

prepare a place for us, that where He is, thither we might also ascend and reign with Him in glory."

The appropriate hymns for the day enables us to express in song the same blessed truth:—

"The head, that once was crown'd with thorns,
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow."

Surely the whole service of this day is most inspiring, helping us to seek the things that are above, "where Christ is, seated on the right hand of God."

F. H. DUVERNET.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAY.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
It is very plain, I know,
With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered in gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's fortune,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet.
I have always enough to keep me,
And "Life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
All over the world we are found,
But the Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small we are never forgotten,
Though weak we are never afraid,—
For we know our dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forest;
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be,
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
But I know that wherever I fly,
The Father will guard and watch me,
Have you less faith than I?

—Selected.

For PARISH AND HOME.

THE MISDIRECTED LETTER.

MR. ARVINE in his well known collection of "Moral Anecdotes," relates the following story, which is not without

its lessons. The Rev. Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester, was famous in his day as a sage counsellor and peace-maker. A Church in his neighbourhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions which the congregation were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkley for his services, with a request that he would send them his advice in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened, that Mr. Bulkley had a farm in an extreme part of the town upon which he had a tenant. In addressing the two letters, the one to the Church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the Church. The Church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The chairman read as follows:

"You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull."

This mystical advice puzzled the Church at first, but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said, "Brethren this is the very advice we most need; the direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take heed to godly discipline and sound doctrine, watching against error and inconsistency in our lives; and we must, in a particular manner, set a watchful guard over the Devil—the old black bull—who has done so much hurt of late." All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was that all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long afflicted Church.

How many Churches, not only in the country, but in the towns, might take a lesson from this misdirected letter; how much more peace and harmony there would be if discontented and divided congregations would see to their fences and take special care of the *Old Black Bull*.

—E. D.

For PARISH AND HOME.

SAVED BY A LIGHT.

It was a cold and stormy winter's evening. The express train was crossing a long, high, trestle bridge in a wild part of the mountains.

The engine-driver had just remarked

to his companion that there was great need of caution, for nothing would be left of them if anything went wrong; when, looking ahead, he saw in the darkness a faint light flash across the track and then disappear.

There could not be a light there without there being something wrong, he reasoned with himself, and at once he put on the brakes and reversed his engine.

The train came to a stop, and creeping along the high bridge, he came upon the section man lying on the track in a faint. The truth was soon learnt, the section man, who was well on in years, had fought his way that evening against the storm, almost to the end of his beat. Through some mistake there was not sufficient oil in his lantern, and his light was going out. Suddenly he heard an awful crash close by. A huge boulder had come down the mountain side and lodged between the rails just where the high bridge ended. He knew if the express train struck it, all would be hurled into the depths below. The howling storm rendered any explosive signal useless; it would not be heard by the engine-driver. What was to be done? He suddenly thought of a piece of candle in his pocket and an old bottle; he knew that with the air in the bottle the candle would burn steadily for a moment, but only for a moment; if then he could light it and wave it across the track when the train was in sight, the engine-driver might see it and stop. Hurrying along the trestle bridge towards the train, this is what he did. This was the explanation of the faint flash of light. When he saw that it was seen and the train was saved, he fainted and fell.

Owing to the strict rules of the railway company few have ever heard of this thrilling incident and the noble way railroad men do their duty.

The heroism of that old man, and the quick intuition and prompt action of that engine-driver, saved all on the train from being hurled to destruction. Saved by a light, the faint gleam of a candle!

In our journey across the mountains of life, there are numberless dangers to be encountered, but there is One who has gone before us, who, looking back to us says, "I am the Light of the World, he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life."

—F. H. D.