

the hours crept by to the suffering child, who, with his eyes constantly turned towards the door, still eagerly waited.

About four o'clock the clergyman came, and hearing of Robbie's disappointment, kindly offered to fetch Miss Seaforth. Of course he did not see her, and sadly he returned to the cottage and told the boy she was out.

"But she promised to come," said the child, sorrowfully; "oh, I hope she won't forget me!"

The clergyman endeavoured to console him by talking to him, showing him pictures, and reading; but though the boy tried to be interested, it was evident his mind dwelt on the disappointment. After spending some time with him, Mr. Lewis noticed a great change pass over the little face, and he beckoned to the mother, for he saw at once that the summons had come.

As the poor woman bent to kiss the palid lips, Robbie opened his eyes and murmured, "Never mind, mother, I am going to hear the angels sing."

The next moment the little spirit had winged its flight away.

On returning home that evening, Jessie was informed by her mother of the clergyman's visit, and great was her regret as she remembered her promise to Robbie.

"I am so sorry, mother," she said; "I really would have gone to him if I had not forgotten. What a wretched memory I have to be sure!"

"You might make it a good one, my dear, if you only went the right way to work," said Mrs. Seaforth. "I am afraid you will have bitter sorrow before you learn the necessary experience."

"Really, mother, I do try, but somehow its of no use."

"Make it a daily prayer to overcome this fault, my child, and I am sure you will succeed."

"I will, mother; and I will go and see Robbie first thing in the morning."

When she arrived at the cottage she met Mrs. Mason at the garden-gate. A look at the pale, sorrowful face was sufficient to tell Jessie what had taken place.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason, I did not know that—that—"

"Yes, Miss," said the poor woman, bursting into tears, "Robbie has gone; and, oh, Miss, if you had only been here yesterday! He watched and watched for you, and no one knows what the disappointment was to him when you did not come. He—"

But here Jessie turned so pale that Mrs. Mason asked her to step inside the cottage and sit down. She did so, for she was quite bewildered by the sudden news.

"I—I—did not know he was worse."

"No, Miss, no more did I till a few minutes before, for he went off very suddenly, and his last words were, 'Never mind, mother, I am going to hear the angels sing.'"

Jessie could not restrain her tears as she heard these words, but after some time she mastered her emotion, and went to look at the little form lying there in its beautiful last sleep. Then expressing her sorrow to the weeping woman, she took her way homeward, pondering over her mother's wise counsel respecting her fault of forgetfulness, and resolving to try and conquer it.

Ah, dear fellow-labourers in the Master's vineyard, how often some such fault as Jessie's mars our work and makes us hinderers? Where this is the case let us honestly endeavor to overcome it. Little acts of indolence, selfishness, or pride are so easily excused or glossed over, that we give no heed to uprooting them, and yet it is the little virtues that build up a noble character. Let us remember this.

Several months passed, and Jessie did make some progress in overcoming her fault, but it needed a sterner lesson to uproot it, as we shall see.

"Jessie," said Mr. Seaforth to his daughter one afternoon as she was preparing for a walk, "as you are going out will you post this letter for me?"

"Father," put in a roguish-looking boy before his sister could reply, "Jessie's pocket is the only post-office it will see for a day or two. She is sure to forget it."

"Oh, Harold!" said Jessie, deprecatingly. "True, sis," he answered laughingly, "for I have proved you. Don't you remember Grant's note?"

"My dear," said her father, "I am anxious to catch the next London mail, and my letter is very important; so pray remember, Jessie."

"I will, father, in spite of that saucy Harold. Good-bye," and she ran lightly down the garden-path.

Alas! alas! for Jessie's resolution not to forget!

Five minutes after leaving home she met a friend, who, like herself, was busy in making various articles for a coming bazaar, in which they both took great interest. Chatting merrily they walked on, and all thoughts of the letter were forgotten, which—as Harold had predicted—lay safely in the pocket of Jessie's ulster.

When she reached home Mr. Seaforth had been suddenly called away on business, and so there was no reminder concerning it.

A week elapsed, and one morning, on opening his letters, Mr. Seaforth turned to his daughter and said, "Jessie, did you post that letter I gave you last Monday—the one I told you was so important?"

