

We see by this that the historical interests centered in this Christian temple are unparalleled in the history of English churches. But this is not its only attraction. The architectural grandeur of the building is no less impressive than its history. It is a gothic structure, and is of large size, being more than five hundred feet in length, and two hundred in width. The height of the roof is one hundred and two feet. Its interior has at all times excited the most enthusiastic admiration. The harmony of its proportions and the "dim religious light" of its lofty aisles leave on the mind deep impressions of grandeur and solemnity. Upon entering, a noble view is opened out before the visitor. Stretching away almost as far as the eye can reach are wonderful aisles, arches, and forests of fluted columns.

It is in this church that the monarchs of England are crowned, and it is here that they are buried. The most especially interesting feature of the Abbey is that it is a national monument, the only national place of sepulchre in the world. Everywhere, along both sides, the whole length of the building, and under the marble floors are the tombs, tablets, statues, monuments, and inscriptions of the illustrious dead.

But the nation is not represented here by her Kings and Queens alone. Far more interesting to us than these resting-places of royalty is that spot in the southern transept known as the "Poet's Corner." Here monuments are erected to the most eminent men of letters who have lived in Great Britain. Many have been buried there, while many others are represented by statues and inscriptions. Elsewhere are like monuments to great statesmen and inventors.

Here in this "Poet's Corner," where heretofore only British bards have been represented, is to be placed the bust of Longfellow. It can be plainly seen that this is no small honour. What more lofty height of earthly distinction could be offered to a man of letters than to be represented by the side of Shakespeare, Milton and Addison?

Conflicting Corners.

THE church at the corner (country, city, or town) during part of ONE day in the week, has in operation religious ordinances. The school house is to be seen over the way and there for part of FIVE days of the seven, children receive useful instruction. Then at the next corner stands the building where directly adverse training is CONSTANTLY imparted. The strong drink establishment carries on persistent "Protracted services," sternly and effectually counter-working both the church and the school.

Surely any one who thoroughly notices the tendencies of religious and educational institutions, and the distinctly adverse bearing of the drink shops by law established at neighbouring corners, can clearly enough discover that there unmistakably exists thus near to each other, active agencies engaged in direct conflict, exerting utterly antagonistic influences on society—doing and undoing—moralizing and demoralizing, elevating and degrading, purifying and polluting, blessing and cursing the community; leading to peace and plenty, creating distressing disturbance, and working destitution,

disaster and fearful calamity; tending to utility, felicity and life; drawing to imbecility, misery and death. The edifices at the three corners, in short, might appropriately have sign-boards over entrance doors, truly designating the special distinct characteristics of the various services conducted in the several structures as, EDUCATION—SALVATION—DAMNATION. Ought we really RETAIN the THREE in operation?

Lights on the Line.

LIGHTS on the line! I watched them brightly glowing;

Their cheery radiance on the iron track
In varying colours ever gladly throwing,
Relieving darkness as the midnight black.
Each had its message, comforting and cheering,

For those who kept that swiftly rushing train

In safety toiling and no danger fearing
While as of old those lamps gleam forth again.

And when the train sped onward, seeming only

A transient line of light, a passing roar;
I stood amid the darkness, weary, lonely,
And then my thoughts flew back to days of yore.

Another well-worn track, beset with dangers,
I saw, on which my wavering feet were set:
But I, alone and in the midst of strangers,
With obstacles and barriers often met.

Then were there lights that on my weary sorrow

And on my darkness shed their radiance bright;

And dark to-day became a glorious morrow,
And blackest midnight fled before the light.
Their words, and tones, and lives so pure and holy

That but could spring from intercourse with God,
Deeds that were brave and loyal, true and lowly,

Showed me in outline clear the path I trod.

And still they live, though fleeting time and distance

Part us from things that we have known and seen;

And in our battles, strong and firm resistance
Is strengthened by the thoughts of what has been.

Dear distant loved ones! Know that we are trying

To keep the path o'er which your lives still shine.

Fond memory joins us, and while time is flying

Thanks rise to heaven for you—Lights on the line!

Remembering the Sermon.

DO TELL me how I shall remember the sermon. I go to church every Sabbath. We have an excellent minister. Other people remember his sermons and talk about them. They can give an outline of each discourse. As for me, I have nothing to say. The words seem to go in at one ear and out at the other. Sometimes I remember the text. Sometimes I cannot do even that. Occasionally I can recall an interesting illustration or an apt expression; that is, I can for a few hours; but to have a clear idea of what the minister says seems impossible. What shall I do?

Thus spoke a bright sweet girl as we sat around the evening lamp last night after the rest of the folks had retired.

What I said to this dear child may be of use to other young people who "cannot remember the sermon."

This is, in substance, what I told her:

The first and most important aid to your memory is *attention*. You must *listen*. Are you sure you have learned to do that? Did you not lose the text last Sunday while noticing who came in with the Smith girls? Did you not

lose one head of the discourse watching Deacon Scales' nod, and another while admiring his wife's new bonnet?

