

up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to break fast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.
"Oh, never mind: it's good enough for home," said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty collars and cuffs; but now she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy, and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress, she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother, and servant kindly and courteously, is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

BE STUDIOUS.

WITFIELD was poor, and in "service," but he managed to get education; and both England and America have felt his power for good. William Harvey did not find out the circulation of the human blood by a lucky accident. He was a hard student at home and abroad, and taught the doctrine to his classes for ten years before he published it to the world. Young men ought to remember that there are still splendid services to be rendered. All the discoveries have not yet been made. The field is now the world as it never was before. The best books can now be had as never before. Education of the highest kind in physiology, mental philosophy, engineering, chemistry, is accessible as it never was before. An empire without the emperor has grown up on this continent, and much of the soil is yet without occupant and master. Other empires are open to educated ability, and will become more so every year. There is a legitimate sphere for splendid ambition.

Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the tempting glass, and spend their money on stimulating the mind. Even fashion "parties" and pleasure may be put in the background, and that the time and thought required for them may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable servant to his Creator—the "Father of Lights"—who has given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be lights, benefactors, and conquerors, on fields where no life is lost, and even the vanquished are gainers.

MANAGEMENT OF BABIES.

In almost every newspaper we pick up we see something about the management of stock or poultry, but we seldom see in newspapers anything concerning the management of children during their babyhood.

I do not pretend that my general knowledge is greater than that of anyone else, but I do claim that I can take good care of babies and raise healthy children. And will not every one admit that good babies are a great source of comfort to parents, while cross babies and crying children are an annoyance and a source of anxiety to them?

I will therefore proceed to tell the readers of the household how I treat my babies. And I will say here that I am not very healthy myself. I have I have had nine children, and have never had a cross or sick child. And this is the way I manage:

I try to keep them comfortable. From the middle of September to the middle of May I keep flannel shirts on my children, and from the time they are two weeks old I wash them all over every morning in clean luke-warm water, rubbing them as hard as they could bear with a good linen towel. Then I dress them immediately and give them their breakfast. When this is done I put them in a good warm cradle-bed, and go about my morning work, sometimes singing some familiar hymn. Being thus engaged with my work, baby will go to sleep, which it is sure to do, and very often it will sleep the greater portion of the forenoon. If a child is fretful it will generally be found that it is because it is uncomfortable. And what the mother needs is to keep their feet warm and their bodies clean. When this is constantly attended to, a baby will be almost sure to thrive and be contented if it has proper nourishment, so as not to become hungry. A great many persons ask me why my children are so good. And when I tell them my mode of treating them they say: "I can't take time to wash my baby every morning;" or "if I wash my baby's head and face it gives it a cold." The trouble is: she does not wash the baby often enough. I love clean, sweet children; but I don't like to

pick one up that smells as though it had never been washed, or never had on clean clothes. It does not take half as much time to take care of a baby properly as it does to take care of it by managing improperly. Just try my plan, you who have the care of little ones, and you will be rewarded.

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ALMIGHTY and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service; Grant, we beseech thee, that we may so faithfully serve thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The service of God constitutes the happiness of heaven: and a soul, averse from such service upon earth, would not be happy if admitted even into the heaven of heavens. When, therefore, we look forward to heaven as our state of final happiness, we must exercise ourselves here in the "true and laudable service" which prepares us for the enjoyment of such happiness hereafter.

Whilst, however, we are convinced of the necessity of serving God truly and acceptably, we cannot but be convinced also of our own insufficiency for a service so arduous. The Collect well points out to us, that our sufficiency is of God: for of *His* only gift it cometh, that even his "faithful people do unto Him true and laudable service." The gift here spoken of is the gift of the Holy Spirit: and as that is promised to every Christian who earnestly desires to possess it, and would willingly follow its guidance, we may *all* do unto God the service required; though the strength thereto necessary be as entirely his most gracious gift, through Jesus Christ our Lord, as our bodily strength is the gift of the same Almighty Creator.

The Christian's first care is, that his service be *true*. To this end, he takes heed to work the work appointed him, "not with eye service, as men pleasers; but to the Lord," who searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imagination of the thoughts." Considering the God, whose servant he is, as a Being "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid," he serves Him with a *perfect heart* and a *willing mind*. He does not divide his affection between God and the world; but even whilst engaged in the necessary duties of his worldly calling, his heart is with God; to Whom his *willing mind* renders willing service. Indeed this *willingness*, whilst it omits not the most trivial act of duty, gives an energy to our faculties, which renders the most arduous service comparatively easy. Whereas, an *unwilling* performance of duties is scarcely better than a solemn mockery. What can be more inconsistent with the gratitude we owe to "the Author and Giver of all good things," than an irksome round of merely formal offices? Few minds are so unprincipled, and still fewer uninformed, but that they know themselves bound to serve in all fidelity, their Creator and Preserver. How unwise then not to engage *heartily* in a service, which we cannot altogether avoid; and which is either mercifully accepted or indignantly rejected, as we render it willingly, or perform it reluctantly! We should remember that an *unwilling* service makes us equally responsible with the most zealous service, whilst it falls short both of the grace and the benefit of it.

