

could not come to you at such a moment as this; and I have been very systematic in my arrangements, in order to remain near you as long as you may require me. But first tell me the medical opinion of Dr. Lingard's state."

She told him all the details she had been unable to explain by telegram, and his face grew thoughtful as he listened.

"There may then be yet a week or so of sad watching for you, Estelle; and after that you will need still more a friend by your side to help you in making your plans for the future."

To be Continued.

### Children's Department.

#### THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Thou Guardian of our youthful days,  
To Thee our prayers ascend;  
To Thee we'll tune our songs of praise,  
To Thee—THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

From Thee our daily mercies flow,  
Our life and health descend;  
Lord, save our souls from sin and woe,  
Be Thou—THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Teach us to prize Thy Holy Word,  
And to its truths attend;  
Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord,  
And love—THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

#### HEARTS AND HANDS.

One day a teacher said to his class, "Boys you can all be useful if you will. If you cannot do good by great deeds, you can by little ones."

The boys said nothing, but the teacher saw by their looks that they thought he was mistaken. They did not believe that they were of any use. So he said:

"You think it is not so, but suppose you try it for one week."

"How shall we try it?" asked one.

"Just keep your eyes open and your hands ready to do anything good that comes in your way all the week and tell next Sunday if you have not managed to be useful in some way or other," said the teacher.

"Agreed!" said the boys.

The next Sunday those boys gathered round their teacher with smiling lips, and eyes so full of light that they twinkled like the stars. He smiled as he looked at them, and said:

"Ah! boys, I see by your looks that you have something to tell me."

"We have, sir, we have," they said all together; then each one told his story.

"I," said one, thought of going to the well for a pail of water every morning, to save my mother trouble and time. She thanked me so much and was so greatly pleased that I mean to keep doing it for her.

"And I," said another boy, "thought of a poor old woman whose eyes were too dim to read. I went to her house every day and read a chapter to her from the Bible. It seemed to give her a great deal of comfort. I cannot tell you how she thanked me."

A third boy said: "I was walking along the street wondering what I could do. A gentleman called to me and asked me to hold his horse. I did so; he gave me five cents and I have brought it to put it in the missionary box."

The next said: "I was walking with my eyes open and my hands ready, as you told us, when I saw a little fellow crying because he had lost some pennies in the gutter. I told him not to cry, and that I would try and find his pennies. I found them and he dried up his tears and run off, feeling very happy."

A fifth boy said: "I saw my mother was very tired one day; the baby was cross, and mother looked sick and sad. I asked mother to put the baby in my little wagon; she did so, and I gave him a grand ride round the garden. If you had only heard him crow and seen him clap his hands teacher, it would have done you good; and oh! how much better and brighter mother looked when I took the baby in-doors again."

A PRETTY CHURCH THOUGHT.—Bessie was trying to explain to Emma that the Episcopal Church, through her services as an educator, was a mother to her members.

"Do you mean me to understand, Bessie that you regard your church as a kind of mother?"

"No, not a kind of mother, Emma, but a real tender, affectionate mother, who, with all a mother's unwearied love, with a thanksgiving at my birth, and has followed me in infancy with baptismal privileges, in childhood with holy teachings of her Catechism, in youth with confirmation vows, and will follow me in maturity with holy sacraments; who will go with me to the marriage altar, and will follow me, with the gentlest and most loving words, to the chamber of sickness and suffering; who will send up to heaven the most fervent of petitions when I am breathing out my life, and will then with sad and solemn words reverently lay my body in the grave to await the resurrection morning. Yes! the Church is a precious mother and I thank God that while I am under her maternal guidance, I cannot be altogether an orphan."

#### TRUST.

Make a little fence of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars  
Upon to-morrow,  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy and sorrow.

#### FOUR STEPS TO JESUS.

Florence felt that she must be a Christian. Her heart was heavy with the knowledge that it was sinful. For many days she had been carrying this burden alone. She did not think that she could speak to any one about it. She had been away in her bed-room alone, and prayed many times; but still all was dark and heavy to her little heart. "Oh, if I knew how to believe," she would say to herself. "And Mr. Marlette says it is easy. If I could only ask him!" Mr. Marlette was her dear silver haired pastor. At length a thought struck her. "If I cannot talk with him, I can write him a little note."

