

CHURCH MUSIC.

Soft, through the illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rains,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And amid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise,
Its wings the waking spirit tries.

It flutters, but it cannot soar,
O heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no
choice,

Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings;

Now soft—as when, for Israel's King,
Young David swept his sweet harp-string
Now loud as angels antheing.

Oh! tell what myriad heads are bent,
Oh! tell what myriads hearts repent,
He will look down; He will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

PRACTICAL RESOLUTIONS.

The most cruel thorns which can pierce the head of our Blessed Saviour are of our sins; and it is a truth that each time a Christian consents to a deadly sin he renews, in some sort, all the sufferings and shame of the scourging and the coronation with thorns. If, therefore, thou lovest this tender Friend of our souls, carefully avoid, not only deadly sin, for alas! that is so frightful a monster that the mere thought thereof should inspire thee with horror; but likewise avoid little sins, however slight they may appear to be. Watch attentively over thyself, in order never to commit one deliberately, for this is possible by God's grace.

1. *Govern thy tongue.*—Therefore avoid slight sins of the tongue, as those petty slanders so usual in the intercourse of life. No more of those inconsiderate speeches, those words of vanity. Away even with idle words; for of these thou must one day render an account.

2. *Govern thy eyes.*—Therefore no more unnecessary gazing upon the objects around us; above all if they may become snares to thee.

3. *Govern thy mind.*—Therefore judge no one, unless duty obliges thee to it. Be not easily suspicious of evil, cherish not a secret self-complacency, nor boast of what thou doest.

4. *Govern thy heart.*—Therefore have no inordinate or too worldly attachment for creatures, whoever they may be, and have no paltry jealousies; and, in a word, watch without ceasing, watch over all. Permit not thyself in any light distractions, or slight fretfulness, or loss of time; nor in any immoderate laughter, nor useless visits, nor desire of show, nor even in any slight excess in eating and drinking, nor yet in sleep, nor in play; and, above all, say not in thine heart, "These are only little faults; I care not whether I correct myself of them." Alas! this would be to cause grief to the heart of our dear Lord, and ill to acknowledge all His love for thee. O Christian, whoever thou art who readest these words, make this resolution from to-day; commit no more any sin that is wholly voluntary. Pray to our Lord to help thee, and He will assuredly do it.

A FULL CUP.—When the saintly Payson was dying, he exclaimed, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being." This was the language of a heart thoroughly purged of all selfish affections, and filled with the spirit of that love which led our Jesus to give His life for human redemption. If every Christian would go out daily among men, filled with such longing for human happiness, what marvelous changes would soon be wrought in human

society! The selfish element would be eliminated from the dealings of the Christian business men. Not justice merely, but benevolence would enter into his every act of trade. The same spirit would rule his home and Church life. He would become an incarnation of good will toward all, and would so preach the Gospel by his deeds that man would see his good works and glorify his Heavenly Father. The spirit of Payson is worthy of every man's imitation. Happy he who can truthfully say, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being."

A prominent clergyman of Chicago, after enumerating the variety of valuable matter usually found in a religious weekly paper, closes with the following remarks: "I suppose some Christian families feel that the price of a good religious paper is more than they are able to pay. But the value of such a paper, when taken and read is above all price in money. The cost at the most is only six pennies a week. There are many mothers who so prize the assistance of such a paper in the education of their families that they would sooner wear one hat less a year than dispense with their paper. There are fathers who would buy a coat cheaper by the cost of the paper, rather than be deprived of its blessing. So deeply do I feel the need of such a paper as an educating force in my own life and home, that I count it not at all among the luxuries but necessities of my table. And I am sure that where it is taken and read, and not laid upon the shelf to stay there, it will be an invaluable educator of both the home and the church into that life which we live by the faith of the Son of God."

CLING THE CLOSER.—We heard a comforting and delightful sermon recently, from the text: "And a little child shall lead them." The minister used this illustration: We take our little child in our arms, out of the bright gas-lighted parlor, to carry it to bed. The hall is dark, and almost unconsciously the tiny arms tighten, the head nestles closer in its trust, because we have come away from the light. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is a loss of property, or the going out of our dear ones forever from home, or the weary struggle for bread, or the coldness of those who have been valued friends. Perchance we may have been misjudged, or harshly criticized, or unappreciated. God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer and trust more fully?

THE DOG AND THE STICK.

A remarkable Newfoundland-dog was seen daily, some years ago, at No. 9 Argyle Street, Glasgow. It seems that being, like many children, sometimes too fond of mischief, he received occasional discipline, and for that purpose a handle of a whip was sometimes applied to his back. The dog evidently did not like this article, and was found occasionally with it in his teeth moving slyly toward the door. One night he thrust the small end under the door, but the thick end refused to go. A few nights afterward the stick disappeared, and was never seen again. On the dog being asked where it was, he looked very guilty, and slunk away.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

Children's Department.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Who knows little mischief?
He lives in our house,
Now upstairs, now-downstairs,
As restless as a mouse.

