

urgent disirability that they be immediately reconciled by some public form for the instruction of their former followers, who, to the disadvantage of the convert, may ascribe motives for his conversion other than the real ones to a pastor whose guidance they have once acknowledged. Nor is it unwise to exact from such persons a solemn avowal of profession to the characteristic doctrines and ordinances of the Church. The notion that one can believe anything or nothing in the Church of England is far too prevalent among Nonconformist bodies to be ignored. It is, above all things, essential that we maintain the dignity of our Orders, and insist upon a recognition of the three Orders as the distinctive note of the Church. Touching converts from the Roman Church, it is also urgently desirable that they renounce the authority of the Pope and discard the "Creed of Pope Pius IV.," otherwise we may at any time be confronted with a problem still undreamed of, viz., how to deal with persons who owing to the Church of England yet yield obedience to the Papal Sovereignty. To these points the Upper House of Convocation addressed itself last week with admirable tact and temper; and the result, we trust, will be to bring back to the Church, in all sincerity of godliness, those who have been seduced from her fold, or who have fallen succourless by the wayside.—*The Family Churchman.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LENT.

My Sin! my sin! Oh God my Sin!
What can Thy peace and pardon win?
What shall blot the scarlet stain
That doth upon my soul remain?
Who will in mercy plead:
For me with justice intercede,
Break those sad chains and set me free?
Miserere Domine!

My grief! my grief! Oh God! my grief
Finds in Thy sorrows its relief:
My soul kneels down by Thy distress,
And, with Thee in the wilderness,
Watching Thy long and patient Fast,
Conflict and triumph at last,
Finds heart to lift its voice to Thee,
Miserere Domine!

Thy pain! Thy pain! O God Thy pain
Is my heart's ease, Thy loss my gain;
Thy love in all its depths and heights
These forty days and forty nights,
My soul will measure, scale, and prove,
Until it learn, itself, to love,
And fix its only hope on Thee.
Miserere Domine!

Thy Fast! Thy Fast! O God! Thy Fast
Shall thus become my feast at last,
When—through long days and nights of care,
And deep heart searching—Faith and Prayer
Shall take the sins they have described,
And lay them by Thy wounded Side,
And lift their voice, and cry to Thee.
Miserere Domine!

—J. S. B. MONSELL.

AN EVENING SONG.

The little birds now seek their nest;
The baby sleeps in mother's breast:
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayed on the sea;
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears,
The troubled hopes for happier years,
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumber sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

—Good Words.

TEDDY AND THE WOLF.

(Continued.)

Away went the sturdy, small cross bowman through the thick grass, taking the shortest cut. Presently he returned carrying with him a steel trap. After scouting a little, Teddy satisfied himself that the coast was clear, and dragged the trap around to the front door. He felt sure that this must be the door his father meant, for it was always closed and bolted. He placed the trap cleverly enough before the door, but by a trifling oversight forgot, or else did not know enough, to set it. Then Teddy retired to an ambush behind a thick evergreen, strung his cross-bow with a care which would not have been discreditable to Denys himself, and awaited all comers.

About half an hour afterward Mr. Prentice, walking leisurely down to the bank, like a man who could afford to take his time, caught sight of a curly, golden head in Mr. Rowland's front yard. He stopped, for he was fond of Teddy and often paused to say a word to him. Teddy thought Mr. Prentice the greatest man in the world—next to his own father. So, when the banker rubbed the little curls with his gold-headed stick and said, "Hallo, Curly head! Are you too proud to pass the time of day with a friend this morning?" Teddy rose from behind the tree, tip-toed close to the fence, and replied almost in a whisper: "Dood morning, Mr. Prentice. Please teep twist, and go 'way please, as twick as you can!"

Somewhat surprised and alarmed, the banker asked, "Is your mother sick, Teddy?"

"No, sir. She's well; but she's afraid!"

"Afraid? Afraid of what? Where is your father? Anything wrong?" Mr. Prentice was seriously troubled. He had little children of his own, and wild visions of contagious diseases, accidents, and disasters were jumbled in his brain.

