

Into the dark, to rest, to sleep,
And to wait for the spring, they go;
Under the ground where no storm can reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, little girl or boy,
Of the dark of death?
Jesus will carry you, full of joy,
To the world of light, he saith;
And under the ground, where the violets sleep,
Your little body the Lord will keep.

"I LIKE TO SEE EVERYTHING HAPPY."

"Take care, my dear! Mind you don't fall in! What are you reaching after?"

The words came from a lady passing along a country lane, and were addressed to a little girl who was leaning over a pond by the roadside, reaching after something with a long twig which she had apparently picked up in the hedge. The child drew back as the lady spoke, and turning to her, said simply:

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, here is a poor bee got into the water, and can't get out again, and I'm afraid he will be drowned. I was trying to push that leaf to him, for him to crawl upon; but my stick isn't long enough, and I can't reach it."

"Let me try," said the lady, smiling. "I dare say I can manage it. Poor little bee," she said, as she took the twig from the child's hand; "you shall not be drowned if we can help you; we should not like to be drowned ourselves!"

And with a little effort she succeeded in guiding the leaf to the drowning insect. They watched it with deep interest as it struggled to gain a footing on the dry leaf; and when at length it succeeded and began to wipe the water from its wings, it would have been hard to say which was the more pleased, the lady or the child!

"There, I think it will do, now," said the lady. "The warm sunshine will soon dry its wings, and it will fly away as gaily as ever."

"But I have known children," she said, as they went along the lane together—for they were both going in the same direction—"both boys and girls, who would have taken more pleasure in seeing that poor little creature than in helping it out of the water. I know one boy in particular who, I fear, would even have thrown stones into the water to sink the poor thing. I am glad that no such boys or girls caught sight of it before you."

"So am I," said the child. "I like to see everything happy."

"I like to see everything happy!" What a beautiful sentiment! How like it is to God to have such a feeling! Look at the myriad creatures that God has made, and with which He has peopled the world! So different in size and shape, in habits and movements—some flying through the air, others burrowing in the earth; some walking over the land, others swimming through the waters. Think how wonderfully He has provided for the innumerable wants of all these creatures, and in various ways fitted them for enjoyment, and how evident it becomes that God loves to see everything happy!

Learn the lesson, dear children—the lesson of kindness; not only to one another, but to all God's creatures.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow.
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

—The anniversary of *St. Alphege, Southwark*, was held on Thursday last. The large gathering of friends of Home Mission work in the temporary church in Friar-street, was a cheering indication of the deepening interest felt in the spiritual needs of the poor. There is nothing of a party nature (writes a correspondent) about *St. Alphege*. It is a Mission for getting at the hearts of the poorest of the poor, and it has done so by the wise employment of whatever instrumentality High, Low, or Broad Church usage might suggest. Some idea of the success of the work may be gathered from the fact that in the space of five years that the Mission has been in operation, and in one of the most abjectly destitute parts of South London, a congregation of about a thousand has been collected, and between three and four hundred communicants. The sermon delivered by the *Rev. G. Body* at the mid-day service expressed in a very clear and forcible way the latest conclusions in what may be called the "Science of Missions." The problem now before the Church of England was, he said, how to win the masses of allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ. Some imagined that the missionary aspect of the Church was a temporary one. This was not the case. There had always been, and would always be, many outside her fold. It was one of the cheering signs of the present age, that the Church of England was girding herself to evangelistic work. First amongst the means for getting at the masses was the preaching of the Gospel, the Gospel in its fulness, not a maimed Gospel—not the Gospel of Good Friday alone, but the Gospel of the Incarnation too, the Gospel of the life of labour, of the Resurrection, of the perpetual intercession in heaven, the Gospel of the font and of the altar, as well as the Gospel of Calvary. There should be, indeed, along with this a devotion to corporal works of mercy. It was not the will of the Son of God who fed the five thousand in the wilderness that we should feed the souls and leave the body starving, and sympathy there should be too with the pleasures, amusements, and recreations; but after all it was not by these but by the preaching of the Word that the world was won back to Christ. The preaching should be unfettered. It was of the first importance in evangelistic labour that there should be a free scope for adaptation. He had not much sympathy with Acts of Uniformity under any circumstances, but he was certain that the exaction of a rigorous uniformity in the method of conducting Mission work would be fatal to all spiritual results. The evangelist should be left largely at liberty to adopt the means that might seem most conducive to the fulfilment of his own particular design. Nor was liberty alone required. There must be the spirit of self sacrifice or the preaching of the Gospel would be without effect, and the spirit of reverence too, or the results would be very transitory. Individuals here and there might be attracted by a coarse familiarity with sacred things, but they would not remain true. Reverence was the bound the Almighty drew around Sinai, and when irreverence led the way infidelity soon followed in its track. It was upon the triple principle of self-denial, liberty and reverence that the work of the Mission college was conducted, and he felt sure that if the liberal help of Churchmen were extended to that institution in the future as it had been in the past much would be done towards winning our countrymen to allegiance to Jesus Christ in His Church.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

