

man require the same thing for us; for no man ought to pray for himself alone. And this is a great consolation to all christian people; for the Scripture saith that the prayers of one just man availeth much with God; and therefore, when many just and goodly men do make their supplications unto God with one accord, we may be sure that their prayers are heard.—*Cranmer.*

Children's Department.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Ere I lay me down to rest,
Jesus hear a child's request;
I can only lisp my prayer,
Asking for Thy love and care.
I am very young and weak;
Gentle Jesus, hear me speak;
See thy child on bended knee—
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Let me now Thy kindness prove—
What I want is Jesus' love;
Save Thy little child from harm,
Clasp me in Thy loving arm.
Ere I sleep upon my bed,
Lay Thy hands upon my head;
Thy sweet blessing give to me,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Me, Thy ransomed child, receive,
All my naughty words forgive;
Peace bestow and joy impart
Sealed upon my childish heart.
Sprinkle me with Thy dear blood;
Make me holy, meek, and good;
Like Thyself thy child would be—
Suffer me to come to Thee.

O'er my bed may angels keep
Watch, while I in safety sleep.
Let me rest upon Thy breast,
Let my dreams be bright and blest;
When I in the morning wake,
Into Thy protection take,
Till in heaven Thy face I see,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

WHAT MADE ALICE AFRAID OF THE DARK.

"Mamma, sister is going away to-morrow, must I sleep by myself?" asked little Alice King of her mamma.

"Yes, dear;" but seeing the look of sadness that passed over her face she said, "Surely, Alice, you are not afraid, are you?"

Instead of answering her, Alice burst into tears and ran out of the room.

Mrs. King did not go after her then, but the next morning Alice came into her mamma's room and said, "I wish you would let me sleep with Jane (the servant) to-night, mamma."

"Why, Alice, of what are you afraid? nothing can hurt you, for God can keep you from harm."

"Oh, mamma, I am frightened at the dark."

"Alice, I am ashamed of you. Cannot God see in the dark as well as in the light? I must cure you of that silly fault: you must sleep by yourself to-night."

Alice's papa had a greenhouse, in which he took a great deal of pride, as it had many foreign plants and flowers in it. Alice had been forbidden to enter without her mamma or elder sister. Her sister being at school, and her mamma busy at the time when she wanted to go, she went in by herself, but not without a certain little voice within telling her it was wrong; but she did not pay any heed to it. Soon a little mouse ran across the floor of the greenhouse, and Alice was running after it, when her shoulder touched a shelf filled with choice plants, and it fell on her. She glanced to see what mischief she had done, and then was quickly gone.

Did she go and tell all? No; Alice was a coward, for when her papa asked about it she said, "I don't know anything about it." This is what made her afraid of the dark.

The time arrived at last when Alice was to sleep by herself. Soon after she was in bed, and the

light taken away, her mamma came to see that all was right, but was surprised to hear sobs coming from under the bed-clothes.

"Alice, dear, there must be something the matter with you: have you been naughty?"

"Oh, mamma, I have been so very naughty!" Then Alice told all. Her papa and mamma forgave her, and asked God to do so too, and they told her how wrong it is not to tell at once of a fault committed instead of delaying it.

My dear young friends, do not make your fault worse by adding a lie to it; but when you have done wrong, go boldly to your father or mother and ask them to forgive you, and I am sure they will.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

A Poor man, who possessed a fine large dog, had occasion to remove from one village to another some distance off. For the purpose of transporting his goods he employed a small van, on which the furniture was packed, the man leading the horse, while his dog brought up the rear. On arriving at his destination and unloading the van the man was astonished that a chair and basket were missing from the back part of the van, and the dog also could not be found. The day passed but no dog was forthcoming, and the poor man began to fear that something had happened to his dumb retainer. The next morning, as he was on the way to the old cottage to take away another load, judge of his astonishment, and delight when he saw by the roadside not only his lost property, but his faithful dog, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them. The articles had fallen, doubtless, from the van, which the man had not observed; but his watchful companion had deemed it his duty to remain and protect his master's property. Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never deserted his self-imposed charge until he could surrender it to its rightful owner. The joy of both master and servant was without doubt great at the meeting.

"BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK!"

