

the services of the Church so warm, attractive, and sympathetic, so hospitable and so graciously radiant, that men will find there more of that rest which human nature craves, but for which it seeks in vain outside the golden gate of the Church? It can be done. Rest for the wearied body is not gained by idling on street corners, lounging about the farm, visiting godless resorts, on Sunday. The wearied mind demands a release and ease from the application of the store or the counting-house. When will it gain that rest more sweetly and healthfully than in communion with the Prince of Peace? The body, worn with toil of field or forge or bench, demands its sabbatic respite; where will it find repose and recreation more invigorating than in reclining like John of blessed memory, on the bosom of Him who said; "Come unto Me and rest." No man has really rested whose spirit has not refreshed itself in Jesus Christ. The body has not rested if the spirit which dwells in it has failed to make its peace with God.

If these careless, indifferant men would only break in upon the monotony of habit, with what different feelings they would soon come to regard the Day of Rest. Sunday morning with its chiming bells would be a gladsome day. It would be the day of all the week.

Of all races, the American must have its one day of rest in seven. The drive and worry of this people make even more imperative than of old the observance of God's primary injunction to the Jews. Disobedience is destruction of physical as well as moral health. What shall we do to revive the people? Will not hearty, united services inspiring music, plain, bold, bracing sermons, bring the idlers of the market-place, the habitués of the Sunday resort, to the house of prayer? Will not a more consistent example upon the part of Church people aid in bringing in the careless and luke warm?

But after all, is not our chief hope of better things in the younger generation? If we can interest the young, the growing boys and girls, the youths approaching manhood, then we have hold of the fathers and mothers of the coming age, we hold perhaps in our grasp the future religious destiny of America. Let us interest the young. Get them into some work fitted for them. Find places for them in Sunday-school, choir, or guilds. Make them feel a responsibility for the prosperity of the parish. Preach occasionally special sermons. Knights of Temperance, Daughters of the King, St. Andrew's Brotherhood chapters, will play no unimportant part in our work. How many parents will be drawn to the Church by our interests in their children! Seeking opportunities to win these dear young souls to Christ, manifold ways will open, unspoken suggestions aid us, in preparing the way of the Lord. The Holy spirit will teach us as He taught apostles of old.

A vast, a responsible labor is ours. If we were alone in it, failure would be certain, but One will be with us as we toil, in whom we shall be strong indeed. When we have done our best, we may leave the result to Him "whodoeth exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." As we pray in His name, men's hearts will open to follow "the good and the right way." There will come a day of pentecostal power, of apostolic energy, when as once, despite the scorn of Jew, or the sword of Roman, Christians gathered in upper room, in catacomb or basilica, to worship Christ, so once more Christians shall gather in growing numbers in the house that is called by His name, to supplicate and bless Him through whom alone we have redemption, regeneration, and immortality.

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Family Department.

REPENTANCE.

LORD! I have wasted all my powers,
My life has passed in ill:
But teach me in my wayward hours
E'en now to do Thy will.

My God! It is not Thou who hast
Been slow Thy gifts to give:
'Tis only I whose heart has been
Too backward to receive.

O! give me now a simple faith,
And purge my heart from sin,
And eager let me be henceforth
A heavenly home to win.

O! do we strive in deadly fight
Temptation to repel,
And oft we've felt the tempter's might
When in the strife we fell.

But if we fall, O God, restore,
Strengthen our fainting heart:
And give us faith for evermore
To know Thee as Thou art.

Lord! let me consecrate to Thee
The powers that Thou hast given:
My wealth, my health, my life, my all,
To serve the Lord of Heaven.

ARCHIE BOYD CARPENTER.

The Palace, Elton,

JULIE.

CHAPTER XIX (Continued.)

Julie ran in her excitement to the window and pulled aside the blind, but she could only see a large object that must have been the cab, and some forms moving in the dark, and then a man's voice fell upon her ear; like a soothing sound it came.

"Martha! How are you, Martha? How is my dear little girl?"

A gentleman's voice—an educated voice—it fell like an echo from the past. She heard Martha's voice replying to him, in a low trembling tone, and before she had time to think any more, Mr. Strickland was in the room.

"Julie!" he cried. "Little Julie!"

