

subsequent time. These principles, which were intended to underlie the general ecclesiastical constitution of the Church in the United States, provided for the meeting "of the Episcopal Church" in "a General Convention;" for the representation of "the Episcopal Church in each State," by deputies "consisting of clergy and laity;" that the "Church shall maintain the doctrine of the Gospel as now held by the Church of England; and shall adhere to the Liturgy of the said Church as far as shall be consistent with the American Revolution and the Constitutions of the respective States;" that a "bishop; duly consecrated and settled," shall be "a member of the convention *ex-officio*;" that the clergy and laity in convention shall deliberate together, but not separately; that the concurrence of both orders shall be necessary for the validity of a vote; and that the final meeting assemble in Philadelphia on the Tuesday before the Feast of St. Michael, 1785." Such are the recorded proceedings, as given to the world at the time of one of the most important ecclesiastical gatherings on record. The recognition by this preliminary convention of the importance and right of lay representation in the councils of the Church was perhaps the most important "principle" of those enunciated as "fundamental" to the organization of the American Church. From other sources than the "broadside" account of this meeting, we learn that though the Church in Connecticut, as well as the Churches in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, were represented in this October meeting in New York, the New England churchmen were disposed to defer the organization of the Church until the completion of the negotiations then pending for the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Seabury, the Bishop-elect of Connecticut, and the presence of one in Episcopal orders in the land. This happy result was shortly accomplished. On the 14th of November, 1784, in an "upper room" in Aberdeen, the first Bishop of Connecticut received consecration at the hands of the Bishops of the Church in Scotland, and early the following year was enthusiastically welcomed to his See. In the measures for organization subsequent to the arrival of Bishop Seabury, the New England churchmen kept aloof, till in 1789, a union was happily effected between the Church at the North and the Churches in the Middle and Southern States. This preliminary meeting in New York took measures for the preparation of "a proper substitute for the State Prayers in the Liturgy," and in view of the widespread lack of clerical ministrations, made provision for the examination and accrediting of suitable lay readers in the vacant parishes. It was in a spirit of practical good sense as well as thorough loyalty to the Church of their baptism and love, that the members of this Convention addressed themselves to their task of a Church's organization. Their faith and zeal received an abundant reward in a revived and reunited Church.—(To be continued.)

AN UNFAILING ONE.

He who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed will feed;
He who hath blessed will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close his ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never,
So rest on Him, to-day, forever!
Then trust him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In his beloved hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting him who faileth never,
We rest on him, to-day, forever!

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

TWO LITTLE PRAYERS.

[Two little prayers—one for morning and one for evening—which some of the children may like to learn and repeat, in addition to those they already know.]

MORNING PRAYER.

May I this day my Lord obey,
Be true, obedient, kind and sweet,
Attend to what my parents say,
On errands run with willing feet.
I thank the Lord for happy rest,
I know He sends me what is best;
And if I sleep or if I wake,
I all things ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER.

Dear Lord, I pray Thee, round my home
To bid the watching angels come;
Take care of all I love to-night,
And guard us till the morning light;
Forgive Thy little child for sin,
And make me clean and pure within;
And when I rest, and when I rise,
To Jesus let me lift mine eyes.
This prayer I very humbly make,
And offer it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

ANOTHER.

Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray;
May our lips, from sin kept free,
Love to speak and sing of Thee;
Till in Heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise. Amen.

A REVIVAL OF CHIVALRY.

BY HELENA MAYNARD.

There were a fine-looking group of boys, those seven who turned into Judge Lewis' gate, one cold, clear afternoon last February. There was not a rough, coarse-looking face among them.

I said there were seven of them. There were almost always eight. The octet they were called; but Arthur Lewis, the eighth, had been kept in the house for a week with a sprained ankle, and it was to see him that the boys stopped that night.

He lay on the lounge before a window in his father's library, and had watched them as they came up the street, all talking and laughing together. I should not say all, for Earnest Spencer, the youngest of the group, was not laughing—indeed, there was a sober expression on his face which Arthur noticed, though the others did not. But it was gone when the door opened and they came trooping in, bringing with them the freshness of the out-door air.

