

"JESUS HIMSELF DREW NEAR."—ST. LUKE.

Be near me, Jesu, in the night,
When sleep hath closed my weary eyes;
Be near me with the morning light
When duty bids me rise.

Be very near each waking hour;
What it may bring I may not know;
I need Thy watchful eye—Thy power,
To shield me from the foe.

Be near me when the voice of sin
Calls at the door in luring tone;
Hush thou the traitor voice within,
And be my guest alone.

Be near me when my heart is glad,
When not a cloud obscures the sun;
And help me when my soul is sad
To say "Thy will be done."

Be near me when my step is frail,
And when the sand of life is run;
Be near me in that awful vale,
And when my rest is won.

Be with me where my spirit waits,
Expectant, for that fuller bliss,
When Thou at last shall open the gates
To brighter lands than this.

Be near me when the trumpet blast,
Calls me before Thy judgment seat;
And give me, Lord, a place at last
Where I may kiss Thy feet.

J. MAY

EFFECTS OF THE REFORMATION.

The Reformation convulsed all society; in encouraged the civil power to seize on large portions of the Church's revenues, but it made no essential change in the establishment of the Church. Probably, in popular estimation, the Church of England is often believed to have been established then. It is thought that there were then two Churches, one Roman Catholic and the other Protestant; and the State determined to disestablish the one and to establish the other. But history gives no countenance to this. It is theory, but not fact. The Church changed none of its machinery, scarcely any of its personnel. A few Bishops, who would not conform to the impending changes, were deposed, as had been the case with the Saxon Bishops at the time of the Norman Conquest. A certain number of the Clergy resigned their livings; but the great body of them remained where they were. The laity for the most part were the old laity of the old times. The Church machinery continued unaltered, appeals were restrained to England and forbidden to go to Rome, otherwise the Church Courts remained just as they were before. There was no legislation deposing one body and setting up another. Reformers, whether lay or clerical, never dreamed that they were creating a new Church, but simply professed to be purifying and strengthening the Church that then was. The fundamental doctrines remained as from the first. The creeds of the Church were unchanged; the orders of the ministry were unchanged; the Sacraments were divested of what was esteemed to be superstitious, but they were not abolished nor even mutilated—nay, the greatest of the Sacraments was rescued from mutilation and restored to its primitive integrity. The Church was still, as in Saxon days, the spiritual life of the State, though its entire unity with the State had received some shock, first from the Norman Conquest in the eleventh century, and then from the Reformation in the sixteenth. In Saxon times Church and State, were simply and organically one. In Norman and post-Reformation days we may, perhaps, rather speak of them as united, like two nations in one kingdom, rather than as one single people.—*Bishop of Winchester.*

FUN AND WISDOM.

Why is a washerwoman like a navigator? Because she spreads her sheets, crosses the line, and goes from pole to pole.

"What is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mickey,

what is it?" "Sure, it's a hole in the kittle, mun."

"My son, why is it that you are always behind-hand with your studies?" "Because, if I were not behindhand with them, I could not pursue them."

A three-year old noticing at the dinner table, that her grandfather had shaved-off his full beard, worn many years, exclaimed, "Grandpa, whose head have you got on?"

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student. "Not at all. It is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE AND CHILD.

The tattoo sounds; the lights are gone;
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on;
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes has flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.
I think of thee, oh, dearest one!
Whose love mine early life hath blest;
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.

God of the tender, frail and lone
Oh, guard that little sleeper's rest!
And hover gently, hover near
To her whose watchful eyes are wet—
The mother, wife—the doubly dear.
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love, so deep and clear,
And cheer her dropping spirit yet!
And as she kneels before Thy throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies!

That while by Thy behest alone
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise;
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
Nor hair is lost, nor sparrow dies:
That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe the pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost the soldier slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone,
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening currents of her breast
Nor frowning look, nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest!
Whatever fate those forms may throw,
Loved with a passion almost wild,
By day, by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed or hopes beguiled;
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

BRIGHTENING ALL IT CAN.

The day had been dark and gloomy when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's bright rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the country. A sweet voice at the window called out, in joyful tones, "Look! O look! papa, the sun is brightening all it can!"

"Brightening all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good, that's all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love, and when asked why she was so happy, she replied, laughingly, "Why don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brightening all I can."

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day—brightening all they can. Try it children.

A man of humor can hew more golden chips from a sunbeam, than he who swings the dull and prosaic acts of life.

THE ICEBERG.

Neath Arctic sky, the iceberg high
Floats through the polar sea,
And pushed along, by currents strong,
Diminishes in slow degree.

But while it keeps its mighty steep,
It ever to the northward goes;
While by its past, the current fast,
As ever to the southward flows.

Then why doth seem against the stream,
The towering icy mass to move?—
Its onward motion through the ocean,
A force invisible doth prove.

The peak so bright in Arctic light,
Is but a fraction of the whole,
Seven parts below the surface go,
And there the stronger currents roll.

So should our life 'mid earthly strife,
Be chiefly thus invisible,
While 'gainst the tide of mortal pride,
An unseen Power doth us impel.

Durham, Ont.,
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S. R. ASBURY.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The following little story, which is quite true, illustrates the need of religious instruction in our public schools from which for some years past moral and religious training has been almost excluded.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—A gentleman who was well known for his liberality was besieged by many children who were selling tickets for a Sunday School fair. A dozen filed into his office at once. He could not be expected to buy of all, yet he hesitated to refuse any without good cause. Said he, "I will buy tickets of all who can say the Ten Commandments." Of the twelve not one could make the required recitation, and all belonged to the same Sunday School, and the same class. Another energetic saleswoman made her appearance.

"How many Commandments should you say there were?" he asked.

"Sixteen."

"You place the figure rather high; but let's hear what you know."

"Well," she said, slowly, "I don't know but four."

"Say the four for me, then."

A moment's pause.

"I don't believe I know but two."

"We will hear the two, then if you please."

"I've forgotten them," said the vendor of tickets; a member of the same Sunday-school, and the same class before mentioned.

"Well, then, I guess I can't deal with you;" and she was dismissed.

As many as fifty applied at that time, yet none could say the Commandments, except one little girl, of whom tickets were bought.

WISE SAYINGS.

There is less devotion to principle than to appetite. The adversities of many furnish success for the few.

Silent genius is heard quicker than loud ignorance.

Man's genius need woman's encouragement to develop it.

When soul and stomach both hunger, feed the latter before endeavoring to satisfy the appetite of the former.

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy. "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound Ont.