

route. Around loving fidelity to Christ as a centre, God leads us in a path that is ever taking in more and more life. The gold chord never leaves the pillar, but unwinds, and tethers us with lengthening radius as we move about. And so we hold to the old and embrace the new and are true to both. "Be thou faithful, . . . and I will give."

Then do not worry about results. That is God's care, not yours. Plant, water, and the increase will come. Sow, and you will reap. Be faithful, and you will be doing your best.—*Sunday at Home*.

GOD AND CONSCIENCE.

God is either peace or disturbance to us,—peace when we get into harmony with Him, disturbance until we do. "The idea of God is a pressure of ideals upon us," says a recent writer. The prodigal among the swine, the moment he comes to think, has to remember that he has a father's house, where all things are different and better. He knows he cannot find rest anywhere else than there, because the vision of the best, which is disclosed in the thought of his father, will leave him no contentment with less. We do not hear any longer of his being fain to fill himself with the husks, or grumbling because men thought husks too good for him. So with all of us; we might live the husk-fed life, and work ourselves downward to the beast's level, if we were not stung by the sense of the divine perfectness, and felt ourselves called to be like it. But when we are aroused to a sense of that lofty ideal, we want to bestir ourselves and seek our Father's presence, to find rest and peace there.—*Sunday School Times*.

FOUR BAD ACQUAINTANCES.

AMONG the many friendships that are forced upon our young people, there are four acquaintances to be especially avoided. They are a quartette always to be found around where there is any thing of interest going on, and so plausible, sociable and interesting are they that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Their names are: "There's no Danger;" "Only this Once;" "Everybody Does It;" "By and By." All four are cheats and liars. They mean to cheat us out of Heaven, and they will do it if we listen to them. The young especially should take pains to avoid such acquaintances and should

resent the first overture looking to familiarity. Let them be "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and the quartette will look elsewhere for a victim. These spurious friends have no opportunity to impose on one whose time and energies are wisely occupied, and whose heart is fixed upon God.—*Selected*.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

FATHER of mercies, God of grace;
Giver of every perfect gift,
Thou know'st Thy children's ev'ry want,
To Thee our waiting eyes we lift.

Give strength of faith to ev'ry one,
To boast in Christ our Righteousness;
To sing salvation to Thy name,
And glory in Thy sovereign grace.

Let what Christ hath for us endured
Be clearly by Thy Spirit shown;
And in Thy light may we behold
The glorious victories He hath won.

Let Thy humility, O Christ,
Teach us, and make us humble too;
And give us victory over pride,
And each aspiring thought bring low.

Thy suffering, self-denying life,
Thy want of all good things while here,
Teach us by these with cheerfulness
Self to deny—suff'ring to bear.

Corruption's power in us destroy;
Our love to creatures take away;
Our lust consume, and carnal joy;
And all our life be heavenly day.

Let us not seek our own, but Christ's,
His love be all our wealth and gain,
His praise employ our every breath,
His glory be our only aim.

[These lines appeared in substance in a weekly paper, being copied from the fly-leaf at the end of Fulkes' *Text of the New Testament*, etc., 1601, in the British Museum Library. The author's name is not stated; but the inscription on the title-page shows the volume to have been presented in 1755 to Perronet, of Canterbury, who may have written the lines].

THY WILL BE DONE.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"MARJORIE, you are just the one we were waiting for. Come here, and tell us how to arrange these flowers!"

"No, Marjorie, tell us first where these banners ought to go!"

"Marjorie, do look here."

The young girl who had just entered the church where a number of her friends were busily at work, preparing the decorations for a missionary anniversary, paused a moment in the doorway, as she heard her name spoken so many times.

"Where shall I go first?" she asked, with a smile. "I'll be there in just a moment, Bertha," she added, as an-

other and still more importunate voice arose from the corner of the church; then she moved about from one group to another, making a suggestion here, giving a graceful droop to a festoon there, and with her deft hands and good taste finding herself in great demand.

"What would we do without Marjorie Harrison," the young people in the church often said, and in truth it seemed as if she was quite indispensable in every thing that went on in the church. She was a born leader, and she was so unobtrusive and gentle in her leadership and her suggestions were always so sensible, that every one was willing to yield to her.

Strange to say it had not spoiled her, and there was not the least trace of self-conceit or pride in her manner. Perhaps the secret of this was that from her childhood her heart had been her Saviour's and she had so earnestly endeavoured to consecrate every talent and gift to His service that there was not room for much of self love to obtrude itself.

At last the church was ready for the evening's exercises, and gathering up the remnants of evergreens strewn around, the young people started homeward.

Marjorie Harrison was the last to leave the church, and in her haste to join a companion who was waiting for her at the foot of the steps, she slipped on the icy stones and fell heavily, striking her back against the sharp edges of the steps.

A cry of pain escaped her as she tried to rise, and she fell back again with a white face.

Her companions gathered around her, and loving hands lifted her and carried her back into the church, while a carriage was sent for.

"I shall soon be all right," Marjorie said, smiling faintly at her anxious mother, when she was carried into the house, but as day after day went by, and still she was held a helpless prisoner, she realized that her injury was more serious than she had imagined it could be.

"When shall I be able to walk again?" she asked the doctor at last, and as gently as he could, the old man, who had known her from babyhood, told her that it was probable that she would never be able to move about again, that she must reconcile herself to the thought of spending months and