This morning, very early,
He tumbled out of bed,
Screamed for half a moment
Because he'd "bwoke" his head.

Tangled were his golden locks,
Smear'd his nose and chin—
It looked as though a blacking-pot
My Lord had tumbled in.

Now he's in the kitchen,
Dancing here and there,
Breaking, peeping, laughing,
Without a thought or care.

Then some sudden fancy
Took him out of sight;
Soon we found him cleaning,
Shoes with all his might.

Who would be the owner
Of such a naughty boy?
Yet he's mother's darling,
He plague, her care, her joy.

THE EARLIER HE EASIER.

An old man one day took a child on his knee and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him and love Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian and felt surprised; then he looked up into the old man's face and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my little reader, believe Him! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow; and weeks and months and years hence, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! Will you not resolve, "I will begin now to seek my Saviour?" Listen to the words of wisdom: "They that seek me early shall find me."

ONWARD.

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.

Far away, amongst the grand hills, one fresh Spring morning, a tiny spring of water burst upward with its pleasant, bubbling noise.

Dark had been its underground passage, but it had heard a voice ever calling it upward, and now it was sparkling in the sunshine.

So small was it at first that it seemed in danger of being lost in the grass and earth around it; but gradually it began to form a little channel for itself, and so commenced its journey down the hillside.

"I wonder where I am going to?" murmured the little stream.

"Ever onward, until you reach your end in the mighty ocean," replied the calm, strong Voice; "you shall not loose your way."

So the streamlet danced merrily along making its pretty, tinkling music, and keeping up a continual undercurrent of song, which blended sweetly with the glad carols of the birds, and the fragrance of the flowers. Thus, each in their own way, they praised the Father on high.

Through the cool, shady wood it travelled onward, its banks fringed with delicate mosses and blossoms; the sunbeams making wonderful traceries on its waters, through the Spring foliage which shaded it.

Many a fall did it get, and much chatter and bustle did it make over every stone, or hindrance that came in its way.

On through the sunny meadows, a broader stream now, and reflecting the bright heaven above.

Many other rivulets flowed into it; our stream refused them not, for they too had their origin from the same Father on high, and while widening and deepening its channel, they helped it the better to journey onward.

And next the stream's course lay through a village. Gleeefully the children ran in the Summer evenings to float their tiny boats upon it, and merrily were the faces that its waters reflected. Care-worn men and women sometimes paused for brief moments of rest upon its cool banks, and sorrowful faces were imaged back.

Not that the reflection of either joy or sorrow was perfect, the stream was in such haste to make its own way that its surface was often broken and uneven.

But what is that dark object just ahead? The stream recoils, its waters are troubled as they have not been yet, its song of praise is lost in sullen murmurs. It hears the Voice again; "That seeming obstacle lies straight in your course to the ocean, you must not turn aside. Fear not."

So the stream went bravely on, and its waters turned the wheel of the village mill. From many a small home glad songs of thanksgiving ascended to the Father on high, who caused the stream to flow that way. While the stream learned that the obstacle had only been to it means of usefulness, and on its broadened channel it reflected still more of the clear heavens.

Oftentimes it went, as it seemed, far out of its way; but always the Voice whispered to it some errand of love to do, if only to sing its softly murmured song of praise beside some lonely home.

But our stream could not always reflect the bright heaven above it, for in the evening a heavy mist hung over it. This rose from its own waters, and made everything very dark, hiding its friends the trees and flowers, shutting out all that was bright and beautiful; until the sun arose, absorbed the mist, and all was clear again.

Still onward went the river; and ever by night as well as by day, flowed its service of silent praise. Varied were scenes through which it passed. Now through pleasant villages and the peaceful country, where the cattle stood about lazily in the cool shallows, and the fresh breeze gently ruffled its surface; where the chief sounds heard were the laughter of children and songs of birds. Now through towns where all was bustle and turmoil; where, instead of the quiet moon and stars, the glaring lamps of its quays and bridges were reflected, and sights and sounds of misery were on all sides.

Ever onward rolled the river, deepening and widening, therefore reflecting more and more of the heaven above it. It loitered not, for the Voice told it that stagnation would be death. But its course was not to be hurried, and instead of chafing and murmuring at the difficulties in the way, it silently overcame them in its strong, quiet course.

Then the many different burdens that it bore upon its tide! Heavily laden barges, gay pleasure boats, and even children's tiny vessels still; and in true, beautiful sympathy the river could not reflect on its calm surface the faces of the toiling ones, or the merry-hearted ones, or the trusting little ones.

Storms swept over it on its onward course, at times the wind lashed its surface into troubled confusion, dark clouds obscured the brightness of the heavens, and all appeared most dreary.

But the deep current of the river could not be troubled or hindered. Steadily it flowed onward, until it reached its appointed end in the mighty ocean there to swell the eternal song of praise which is as "the sound of many waters."

THE COST OF IT.—About a pint of tears go to every pleasure, taking the world over.