

HYMN OF FAITH.

Tossing at night upon a stormy sea,
What earthly help can now avail for thee?
How the frail boat, on which thy hopes are cast,
Shivers and trembles in the rising blast!

Lift up thine eyes! Behold! upon the wave,
The Lord draws near, thy trembling life to save.
He knows thy peril, though thy lips are dumb:
Across the watery waste he bids thee come.

Cling to no frail supports that round thee float;
Arise, and quickly leave thy sinking boat:
Strong in His strength, and in His courage brave,
Stand thou upright upon the slippery wave.

Think not how high the angry waters rise;
Think not that men will gaze with wondering eyes;
Think not it is thine own exalted power
Upholds thy feet upon that treacherous floor.

But fix thine eyes upon that face divine;
Take the kind hand so gladly stretched for thine;
Let not thy clear faith waver nor grow dim:
So on the water shalt thou walk to him. R.S.P.

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF.

The following is the concluding portion of the Rev. Canon Knox Little's recent discourse at St. Pauls Cathedral, London, on the Marriage and family relationships. The organ of the Wesleyans in England, speaking of this sermon said, "It was all good—very good."

Two lessons would seem to be suggested by this 101st Psalm of King David. Let them observe the method of David's proceedings. He began with improving himself: "O let me have understanding in the way of Godliness. I will take no wicked thing in hand; I hate the sins of unfaithfulness; there shall no such cleave unto me." No man could hope to influence others, who was not taking pains with himself. No man to whom eternity, sin, prayer, were not real, could hope to get others to seriously think about them, no man to whom Jesus Christ our Lord was not a personal friend, whose uncreated Godhead, and Incarnation in time, and atoning Death, and Resurrection, and Ascension, and perpetual intercession in glory were not constantly the subjects of his adoring thoughts, could hope to bring others to know and to love Him; no man who was not endeavoring to rule his own temper and his own life by the law of Jesus Christ could hope to make that law the rule of life for others. David began with himself before he proceeded to make plans for others. Only when he had done what he could for himself and his family did he, King though he was, venture to say: "I shall soon destroy all the ungodly that are in the land; that I may root out all wicked doers from the city of the Lord." The moral reformation of the land of Israel, and of the city in which Jehovah dwelt, was to follow on the moral reformation of the palace and its master. Too often we adopted a different method. As it was easier to improve others than to improve ourselves, we began with others. We took up social movements of some sort when we had better by far be looking into our own consciences or family, and we flattered ourselves that in so doing we were unselfish, forgetting that true religion began with self-discipline and self-improvement.

And next, the improvement of the family could only be procured by religious as distinct from merely moral influences. David did not expect to do much with his household until the return of the sacred Ark to Jerusalem. Do not let it be supposed that common sense, or wide culture, or good society, could do the work which a knowledge of the love of God alone could do. There was one mark of a household in which God was known and loved, which was too often wanting in our day—he meant the practice of family prayer. Depend upon it, the worth of such a practice could only be measured by its effects during a long period of time; and family prayer, though occupying a few minutes each day, did make a great difference in any household at the end of a year. How indeed could it be otherwise? When each morning, and perhaps each evening too, all the members of a family, old and young, parents and children, the master and the servants, met on

a footing of perfect equality before the Eternal, before Whose presence each was as nothing, or less than nothing, yet to Whom each was so infinitely dear that He had redeemed by His Blood each and all of them, how must not the bad spirits that are the enemies of pure and bright family life flee away—the spirits of envy, of pride, of untruthfulness, and sloth, and the whole tribe of evil thoughts—and make way for His Gracious Presence in the hearts of old and young alike, Who as he brought us one by one, nearer to the true end of our existence, so did He, and He alone, make us "to be of one mind in an house," here within the narrow precincts of each home circle, and hereafter in that countless family "of all nations and kindred, and peoples and tongues," which should dwell with Him, the Universal Parent, to all Eternity.

NEVER HASTING, NEVER RESTING.

Never hasting, never resting,
With a firm and joyous heart,
Ever onward, slowly tending,
Acting, aye, a brave man's part.

With a high and holy purpose,
Doing all thou hast to do;
Seeking ever man's upraising,
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,
Unelated by success;
Heights attained, revealing higher,
Onward, upward, ever press.

Slowly moves the march of ages,
Slowly grows the forest king,
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.

Broadest streams from narrowest sources,
Noblest trees from meanest seeds,
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise, lofty deeds.

Acorns which the winds have scattered,
Future navies may provide;
Thoughts at midnight whispered lowly,
Prove a people's future guide.

Such the law enforced by nature
Since the earth her course began;
Such to thee she teacheth daily,
Eager, ardent, restless man.

Never hasting, never resting,
Glad in peace, and calm in strife;
Quietly thyself preparing
To perform thy part in life.

Earnest, hopeful, and unswerving,
Weary though thou art, and faint;
Ne'er despair, there's one above thee,
Listening ever to thy plaint.

Stumbleth he who runneth fast,
Dieth he who standeth still;
Not by haste nor rest can ever
Man his destiny fulfil.

"Never hasting, never resting,"
Legend fine and quaint, and olden,
In our thinking, in our acting,
Should be writ in letters golden.

THE RAG-PICKER AND THE BEGGAR.

M. Arnault, who was a member of the French Academy, and who has recently died, left us the memoirs of his life, in which is found the following striking incident.

When about eighteen years of age, he went often from Paris to Versailles where his mother resided, and on the way there he invariably met at a certain place, a beggar who as invariably cried, "Charity, if you please, good sir!" to which young Arnault generally responded with two sous.

One day after having just bestowed his alms, a small man with quick, energetic step reached the same spot, and after gazing a moment attentively at the beggar, said thoughtfully:

"It seems to me you look quite able to work, why do you follow this beggarly mode of life? I

can tell you how you can lift yourself above this miserable condition, and have finally, an income of ten thousands livres.

Antoine, the beggar, smiled incredulously. "Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but follow my counsel, and you will realize my promise; for I can speak from experience. Once I was quite as poor as you, but instead of begging, I procured a worn out basket, and going from village to city asked, not alms, but cast-away rags that no one wanted, and these I carried to the paper mills, receiving a fair price in return. At the end of a year, I no longer asked rags, but bought them, and moreover owned a little cart and a donkey with which to collect them. At the present I myself am a paper manufacturer, and own two houses in Paris. Go, and do as I have done."

The stranger passed on, leaving Antoine so lost in thought that two ladies actually passed without being stopped by the usual cry—"Charity, if you please."

In 1851, adds M. Arnault, I entered a bookstore in Brussels, to make some purchases. A tall, well-to-do looking man walked up and down the store, giving orders to five or six clerks. We glanced at each other as men do, without being able to recognize one another, yet feel that they have been acquainted.

"Monsieur," said the store-keeper to me, at last, "did you not often go to Versailles twenty-five years ago?"

"Antoine!" I cried, "Can this be you?"

"Yes, Monsieur," he answered, "and you see, the little old gentleman spoke truth; he has given me an income of ten thousands livres."

Now this sum is far greater than that needed for daily life, and greater than can be promised to all who follow the same advice of seeking to live by their own hands; but such can at least be sure of eating their own bread. For, in all labor there is some profit, but the companion of sluggards shall know nothing but poverty.—Translated from *L'Avenir*.—Young Churchman.

Childrens' Department

CALIFORNIAN GROWTH.

Written for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

On a bright morning three weeks before Easter in the year 1885, the sun shone down on a certain field off the highway in a beautiful valley of Southern California. This field was part vineyard, and part orchard, the trees were full of apricot blossoms, and on one of them, perched on its highest bough, was a mocking bird trilling forth his morning hymn. Presently his eye fell on a pile of timber among the trees; two meadow larks were gossiping together near it and exchanging the compliments of the morning. "Look here! look here!" he piped out, addressing them; but they were so engaged in each other that his call remained unheeded. Now you must know that the mocking bird is not a favourite among the other songsters of the grove, because he mimics their notes so unmercifully; and birds do not like to be made fun of any more than we ourselves do. Suspecting that their deafness was merely pretence, he called in his most imperious tones, "Come h-e-r-e! come h-e-r-e!" "Well," enquired one of the larks, "what's the matter?"

"Tootle, tootle! matter enough!" said he, for this field was a favourite hunting ground, and the sight of bricks and timber scattered over it made his heart sore. "What is all this stuff for, I want to know!" "That," replied the lark, "why, don't you know? it's for the new Episcopal Church." "Who dares bring all this rubbish here?" cried the other indignantly; but at this moment the lark called out that danger was ahead, and so both hid themselves in the purple and kept quite still, while their companion mounted to the topmost bough, and waited to see what would happen, his feathers bristling with wrath. A man came off the dusty road towards them, a great big fellow he was, but evidently not a workman; his clothes were black, and his coat was long; he carried a stout walking cane, and walked with great strides. "Half-past six," I heard him say, glancing at his watch, "I