

nation; and therefore the first step towards a true sorrow for our sins, which is the beginning of repentance, is to be found in earnestly asking God to show us all the secrets of our past lives, and then in trying, by the help which we know He will give, to find out how we have offended against His holy Commandments by thought, word and deed, and how much good we have left undone that we ought to have done.

Most books of private prayer have questions in them to help in this self-examination, and the clergy are always ready to assist or explain to those who do not understand how to set about this important work.

Then, having by God's grace found out as much as we are able, we must ask Him again to give us true sorrow, such as He gave His blessed Apostle St. Peter, when he went out and wept bitterly, not because of any trouble that had come upon himself, but because he saw in that one look of his Lord's the infinite hatefulness of sin in His sight, and at the same time the infinite compassion which had stooped from heaven to save the sinner.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

How lightly some can speak of love,
And call the Saviour dear,
Who seldom lift their hearts above,
Or throb with holy fear.

They say they glory in the Cross,
Yet none themselves they bear;
They think, while free from pain and loss,
The martyr's crown to wear.

But love is just the hardest thing
A man can learn to do;
And that of which ten thousands sing
Is understood by few.

It is not but a passing thrill,
A ray of winter's sun;
It is the heart, and mind, and will
By which our life is done.

It yields, if God should ask for much,
Nay, if He asks for all;
It welcomes e'en his chastening touch,
And hears his lightest call.

If truly we would learn to live,
To love we must begin;
Yet who can force himself to give
What only grace can win?

My Saviour, if I dare not say,
That I have love to Thee,
Do Thou, I pray Thee, day by day,
Reveal Thy love to me.

And this shall be my rapture, when
Before Thy face I bow;
I only wished to love Thee then,
I know I love Thee now.

A. W. THOROLD.

THE CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE.

Notice how, under the parochial system, the Church ministers to all its members, from the cradle to the grave. Is a child born in the parish?—that child in a few days would be brought to church and baptized. The Church (which is only a Christian family on a large scale) prays for it, and attests its reception amongst them. Again, the whole Church rejoices with the mother, as she kneels to render praise to God in public, for His mercies to her. They recognise in her preservation the preservation among them of one of their own body, and hence unite in praising God for this mercy. From time to time all the youth would be catechised, as preparatory to Confirmation, and that catechising would be so conducted that parents might know whether they were giving good instruction at home. At the Confirmation the youth would comprise nearly every young person in the parish, for in such a parish every one being visited by the clergyman would know its value. Parents and godparents attend the Confirmation, and, with hearts full of love and faith, pray blessings on the newly confirmed. Do persons wish to marry? The family of the Church must first know of it by proclamation of banns, that the union may not be al-

lowed if it be contrary to Christian principle. The ordinance of marriage is not only legal but holy, and is treated as a sacred rite. The married parties are invited to the Lord's Table, and are reminded, in the words of the marriage service, that married people are intended to be helpers in spiritual things, as heirs together of the grace of life. If sickness come, the clergyman of the parish is directed not to slack his duty; and when death strikes one or another in the great Christian family, they are buried as Christians, with a Christian service, recognised as absent from sight, but present in faith, still looked on as one in Him, "of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named." Such was, and is, the theory of the parochial system. Were moderate discipline enforced, and improper characters kept from the Holy Communion, and not allowed to be buried with the Burial Service (see rubrics, just at the beginning of it), nearly all those specious objections to our Prayer-book which Dissenters urge against it fall through, and the Prayer-book is found to be as correct and scriptural as it is devotional and magnificent.

A HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

It is a problem in these summer weeks to keep our houses cool. Not a difficult one to solve; but it is hard to imbue some minds with the solution. The general rule is to throw doors and windows open; the right thing is to keep them closely shut. Exclude the hot air as rigidly in summer as you do the cold air in winter. Open all your casements early in the morning, as nearly at sunrise as your uprisings permit, for that is the coldest time of the whole day; bit when the morning warmth shut them up tightly, and be as chary as possible of opening them again during the heat of the day. A house well closed will keep cool for many hours while the external heat is unbearable. The secret is, to catch the cold air when you can; and when you have got it, keep it jealously. If the outer air grows cold during the day, and your rooms are warmer at the time, open windows and get a cooling; but otherwise keep all closed. Generally observe this maxim (a couple of common thermometers, one indoors, the other out, will help you).—Warmer out than in, keep shut; colder out than in, throw open.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LIFE OF A CHRISTIAN.