When Mr. Marlette found an envelope directed to him, which some one had quietly laid on the large Bible in his study, he was surprised to find it a note from his little friend Florence. When he read it, he was very glad too. "The dear child! what can I say to her?" he thought. Then he closed the door, and asked, as if he were a little child, going to a father to be guided in answering that note. And I think he was. He began it with Florence's own question; and this is what he wrote:

"How shall I come to Jesus?" The desire to come now, is the first step.

"Feeling my sinfulness and danger, and need of His help, is the second step.

"Feeling that he is both able and willing to help and save me, is the third.

"And then asking Him to do for me what I cannot possibly do for myself, is the fourth.

"Four steps to Jesus. That's all. Perhaps I should say there is but one, and that very short. Out of the heart gushes the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and on the wings of the prayer the soul flies to the Saviour, in a moment, saying:

'Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.'

"This seems to be the short, the simple, and the only way to the Saviour. May my dear Florence find it so!"

Florence read the note carefully.

"I think it is the third step I need," she said.

"I have tried the first and second, and fourth, and will believe he is able, yes, and willing to save me." So taking the third step, and then trying the fourth, it was not very long before Florence felt that in her heart she had found the answer to her own earnest question, "How shall I come to Jesus?" And she said with glowing face to her pastor:

"It is an easy way."

FRICITION—WHAT IT WILL DO.—"Oh, Frank! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it; when I draw it through the board awhile, it is almost hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's friction; do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No; what?" asked all the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads.

THE RAINBOW.—At the beginning of the year 1860 an anxious mother sat, "careful and troubled" about "things temporal;" her sad countenance betraying the feeling within her; her little girl, a child of three years old, quite unable to understand the cause of her mother's anxiety, though deeply sympathizing, turned to the window and saw a bright streak of light; and, looking around most sweetly into her mother's face, said, in her artless manner:

"Mamma, dear, I think we shall have a rainbow presently."

Loving reproof! A sweet little teacher! What a lesson to learn! for does not the rainbow of the promises span God's covenanted love, even as the beautiful arch the firmament; and is not one the pledge of the other?

STORY OF A GREEDY COCK.—Once upon a time a little cock and hen went in search of nuts. The hen said, "Now, my dear, when you find one, do not eat it all by yourself, but give me half, and I'll do the same by you." The little cock made no reply, but chuckled as if he had his own opinion about that. Presently spying a big nut, he cast one eye towards the hen, who was busily scratching, and thought, "Now's my chance; she'll never know," and he gobbled it up in greatest of haste. But alas! being very big, it stuck fast in his throat. Off flew the hen to the brook, and filling a nut shell with water back she ran, but imagine her dismay when she found the poor little cock was dead. Thus, you see, the cock came to an end, just on account of his greediness; if he had divided his treasure with his little wife he might be lustily crowing at this very minute.

—It was the quaint saying of a dying man, who exclaimed, "I have no fear of going home. God's finger is on the latch, and I'm ready for him to open the door. It is but the entrance to my Father's house." And said another, "Why should I shrink from dying? It is the funeral of all my sorrows, and evils, and sins, and the perfection of all my joys forever."

—God's ways seem very slow sometimes. What we would see done waits long for the doing, and we grow impatient. But if we believe in God we should possess our souls in patience. In His own good time everything will come right.

Two gentlemen were once riding together, and one said to the other, "Do you ever read the Bible?" "Yes, but I get no benefit from it, because to tell the truth, I feel I do not love God." "Neither did I," replied the other, "But God loved me." This answer produced such an effect upon his friend that, to use his own words, it was as if one had lifted him off his saddle into the skies, it pinned to his soul at once the great truth that it is not how much I love God, but how much God loves me.

### Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

#### DEATH.

January 14th, at North Newton Rectory, Wilts, England, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. A. W. Radcliffe, aged 64 years.