

is the marble font at the west end of the church. The plan of the decoration is good. Continuous titles of our Saviour in crimson letters on white ground edged with evergreen run up each side of the nave about seven feet from the floor, forming a very pretty dado—"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, Emanuel, the Son of David, the Desire of all Nations, the Lord our Righteousness, and His name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Over the west entrance, below the windows, and in the same form and colours, "Behold bring good tidings of great joy; Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." Between the windows, banners bearing the names Nazareth, Bethlehem, and designs in evergreen are hung. A new rood screen of Gothic design, with cross over central arch, has been erected. This has been very tastefully trimmed with evergreen, the lines being followed, while above the capitals of the pillars, between the spring of the arches, gilt shields are hung, designed with red cross with blue medallion in the centre bearing the sacred monogram. The reredos, of three panels, is ornamented with evergreen borders on white ground, with the text "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy" in white on red ground over the top. Round the arch of the centre panel is the text "Christ is born in Bethlehem." On each side of the east window a long painted banner is hung, that on the north being white with red cross, in the centre of which is a medallion bearing the sacred monogram. On the south, white with gold cross, and red scroll above and below, bearing, in gilt letters, the words "In Hoc signo Vincas." On the north side of the chancel are three banners, the two outer being white with blue medallions edged with gold, having a red circle bearing the sacred monogram, with gold stars between it and the edge of the medallion, the middle one being red with gold Alpha and Omega, and over it a crown of glory. On the north side a simple red banner is hung, the rest of the space being occupied by the organ. The altar is dressed in white, with red and gold designs, and the lectern, reading desk and pulpit have white bannerets hanging from them, the one on the pulpit being especially worthy of mention. It is of white plush, trimmed with gold fringe, and bears the words "Glad tidings" in raised Gothic letters. This, with numerous other designs in evergreen, complete the decorations.

I hope you will find space for my rather lengthy letter in your columns, its only apology being a desire to interest your readers in the Church work in this distant Province. CRUCIS.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

NEVER ridicule sacred things or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, and on no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person, who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from you in political and religious subjects.

Not to dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor with any sort of an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest so as to hurt the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of yourself and those who are near you.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never to court the favour of the rich by flattering vanities or their riches.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially of circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review your conduct and note your feelings.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

Keep Close to Me, My God.

KEEP close to me, my God;

Keep close to me!

The storm is beating on me fierce and wild—

Thy face is hidden from Thy weary child:

O'er me the billows heavily do roll,

And threaten to engulf my fainting soul.

Oh, be Thine arm my sure support and stay,

Or else the flood will sweep me far away,

Keep close to me, my God—

Oh, close to me!

I hide me, close to Thee, my God;

Aye, close to Thee!

None else can know my bitterness of grief,

Nor any heart, save Thine, can bring relief.

I fear my hands may slip from off their hold—

The winds are keen, the storm is very cold,

But if Thou hold me, I can still endure

Till night is past and morning breaketh sure.

Oh! keep me close to Thee, my God;

Aye, close to Thee.

—Selected.

The Work of Grace.

