

Family Department.

EVENING.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

My Father, hear my prayer,  
Before I go to rest;  
It is Thy little child  
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,  
That I may sleep this night  
In safety and in peace  
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day  
To love Thee more and more;  
To strive to do Thy will,  
To worship and adore.

Then, look upon me Lord,  
Ere I lie down to rest;  
It is Thy little child,  
Who cometh to be blest.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Little by little the time goes by,  
Short if you sing it, long if you sigh;  
Little by little—an hour, a day:  
Gone with the years that have vanished away.

Little by little the race is run,  
Trouble and waiting, and toil are done,  
Little by little the skies grow clear,  
Little by little the sun comes near,  
Little by little the days smile out,  
Gladder and lighter on pain and doubt,  
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,  
Fighting the battle of right or wrong;  
Little by little the wrong gives way,  
Little by little the right has sway;  
Little by little all longing souls  
Struggle up near the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men  
Blossoms to beauty for human ken:  
Little by little the angels see  
Prophecies, better, of good to be;  
Little by little the God of all  
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

AN ALLEGORY.

I STOOD on the summit of a beautiful hill; on either side of me lay a vale rich with the fruits of the earth, and happy in the sunshine of a summer day. Lulled by the beauty of the scene I slept, and as I slept, I dreamt.

On my right hand stood the Angel of Light and Life, on my left stood the Angel of Darkness and Death.

"Mortal," said the Angel of Light, "behold the life of a virtuous and godly man. Let the beautiful valley on your left hand be the past period of his life, this hill on which we stand his present, and the depths of yon valley on your right his future. Behold," continued the Angel, "the past life of the virtuous and godly man; not a cloud overshadows the years he has left behind, not one stain blots the sunshine on the track of his path. All around him is peace. He diffuses a general happiness. He was instructed by godly parents, his system of life has been under the protection of his God; and see," said the Angel, "his future (pointing to the valley on the right) is tranquil, from the depths of its foundation."

Hardly had the Angel finished speaking when a change came over the features of the landscape. The valley on my left was darkened by heavy clouds, that drifted through chaos. The hill on which I lay became bare and rugged, pits appeared in its sides, and snakes hung from the leafless boughs of gnarled and rotten trees. The valley on my right was covered by a cloud, whose pitchy depths appeared as the entry to Styx. I was benumbed with horror. Sorrow and compassion were depicted on the countenance of the Angel of Light.

"Behold," cried the Angel of Death and Darkness, in a voice which shook the hill to its foundation, "behold the life of my victim. His early days are spent in sin and misery. Vice is his nurse from the cradle; see the life she has laid out for him. Look at the blots and stains that cover his past, look at the misery that attends his present, and see the clouded and unhappy depths of his future."

The snakes hissed, the clouds descended, the wind moaned through the trees, and the Angel of Death and Darkness disappeared in clouds of thunder.

Involuntarily I turned to the Angel of Light and Life. A smile spread on his countenance, and ambrosial scents filled the serene air as he vanished from my sight.

I awoke, and as I descended the hill, my lips forced me to utter, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."—C. J. C. Pridham.

"For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.—Ps. xlviii. 14.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S TESTIMONY.

DANIEL WEBSTER, in paying a becoming tribute to the memory of Jeremiah Mason, who had been his great rival at the bar, adverted to the fact that Mr. Mason believed in the Christian religion, and sought to conform his practice to its requirements, and then proceeded to say:—

"A man like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must, in this state of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for; or else, as life is advancing to its close and parting, all is heart-sinking and oppression. Depend upon it, whatever may be the mind of an old man, old age is only really happy when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it begins to lay a stronger hold on those of another."

Mr. Webster was not himself an old man when he spake these words; yet he profoundly appreciated and forcibly stated the wants of one who finds his powers fading and his earthly enjoyments withering, and is penetrated with the irresistible consciousness that his journey in time is nearly ended. The great future is just before him, and he knows it and feels it. To be happy as an old man, he must draw comfort from what he anticipates in another life; and, if denied this source of comfort, then life's evening to him must be one of gloom and sadness. It is difficult to conceive of a more pitiable object than that of helpless, hopeless, and godless old age.—Independent.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Let no man quarrel with the Church's frequent use of the Lord's Prayer, for the Church Catholic ever did the same. "Besides," as St. Cyprian observes, "if we hope to have our prayers accepted of the Father only for His Son's sake, why should we not hope to have them most speedily accepted when they are offered up in His Son's own words?"—Bp. Sparrow.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us:

"Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case."

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simons whom I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book, and I immediately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! And were your eyes on your book when you saw?"

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

AFFLICTIONS.

"From whatever quarter afflictions come upon us, they are the 'judgments of God,' without whose providence nothing befalleth us: His judgment is always 'right' or 'just,' duly proportioned to the disease and strength of the patient.

