

## CHURCH VISITATION.

1. Go to that family in your neighbourhood or your parish, least likely to receive a call from any one else. They are the ones that need you most.
2. Go as a church member belonging to the Church and interested in its work.
3. Report any case to your clergyman where a visit from him would be acceptable. Your calls and reports will help him very much in his work.
4. Look out for the stranger upon whom you have called. Don't forget all about them in a half-hour after you have visited them. Look out for them at church.
5. Persevere in it as a disciple of Christ. You are not doing it for your own sake, but for Christ's sake. You are doing it for the sake of saving souls for Him. "Verily, I say unto you, you shall have your reward."

## DRESSING FOR CHILDREN.

"I AM glad of a rainy day once in a while," said Mrs. Lake, "especially when I have some work I want to finish off, as we have to-day, Lucia. There will be no calling to-day, surely, so what is the use of our stopping to dress? Your husband is away for the week, and we can just take our ease in these morning dresses, and keep on with our sewing."

"The boys will be home at three o'clock," said her friend, taking down her wavy hair and proceeding to dress it in her accustomed graceful fashion. I will just remark to you that it was not done up in "bangs" or "frizzes," or snarls of any sort, but was arranged in a rich classic style, which gave her the appearance of the noble, beautiful matron she was.

"Dressing for your boys! exclaimed the other. "No wonder folks talk of the extravagance of the times, when mothers make such a parade just to meet their school-boys at the tea table," and practical Cousin Eunice snipped off a thread in a very energetic manner.

"It pays," said the mother quietly, as she took out a fresh pair of cuffs and slipped into them a pair of sleeve buttons Freddie had given her on her birthday. He had saved up his pennies to buy those garnet buttons, and he liked to see her wear them, as she did almost every afternoon, although she had prettier ones.

Cousin Eunice could dress up very richly on occasions, but for the bosom of her family she had a set of "old gears," as William said, which if they were useful were not ornamental. The children did not admire mother as they might in those dresses, though she was quite a good looking woman in good clothes.

"But, Lucy, you can't afford to put on that pretty cambric suit, which it took such a time to iron. What is the use of musing it this rainy day?"

"I am not going out in the rain, and the duller it is out of doors, the more cheerful I like to have it in the house. The boys always liked this dress, and I like to see them pleased. Indeed, I think I care more for the opinion of the folks under my own roof than I do for those away. I would rather be admired by my own boys than by an indifferent company in somebody's parlour. And, Eunice, I think all these little things help to keep our hold on our boys as they grow older. When they are just passing out of childhood into youth, I feel that they need a mother almost as much as when in the cradle. Indeed, another might give the baby food and clothing; but boys at their age need great motherly love and care to keep them from going wrong. Everything that draws them nearer to a mother, and makes them respect her more, is worth attention. My boys never think of a walk in the streets of an evening, but sometimes spend an hour at a friend's house, or ask a few boys here. Mother is always importuned to join in any games or plays, and very often takes a hand with them. Oh, it would be dreadful to me to feel that my boys were slipping away from mother's influence, and I hope never to know it, even when my head is gray."

It is such mothers who retain their hold of the children while life lasts, and who are mourned with heart-broken sincerity when they are removed. And the same guiding hand reaches out still through the mists of time, and helps to shape the child's destiny for ever.

**ANGER.**—Never get angry. It is not good. Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment.

**HEATHEN.**—The word "heathen" means literally, *heath-dwellers*, and was given in olden days to the poor country-folk, who were too often left in the darkness of pagan worship, while the more civilized inhabitants of the town were gladdened by the light of the Gospel. The word is now used to denote all who are living, as did the ancient heath-dwellers, without the knowledge of Christ.

## Children's Department.

## PROVIDENCE.

ONE afternoon the good King Rhoud went to take his customary walk in the wood of Ledre with his friend, Earl Reign, who felt very much alarmed about the dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying themselves in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

"Nobody can escape the will of heaven: we are safe only in God's hand," said the king. "Malice and wickedness have very long arms, and can reach into the hidden corners."

"I admire your brave trust in Providence," said Reign, "but were I in your place I should not have a moment's rest."

"With no protection but your own forethought," said the king, "we should none of us be safe long."

As they were walking and talking thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

"It is only a little bird," said Reign.

"It does not sing, it screams," said the king, "the poor thing is in some trouble."

"Let it scream," said Reign, "just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree."

"The nearest duty first," said the king, "there is nothing more important just now," and he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reign, "it sits too high up."

"In the isle of Vifils I have learned to climb a tree, and I am not yet so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below on the trunk," urged the earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But if you fall and get killed, it would be an eternal shame to have it said that our king lost his life for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong square shoulders of the earl helped to lift the slender, agile king up the trunk, and from there he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch. He came down safely with a little goldfinch in his hand. It had caught its little leg in a narrow crevice of the wood and could not fly away. "It shall be my adopted child," said the king, tenderly stroking the feathers, "and the playmate of little Agnar."

