

**"Out of the Darkness into His Marvelous Light."**

The following beautiful lines were picked up in S. Luke's church, Toronto:—

Out of the darkness into the light,  
The parting spirit hath taken its flight;  
"Ashes to ashes"—we sorrowing cry,  
"Dust to dust"—in our agony.  
The breaking heart thy requiem sings,  
While the faithful soul on angel wings  
Is upward borne in its garments white,  
Out of the darkness into the light!

Out of the darkness into the light—  
No more sickness, no more sighing,  
No more suffering, self-denying,  
No more weakness, no more pain,  
Never weariness of soul again,  
No more clouds and no more night—  
Out of the darkness into the light!

Out of the darkness into the light—  
No more sadness, no more sorrow,  
No more doubts of "that to-morrow,"  
No more partings, no more tears,  
Never again oppressed with fears,  
But soaring away in her vestments bright,  
Out of the darkness into the light!

Out of the darkness into the light—  
Into the light of the heavenly shore,  
One loving and glorified saint the more,  
One more voice in joy to sing  
His marvelous praises, Who yet doth bring  
The faithful soul, by His gracious might,  
Out of the darkness into the light!

Morrison, Nov. 5th, 1885.

**The Sunshine of a Woman's Face.**

We all know the woman who in the eyes of the world is neither pretty nor even good looking, yet there is something in her face which exhilarates you the moment you see her. Her face is always like a cloudless June morning. You ask what it is in that woman's face which makes it so beautiful to everybody. It is sunshine; it warms and permeates to the farthest corner, and everybody and everything is made happy by it. It makes a woman beautiful; she whose features are regularly cut, whose skin is immaculate, whose hair is like spun gold, whose eyes are like stars, is not lovely unless her face be bright with sunshine from the soul. The woman to whom nature has denied even the modest outward sign of beauty is made lovely by its possession. Who can live without sunshine—mental sunshine, I mean? At home the sunshiny woman makes life a blessing. To have a bright, sunshiny face you must first have a golden heart, for the one is the reflection of the other, and this is the way: Be considerate of others and their comfort. Think the best of every human being, and do not impute evil motives to any one. Be thoughtful; be loving; be generous with words of praise. All these cultivated virtues will show themselves on your face and make it a glad sight. Ignoble deeds and thoughts make wrinkles, and cause the eyes to contract.

The face is the outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace, and there is no virtue so beautiful as the one that makes you a giver of good gifts in the way of brightness.

**About Remarkable Cats.**

A certain household in a London suburb were without a cat, and the mice grew thick. A very beautiful tabby was given to them. But lo and behold, she proved to be a sad thief, and stole all from the pantry that she could get her claws on. She was given away, and sent away, but she came back. Besides this, she proved to be very much a belle of the neighbourhood, and the garden of her owners was full of the most awful concerts each night. Finally she was drowned. The weather was too cold to dig her grave at once, and while waiting for sunshine, as it was freezing outside, the body of the sinner was laid in an old arbour. The next day, as one of the family was walking toward the arbour, what did he see but a strange cat, dark in colour, squatted down beside the dead tabby. The coming of the person disturbed him, and he ran away. The next day he was seen in the same position, and the next. It was the cat of a neighbour that had been fond of playing with the

deceased. A third day of freezing cold came, and lo, the stranger was discovered to be again beside his playmate—but dead. He had been frozen to death while mourning for his friend. The family buried them in the same grave in the garden, like lovers in old ballads.

Cats are not only grateful, but generous. Here is a very remarkable story, but quite a true one as to that.