—The involved and awkward style of Carlyle is said to be in strong contrast with his straightforward and blunt way of talking. He has a wholesome hatred of all sham and pretence. The following anecdote is told of him: Being present at a small literary gathering one evening, a lady, famous for her "muslin theology" was bewailing the wickedness of the Jews in rejecting our Saviour and ended by regretting that He had not appeared in our time. "How delighted we should all be to receive Him! Don't you think so, Mr. Carlyle?" The sturdy philosopher said in his broad Scotch: "No, madam, I don't; I think that, had He come very fashionably dressed, with plenty of money, and preached doctrines palatable to the higher orders, I might have had the honor of receiving from you a card of invitation, on the back of which would be written, 'To meet our Saviour;' but if He had come uttering His precepts and denouncing wrongdoing and associating with the lower orders, as He did, you would have treated Him much as the Jews did, and have said, 'take Him to Newgate and hang Him!'"

THE ACCEPTED TIME. One day the teacher of an infant class asked them this question, "How big must you be to give your heart to Jesus? Must you be as big as I am? All that think so will raise the hand." A number thought that they must be as big as their teacher. "Well, all who do not think so will raise the hand?" A good many hands were raised in response to this invitation. "Well, Lizzie, how big do you think we must be to give our hearts to Jesus?" "Just as big as we are," answered the little girl.

—No book is worth anything that is not worth much, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in the armory; or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store.—*Ruskin*.

—Victor Emmanuel was said to have been, by the strict law of succession, the rightful King of England. He was descended in a direct line from Charles I., through the Princess Henrietta Maria, the youngest daughter of Charles.

—"I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked the reverend gentleman to a brother clergyman. "My congregation is constantly increasing." "Yes," interrupted the brother, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "and so is mine." And there the discussion on the early arrival of the millennium dropped.

POLITENESS AT HOME.—Always speak with politeness and deference to your parents and friends. Some children are polite and civil every where else, except at home, but there they are coarse and rude. Shameful!

Nothing sits so graceful upon children, nothing makes them so lovely, as a habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their friends and superiors. It makes the plainest face beautiful, and gives to every common action a nameless, but peculiar charm.

—A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa; I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added, "Good-bye, dear papa, you will never ride to the end of my love!"

This is what Jesus means to say: "My love has no limit; it passeth knowledge."

—"What, children! playing soldier on Sunday?" Yes, mamma; but we are singing "Onward, Christian soldiers."

—No flower can bloom in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane. No one can taste the fruit of the tree of life that has not tasted the fruit of the tree of Calvary.

—A bishop asked a little child, "My little friend tell me where God is? and I will give you an orange." "My Lord," replied the child, "tell me where he is not? and I will give you two."

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