

if not to those who would mutilate the holy faith, who would tamper with the sacred deposit, taking now one part of it, now another, and throwing it away, because they do not like it. Christ said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The Church has recently taken Him at His word: but are there some who now say "Baptism is nothing but a sign; being born again is a purely spiritual matter; water has nothing to do with it?" Are not such taking away from the Word of God? St. Luke, the inspired chronicler of the early history of the Church, records—"Then laid their hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost." What do some unworthy Churchmen say now of confirmation, when the successors of the Apostles lay their hands on the heads of the candidates? "Oh, yes, Confirmation is a very good thing, it marks a crisis in the young people's lives: it should, in fact, be the time of their conversion, and by helping them to decide aright, it may, if properly used, be a time of much blessing. The imposition of the Bishop's hands adds solemnity to the ceremony, and is beautiful as symbolic of blessing, but we cannot accept the 'High Church' idea that through that act the Holy Spirit is conferred." Is it a High Church idea they are rejecting or a truth of the Word of God?

Christ said "This is My Body," "This is My Blood." The Church offers to her members the sacred elements as "verily and indeed the Body and Blood of Christ." Do they all receive them as such? Do not too many, in effect, say "Christ said those words certainly, but He these are *not* My Body and Blood, but meant, something quite different. He meant merely emblems, just signs to remind you that it is necessary to spiritually feed upon Me."

Many similar instances of subtraction might easily be adduced, but these should be sufficient to warn us to see how we stand ourselves before threatening God's judgments against others. First, let us remove the beam of negation from our own eyes that we may see clearly to help to remove the motes of addition which are dimming the eyes of our poor country.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

Family Department.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

GREAT GOD! who shall abide that day,
That final, fearful reckoning day,
When the last trump shall sound?
When every son of Adam's race
Shall stand in his allotted place,
Midst flaming worlds around.

O Lord! on that tremendous day
When heaven and earth shall pass away
With majesty of sound;
When suns no more shall give their light,
In darkness plung'd by greater light,
O where shall I be found?

Where, where, O God! shall I appear?
What sentence ring into mine ear
At that most dread assize?
When Thou shalt judge the quick and dead,
O where shall I uplift my head?
Amongst the fools or wise?

Shall it be mine, O Christ! to hear,
With quivering frame and abject fear,
The Lamb's condemning voice?
Or shall my soul be welcomed home,—
"Come, blessed of My Father, come,
And with Me ye rejoice?"

—From Church Magazine.

THOSE BOYS.

CHAPTER XII.—WE KISSED AGAIN WITH TEARS.

But alas! Ted was not out on Sunday. The new hut was complete. Through its neat, shining lattice looked out the bright eyes of Fluffy,

Long Ears and Beauty; and there, comfortably settled in her new dwelling house was the lovely Snowflake herself, but no Ted was there to see.

Disconsolately round and round the garden walked Mike. Ted was not better yet. Ted was still tossing on his hot bed.

Mike was accustomed now to lying down night after night in the nursery alone; he was accustomed to Ted's empty cot. Every night he had kissed the little pillow where Ted's curly head had lain, and every night hoped that before the next he should see his brother; but as yet he had hoped in vain. His parents have often said how good and patient he was during these days, how well he learned his lessons, how hard he tried to atone by a thousand loving ways to them for his previous sin.

All his leisure time he spent in Ted's garden, or with Ted's pets; and the little plot of ground was blooming in great beauty, and the pigeons and rabbits looked their best, but still the child for whom they were meant was no better.

At last there came a day, when to Mike's inquiry he was told that his brother was not only no better, but not so well as on the previous evening. On this day Mike saw his father ride away somewhere very quickly before breakfast, and when he asked where he had gone to, he was told that Uncle Edward wanted another doctor to see Ted, and his father had gone to fetch him.

"I'm glad of that," said Mike promptly. "The new doctor 'll may-be hit on something to make him well soon. I'm glad he's comin'."

The boy ran off quite cheered at the idea, sure now that very soon Ted and he would play together. He stationed himself at the gate to watch for his father and the man who was to make Ted well. When they arrived he came panting and shouting to the house to announce the fact. Here Biddie caught him and carried him off to the kitchen—Mike was very happy in the kitchen—Biddie provided him with flour and water and a little fruit, and with these ingredients he manufactured sundry pies, with a comfortable feeling that all the time the new doctor was upstairs helping Uncle Edward to make Ted well.

"If he's made quite well to-day," said Mike, confiding his hopes to Biddie, "by to-morrow he'll be a bit weak perhaps, but the next day he'll be out same as ever—won't he, Biddie?"

"Hark to the child," said the good-natured Irishwoman, tears she endeavored to repress raining down her face. "Whist, aisy, Masther Mike, don't mess it all about, darlin'."

"Why, what a silly you is to cry, Biddie," said Mike. "Is it about Ted you is cryin'?" That is 'diculous when the new doctor is making him well as quick as possible. There! he's gone! he's drivin' away! Let me out—I want to see mother. She won't be cryin', you silly, silly Biddie!"

He unfastened the kitchen door, bounded into the passage, and the next moment was pressed to his mother's breast.

"Mother, mother, mother, is he better? did the new doctor cure him? does he like his new medicine, mother?"

Alas! the child never saw his mother's tears, never felt how his mother's arms trembled,

"Biddie was crying, mother—wasn't it silly? and—why, mother, *you* is cryin'?" with a start and a keen look into her face.

His hopes went down, down to zero at sight of his mother's tears. He followed her quietly into the dining room.

"Maybe the new medicine will soon do him good," he said, for he felt that the new doctor had as yet made Ted no better. "Mother, *why* do you cry? How soon will Ted be better, mother?"

"O Mike, my child! how can I tell you? Your brother, your sweet, sweet brother, will never be better any more." The mother said the words, and for a moment there was dead silence in the room.

"Never!" said Mike at last, in a puzzled tone; "not in a week, nor a fortnight? Won't

he be better in a whole fortnight, mother, what do you mean by *never*?"

"My darling, how can I break it to you? how can I make you understand me? Do you remember, Mike, how baby Eileen went away; God is calling our precious little Ted to be with Eileen, to be with himself, Mike."

She paused; yes, she need say no more, the boy understood her. She saw the knowledge in his white face, in his parted lips. The room seemed to swim round to him, the air seemed to stifle him; he looked round, ran to the open window, and, vaulting lightly over its low ledge into the garden, disappeared.

Again, in his sore trouble, he went down to the river and gazed at the fast flowing waters. Again his dream came vividly before him. It was true, then, that dream! The shining One was really coming for Ted to bear him in his arms away from Mike's love for ever. His pretty Ted would never again be his little playmate, he would never again listen to his merry laugh, or see his dear, loving face. Fluffy and the beautiful Snowflake, the new hutch, the carefully trimmed garden, would wait, and wait in vain for Ted. For Ted would not be better in a week, nor in a fortnight, nor in a month.

He would never be better any more.

Mike repeated these words over and over. Over and over in his sore little heart they kept ringing, Ted will never be better any more. The new doctor can do nothing for Ted. He will never be better any more.

Mike said these words, but he did not really believe them, it was impossible for him to realize them. As he said them, he was picturing to himself the meeting he and Ted would have, when this illness worse than a cold was over. He was picturing how Ted's soft, brown eyes would flash up at him with love and gratitude, how entirely he would forgive him for all his unkind words and deeds, how his dear little arms would encircle his neck when he saw the new hutch and his pretty Snowflake inside, and how they would love each other and be happy, happier than of old.

But as the undercurrent of everything came back and again that terrible refrain—he will never be better any more.

Mike felt very angry with his uncle, and with this other doctor.

How stupid! how ignorant they must be not to be able to make a little boy like Ted well! There was some excuse for old people, and big people dying, but how easy to keep a boy so small as Ted alive!

Why did not his father try some other doctor? Surely any one who was clever, the least bit clever, would soon have Ted well again.

Oh! if Jesus was only on earth now, how soon he would have Ted playing in the garden and sitting by Mike's side. What lots of people he cured, he did not let them die; he did not let them go away from the brothers, and their fathers and mothers; he was the good—what long word was that?

Mike could not say it, but he knew it meant doctor.

Yes, Jesus was the Good Doctor; and if he were here Ted would not die. Suppose—Suppose—Suppose he asked Jesus now to make Ted well? Suppose he spoke to God about this great trouble? Would God, who was angry with him, hear him? He could but try.

He knelt on the short grass by the river, he folded his little hands and looked up earnestly.

"God," said Mike, "you is punishing me very hard, but not a bit harder than I deserve. But oh! please God, I is terrible sorry for my sin, and for that lie, and all the naughty way I did act. So please, God, don't let Ted die, but send down the Good Doctor, Jesus, to make him well, for Jesus's sake. Amen."

And when Mike rose from his knees he felt that Ted would get well, that the other doctors who had failed would see that Jesus could make his brother well. His great sorrow had departed, he felt happy again. Why was this? why had the boy forgotten his trouble and his sin?