

stand and wait." They, too, are brave true knights who can bear and forbear.—*Orillia Packet.*

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing Thy words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word.
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

HAVE YOU COME TO CHRIST?

But what is it to go to Christ? How are we to yield obedience to His call, "Come unto me"? I think we may best learn this by looking back to the days when He was still on earth. Many came to Him then. A leper came to Him and kneeled down, and besought Him, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Two blind men came to Him, and said, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us!" A woman with an issue of blood came and said, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." The disciples in the storm came and awoke Him, saying, "Lord, save us; we perish!" Christ is with us now as truly as He was with them. He can hear—He can see the desires of our hearts. Go to Him—pour out your heart to Him. Say to Him, "I am a sinner, O cleanse me! the struggle is sore, O help me! I am in trouble, O comfort me! I am unhappy, O give me rest!" You need bring no offering—no price is asked; Christ asks you only to

come to Him. Remember His kindness—how He never sent away any that came. Remember He is as true as He is kind. He would not invite you were He not desirous you should come. Remember He shed His blood that He might be able to invite you, to pardon you, to receive you to Himself.—*Work at Home.*

KEEP THE SUNDAY

It is one of the most remarkable facts of our time that those older nations from which some of us propose to borrow our habit of disregard for the Lord's Day, are striving at this very moment with most impressive earnestness to restore the early sacredness of that day. In Germany, Switzerland and in France there are already organizations of serious and thoughtful men who are seeking to banish the Continental Sunday. They have seen, on the one hand, as anyone may see in France to-day, that the removal of the sacred sanctions, which, with us, hold the first day of the week in a kind of chaste reserve, have eventuated not merely in degrading it to the level of a vulgar holiday, but also of degrading and enslaving him for whom its privileges were, most of all, designed—the wearied, overworked and poorly-paid laboring man. They have seen that in such a capital as Paris it has already come to pass that the workingman's Sunday is often as toilsome a day as any other, and that since the law no longer guards the day from labor, the capitalist and contractor no longer spare nor regard the laborer. He is a person out of whom the most is to be got, and if he can work six days he may as well work the seventh also, so long as there is nothing to forbid it. Such a condition of things may not directly threaten those of us who are protected by wealth from the necessity of daily labor; but, if ours is this more favored condition, all the more do we owe it to our brother man who is less favored, to see to it that he shall have every sanction with which the law can furnish him to guard his day of rest from being perverted and revolutionized into a day of toil. And if he himself does not see that the more we assimilate

Sunday to other days by the amusements, the occupations, the teaching, and reading, and thinking with which we fill it, the greater is the danger that ultimately we shall lose it altogether, the more earnestly are we bound to strive to disseminate those sounder ideas which set this first day of the week and its devout observance before our fellow-men and women of the laboring classes in its true light, and so help and teach them how not to lose, but to keep it.—*Bishop Potter.*

TO WOMEN WHO TOILETH.

This wise bit of advice to busy women is given by Julia Anna Walcott in the *Home Maker*:

Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand,
When thou settest thyself to a commonplace seam;
Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,
Its fragrance will sweeten each dream.
When life's petty details most burdensome seem,
Take a book—it may give thee the solace thou'st sought,
And turn its leaves o'er till thou catchest the gleam
Of some gem from the deep mine of thought.
When the task thou performest is irksome and long,
Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt or a fear,
Fling open the window, and let in the song
God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer.
And lean from the casement a moment, and rest;
While the winds cool thy cheek, glance thou up at the sky
Where the cloud ships are sailing, like argosies blest;
Bright-winged, they pass lingeringly by.
Then, steal a fair picture of mountain or glen,
A smooth gliding streamlet through green meadows sweet;
Or, if thy lot's cast 'mong the dwellings of men,
Of some radiant face in the street.
Then carry it back to thy work, and perchance
'Twill remind of thy childhood, or sweetly recall
Some long-faded page of thy bright youth's romance,
It may be the dearest of all.
Oh, a branch of wild roses the barrenest ledge
Maketh fit for a throne, while the blossoming vine
Will turn to a bower the thorniest hedge;
So will beauty make stern life divine.