

HERE IS MY HEART.

From the German "Hear ist mein Herz"

Here is my heart, my God, I give it to thee...

Here is my heart - it trembles to draw near...

Here is my heart - teach it, O Lord, to sing...

Here is my heart - O friend of friends, be near...

Selected.

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL

BY THE REV. WM. COCHRANE, A.M., BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

It is hope that is spoken of as the anchor within the veil. The hope of immortality through a risen Saviour...

When a spirit is sailing (says a living preacher) the anchor is of no use, but when the ship would be still, it is the anchor that holds it.

This anchor of the soul - the Christians hope - is a subject of remark in the Apostolic Epistles...

This hope is directly founded upon the resurrection of Christ. If Christ is not risen, preaching is vain...

The question for every reader is, what is my hope, and what is the ground of my hope? Every man has some kind of hope.

felt more or less in every rank and condition. It quills the dawn of childhood - it spans the horizon of manhood...

Now, this is the character of the Christian hope, as contrasted with that of the worldling. It has a good foundation. It rests upon the eternal promises...

On the other hand, the hope which multitudes in Christian lands possess, is but a hollow mockery, only serving during the present life to hide the issues of the future.

Not only so, but the hope which many nominal and professed Christians boast of is equally unsatisfactory. In some way or other, they imagine that without any effort or desire they shall be saved.

This good hope, which is our anchor of the soul, on which within the veil, all Christians should seek to possess in the highest degree...

When the promises are thus grasped, hope becomes radiant, constant, increasing. The man who has this hope goes through the world triumphantly joyful, and exultant.

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and annoyances which unsettle and agitate weaker minds, and supplies him with motives and incentives to further effort.

This hope gives strength to bear and wait. Patience worketh experience and endurance hope, but it is also true, that hope produces patience.

Finally, this hope purifies the heart and life. The hope includes seeing Christ and becoming like Christ. A wonderful change takes place when we stand before our Father's throne...

In order to keep alive this hope, constant meditation upon the glory of the heavenly state is requisite. We must think much of the state beyond, to bear us up through the present.

FAMILY PRAYER.

BY REV. W. W. DOW.

There is no plainer duty of the Christian profession than that of family prayer. Nothing can be a substitute for it.

It is strange that this obvious duty of family prayer is so often made to depend on the husband and father. In many families, no other member is willing to discharge the service.

There is another fact which needs to be seriously thought of in this connection. There is many a wife in our churches whose husband is not a professor of religion.

Give me the treasures of redemption; my food is manna, and my wine is love; my sword follow the beam of the Son, and my breast defence the arm of Almighty God.

PRECENTOR vs. CHOIR.

A recent editorial in the Christian Union, entitled "Congregational Singing," ably presents the faults of this style of church music...

Believing this idea to be erroneous, allow me to give my reasons, and then to point out what I consider the true means.

The formation and training of a congregational choir is admitted by this writer to be a difficult task. Good voices are scarce, and to cull these out of the many coarse un-musical voices that present themselves...

But the congregation must be led. Exactly so. The vital point in congregational singing is that the singers should hear one leading voice all the time, and have confidence in the leadership of that voice.

Nor can the organ lead. Its office is to give a rich background of harmony, and to complement and support the singing. The human voice can alone lead human voices.

A precentor should have a good baritone voice, clear and penetrating in its character. He should be thoroughly conversant with congregational singing, and, as a rule, should sing the melody only.

If the reader wishes to see the foregoing ideas carried out in practice, let him attend the Sunday services of Rev. Mr. Hepworth at Stony Hall, New York. The singing at this great congregation (larger, I think, than Mr. Beecher's) is led by Mr. Charles L. Gunn, formerly of Dr. Crosby's church.

That the handling of such a body is no easy task was strikingly shown last spring when candidates for the position of precentor were being tried.

