

thrice, sweet from the lips we love; when the heart swells may the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare?—to be happy at your coming?—to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then speak with all your dignity and mingled politeness, and with the utmost kindness both in manner and spirit. Let politeness and kindness have a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have learned the true secret of sending out into the world additions to its working forces of real gentlemen and ladies.

In order to be polite in your home, be sure to cultivate politeness and kindness in your business, and especially in your business office. How can we expect to bear with us to the homes of our loved ones the politeness and kindness here commended if we suffer ourselves to be unsympathetic, severe, discourteous, and boorish in our business offices and circles? Washington, though of aristocratic origin as to family and associations, observed everywhere—in army, state, and family life—the most faultless politeness and the greatest kindness, both in manner and spirit, doffing his hat and kindly recognizing the salutations of even the humblest servant in the shop or street. And such were the manner and spirit of a greater than Washington—the Great Master, whose followers we profess to be.—*Selected.*

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MISSIONARY BISHOP.

We are too apt to think solely of the death of the martyr-bishop, forgetting that such a glorious end could hardly have been attained by a "saintly life." And what is the leading characteristic of that life, spent as it was, first in one of the loveliest and happiest of English homes, and then amid the gorgeous tropical beauty of "the islands of the South"? His own simple words, in a letter to a little cousin, gave the key-note of his character.

"It is never right for us to try

and make ourselves sad. Good people are cheerful and happy, although they may have plenty of trials and troubles."

"It was the joyousness and "sun-niness," so to speak, of his nature, which won to him all hearts, from the children and cottagers in the Devonshire village, to the gentle, affectionate, but untutored, Melanesians, for whom he gave his life.

Again and again we find him expressing a beautiful and childlike wonder, that, amid this or that trial, he "is so happy!"

"What most surprises me is this," he writes during his first year in New Zealand, "that, though I feel my whole heart swell with love to you all at home, I did not think it would or could be so."

His love for his brown scholars was an unfailing fountain of joy to him, and he was most unaffectedly happy and at home with them, as full of fun as if they had been a party of Eton boys—amusing himself with their vain attempts to sit a stubborn donkey, listening to their stories of their home life, and so gradually winning their confidence and love.

Whence sprang this buoyancy and gladness of heart, which bore him through pangs of separation, especially keen to such an affectionate nature? Surely from his pure, whole-hearted devotion to One Supreme Will and Love, which ordereth all things aright. No mere natural high spirits of elasticity of temperament would have stood him in such good stead in the time of trial. Verily, "The joy of the Lord was his strength," and in that strength he went calmly and brightly on his way, till even when "quite a wreck" (as one describes him), with wearing illness, he could write home:

"I can't tell you of the very great happiness and actual enjoyment of many of those sleepless nights, when, perhaps at 2 a.m., I felt the pain subsiding, and prayer for rest, if it was His Will, changed into thanksgiving for relief. And Psalms seemed to have a new meaning, and prayer to be so real, and somehow there was a sense of a very near Presence."

His spirit rejoiced in God his Saviour.

It is a comely fashion to be glad, and one that makes God's children very dear in His sight.

It is a mistake to think of joyfulness as a wayside flower that springs up of its own accord, or that can only be born of occasions and circumstances. It is a choice plant, not always easy to rear, for it is tender and delicate as it is lovely, and it must be carefully sheltered from the damp chill of every self-regardful feeling. It is, in fact, a plant that can only be firmly struck and well-rooted by the Psalmist's hearty resolution, "I will be glad."—*Selected.*

WHAT IS DUE?

Is it not due the rector, to notify him upon change of residence?

Is it not due the rector to notify him when your children are taken from Sunday-school, and why?

Is it not your duty, when any of your family are sick, to notify the rector? How can he know unless you do? If you are in affliction and need his comfort and counsel, is it not due him to let him know it?

Is it not due the rector, if you are a stranger, regularly attending church, to let him know the fact, so that he can call upon you?

Is it not your duty, if receiving the benefit of the rector's ministrations, to support in some regular way the Church's work?

Is it not due the rector, when you expect his services at a funeral, to confer with him before you set the time and place for holding it?

Is it not due the rector to be regular in all your church duties and communions, and so to encourage him in his arduous work?

Is it not due the rector to pray for him, and to believe that he is doing all things for the best, till you know to the contrary?

In short, is it not due the rector to consider that he is a man, subject to like infirmities with other men, and to give him the benefit of charity in all that he does or says?—*Selected.*

Make your actions conform to your New Year resolutions.