

Her one great desire was to see them all walking in the truth. She did not live to realize her hope in this respect, but *shall her prayers ever go unanswered?*

She died in perfect peace, resting in Him in whom she had believed, and lies

buried, as to her mortal part, in the Brantford Cemetery. But her spirit is with the redeemed, before the throne of God, praising him day and night in his temple!—w.

Home and School.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

An Out-door Meditation.

Wonderful presence amid the trees,
Gilding the sunshine, perfuming the breeze,
Tipping the grass-blades with drops of light,
Painting the flowers with tints more bright!

Adam beheld it with raptured eyes,
Amid the bright bloom of Paradise,
Abraham saw it in grove and glade,
Or hovering in Mamre's oak-tree shade.

Isaac confessed it at even-tide,
Jacob in Bethel's wilderness wide,
Moses in Midian's burning bush,
Elijah in Horeb's mystic hush.

Down through the ages its power was felt,
In all the fair scenes where Israel dwelt,
'Twas Lebanon's glory, Olivet's pride,
Nor e'en to Gethsemane's gloom denied.

Without it, earth were a dreary vale,
Man a lone orphan with sorrow pale,
Life a dull round of wearisome work,
And death a dark scene where terrors lurk.

O wonderful presence that lingers yet,
In a world full prone its God to forget,
To feel the blest thrill of thy influence nigh,
Makes it joy to live and gain to die!

W. F. C.

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A FISHER OF MEN.

Many years ago the good sound sensible rector of an Irish village found some boys playing marbles in the ball-alley. He was too much interested to be deemed an intruder; besides, his benevolent countenance easily purchased the youngsters' good-will. One of them, a "little ragged apprentice to every kind of mischief," full of mimicry and winning manners, was firing off his jokes with a reckless prodigality, and the gen-

tleman's keen eye saw, as he thought, the sparks of genius flashing from beneath the owner's rags and dirt. Taking a fancy to the little homely bundle of wit, he bribes him home with a few sweetmeats, and there teaches him the alphabet and grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. After exhausting his own fund of instruction, he sends him to a neighbouring school, and thus gets him mounted and started upon his life work.

Five-and-thirty years later, this boy, having risen to eminence at the bar, and obtained a seat in Parliament, discovers, upon returning to his house one day, an elderly gentleman seated alone in his drawing-room; his feet on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece and his whole air that of a man quite at home. As the visitor turned around the lawyer recognized him as his old friend and patron of the ball-alley. "You are right," he exclaimed, rushing to his arms; "this room is yours; you gave me all these things; you made a man of me." Of course the old rector remained to dinner, and that evening he moistened his eyes at the sight of his former pupil rising in the House of Commons to answer an honourable lord.

The lawyer's name was John Philpot Curran. The name of the rector was Boyse, forgotten long since by the world at large, but still living in the reputation of his scholar. With no more effort than he employed, we might start a soul upon the way of life; the work would not be much, merely the picking up of a pod that would otherwise be crushed in the highway, and opening it to find the seeds of immortal glory. There is no cant in such deeds; they would