

of course, that "He careth for us;" in little things and in great, in all that we ourselves care for.

Suppose an earthly friend unweariedly worked for our good, would we lightly accuse him before his enemies of always thwarting us in trivial mean ways? How can we so misrepresent our Heavenly Father, "the one whose Name is Help," "our friendly God?"

PREACHING ORDERS.

At the recent church congress in England, a layman, Mr. Vidal, read a paper on "Preaching Orders." He assumed that any new scheme involving obedience to vows and rigorous discipline would fatally compromise the proposal with a section of the church. Yet, though the revival of Monasticism in its austere form was improbable, there were indications that a modified form thereof would be welcome to many. Clergy houses were multiplying, the Pusey Memorial House had just been opened in Oxford, and in East London there was more than one band of men living a common life. Mr. Vidal warmly advocated the enrollment of a large body of men, unencumbered by local obligations, and able to devote their time primarily to preaching and teaching. This preaching order should consist of clergy and laymen, whose preparatory training must be more severe than that for ordination. They should be capable of guiding public opinion, and of instructing men and women in the history and doctrines of the church, and willing to give their aid in the solution of trade and social questions, after the manner of Kingsley and Bishop Fraser, wielding, as free lances, an influence more extensive than was possible to the parochial clergy. Such a band of men, living in plain simplicity, would be a perpetual reproach to the indolent and selfish materialism of the age.

FROM THE FONT TO THE TOMB.

I know of nothing that produces such an awful feeling as the hearing the bell toll for one that is no more, particularly if that one is nearly and dearly connected with us by ties of kindred or affection. So I thought, one calm June afternoon when the sun, having nearly finished its course for that day, allowed the evening breeze to cool the heated air, but bringing to me, with its refreshing coolness, that awful sound, the tolling of the bell, and reminding me of her who was gone to appear before the tribunal of her God. But I feared not, as I thought of her pure young life, from her baptism to her death-bed, on which she testified that her baptismal robe was cleansed from all earthly dross by the blood of Christ, and would go into His presence as pure and as unspotted as when it was first given to her. And again the bell knelled forth, and brought to my remembrance her

BAPTISMAL DAY,

for it was my privilege to take for her those solemn promises and vows. I saw her first enter God's holy house, and I saw the Lord's appointed minister pour water upon her in the name of the blessed Trinity. I saw the cross made upon her tiny brow, and heard her pledged to be His until death; and, as I gazed on her afterwards, methought she looked as if angels were guarding that young child from the attacks of the Evil One. I followed her in thought through her childhood, remembering her keen anxiety lest she should soil that beautiful white robe with which Christ had clothed her, and her deep sorrow when she gave way to the passionate temper with which Nature had endowed her. And again the bell knelled forth, and her

CONFIRMATION DAY

was brought to my recollection, and I heard her, in the presence of God, and before the Church, ratify and confirm her baptismal vow in her own person, and I trembled as I thought of what she had undertaken. But, listen, a deep, reverent voice reminds me, "Our help is in the name of the Lord," and I saw her glide up to the altar, and I saw the bishop lay hands upon her, and doubted not but that she had received a renewal of the Holy Ghost that she might continue Christ's for

ever. And she passed to her seat, and I gazed on her as I had done fifteen years before, and although her head was bent low, and tears trickled down her cheeks, I perceived that same look which had so riveted my attention in her infancy. And again the bell reminds me of her

FIRST COMMUNION.

With deep reverence and humility she came to the holy table to be refreshed with living streams, which only flow from the side of the "Rock of Ages," and earnestly longing to be made one with Christ, according to his own divine promise. The sacred elements were distributed, and she was bid to feed on Him in her heart with thankfulness, and as we passed out of church she put her hand into mine, and whispered, "It was so beautiful." But it is all passed now, and the next feast she sits down to will be the marriage supper of the Lamb; and to-morrow her sorrowing friends will consign her to the dust, and the Church's beautiful service,

"THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD,"

will be read over her, but a voice will there remind us, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and we shall return to our homes, "not to mourn as those who have no comfort," but rather as she herself would have wished, go

"Cheerly to our work again
With hearts new-braced and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those who, face to face,
Over the grave their Lord have met."

C. Year.
A. Y.

SPOILING CHILDREN.

Spoiling, in its earlier stages, is rather pleasant. It consists in letting one's darling have its own precious little way on all occasions, and the way is such a pretty, roguish, winsome way, nobody can see any harm in it. Grown-up wilfulness is quite a different thing from baby wilfulness. It gets teeth and claws, so to speak, and isn't nice to contemplate. Spoiling appears to mean a great many different things. One of its mild forms is total disregard for the feelings and convenience of others. If you meet a peculiarly upsetting woman on a journey or a party of pleasure, who ought to be square when she is triangular, and triangular when she is square, you may set it down that she was a spoiled child.

There are parents who would stint their allowance of fire or food in order to indulge their children's whims. The idea of parental sacrifice becomes morbid, especially if the child happens to be admired and praised. There are mothers who pinch their own wardrobes to bedeck their little girls in expensive garments, fostering a taste for extravagant dress which they honestly indulge.

