

## BE BRAVE.

Oh, heart, be brave!

And, though thy dearest, fairest hopes decay,  
Hopes all fulfilled shall crown another day:  
Thou shalt not always grieve beside a grave.

Oh, heart, be strong!

Be valiant to do battle for the right;  
Hold high truth's staff, and flag; walk in the light  
And bow not weak to the rule of wrong.  
—Whittier.

## HOW DR. JOHNSON SPENT SUNDAY.

BOSWELL tells us that Dr. Johnson, at the age of forty-seven, drew up the following scheme of life for Sunday, "having lived not without an habitual reverence for the Sabbath, yet without that attention to its religious duties which Christianity requires":—

"1. To rise early, and in order to do it to go to sleep early on Saturday.

"2. To use some extraordinary devotion in the morning.

"3. To examine the tenor of my life, and particularly the last week, and to mark my advances in religion, or recession from it.

"4. To read the Scripture methodically with such helps as are at hand.

"5. To go to church twice.

"6. To read books of Divinity, either speculative or practical.

"7. To instruct my family.

"8. To wear off by meditation any worldly dross contracted in the week."  
—*The Rock*.

ONE little grain in the sandy bars;  
One little flower in the field of flowers;  
One little star in a heaven of stars;  
One little hour in a year of hours,—  
What if it makes, or what if it mars:

But the bar is built of the little grains;  
And the little flowers make the meadows gay  
And the little stars light the heavenly plains;  
And the little hours of each little day  
Give to us all that life contains.  
—*Selected*.

## AN OLD-TIME HOMILY.

REMEMBER, O man, thou art vanity, thou art dying every day, and every hour. As soon as we are born we begin to die; the very first hour that gave us life takes some part of it away. Death shares this day with thee. O, whatever thou dost, think of thy latter end. "The days of man are determined, the number of his months are with God, his bounds are appointed that he cannot pass." He cannot, alas! he cannot

pass. And not only that, but he cannot know how near he is to them. Wilt thou then be free from sudden death? Always let death be in thy thoughts. Learn to meditate continually on death. No one dies suddenly that does this. "Remember you must die."—*Jeremy Drexelius*.

## Boys and Girls' Corner.

THE results of the competition for prizes, which closed on February 15, will be announced in the April number.

## HINTS TO THE NEWLY CONFIRMED.

## A DAILY PRAYER.

DEFEND me, O Lord, with Thy Heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine forever, and may daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come unto Thy everlasting Kingdom. —Amen.

## BE HUMBLE.

Endeavour to live in a deep sense of your sinfulness and weakness, and of the all-sufficiency of the grace of Christ and the power of His Spirit.

Without Me ye can do nothing.—*St. John xv. 5*.

I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.—*Phil. iv. 13*.

## BE WATCHFUL.

Remember that the enemy of your soul desires its ruin. Resist the beginnings of sin, whether they come by evil thoughts, evil company, or idleness. In conversation ask yourself, Is what I am about to say *true*? is it *useful*? is it *kind*?

Be sober, be vigilant; . . . whom resist, steadfast in the faith.—*1. Peter, viii, 9*.

## BE PRAYERFUL.

Be constant in your attendance at church and at the Holy Communion. Pray also when you lie down and when you rise up. Pray—where there is most need to pray—in your daily employments. Is anger rising? Pray. Are you inclined in the presence of others to be ashamed of Christ? Pray. Does temptation assault? Pray.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—*Ps. cxvii. 1*.

Pray without ceasing.—*1 Thess. v. 17*.

## BE FAITHFUL.

"Be thou faithful unto death." Do all, "looking unto Jesus," and resting on His grace.

"And" the promise of the Lord is:—"I WILL GIVE THEE A CROWN OF LIFE."

## OLGA'S DREAM.

TOWARDS the close of a dull November day, Olga climbed into the big arm-chair which stood before the blazing wood fire. Marie was cross, and had a great pile of clothes to mend. The sleepy cat, stretched on the rug at her feet, refused to open her yellow eyes and play with the spool which Olga dangled enticingly over her paws. Papa wouldn't be back from the city till nearly tea-time; so, with a sigh, she cuddled into a little heap on the soft cushions, and watched the canary hopping about his cage. As she gazed dreamily at the pretty creature he vanished away, and she found herself in a large garden. Flowers grew on every side, and the air was filled with the perfume of roses. A little brook ran through the centre and made a silvery tinkling as it flowed over the pebbles. But what instantly attracted her attention were the birds of every variety which flew through the air or perched on trees and bushes. Tiny humming-birds, gaudy parrots, sober looking crows and noisy sparrows, were all there, with many others.

As Olga gazed about in a bewildered way, a blackbird, followed by three fledglings who were learning to take a few timid flights, came towards her, and much to her surprise, the mother bird said in a chirpy little voice, "I suppose you are wondering where all these birds come from and why they are here. This, you must know, is '*the bird's paradise*,' and those which you see have been hunted down and killed for their beautiful feathers. Here we live our innocent, happy lives, where the cruelty of man cannot reach us and no one covets the glossy plumage with which our Heavenly Father has clothed us.

"I will tell you how I came to be here. It is a sad tale, but one which is, alas! only too common.

"One, bright, sunshiny day in early spring I was standing on the edge of my nest, which was in the branches of a lofty maple. Our little ones were very hungry, and my mate had gone to find some dinner for them. Just as he came fly-