

stead of ministering the Gospel to the poor he will have to spend his time, abilities, and means in defending himself before the tribunals of justice. In saying this we desire to make it perfectly clear that we wish to guard ourselves against the imputation of confounding "latitude" with "license"; and that we fully admit and assert that due submission to lawful authority is the bounden duty of those who have placed themselves under canonical obedience to their superiors. Absolute uniformity of ritual practice is not only impossible, it is not even desirable.

4. The moral effect of these prosecutions must not be forgotten. For the members of the contending parties to be constantly engaged in litigation is in itself a bad thing. It must, save for a special outpouring of the grace of God, tend towards an unhealthy, unspiritual state of mind. It must result in a waste of spiritual power, if the time and activities properly due to the faithful discharge of pastoral duties are turned into the channel of ceaseless strife. And more, the effect upon those outside the Church whom she is striving to reach must be deplorable. How can the work of the Church amongst the unbelieving, the indifferent, the openly profligate be effectual if they see the Church for ever harassed by internecine warfare? What is really needed is unity, not uniformity. Unity is strength, division is weakness. Let Church people pray and strive to be at one with another, and not be constantly picking holes in each other; and then the great work the Master has given us to do may indeed claim His blessing, and the Church united will go forth amidst the powers of the world "conquering and to conquer" in His name, and strengthened with His might.—*The Ecclesiastical Gazette, London, Eng.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THREE FLOWERET GRACES.

What says the Rose to you, little one,
As it puts forth its tender leaves,
And the crimson buds come creeping forth
Under the cottage eaves?
Look at the beautiful open flower,
Blushing bright as it hangs above;
In a soft, sweet voice it speaks to you—
"I love," says the Rose: "I love!"

What says the Violet, little one,
Hidden away in leaves so green?
You may find it by the sweet perfume,
Although itself unseen.
Yet if you look you will see it there,
Bluer far than the summer sky;
In its own sweet voice it speaks to you—
"I am shy," it says "I am shy."

What says the Lilly, my little one,
As it gracefully lifts its head—
That flower we paint as the Virgin's own,
And place it in the hand of the dead?
A flower which is the type of Heaven,
Where all sorrows will find a cure;
And to those who listen a right it says—
"I am pure," says the Lilly: "pure!"

Can you learn the lesson, little one,
Taught by these beautiful flowers three?
If not, put your play aside awhile,
And learn the lesson of me.
Loving—be gentle and kind to all;
Modest—and quiet as should be each
child:
Pure—as the white lily keep your soul,
Spotless and undefiled.

Then, though the flowers are beautiful,
Lovelier still will you seem to be;
For the loveliest is the girl or boy
Who unites these graces three!

—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

"NAN;" OR, THE STORY OF AN EASTER CARD.

By MARY A. GILMORE.

What a despairingly dull, cold, bitter day it was! The clean, dazzling piles of last week's snow, having succumbed to an unexpected wave of warmth, had now passed into a stage of dirty slush, widening streams of icy water and treacherous ponds covering bits of smooth ice. It was five o'clock, and dark; had the sun shone it would not have seemed late, but to-day the mists and clouds hurried on the evening. It was growing colder, too, cold for the passers by wrapped in heavy furs and long coats; cold for the workmen beginning to hurry home with the anticipation of warm fires and suppers awaiting them; cold for the newsboys who blew on their fingers and danced a double-shuffle to warm their stinging feet; cold for the loungers who, hanging about the corners now moved, some to their clubs, some to their homes and some to the ever-inviting saloons.

An uncommonly blustering wind blew around the corner a figure so slight that at first there was a doubt whether it were child or woman; the small, shivering limbs too closely defined through the scant skirt of thin woolen, the tiny claw of a red, chafed hand hugging the worn coat together might have belonged to either, but the face, alas! the face so far from being that of a child looked as if it had never belonged to a child. Her mouth pinched and drawn, wore a sarcastic curve that was not pleasant to see; the contour of her face might have been pretty, if well rounded out, but the thin nose and blue temples and the eyes with a sharp, hungry, and it must be confessed, a bold, bad look at times, made one's heart ache.

