

the Lord Jesus, they don't like even to hear of Him, they keep themselves away from Him as far as they can. I hope this is not the case with you. And do you cry 'Hosanna?' Do you know what that word means? I dare say it has often been explained to you at school, but I will explain it to you again. It is a prayer, it means, 'Save Lord, we beseech Thee!' Do you go to Christ with this prayer on your lips and in your hearts? Do you ask Him to save you? You won't ask Him to save you unless you feel you want saving. People don't ask for what they don't want. Do you know anything about your sins? Do they make you unhappy? Do you want to get rid of them? Do you want to be forgiven? Do you want to be made better? Then you will go to the Lord Jesus Christ, like the children at Jerusalem with 'Hosanna, hosanna,' many times repeated, and He will listen to you, for He is a very gracious Saviour. He will take kind notice of you, as he did of them; He will be pleased with that cry 'Hosanna,' and He will encourage you, as He encouraged them. Ask yourselves those questions, and think about them very often; and you will learn to join those children in praising Christ. God desires to have your praises. The praise that goes up to God from this world is not perfect without the praise of children. We have been praising God in this place for more than a week. But we desired to have you too in this happy work. We felt that our praises would not be perfect without you. But now look again at this Cathedral, where we are assembled. Look up yonder at that roof, look all about you, perhaps this will help you to remember what I have been saying with those palm leaves before me. And I have one more thing to say to you, and a very serious thing, before I stop. This Cathedral was here long before you were in the world, and it will be here long after you leave the world. Some of you will die while you are quite young. Some of you will grow up to be men and women. A few of you will live on till your hair is grey, and till you walk with tottering step; but after the oldest of you has died, the Cathedral will be still standing. So you see, the Cathedral makes us think of God, and of eternity, and of heaven."

It is better to find out one of our own faults than ten of our neighbors.

By what means may we always retain the joy which is designed to be the privilege of the justified? Only one answer can be given to this enquiry, and it is simply this: by keeping at all times near to the cross. Calvary's fountain is a fountain that is ever open; and as often as our peace is disturbed by the consciousness of sin, or our joy impaired by the prevalence of unbelief, the remedy lies there. We are not to live on spiritual attainments, nor on past experiences. Our comfort is not to be derived from personal virtues, nor our confidence to be built on the fervency of religious affections. To lean on these, is to lean on a broken reed.

It is very hard to stand with our Saviour at the grave of loved ones, and say, "Father, I thank Thee!" Yet how many rounded graves will appear in the light of eternity, not as Bochim, places for weeping, but mounts of Beatitudes, whereon God has laid a blessing. Children saved from the paw of the lion, and gathered through the grave with the Shepherd's arm, to be laid away safe on His bosom! Saved ones, bitterly mourned for, sheltered from the storms that would have wrecked them, in the peaceful tomb! But even if not so, how very much there is over which, through our tears, we can say at many grave-sides, "Father, I thank thee!"

"TWO POUNDS REWARD!"

BY THE HON. ISABEL PLUNKET.

"Mother, mother! have you heard the news?" exclaimed Stephen Radnor, tumbling almost head-foremost into the cottage, where his mother sat beside the hearth, with her foot on the cradle-rocker, and her anxious eyes fixed on the flushed baby-face that lay within.

"Grand news, mother?" exclaimed another and louder voice, as Bruce, Stephen's elder brother, hurried into the cottage after him, pushing Stephen aside.

"Hush, hush, boys! quit talking every one of you, and 'be quiet!' poor Mrs. Radnor exclaimed; but not before the little one in the cradle had roused, with a sharp cry, from her short feverish sleep.

"There, I knew you would! you've been and wakened her," the poor mother added, in a kind of despair. "Since ever she dozed off I've been dreading the very minute you'd come in;" and as Mrs. Radnor spoke tears of weariness and vexation fell from her eyes.

"But, mother, listen; it's grand!" Stephen exclaimed again, taking little note of his mother's trouble, and rather glad of the two that the baby was awake now, so that he might tell his news as noisily as he would.

"Miss Ethel has lost her gold watch and chain, with the diamond seal hanging to it, somewhere between the church and Bullfinch Lane."

"And the rector has offered two pounds reward to any one who finds it," Bruce burst in again, determined to have his share in the story somehow. "The rector was down at the school himself to-day."

"There, I knew you would; it's unfair, I say it's awfully unfair. That was the very part I wanted to tell," Stephen muttered, indignantly, and the flush of excitement deepened into passionate red upon his cheek.

