

THE SURE PILOT.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And he is strong to save;
He sitteth o'er the waterfloods,
And guides each drifting wave.

Though loud around the vessel's prow
The waves may toss and break,
Yet at his word they sink to rest,
As on a tranquil lake.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods
When waves of sorrow rise,
And while he holds the bitter cup
He wipes the tearful eyes.

He knows how long the wilful heart
Requires the chastening grief,
And soon as sorrow's work is done
'Tis he who sends relief.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods
As in the days of old,
When o'er the Saviour's sinless head
The waves and billows rolled.

Yea, *all* the billows passed o'er him
Our sins—they bore him down;
For us he met the crushing storm—
He met the Almighty frown.

He sitteth o'er the waterfloods;
Then doubt and fear no more,
For he who passed through all the storms
Has reached the heavenly shore.

And every tempest driven bark,
With Jesus for its guide,
Will soon be moored in harbour calm
In glory to abide.

Songs of the Night.

Reclamation of Fallen Women:

It is now about seven months since public attention was drawn to the movement for the Reclamation of Fallen Women commenced in the Lyceum Rooms. The midnight meetings have long been abandoned, simply because the spontaneous applications made to the lady who originated and still indefatigably conducts the

movement have been more numerous than it has been possible to meet. The results up to the close of the year were as follows: Employed in mills, warehouses, sewing etc, 110; sent to service 18; and restored to parents, 35. Of these 163, only 20, so far as it is known, relapsed; and of these 20 several returned in bitter penitence.—During the month just elapsed, about forty more have been provided for and upwards of 50 new cases taken on hand; but the applications have been much more numerous; and this week alone 12 applications from young women, evidently anxious to escape their living death, have been refused simply from want of funds to meet them. It would be observed from the recent meeting of the subscribers to the Lock Hospital, that the directors bear warm testimony to the wonderful work the lady who conducts this movement has been enabled to carry through in that institution. It still continues, and through its means 23 women from the higher-class dens of infamy, hitherto deemed inaccessible, have been rescued. Not one of them has fallen back; and several of them by their walk and conversation furnish every outward evidence of a change of heart. One of them is at this moment dying, and dying happy—able to state clearly the ground of the hope in which she dies. But for the wonders of grace with which we are now being made familiar, the manifestations of the workings of the Spirit by which this movement has been accompanied would be so amazing as to be hardly credible. And this is quite from the evidences of sincerity in abandoning their career. All of the girls appeal for help with a distinct understanding that they are only to be assisted toward finding opportunity to maintain themselves by their own industry; and the intense eagerness with which they embrace the opportunity when offered is occasionally most affecting. But they all seem to feel that their first want is that of a