

faulty at all points, and everybody feels at perfect liberty to criticise him to right and left, above and below, till he takes refuge in callous hardness or irritable moroseness.

A bright, noisy boy rushes in from school, eager to tell his mother something he has on his heart, and Number One cries out, "Oh, you have left the door open! I do wish you wouldn't always leave the door open! And do look at the mud on your feet! How many times must I tell you to wipe your feet?" "Now then you have thrown your cap on the sofa again. When will you learn to hang it up?" "Don't put your slate there; that is not the place for it." "How dirty your hands are! what have you been doing?" "Don't sit in that chair; you break the spring bouncing." "Mercy, how your hair looks! Do go up stairs and comb it." "There, if you haven't torn the braid all off your coat! Dear me, what a boy." "Don't speak so loud; your voice goes through my head." "I want to know, Jim, if it was you that broke up that barrel that I have been saving for brown flour?" "I believe it was you, Jim, that hacked the side of my razor." "Jim's been writing at my desk, and blotted three sheets of the best paper."

Now the question is, if any of the grown people of the family had to run the gauntlet of a string of criticisms on themselves equally true as those that salute unlucky Jim, would they be any better natured about it than he is? No; but they are grown up people; they have rights that others are bound to respect. Everybody cannot tell them exactly what he thinks about everything they do. If every one did, would there not be terrible reactions?—*Mrs. Stowe.*

GIVE ME THY HEART.

"Give me thy heart, my child;
The paths of earth are wild,
I'll keep it pure,
Thro' mazes yet untried,
My own right hand shall guide
Thy feet secure."
"O low persuasive tone!
I all its sweetness own,
Nor will I forget,
For love as true as Thine,
To give this heart of mine;
But Oh, not yet!"

"Give me thy heart, my own,
The noonday sun hath shone.

Full on thy brow.
The shelt'ring 'Rock' is strong,
And thou hast wandered long,
Come rest thee now."

"I hear the noon-bells chime,
And, Lord, that voice of Thine;
But I must get
Earth treasure; it shall be
All given unto Thee;
But Oh, not yet!"

"Give me thy heart, my son,
I, the long-suffering one,
Call yet once more;
The twilight shades draw near,
Oh, surely Thou wilt hear,
If ne'er before."
He hears that midnight call,
Voice quickly heard by all,
But lips are set
With mystic seal of death;
Still falls with parting breath,
"Not yet! Not yet!"

—*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S HYMN.

BY REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

AIR—Dennis.

1.

Father, my spirit search,
Reveal my needs to me,
As now, a teacher in thy Church,
I give myself to Thee.

2.

Teach me to love Thy Word,
Teach me to do Thy Will;
With earnest labours for my Lord
Help my life to fill.

3.

Thy lambs Thou bid'st me feed;
Feed me, O Shepherd mine;
If led by Thee, then may I lead
My flock in paths divine.

4.

I give my life to Thee;
Forgive the guilty past,
And dwell Thyself, O Christ, in me,
And give me heaven at last.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.—The Printers' Strike in Toronto delays our Magazine this month.