Arthur welcomed them heartily, and asked eagerly about school-news, which, in school boy fashion, they all began to tell at once. When there came a lull Arthur said, "By the way, why were you all laughing so when you came into the gate? I didn't know but Dick would fall over."

At this question Dick explained: "Oh Rob was telling us the most comical story!" and he began to laugh again at the remembrance, while several others said, "Tell it to Art. Tell it again, Rob."

"Yes, let me know the joke," said Arthur.

Thus encouraged, Rob began, but before he had finished the first sentence, Earnest Spencer, who sat next to the door, which stood ajar, said, "Hush! here comes Gypsy."

Now Gypsy was Arthur's twin sister. Indeed, she was almost twin sister to the whole octet, for, strangely enough, there was not another girl in any of their families, except two or three babies, who did not count for much yet in the boy's estimation.

Usually Gypsy was the sharer in all the boys' fun and frolics, but to-day such a constrained silence fell on the little group at her entrance, that she stopped and said, "I hope I am not interrupting any secret meeting; I won't stay but a minute."

"I wish you would stay," said Earnest emphatically, while the others recovered their voices and asked her to stay; and Arthur added, "Rob was just going to tell us a comical story. You had better stay long enough to hear that. Go on, Rob."

At that two or three of the boys began to laugh, and Rob grew very red in the face, but Gypsy did not see his confusion, for she stood with her back to him, selecting some books from the shelves.

"I wish I could," she said in answer to Arthur, "but mamma wishes me to carry these books over to Mrs. Stewart as soon as possible; so you must remember the story, Art, to tell me."

As the door closed behind her, the boys went off into another fit of laughter just as boys or girls, either, do when they have once got started, and they kept at it until Arthur said wonderingly, "for pity's sake, Rob, what is the matter? and why didn't you tell the story?"

Rob, still red and confused, said slowly, "Why, you see, it wasn't exactly the sort of a story I'd care to tell a girl."

Just a second Arthur was silent, and then, looking as confused as Rob, only a little pale instead of red, he said: "Then I believe, Rob, it isn't just the kind of story I want to hear. 'You see, boys,' he continued rapidly, while they sat looking wonderingly at him; 'I've been thinking a lot since I've been shut up here. I've been reading about Gough—of course you all know about him, and how he was struck down with paralysis while he was lecturing, and what his last words were.'

As he paused, one of the boys said, "Wasn't it 'Young man make your record clean'?"

"Yes," said Arthur; "and, boys, I'm going to make that my motto, and I wish you would too; and if a fellow is going to make his record clean, he ought to have everything else clean, don't you see? And stories we can't tell Gyp and our mothers, I think we hadn't better tell at all, don't you?"

As he stopped, Earnest said heartily, "I like your motto, Art, and I think just as you do about such stories. I wanted to tell the boys so, but I was too much of a coward."

"I thought you were sober as an owl," remarked Ned Dolliver; "but there wasn't anything so very bad about your story, was there, Rob?"

Thus appealed to, Rob said slowly, "No, it wasn't exactly bad. The new boy, Jack Murry, told it to me. He's told me quite a lot of such stories, and they were all so funny I had to laugh at them; but there wasn't one of them that I should want to tell my mother, and—"

"That makes me think," interrupted James Kane, "of a story I read last week about Grant. A lot of officers were in his tent one day telling stories, and one man said before he began a story, that, of course, it could not be repeated before ladies; and then Grant spoke up and said that it shouldn't be repeated before gentlemen then, and it wasn't, that day anyway."

"He would have been a good officer in the White Cross Army," said Earnest.

"The White Cross Army! What's that?" asked several of the boys.

"Oh," answered Earnest, "it's a society that started in England in 1883, and now its soldiers are all over the world. There are thousands of them in the United States. Brother Will told me all about it the last time he was home. He belongs to it, and I do, too; and I wish you would all join."

"How can we join?" and "What do we have to do?" asked the boys as they gathered closer around him.