains were taken from a depth of 130 to 180 feet of water at low tide, and soon 165 anchors and 5440 fathoms of chain were landed, weighing 570 tons.

Impressed with the success of this important undertaking our thoughts travelled on to other foul moorings and to a mightier lifting power.

The sinner's anchorage is foul. He goeth to and fro; he visits persons and places. When he would retrace his steps he is detained, entangled, taken in a snare. "He knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell." Prov. ix. 18. Foul moorings bring loss. Loss of peace, loss of courage, loss of days, loss of hope, loss of heaven.

In dropping the anchor into a foul place what labour is expended in trying to recover it! "None that go into her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life." These nests of anchors had a multiplying power, one lost anchor held another and made that foul. Thus it is with sin, slowly and surely it increaseth its dreadful power. Men go not to hell alone, they drag others down.

But look at the lifting barge! The power of the gospel is a lifting power. The glad confession of the saved man is, "Out of the depths