

Pax Vobiscum.

"My peace I leave with thee."
O words most sweet to me—
Inheritance divine.
Thou weary, longing heart,
Rise and possess the part
Of what is freely thine.

O soul, bend not to care,—
His peace is everywhere;
Only be wise to see
What things are worth thy thought;
All is too dearly bought
That keeps His peace from thee.

Not pleasure, fame nor gold,
Nor aught the world doth hold
Bring thee the gift with them.
Only when day by day
Thou followest the way
Of Him of Bethlehem.

No living thing to wrong,—
Thy spirit pure and strong
Thy being thus shall keep.
His peace shall then be thine.
Peace, love and light divine
As endless ages sweep.

The Singer of the "Holy Angels."

BY GENEVIEVE IRONS.

(Continued.)

You may imagine how much he was missed at the Cathedral; all Val-d'or came to inquire how he was getting on, and if he would ever be well enough to be chorister again; but for a fortnight, as we have said, Prosper lay unconscious, and the doctor gave small hope of his recovery. After that he began to mend, but very slowly indeed.

The weeks went on, and the colour began to creep back into Prosper's cheeks, and he was able, with help, to walk from his room into the next, where he could watch the birds making their nests in the ivy, and hear them sing. He had never sung since that Christmas night. He could only speak now in a faint whisper, which you could just hear if you were very close to him; his voice was gone! The doctor said that the violent injury to his head, and then the long unconsciousness in the snow, had given him such a shock as to make it most likely that he would never recover it. It was hard as he sat there, looking at the birds in the ivy, to know that they could sing, but that he could only listen; and it was harder still to hear the Cathedral chimes, and to think of all the other boys taking their parts in the service, while his place was empty. The tears came very often into Prosper's eyes, ay, and they ran down his cheeks too, when he remembered the happy days when he was the singer of the Holy Angels.

Sometimes at night he would hide his face in the pillow, and pray and pray with all his boy's heart that God would give him back his voice. "I'll never be vain of it any more," he would whisper; "only, good God, let me sing again."

And now the spring was nearly gone, and Prosper was well at last,—fat, rosy, and brown, quite like himself in all but his voice. The doctor said that for this nothing more could be done; a sudden shock might perhaps bring it back again, at any rate it was more likely to do so than anything else. Meanwhile, they could only wait, and hope for the best. Prosper was wonderfully cheerful and happy, and he was looking forward to returning before long to live with his grandfather. But before this Madame de Coulanges would have it that he should go away for change of air. She would take him to Germany, to Switzerland; he should have baths, and drink waters, and see if that would not restore his voice. Early in June they started, and late in August they returned; but nothing had come of it all. It was hopeless then.

"When I get home," Prosper said to himself, "I must go and see the Cathedral." Months back they had wanted him to go, but he felt that he couldn't.

It was a lovely day in August when he reached Val-d'or. He left the house of Madame de Coulanges up on the hill, and walked through the town towards his home. He must needs pass the Cathedral—would he, dared he, go in? Yes, he would; he had not seen it for more than eight

months; he was brave enough now, surely. No service would be going on, there would be no singing. So he passed through the porch, and went in. The full morning sun was streaming through the stained windows into the dim, misty aisles. A low murmuring sound of a voice in the far distance was just audible, but Prosper heard nothing. He only saw the great columns and arches laid on with tender, creeping coloured lights from the windows. He only felt that he was there, in the Cathedral his boyhood's heaven. He knelt down on the wide floor, close to a clustered marble pillar, and kissed it; it was cool and strong.

There came a voice, very sweet, but uncertain, as if the singer were not sure of his part. A service was going on then, after all; it was the Office for the Dead. The voice rose again very tremblingly, sang a few notes and stopped. Would there be a break down? The choristers looked at each other, wondering what they should do. Just then a voice came up from the nave, clear, full and strong; it seemed to gather strength as it went, and the boys recognized at once that it was Prosper's. For a moment after the first outburst he stopped, but only for a moment; he had taken up the part quite unconsciously, he was actually singing before he knew of it. It had broken upon him as a sort of lightning flash of joy: God had heard his prayer, "Let me sing again!"

And oh, it was singing, Prosper's very best, as he knelt there by the pillar in the August sunshine. Only one in the Cathedral did not hear it, and that was old Simon, who lay quietly asleep on the bier. No doubt Marc was singing to him to-day.

For long after this, Prosper was known far and wide as the singer of the Holy Angels. His prayer had been fully answered, his voice had come to him again. Do you doubt that his promise was faithfully kept—"I will never be vain of it any more"?

THE END.

Coming to Christ.