Although people in the lower ranks or the middle class do contrive, occasionally, to spoil their children by indulgence, the business is not carried on wholesale, as it is among the rich. Necessity is a severe and yet a kind step-dame. Her motto is service, and service is the salt of life. In a large family, not very well-to-do, the older children educate the younger ones. They feel almost as responsible as the parents, and perhaps exert more influence in their own little way. Such a child-life seems bald and grey compared with the fairy scenes through which richer children dance and sing; but it in reality keeps young tastes fresh and pure, and whets the appetite, instead of cloying it with enjoyment. This is only a part of the benefit derived from a childhood taxed with some responsibility, and judiciously denied as well as indulged.

Self-control is the one thing spoiled children never learn. Their desires are always rampant. We see the features of the boy who kicked his nurse and brow-beat his mother in some passionate, dissipated, irregular young man, and we shake our heads and say, "We knew how he would turn out." The spoiled girl develops into an exacting, unscrupulous woman. Life must centre round her, the world must wait upon her, not because

she has ever done anything, but merely because she was a spoiled child.

Her husband is a martyr. I have generally noticed that such girls marry meek little men, who seem to consider it their principal business in life to carry about a load of shawls and attend to the poodle.

A WORD TO ALL ON LENT.

The great work of Lent is repentance. Not but that we are in need at all times of repentance. Day by day we are taught to say, "forgive us our trespasses," and "we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep." But it is in consideration for our weakness, and to aid us in our endeavors after holiness, that the forty days are given us, as a special time for bewailing our sins, and drawing near to God.

To help us in this our work, different exercises are recommended to us; such as prayer, fasting, and abstinence. You may say that fasting does not belong to the poor; but they who live on scanty means cannot be expected to fast. But surely in this you are narrowing the idea of fasting. If you really live so low that you cannot safely lessen your daily food, yet is there no pleasure you can give up, which, though not wrong in itself, may become your idol, if you give it the time which, at this special season, God asks for Himself? Can not you abstain from some little pleasure for His sake, or devote a portion of your time to some work for Him, and so help to wean yourself from this world?

Or if your life be absolutely devoid of pleasure; if you earn a scanty living by dint of hard labor, with no respite from your toil, yet is there nothing left for you to do, to prove your love to Him? Yes, surely! even you may offer a sacrifice of that which costs you much—even the gratification of your carnal will and affections. Perhaps there is some sin—a trifling one you may call it, though, indeed, no sin can be trifling—or some little secret fault that you allow to lurk in your heart, or are in the habit of committing; and which it would cost a hard struggle to give up. Oh! do, I entreat you, take up the sling and the stone, and, as David slew Goliath, so, trusting in God, slay your sin, and allow it no more to have dominion over you. Or it may be that some earthly affection has too strong a hold upon your heart, taking the seat there, where God ought to reign supreme. Perhaps it is a cloud between you and Heaven. Perhaps, even if innocent in itself, it may be hiding the things of God from you. Some one person it may be, whether husband or wife, child or friend, to whom you give too much thought, too much care, and even an undue share of love; or a love unsanctified by that God from whom you received the gift you so highly prize. Or it may be some pleasure or pursuit which engrosses your thoughts so that you forget the command, "My son, give me thine heart." Oh! beware how you allow your hopes of heaven to be fettered by anything worldly. This surely is a time to take heed and "watch unto prayer." Lose no time. Begin your Lenten work at once; for the forty days are not too much for so vast an undertaking. First, call in the aid of the Holy Spirit to direct your thoughts, that you may not judge too lightly of your faults. I can think of no better prayer for you to use than that of the Psalmist: "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me: and lead me in the way everlasting." Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24. Then search into the very depth of your heart; try your most secret thoughts and feelings; and root out every evil thought. Cast your every sin at your Saviour's feet; ay, and crucify it on His Cross.

This cannot be the work of an hour or a day. It must be a continual striving that will gain the mastery:—seize this sacred opportunity. Let Satan see that you are resolved to fight on the Lord's side. "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you."

—Our happiness in this world depends on the affections we are enabled to inspire.

Children

LIFTING

Of course ever his hat, "tips whom he meet polite. Courtes to each other, expressed, in the courteous." A to be a respectable ways by which ladies is by lift when we meet

The custom In the days of about the fift wore helmets. part, that over was called the which the ma not take his he of the enemy. friend. So, in t off the head m fore whom i friend whom taking the plac hat off is a sal safe in your p friendly, I reg and treat you

I hope every other sex. Th marching on. or will, or at women—all honor your theirs.

CULT

It is someti been educated must be cultu are the most One need not travelled, in o only sure that in harmony. music or F Very few can educated; but

Be determin even a little. best poetry, tl of art, the fac thoughts of th each day, five not mere sto sentiment is There is n when the star



NOTHING IS comparab their marvellou ing and beautif turing, disfigur disease of the of hair.

OUTICURA, the SOAP, an exqu from it, extenu the new Blood tive cure for ev case, from pim DIES are absol skin beautifu Sold everyw SOLVENT, \$1.50 Potter Drug an Send for

HANDS Soft usin