A well known member of the British Zoological Society owned a very large and solemn-looking cat, very dignified and well-bred. He was allowed to come to the family dinner-table, only two or three persons being in the household, and sat upon a chair, wore a napkin round his neck, and always enjoyed a piece of fish. The fish he ate by taking it from the plate with his paws, in the pieces into which his master cut it; but he behaved beautifully, and usually had a second supply from his master's plate. One day he did not come to the dinner-table at the sound of the bell. Just as the family were eating their third course in he rushed. He sprang up next to his master, and it was seen, to the general dismay of all, that he had two mice in his mouth. One he dropped into his master's plate, and the other into his own, and looked up with the greatest pride and pleasure.—*Harper's Young People.*

**Cheap Pleasures.**

"Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures?" asks a writer. "Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look; they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighbourhood, who is the mother of a half-dozen children. Send them a half-peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly the sunshine will play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a few kind words to him, and he forgets his toil, and works away without minding it. You employ a man; pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to lighten up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face; say 'good morning' as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbour. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and elsewhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?"

**Air and Flavour.**

Two very delicate things these are; so subtle that it seems impossible to describe either of them. But no two things in life are so essential to satisfaction and health as a good atmosphere and a fair flavour. They are intangible, invisible, yet so incorporated into everything around us that we cannot separate them or even change them without changing all our surroundings at the same time. We breathe the atmosphere, we taste the flavour—we grow accustomed to them; and even where the air is heavy with disease and the flavour of the water rank with decaying matter, constant use makes us indifferent to the evil.

Our characters and minds exist in a mental atmosphere as subtle and as invisible as the air around us, and are feeding on foods of very various moral flavours. We can train our minds to quick, energetic life by healthy reading, or render them sluggish and dull by allowing them to remain in the heavier atmosphere of literary miasmas. No outside warning comes to us. The deadly climate of the tropics seems brighter, and the luxuriant foliage of African rivers more charm-

ing, than the colder and more rigorous air of the north. Long residence, continued use, fit the mind or the body for its surroundings, and the inveterate jester at last sees nothing serious in life; the mind fed on fairy tales to the exclusion of facts finds nothing real or reliable, and the fancy filled with ghosts or genii loses all knowledge of natural things in its atmosphere of supernaturalism.

It is by the flavour of our lives that their worth is to be judged. In the market place a tainted article of food is valueless, be the taint ever so slight; and a slight, almost indistinguishable, difference in flavour will double the price. It is because the flavour cannot be made, cannot be bought separately, cannot be incorporated into the fruit after it is grown. It must grow with its growth, and when the fruit ripens or the life is complete, the final flavour will tell the whole story and fix the true value to each of them. The trained taste of the world will render the verdict and decide upon their relative worth.

**A Sermon in Rhyme.**

If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him. Yes, and let him know  
That you love him, ere life's evening  
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.  
Why should good words ne'er be said  
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,  
Sung by any child of song,  
Praise it. Do not let the singer  
Wait deserved praises long.  
Why should one who thrills your heart  
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,  
By its humble, pleading tone,  
Join it. Do not let the seeker  
Bow before his God alone.  
Why should not your brother share  
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling  
From a brother's weeping eyes,  
Share them, and by kindly sharing,  
Own your kinship with the skies.  
Why should any one be glad  
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling,  
Through the sunshine on his face,  
Share it—'tis the wise man's saying—  
For both grief and joy a place.  
There's health and goodness in the mirth  
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy  
By a friendly, helping hand,  
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,  
Ere the darkness veil the land.  
Should a brother workman dear  
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,  
All enriching as you go;  
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,  
He will make each seed to grow.  
So, until its happy end,  
Your life shall never lack a friend.

—Rev. Dr. D. W. Hoyt, in *Herald and Presbyterian*.

**Worth Imitating.**

The life of the Princess Alice abounds in beautiful and suggestive lessons. There is one that we wish mothers would learn. In a letter to the Queen she writes:—

"The children are beside themselves with pleasure at the pretty country and the scrambling walks, but above all, at the wild flowers, about which they are getting quite learned. I find them in a book for them, and even Ernio knows some names, and never calls them wrong. All my children are great lovers of nature, and I develop this as much as I can. It makes life so rich, and they can never feel dull anywhere, if they know how to seek and find around them the thousand beauties and wonders of nature. They are very happy and contented, and always see that the less people have the less they want, and the greater is the enjoyment of that which they have. I bring my children up as simply and with as few wants as I can, and above all teach them to help themselves and others, so as to become independent."

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