

intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before hand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.—*Sel.*

The Best Lesson about Charity.

Archbishop Magee would often tell the following story, and say it was the best lesson about charity he ever had in his life;

"It was when my father was vicar of St. Peter's, Drogheda, Ireland. One day I met a ragged, miserable Roman Catholic child who was begging for help. Touched by his wretchedness, I made my way to my father's study, and told him about the boy, and asked him to give me something for him. Looking up from his books and papers, he said; 'Indeed, I cannot. I have all our own school children and poor to help, and I really cannot do anything for the lad.'"

"However, as I turned crestfallen to the door, he called after me, 'Willie if you like to go without your own dinner, and to give it to the boy, you may; and go and ask your mother to find some old things to clothe him in.'"

"Off I went, delighted, and gave the lad my dinner. And now, when I hear of large sums given in so called charity, I think of my father's words; 'Willie, if you like

to go without your own dinner, you may give it to the lad.

Selected.

Sentinels on the Outposts.

Perhaps some of our readers live near no Church parish. All around you are those who know her not. You feel isolated and lonely. But remember that, though a sentinel on the outposts, you are still a member of that vast army with its 200 Bishops, 40,000 other clergy and millions of privates. You are not alone. Though few of your faith are near you, there have been and are to-day, in every portion of the globe, millions of learned and godly men who think as you think, love the same ways and hold the same truths. What does it matter that you are a sentinel on the outposts? God has placed you there for a purpose; perhaps to be the nucleus of some future church, where hundreds will learn her sacred ways. Stand firm, then as a pioneer. Be true to your trust. Teach your children to love the Church of your choice. That Church is doing a grand, glorious work. She is marching to victory. Be faithful at your post, and watch unto prayer.—*Parish Visitor.*

Sacred Music is a cord that connects the souls on earth with the angels in heaven. Music is a cord stretching from earth to heaven, along which goes quivering the joyous praises of the ransomed, along which goes whispering the cry for light: along which goes trembling the plea of the sinner.

"A kindly act is a kernel sown
That may grow to a goodly tree
Shedding its fruit when time
has flown
Down the gulf of eternity"

Our Mother Church.

Our Mother Church of England
A faithful witness bears,
Midst peace and happy sunshine,
Or strife, and storm, and tears:
The world may rage around her,
Or tempest's voice may roar,
But One who stills the tumults
Is with her evermore.
Built on the sure foundation
Of God's unchanging Word,
She shows the need of cleansing
By water and by blood:
Taught by the sacred pages,
She holds the Orders three,
That those who preach glad tidings
May serve in just degree.
Within her sweet Communion,
Throughout the ages gone,
The noblest hearts of England
Have rested, one by one:
Her very dust is sacred,
Her very stones are dear,
Her hallowed shrines have witnessed
The prayer, the praise, the tear.
Within her walls, our fathers
Have often knelt in prayer,
And mothers for their children
Have softly pleaded there;
Voice after voice grows silent,
Age after age goes by,
And still our lips are breathing
The same sweet Liturgy.
There may be foes around her
Who make an angry stir,
But thousands more would offer
Their hearts' best blood for her
It is not yet extinguished—
The ardour of our sires,
The faith that trod the scaffold
And fed the martyr-fires.
Our Mother Church of England.
O Saviour, keep her pure!
O Holy Spirit, guide her,
And lead her evermore!
O Triune God, defend her
Till earth's long night be past
And o'er the seething waters
The day-break streams at last!
—*Banner of Faith.*] Amen.