

says they are overworked already. I never heard such nonsense in all my life. Saint Andrew's is only two miles from here. I thought it was people's duty to go to church if they possibly could; it really is enough to try the patience of a saint."

"What is all this about saints?" said her brother Harry a merry boy at eleven years old, coming in just in time to hear the closing words of Kate's foolish speech. Well Kate if you are a specimen of a saint I say save me from being one."

"How rude your are Harry," said his sister angrily. "But don't you think it perfectly ridiculous of mamma and papa making such a fuss over a few drops of rain they might think I was made of sugar and would melt away," she concluded, bitterly.

"No fear of you been taken for sugar; vinegar, perhaps," said Harry, mischievously.

Here Harry put his hands in his pockets, and after giving vent to his feelings in a long low whistle continued: "The fact is Kate you wont knock under to anyone, and if you don't it will be all the worse for you, you always seem to think that you know better than Mamma and Papa, if you take my advice you'll 'keep your temper' so saying he left the room banging the door after him as he went: "What a horrid rude boy Harry is growing, I don't think going so much with those Browns, has done him any good, for I think he gets ruder every day. It seems to me that every one in the house is doing his best to make me miserable to-day, even nurse must needs tell me that Mary has more sweetness in her little finger than I have in my whole body" "hateful old woman" that she is; here Kate burst into an angry fit of crying.

Let us leave Kate a while to her tears so that we may tell our readers a little about her home.

Kate's home was situated in a flourishing town of Nova Scotia.

Her father was a surgeon who had an extensive practice, and who was spoken of as a rising man.

He had at one time serious thoughts of removing to the States, where he would have greater scope for his abilities, had not his wife, who was very delicate, derived so much benefit from the sea air blowing off ——— coast; that he felt no sacrifice too great which would benefit her health.

Kate was very like her father in disposition, being a proud, high-spirited, lovable girl, but one who could not brook contradiction. Her father was very fond of his bright Kate, but thought with pain of the many crosses and disappointments she would meet with, should she not learn to give up her own will. Indeed he felt that if he had been trained, when a child, as he hoped his own would be, he might have caused less pain and sorrow to those who loved him best.

Kate's mother having been an invalid for some little time, the girl had been put rather more forward than she would otherwise have been, and consequently had had much more of her own way than was good for her. Mr. Willmot felt thankful that this would only be a temporary arrangement, as one of the first physicians, whom he had lately consulted about his wife, had, much to the joy of the whole, given great hopes that she would eventually be restored to health.

She was a really religious woman, one who never said what she did not mean, and whose sick room was a resting place for the whole family.

"Mother's room!" What a host of delightful memories did those words recall to the minds of the little ones. The warm kiss, the tender embrace, the loving words of approval when mother heard that the children had been good. And nowhere else did the children taste such cake, or jelly, or fruit as was found in "mother's room," and indeed whenever they thought anything particularly good they always said it must surely have come out of "mother's room."

And often when her husband was returning from his rounds weary and worn, his heart was cheered and comforted by the thought of finding himself once again within that peaceful, calm retreat—"mother's room."

Let us now return to Kate, who has sobbed and cried till she can do so no longer, and who is now looking pensively out of the window.

Her attention has been arrested by a robin red breast, who in spite of rain and wind is hopping merrily about.

He is picking up the crumbs which the children always throw out of the window for him.

When he has finished his breakfast he utters a cheerful song of thanksgiving, flies on to the window ledge, looks curiously at Kate, then, after pluming his feathers for a moment or two, bursts forth into what sounds to her like a song of praise, then flies quickly away.

Kate gives a sigh of regret as he disappears and says half aloud, "What a clean little robin, he seemed to know that something was the matter with one."

When he had finished his song he looked at me, as much as to say, "Have you no song of thanksgiving this morning? Have you then nothing to be thankful for that you look so sad?" "Oh, you dear little birdie!" cried Kate, "you look at me as if you wished to comfort me, though I think I deserve only a scolding for what a naughty, naughty girl I am, making such a fuss because I could not have my own way, and being so unhappy when I am so much better off than lots of people even in this place."

Now there's poor Bessie Holmes she has to live with Miss Green and she is so cross to her and never allows her the slightest pleasure, yet how good and patient Bessie is, she never complains. Then there's Mary King who lost her mother a month ago, I asked her "if she did not think it hard having her mother taken from her so soon." But she said I must not talk like that, it was not right," and her aunt who was present said that each one of us had our cross to bear in some form or another."

Suddenly she remembered the beautiful story about the robin red breast; vainly attempting to draw out one of the thorns from our dear Lord's thorny Diadem when he was hanging on the cross and how its breast became dyed with the sacred drops, which would remain as a memorial of its love and devotion till time should be no more. And her heart smote her as she thought of these things.