Some Indian shawls are made of hundreds of pieces, some so small as to be only an eighth of an inch square, others of various sizes, none larger than a square half yard. Each piece, even the smallest, forms a complete bit of the pattern, and the right side being the under one on the frame on which it is woven, is not seen by the weaver until the piece is finished. The pieces are all so beautifully joined together that it is impossible to find the joining.

How often we are "discouraged because of the way," because we can only see the wrong side of the pattern our daily life is weaving. We forget that "the Lord knoweth them that are His," and that "all things work together for good to them that love God." And should we not try to remember also, that, though our place in the work may be a very small one, the great fabric, the Church of God, would be incomplete if that place were not filled.

There is another point of similarity: each thread is bleached perfectly white before being re-dyed for the shawl; so we also, before becoming a part of the Church, must be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, "that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing;" but that it should be holy and without blemish.

ONLY A LITTLE SCREW LOOSE.

That's all. It's only a little screw loose somewhere. He would be all right only for that. He's a good sort of a fellow in his way—naturally good-hearted—means to do everything that is right—but—

Ah! there is the loose screw. But for that!

My young friend, did you ever hear your neighbour make such a remark about you? And did you lay the flattering unction to your soul that it didn't much matter? If only one screw was loose, you would soon come out all right?

Well, so far as any moral reliance upon you is concerned, your whole structure, mental and physical, might as well be knocked into wreck and ruin as for you to go on with that one little screw loose. Before you can be trusted, you must tighten up the very last atom of your machinery, and see that every part is in accord with every other part.

Man is not unlike a watch in this respect. You have a fine chronometer, from the hands of one of the most approved of living makers; every effort of genius, skill, and care has been bestowed upon the work outside and in. By and by the chronometer moves uncertainly, and finally stops. You take it to a watchmaker, and he looks into it, and says, "Only a little screw loose."

That's all. Amid all that delicate machinery, among the many nicely adjusted parts, only one poor little screw is loose. And yet for all legitimate purposes of a time-keeper, the whole watch might as well be crushed into utter ruin, as to leave that one screw loose.

We are not apt to fully realize the importance of the little things of life. Life—that life which makes the man—is made up of many, very many, parts, all delicately and nicely adjusted; and he who would be relied upon, who would be trusted, must have no loose screws in the machinery of his being—not one. Right is Right, and if there be a screw loose, all is Wrong; and until that screw is tightened to its proper bearing, trust and reliance in that particular being are lost.

Young man don't forget it. Don't forget even the smallest things of every-day life. Look to it that every part of your moral and physical machinery is in perfect order—and so shall you be honored and trusted.

WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you last Sunday? "At home not feeling very well." Did you ever close up your store, and by way of explanation, stick up a notice: "Detained at home by headache" And why not, pray?

"Visitors came in, and I could not leave them." Ah! Would you continue in your service a young man who should offer you a like excuse for staying away from your store on Monday evening? And when you stand at the bar of God, and the Judge asks you why you did not go to His sanctuary more, will you look him in the face and say, "Oh! we had company?"

"It looked like rain; indeed, it had begun to sprinkle." Did it? Had it? Would the prospect have kept you away from market or store? Indeed, have you not been known to go to a concert or a dancing party in the midst of what might have been the beginning of another deluge? Is it not time an umbrella was invented that would protect church members from the rain on Sunday?

"I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Boanerges." And so the Athenians of St. Paul's time are not dead yet, but some still live who spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing! Is this what the houses of God are for? Is this to make them "the gates of heaven?"

"I had an engagement that prevented me from attending." You had? And on God's day you were immersed in business? Have you had advices that the fourth commandment has been repealed? Surely it is safer and more profitable to overcrowd Saturday than to lose a Sunday!

Men act the fool nowhere as in matters of religion. Here they expect to get everything for nothing. Unconscious of God's presence, insensible to His love, with a positive disrelish for His society, they would think themselves terribly abused if informed that they will not be permitted to spend an eternity with Him. It is a fact, however, Heaven is a character. It is the natural outcome of a certain internal condition. It is not the reversal and the converse of the life in the flesh.—*Church News.*