IN man's condition as a fallen and corrupt being, there is a single great work to be wrought within him. He is to be brought back from rebellion in sin to obedience unto God. He is to be renewed in character, and tastes, and habits, and affections, that the powers of mind and body with which he has been endowed may be devoted again to the service and glory of his Creator. This work is a single great operation upon his nature and heart accomplished by the power of the Holy Spirit, whose office in the covenant of redemption, is to make him a partaker of the Divine promises in his behalf, and to render him meet to be a servant and child of God forever. This work is called by various titles, as it is regarded under its various aspects. But it is still the same single, uniform work of the Spirit in man, leading him back from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan unto God. As it is regarded under one view it is called *repentance*, under another *faith*, under another, *conversion*; all these various expressions designate the same work of the Spirit under different aspects in which it is viewed. We are not to speak of these as if they were different things, or in a succession to each other in time. Man does not first repent, and then believe, and then enter upon a new obedience. They are simultaneous. They are of necessity connected together. They are but different aspects of the same thing. They cannot, therefore, be separated. As we view this work of grace in reference to the sinful life which is forsaken, we call it repentance. As we consider it in relation to the motives and promises by which it is induced, we call it faith. As it is considered in reference to the power of the Spirit which produces it, we call it a new creation. But all these expressions mean one and the same thing. They describe, under various aspects, that one work of the Spirit, by which a sinful and rebellious man becomes obedient to God, zealous of good works in His service—renewed in holiness after the image of Jesus, and purified and made a child of God in newness of life. The consideration of this identity in the work of religion upon man is most important. He that hath one part of this divine work hath all. He is penitent, he is believing, he is renewed, he is obedient. It is not possible that he should have one member of the new man and be destitute of others. He may be accustomed to fix his thoughts and views more upon one aspect of the work of grace in his heart than upon another, and it may thus appear more distinctly developed to his own mind, and he may, in comparison, think himself destitute of the others which are less noticed. But this is not true in fact, and adequate instruction and discrimination would show how certainly God accomplishes His whole work of mercy where he works for man at all.

Led from Doubt.

A HEBREW sage, noticing that words fitly spoken remained fixed in the memory and roused men to right actions, crystalized his observation into this aphorism:—

"Words of wise men are as goads and as nails driven in."

A story, associated with an old, hedridden Welsh woman, who lived in a village in the State of New York, illustrates this aphorism.

Her mind, enfeebled by old age and disease, had become so weak that events came and went, and she heeded them not. Yet her memory held with tenacity old Welsh hymns and texts of scripture, which she had learned during her long Christian life. Hour after hour she would repeat them to herself, and never seemed to weary of their familiar sound.

The clergyman who was her pastor, though an Englishman by birth, had spent several years in Wales during his youth, and was familiar with its language. It was a delight to the old woman when he could spend an hour at her bedside and read to her from the Welsh Bible, or repeat the hymns of her native tongue.

Her husband, an avowed sceptic, was cold and unapproachable. Towards God and man he was exceedingly bitter; but towards his helpless wife he was patient and tender, for he loved her intensely—a true husband. For her sake he tolerated the minister's visits, but by no word or look did he ever recognize the clergyman's presence in the house.

One summer the clergyman revisited England and Wales. On his return to his parish, he made an early call on his sick friend and parishioner, the Welsh woman. Her face lighted with joy as she reached out her withered hands to greet him, and she listened eagerly while he repeated some of her favorite hymns, and also several new ones he had learned in Wales.

One of these so met her wants that she called for its repetition again and again—On the clergyman's departure, she begged him to come on the morrow and again repeat to her the "beautiful words."

On his second visit she asked that he would teach the words to her. Though doubting her ability to learn them, he could not refuse her request. He repeated the words, but so far as her memory was concerned, it seemed like pouring water into a sieve. So earnestly, however, did the sick woman endeavour to retain the lines, that useless as it was, he had not the heart to discourage her efforts.

She grew worse, and her death seemed not far away. But every day her face brightened at his coming, and she persistently repeated after him:

"O Arglwydd cladd fy' mia,

Gin dydd fy' gladdin fy;

Yn eigion Mor o anghof

Sydd ny dy garlad dy."

"O Lord, bury my sins before the day of my burial,
"In the depths of the sea of forgetfulness which is in Thy love."

When death came she passed from earth with these words on her lips.

A month after her death, as the clergyman was sitting one evening in his study, some one knocked at the door. In answer to his "Come in," the husband of the Welsh woman entered. He walked directly up to him, and grasping his hand, exclaimed:—

"O sir, I must find Nancy's God? Tell me, is His sea of forgetfulness deep enough to bury my sins? I can't get away from those lines. They ring in my ears day and night. Will you show me how to find this God of love?"

The pastor gladly endeavored to lead him to a true conception of God and His relations to Him, and soon had the pleasure of seeing his doubts give way to settled religious belief. The old Welsh stanza had been a messenger from God to him.—*Exchange.*

THIS, from the late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, is the most incisive temperance sermon we have heard; "Whisky is the devil's way to man, and man's way to the devil."