

worth more to Him than all beside. To lay our sorrow upon Him; to offer to Him the pain, the heart-sickness, the penitence; to lift the hands to Him when the iron enters the soul, when disaster threatens, when we are heavy-laden and sore distressed; that is to make to Him the offering of the myrrh which symbolizes the sorrow of the world and the love of Him who took that sorrow all into His own heart till that heart broke for the fulness of that load. And this offering all can make; let us draw near; not one but has some sin and therefore some cause for penitential sorrow in the heart; there is nothing better to do than to offer it to the King of Sorrow.

Thus let us think of the duties of the Christian, and go with gladness to make an offering to the Lord; for there is joy in every act. It is happiness to give of the gold, for what we give will bless all that we retain. It is happiness to give the frankincense; that offering will keep alight a fragrant fire of devotion in the soul. It is still greater blessedness to offer the myrrh; for our reward shall be to know how to bear the cross, and how to draw comfort from the deep wells of sorrow.

This is our Christmas and our Epiphany. May the Lord make the blessed season bright to us. May He move us to bring Him our best gifts, and so shall we receive in return of His fulness, and grace for grace.

—Extracts of sermon by Rev. Morgan Dix.

Leaves from our Journal.

SEPTEMBER.—We were expecting to have, as usual, a golden September, and had planned beforehand various pleasant excursions for the children, but "the artificial production of electricity and its utilization," which we hear is changing the climate of all lands, was probably responsible for the unwonted deluge from which our inoffensive neighborhood suffered, innocent though it is of motor cars, tram cars, electric lights or other modern inventions of a similar nature. When we want to drive we jog along in a waggon, and we illuminate our darkness with old fashioned serviceable oil lamps. Notwithstanding such moderation, the clouds gathered above us early in September, gathered dark and heavy, and the rain fell day after day for weeks, until the dull monotonous splash outside, and the dreary gloom inside, when the above-mentioned oil lamps had to be lighted in the afternoon, became a daily experience. At last we ceased to repine, and with a gentle serenity which was beautiful to see, the "family" resigned itself to "wet weather" and in its hours of leisure took to fancy work and reading of an improving kind.