

Presently Joe Reynolds, one of his mates, called in, to ask him to walk as far as the "Throstle's Nest," a public-house a mile outside of the town, which was a favourite resort of Sunday idlers.

"No, I'm not a-going to-day," said Timothy.

"Why? A nice bright morning like this."

"No, not to-day. I've something else on."

"Oh, all right, sulky," said Joe, giving a dark look at Susy, and away he went alone.

Then Timothy had a wash, and greatly pleased Susy by making a thorough examination of the plant, and pronouncing it very healthy and sturdy.

"You will see, Susy, if I look after it properly for you, it will come in for a prize safe enough."

"Ah! but, father, it's mine, you see, not yours, and the Vicar said we must mind 'em by ourselves."

"Well, then, I will get a plant to grow too."

"Ah! but you can't, 'cause you are not a member of the Band of Hope."

"No, I'm not," said Timothy slowly; "more's the pity."

And Susy could not make out how it was that her father was so kind that day, nor why it was that he proposed to take her for a walk to the cemetery, to see her mother's grave. Poor Timothy!

it was only a geranium, but it had set him thinking, and he was thinking to a good purpose. He knew that drunkenness was his besetting sin, that his wages were more than enough to keep him and his little girl in comfort, and that those days of his youth, which now seemed so far off, were far, far happier than the present.

On the Monday morning one of the earliest visitors to the Vicarage was little Susy, who went on her own account, to ask if her father might have a plant to grow for himself. The Vicar is one of those earnest souls who thoroughly believe in following up matters, and in Susy's call he saw at once the opportunity of reaching her father. That same night he had a genial chat with Timothy, and had the pleasure of taking his signature to the pledge. When the Flower Show was held Susy's plant gained the fourth prize, and the happy little girl went the round of the schoolroom, again and again, with her delighted father, who cheered most lustily when one of the speakers talked about the plants as water-drinkers, and called out at the top of his voice, "And so are we too!"

There are now three plants in Timothy's window. One is Susy's, one is Timothy's, and the other is one which Timothy and Susy call "Mother's"; yes, and I am quite sure that this is the one which they both love best, although it is "Only a Geranium!"

SOME UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

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VII.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS THE ONLY CHURCH OR RELIGIOUS BODY IN THIS COUNTRY THAT HAS A RIGHT TO THE DESIGNATION OF "THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS."



THE designation of "The Church of our Fathers," as applied to the Church of England, is one that ought, more or less, to appeal to the heart, and move the feelings, of every Englishman.

There are few Englishmen, even outside the Communion of their National Church—whether professing some adopted form of religion of their own or professing no religion at all—who have not some feelings of reverence for their ancestors, and some interest in considering what were their religious opinions, and what was the Church of which they were members, and in whose Communion they lived and died.

However much they may differ from that Church, and on whatever grounds they may dissent from her teaching, even to separation from her fold, still they cannot altogether forget, or be indifferent to, the fact that she was the Church