For instead of trying like the robin to take away the thorns from her Dear Lord's crown; had she not in her pride and wilfulness, planted others, causing the drops from that Sacred Head to flow afresh, not in healing streams, but in thorns which would pierce her own heart? should she not be willing to carry the cross which God in His wisdom thought fit to lay upon her? And thoughts came crowding quickly to her memory and she remembered her mother telling her that Saint Andrew's Day was the New Year's Day of the church, and that the church's year began and ended with the cross, being a similitude of the Christian life here below; and hourly if we would follow our dear Lord and Master, we must bear it bravely to the end. Then the words of this well known hymn came into her head:

Take up thy cross and follow Christ
Nor think till death to lay it down
For only he who bears the cross
"Can hope to win the glorious crown."

And her heart was filled with shame as she remembered how unwilling she had been to bear that little cross, even the yielding of her own will to those set over her by her Heavenly Father.

She thought to herself, "I know I spoke very disrespectfully of dear mamma and papa to Harry, but then he knew I was in a rage and therefore would think no more of it, I also was very angry with everyone in the house, but little things are so much harder to bear than big ones, I could bear great troubles much easier I am sure, forgetting that it is God who appoints to us each one cross and that our lives are for the most part made up of small things."

Again her thoughts reverted to the robin, and she felt how different his conduct had been to hers. He, out in the rain and cold, yet brightly singing his hymn of praise; she in warmth and comfort, cross and unthankful, unwilling to give up her own will even in the slightest degree. And in her heart of hearts she prayed that the thorn of pride and wilfulness which was striving for the mastery in her heart, might by the grace of God be turned into a tree of life which should keep her unto life everlasting. And though she could not offer the like loving service to her dear Lord as the robin had done, still she prayed that she might be preserved from piercing afresh that Sacred Head with the thorns of her pride and wilfulness.

She was roused from these reflections by the entrance of her little sister, Mary, who said: "Katie, nurse wants you to come and take charge of us, as mamma is not quite so well and wants nurse in her room; and please Katie dear will you hear me my hymn." She then stood up and repeated Neale's beautiful hymn for St. Andrew's Day:

"Since the time when first we came
To receive the Saviour's name
We, His sons and daughters, now,
Have the Cross upon our brow.

"Never let its mark grow dim,
By it we are sealed for Him;
Should it ever fade away,
Who would face the Judgment Day?

"Trees, when storms their branches toss,
Make the figure of the Cross,
And, when tempests on us beat,
We are safest at its feet.

"Every bird that upward springs
Makes the Cross with both its wings;
We, without it, cannot rise
From the earth and cleave the skies.

"Every ship that meets the waves,
By the Cross its fury braves;
We, on this world's ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

"It consoles us when distressed,
When we faint it gives us rest;
Satan's craft and Satan's might
By the Cross are put to flight.

"All who now their Saviour see
Bore it bravely—so must we;
Never, never lay it down,
First the Cross, and then the Crown."

When the child had finished her hymn she began "Katie do you know I used to think that only grown up people had crosses to bear, but mamma told us this morning when she gave us our scripture lesson, that every time that we tried to keep our temper, when angry, or be cheerful under disappointments, or give up our wills to others, we were bearing the cross which our dear Lord Jesus [here the child bowed her head reverently] had borne for us while on earth.

Before Kate could reply the housemaid came to say that nurse wished her to dine with the children in the nursery, as her mistress was too unwell to be left, and that dinner was ready.

Katie felt rebellious feelings rising up in her heart as the maid delivered nurse's message. She however checked them at once as she remembered her newly-formed resolution, and went up to the nursery.

Here she spent the whole afternoon amusing the children by telling them stories, and her efforts were appreciated, for just before she left the nursery that evening she heard her little sister Meta say to Mary, "Katie is just like mamma now, don't you love her very much?" And when her brother Harry said "Good night" to her, he whispered "Katie you are a brick," and I am sure you have behaved like a saint this afternoon;" and even nurse acknowledged she had just the knack of managing the children for they had been so quiet that their mamma had had a long sleep and had wakened quite refreshed and wished to see Kate. Kate went at once to her mother's room and her parents were struck by her bright happy face as she entered the room they told her as she had been such a "good little mother" to the little ones petting them and telling them stories she must now come for her share and as mother felt so much better, as a great treat she should have tea with papa and mama in "mother's room."

That night when Katie returned to rest, she thought earnestly over the events of the day. And in after years when tempted to rebel against what seemed hard to bear, the robin's lesson came to her mind.

(OMITTED FROM QUEBEC.)

St. Paul's Church.—The service was at seven o'clock, when an excellent sermon was preached by the Rector, the Rev. T. Richardson, and a liberal collection made for the Pension Fund of the Church Society.

St. Michael's Church.—Evening service, with a suitable sermon by Rev. A. A. Von Ifland, Rector, was held in this church, and the collection alone devoted to the Pension Fund. This church was also very tastefully decorated for the occasion.