

FENEDICTION FROM A SICK CHILD. worker in a Manchester slum told of how a whole family was completely transformed by the presence of a de-formed child. The father was a navvy, the lads were course and uncouth; b there was born into the home a crippled child, and that deformed baby became the point upon which the love of the whole family centered. The man nursed and petted his child of an evening ; the boys made playthings, and showed their effec-tion for her in all sorts of pleasant ways; The mother kept the window clean, that child, pillowed on the table, might

her child, pillowed on the table, might look out on the court; and the visitor declared that she witnessed an absolute transformation, an elevating and refioing process, which went right through the honsehold. In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yot men are thus led. A hand is put in theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backwards The other hand may be a little child's.-Silas Marner.

'THE ANCHOR HOLDS.'

E. Gilpin, kindly sends the poem asked for by J. S. Maxwell, and accom-panles it with the following note : J. W. Bengough happened to be in the

memorial service of the General Confer ence when the obituary notice of Mr. G. H. Rills, a student of Victoria College, was read. It was stated that his las words were 'Tell the boys the anchor holds.' Mr. Bengovgh caught the beauti-ful thought and hence the poem : /

i thought and hence the poem : 'Tell the boys the suchor holds i' These the words he whispered clear, While we gathered at the bedside Of our dying comrade dest ; Tell the boys the auchor holds ; Christ is faithful to his word. In d'ath's h'ur of gloom and terror By thee stands thy risen Lord.

Chorns

Glorinus hope in death's dark passage, Jesus' strength thy form enfolds. Faith triumphant sends the message, 'Tell the boys the anchor holds.'

'Tell the boys the anchor holds.' 'Tell the boys the anchor holds !' Free salvation through the blood, This the asfety of the soul In the midst of Jordan's flood. 'Tell the boys the anchor holds;' No vain fable is onr faith, Peaceful rides the little barque On the swelling tid as of death.

Tell the boys the anchor holds !' And a smile of rapture deep Lighted up the bappy face As he gently fell asleep.
Tell the boys the anchor hold,,' So the words for evermore Seem to echo faint and sweet From the far off heavenha store

From the far off heavenly store.

"IT TAKES TWO."

A lad of seventeen was telling an older <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> friend, recently, of an experience he had had that day. As the sprentice of a car-penter, he had been sent to a saloon to

of outward happening, but also of inner readiness. No outsider can be respons-ible for our sins as we are responsible. "He tempted me" only explains one side of the tempiation. The other side-the personal side-we must answer for, and no excess will save us. "It takes two," and one of the two is always our own re-sponsible self.—Exchange.

ONLY A YEAR.

The following poem has been kindly sent by a correspondent, M. A. M., in answer to a request from J. H. N. The author is Harriet Beecher Stowe.

One year ago—a ringing voice, A clear blue eye, And clustering curls of sunny hair, Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no suile, No glance of eye No clustering curls of golden hair, Fair, but to die.

One year ago-what loves, what schemes Came into life : What yoons hopes, what high resolves, What generous strife.

- The silent picture on the wall The burial stone. Of all that beauty, life and joy, Remain alone.
- One year—one year, ove little year, and so much gone; And yet the even flow of life, Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloon fair

- Above that head; sorrowing tint of jeaf or spray, Says he is dead No

No pause or hush of merry birds, That sing above. Tells us how coldly sleeps below, The form we love.

Where bast thou been this year beloved? What hast thou seen? What visions fair, what glorious life, Where hast thou been?

- The well ! the well ! so thin, so strong, 'Twist us and thee ; The mystic well, when shall it fall, That we may see?
- Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone, But present still; And waking f r the coming hour Of God's sweet will.
- Lord of the living and the dead, Our Saviour dear; We lay in silence at thy feet, This sad, sad year.
- M. A. M.

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THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

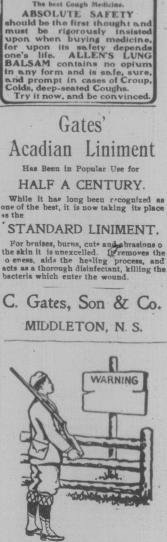
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HIS OWN FREE WILL. fa uit for Dear Sira, --- I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S INI-MENT. It is THE remedy in my ho would not be without it. It is truly a wonderful medicine. JOHN A MACDONALD.