Mr. Gunn brings to his new position the results of long experience in Dr. Crosby's church. Dr. Rice's, (now Dr. John Hall's) Calvary Baptist, and the Reformed Church, Staten Island, and it is fortunate for the new enterprise that its music is in such good hands.

But I hear the objection that leaders like the one described are as hard to find as well-drilled choirs. This may be true, but it is owing more to the limited demand for precentors than to any other cause.

Salvation is not a thing of chance or left to man's will or power, but it was contrived by the blessed Trinity, in the covenant of grace, and everything belonging to it was perfectly settled.

NAMING THE CHILDREN.

"I have three children to name over," said Mrs. Drey, one day, "and I shall name them, 'Half Done, 'Almost Done, and 'Done. Jasper slunk behind his mother's chair with a guilty look. He, I am sure, was Half Done, for as quick as lightning, he thought of his martinihouse, begun as soon as he had his new box of tools, and never roofed, off a aunt's flower ladder, which had only the sticks and that was all, of the geometry which he had missed, because it was only half-learned; of the mittens which he had lost, because they were only half in his pocket; and worse than all, of Zebra, the horse, who ran away and broke the buggy, because he was only half-harnessed. Jasper, I say, quick as a flash, thought of these, and shrunk back, more than certain that 'Half Done' was his name. If all he thought was true, did he not deserve it? 'You mean me,' said Lucy. 'Mean you for what?' asked her mother. 'For Almost Done,' said Lucy, blushing. 'I was almost done dressing when breakfast was ready. I was almost done my letter to papa when it was time to send it. I had almost finished 'Golden Threads' when Jane came for it. O dear!" sighed Lucy. 'Almost Done' is quite as bad as Half Done, and a deal more provoking, because, you see, just a little more trying would have done it. 'Almost Done' King Agrippa has said. 'Almost Done' mother. 'He was almost persuaded to be Christian after hearing Paul preach; but there the poor king stopped - almost but not altogether. Poor Agrippa! I am so sorry for him.' 'And are you sorry for me?' asked Lucy softly. 'Yes, my darling, because 'almost' stops short of reaching the end of what you may most desire. Your feet are turned toward the Lord, but they will not take you to Him. Your eyes are looking toward Heaven, but 'almost' will leave you on this side of the beautiful gate, and this side is outside, where you would not be left, my child." 'I will put away 'almost,' and take up 'altogether,' for 'altogether' means Done, I suppose. Who of us is done?' 'Who is?' asked mother. 'Arthur!' cried Lucy and Jasper at once. 'Arthur does; Arthur finishes.' Arthur looked up surprised and pleased, as his brother and sister willingly accorded the credit due him. How often they had seen him, small boy that he was, cipher for an hour together, rubbing out and writing figures over and over again, until at last he would bring his small fist whack on the table, shouting, 'It is done.' How patiently and persistently he would plane and hammer and saw, and saw and plane and hammer, with all his mind on his work, until a boat, or a box, or a windmill, done, and well done, rewarded his labors. Yes, Arthur was 'Done.' 'He is a finisher,' said Jasper, and I wish I was. 'Think, Jasper,' said his mother, 'how it would be to carry half done into everything - the bread half done, your dinner half done, the table half set, your pants and coat from the tailor's half done.' 'Please don't mother,' said Jasper. 'Let me think of it.' - Child's Paper.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Merle d'Aubigne has never taken any part in the politics of his native city. A general old man of seventy-eight years, he lives sometimes at his little country house on the lake, sometimes in his apartments on the Rue Rynard. He is the founder of the Free Church of Geneva, which differs from the cantonal Protestant Church in that it is more like that of our Methodists, and believes in the separation of church and state.

Learn a short passage of Scripture every morning, and often refer to it during the day.

Never see any one entering into temptation, or indulging in sin, without praying for him.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, in passing over it he is superior.

What can we say more for ourselves in our prayers than He has said for us in His promises. - Henry.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself, and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it. - Steele.