How many times during the hour did you think of what Charley said in his last letter, and what you should say in your reply?

How often did you say to yourself, "Oh dear, I wish he were through!"

Were you not, after all, surprised when the choir rose to sing that closing anthem?

Were you "trying to remember" then?

Did you really listen, after all?

Second, not only listen, but write down what you hear. *Take notes*. You can do it quietly. Your next neighbour need hardly know it. A few small slips of paper in your half-closed Bible, a short pencil, a word or two here and there to help your memory when you go home, and to fix your attention during the preaching. *Taking notes of the sermon will help you listen until you can attend and remember without*. Do not fear to do it. Write out these notes in full after you have returned from church. Set down everything you can recall, while the subject is fresh in your mind. Have a place for these notes. Read them occasionally. Take a personal interest in the subjects. Study things connected with them. Look up doubtful questions, names, dates and places.

Third, talk about the sermon during the week. Tell your mother, your sister, your friend, about it. Ask them to hear your full account of the discourse. Listen to theirs.

Lastly, carry the sermon into your life. Resolve that it shall make you better. Ask God to help you fulfil this resolution. Try to practice what your minister has preached.

Follow up these four good rules: Listen. Write. Talk. Act.

You will soon "remember the sermon." Listening to it will be one of your greatest pleasures. Your memory will be more retentive, your heart will be warmer, your life will surely be better and happier.

Will you commence next Sabbath?
—*Golden Rule*.

What Hindered.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"It is of no use, Mrs. W., I have tried again and again, and I cannot become a Christian."

"So you said a year ago, yet you thought there was nothing in the way."

"I don't think there is now; but I don't feel any different from what I did then, and I don't believe I ever shall be a Christian."

"You must have more faith," said the elder lady to her companion—an expression we are all apt to use rather vaguely when at a loss what to say to souls seeking salvation.

The first speaker was a bright talented girl, somewhat over twenty, who, on a previous visit nearly a year ago, had confided to her elder friend her earnest desire to become a Christian. Of her evident sincerity there could be no doubt, and the visitor was sorely puzzled to understand why her young friend had not yet found peace.

The two were standing by the half-opened door of the Sunday-school room, where a rehearsal for an "entertainment" was in progress; and the girl, looking in, seemed suddenly to find there a suggestion for farther thought.

"I believe," she said hesitatingly, "there is one thing I cannot give up."

"Give it up at once, dear."

"But I can't."

"Come to Jesus first, then, and He will give you the power."

"I don't want Him to. I believe if I knew I should die and be lost in three weeks, I would rather be lost than give up my passion."

"And what is this dearly loved thing worth so much more than your salvation?"

"Oh, it isn't worth more, only I love it more, and I can't and won't give it up. It's that I—I want to be an actress; I know I have the talent; I've always hoped the way would open for me to go upon the stage, and I can't help hoping so still."

"Do you think it would be wrong for you to do so, provided the way did open?"

"I don't know that it would be a *sin*, but I couldn't do it and be a Christian; the two things don't go together."

"How did you come by such a taste? I am sure you do not belong to a theatre-going family?"

"Oh no! my father and mother are Methodists; they always disapproved of the theatre. I've been in Sunday-school all my life. They used to make me sing and recite at the entertainments when I was four years old, and I acted the angel fairy parts in the dialogues; and when I grew older, I always arranged the tableau, charades, etc. Then I joined a set of sociables got up by our Church young people. At first we did "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works," and sung 'Pinafore,' for the benefit of the Church; and then we got more ambitious, studied, and had private theatricals, and last winter we hired Mason's Hall and gave a series of Shakesperian performances, which cleared off a large part of the Church debt. But that's only second-class work after all. I want to do the real thing, to go upon the stage as a profession. My father won't hear of it; but I hope some time the way will be opened that I may realize my heart's desire."

"And meantime will you not come to Jesus and be saved?"

"No, I cannot do it and keep to this hope, and I will not give this up."

And so the visitor turned sadly away, thinking for what miserable messes of pottage men and women are willing to sell their glorious birthright as children of God; thinking also of the seeds which are being sowed in our Sunday-schools, the tares among the wheat, and the terrible harvest that may yet spring up from this well-meant but injudicious seed-sowing.

Reading Aloud.

THERE is no accomplishment which is so fascinating as the power of reading well; it is a pleasing, although much neglected accomplishment. No music has such a charm as good reading, and where one person will be charmed by music, twenty will be fascinated by good reading; and where one person can be a good musician, twenty persons can be good readers. It seems to bring back the old authors, and to cause us to imagine ourselves sitting down and talking familiarly with them. There is no accomplishment which causes so much pleasure in the family or social circle, the invalid's chamber, the hospital, the nursery, as good reading.—*Selected*.