Alone in the darkness, 'mid wind and rain,
A gentle sound comes again and again—
A sound not of earth, in its tender tone—
A voice that would melt a heart of stone!

A figure stands at a fast-closed door,
With choking weeds and thorns covered o'er!
The damp night-dews stream down from His hair
Oh, wherefore stands He so patiently there!

With a sweet, sad look on his loving face,
He knocks, in the depth of His matchless grace,
And rising above the night's wild din,
His voice is pleading, "Oh, let me in!"

"O heavenly Knocker! wherefore hast thou
That sharp thorn crown twisted round Thy brow?
Say, wherefore Thy hands are pierced and scarred,
And Thy face with a wondrous sorrow marred?"

"My child these scars, and this crown of thorn,
For thee, in my heart of love, I have worn;
I passed through the depth of a woe untold,
To bring My wandering lambs to the fold.

"And now I stand and knock at thy door,
And fain would My feet pass thy threshold o'er,
Without it is, dark and fierce is the night;
Behold, I bring with me a heavenly light,

"Then open, O child that I may come in,
And rouse from out of thy sleep of sin;
The night wears on; behold I wait;
When I turn away, it will be too late!

"O heavenly stranger my heart is stirr'd
To its very depths at each tender word!
With hot loving tears I open wide;
Enter, O Lord, and with me abide!"

MY MOTHER.

I was but five years old when my mother died, but her image is as distinct in my recollection, now that twenty years have elapsed, as it was at the time of death. I remember her, as a pale,

beautiful, gentle being, with a sweet smile and a voice that was soft and cheerful, when she praised me, and when I had erred, for I was a wild thoughtless child, there was a trembling mildness about it, that always went to my little heart. And then she was so kind, so patient; methinks I can now see her large blue eyes moist with sorrow because of my childish waywardness and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so." I recollect she had for a long time been pale and feeble and that sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well, but then she sometimes spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me "to be good when she was gone, and love my father a great deal for he would have no one else to love." I recollect she was very sick all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for a whole day and it seemed very long. At night they told me my mother was too sick to kiss me, as she always used to do before I went to bed; and I must go without it. But I could not: I stole into the room and laying my lips close to her, whispered "mother, mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold; and when she put her arms around me, laid my head upon her bosom, and one hand upon my cheek, I felt a cold shuddering creep all over me. My father carried me from the room but he could not speak. After he put me in bed I laid a long while thinking, I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheeks felt cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they laid her in the ground. But the impressions of mortality are always indistinct in childhood, and I soon fell asleep. I hastened to my mother's room. A white napkin covered her face—I removed it—it was just as I feared. Her eyes were closed, her cheek was cold and hard, and only the lovely expression that always rested upon her lips remained. In an instant all the little faults for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be if she would but stay with me. She was buried—but the memory of the funeral is indistinct. I only retain the impression which her precepts and example left upon my mind. I was a passionate, headstrong boy, but I never yielded to this turn of my disposition without fancying I saw her mild tearful eye fixed upon me just as she used to do in life. And then when I had succeeded in overcoming it, her sweet smile of approbation beamed upon me, and I was happy. My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was forever with me strengthening my good resolutions, and weakening my propensity to evil. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not, would not do it. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed and wept over me, and that even on the threshold of the grave, her anxiety for my welfare had caused her spirit to linger that she might pray once more for me I resolved to become all she could desire. This resolution I have never forgotten. It helped me to subdue the waywardness of childhood, protected me through the temptations of youth, and will comfort and support me through the busier scenes of manhood. Whatever there is that is estimable in my character, I owe to the impression of goodness made upon my infant mind by the exemplary conduct and faithful instructions of my excellent mother.

Do you want a Scriptural assurance of your interest in Christ? It can only be maintained by an unshaken reliance on His atonement, and a growing conformity to His image; "we are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Beware, then, of substituting an idea for a real sanctification. Let nothing satisfy you but a real work of grace in the heart, evidencing itself by those fruits of the Spirit which are all goodness and righteousness and truth.

DEATH.

On March 14th, suddenly, of apoplexy, in the 60th year of her age, most sincerely lamented, Grace Matilda, wife of Rev. J. Carry, B.D., Carlton.