



THE QUIET HOUR.

The Cross-Bearer.

When I set out to follow Jesus, My Lord a cross held out to me, Which I must take, and bear it onward...

The Cross.

The command of Christ to "take up the cross" has been signally and widely misunderstood. The Christian life presents so broad a front that all views blend in it.

Perfect Peace.

Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace. Over all victorious in its bright increase. Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day...

Chorus—Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest, Finding, as he promised, perfect peace and rest.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

How Our Vicar Got His Deanery.

In a snug country village remote from a town, Our quiet vicar had long settled down. An old college fellow, he knew nothing more of the world than to think modern fashions a bore.

For there, all in white, was a ghost or a man! Who eyed them askance with a rueful grimace; He was stamping with pain, and was mopping his face.

Buck Fanshaw's Funeral-Committeeman and Minister.

Somebody has said that in order to know a community, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony.