

MOTHER AT PRAYER.

Many a godly mother has lived a life of prayerful anxiety for her children, and often feels that she, after all, has accomplished little or nothing for the salvation of those for whom she would gladly lay down her life, if need be. Mothers, do not be discouraged. You do not know how much you are doing for your children. The following incident is for your comfort:

"Once I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew, with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties. But I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the one word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness strengthened me a thousand times, in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came, at length, and sealed those lips, the sorest sense of loss that I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me. In John xvi. we hear Christ praying for us—just once, a few sentences; but we know that this is only a sample of the intercession for us that goes on forever. Nothing shall interrupt this pleading, for He ever liveth to intercede."—*Dr. Miller.*

The Earl of Aberdeen, in speaking at Ottawa, gave expression to an eminently sensible and seasonable view of what a church choir should be. "The true function," he said, "of a choir is to assist the singing and worship of the congregation; but that is sometimes lost sight of." His Excellency said that he had had ten years' experience as a choir-master in a small chapel in Scotland, at his home, and, as the result of his own observation, he believed that the choir should as much as possible encourage the congregation to sing with them. "The highest function of the choir is the assisting and stimulating of the people to join in the praise."

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Oct. 7.—St. Luke xiv. 1-15.
Oct. 14.—St. Luke xiv. 15-25.
Oct. 21.—St. Luke xv. 1-11.
Oct. 28.—St. Luke xv. 11-26.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."—*Prov. iii. 5.*

THE ARTICLES AND COLLECTS.

Bishop Stillingfleet says: "The doctrines of our Church are to be found in our Thirty-nine Articles; and, whatever the opinions of private persons may be, this is the standard by which the sense of our Church is to be taken."

Bishop Burnet says: "The Thirty-nine Articles are the sum of our doctrines, and the confession of our faith."

Bishop Beveridge says: "The Bishops and clergy of both provinces of this nation, at London, in 1562, agreed upon certain Articles of Religion, to the number of thirty-nine, which to-day remain the constant and settled doctrine of our Church."

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth writes: "The Thirty-nine Articles of Religion contain an exposition of the doctrines of the Church of England—they contain no enactment of anything new in doctrine, but they are only a declaration of what is old. In them the Church of England affirms that Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation."

The Collects.—The Collects are a storehouse of devotion. Their language is in the best and purest English known, and is thoroughly Scriptural. "It is a delight to us (says Dean Goulburn) to know and believe that in the results of the Reformers' work (forty-eight old Collects translated, nine altered, and twenty-nine new made) we have not only Scriptural truth but that truth as tinged and dyed in the experience of very learned and devout men, all of whom suffered, whilst many died for the championship of it. It was out of their own treasury that they brought forth things new and old; that is, out of the storehouse of hearts disciplined into the knowl-

edge of the truth of God's Word and Spirit and Providence."—*Home Words.*

DEAR JESUS, BE MY LIGHT.

I used to be afraid at night
When all was dark and still,
And beg for just a crack of light
Beneath the door—until

Mamma said: "Would you be afraid
If I were with you dear?"

"Why, no, of course not; if you stayed
What would there be to fear?"

And then mamma, she softly said:
"The One who loves you best
Is caring for you in my stead,
He holds you on His breast.

"He will not leave His little one;
When shades of evening fall,
And joys and cares of day are done,
He watches over all.

"His holy angels hover near
Throughout the long, dark night,
Ask Him, and He will surely hear,
'Dear Jesus, be my light.'"

—*Cora W. Gregory, in The Churchman.*

A GAME OF BASEBALL.

With considerable interest I watched the game. The players were boys of ten to fourteen years. They were old enough or young enough to want to be men. The small boy of seven or eight was a "kid," whose privilege it might be to watch his elders from afar. How awe inspiring is the boy who has entered his "teens"! Men? Smile if you will, but the man came out by no means infrequently.

There was noise—of course there was. There is noise when older boys than these play baseball. What a blessing noise is, too! You don't think so? Well, perhaps you have nerves, or rather you "know you have them," as the saying is. Perhaps, then, you are not a competent judge of what is desirable. Send a deaf man to enjoy an eloquent lecture, or a blind man to be enraptured in an art gallery, or a nervous person to instruct children.

Why, bless you, there must be noise or something is out of order. Get away to your padded chamber if you cannot endure it, but let the boys shout. God gave them lungs to exercise, as well as limbs. Let them all yell in chorus and what healthy man or woman can detect a discord? It is the way our ear-