

Where God abides, contentment is an honor,  
Such guerdon meekness knows ;  
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,  
Her saintly way she goes.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture  
With which He walked on earth,  
And through her childlike glance, and step, and gesture,  
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven  
On all whom He redeems ;  
And in His own bright city, crystal-paven,  
On every brow it gleams.

The white robed saints, the throned stars singing under,  
Their state all meekly wear ;  
Their pauseless praise wells up from hearts which wonder  
That ever they came there.

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WHAT THE TELEGRAPH DID TO A MINISTER.—Of all the freaks of the telegraph, the following is the most laughable which has come under our personal knowledge. Not long since a graduate from one of eastern theological schools was called to a pastoral charge of a church in the extreme south-west. When about to start for his new parish he was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his Presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church :—" Presbytery lacked quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape :—" Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were greatly discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation concluded it was a facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodgings for two instead of one.—*Boston Traveller*.

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HOMILY ON PRACTICAL 'RELIGION.—'I want,' says Uncle Nick, 'and we all want a religion that not only bears on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from cotton bags, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk cans. The religion that is to advance the world,' says Uncle Nick, 'will not put all the big strawberries and peaches on the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced in bottles.'

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How strangely many Christians neglect opportunities to do good ! They go to meetings of the church year after year, and never think of inviting a stranger or a friend to go with them. A word of kind earnest invitation might open the way of life to some soul.

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A Persian writer says : " If a man knows, and knows that he knows, he will lead a happy life. If a man does not know, and knows that he does not know, he may live a tolerable life. But if a man does not know, and does not know that he does not know, he will lead a miserable life."

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O Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it ; and when Thou hast it, oh keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee ; and save me in spite of myself for Jesus Christ's sake.—*Fenelon*.

Peace of conscience is begotten at the cross, and maintained at the throne.