

that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." Then, having taken these steps, why not say so? Where? In the church. Yet there are hundreds of people who are seemingly out of the fold because they will not confess that they are already in it. It is a mean thing not to acknowledge our obligations to our friends. It is a meaner thing to refuse to acknowledge the Lord, who gives us "life and breath and all things."

Some of the good old hymns have given full expression to this sentiment:

Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found.

In the great day when the sheep and the goats shall be separated, who will blush to say, "The Lord hath done great things for me whereof I am glad"? This will be before countless millions, and before One who is greater than the kings of the earth.

"They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard."

Tell it! Oh, tell it! Show your colours! Where would we have placed the man in our Civil War who failed to own on which side he belonged? There was no shirking at that time. Why should there be in a more important cause? Therefore, "Bless ye the Lord. Speak." Judges v. 9, 10.—*Mrs. Peter Stryker, in Christian Intelligencer.*

BAD BOOKS.

Never, under any circumstances, read a bad book; and never spend a serious hour in reading a second-rate book. No words can overstate the mischief of bad reading. A bad book will often haunt a man his whole life long. It is often remembered when much that is better is forgotten; it intrudes itself at the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions. Reading trashy, second-rate books is grievous waste of time also. In the first place there are a great many more first-rate books than ever you can master; and in the second place you cannot read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a first-

rate book. Books, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect to this as you can safely neglect any other duty that is cast upon you.—*Lord Coleridge.*

THE SHEPHERD.

I watched a shepherd following his sheep,
And saw him, through the shadeless summer day,
With rod and staff their wand'ring footsteps keep,
And guide them in the safe and pleasant way.

This through the day, but when the night had come,
And evening dews upon the grass lay cold,
I saw them meekly follow, one by one,
To the warm shelter of the waiting fold.

All save one stubborn sheep which still would stray,
And heedless linger in the meadows cold;
Till by his rod the shepherd showed the way,
And with sharp smiting drove her to the fold.

And in that straying one myself I saw;
Saw how to gentleness I would not yield,
Till from Thy rod I learned to love Thy law,
And by Thy stripes my wanderings were healed.

—*Mrs. Harriet G. Smith, in Parish Messenger.*

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Last summer I was in Norway, and one of the party was a lady who was too delicate to attempt great mountain excursions, but found an infinite compensation in the rowing along the fringed shores of the Fjord. One day we had followed a narrow Fjord, landed, and pushed our way through the brush of birch and alder, making a devious track which it was hard or impossible to retrace. Suddenly my companion found that her golosh was gone. To be without it meant an end to all the delightful rambles. With the utmost diligence, therefore, we searched the brake, retraced our steps, recalled each precipitous descent of heather-covered rock, and every sapling of silver birch by which we had steadied our steps. But neither the owner's eyes, which are as keen as needles, nor mine, which are not, could discover any sign of the missing shoe. With woe-filled countenances we had to give it

up and start on our three miles' row along the Fjord to the hotel.

In the afternoon the idea came to me, "And why not ask our gracious Father for guidance in this trifle as well as for all the weightier things which we are constantly committing to His care? If the hairs of our head are all numbered, why not also the shoes of our feet?" I therefore asked Him that we might recover this lost golosh. And then I proposed that we should row back to the place. When we reached the end of the Fjord and had lashed the boat to the shore, I sprang on the rocks and went, I know not how or why, to one spot, not far from the water, a spot which I should have said we had searched again and again in the morning, and there lay the shoe before my eyes, obvious, as if it had fallen from heaven.

I think I hear the cold laugh of prayerless men. "And that is the kind of thing on which you rest your belief in prayer; a happy accident. Well, if you are superstitious enough to attach any importance to that, you would swallow anything." And with a smile, not, I trust, scornful or impatient, but full of quiet joy, I would reply: "Yes, if you will, that is the kind of thing; a trifle rising to the surface from the depths of a Father's love and compassion.—*Rev Dr. R. F. Horton, in London Sunday Magazine.*

CONFIRMATION.

By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., author of "Bright and Fair," etc.

I regard confirmation, when rightly understood, as affording real assistance in deciding for Christ. In many cases serious impressions have been received or deepened, and not a few can look back to this season as one when they yielded themselves entirely to Him.

Value this ordinance, and use it thoughtfully and prayerfully. If you have not been confirmed already, come forward when you have opportunity, and give yourself to a careful use of the precious preparation time. Study to gain a clear and distinct knowledge of Christian doctrine. Look backward on the path you have already trodden, and see where you have