

"Hugh Carlton! I never thought of him!" exclaimed Kathleen.

"Why not? He is a very fine fellow in many ways, though he does seem to consider that the world was made for himself alone, and that every wish of his is become the law of the universe."

"Yes, that describes him exactly," said Kathleen, laughing; "but it is quite natural perhaps, for no one has ever thwarted him in all his life. I should be surprised if he fell in love with Estelle, however, charming as she is; for although he is so poetical, he has never, I believe, had even a passing fancy for any one, excepting a concert-singer once—to whom he never so much as spoke—merely because she had such a beautiful voice. He is devotedly fond of music."

"Then I think Estelle is really very likely to attract him," said Raymond, "for she has a natural genius for it, and sings with the sweetest and most pathetic tones I ever heard in my life. She has not been well taught, as you have, but she has caught up, by ear, in Australia, some quaint wild ballads, which are strangely touching." And Kathleen declared, as they went in, that she would hear them that same evening.

(To be Continued.)

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show.
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with races well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, and drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—oh beautiful sleep!

VILLAGE CONVERSATIONS ON THE LITURGY.

(Continued from page 491.)

Some few weeks afterwards Thomas and William had the following conversation.

T. I think, William, you said that if what you have told me about the Prayer-Book proved of any use to me, you would go on to teach me a little more. Now, since we last talked together, I really find much more satisfaction in going to Church than ever I did before. I understand what I am about better, I give more attention to it.

W. Why, Thomas, there certainly is no such thing as understanding any thing properly without giving attention to it. And, surely, nothing is more deserving of our attention, than the proper way of offering our services to God.

T. No, that is certain. It must be so William. And now I think,

THE LORD'S PRAYER

is the next part that we come to in the Church service; and as this prayer is taken directly out of the Bible, and as our blessed Lord commanded us to use it, we are sure that it must be right. This prayer does indeed seem to ask for just such blessings as we stand in need of. But, besides this, it seems, somehow, to be full of Christian instruction too. I'll tell you what I mean, in my poor way, as well as I am able.

W. I should like very much to hear you, Thos.

T. Well, then, you know that the first words we say are these, *Our Father*. Now I think that these two words might teach us a great deal. For, when we say *our Father*, this word *our* teaches us that all Christians, being sons of the same heavenly Father, should be united together like brothers. And this thought should put an end to quarreling, and envyings, and jealousies; and should teach us to help, and comfort, and pray for one another. And besides, when I say, *our Father*, I confess that I am praying for other Christians as well as myself, and that they, too, are praying for me. And then, when we call the Almighty our *Father*, this should serve to put us in mind of the *duty* we owe to him: that we should in all things seek to do His will; and that we should endeavor to submit to whatever trials he may think it needful to lay upon us; because, as he is our *Father*, he must know best what is right and good for his children. And there is something, too, in the name of *Father*, so engaging that it seems wonderfully suited to win us to gratitude and love.

W. It does, indeed. If we receive blessings, how thankful it would make us, if we would always look upon them as coming from a kind and merciful *Father*! And if we are visited with troubles and afflictions, what a wonderful support and comfort it would be to us, if we would consider, that as Job says, "affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground," but that these trials are sent by One who knows that they are for our good, that they are not sent to vex us, but to improve us; for that, "like as a father pitieth his children; so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" (Psalm ciii. 13) and that he will, in the end, make all things "work together for good to them that love God." (Romans viii. 28)

T. Yes; and thus, I think I see, that in these words, a great deal of *duty* is taught; indeed the whole "royal law" of love to God and man.—But now let us look at the next part of the Lord's Prayer, *Hallowed be Thy Name*. I am not sure that I quiet understand the meaning of the word *hallowed*.

W. Why, to *hallow* means to *keep holy*. And, so, when we say, *hallowed be Thy Name*, we pray that the Lord's name may be *kept holy*, that it may be *greatly honoured and revered*, by ourselves, and by all mankind.

T. Well, that is what I thought was the meaning of it. And here, too, I think I see a great duty pointed out to us: I mean this, that if we *pray*, that the name of our heavenly Father may be revered and honoured in the world, we should also *strive* that it may.

W. To be sure. For if we *pray* one way, and *act* another, this shows that there must be something strangely wrong within us; some lurking unbelief, or some sad hypocrisy. You know our blessed Saviour tells us, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven:" which shows us plainly that it is not enough merely to call upon the Lord, but that it should be the great business of our lives to seek to do His will.

T. To be sure.—But yet we *must* call him "Lord, Lord." I mean we must seek him in prayer.

W. Surely we must. I only mean that we must study to have our hearts set upon the things we pray for: for it is sad indeed to have our words speaking one language, and our actions another. To be sure, if we neglect to call upon God in prayer, we cannot be said to hallow his name.

T. No, to be sure not.—And then there is another way in which we go against our own prayers. I mean when we swear, and curse, or when we use the name of our Maker, or our Saviour, in our common discourse, in a careless, irreverent manner: I am sure this is not *hallowing* the name of God.

W. No, indeed; quite the contrary; it is, as I may say, *unhallowing* his name. It is destroying all respect and reverence for him, in ourselves and others.

T. Why, to be sure it must. And yet, what a deal of swearing and wicked words you do hear, if ever you happen to step into an alehouse, or any such places!

W. Why, yes, indeed you do; and that is one reason why I never do step into such places. I

cannot bear to hear such words. To think that every comfort and every blessing we enjoy comes from our heavenly Father,—to think that the very use of speech is his gift, and then to use that gift to the abuse of the Giver, is so dreadful, that it is only fit for those that forget Who made them, Who preserves them, and Who redeemed them; and so live, as it were, without God in the world.

T. It is, indeed, a shocking practice! But let us see a little more about God's name being hallowed. Now, it seems to me, that if people stay away from Church on a Sunday, and give their minds to those things which belong to the other six days of the week, then they are not hallowing the name of God.

W. No, to be sure not. The Lord has blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it, and he has commanded us to hallow his Sabbaths. We ought, therefore, to reverence them, and to keep them holy. We ought, indeed, to be very thankful that it hath pleased the Lord to allow one day in seven as a day of rest for those who labor hard the other six; but we are moreover required to make the Sunday a day particularly devoted to religious purposes. And, indeed, a sincere Christian will not consider this a hardship, but he will consider it as a very great and happy privilege.

T. Yes, indeed. But what a sad thing it is, then, that we should sometimes see, particularly in villages, shops open for buying, and selling, and trafficking on the Sunday morning, just like any other day of the week, and oftentimes worse! Many poor people tell you that they cannot get their wages paid before Sunday morning, and so are forced to go to the shop then to get the things for their Sunday's dinner.

W. Yes, but what a very bad practice it is to pay laborers their wages on the Sunday morning! I think, however, that most masters have done away with that practice now; and, to be sure, they all would, if they did but take it into proper consideration. It keeps many away from church, and it fills the minds of those who do go with concerns which should be kept away, as much as possible, on the Lord's day. All this paying, and receiving, and buying, and selling, takes such hold of the thoughts, that there is hardly any room left for the one thing that is every day needful, and on the Lord's day is our special business. "God blessed the Sabbath day," and he blesses those who keep it holy. You generally see in a place where the Sunday is well kept that religion spreads, and that good morals, the fruits of religion, grow and thrive.

—People are apt to pay you in the self-same coin you pass on them. If you give the gold of love you will get gold in return, and if you give the brass of impertinence you will get it back again before many days.

—To those whose god is honor, disgrace alone is sin.

BIRTH.

On the 30th ult., the wife of the Rev. George Horlock, Crystal Palace, Park Road, Sydenham, England, formerly of Holland Landing, Bobcageon, of a daughter. *Deo gratias*.

At the Parsonage, Fergus, Ont., the wife of the Rev. Robt. C. Caswall, M.A., of a daughter.

MARRIED

On October 8th, by the Rev. J. Langtry, Rector of St. Lukes, Edward Rainsford, LL.B., late of London, England, to Sophia Ellen, eldest daughter of John M. and Margaret Norris, of Toronto. No Cards.

On Wednesday, 25th inst., at St. Luke's Cathedral, by Rev. C. M. Sills, assisted by Rev. W. F. Curry, Rufus A. Tremain, Esq., Q. C., of Gaysborough, N. S., to Mary Richardson, daughter of W. C. Silver, Esq.

DIED

Entered into rest at Hammond Vale, K.C., N.B., on Feb. 27th, 1878, E. S. Forsyth, after patient endurance of a painful illness for eight years.

At his residence, Richmond Road, Ottawa, on Thursday, Oct. 10, W. C. Lee, Esq., aged 60 years.