

and now it had come from him, she felt as if her heart would break!

"I know it is best, dear. Say you understand me," he added. "I have my work to do, God sparing me, and would begin it as our Lord did, freed from self." She looked into his face fearfully. She dreaded to see some convulsive struggle there, and, perhaps, symptoms of a fresh seizure. She saw only an unearthly sweetness and tenderness. She had never loved him so well before; never known how strong he was in his seeming weakness.

"Dear Michael, I am in your hands! Make of me what you will. Think of me as you will," she said.

He put his arm tenderly round her waist.

"Brother and sister, then, once more, and for ever."

The great Being alone knew what Michael's struggle had been, or what was the inward peace that succeeded it.

It was at this moment that Caradoc and Gwylfa approached them. They were unconscious of it, but Carad saw them, and retreated a while.

"Has he, then, taken courage and told her, and has she said she loves him?" he asked himself, his own heart ceasing to beat for the moment.

He looked again, and they were separated, and sat together in silence. He moved towards them, and both started, turning red, as if for shame. Carad said that he had been sent to look for them, and they rose, half unconsciously. He led the horse to Michael, who mounted with but few words. Then the trio began to descend the hill in the sunset, Carad and Daisy walking silently on either side of their loving and devoted brother.

(To be Continued.)

"OFT IN DANGER OFT IN WOE."

(For the Dominion Churchman.)

I.

Per pericla tristis sortis
Perge semper, perge fortis—
Nec segnis nec superatus.
Carne Christi recreatus.

II.

Pelle lachrymas et metus,
Illuc finietur fletus,
Quantum onus ærumnarum,
Tanta vis coelicalarum—

III.

Cor languescens adjuvetur!
Armis cœli muniatur—
Pugna fortiter nec mora
Cantum ciet victrix hora.

IV.

Perge medias per cœdes,
Debellator mox incedes!
In hostilis vim cohortis
Miles Christi, perge fortis—

V.

Ergo laus et hymnus datur
Tibi Sempiternæ Pater—
Et cum Sancto Jesu, quoque
Procedenti at utroque. Amen.

C. P. M.

Carrying Place Rectory,
Oct. 25, 1877.

Children's Department.

SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

BY REV. W. CROSWILL, D. D.

The Sparrow finds a house,
The little bird a nest;
Deep in thy dwelling, Lord, they come,
And fold their wings to rest.

And shall we be afraid,
Our little ones to bring
Within thy ancient altar's shade,
And underneath thy wing?

There, guard them as thine eye,
There, keep them without spot,

That when the spoiler passeth by,
Destruction touch them not.

There, move their souls with might,
There, nurse them with thy love,
There, plume them for their final flight,
To blessedness above.

"I WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR GOD."

A little pale boy was seated in the kitchen of a small cottage, occupied in reading the Bible. His mother was busily engaged in sewing, when she was suddenly surprised by hearing the child exclaim, "Oh, mother, I am so very happy!" The little fellow then rose from his seat, and came to her, and laid his head upon her lap.

The mother's eyes filled with tears, for she thought that her little boy had very few things to make him happy, as he was sick and lame, and they were so poor that he neither had warm clothes nor proper food; but she only said, "And what is it that makes you happy, Richard?"

The boy lifted up his pale, thin face, and said, "I do love God so, dear mother: He is so good."

"And what has put that into your mind just now?" she asked.

"I have been reading about the creation, mother, and how wicked the people became after God had made the beautiful world for them; and yet, although they kept on rebelling against Him, He was full of mercy. He would have spared the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, if only ten righteous men could have been found in them; and then He let Noah be a hundred and twenty years in preparing the ark, and yet the people repented not. But the greatest goodness of all was in sending Jesus Christ to die for us. Oh, mother! when I think upon all God has done, and Jesus Christ has suffered for us, I cannot help wishing that I could do something to show my love to God, for you know that father often says, 'Actions speak louder than words.'"

"But what can you do, my child?" said his mother. "You are too ill and weakly to work."

"I know that; yet I can't help wishing that I could do something. I have been thinking, that, if I had a missionary box, I would try to get some money; and if it were ever so little, Jesus Christ would accept it for the poor heathen, because it is all I can do for Him."

