

THE PICTURE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

It was only a simple Picture—
The simplest, perhaps, of all
The many and costly paintings
That hung on the artist's wall,
But it held my gaze the longest,
And it touched my inmost heart
With a pathos in which the others
Held neither place nor part.

It showed me a lonely hillside
Whence the light of day had fled,
And the clouds of an angry twilight
Were gathering overhead;
And under the deepening shadows,
Tired and sore afraid,
A sheep and her lamb were grieving—
Far from the sheepfold strayed.

It was only a simple Picture:
But oh, how full of truth
Which silently spoke from the canvas
Its lesson for age and youth!
For are we not sheep sore needing
The safety of Christ's own fold,
And do we not often wander
Far from his loving hold;
Heedless of where we are straying,
Till the light of the day has fled,
And perchance a storm is gathering
With the shadows of night o'erhead!

My little one came beside me,
And climbed to my waiting knee,
And lifted her gaze to the Picture
Which told its story to me.
"Tell me about it, mother;
Why does the sheep wait there?"
So I told to my own wee lammy,
(So tender and sweet and fair)
How the poor white sheep had wandered
Far from its fold away,
And was tired, and sad, and lonely,
And afraid—at the close of day.

"But the lamb couldn't help it?—could it?
Its mother lead it, you see!"
Oh, there was another lesson
Brought silently home to me.
We mothers who love our children,
Guarding them day and night,
Are we always careful to lead them
In ways that are best and right?

I gathered my darling closer,
With an earnest, unspoken prayer
That the tender Shepherd above us
Would help me with special care,
To lead my little lamb onward
Through pastures prepared by Him:
That naught might harm or affright us
When the light of our day grew dim.

And I know He will graciously answer;
And in days of storm and cold
He will gather His own in safety
Within His blessed fold.
But my darling still talks of the Picture,
And pities the lamb so white
Which was led by its careless mother
Out into the dark cold night.

THE GUILD OF THE IRON CROSS.

This is a Society of Christian men, who work for their living, and desire by the Grace of God to fight against the spread of intemperance, blasphemy and impurity; three vices most destructive to the peace and welfare of Society. The Guild was founded in 1883, and the first general Convention was held in Newark, N. J., on the Feast of St. Paul, 1886. The Guild has now five Bishops as Honorable Chaplains, nearly one hundred Priest Associates, several flourishing branches in different States and about 1,500 members. All men are invited to join as Associates by signing the pledge of the Guild and giving it with address to one of the members at the close of the service.

The Pledge.—I pledge myself to resist the sin of intemperance, and will use my influence to prevent the commission of this sin by others.

I pledge myself to resist the sin of blasphemy, to honor God's name, and bless my fellowmen.

I pledge myself to resist the sin of impurity in

thought, word and deed, and to use my influence to others from evil talking and immoral living.

This Society is comprehensive in its objects and membership, and will suit large numbers of our people who cannot see the need of forming a new society for every class of people and for every evil under the sun. The Church should be the great Society for the correction of all moral and social evil; but to bring the Church's powers to bear upon prevailing evils of the time, it is sometime found needful to combine the influence of individuals in organized work for this special purpose. In certain places, however, confusion and weakness are the result of this multiplication of Societies. To such we can commend the *Guild of the Iron Cross*, embracing in its objects the work of a Temperance Society, the White Cross Army, and an anti-infidel society.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.—
Psalm xxxvii. 7.

God doth not bid thee wait,
To disappoint at last,
A golden precept, fair and great,
In precept mould, is cast.

Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon dim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled,
"Wait patiently for Him."
—F. R. Havergal.

KINGSLEY ON BETTING.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

The following letter of Kingsley's to his son ought to be printed and sown broadcast at all Race gatherings. Every father should give a copy to his sons.

"MY DEAREST BOY,—

"There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby, and had hedged to make safe.

"Now, all that is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits, gambling is the one I hate most, and have avoided most. Of all habits, it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow.

"Of all habits, however much civilized men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically savage. Historically, it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally, it is unchivalrous and unchristian.

"1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return.

"2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbour's harm. If you know better than your neighbour, you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the devil is the only father of it.

"I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won, I shall not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in, you could not in honor draw back till after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying your father disapproves of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence.

"Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this, 'My friend would win from me if he could, therefore I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense! The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me, if he can and will.

"I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little

by play or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long!

"Mind, I am not the least angry with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names; but to the devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.

"Your loving father,

"C. KINGSLEY."

ACCESSIONS.

Rev. Thomas E. Green, formerly a Presbyterian minister, has just received priests' orders in Chicago, where he is rector of St. Andrew's. Rev. L. N. Freeman joined in the laying on of hands, who was himself ordained by Bishop White in 1881. Mr. Green has done excellent work in this parish, in which he began service as a lay reader. The roll of communicants has in two years increased from 75 to 350.—Rev. William R. Turner, formerly a Congregationalist minister, was made a deacon by the bishop of Central Pennsylvania on Quinquagesima. He has had lay charge of Delano Mission, which has grown to be self-supporting, and is to be organized as a parish.—In this connection we note that Rev. W. M. Statham, pastor of Harcourt Congregational Chapel, London, resigned that charge last month to enter the ministry of the Church of England.—Rev. William Stokes, formerly a Methodist minister, was made a deacon by Bishop Thompson at Jackson, Miss., Jan. 25.—Mr. George M. Clickner, formerly the minister of the Reformed Episcopal Church, was last week, at St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, ordained deacon by Bishop Paret.

PILLOWS OF COMFORT.

An aged sufferer, dying from cancer, had one day been made more comfortable by his daughter's placing three pillows under his head. A friend calling and inquiring, "How are you to-day?" he replied: "Very comfortable indeed. See! I lie on three pillows. They remind me of the pillows on which my soul is resting." Putting his hand on the undermost one, he said: "This is the pillow of God's infinite power; the second is the pillow of God's infinite wisdom; the third is the pillow of God's infinite love in Jesus Christ!"

Pillows of comfort, indeed! Glorious gospel of the blessed God which thus gives the greatest sufferers "songs in the night!"

Let me urge you one and all to be definite. Do not try to do too much, but whatever it be, let there be a definite plan, and let it be faithfully followed. Use all the means in your power of making your repentance sincere, of strengthening your faith, and of cultivating an humble and obedient spirit. Above all—neglect not to come near to His Altar, who vouchsafes to feed us with His own Body and Blood, that we may dwell in Him and He in us.—
Rev. C. M. Davis, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Sacramento, Colo.

The Missionary Spirit is not by any means only the spirit of actual missionaries; it is the spirit of all true Christians who have the faith at heart. Every serious Christian is a missionary in intention, and within the limits that his providential work makes possible, though he may never have looked upon the face of a heathen in his life; just as every serious Christian bears within his heart the spirit of a martyr, though he may never be called upon to witness his faith with his blood; for the wish to spread the knowledge of the love of Christ is, if I may so speak, a strong overmastering impulse in every man, in every woman who really knows and loves Him. The man who knows the happiness of peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ cannot but desire that other men should share it; and this desire, in its higher, its stronger, its more heroic forms, is one of the greatest gifts of God to His Church. It is that divine enthusiasm of which our Lord Jesus Christ spoke in the words, "I am come to send fire on the earth."—Canon Liddon.

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BY MARGA

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