He took the bird home, and Vaulundur made a beautiful cage for it. "How childish the king is!" said one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of his giving any time or thought to so small a thing as a bird. "At the moment when war is at the door, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not carelessly run into his own misfortune?" "Poor Rhoud," said all the warriors, "he will surely fall a victim to the vengeance of the conspirators."

Meanwhile their desire for vengeance never slept. The death of Rhoud was decided upon. He had discovered the secret of the conspirators; he had their destiny in his hands, and he must soon die. They had secretly sworn his death; and by promises and threatening had bribed the two slaves that waited on the king's bed-chamber, promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in the king's destruction. If they refused, their blood should wash the image of the goddess in the wood. The slaves knew too well the meaning of this threat, by the horrors they had already witnessed.

One day when the king was hunting with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bed-chamber over his head, and by some ingenious contrivance they had made it to keep in its place until some one could lower it down from the second storey with a rope and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on his couch, and the whole be thought a terrible accident. People would say the ceiling was weak over his head and had fallen in the night.

The king returned at night late and weary, and went to bed. He soon was sound asleep and would probably never have risen again, had not the little bird by its screaming suddenly awakened him. He sat up in bed and, collecting his thoughts, perceived immediately that he had forgotten that day to give the little creature water and food, and at evening was so overcome by fatigue that he had not thought of it then. He sprang from his couch, saying, "Oh, thou poor little creature, did I save thy life only to let thee perish?" With these words he poured water into the little glass and put grain in the little box.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with tremendous noise, and striking the bed, crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great commotion in the

palace yard, the warriors awoke and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands. "The king is killed! is killed!" they cried; "King Rhoud is crushed to pieces."

But there stood the king unhurt and smiling with the bird cage in his hand, and he cried out to them, "Do not fear, my friends. God has kept his hand over me."

When Earl Reign heard how everything had happened, how the plank had fallen and what had saved the king, he stood long speechless. Then fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said: "I shall never again doubt a Divine Providence." Rhoud smiling answered, "Then you can see, Reign, one should not scorn little folks. Can a king save a bird? then the bird can also save the king!"

## THREE AT HOME.

A FEW days ago when walking in my parish I came upon a group of twenty boys dressed in the uniform of the Union Workhouse, about six miles off. The boys had a half-holiday, and were making their way towards our fine tidal river, in order to see the ships on the water and in the quay. After walking a little way with them I took them to a shop and gave each of them an orange. I bade them "Good-bye," but finding some of them in earnest conversation, asked whether any of them had not been supplied. One of the number then stepped up to me and said, "Please sir, there's three at home,"—the "home" being the "House." A supply having been given for the three at home, the boys left me.

Here, thought I, is a good lesson for old and young—never to be so engrossed in their own pleasures or pursuits as to forget those who are unable to do as they do,—always to remember that there are those whose lot in life is one of weariness, loneliness, and often of pain.

These little men spoke of Home—it was only the Union Workhouse, to be sure; but it was Home to them because it was there the family dwelt. I thought again. Should we not think more than we do of our position in that family which has God for its Father, Jesus Christ for its Elder Brother, and all men as brethren? If we did, we should have more loving hearts and do more loving deeds; we should love as brethren?

## GREETINGS.

THE two girls carried themselves well, which means that they walked straight and easily, without being so shy that they seemed made of wood, or holding their heads so high as to look haughty. But as the elder put her dainty foot on the stairs, the greeting that passed between them was "Hallo, Sid!" from her, and "Hallo, Tude!" from her friend. It was just what two lounging young men might have said, or two stable boys, for that matter. It would have been out of the way from them, but it sounded odd from a pair of well-bred girls. There was nothing else coarse or fast in their manner.

It is a trifle, but you might as well leave off going to school and learning manners at once, if you despise trifles. They make all the difference between nice things and common ones. You ought to know better, and you do know enough to prefer sweet, lively, gentle people to those who are rough and careless. Girls fall into the free and easy ways of their brothers because they are easy; and one habit leads to another, till it is no longer sweet and quiet company we find in them, but the rapid ways and short speech of young gentlemen in flounces. The ways of boys are pleasant enough in their place; but there was meant to be a difference between them and girls, for the sake of giving us a variety, I suppose. And if girls try to be like boys, where shall we get our pleasant society? You can't sweeten with allspice and cloves.

Of course, when you meet a friend you see every day, you don't want to say, "How do you do?" as formally as to a person you see less often; but wouldn't it sound just as pleasant to pass with a "Well Sidney," and "Well, Gertie," as to "Hallo" like teamsters? If you want to be a little more precise, "Good morning" has a kindly sound when you think that it means one is wishing good to you that day. Is it a little prayer of good will for everybody we say it to, and each one needs it in this trying world. We don't need to ask people whom we see often "How do you do?" because we know pretty well without asking; but when friends have been away from us awhile it sounds indifferent to throw them a good morning, without caring to ask if they are better or worse in feelings or body since they left us. "How do you do?" doesn't mean to ask merely if one is sick or in health; but it wishes to know if all is well with him. All the forms of politeness have the friendliest meaning; and if we can only feel all that they express, we shall find ourselves the politest people in the world without any trouble.