"There is some sense in that, Richard, for we know that money does good in that way. Else it is not much that we poor folks can do to help others; but, you see, if every family saves a few pence, why, when it is all put together, it comes to a pretty sum."

"And don't you think, mother, that we ought to try to give something? There is Mr. Jones, who is quite as badly off as father, and yet they managed to have a great many shillings in their box last year."

"Mr. Jones has children who are strong and able to work; but you, my dear boy, what can you do?"

"Mother," said Richard, while a bright flush passed over his face, "mother, I must do something. I believe that I sha'n't live very long; and I want to try and show that I would do good if I could. Promise that you will get me a missionary box, and I will try and get some money."

"I am quite willing, Richard; only you must not be asking all the ladies who come here to see you for money; you know that would not be pretty."

"No, mother, I won't do that; for I should like to earn it; and I've been thinking that perhaps I might sell the little wooden knives and toothpicks which I can make, and cut out some more of the paper ornaments that Mrs. Williams liked so much, and perhaps she might buy some."

"Well, my boy, I'll get the paper; and when father comes home, you can ask him for some wood."

In a week from that time, Richard had several curious little articles neatly finished, and laid in a paper tray, upon which was a card with the words—"For sale, for the good of the Missionary Society."

In a very short time, the kind ladies who came to see him bought all the things which were in the

tray, for they wished to encourage the little boy, who seemed in such earnest to do good; and Richard soon found that his efforts to do "something for God" were blessed by Him with success.

When the next quarterly missionary meeting took place, a poor woman, with a black ribbon upon her bonnet, brought a missionary box; and, giving it into the collector's hands, said, "It is my son's box, sir—Richard Johnson."

"Richard Johnson," said the gentleman, "why, that is the little lame boy who lives in Street; is it not?"

"He is dead, sir!" exclaimed the poor mother, with a sudden burst of tears.

A gentleman here stepped forward and related the particulars which I have been telling you; adding, that Richard had been seized with a sudden illness in the midst of his efforts for the missionary cause, and that, after lingering a week, he had died. "The last time I saw him," he continued, "he was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, working away at his little wooden knives; and when I asked him why he thus spent his failing strength, he answered, 'My time is so very short, and there is 'no work nor device . . . in the grave, to which I am hastening;' adding, 'It is so good of God to let me live long enough to show that I would do something for the souls of others if I could; and I have so prayed that my little money may help to bring some poor heathen to know and love Him.'"

"He had no curiosity to know how much there was in the box—no feeling of pride, or anxiety for display, in the effort he was making. To use his own simple words, 'God has been so good to me, and my Saviour suffered so much for my sake, that I could not rest until I tried to do something to show my love and gratitude.'"

The box was opened, and found to contain eighteen shillings and sixpence; and this sum was soon increased to twenty shillings by the sale of a few more little articles left upon Richard's paper tray, and which his mother gave, saying she was sure he would have wished it, had he been living.

Dear young reader, may I remind you, that God has been equally good to you, and that the same Saviour, whom Richard loved, died for you also? See, then, whether you cannot do something to show your love to God. It is very likely that you cannot make such little articles for sale as he did; but there is only the desire, we have no fear but that you will find out a way in which you can show your love to Him. And, that you may be led to do this, let me remind you of little Richard's maxim, that "Actions speak louder than words."

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

Do you know how Elijah died? Did he die at all? I wish you would find out. Elisha died, however,—there is no doubt about that. He fell sick and died. Everybody must die. We are sorry when some people die, but I have known of the death of a man for whom no one seemed to care. I remember him very well. He was old and rich. He had an elegant house, many servants, fine carriages, and could buy anything that he wanted. One day he died, and nobody seemed sorry. I suppose no one loved him. Perhaps he had not been kind to any one. So he was forgotten.

It was not so with Elisha. Even the King wept when he died, and he has been remembered ever since, because he was good and did good in the world. After he was dead his example did good.

I hope you will live such lives that you will be remembered after you are dead; but above all, I hope you will serve God so that He will take you to heaven when you die. The bible is the only book that will teach you how to serve God aright. Read 2 Kings. xiii. 14-21.

DEATH.

At the parsonage, Ivy, March 15th, Emma Frances, only daughter of W. W. Bates, Incumbent of North Essa.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."