"And, mother, listen—listen, mother, I want to tell you something," said little Dick, in a quiet voice, edging up beside his mother, and trying to draw down her ear on a level with his mouth; but Mrs. Radnor must have been sorely tried to-day, for she shook off the gentle little hand that rested on her arm, and withdrew her head from Dick's confidence, whatever it may have been.

"I don't want to hear what one of ye's got to say. Get away to the dresser there and eat the bit that's left for you, and quit talking, for the child's sick, I tell you, and who knows when she'll sleep again now." As she spoke, poor Mrs. Radnor rose, and walked up and down the kitchen flags with the wailing child in her arms, whilst for a moment the boys' mouths were closed with the wedges of thick cake-bread and the tins of buttermilk provided for them on the dresser.

But in another moment the storm of young voices rose again, for Stephen had swallowed his meal almost at one bolt, Bruce had stuffed half of his into his pocket, and Dick was too eager and hopeful to do more than taste his own, and stood with his large patient blue eyes steadfastly fixed on his elder brothers, awaiting their word of command.

"Now then, let's off!" exclaimed Bruce, drawing the sleeve of his coat hastily across his well-stuffed mouth. "I'm to take the lead, of course, because I'm the eldest, and then Stephen, and then Dick."

"All right!" Dick answered, quite happily, with a great belief in his big brothers, and an innocent readiness to do anything that he was told; but Stephen did not seem at all so willing to agree to Bruce's suggestion.

"I'm not going with you at all, I can

tell you; I'm just going on my own hook. I'll start at the very top of the lane, and turn over every inch of grass, and I'll bet you sixpence I'll find it."

"Find what, boys? Is it a goat you're talking about?" Mrs. Radnor asked, as the wailing cry ceased for a moment in her ear, and she caught some hint of the boys' meaning now.

"The goat, mother; why, whatever put old Jenny into your head!" Stephen exclaimed with a splutter of almost rude merriment, which even his present undisguised excitement could scarcely excuse.

"It's Miss Ethel's gold watch and chain with the diamond seal, that's what we were telling you of all the time. The rector has offered two pounds reward, and we're going off now to look for it."

"Then there's one of you will have to go and look for the goat, for all that," his mother answered, quietly; for it's loosed its tether since morning, and there's no saying where it's off to by this time. I was only waiting till you'd come home, to send one of you off to find her."

"Oh, but we couldn't go now, mother!" both the boys exclaimed almost at once, whilst a shade of disappointment and doubt passed over Dick's face.

"She'll be sure to come home before evening; and there's a lot of boys off this minute to Bullfinch Lane, I'll be bound," Stephen added, as he shot out through the open door to join a crew of his school-fellows who had hurried past the window in the very direction upon which his own heart was bent.

"I'll come back and look for the goat before tea, mother," Bruce said more calmly, with better feelings struggling at heart, but no resolution, no sudden heaven-sent prayer to give them strength and purpose. "Won't that do?" he added, coming to his mother, and kissing her before he left the house.

"Then I'd rather you went now," Mrs. Radnor answered, not returning his kiss; "for I'll want to milk her for the child's supper, and dear knows what mischief she's up to!"

"All right, mother, you needn't be afraid; I'll be back in lots of time," Bruce replied, confidently. So saying, he left the house, only a little more quietly than Stephen had done, and little Dick followed, as ever, close at his heel.

Poor Mrs. Radnor shook her head sorrowfully as the three children left the house, leaving her to her trouble again alone. She laid the child down in its cradle once more, and began an almost desperate movement of the rockers to and fro, whilst with the other hand she hid her face in her apron, and cried.

This was the way—this was the way of them all. She had worked, and watched, and wept for each one of them—Bruce, and Stephen, and Dick—in turn through twelve long years to this very hour and day, and yet they'd go off on their own pleasuring, and mind her bidding never a word; with the child sick and the goat strayed, and no one to do a hand's turn for her good or bad.

Poor Mrs. Radnor! Her husband had died only a few short months ago. She had not slept these two nights, nor was it likely she could sleep to-night either, with that child's ceaseless cry in her ears; and it was not strange that, in this moment of fresh disappointment and pain, the sad tears should overflow with the sadder thoughts that had wakened them.

There was a slight stir, a slight whiff of summer air in the cottage, as the half-door which Bruce had closed after him opened again; but Mrs. Radnor did not lift her bowed head from her hands, or stay the restless tread of her foot upon the rocker