True service leads to laudable service. No presumption dictates this marked term. Praise is not expected as the reward of merit, but gratefully received as a free gift of God's grace. Of ourselves we are equally unable and unworthy even to escape everlasting punishment; much less can we justly claim reward. Hence, when our heavenly Father would encourage us in a holy course, by a "Well done, good and faithful servant," the praise, though addressed to us, returns to Him, whose worthiness, and whose righteousness are imputed to us; even Jesus Christ the righteous. Nevertheless, verily there is a reward for the righteous, and praise for the true-hearted; and the hope of this praise, even though bestowed for another's sake, is yet sufficiently animating to our *endeavours* after a true and laudable service; God being pleased to make—not our merit or demerit—but our slothfulness or diligence in a holy course, the measure whereby He regulates his anger or his praise; his denial or his bounty.

As the *praise* of true service, so the power to perform it, is declared by our Collect to come only of the *gift of God*. Suppose we could say with St. Paul, that, as servants of the Most High, we had "laboured more abundantly than they all;" we must be content to add the Apostle's confession, "yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." Thus accompanied—thus aided—we may hope both to render that service, "whose praise is not of men, but of God;" and also to reap the reward of it. Not that we expect our recompense in this short and bewildering course of human life. The world, and all it

can boast, giveth not the supporting hope which satisfieth an immortal soul. *Heavenly* promises only can do *that*; and *they* must be waited for. We must "in patience possess our souls." The Rest, which is to reward the faithful servant—that "Rest which remaineth for the people of God,"—we shall not enjoy till every shifting scene of mortality be passed away. In the Divine promise, there is also mention made of a "crown of righteousness," but *that* is not present—It "is laid up" for *future* reward; to be given when the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall open the kingdom of heaven to all believers; when also they, who find true and laudable service here to be perfect freedom, will there find it to be fullness of joy. With what delight will they renew their service in heaven, with the spirits of the just made perfect; with angels—ten thousand times ten thousand—and with all the heavenly host; resting not day and night, but praising thee, O God! and giving glory and honour, and thanksgiving to thee for evermore; Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF SIN.

The most extravagant thing in the world is sin. Men think of sin as to its consequence upon the individual who commits it, but the most expensive thing in society will be found to be sin, in whatever form it may appear; and a grand thing it will be when men reach this conviction. Some men think it is very well for men in the pulpit to talk about it in trying to induce conviction and persuasion on this moral question, but when they find that the cost of sin touches them in the shape of taxation they begin to feel a new interest in reforms. It will be found, in the long run, that the pocket is always on the side of virtue. Men have always formulated somewhat out of their own experience, and when they see that honesty is the best policy—well, it will be found to be so with regard to everything that affects personal habits, eating, drinking, dressing, and the mode of conducting life. The most extravagant thing is sin—anything that is wrong and that violates any great law of morals.

NO TRUE WORK EVER WASTED.

No true work since the world was made was ever wasted; no true life since the world began has ever failed. Oh, understand those two perverted words, failure and success, and measure them by the eternal, not by the earthly standard. What the world has regarded as the bitterest failure has often been in the sight of heaven the most magnificent success. When the cap, painted with devils, was placed on the brow of John Huss, and he sank dying amid the embers of the flame—was that a failure? When Francis Xavier died, cold and lonely on the bleak and desolate shore of a heathen land—was that a failure? When the frail, worn body of the Apostle of the Gentiles was dragged by a hook from the arena, and the white sand scattered over the crimson life-blood of the victim whom the dense amphitheatre despised as some obscure and nameless Jew—was that a failure?

And when, after thirty obscure, toilsome, unrecorded years in the shop of the village carpenter, One came forth to be pre-eminently the man of sorrows, to wander from city to city in homeless labours, and to expire in lonely agony upon the shameful cross—was that a failure? Nay, my brethren, it was the death of Him who lived that we might follow His footsteps—it was the life, it was the death of the Son of God incarnate.

TAKING COMFORT IN LIFE.

SOONER or later, friends, the time for folding hands will come to us all. Whether or not we cease from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still and untroubled by the stir and fret around us.

Why not take comfort as we go on? You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy, of what use will it be to you to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment; how daintily spread his bed, and how costly and profuse his toys? What the child needs is mothering, brooding, tender resting on your heart, and he needs it every step of the way from babyhood to manhood.

Take the comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few, but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare a half-hour at bed-time, and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy.

And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing out into the bloom and freshness of a wonderfully fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her and her advancement in life, that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, and her engagements so wholly distinct from yours? Why does she visit