

consideration. Miss Smith said that more accidents were caused from over-worked employes than anything else. How little we realize the responsibility of this large class of our population.

We think greatly of our own convenience in traveling but seldom consider the life of deprivation which is the price of our comfort.

We trust Miss Smith will visit Hamilton some time. All go to hear her speak, she will open up a new world of interest. Her department also has the Fire Companies to look after, another class of people of whose labors and privations little, comparatively, is known. The W. C. T. U. in Minneapolis have started the first coffee wagon for firemen. It is always ready, and at each alarm runs to the spot and supplies the firemen with coffee. Thus the white ribboners are trying to overcome evil with good, to place the true and pure in such a position as will make them desirable, and the contrary course undesirable.

Two very interesting souvenirs of the convention will be carried to England by Lady Henry Somerset, the little brown jug taken from a saloon by the first party of crusaders at the beginning of this great movement, and a gold spoon from the "Y's" of Boston, who loved her so well that they were "spooney."

We trust we have not trespassed too far on your space. With very kind regards to all our friends in King Street Church.

In affectionate remembrance,

Providence, R. I., Dec. 15th, '91. Clara I. Knight

### AN OLD PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
How to-night fond memories keep  
Round my soul their wings of care,  
As I breathe my childhood's prayer.

Once I lisped it at her knee,  
Who is miles apart from me,  
But her lips are on my brow,  
And the past is with me now,  
Once I almost smiled to see,  
Words so simple learned by me;  
Ah! My heart has found since then  
They're the mightiest words of men.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."  
Guard my feet from sin and strife,  
Keep me in the way of life.

"If I die before I wake,  
May the Lord my spirit take"  
Here all creeds may meet and blend  
Faith's beginning and its end.

Peace, my heart, and cease to weep;  
"Now I lay me down to sleep."  
And my head is on Thy breast,  
Father! Father! this is rest.

—Harriet Mabel Spalding.

### Am I jealous for Christ?

SOME years ago in a western town where I was pastor, the young people had arranged for a concert of music and recitations. Among those who were engaged to take part in the programme was a blind young lady. When her turn came she undertook to sing and at the same time to play her own accompaniment. For some reason she did not succeed very well, and in the very midst of her song she was obliged to stop. It was evident that every heart was touched with deepest sympathy for her, all the more because she was blind. In a moment or two after she had ceased singing she arose in her place and turned her face towards the audience. No one could have imagined what she would say; most people would have been so humbled on account of their failure that their thoughts would have been turned altogether to themselves, but it was the very opposite with this young lady. She had been educated in the Asylum for the Blind in the city of Brantford. The first words that escaped her lips as she turned to the congregation were as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I owe you an apology; I do not want you to think that I am one of the singers of the institution where I received my education." Her words revealed this: she was not thinking of herself. Her deep regret was that she had failed to worthily represent the institution where she had received her instruction.

This little incident brings a lesson to all who have taken upon themselves the name and profession of a Christian. Do we always realize that we are Christ's representatives, and are we as jealous to worthily represent Him? Do we find ourselves sometimes asking what will the world think and say about the homes in which we live or the society in which we move or the apparel we put on? It is infinitely better to ask what does the world think of us as representing the life of Christ?

The life must be consistent if we would do this. Suppose it is the Sabbath, and two men upon the same street, the one professedly a Christian man, and the other makes no profession. The latter takes his family as he is wont to do and goes up to the House of God for worship. He looks for his Christian neighbor but he is no where to be seen. The thought for the moment is that he is providentially hindered, but when he makes inquiry during the week he finds the real cause of absence from the place of worship was not a providential reason, but

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