

been selected by our commander for the work because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and all that life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image; and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought best to keep the knowledge from me for eighteen years. How much of His goodness to us we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one, and was related to the writer by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—*London Freeman*.

"WHEN thou hast thanked thy God
For every blessing sent,
What time will then remain
For murmurs or lament?"

—*Trench*.

LITTLE WAYS.

THE time-worn quotation from the Scottish bard, "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as ithers see us!" must occur to some of us a great many times when we see small traits in those about us that act upon our moral nature very much as mosquito bites upon our physical bodies. A decided outburst of temper or the display of pride is often easier to bear than little irritating "ways" that in children would be reprov'd, but, because we are grown up children, can't be spoken of, and our families, patient or impatient as the case may be, have to stand the same thing day after day. Here is a fine chance to display simple, unadulterated good breeding, and it amounts to

Christian unselfishness. It takes that to put up with them, and mightn't we spare each other a good deal of wear and tear by being more considerate in small things? I know a girl who is well and strong, and quite able to rise when the bell rings half an hour before breakfast, and, although she knows it annoys her mother excessively to have the meals delayed and the servants kept from their other duties, she does not begin to dress until a few minutes before breakfast is served, and then appears in the dining-room when the other members of the family are leaving to begin the day's duties. How light an effort it would be for her to get up just a little earlier, and a small daily trial would be taken out of the mother's life. It is not that the girl is ill-tempered or selfish in most things; it is just a little "way" she has. A bright, attractive boy I see very often, has a habit of slamming doors in the most good-natured, cheerful manner, which, nevertheless, does not prevent his nervous old aunt from starting in her chair and feeling flurried for fully five minutes afterward. Another boy does everything in the morning but get ready for school; then at the last moment his mother and sisters fly about, getting his lunch and helping him hunt his book-strap or his report, or his baseball glove that he *must* have, and he gets off by their combined efforts generally in time, but often just late enough to prevent his report being a first grade. If he would begin fifteen minutes earlier all the annoyance would be saved. Let us hope they will get over it, for habits fasten like leeches, and it is harder every year to break them. How disgusting it is to see a gray-haired woman biting her finger-nails! She began the habit when she was a school girl and never broke it, and now she does it quite unconsciously and almost all the time. A most considerate and devoted father I have been associated with would reproach himself bitterly if he spoke unkindly to his children, and yet as they grow up they are mortified daily by his careless table manners. It is a habit he has fallen into, and he does not realize for one moment how it appears to other people. Life cannot be easy altogether, but each one of us can make those about us happier by trying to be unselfish in little things.—*J. T., in S. Churchman*.

It was the benevolent face of John Wesley which inspired the zeal of John Howard. Henry Martyn was drawn to India by the memory of David Schwartz, Heber by the thought of Martyn.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.

Institute.

- Dec. 1. I. Sam. xvi. 1-13. Acts ii. 37 to end.
" 8. I. Sam. xvii. 38-51. Matt. xiii. 24-31; 36-44.
" 15. I. Sam. xx. 32-42. Luke i. 5-18, 67-68.
" 22. Luke ii. 8-20. Luke ii. 7-21.
" 29. John i. 1-14. John xv. 1-11.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

LITTLE sunbeam woke one morn,
Peeped from out the sky—
Whispered, "There are hearts forlorn,
Earthward I must fly.
Hopeless eyes that sorrow know
Gladden where I shine;
Heavy-burdened hearts below
Need this light of mine."

Little sunbeam tarried not,
Golden-winged it flew;
Not one kindness it forgot
On its mission true.
Brook and valley smiled to see,
Blade and leaf rejoiced,
And the birds, in melody,
All their gladness voiced.

Little sunbeam softly crept
Into homes of gloom;
Kissed the weary eyes that wept,
Made the dark to bloom
Woke the hearts to grateful prayer,
Drove the frown from sight;
Carried gladness everywhere
With its precious light.

Little sunbeam could not stay—
Sought its home afar,
While, with faint and pearly ray,
Came the twilight star.
Something whispered in my heart,
'Mid the dusk and dew,
'"Have you done your daily part,
Like a sunbeam true?"

—*George Cooper, in Sunday-School Times*.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

Harry's and Mabel's Christmas.

HARRY and Mabel had been preparing for Christmas for more than a month, and there was a great deal of whispering in corners. Their mother was taken into the secret of a wonderful penwiper that was being made for their father's writing table, and into the same sympathetic ears was poured the secret of each child about all that was being done to surprise and please the other on Christmas Day.

One morning the children were in deep talk in the play-room. They had been in a shop the day before, and had seen so many things to buy that the little money which they had seemed but a tiny, tiny drop in the great ocean of their desires.

"We can't get half the things we wish to," said Mabel, with some impatience.