

you ; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever ;  
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars ; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven ; With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful. Never despair when fog's in the air,  
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a hubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay,  
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest ;  
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

Water falling day by day,  
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips his sleeves in earnest, and

sings while he works is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick,  
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts ; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full holds no more ; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,  
To drive all wicked thoughts away.

—*Domestic Journal.*

It is interesting to note that the handsome new church of Bangor, County Down, stands on the old site on the banks of Belfast Lough, consecrated by St. Cornwall, about eighty-four years after the landing of St. Patrick ; and that here, for 1,324 years the voice of prayer and praise has been offered up to Almighty God by successive generations of Celts, Anglo-Normans and Churchmen. There are few places in the kingdom of greater ecclesiastical interest. It was the school from which the early Christian missionaries, including the celebrated St. Columbanus and St. Gall went forth to convert the continental nations, the Franks, the Suevi, and the Allemanni. From the latter a Swiss canton bears its name. For centuries the Monastery of Bangor was independent of the Bishop of Rome, and its abbots boldly opposed his pretensions.

I BELIEVE in a boy who has something of a man in him, and I believe in a man who has something of a boy in him.—*P. S. Henson.*