Christ's Spirit is given to Christ's redeemed; it is His promise to His people. Think you that you can obtain it of yourselves, before you offer yourselves to Him? No; it is not only a great truth of the Gospel, but it is the very Gospel itself, that all which is demanded of us, in the first instance, is that the love of Christ should constrain us to come to Him, that feeling our own weakness and His power, we should come to Him in repentance with faith, grieving for our own evil and trusting to Him to cure us.—T. Arnold.

Getting Ready to be Happy.

Too many of us are looking forward to happiness in the future years, instead of getting all the enjoyment possible out of the present. It is well to remember that the time will never come, in this world, when we shall have everything we want, just where and when we want it. The only way to be happy is to enjoy all we have, to the utmost, as we go along. It is right to lay up for old age in youth: right to prepare for a rainy day; but it is not right to bend all our energies to this end, and put off until the future the happiness we might enjoy every day. It is far too common to see people working and saving, denying themselves all recreation and many comforts, to lay up money to buy more land, to build a larger and finer house, or to save for their children, thinking that when they have accomplished this they will be happy, and begin to take comfort. The hoped-for point may never be attained, or, if it is, sickness or death may have come first, and the dear ones whom we expected to be happy with may be gone for ever.

How much better to use some of the good things of life as we go along; to make our humble homes as cheery and bright as possible now, instead of waiting for a better house! Don't starve to day, either body, mind, or soul, thinking that you will riot to-morrow. Don't hoard and scrimp through all the best years of your life, that you may be generous in your wills.

If we are ever happy in this life, we must enjoy what every day brings us. We must be grateful and glad for all the good which comes into our

lives, and patiently bear our trials, believing that all, if rightly used, will fit us for the enjoyment of perfect happiness hereafter.

True to God

Never lower your principles to this world's standard. Never let sin, however popular it may be, have any sanction or countenance from you, even by a smile. The manly confession of Christ, when His cause is unpopular, is made by Himself the condition of His confessing us before God. If people find out that we are earnestly religious, as they soon will if the light is shining, let us make them heartily welcome to the intelligence. And then, again, in order that the lights may shine without obstruction, we must be simple, and study simplicity. This is by no means so easy as it at first sight appears; for in this highly artificial and pretentious age all society is overlaid with numerous affectations. Detest affectation as the contrary of truth, and as hypocrisy on a small scale, and allow yourselves to be seen freely by those around you in true colors. There is an affectation of indifference to all things, and a lack of sensibility, which is becoming very prevalent in this age, which is the sworn foe to simplicity of character. The persons who labor under this moral disorder pretend to have lost their freshness of interest in everything; for them, as they would have it believed, there is no surprise and no enthusiasm. As Christians we must eschew untruth in every form; we must labor to seem just what we are—neither better nor worse. To be true to God and to the thought of His presence all day long, and let self occupy as little as possible of our thoughts; to care much for His approval, and comparatively little for the impression we are making upon others; to feed the inward light with oil, and then freely let it shine—this is the great secret of edification. May He indoctrinate us into it, and dispose and enable us to illustrate it in our practice.

Hints to House-keepers.

A useful means of washing the hair is a solution of moderately strong borax in warm water; rinse with clear water and dry thoroughly.

Two ounces of borax to eight or nine gallons of water for washing clothes will not only save a great deal of labour, but also save nearly half the quantity of soap ordinarily required, while the linen itself will be as white as snow.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES.—After carefully steaming, lightly rinse one quart of strawberries. Mash them thoroughly and add the juice of two lemons and one pound of granulated sugar. Set them aside in a cool place for an hour, then add one quart of water and place in an ice cream freezer and freeze.

BROWN BREAD BREWIS.—The left-over crusts of brown bread may be utilized by placing them in a tin pan with a pinch of salt and covering them with cold water; cover tight and set over the fire to boil until they are quite soft. Serve in a deep dish. Eat with milk, butter or syrup.

INDIAN BANNOCKS.—Scald eight heaping spoonfuls of meal, stirring in two cupfuls of boiling water; add four large spoonfuls of flour, a little salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, two well-beaten eggs and milk or cold water enough to make a thick batter; drop from a spoon into hot fat and fry brown.

SPICED APPLE TARTS.—Stew the apples, sweeten them, and flavor with mace and cinnamon; add the juice and grated rind of one lemon if the apples have not much flavor. Line pie-dishes with paste, fill them with the prepared apples, and bake until the tarts are thoroughly done. Bars of paste, about a quarter of an inch wide, crossing the top of the tarts, are quite ornamental.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKES.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in boiling water and stir it into two coffee-cups of sour milk, add one saltspoonful of salt. Make a batter stiff enough to pour, using half meal and half flour. A beaten egg may be added. Indian griddle cakes take longer to bake than wheat griddle cakes do.