

Family Department.

THE TWO RIVERS.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

BY G. A. HAMMOND

Earth's streams of pleasure glitter,
As on this life they roll;
Casting a ray most winning
Upon the journeying soul.

But joy and wealth and glory
Evade its dim recesses;
Hope has no history there,
And kindness no caresses.

God's streams of pleasure glitter,
As on this life they roll;
A River full and golden,
Meandering near the soul.

Shun the earth's drowning stream,
Avoid its ill abysses;
Woe dates its history thence,
And wails o'er sad excesses.

"AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

(Concluded.)

The days went very slowly now. Early every morning I went to hear how Mrs. Gilbert had passed the night, and to look for a moment into the cool, darkened room where she was lying.

For some days Mrs. Gilbert's life seemed to hang upon a thread. One morning I stayed for hours in the little garden watching and waiting for any sign.

Dr. Bentley had been with her since early morning; I could not go until I had seen him; and read in his face whether there was any hope.

A week had passed, during which my daily visits to Rose Villa had continued. Sister Constance and myself had become

quite friends. Now that she could venture to leave her patient for a little while, she would walk up and down the garden path with me, and speak in her low, pleasant voice about Mrs. Gilbert's gentleness and sweetness, and what a pleasure it was to nurse such a patient.

The room was only partially darkened now; through one of the windows the rosy light from the sunset shed a warm ray that touched the snow-white bed in which Mrs. Gilbert rested.

But on the morrow, when I went to see her she had another nurse beside Sister Constance—a tall, bronzed, bearded man who could have carried her about like a baby, her very opposite in appearance, except that his eyes were clear and kind like hers.

That evening Stanley, our beloved, was with us once more, welcomed with what delight I need not say.

and Bessie; as for me, my having met him, as I did, at his sister's bedside, seemed to have made us friends already. During Mrs. Gilbert's slow recovery I tried to make up by every means in my power for my past neglect.

THE END. SACRA PRIVATA EXTRACTS. Relations, Benefactors, &c. Be gracious, O Lord, unto my relations, benefactors, enemies, and all that have desired my prayers; all who, by their own labors, do minister to our necessities; together with all our known and unknown benefactors.

Bless all my labors for Thy glory, O Lord, and for the good of Thy church. "Verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in Thy name, He will give it you."

These are what I ask, O God and Father, above all things, for myself, and for all that have desired my prayers—that we may be restored to Thy image, and never deface it by our sins; that the image of Satan may be destroyed in us; that all carnal affections may die in us, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in us; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that Thy name and the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in us, and we in Him; that our hearts may be entirely Thine; that we may never grieve Thy Holy Spirit; but that we may continue Thine forever, for Jesus Christ's sake.—Amen.

"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."—Eph. iv., 29.

Grant O God, that I may delight in Thy love; that my conversation may be truly Christian.

May I never hear with pleasure, nor ever repeat such things as may dishonor God, or injure my neighbor, or my own character.

(To be continued.)

THE CARPENTER'S DREAM.—A poor man was a carpenter; and he often said to himself and to others, "If I was only rich, I would show people how to give." In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying—"Now is your time! You are rich at last; let us see your generosity!"

The Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter is, we understand, about to contribute to Church Bells a series of papers designed to furnish, in a popular form, arguments which may be of service to young men and others in meeting the current criticisms of the atheist and the agnostic.

ental critics, upon the great doctrine of Christianity will be treated and refuted. The readers of the magazine will be invited to forward to the Editor a note of any difficulties which may present themselves to their minds in connection with the subject, and with these the writer of the papers promises to deal in a supplementary article.—Literary Churchman.

Children's Department.

GOD'S BIRD.

MISS LA FLESCHÉ, the educated daughter of an Omaha chief, who has been writing and speaking on behalf of her race in the East, last winter, told to a friend lately this little story, to illustrate the method by which the red man trains his children.

"What have you there, Lugette?" said one of the men who was at work in the field.

"It is a bird. It is mine," I said. "He looked at it. 'No, it is not yours. You must not hurt it. You have no right to it.'"

"Not mine!" I said. "I found it. Whose is it, then?"

"It is God's. If you keep it, it will die. He will cure it. Go, and give it back to Him."

"Where is He?" I asked.

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near its nest, and lay it down, and say, 'God, here is Thy bird again.' He will hear you."

"I went to the tall grass crying, and awed, and did as he bade me. I laid it down on the grass in a warm, sunny spot, and said, 'God, here is Thy little bird again.'"

"I never forgot that lesson."—N. Y. Churchman.

THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA'S SERMON.

WE find, to our regret, that the copy of the Bishop's Sermon, on which we relied, was not altogether accurate, and we are now enabled to furnish the following corrections of the principal errors:

In the GUARDIAN of Sept. 23rd, page 5, column 2, line 25, for "ritual" read "doctrine." In column 3, line 41, for "buried" read "ruined."

