

chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said within himself: "In all this din it matters not what I do," and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still, and then he cried aloud, "Where is the piccolo?" The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part. O my soul, do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayest be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the music of His great universe is made richer and sweeter because I give Him thanks. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

1 Peter 5: 7.

WHAT does it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the days are long, the nights are long?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
That sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And the strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untroubled by any strife—
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be.
When lights die down on the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
And love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness.
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayer,
Then my heart cries out for a God to care.

Oh! wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above.
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He strengthens me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song;
The burden that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let those who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain,
Our Father stoops from His home above
To soothe and comfort us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?
Oh! rest in peace! for the Lord does care.

—Selected.

THE LATE BISHOP OF MOOSONEE, AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

In January last, the authorities of the Church Missionary Society were startled by the news of the death of Bishop Horden, bishop of Moosonee, the cold stretch of country around Hudson's Bay. There is something so solemn and yet so touching, writes the Rev. E. J. Peck, in connection with that lonely grave amidst the ice and

snow of Hudson's Bay. But we could not, neither would we wish to, alter the will of Him who does everything in love, and who will, we feel sure, comfort the hearts of those who now mourn their loss at home.

The writer of these few lines had the joy of knowing the late bishop for the last sixteen years. I can never forget all I owe, under God, to him. It was he who, with unflinching patience and kindness, prepared me for the sacred office of the ministry, and his joy, I know, was unbounded when he could send me forth to labor among the Eskimos—a people he loved so much. His friendship and fatherly counsel my wife and I enjoyed to the end, and it is my sorrowful, though hallowed, privilege to say a few words in memory of him who now rests from his labors.

In speaking of what seemed to me the striking features of the bishop's character, I would desire not to magnify the creature, but to exalt the Saviour. "Not I, but Christ." "By the grace of God I am what I am," said the apostle to the Gentiles, and this all-abounding, all-constraining grace worked mightily in him who has left us, and made his life a means of unspeakable blessing to many.

But what were those characteristics which, through divine grace, made Bishop Horden's life so real? Undoubtedly great energy and fixity of purpose, great devotion in his Master's work, and unflinching kindness of heart.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which found an echo in the bishop's heart. Nothing seemed to daunt him in carrying out a project which he believed was for the glory of God or the good of the people whose welfare he had so much at heart. When we think of him in "travels oft," going about from place to place visiting his scattered flock in the wilderness; or when we think of his patient, persevering ministrations by which many a soul was lit up with light and peace from on high; or of his wonderful linguistic work, through which the life-giving Word of God was brought within the reach of almost every Indian in his diocese; or when we remember him (as many of my readers will) pleading so earnestly and successfully during his brief furloughs in England for the needs of his poor people—in all these things we see, through God's grace, a life filled with divine energy, a life used for a purpose, a life spent for the glory of God.

I need not dwell at any length on the peculiar devotion and self-sacrifice which stamped, as it were, our bishop's life. His

death speaks louder on this point than any words of mine. He has died in harness. He has fallen at his post, and yet, humanly speaking, it might not have been so. He might, after so many years of labor, have come home ere this to enjoy a well-earned rest; but to strengthen the hands of his fellow-laborers in the field, to see the work settled on a firm basis, and, above all, to finish his translation of the Cree Bible into the dialect of the Indians living at Moose—these were the objects which constrained him to remain even when, perhaps, his physical and mental powers were failing. His was a life quite surrendered, quite given up, to the work; and doubtless the loving Saviour who gave to His servant this spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice will crown him with honor in that day when He makes up His "jewels."

I cannot close this brief paper without noticing another point in the bishop's character which, I am sure, will be acknowledged by all—his unflinching good nature and kindness of heart. We missionaries of the Moosonee diocese have reason especially to know how deep was the kindness which we often experienced at his hands. One and all will, I know, heartily agree with me in saying that he was one of the kindest of men, and this kindness, as we well know, extended not only to ourselves, but to our dear partners in the work, and to our children, and indeed to all.

Mrs. Peck can testify to his care and kindness during hours of weakness. The poor Indians at Moose and elsewhere knew they had in him an unflinching friend. The servants connected with the Hudson's Bay Company will remember, I am sure, his kindness and sympathy; and the gentlemen in charge of the various trading posts knew that they had in him a genial, warm-hearted companion.

And do not our hearts and sympathies now turn to the bereaved ones at home? We must all feel so much for Mrs. Horden and her family, who hoped in a few months to welcome the absent loved one in their midst. They have had, and they shall have, our prayers and our sympathy, and God, even our own God, shall "bind up" the broken hearts, and give them to know the consolation and peace which He alone can bestow.

And now, my reader, that life so freely surrendered, so nobly used, seems to speak to you, and to speak to me. It calls upon us to dedicate all our powers to the glory of God. It shows us how blessed is the life given up, fully consecrated to the