What a very tall man he was! Julie felt herself lifted in the air, and gathered close in his arms; and after he had kissed her about a dozen times, he put her down at last, drew an arm-chair to the fire, and took her upon his knee; and then, for the first time, Julie had a proper look at him.

He had a pale face, with such a kind expression, Julie thought, and a beautiful long fair moustache, and his hair was getting gray a little on the temples, and his brown eyes eagerly scanned Julie's face, as if he were never going to take them away again.

"Julie! little Julie? Are you glad to see papa?"

"Yes," whispered Julie, lifting her soft eyes up to his, and feeling somehow quite at home with him. "I've been longing for you to come a long, long while, papa."

The answer seemed to please him very much; he drew her closer in his arm, and looked with the greatest satisfaction into the pensive face; and very naturally the little arm went stealing round his neck, and Julie laid her cheek against his shoulder.

Of course he had heard from Martha how very ill she'd been, and now he turned and asked a hundred questions of her health; and while Martha answered them, Julie stroked his coat, and tried to think a little of the past.

She liked his coat, it was fine and soft; it was a pleasure to Julie to touch it. She used to touch somebody's coat like that. Whose coat could it have been? she wondered. John Gering's coat was rough and coarse, and John Gering's hands were dirty. Papa's hands were clean and white and soft, just like somebody

else's. The ring on his little finger, too, seemed quite familiar to Julie, and the watchchain and seals she knew quite well. Why couldn't she remember more?

She was thinking of Mr. Atherton, you see, in a vague and dreamy way. When the children went to his tea-parties her place was generally on his knee, and so the position seemed familiar to her in a dim and misty way.

"The fever seemed to touch her memory," Martha was saying when she roused herself to listen. "It took it clean away; she couldn't remember me nor John, nor anything else about her; but time may bring it back, you know," she added falteringly.

"I trust so," was the answer, in his deep and pleasant voice. "Nay, Martha, don't reproach yourself; her sickness was not your bringing. Let me thank you again and again for all your tender nursing. Thank God!" he added reverently; "she might have died, you know."

Poor Martha! She was glad to slip away just then to bring the supper in.

"Well, Julie," said Mr. Strickland, smiling, "and what do you think of papa?"

Her eyes had been fixed so earnestly on his face, that he was obliged to ask the question. Julie thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, but she could not tell him so. She did not answer his question, but put the other arm around his neck as well.

"Do you think," she asked, in a troubled whisper, "I shall remember it all by-and-by?"

"Yes, Julie; yes, my little girl, I'm sure you will."

"There were a lot of others," she said dreamily, "only I can't remember them, you know. I wish I could," she added wistfully. "There was somebody like you, papa, only it wasn't you; he had a ring like yours upon his finger, and a watch and chain like yours, and I used to sit upon his knee."

Perhaps you dreamed of me, my darling," Mr. Strickland answered, stroking the fair soft hair.

"No," said Julie, seriously; "I thought you were dead, you know. Wait! she cried suddenly, catching hold of his hand; 'somebody used to do that, too, to me. It was—it was—' Oh!" stopped Julie, piteously, "who was it papa?"

"Julie," said Mr. Strickland, undoing the clinging arms, and holding both hands in his, "I think you love me a little; do you not, my child?"

"Yes," said Julie with a sigh. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

"Then will you promise to try and do something for me, if I ask you?" Mr. Strickland said.

"Yes," said Julie, brightly, prepared to slip off his knee, feeling quite sure it was something he wanted her to fetch for him; and she was always such a famous one for waiting on others you see.

"Promise me, then, dear Julie, that you will try not to think at all; don't try to remember any of the time that's past," said Mr. Strickland, holding her closer in his arms. "What do you want to run away from me?"

Somehow Julie began to laugh a little then.

"I thought you were going to ask me to fetch you something," she said, "and I was getting ready to run at once, you know."

"I'm glad you're such a willing puss," he answered, laughing too. "Oh! I'll want a lot of waiting on; you'll find out by-and-by. I'm such a lazy fellow, Julie; you can't think how lazy I am. India's just the sort of place to make one lazy, you know."

And then, as he saw the interest awakening in her eyes, he began to tell her stories about his Indian life, till little Julie was quite enthralled, and had forgotten to think of the past.

And by the time supper was over and bedtime had come round, Julie was laughing as