Jessie blushed scarlet, for she had never thought of it after meeting her friend.

"No, father," she answered slowly, "it must be in my pocket still."

Her father, looking greatly displeased, sternly said: "Fetch it at once, then, Jessie; and let me tell you, my dear, that your careless habit of forgetting has probably blighted your cousin Duncan's prospects for life."

"Oh, father!" and she burst into tears as she ran up stairs for the unfortunate letter, wondering greatly how her neglect could bring about such sad consequences.

Mr. Seaforth was guardian to one of his nephews, who had lost both his parents in childhood. He was a generous, high-spirited youth, who but a year previously had been launched on the sea of London life. His was the old, old story. He had been led astray by evil companions, and had used some money belonging to his employers, who were ship-brokers, to help himself out of a difficulty.

Then came a feeling of deep contrition, and Duncan wrote to his guardian telling him all, and asking for the necessary sum of money that he had lost by gambling. Finding he received no answer to his appeal, he became desperate, ran away from his situation, and embarked for America as an emigrant.

The letter Mr. Seaforth had received that morning ran thus:—

"MY DEAR UNCLE:—I have waited till the very last moment for your answer to my letter, which you received a week ago; but as none has come, I can only think you intend to wash your hands of me. I honestly meant to turn over a grand new leaf if you had helped me out of my 'scrape' this time; but I suppose you think me incorrigible, and may only bring disgrace upon you. Well, I must take my chance now, and so when you receive this letter I shall be on my way to America.

"It is no use saying again I am sorry for what I've done, as it is evident you do not believe me, but please don't think the worst of

"Your affectionate nephew,
"DUNCAN MOORE."

Mr. Seaforth after reading this at once set off to London, but on going to Duncan's employers found that the youth had started for New York. He refunded the money Duncan owed his master, and then finding that he could do nothing more in the matter, he returned home, greatly regretting ever trusting the letter to his daughter's charge.

And Jessie? The lesson was indeed a bitter one, especially as all efforts to trace her cousin proved fruitless, and it was with an aching heart that she heard her father remark, as they gathered round their well-spread tea-table, with its surroundings of warmth and comfort, "I wonder where Duncan is to-night?"

Many a prayer did Jessie offer up for the wanderer, and at length came the answer. A friend of Mr. Seaforth's had met the young man in New

York, but although he was steady he did not seem to be getting on very well. Mr. Seaforth lost no time in writing to Duncan and explaining matters, and in a few months the young man returned to England and was taken into his uncle's business, where his honourable conduct gained for him the esteem of all. Jessie asked his forgiveness for her carelessness in forgetting the letter, and he readily gave it, saying in conclusion:

"After all, Jessie, though it was terribly hard to seem cut adrift, it was the experience I needed. Through fighting comes victory, you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Seaforth, "and that is the grandest lesson of life you can learn, my boy."

"I trust I can say the same," said Jessie, looking thankfully into her cousin's face.

"Yes, you may," said the father, "for you, too, have won a battle."—*Penny Post.*

A TAP AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down,
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,
A bonny, fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good night."

She climbed upon my knee, and, kneeling there,
Lisp'd softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could count each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father," bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage

Only the woman wise, no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisp'd song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat

Then if a tiny hand; low down,
Tap at thy heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,

To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thee—nearer than thee.
—*Lillie E. Barr.*

INFANT BAPTISM.

There are a number of children in the Parish unbaptized that have gone much longer than they ought without this blessed Sacrament.

The words of our Lord ought to come home to the parents' hearts: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

If you really believe our Lord's words in this connection you will not put off this subject any longer, but will bring your little ones at once to receive the appointed blessing and to be incorporated as members of Christ's Church.

There are no reasons for not bringing the children to Church except in cases of sickness, and then they ought to be baptized at once in private and afterwards received publicly in the Church. For the neglect of this important duty, not the children, but the parents, will be held accountable by our Divine Master.

—The Bishop of Edinburgh says "a large proportion" of those confirmed by him the past year were baptized by others than Church clergy.

—Native Christians in Japan, most of them with average wages of less than twenty-five cents a day, contributed last year \$27,000 to mission work