

V. Fatness. "Thy paths drop fatness." The year is crowned with His goodness. We gather our meat from God. "He satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

VI. Earnest entreaty. "Drop down ye heavens from above and let the skies pour down righteousness. Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down."

"Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring, For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much."

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SLIPS.

Slips of tongue, slips of temper, slips of feet and of heart. Some slip out, some slip down, some slip away and are lost. To slip is to pass unexpectedly, to enter by oversight, to escape insensibly. To convey secretly, to disengage, to pass over, to put on a garment loosely. Some men are like slip-knots, they untie easily, some like slip-ropes, easily let go, some are slip-shod, a shuffling crowd.

I. Slips associated with prayer :

"Hold me up that my footsteps slip not."

"When my foot slippeth they magnify themselves against me. Their way is dark and slippery. Hold thou me up."

II. Slips associated with unholy pleasure :

"Men plant pleasant plants, set it with strange slips, but the harvest is a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow." At eventide trouble, and before the morning, he is not.—Isa. xvii. 10, 11, 14

III. Slips associated with discipline :

"Until I went into the sanctuary of God ; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment, utterly consumed with terrors," Ps. lxxiii. 17.

Let us give earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. He keepeth the feet of His saints but of the wicked it is said, "their foot shall slide in due time." Deut. xxxii. 35.

Three watchwords are engraven on the breast-plate of every regenerate man—warned, rescued, redeemed.

"It cost Him death to save our lives ; To buy our souls it cost His own ; And all the unknown joys He gives Were bought with agonies unknown."

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A MORNING'S ROUND.

The following, by Faith Fenton, taken from the annual report of the Nursing-at-Home Mission, will be of interest to many, and will perhaps suggest to some of us ways by which we can help brighten the lives of others.

Nine o'clock,—and I stood in the parlour of the humble little house, 76 Hayter street ; the modest sign, "Nursing-at-Home Mission," above the door being the only indication that this was the headquarters of one of the finest benevolences in the philanthropic city of Toronto.

The nurses—there are six of them—were packing hand-satchels and donning their simple, grey cloaks and bonnets, which constitute their outdoor uniforms. The nurse in charge stood chatting with me and giving occasional directions to her subordinates.

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Nine-thirty o'clock,—and the nurses had started out in various directions, covering the sections of the city from Parkdale to beyond the Don, each upon her angel mission.

I glanced at my companion. The sweet, strong, bright face of her beneath the simple bonnet of grey stuff ; the hair banded smoothly back ; the soft, grey ribbon ties cosied beneath the chin ; the grey double cloak, revealing a glimpse of white apron and girdle ; the hand-satchel, with its store of nursing essentials—she made a restful picture of ideal womanhood.

"I have a case on Mission avenue first," she said ; "then we will go east."

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Ten o'clock,—and we were in a box of a house, and beside the bed of a woman suffering—nay, dying—from cancer, caused by her hus-

band throwing her over a flight of steps when under the influence of liquor.

She was alone in the house—this mere shadow of a woman. Her small boy worried her, she said, and she "couldn't abide him around."

We laid aside our wraps, and with deft fingers the nurse began her work, lifting the frail body into an easier position, dressing the ugly swelling, bathing face and hands, chatting brightly the while.

"Mrs. B. needs so much white cotton," as she tore some fresh bandages. "See this nice absorbent cotton Dr. Macdonald sent her. He is very kind, and comes to visit her once in a while, doesn't he, Mrs. B. ? She was to undergo an operation last June, but the trouble was too near a vital part, and the doctors were afraid to touch it."

The woman murmured something about "didn't believe in doctors nor hospitals" ; then the lids dropped over the great dark eyes in utter weariness.

She was of the lower class, but all coarseness had been refined away by sickness, and the brown, curling hair gave softness to her face.

"She wasn't in pain," she said, "and she didn't mind being alone. She was just so tired. She would try to sleep a little when we were gone. Perhaps the leddy could lift her easily ?"

We lifted the frail, light weight upon the couch, tucked the purse with its five-dollar bill, "for the landlord, when he came," under the pillow, raised the narrow window a few inches, and left her in the box of a house alone.

"How long ?" I queried, as we walked away.

"I cannot tell ; she is very low," answered the nurse.

And up and down the streets the air was gay with holiday mirth.

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Eleven o'clock : We had taken the car across the city, and were now on Sackville street, and in the centre of the working-class homes.

Walking through a corner butcher shop, we came into a room where the wife, a bright-looking young woman, was bending over a wash-tub.