

them into symmetry and to make perfect trees of them.

So with the child. Its early training lasts for a lifetime, and, unless there are elements in its character, and will power, to correct its evil bringing up, it naturally grows worse and worse as it grows older.—*Exchange*.

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

FR. M. "HOME WORDS."

All we Need.—"All that the Church of England needs to make her the glory of all Churches, is the spirit of her own services."—*W. Marsh, D.D.*

The Prayer Book and the Bible.—The Prayer Book has drawn so much of the Bible unto itself that it shines all over with its derived and reflected glory, and is an incomparable "Companion" to it.—*Dr. H. C. G. Moule.*

Voices from the Past.—"Our Common Prayer Book was the Prayer Book of our fathers, and of our fathers' fathers. As we look into the years of the distant past, we seem to hear their voices still, as we speak in our turn to God in these dear prayers and psalms."—*Idem.*

Antiquity—Fragments of the Communion Service may be nearly as ancient as St. John's time. Many Collects are at least 1,200 years old. We may fairly speak of our English Prayer Book, as a whole, as almost exactly 300 years old.—*Idem.*

"No Prayers like them."—When George Herbert was dying and his friends were praying with him, they asked him what prayers he would wish to have offered. "The prayers of the Church of England," he replied; "there are no prayers like them."—*Herbert's Life.*

A Pitman's Testimony.—A pitman in Durham Diocese was asked why he loved the Prayer Book. He answered; "One sentence in the Litany, if there were none other, would of itself be sufficient to save the world. It is this: 'O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.' I have felt in these words the sweet drawings of a Father's love, the

cleansing power of a Saviour's blood, and the Sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit; and I have felt my soul entwined, as it were, in the Sacred Three."—*Canon A. R. Fausset, D.D.*

ALONE WITH GOD.

In these days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast; we live in what is called the "age of progress," and you know we must keep pace with the times. So the world says. But this spirit of the world has not confined itself to the world. It is, alas! to be found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God. . . .

This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that cannot be over-valued. Let us turn to the pages of God's Book. On scanning its precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "the school of God," as it has been well said; and His school was simply this—"in the desert alone with Himself." It was there they got their teaching. Far removed from the din of the haunts of men—distant alike from human eye and ear—there they met alone with God; there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God; for the battle had been won already in the desert with Him.—*London Christian.*

Don't think your gift so small, your brain so narrow, that you can do nothing to help the Church to spread the Gospel and to compel men to come in. Don't forget your opportunities, but resolve by the grace of God that you and your ministers will strive together to make His name known to those who are walking in darkness.—*Bishop Potter.*

THE SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowing sisters, but could as well be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honoured and welcomed guest. In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and expression and embodiment of the God of Love. The morose reformer is not likely to be bidden to feasts where his presence is only a gloomy shadow, and his countenance as a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy purity this was not the impression made by Him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about Him, or the mothers would not have thronged around Him with their little ones, the despised sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help, the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment, or their expression of innocent joy, in the midst of social converse. Who wreathed the mouth with smiles that answer to smiles? Who made the dimples, too, in the baby's face? Who lit the glad loving light in its eyes, as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother? Why will we not remember that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?—*Selected.*

BE YE READY.

A lady had a strange dream lately. She says, "I dreamed I was sitting with my sister in a room, when suddenly a shadow crossed the window, and she sprang up, exclaiming, 'It is time! He is coming! He is coming!' I also sprang up eagerly, but as I did so I had a doubt in my mind as to whether I was as glad as she was, or as I ought to be, and though I had believed firmly in His near coming, and taught it to others