

## "HUNGRY FOR PRAYERS."

An English clergyman has a son engaged in missionary work on the desolate coast of Labrador. His parishioners are not only the residents, but also the hardy fishermen from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. This missionary says of them:

"During the fishing season the men actually never have more than from two to four hours' sleep at night. From two in the morning till the dark of summer night they are at work without cessation, excepting the few minutes occupied in snatching their hasty meals. I never knew what the human frame could stand in respect of want of sleep and rest, till I came here. And yet the poor, tired fellows will often take time to come to a week-day evening or early morning; and on Sunday they do not think three services too much. 'Don't be afraid, sir,' one of them said, when I was expressing some scruples about keeping them out of bed, on my arrival in haste late one evening—'Don't be afraid about giving us too much prayers; the truth is, we don't get half prayers enough. We're hungry for prayers.' And many of them willingly sacrifice some hours of labor for the sake of attending services, and this, too, in their harvest season, when they have to secure enough in a few weeks to support them for the year."

We commend the spirit of these hard working sons of toil, to some in all our congregations. How many in our midst, who know no such labor, but can walk or ride to a pleasant and comfortable church, could say, "We're hungry for prayers"?—*Southern Churchman*.

The "liberty" which the Unitarians claim in the pulpit has clearly degenerated into "license," and Dr. A. F. Peabody, one of the best divines of that communion, sadly makes the following statement:—"I verily believe that were a professed Parsee, or Buddhist, or Mohammedan to ask for a place on our list of preachers, room would at once be made for him, and pulpits be thrown open to him."

"I'll do better to-morrow," said a little boy one day to his mother; but this was very foolish. Why not do better to-day? There is not one word in the Bible which calls upon you to do better to-morrow. It is always to-day.

## CAN'T LEAVE HIM ALL OUT.

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father. Suddenly that man was removed by death. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side at evening, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and, glancing into her mother's eyes, she sobbed, "Oh, mother I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God I had a dear father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

How sweetly she honored her father's memory by her tender love.

I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.—*John Newton*.

The list of the dead the past year contained the names of many eminent men—Darwin, the man of science, Longfellow, the poet; Emerson, the man of literature; Thurlow Weed, the journalist; Garibaldi, the revolutionist; and Dr. Pusey, the founder of Puseyism.

It often happens that men are very pious without being very good. Their religion expends itself in devotional feelings and services, while the evil passions of their nature remain unsubdued.—*Charles Hodge*.

Mr. Francis Murphy is still labouring in England in the cause of gospel temperance. During his recent visit to Carlisle four thousand persons put on the blue ribbon.

He that hath tasted of the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.—*Charnock*.

The good statement comes from New Haven that not in twenty-five years has there been such a religious awakening in Yale College as now.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong