

I rejoice, therefore, to find that your Vicar is, at the very commencement of his work among you, so clear and outspoken with his people on this most important subject. The sooner they learn that Baptismal Regeneration is the sound old doctrine of the Church of England, the better. And the sooner they know that their pastor is an honest man, who means what he says, and is not afraid to say what he means, the better also. They will respect him the more. They will know that he is to be believed out of Church, when within her walls he does not dissemble. And I have no doubt that in due course of time they will see in this, as in all she teaches, that the best claim which the Church of England has upon the affections and confidence of her people is, her perfect harmony in doctrine and discipline with the teaching of the Word of God.

## Children's Department.

### THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Little knees should lowly bend,  
At the time of prayer;  
Little thoughts to heaven ascend,  
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully  
In employment move;  
Little feet should cheerfully  
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,  
As by Scriptures taught;  
Little lips should ne'er be loath  
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to  
All the Bible says;  
Little bosoms throb to do  
What the Lord will please.

Little spirits should be glad  
Jesus died to save;  
O how cold, and dark, and sad,  
Else would be the grave!

Little children sinners are;  
But the Saviour says,  
All that seek him now by prayer  
Shall obtain his grace.

Little infants dying go  
To the world above;  
And our souls shall join them, too,  
If we Jesus love.

### WHERE IS YOUR TREASURE?

Little Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over; so Mary busied herself with a picture-book.

For an hour all was still; then Mary heard her uncle say, "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven.

"Oh, no, Mary; my treasures are all on the earth,—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George with a sigh.

"But have you not got any in heaven too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully; "but run away to mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out and was gone a good while; but all the time he was thinking that after all perhaps he was n't so well off, if he had no treasure laid up in heaven, to be ready for him when he left the world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to commence at once to lay up treasures in heaven.

Little Mary never knew, until years after, when she also, with a clearer understanding of what it meant, began to lay up for herself treasure in heaven, that it was her childish question that

started Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.

Little reader, where is your treasure, and what is it? The Bible tells us that where our treasure is, there will our hearts also be (Matthew vi. 21). If we have only earthly possessions, our thoughts will always be occupied about the things of this world; and so when we come to die and go into the eternal world, we shall be poor and destitute and miserable forever. The Lord Jesus Christ is offered to us as God's unspeakable gift, and in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. By accepting Him for our portion we shall be rich both for time and for eternity. Ask the Holy Spirit to incline your heart to seek after those heavenly riches, and that heavenly inheritance which are laid up for all those who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

### ROSA'S BIRTHDAY.

One afternoon, Rosamond Hamilton and I, her Aunt Fanny, were alone in the parlor. Rosa had brought her little chair close to the rocking-chair I was sitting in, and was telling me about a little playmate of hers. All at once, she exclaimed:—"Oh, Aunt Fanny! to-morrow is my birthday; to-morrow I shall be six years old! Are you not so glad, Aunt Fanny?"

"Yes; I am glad to see you so happy in view of it. But, Rosa, if I were you, I would make to-morrow a very happy birthday, the happiest birthday you have had. You can, if you wish to."

"How, aunty? I do wish to."

"Well, my dear girl, as we grow older we want to grow better; and if I were you, I would resolve, when I was six years old, to control my temper. A little girl so old as that can surely govern herself. That naughty temper, when it rises, makes you very unhappy and very disagreeable to your friends; and now that you are beginning a new year of your life, would it not be well to try and subdue it? If, on your sixth birthday, you should begin to be sweet-tempered, gentle, and thoughtful, would it not be a very happy birthday?"

"Yes, aunty; but people do such provoking things, and make me angry."

"No, Rosa, they do not make you angry. They perhaps tempt you to be; but temptation can be resisted. All good persons are tempted to do wrong, and it is because they do not yield to temptation, but look to Jesus for help, that they are good. It is very hard to be good when you are tempted; but you know God can give you strength, and help you to be good."—*Children's Friend.*

### SONG OF THE MONKEY.

My master grinds an organ,  
And leads me by a chain;  
And when I pick the money up,  
You laugh and shout again:  
Ha, ha, ha!  
But though I dance and caper, still  
I feel at heart forlorn;  
I wish I were in monkey-land,  
The place where I was born.  
There cocoa-nuts are growing  
Beneath the palm-tree's crown;  
I used to climb and pick them off,  
And hear them—crash! come down:  
Ha, ha, ha!  
There all day long the purple figs  
Are dropping, I declare;  
How pleasant 'tis in monkey-land,  
I would that I were there.  
On some tall tree's top branches,  
The fleecy clouds would sail  
Just over me; I wish that I  
Were swinging by my tail:  
Ha, ha, ha!  
To swing about so merrily,  
How happy I should be!  
But oh! a travelling monkey's life  
Is very hard on me.

RAGGED SCHOOL SONG.

Take not the pretty face or form  
As proof of grace within;  
A ship that's weathered many a storm  
Appears a homely thing.

### GOOD FOR EVIL.

William Ladd had a farm in one of the States of America, and his neighbor, Pulsifer, kept a breed of gaunt, long-legged sheep, as active as spaniels, which would spring over almost any sort of fence. These sheep were very fond of a fine field of grain belonging to Mr. Ladd, and were in it continually. Complaints were of no use, for Pulsifer evidently cared nothing for his neighbor's losses. One morning Ladd said to his men, "Set the dog on those sheep, and if that won't keep them out, shoot them." After he had said that, he thought to himself, "This will not do, I had better try the peace principle." So he sent to his men and countermanded the order, and rode over to see his neighbor about those troublesome sheep. "Good morning," said he, but he received no answer; so he tried again, and got nothing but a sort of a grunt. "Neighbor," said he, "I have come to see you about those sheep." "Yes," Pulsifer replied, "I know. You are a pretty neighbor to tell your men to kill my sheep! You are a rich man, too, and going to shoot a poor man's sheep!" Then followed some very strong language; but Ladd replied, "I was wrong, neighbor, and I am sorry for it: think no more about it. But, neighbor, we may as well agree. It seems I have got to keep your sheep, and it won't do to let them eat all that grain, so I came over to say that I will take them into my homestead pasture, and if any one is missing you, shall have the pick of mine." Pulsifer looked confounded, and he stammered out, "Now, Squire, are you in earnest?" When he found that Ladd really meant to stand to the offer, Pulsifer stood still a moment, and then said, "The sheep shan't trouble you any more. When you talk about shooting, I can shoot as well as you: but when you speak in that kind and neighborly way, I can be kind too." The sheep never trespassed into Ladd's lot any more. That is the way to kill a bad spirit; this is overcoming evil with good.

### LOVING JESUS.

Little Bessie was in bed. Norrie came in, and found her lying wide awake. "Ah! alone in the dark," said Norrie, "and not afraid at all, are you, Bessie darling?" "No, indeed," said little Bessie, "for I am not all alone. God is here. I look out of the window and see the stars, and God seems to be looking down on me with all his eyes." "To be sure," said Norrie, "but God up in the sky is a great way off." "No," said Bessie, "God is here, too; and sometimes He seems to be clasping me in his arms, and then I feel so happy." That little child might go to sleep, saying, "Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord will provide for my protection."

I am speaking ill of God,  
When I wear a sullen face;  
For this little body He  
Perfect made in every grace.

I am speaking ill of God,  
When I lie, or when I steal;  
For these little members mine,  
He hath made to do his will,

There were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which was about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had a habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had, by far, the best natural talent; but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor, whose motto was "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

"That chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound."—*Burke.*

"Dear beauteous death, the jewel of the just!"—*Vaughan.*

—We would call the attention of our readers to the announcement contained in our advertising columns, of the removal of Messrs. Blachford.

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