In GUARDIAN of Sept. 3rd, page 4, line 32 from the bottom, after "depends" insert "This erroneous supposition appears to be, in some measure, attributable to a confusion between two offices of the Church, which is commissioned to evangelize the world, and also to edify and feed the faithful, the ordinance of preaching being the more effective agency in the one case, the Holy Sacraments being essential in the other."

In page 5, column 1, line 27, for "measure" read "manner;" line 34, for "observe" read "discern;" line 35, for "public" read "great;" line 80, for "services" read "music;" line 82, for "actor" read "orator;" line 90, read "agreement in the principle." After line 10 from the bottom, ending with "thinketh no evil," the following is the correct reading to the end of the sermon:

Let us beware of cherishing unfounded prejudices, let us take care not to misrepresent the sentiments of any of our brethren. We are bound to ascertain what they really do hold, and to be sure that we understand their opinions before assuming that they are erroneous. The same truths may be expressed in diverse forms, and they who differ in words may be one in heart and in belief. I am persuaded that if more pains were taken to understand the real meaning of those who seem to differ from us, we should frequently find that there is essential agreement, where there is apparent diversity or even opposition. There are errors of excess, and errors of defect, and the extremes on either side seem widely separated; but neither should judge the other. A branch of the Catholic Church, as distinguished from the sects, must needs be comprehensive; let us not endeavor to restrict the liberty of others, but let us beware lest our own use of

our liberty degenerate into license. Let us adhere to the fair interpretation of the meaning and intention of the system of our Church, as avowedly a restoration (through reformation), of the doctrine and discipline of the early ages. Either the gold is represented by her, or by some other religious system, or it is not to be found upon the earth at all. The latter proposition cannot be admitted, and we declare by our adherence to her our conviction that there is nothing better to be found. Some, it is true, believing that we have the gold, yet think that they detect alloy, which may be beneficially purged away, and call for a Revision of the Prayer Book. These dissatisfied persons seek for changes generally in one direction, desiring to expunge some teaching which has been deliberately retained by the compilers. They thoughtlessly ignore the special providence which guided our own reformers, and would foist upon us now, those foreign perversions of the truth, and repudiations of primitive doctrine, which were rejected by them, and from which we have been thus far mercifully preserved.

Let us then boldly declare and maintain our belief in the traditions that we have received, and let us all work heartily together, preserving the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, in opposition to the flood of scepticism which threatens to overwhelm the truth. Let us ever bear in mind that the object of the organization of the Church, and of the whole system, is to develop the spiritual life, to unite us in the closest and most intimate union with our dear Lord. Let us, as God's fellow-laborers, work together for the furtherance of the truth, and for pulling down the strongholds of error. That we may do this effectually, the love of Christ must constrain us; we must be able to speak of that we do know, and testify of that we have seen, in our own experience, whether as pastors bearing the commission of the Chief Shepherd, or as lay members discharging the functions of the holy priesthood, of which all the members of the one body are partakers. The source of all energetic action must be faith, faith that worketh by love; faith appropriating to ourselves personally the gifts conveyed through Christ, faith that realizes the invisible and intangible, faith that is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Let us see to it that we are individually and collectively building upon the one foundation, and let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon.

Births.

ROBERTSON.—On Tuesday, 28th Sept., at 205 Hollis Street, Halifax, the wife of D. Robertson, Esq., of a son.

Marriages.

MILLER—HARRIS.—On the 27th ult., by the Rev. Henry Stamer, Rector of Hubbard's Cove, Robert Miller to Alice Harris, both of Mill Cove, Lunenburg Co.

MOODY—JONES.—At the Stone Church, St. John, on the 9th Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Armstrong, James C. Moody, M. D., of Richibucto, and Gussie, second daughter of the late James H. Jones, Esq., of Digby.

WHITE—MALLETT.—In Trinity Church, Digby, on the 13th Sept., by the Rev. John Ambrose, M. A., Mr. Francis John White, of Moncton, N. B., to Miss Adeline Mallett, of Meteghan, Digby Co., N. S.

WARDROPER—HATHWAY.—On Tuesday, 28th Sept., in Trinity Church, Boston, Mass., by the Rev. F. B. Allen, Mr. Herbert E. Wardroper, of St. John, N. B., to Miss Helen M. Hathway, daughter of the late Thomas Hathway, Esq., of the same place.

Deaths.

HILTZ.—At St. Margaret's Bay, September 15th, Charlotte Ida, eldest daughter of A. G. and Mary Hiltz.

MINGE.—At Tatamagouche Road, on Wednesday September 1st, Adeline Estella, infant daughter of David and Nancy Minge, aged one year, one month, and nine days. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

MCLAN.—At Albion Mines, Sept. 29th, at Albion Mines, Charlotte, relict of the late Mr. Allan McLean, in the 87th year of her age in Communion with the Church of England.

HOW TO GET SICK.

Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other columns.