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We have here one secret of the demand for short services and sermons. Sermons are such dull essays, the less of them the better. There would be truth in this were it not for another fact, that to such persons the duller day of the week is the Lord's day, and the duller book in the world is the Bible.

QUARRELING CHRISTIANS.—No man will properly develop as a Christian who lives in a state of quarrel. In enmity against God, he is, of course, not a Christian at all; but reconciled to him he must secure peace with those around him. Fighting the brethren, fighting angrily in behalf of reform, contending with bitter words and hard strife for even the best doctrine, he will stunt the word of divine life within him. Even fighting against sin is not to be done in a quarrelsome way, but in a spirit of honoring God, while abhorring the sin and pitying the sinner. We are to conduct a warfare, but our fight is to be a "good" one, which means that it is to be directed against wrong and in favor of right, and also that it is to be waged so that in the darkest day of defeat we may be able to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

—It is a remarkable characteristic of Jesus that He never spoke an unnecessary word nor performed an unnecessary deed. He never did for another what that person could by for himself. There seemed to be omnipotence at His command. He claimed that there was. He performed acts which go as far as acts can go to prove the possession of limitless power. All disease was under his control. He could instantaneously heal lepers, open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, and give tone and health to chronic paralytics. All nature seemed under His command. He could still storms, and multiply bread a thousandfold, even indefinitely, and change water into wine. He was the master of the grave. He sent His summons through its gate into eternity to call back the spirits of the long-departed to re-inhabit their former bodies. There was no perceptible limit to His power.

And yet he never performed a miracle to gratify his own passion or those of others. He never exerted His great power for display. If Jesus were a mere man to whom Almighty God had for a season delegated his almightiness, it is inconceivable that he should not at some time have put forth His hand to gratify the curiosity of His beloved friends, or to indulge His own desire for display, or bind the hands of His foes, or destroy them with His word of power. But he never did. I never knew a man, never heard of a man, find no record, in any history, of a man, so continent, so gloriously self-controlling, that he would not, at least once in his life time, break over the bounds and exert this delegated power selfishly. Jesus never did. Then God never does. It is the merest fanaticism to desire and pray that God will give us a sign, do a wonder, and set the universe agape at his monstrous power. He never did. He never will. If his power seem glorious to us, it is because that power is glorious. All that men see is what Habakkuk calls "the hiding of His power." God does only what God cannot leave undone.

A parishioner came to Archbishop Whately complaining of his minister's preaching; he made him unhappy, and wanted the Archbishop to induce the presbyter to change his mode of preaching. The Archbishop suggested if it might not be better for the parishioner to change his mode of life!

—Every life is like a block of marble with a possible angel hidden in it. The difficulty is to cut the angel out and leave nothing but chips behind.

—It is the first little step that loses all. After that the road is slippery, and we are down before we know it. Young says;—
Let no man trust that first false step
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whose steep descent in lost perdition ends.

Children's Department.

TRUSTING.

When the night of sorrow falleth
When the world looks cold and drear,
Know that still a father watcheth:
Trust thou Him, and banish fear.

When thy life is cold and weary,
When grim famine's steps you hear,
Think of Jesus thousands feeding;
Trust thou Him, and banish fear.

When your griefs crowd fast and faster,
Griefs but brings God's angels near,
Laden with unlooked-for blessings:
Trust His care, and banish fear.

Trust? "Aye, trust we human friendship,
When the friend is tried and dear?"
"Hold we less to God's good keeping?"
No! We trust and banish fear!"

"HAVE SOMETHING TO DO."

"My dear children, *never be idle*: always have something to do." A good mother, who has now gone to heaven, was very particular in thus encouraging her children to help in household work. This she taught them to regard as a pleasure and not a task. Her little girls are now married and have children of their own. I have often heard them say, "Thank God for a good mother who taught us the duties of domestic life and the fear of God."

A newly-married lady called on one of these young mothers not long ago, and with tears exclaimed, "Oh, please do tell me *how* to manage my household affairs. My mother never taught me to *work*, and now I am reaping the sad fruit of my ignorance." Most children delight in helping in domestic matters if they are allowed to do so.

THE MOTHERLESS.

Sitting in the school-room I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened awhile, and then, turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word: *Willie has no mother*."

The brother's lips were silent, the rebuke came home to him, and, stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot.

"He has no mother."

Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer *no mother* to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently to him, then.

METHODS OF REPROOF.—As a clergyman was one Sunday afternoon returning home after divine service, he was accosted in the street by a man who asked, "Pray, sir, did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart with rakes and pitchforks in it?" "I think I did," the clergyman answered; "A boy with a short memory, wasn't he?" "Short memory, sir!" the man with surprise replied; what makes you think he had a short memory?" "I think too," added the clergyman, "he must belong to a family that have short memories." "What in the world can you mean?" asked the man, greatly puzzled. "Because," said the clergyman, in a serious tone, "God commanded, Remember the Sabbath-day; and that poor boy has forgotten all about it."

—Here is a bit of good advice which it were well to follow:—

When the weak man offends thee
Spare him, and when
The strong man offends thee,
Spare thyself then.

A DANISH HEROINE.—Quite a romantic tale of reward for bravery comes from Copenhagen, of which a labourer's wife past fifty is the heroine. It seems that the poor woman, observing, a few months ago, three children who had fallen through the ice on a lake, rushed into the water, and at the imminent peril of her own life, rescued the children. His Majesty the King decided that this act of bravery should not pass unrewarded. The poor woman was sent up to town from the country; a room was prepared for her in the Royal Palace, where she staid a couple of days to see the sights of Copenhagen, and the other day she received from the hands of the King, in presence of the Royal Family, the medal and ribbon for civil acts of bravery, being the first woman in Denmark who received this honour.

—A little boy once asked his mother, after reading Pilgrim's Progress, which of the persons she liked best. She replied, "Christian, of course; he was the hero of the story." The little fellow stopped and scratched his head awhile, and said, "Mother, I like Christiana best." "Why so?" asked his mother. "Because," replied the boy, "when Christian set out on his pilgrimage he went alone by himself, but when Christiana started, she took the children with her." Wasn't that a good answer?

—Fuller said very beautifully, "He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringe and eats nothing but sauces."

—The hardest thing to get a good hold on is your own tongue. If you could only keep still at the right time you would save yourselves many a headache. It is far better to live in a smoky house, to live on cheese and garlic, than to abide with a man or a woman whose tongue is in perpetual motion.

—A man may be in heaven long before he goes there; and a man may be perfectly sure that there is a hell here even when he is doubtful about the one hereafter.

HAST THOU A CARE?

Hast thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope, with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Whate'er the care which breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

—"I query whether many young men might not be rescued from worldliness, were they collected together in guilds or societies for mental and moral culture, under the direction of the rector of their parish, and with the prudent and sympathetic aid and encouragement of Christian laymen. Their energies might, through this means, be directed to various forms of charitable work, within and without the Church. The reality and nobility of other interests than purely selfish and material ones might be practically enforced upon them. This method is successfully followed in some churches."

—Falsehood always endeavors to copy the main and attitude of truth.—*Jahnson*.

—Activity in the affairs of life is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy is premeditated composure.

MARRIED

October 11th, at St. Jude's Church, Brantford, by the Rev. Rural Dean Holland and Rev. Canon Nelles, the Rev. Charles D. Martin, second son of Daniel Hyde Martin, Esq., to Sophie Charlotte, eldest daughter of the Rev. Canon Salter, Rector of St. Jude's Church, and granddaughter of the Rev. John Salter, late Vicar of Stratton, Wiltshire, England, and Canon of Salisbury Cathedral.