

MISSION HYMN.

need a hand to lead me through the darkness,
For I am weak, and helpless as a child;
And if alone I have to take my journey,
My feet must stumble on the mountains wild.

I need a Friend that reads my heart's deep secrets,
That knows my sins, yet how I yearn for good;
How easily I fall, how quickly tempted,
And yet that longs for Thee the most, O God!

I need a place where such as I find welcome;
Where sinners poor as I can enter in;
Where stands the Fountain of the Love of Jesus,
To cleanse me from the power and guilt of sin.

I need a Home, where change can never enter;
I need a Land where weary souls find rest;
Where I shall meet the friends that went before me,
And death ne'er enter in that kingdom blest.

Where can I find a Friend that never changes?
A perfect peace all free from earthly leav'n?
They both are one; beyond the stars sweet shining!
There is no friend but God, no Home but Heav'n!
—EDWARD HUBBARD.

R. WALKER & SONS. This well-known house the Golden Lion, is now showing, in the dress department, the latest novelties and designs; it is the finest assortment we have seen this season. Their mantle and millinery departments are first-class and very complete. They have an immense stock of Ready-made Clothing, and special attention is given to clothing made to order, to clergymen's outfits, and general gent's furnishings. They have a very large and remarkably fine selection of carpets and house furnishings. We would strongly recommend our readers to spend a portion of their time in visiting the various departments, they will be received with courtesy and conducted with politeness through this immense establishment, and we feel sure they will be convinced that their time has been well and profitably spent, and that they will be satisfied they are in the right place to make their purchases, as the prices are exceedingly low.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

Talking the other day with one of the most sensible women I know, one too, whose large family is so well ordered that there never seems to be a particle of friction in its management, I was pleased with something she had said about the children, and I determined to repeat it to a wider audience than the one my friend had at that moment.

"I never fret about little faults of manner, nor even about transient irritability, in my children," said the lady. "Children, as they are growing up, go through many temporary conditions, which, if apparently unnoticed, pass away. In fact, there are little moral disturbances to be expected, like whooping-cough and measles in the physical life, and if the general home atmosphere be wholesome and the trend right, I do not think it worth while to be so much distressed over occasional naughtiness."

Is there not comfort here for you, dear friend, who cannot understand why John, carefully trained as he is, sometimes, in the eager heat of play, bursts into the room like a tornado, or forgets to put his cap on nail, and books on shelf, as any orderly boy ought? And if Sarah is not so patient as she should be with the younger ones, sometimes has mysterious fits of depression, or is hysterically gay with no cause that you can see, summon your own self-possession to the front; remember that the period between childhood and youth, like all transition periods, is very trying, and while you pray a good deal for your darling, do not worry about her or talk to her too much. Above all, do not suffer yourself to be always censuring a sensitive boy or girl, to whom a judicious praise now and then will be a tonic.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have at home. But we must have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty fault finding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven-grown plants.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

FREE THINKERS.

In the fifth of a course of Sunday afternoon addresses at his cathedral, the Bishop of Peterborough said it was monstrous to think that it was a vital and essential thing for a man to believe in the facts of this world which God had made, but that it was a matter of no consequence whether he thought rightly or wrongly about the God who created it. God was a fact, Christ was a fact, the soul was a fact, sin was a fact, eternal life was a fact, eternal death was a fact, and the Creeds and dogmas of the Church told us how to think rightly of them. Those who talked about the Creeds as fetters upon free thought talked absurdly and illogically. It was not a question of free thought whether a man should or should not not believe the Creed; it was a question of wisdom and prudence whether he would or would not wisely believe that which was true, and conform himself to facts.

His lordship continued—"Let us have done, then, once for all, with this mere cant, for it is nothing but cant, of free-thought and the fetters of the Creed." How does it come that the man who thinks there is no God is freer in his thinking than the man who thinks there is a God?—one thinks as freely as the other. We Christians think there is a God, and we are free in thinking so. The atheist thinks there is not a God, and he is free in thinking so. There is as much free-thought on one side as on the other, and each is subject to the penalties of his thought—each must abide the consequences of his thought concerning God, just as he must abide the consequences of his thought concerning his health, his life, his business, or concerning any other fact in this life. The only difference is that the consequences of misanthropy or disbelief in the one case are more serious, are more lasting than in the other, but that does not at all affect the principle that thinking wrongly concerning divine or eternal facts may hurt our souls, just as thinking wrongly of material or physical facts may hurt our bodies."

MR. GLADSTONE ON RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

"We believe that if you could erect a system which should present to mankind all branches of knowledge save the one that is essential, you would only be building up a Tower of Babel, which, when you had completed it, would be the more signal in its fall, and which would bury those who had raised it in its ruins. We believe that if you can take a human being in his youth, and if you can make him an accomplished man in natural philosophy, in mathematics, or in the knowledge necessary for the profession of a merchant, a lawyer, or a physician; that if in any, or all, of these endowments you could form his mind—yes, if you could endow him with the science and power of a Newton, and so send him, or, rather, had not given him, a knowledge and love of the Christian faith—he would go forth into the world, able indeed with reference to those purposes of science, successful with the accumulation of wealth for the multiplication of more, but "poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked" with reference to everything that constitutes the true and sovereign right of our existence—nay, worse, worse—with respect to the sovereign purpose—than if he had still remained in the ignorance which we all commiserate."

—A holy life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great, heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the rivers great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of holy life. The avoidance of little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Bonar.*

THE GIFT OF A THORN.

And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh. "There was given to me"; can, then, the thorn be a gift from God? I am in the habit of seeing God's gifts in the abundance of the things which my life possesses, and I call those things the dangers of life which diminish the sum of its abundance. But here there is a complete reversal of my thought; the abundance is the danger, and that which diminishes it is the gift. Paul has been exalted above measure; he has been standing on the heights of prosperity, and summering in the sunshine of a cloudless day. The cloudlessness of the day is his greatest danger, and there is sent a mist over the sun. His spiritual life has been redolent with a breath of flowers, and there is sent a thorn amongst the flowers. The thorn is for the time God's best gift to his soul; there is something protective in it. It has no fragrance, it has no beauty, but it yields one of the sweetest uses of adversity—it reminds a human spirit that it is, after all, only human.

My God, I have never thanked thee for my thorn. I have thanked thee a thousand times for my roses but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross, teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of that hour when I wrestled with the breaking of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: "It was good for me to have been afflicted."—*Rev. Dr. Matheson.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury was wont to tell how his first religious impressions were due to a nurse, who had charge of him till he was eight years of age, and who used to tell him Bible stories, and urge him to give himself to the service of God. Not only does this anecdote contain comfort for those who, in lowly positions, seem to have but limited powers and few opportunities of working for God, but it is a suggestive one to those mothers who are careless as to the religious character of the nurse to whom the little ones are entrusted. To no one can the mother properly depute the blessed privilege of pointing the child to him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," but there are times when the children must of necessity be under the sole charge of the nurse; and every mother who has the eternal interests of her little ones at heart, will be careful to provide such a nurse as will supplement the holy teachings given at her own knee.

TAKE LIFE IN EARNEST.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of the year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface—they do not touch the real depth of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation—but I want a sign which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life, whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.—*Dr. Arnold.*