

churches and other buildings. We have had the benefit of a resident minister for over a year. He is a young man, but he is respected and loved by all, and next Sunday he will be ordained Priest.

I am afraid I am making this too long for the first time. But let us take an interest in the CHURCH GUARDIAN, and make it as interesting and newsworthy as possible.

Promising you further items another time,

A. STACEY, P.M.

Sir,—Will you permit me through your columns urgently to solicit assistance on behalf of a mission church at Beaver Bank, in this parish.

The nearest churches are twenty-seven miles apart, and many of the inhabitants cannot attend either on account of the distance. Funds sufficient to put up the building itself have been raised, but over \$150 are still needed to complete the interior and render it fit for use. There are eleven church families within the distance of three miles on each side of the new church, and ten more farther off.

Contributions, which will be most thankfully received, may be sent to Miss Penelope Grove, The Woodlands, Beaver Bank, Halifax County, Nova Scotia; or to

Yours faithfully,

WM. ELLIS,
Rector of Sackville,
Halifax, N.S.

[For Additional Correspondence, see page 7.]

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

HOLY COMMUNION.

Lord, in Thy righteousness alone,
To Thy blest table, let us come,
In true repentance, holy fear,
For Thou, our Saviour Lord, art near.

Thou bidst us thus remember Thee,
Who died for us on Calvary;
Till Thou shalt come once more again,
And with Thy saints in glory reign.

Our sinful bodies, Lord, make clean,
And from the world Thy servants wean;
In Thy most precious cleansing blood
Wash Thou each soul, O Lamb of God.

The broken bread, the wine outpoured,
Blest heavenly food of Christ my Lord,
Dear pledges of His dying love,
Which tell of comfort from above.

Dearest the tie has now become,
That makes us with our Saviour one,
That binds us to His wounded side,
Where weary hearts in faith abide.

The saints in one communion sweet,
Do here in holy commune meet;
Best fellowship of love divine,
Through Christ the one true living Vine.

Our high thanksgiving now we raise,
Jesu our Saviour Lord we praise;
Tell of the glories of our King,
And of His love for ever sing.

AMEN.

—Family Churchman.

THE WONDERFUL WALLET; OR, STRENGTH CONFOUNDED.

AN ADDRESS TO CHILDREN BY THE LORD BISHOP
OF RIPON, W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.

(Continued.)

They were about a hundred yards distant, crouching at the opening of their dens.

There is no use going back—to late to fly—let us go forward side by side. But what shall we do with these handfuls of dust?

I know, answered Verus. Let us go side by side, as you say, and when we get quite close, let us fling the dust in the faces of these monsters—you to the right, I to the left—at the same moment.

Their hearts beat hard and their breath came short as they drew near. They could not speak to one another, for they could hear nothing but the roar of the wild beasts. There they lay, with uplifted, scaly heads, and flaming eyes, and hungry teeth. They were strongly encased in huge shields of scale; no weapon could have pierced through such armor.

At last came the moment. Fiducius and Verus drew near. The monsters began to rise up to spring upon them; but the lads touched one another as a signal, and then they each flung their handful of dust with main force into the open mouths and upon the glaring eyes of the monsters. The huge beasts rose with a shriek of agony, and then fell rolling over upon the ground; but Fiducius and Verus nimbly passed by; and looking back upon these wild creatures—who now in sheer pain were tearing madly and blindly at one another—they knew that they were safe.

Is it not wonderful? said Verus. We wished for a sword or spear; but the dust was more useful. How wise our father must be?

True, said Fiducius; we have never really wanted.

So, talking one to another, they came to the end of the long, dark, gloomy valley, and at its summit they saw the light—not dazzling, but fair and calm—of a beautiful city. It shone like the quiet light of the deep sea, and a rainbow of soft green hue overarched its towers.

The city of the King, they both exclaimed.

Kind and loving eyes were looking upon them, and a kind and loving voice was bidding them welcome. Could they believe their eyes? Yes, they had learned so much of their father's love and wisdom, that they could believe any kindness and goodness of him now. They looked up and saw him. His were the hands that had rescued them from the monster. His were the eyes that had looked so kindly upon them; his the voice that bade them welcome; and he it was who brought them—feeling not at all strange, but quite at home—into the midst of the joyous and imperishable City of the Father King.

