

YOUR COMMUNIONS.

It is a very happy thing to have frequent Communion provided and to be able to attend them.

Perhaps the times of Communion in your neighbourhood are not so frequent or convenient as you would like them to be. In that case, do not waste time in lamenting your difficulties, but see how far they can be removed.

It is a great trouble, I grant you, not to have all the opportunities of Early Communion which you desire, and which, it may be, you have enjoyed. But, on that very account, you are more bound to avail yourself of the services that are provided. You do not know all the reasons why the supply is not so abundant, as you have found it elsewhere. But you know that it is your duty to make the best of what you have, and to give God thanks for it.

You must think also that what is not convenient for you may be good for others. Try to bear other people's burdens by consenting to to have them removed, even at the cost of some increase to your own.

Of course you understand that you have a right to seek in any Church what you know is needful for your soul's health. As a faithful member of the Church, you will not wander from her services. Besides, it is right to attend the services of your own Parish Church, or to "keep to" one Church. But wherever your own Church of England or Ireland or in Scotland provides spiritual you food may seek it, and may go "out of your way" to find it.
—*Gospeller.*

There is no great difficulty in showing humility in a low station; but it is a great and rare merit to preserve humility in a station of honour.—*St. Bernard.*

A STORY OF MONT BLANC.

WE were at the foot of Mont Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing had happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician had determined to reach the heights of Mont Blanc. He accomplished the feat and the little village was illuminated in his honour; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side, that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety as far as the hut, he wanted to be relieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe; but he was tired of the rope, and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance when his foot slipped on the ice, and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steep. The rope was gone, so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illuminated in honour of his success, but alas! in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope.

Do we not get tired of the rope? God's providences hold us, restrain us, and we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, and shall till the dangerous paths are over. Never get disengaged from your Guide. Let your prayer be, "Lead Thou me on," and sometime the bells of heaven will ring that you are safe at home!

Be strict as to thine own life, mild in regard of the lives of others: let men hear thee enjoining little, doing much.—*St. Chrysostom.*