

## HEART LONGINGS.

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

Words and Music by L. HARTSOUGH.

Harmonized by Miss ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. "I do not want one thought," dear Lord, "That is not fit for Heav'n," May ev - ery wish and  
2. No words I'd speak would cause Thee pain, Or e'en the least re - gret, No deeds at - tempt Thon

hope I have, By Thee to me be given; I want no vi - sion but the pure On  
wouldst not do, Lord, keep me at Thy feet. A wan - der - er, shrink - ing heart, All

High would all ad - mire: . . . What an - gel minds would blush to know, That I would not de - sire.  
owned and filled by Thee, . . . Would meet the high - est wish I have, Oh make me, keep me free.

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 evermore clasp mine,  
So I move on in all Thy ways,  
Forever, wholly, Thine.

4. But how can such 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 sercant (25) telling of the principal events of the Peninsular War, in which he was engaged.

Mr. Dennis has produced a speciality (26) for which organ-players will thank him. The gems are 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 issued (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. We 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 seldom 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 attractive 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 Canon'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 rhythm and ennobling stanzas tells again the story of her fame.

## HOME DECORATION.

DECORATIVE art was once known only to the rich, but now it is familiar to the middle classes, who crave 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 gauzy 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 catch sunbeams," which shimmer and lighten up and glow through the dwelling where taste dwells in unity with utilities and love.