"They've all got somewhere to go to," she murmured, "the mothers home to the kids, and the kids home to the mothers, fires a' burning, and supper tables a' waiting and good things to eat, and books and music! oh, to think I've lost it all! what shall I do? Ah!" as another gust fairly lifted her from her feet and blew her against a brilliantly lighted window, "it wouldn't take many such to waft me into the river; but that won't happen quite yet, not quite yet; soon enough, but not now. I wonder what any of these folks would say if they knew they had got to leave their homes to-morrow, and didn't have another place to go to, and no money to get it if there was one. I suppose I might as well go home," and she laughed at the mockery of the word. "as it's the last night I shall have one to go to; wonder which I'd better try this time; I haven't even the time for lodging at the Home and—there she is!" the girl fastened her eyes upon a tall, golden-haired lady, who, with a copy of herself in miniature beside her, entered the large store against whose windows Nan was leaning.

"I'll wait here and watch till she comes out," she mused. It was such a strange liking she had taken for this woman; meeting her and the child one day on the street, she had first become known to them by lifting the little one after a fall in a sudden dash from her mother's side. Holding her tightly a moment, she had quickly put her down and was about to slide quietly away, when, to her utter amazement, the lady had held out a little, gloved hand, and said in oh, so sweet a voice:

"Thank you most heartily; you have done us both a great favor;" and with a lingering grasp upon her own rough hand, had gone away.

To her amazement! for the first time in years a lady had looked at her without a scornful lifting of the head; for the first time since her mother's touch, a lady had grasped her hand, and spoken to her as if she were an equal, and not the very outcast of the earth. What wonder, then, that after that, she should be fascinated by the sight of the mother and

child, and follow them with hungry eyes, hiding herself and waiting long to catch a glimpse of this royal woman?

To-night (she was especially impressed by the sight of them. Whether it was that the contrast between herself and them struck her more keenly than ever, or whether it was owing to a fancied resemblance which she saw for the first time, certain it was that Nan looked very odd as she clung to the brass rails outside the window. Thoughts banished for years surged in her unwilling mind, memories resolutely buried and stamped upon rose and confronted her persistently. Was it the bitter cold that was benumbing her, or was it true that she saw herself, a bright, careless, little girl, pulling her younger sister along over the dewy fields and up the long slant of the hills, "to see the sun dance on Easter morning.

Was it merely the carriage of that graceful woman before her, that so vividly recalled the sweep of her own mother's garments, or was there really in her face a likeness to the little sister that might perchance be more than a likeness, a development of the child to the woman.

"My sister!" Nan gasped hoarsely, and then looked fearfully around lest any one should have heard that word from her poor lips. "My sister! can it be?" oh, the pity of it! the horror of it! if those gentle eyes should know that the wretched woman they had once looked kindly upon, had been lulled to sleep on the same bosom, if that gracious hand stretched out in gratitude should realize that many a time before it had clasped hers through the long nights, what would happen?

"How she would scorn me!" thought poor Nan: "how ashamed she would be! she with her pretty baby and her proud, happy air; oh, no indeed! it would be too cruel, cruel for her, and cruel for me that the only one who has let fall a kind word for me these long years, should look scornfully upon me now. I can bear it from the rest of them, but not from her; ah, here she comes; let me go away from her, always away from her," and then, as the sharp contrast between herself and her sister, if it were indeed her sister, came upon her with pitiless conviction, the girl's mood changed to one of fierce despair. "I can't go to the Home," she said: "she helped start that herself, and goes there often; I'll not go back to my room," she continued with a shudder; "I guess it's most time for the river," and then laughed low as she thought of its ice covered surface. "Even out off there! well, there are other places, I might as well go—what was that?" the words died away on her lips—"That" was only one of the many Easter cards displayed behind the brilliant window. "A few exquisite hand-painted Easter emblems," the advertisement ran, but, aside from the delicate finish of the work, there seemed to be nothing in the one that Nan was gazing at to especially attract a beholder; a long sloping hill-side, the grass mostly brown, with here a there a touch of tender green, a frosty dew sparkling on the buds and boughs, the first rays of the rising sun sending a pink glow over all, and in the foreground, with clasped hands, and faces set towards the sun, were two children, toiling with eager haste to the hill-top.

"That card is not particularly appropriate to Easter," said a bystander.

"Oh yes, it is illustrative of the legend of the sun's dancing on that morning, and not nearly so far fetched as some baskets of eggs, scrawny chicks and other ridiculous designs," replied his companion. Nan heard both the remark and the reply, but she did not lift her eyes from the card. "The world itself keeps Easter day," was written across the top, and down in one corner in quaint irregular lettering were the words: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." As Nan looked, the memories just revived stirred her heart again.

(To be Continued)