

CONSECRATION.

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THOU Almighty, Gracious, Loving Lord !
 Thrice Holy, Everlasting, Three in One ;
 By heaven's bright myriads worshipped and adored,
 Thy Church's Head and Life ; her changeless Sun,
 Within our erring hearts Thy grace renew,
 Quicken our souls to give Thee homage true.

We dedicate anew our lives to Thee,
 Humbly beseeching Thee to make them Thine ;
 From evil doubts and fears O keep them free !
 And constant to Thy face our hearts incline,
 That else, like wilful captive birds would fly,
 Far from Thy guarding hand, thy guiding eye.

Grave thou our names upon Thy holy palms,
 That ever plead before the mercy seat,
 Where heavenly choirs uplift unending psalms,
 And righteousness and truth forever meet ;
 They plead for those by whom their blood was shed,
 For those whose burdens bowed Thy sacred head.

We have not of our own to offer Thee,
 For all we have to Thy great love we owe ;
 Take then ourselves, though vile and base they be,
 Change them to living fountains whence shall flow,
 Rivers of praise that, spreading far around,
 Shall fertile make the dead and barren ground.

Faithful Thou art, O Christ ! Thy promised aid,
 Is ne'er denied to those who feel their need,
 Strengthen our hearts with hope that shall not fade,
 But brighter glow as earthly joys recede,
 Let Thy dear service be our sole delight,
 Thy Love our sun by day, our rest by night.

So till the breaking of the last bright morn,
 Till earth's dark shadows shall no longer lower,
 May our souls' burdens all by Thee be borne,
 Our weakness hid in Thine all perfect power.
 Sufficient for us is thy wondrous grace
 Until we see Thy beauty face to face.

PLUTARCH tells a story of two men who were invited by the Athenian authorities to undertake some great public work. One of them was full of tongue and slow of hand ; the other was weak in speech, but an excellent workman. They were requested to state publicly how they would undertake the work. The man with the ready tongue stood up before the assembly, and made an eloquent speech, and described the work from point to point, and then he sat down. The other man then rose, and thus addressed the assembly : "Ye men of Athens, what that man has said in words I will make good in true performance." The wisdom of the men of Athens inclined them at once to the selection of this latter man. And so we want deeds, not words ; fruit, not leaves. We want doing, not so much discussing, Christians. It has been said—I fear there is great truth in the saying—that religion too often stops where self-denial begins.

AN infidel once asked a lady if she believed the Bible. "Yes." "Why do you believe in that book?" "Because," said she, "I am acquainted with the Author." This is proof that cannot be gainsaid.

PERPETUAL GUESTS.

Budhist priests in order to confirm the faith of the lower classes in China, are in the habit of inserting into the shell of the young pearl oyster minute representations of their deities, which are, in process of time, completely covered by the formation of the shell, so that when it is opened, it contains the features of the gods indelibly fixed in mother-of-pearl.

Horticulturists produce similar lasting effects on their plants. A gourd, while young and green, is tied at a certain point with a ribbon, and when hard and old, still retains the unnatural shape thus given to it.

A few drops of a drug are poured about the roots of a young plant, and its flowers bloom with a color unknown to any of its species.

Precisely the same process goes on in a girl or boy in the formation of habits, good or bad.

"There is but one thing which time cannot kill," says Poyntz, "and that is habit."

"Grace," said the old preacher Bascom, "can conquer the devil in you. But your bad habits conquer grace."

No matter how trivial or slight the custom acquired in youth may be, though it be but the mispronunciation of the word, vulgarity at table, or the use of slang, it will come back in after life, after years of schooling and struggling with it, fresh and vigorous ; just as old men, in extreme illness, speak the language of their childhood, forgotten through all their middle age.

A habit of gentle bearing, of low, pleasant intonation, of universal courtesy, is worth more to its possessor throughout life than wealth or great talents. It smoothes one's way at every turn, and creates friends who take pleasure in ministering to one who is polite and considerate, not by effort, but because habit has made it natural for him to be so.

A habit of prayer, formed in childhood, though neglected for many years will come back in age and sorrow and perhaps bring a blessing from heaven with it.

Our habits, in short, are the alien guests of the Scotch superstition which once seated at our hearth only go from it with death. Let us take care, then, how we open our doors to them.

Do not draw a line of separation between the House of God and your place of business. The store or shop may be as much the house of God as the church where generations have knelt in prayer. A devout follower will find God everywhere, and will abide with God in every calling in which he is called. If you cannot have the companionship of Jesus in the paths of daily business you are following by all means abandon them. But if they are at all legitimate you will find Him at your side, though His presence is veiled from all other eyes.

It is better to be nobly remembered than be nobly born.—*Ruskin*.