"Papa's gone to the store. I deess he was afraid, too," said Teddy sagaciously.

"What is it, Teddy?" said the banker, sternly.

"It's a wolf," replied Teddy in a mere whisper, looking uneasily around and wishing, for the first time, that Mr. Prentice would stop talking to him and not interfere with his plans.

"A wolf!" said Mr. Prentice, first looking blank and then laughing heartily. "Why, Teddy, you're a goose! There are no wolves for hundreds of miles around. Somebody has been making fun of you."

"Yes, there are! There's one wolf, anyway," said the boy, with a nod of wisdom.

"What makes you think so?" asked Mr. Prentice, for he was one of those who think it not an unwise precaution to find out what children mean before laughing at them.

Teddy was pleased by the respectful tone, and felt a wish to be polite in return. So, trusting that the enemy would be kind enough to defer the attack for a few moments, he told his grown-up friend how he had heard "papa tell mamma he didn't know how he was going to teep that wolf from coming in that door!"

"And," continued Teddy, "I got the wolf out of my Noah's Ark, so that I could tell him when he came, and I got the twap out for him, and my gun. Papa's got to be down to the

store, so's if anybody should come there. And mamma can't fight, 'cause she's a girl, and there's nobody home but me—unless you'll stay?" Teddy glanced at the kindly face above him, as if even his brave heart would not disdain a companion in arms.

"My gun hurts, too!" he resumed, with pride (for the banker had not said a word in reply). "Wont to see?" and he offered to demonstrate its effectiveness against his friend's leg.

Mr. Prentice looked toward the door of the house. There lay the trap half hidden under a spray of evergreen. Then he picked up the brave little hantaman and gave him a kiss, put him down softly, and walked away without a word. His hands were clasped behind him and he was thinking something about "—and thy neighbor as thy self."

Teddy went back to his post, but was puzzled, and his singleness of purpose was gone.

During the day, Mr. Prentice spoke to Mr. Dostan, one of the directors of the bank.

See what a nice new store it is, that Mr. Rowland has? He's a new comer. You ought to give him a little of your custom now and then; he's one of our depositors, you know, and one good turn deserves another! Really, Dostan, he's got a nice family, and you'd oblige me if you could favor him with an order now and then."

Mr. Dostan said he would—of course he would. Time he changed anyway; the other tradesmen were becoming careless, competition was a good thing! Then they talked of banking matters.

Mr. Prentice managed to say another word to another friend the same afternoon; and to yet another the next morning, and he did not forget to take care that his suggestions should bear fruit.

The result was very bad for the wolf. Teddy didn't see him. In fact, after dinner, Teddy forgot all about the animal, for one of the older boys came along and took the hunter out fishing.

Mr. Rowland was at first much surprised at the sudden tide of custom and prosperity. Many came, and finding "the new man" civil and obliging, accurate and punctual they came again.

Some weeks later Mr. Rowland said to his wife, with an air of some profoundity:

"Anna, my dear, patience is sure to tell in the long run! I came very near to giving up in despair; but, you see, the darkest hour was just before the dawn. There is nothing like a bold front, to scare the wolf from the door!"

Mrs. Rowland looked lovingly at her husband and thought him a very clever man.

But Teddy was sleeping the sleep of the just, and as for Mr. Prentice, he never told the story of their little wolf hunt.—*St. Nicholas.*

LEARNING TO HOWL.

It is an old Spanish proverb, we believe, "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." He who lives with the faults of his friends, and counts them over and sorts them, weighs them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which he will be positively unable to cure.

There is nothing that so deteriorates character as this undue looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own. We may abhor meanness and stinginess in our neighbor, and be able to give a hundred reasons why he should give away more in charity, and see a thou-and little things indicating his meanness of soul and at the same time we may be so engrossed with one phase of meanness in him as to forget another phase of meanness in ourselves.

We may abhor another untruth so vehemently in some one else that we shall forget to hate