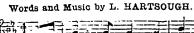
HEART LONGINGS.

"I do not want one thought that is not fit for Hearen." "If I see one pressing the street who causes a wrong thought, I think how would that look in Heaven .- See Bishop Hamlin's Life, p. 516.



Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.



3. No step I'd take but only there,
Where God's dear Spirit leads,
No route to press my feet along.
But where are holy deeds.
Thy hand, Thy hand, dear Saviour, now,
Must evenuore clasp mine.
So I move on in all Thy ways,
Forever, wholly, Think

4. But how causuch a worm as I
So purely walk, and free?
Or, how can such a heart as mine,
Turn wholly, Lord, to Thee?
Thou, Thou alone, canst make the change,
And fill the Throne within.
Control the springs of thought and deed,

young people much the same as Dean Howson's well-known volume is to every reading man, this succinct and interesting narrative cannot fail to be of great service

An interesting volume is that by a late sergeant (25) telling of the principal events of the Peninsular War, in which he

was engaged. Mr. Dennis has produced a speciality (26) for which organplayers will thank him. The generate well-named "selected," notably "The Orphan's Prayer," and the exquisite morceau from "Lieder ohne Worte." We are glad this first issue is to

be followed by others.

The name of Gordon Calthrop is a guarantee of something worth reading, and the volume just is ued (27) is well worthy of its author. The addresses, intended to be read aloud to children, are all of a popular character; winning in their style, easily understood, free from vexatious points of doctrine. They are exceptionally suitable for the purpose for which they are intended.

Again that old favourite, The Quiver (28) is before us. can say very little new about it, and can only express our unqualified approbation of this undoubtedly the best magazine of its kind. The list of contributors alone would sell the volume, while the almost bewildering table of contents, ranging from the pleasing tales for the youngsters to the more solid articles with which the book abounds, present such a splendid menu as has soldom if ever been rivalled.

A first-rate tale for boys is that of a waif of the sea, by M. Matéaux (29). We read it with interest in its serial form, and can speak with confidence as to its sound common-sense and attrictive style. The external appearance of the book is all that could be desired.

Canon Ryle's little volume (30) is a perfect gem. Masterly, yet simple; concise, yet sifting his subject thoroughly; pronounced in his assertions, yet most catholic in his deductions. The Conon's volume fully deserves to have reached, as it has done, its thirty-first thousand.

Mr. Boulding is but little known in the world of letters. but whatever he puts his hand to is well done. The last effort of his pen (31) is in verse, and purely historical, as the title indicates. He has chosen a grand subject, and right well has he used it; the venerable abbey, with its brilliant roll of martyrs and of heroes has here a chronicler that does her no mean justice, but in glowing thythm and ennobling stanzas tells again the story of her fame.

HOME DECORATION.

ECORATIVE art was once known only to the rich, but now it is familiar to the middle classes, who crava forms of beauty. Let us dwell for a few moments on houses and the art of furnishing rooms. Rooms are quick tell tales of character and taste, or the lack of it, and each room should express something and be in harmony with itself. There are elegant drawing-rooms which chill you as you enter, and simple, cosy sitting rooms in which every chair says, "Do sit down with me," and a welcome comes from the very walls. Household taste is but a synonym for household culture, and she is a wise woman who surrounds those she loves with objects of beauty. It is not an impossible feat, for women can accomplish much in this direction. I know one who has changed, as if by magic, an ugly seven gabled house into a marvel of beauty. It is by a thousand little felicities, a pretty bracket, an artistic gem of a picture, statuette or bust, a ganzy curtain veiling some little recess, a pretty hanging basket, a graceful stand of flowers, a tiny cabinet of choice treasures, a cosy chair, or comfortable divan, these and many another object, trifling in itself and easily manufactured, are the "traps to eatch sunbeaus," which shimmer and lighten up and glow through the dwelling where taste dwells in unity with utilities and love,