

and warmer and better fed than ever before.

When her father died three years after, it seemed to her that her money and her prayers were not all she ought to send to help those who were in darkness and the shadow of death, but that God wanted her own self there to give light for Him.

That is why she is now in India working among her poor hopeless sisters in the Zenanas, letting her light shine where such light was never known before, and that light has already reached some hearts there.

She thinks now that it was not the tone of the reader's voice that had attracted her attention, but perhaps it was God himself that spoke to her so clearly on that Epiphany morning, "Arise, shine for thy light is come."

H.

THE NEW YEAR.

MINGLED the voices of praise and prayer,
Wafted to heaven on the midnight air;
Praise—for the mercies of the past,
Prayer—as on God our care we cast
Without a fear.

Asking that Jesus would guide us still,
Seeking for strength to do His will
In the New Year.

Pleading in joy or care or sorrow,
God, our own God—bless Thou our morrow.
—E. E. H.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

RESTING.

THE following hymn which occurs in "Hymns for a Parochial Mission," has a peculiar interest to many Canadian churchmen through its association with the memory of the late Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick, of Kingston. It was the favorite hymn of the mission held in his church during Advent, 1884. He had thrown himself heart and soul into the work, yearning with the loving tenderness of father and friend over his people's spiritual welfare. At the closing service of the mission, a few days before Christmas, while speaking of the great blessing many had received, his face lightened up with an expression of heavenly joy as he quoted a portion of this hymn, emphasizing the line, "We are *finding out* the greatness of His loving heart." At the early communion on Christmas morning he fainted and was carried home. He had been exposed the day before for several hours to a bitterly cold wind while attending a funeral at Wolfe Island. It was his last illness. During his suffer-

ings he frequently asked to have this hymn repeated. With the dawn of the New Year his spirit entered into the perfect rest of God. A solemn hush came over the congregation at the funeral as this hymn was sung with deep emotion. Many have since asked for both the words and music. The words are by Jean Sophia Pigott, the music, which is most exquisitely appropriate, is by J. Mountain in his collection of "Hymns of Faith and Consecration."

Jesus! I am resting, resting
In the joy of what Thou art,
I am finding out the greatness
Of Thy loving heart.
Thou hast bid me gaze upon Thee
And Thy beauty fills my soul:
For, by Thy transforming power,
Thou hast made me whole.

Oh, how great Thy loving kindness,
Vaster, broader than the sea!
Oh, how marvellous Thy goodness
Lavished all on me.
Yes, I rest in Thee, Beloved,
Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
Know Thy certainty of promise,
And have made it mine.

Simply trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
I behold Thee as *Thou* art,
And Thy love so pure, so changeless;
Satisfies my heart;
Satisfies its deepest longings,
Meets, supplies its every need,
Compasseth me round with blessings
Thine is love indeed.

Ever lift Thy face upon me,
As I work and wait for Thee,
Resting 'neath Thy smile, Lord Jesus,
Earth's dark shadows flee:
Brightness of my Father's glory,
Sunshine of my Father's face,
Keep me trusting, keep me resting,
Fill me with Thy grace.

F. H. DU VERNET.

A MODEL TEACHER.

THE following traits of character and incidents connected with the Rev. C. P. Golightly as told by Dean Burgon will be of interest.

Earnest practical piety had been always Golightly's prevailing characteristic. The Rev. T. Mozley (who is not promiscuous in his bestowal of praise) acknowledges the greatest of obligation to him. "Golightly," he says, "was the first human being to talk to me directly and plainly for my soul's good, and that is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences can efface; no, not eternity itself." On which Dean Goulburn remarks, "But this was what Golightly was always doing, and for the sake of doing which he cultivated the acquaintance

of all undergraduates who were introduced to him, showed them no end of kindness, walked with them, talked with them, took them with him for a Sunday excursion to his little parish of Toft Baldon." He delighted in teaching in the village school and certainly he had the art of making his ministrations popular in the parish church. The children were required to commit to memory certain pithy proverbial sayings which had the merit of wrapping up divine wisdom in small and attractive parcels. "Is that one of your boys?" asked a lady with whom he was taking a drive near Oxford, pointing out a lad who passed them. "I'll tell you in a moment. Come here, my boy." The boy approached the carriage. Golightly, leaning earnestly forward, "Rather die—" "than tell a lie," was the instantaneous rejoinder. "Yes," (turning to his companion), "it is one of my boys."

THE SHEPHERD-LORD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want."—Psalm xxiii. 1.

THREE thousand years have passed away since the sweet singer of Israel first sung this psalm about the shepherd-care of God. Thirty centuries! It is a long time! And in that vast abyss, all the material relics of his life, however carefully treasured, have mouldered into dust.

The harp, from the strings of which his fingers swept celestial melody; the tattered banner which he was wont to uplift in the name of the Lord; the well-worn book of the law, which was his meditation day and night; the huge sword with which he slew the giant; the palace chamber from which his spirit passed away to join the harpers harping with their harps—all these lie deep amid the *debris* of the ages.

But this Psalm, though old as the time when Homer sang, or Solon gave his laws, and though trodden by the myriads of men in every succeeding age, is as fresh to-day as though it were just composed. Precious words! They are the first taught to our children, and perhaps the Holy Child Himself first learned to repeat them in the old Hebrew tongue beside his mother's knee in Nazareth; and they are among the last that we whisper in the ear of our beloved ones standing in the twilight between the darkening day of earth and the breaking day of heaven. The suf-