"In sending them, God is 'faithful' and true to His word, whence He hath never promised the crown without the 'cross,' but hath on the contrary assured us that one will be necessary in order to our obtaining the other.—Bp. Horne.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

When Jesus came into the world He found it pre-occupied. Not only was He shut out of the inn, but there seemed to be no welcome place for Him in the world. From His very childhood He was a pilgrim and a stranger. Hence it is said, "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

And as it was in the beginning so it is still. In this wicked world of ours there is very little room for Christ. There is room for almost everything else—for wealth, pleasure, dissipation, parties, politics, eating and drinking, buying and selling—room for all these, but for Him who came to bear our burdens, and to take away the sins of the world, there is no room; no room in the world's thought, there is no room; no room in the world's feeling, for Jesus.

There is but little room for Christ in our business. In many of our banks, stock exchanges and counting rooms, Christ's presence would materially interfere with their manner of doing business. Should He proceed to inspect their books, how many false entries He would find! How many fearful revelations would be made! How many would stand aghast, their faces covered with shame!

"ACQUAINT yourself with GOD now, and be at peace," lest the time should ever come when the piteous words of the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, which had sinned away her day of grace, should be applicable to you: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes!"

PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

"Give until you feel it" is foolishness as a rule. A Christian—yes a Christian, and no sarcasm intended—may "feel" the giving of a nickel or a dime, while the liberal Christian beside him may not "feel" the giving of a dollar or five dollars, and perhaps in the same pew sits an impulsive, warm-hearted Christian, who in his anxiety to give until he "feels" it, contributes ten dollars to a given object when one would have been nearer his duty. God never intended that even an "educated conscience" should be an infallible guide in Christian duty; educations differ as well as circumstances and dispositions.

Much has been written on the subject of Systematic Giving during the last ten or twenty years, but the "system" put in practice has usually taken the form of securing "pledges" to give a certain amount during the year to a given number of specified objects. To some extent good has been accomplished and contributions to special objects have been increased where the system has been practiced, but from its very nature it cannot be depended on as a rule. The pledges must be renewed yearly and their renewal depends usually upon the pastor. It is a pressure from without, and not a principle of life acting from within, and hence cannot be permanent.

The remedy is in two words, viz: Proportionate Payment, or perhaps it will be better stated as the payment of a proportion. First.—If we owe anything we owe something definite, and this amount does not depend upon the weather, nor our digestion, nor on caprice, nor upon what A or B gives, nor yet upon our conscience, but upon what God gives us of temporal prosperity.

Second.—The grand principle both of the Bible and common sense, is that of proportionate giving, and this of course includes "systematic giving," as the greater includes the less. It is impossible to practice proportionate giving without making it systematic. We should lay by and give as God hath prospered us, leaving to Him the amount of prosperity, and the consequent amount we are able to give, instead of guessing at and discounting the future by pledging specific amounts to be paid at stated times, when we do not know what even a day may bring forth, either to our life or prosperity. No prudent man—and every Christian should be prudent—will willingly pledge himself to anything near his prospective ability to pay, but every man is safe in promising a proportionate share of his prosperity.

The yearly tenth of our income I believe that we owe, in a different sense from our obligations for all we have, just as we do the seventh of time, and that we are in debt in a special sense until it is paid; that spiritual and temporal blessings follow its conscientious payment; that spiritual and temporal barrenness are the natural consequences of withholding it; that giving, properly speaking, does not commence until the tenth has been paid; that if all Christians practiced this rule they would not only give many times more than they do, but would retain more for themselves and their families than they do now; that the poor would be better cared for; that benevolent institutions would not lack for funds; that the missionary treasury would be full; that missionary work would rapidly go forward, and that the world's conversion to Christ would be hastened.—The Church Messenger.

THE Bible should be the companion of the Christian. It will pour the light of heaven down upon him, as he passes through the dark valley of death, and when he stands before the throne of God, and is judged out of the things contained in its pages, he will hear the welcome sentence, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

There's no use in arguing the question of the potency of some substances for especial service in emergencies. They will do all they promise, and more, if judiciously used. The following from Mr. P. Murphy, of No. 1 Fire Station, Ottawa, bears upon the point stated above. Mr. Murphy says: I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil recently, and must say that it is the best Liniment I ever saw used. I caught cold from getting wet at a fire, and it settled in my shoulder and down my back to my hip. I suffered a great deal from the pain. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and after the fourth application I was entirely free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of it, and advise others to use it.

MAGIC'S WONDERS.

"WHILE in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford-street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner, who throwing, rather than seating himself in the chair, demanded a shave instantaneously. The barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and dispatch, but, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered bar-

ber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus it continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street, hallooing "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers-on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann, the Great American Magician. I went to my hotel, and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said:—"A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as mania-a-potu is vulgarly called, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hands, crying at the same time: 'Hold S., until I take this fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'My God! that is a snake!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes!' cried C. again. 'My God! that is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, ever surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer: "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for a number of years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring, I rubbed my side with the Oil, and, sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the painful cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacobs Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacobs Oil."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A CANADIAN SPEAKS.

WHEN anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people to know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Campden, P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: "With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits."

Verbum sat sapienti, and that word to your Stationer will be an order for a box of Esterbrook's Celebrated Steel Pens.