So the story ends; you will not forget it, my children, for it is a story for you. You have a journey to take to your Father's city; you are children of a King; and you, too, have with you the promise of all the help you need. Never turn back from doing right, because it is hard; never think that the promise of the word is better than the promise of God; never be afraid, though your wildest passions war within you—they look and feel strong, but a little dust will one day quench them all; face them, fight them, God's help is enough; you will tread down all the power of sin and of evil; death itself will not overwhelm you. In all these you will be more than conquerors through Him that loved you.

A STORY FOR LENT.

(From the Church Press.)

The afternoon sun was shining full upon St. Andrew's, transforming the flooded park in front into a sea of gold, and shedding a magic splendor upon the glittering cross that crowned the spire.

The congregation were coming slowly away from the church after the vesper service. It was the first Sunday in Lent, and Mr. De Forest had spoken with unusual earnestness to his people, especially the younger ones, urging them to a right observance of the fast, and beseeching them in some way to practise a real self-denial, that at the end of the season they might have more to give to the Master, be it much or little, gold and silver, or a conquered fault.

Upon two of his hearers, at least, his words had made a deep impression. One of these was Robert Dutton, the son of a widow who, by constant sewing, had gained for herself and her boy a home—comfortable, indeed, but wholly devoid of luxury.

The other, Archer Hartley, was the younger child of a wealthy lawyer. Archer was generous and Frank, but though kind-hearted and courteous to all his companions, he felt himself far superior to them all from a lofty pride in his family and surroundings.

Both the boys had been much moved by Mr. De Forest's earnest tone; but while Robert had determined upon some definite plan for keeping Lent, Archer had made up his mind to do something, if only that something would come into his way.

A few days later, as Archer was returning home through a cross street in the city, he was joined by Mr. De Forest, who greeted him cordially, and then said:

I've just been to see Robert Dutton; he slipped on the ice day before yesterday, dislocating his wrist and severely spraining his leg. Poor fellow! I'm afraid he will have to keep Lent in earnest this year; for the doctor thinks he will not be able to walk before five or six weeks. By the way, Archer, he added, as he turned away, he is one of your school-fellows, and I wish you'd go and see him; 'twould brighten him up wonderfully, and be a real work of charity.

He, Archer Hartley, make a call at the house of a dressmaker! However, the boy was sufficiently ill to make it in truth an act of mercy; and then it was Lent, and the thought of the cross, and all his good intentions, caused him to turn rapidly away in the direction of the Duttons, fearful lest, if he waited another day, his charitable emotions might have vanished away.

Archer had always had a courteous word for Robert whenever they met, though never approaching familiarity, and accordingly Robert had always regarded him with respectful admiration. He was overwhelmed with astonishment and pleasure, therefore, when Archer was shown into his room, kindly inquiring how he felt.

After a full description of the accident there was an awkward pause, when Archer burst out with:

I say, Rob, are you going to do anything this Lent like what Mr. De Forest wanted us to?

Oh, dear! groaned Rob, I had the most glorious plan, and was going to earn no end of money; but now I'm all knocked up, and shall have to give it all up.

Oh! tell me, said Archer; what was it?

Why, I saw in the paper that Barkentin, the stationer, wanted a fellow to carry round papers at noon, and, as it was between school-hours, I thought I could do it; and, when I went to inquire, he told me he'd give me the job. And that's not the only bit of money I've got to let slide either; for there's one place where I always clean the sidewalk after a storm; but then, he added, in a forced tone of resignation, that's not much of a loss, after all, for p'raps 'twont snow again this year.

Archer's kind heart was touched by the boy's evident distress and disappointment, and in a fit of generosity, certainly without realizing what he was promising, he exclaimed:

Now, don't you worry, Rob, I'll get somebody to take your place, and you shall have the money just the same, only don't say anything about it.

Rob did not stop to consider the justice of this arrangement, but, delighted beyond measure, he poured forth his thanks as best he could. After gaining the necessary information concerning the work, Archer took his departure.

That night Archer had time to think it all over, and then he discovered the magnitude of his proposal. His first idea had been to have one of his father's office boys deliver the papers, but of course no fellow would do it for nothing, and to pay some one else would worse than spoil the plan; besides, his father had forbidden him to contract any debts which he could not pay out of his own allowance.

After much pondering, accompanied with marvellous screwing about, and a wonderfully puckered face, he decided that one of two things was to be done—either to back out of the whole business, or else to do it himself. He