

through the whole of the long service of the Church of England. With the utmost composure, "Presbuteros" simply ignored the beautiful liturgical service, commenced, "de novo", and went through the whole service afresh, in orthodox Presbyterian fashion, to the surprise of the congregation and the discomfiture of the waiters, whose time for setting the lunch-table was long past.

A distinctive and pleasing feature of these Sunday services at sea, especially in the larger steamships which often carry more passengers than would fill an ordinary church, is the heartiness with which the representatives of various religious denominations unite in the service. The lines of demarcation that separates them when ashore seem to be lost sight of at sea. Casual acquaintanceship here frequently ripens into closer friendship; people begin to see eye to eye, and soon the conviction grows stronger that the doctrinal points on which all professing Christians are agreed are much more important than the things about which they differ. It would do some narrowminded souls a world of good to spend a few Sundays at sea.

The service for the burial of the dead at sea is very solemn and affecting. In the days of sailing ships, when voyages lasted so much longer, deaths from natural causes at sea were more frequent than now. But the order of service is the same. The body of the deceased person might be sewed up in a hammock—indeed, it usually was—or the carpenter may have made a rough coffin for it. In either case it was heavily loaded with iron at the foot. A stout plank with one end resting on the bulwark forms the bier on which is laid the corpse, covered with an ensign. The captain, the chief engineer, the ship's doctor and purser, with a detachment of the crew, and a few of the passengers make up the funeral party. Portions of the Church of England's beautiful service for the burial of the dead are read: "I am the Resurrection and the life." . . . "I know that my Redeemer liveth." . . . "We brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out." . . . "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live," etc. The ship's engines are then stopped for a few seconds while the service proceeds—"We therefore commit his body to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body when the sea shall give up her dead."

The ensign is removed. The inward end of the plank is raised, and the mortal remains are plunged into the greatest of all cemeteries; sometimes with scant ceremony, perhaps, but always impressing on the mind of the spectator a deeply pathetic incident that will never be forgotten

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;

But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

TIME FOR BIBLE READING.

Is there any person in this land who cannot command the time to read a chapter from the Scriptures every day? There are many who cannot do this and at the same time do all that they desire to do in other directions. But that is not a reason for neglecting the Bible. Our Bible reading should be one of the first duties of every day. A good rule is to read nothing else until we have read a portion of the Scriptures. If we adopt this rule, and rigidly adhere to it, we shall never lack the time to read at least a few verses from the Bible. This can be done at home, and it can be done abroad; it can be done on a journey. The man of the world can read his newspapers on the cars; if we are as much interested in the Bible as he is in the daily news, we shall be able to read a chapter on a railroad train. And if it is always in mind, we shall find no day too short to read a lesson from the Scriptures.—National Presbyterian.

THE HELPFUL WORD.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in the window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that can climb without kindly training but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

POWER OF THE BIBLE.

Where is a second book, uninspired by Scripture, that has demonstrated its inherent and unassisted energy to take hold of life and lead it out into the likeness of the life of God? Only he who knows a man could have made man a book. Only he that made all hearts could produce a book that should go to the wants of all hearts. "I see," wrote Hallam, "that the Bible fits into every fold and crevice of the human heart. I am a man, and I believe that this is God's book, because it is man's book."—C. H. Parkhurst.