

which were placed on the table for those who wished to read them.

Father Page responded, thanking his friends for their visit to them on this occasion, and for the kind words spoken. He feared they did not deserve all the favors bestowed on them; they had, however, tried all through life to be kind, considerate and generous to all, and especially had they made earnest effort, by example and precept, to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

W. P. Page, of Toronto, spoke briefly, referring to the lessons he had learned early in life from his parents, lessons that had made lasting impressions on his mind. His parents' instruction and pious example were constantly with him through all the busy scenes of life, and his one earnest prayer was that he and his might be able to train their children with as much wisdom and godliness as his parents had done theirs, and that when they reached the time of life their parents now had they might be as rich in grace and as well prepared for that great change all must make sooner or later.

As a slight recognition of feeling, and in memory of the day, the children presented their parents each with a pair of solid gold-rimmed spectacles.

The general invitations sent out to relatives and friends, however, requested that no presents be made, as what was desired was a social afternoon, void of formality but full with friendly feeling and quiet congratulations, and the universal expression was that this was fully realized.

[Owing to lack of room last month this article was of necessity left over.

—EDS.]

THOUGHTS.

The sting of repentance is the consciousness of having involved others in the consequences of our transgression. Infinitely easier is it to bear any suffering we may have entailed upon our-

selves than the torturing consciousness of our helplessness to prevent its effect upon others.

Assuredly remorse is the refinement of torture. The bitterness of this in our absolute powerlessness to undo, even by virtue of years of repentance, of retribution or devotion, one single transgression of immutable law.

Our every action gives impetus to some force which with its train of consequences goes on forever. Our accountability for the impetuous leaves us responsible for the whole train of consequences, however speedily the force may have passed from under our control. The work of the arrow is the sin of the archer. E. S. S.

THE POET'S LIFE.

You say the poet's happiness
Is one with all he knows,
That he but shares the blessing
His sympathy bestows.

In this we all are poets born;
We need no wondrous arts
To hear life's richest music
Re-echo through our hearts;

For every gentle word we speak,
Each sympathetic tone,
Returns to us in music
Far lovelier than our own;

And half the kindly light that shines
For us in others' eyes,
Is but the rich reflection
Of our unclouded skies;

And even when the storms roll o'er,
By love's ennobling arts
We paint the rainbow colors
Upon each other's hearts.

Then come and live the poet's life,
In love with all that's true;
For I perceive his blessings
Are not unknown to you.

CHARLES M. STABLER.

The devotion which Christianity teaches is nothing less than perpetually thinking, feeling and acting, as becomes a child of God—a perpetual worship.

God is to be served by the entire life; by its actions as well as its thoughts, its duties as well as its desires, its deeds as well as its feelings.