

Your memory is bad, perhaps, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One of them is read a subject when interested; the other is not only to read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on the page, and not only call them vaguely to mind, but put them in words, and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge.

BISHOP RAVENSCROFT was saying the Creed in a Church, one day, but the congregation, in spite of the request to make the responses audible, only faintly whispered forth so feebly that the Bishop could not hear them. Turning about he thundered out to the astonished congregation, "Am I then to understand that no one in this congregation believes in God the Father Almighty?" and resumed the Creed. He had no further trouble.

THE Bishops of Rome, by obtaining their own inventions, both in faith and manners, and these inventions to be received under pain of damnation, became the authors, and still are the continuers of the widest schism that ever was in the Church of Christ.—*Bishop Sanâer-son.*

A PRIVATE letter from Rev. E. M. Martin, Lincoln, Ill., to a friend states that both the Baptist and Universalist preachers in that place have renounced their pulpits and have applied for orders in the Church. Lincoln is a town of eighty thousand inhabitants.—*Kalendar.*

ON Palm Sunday morning, in St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Indiana, Bishop Talbot ordained Deacon, Zacheus Test, M. D. formerly a Quaker. Bishop Talbot, and the present Clergyman, Rev. Dr. Wakefield were originally members of that Society.

Children's Corner.

THE SHINGWAUK BOY IN ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

JUNE 29, Sunday.—I went alone to St. Paul's for morning service and I went to the Temple for evening service.

June 30th.—Mr. Wilson took me to the S. P. C. K. in the morning. In the afternoon we got on the train and went to the Hampstead Heath. It is very fine scenery. Mrs. Wilson rode in a little donkey carriage—it was clumsy-looking. I had my tea at Mr. Arthur Wilson's and he gave me a pipe to give to Buhkwujjenene.

July 1st.—About 9.30 I went with Mr. Wilson to Woolwich. We saw very large cannons, and iron melted; a place where they make shots and cannon balls, a very large hammer that worked by steam. They don't allow any one to go and see it unless he is a British subject.

July 2nd.—I went to Mr. Wilson's at 3 p.m. We went to the Church Miss. Children's Home to the prize giving; and one boy stood on a stool to sing, he sung very nice. In the evening we went to St. James' for service.

July 3rd.—In the afternoon, about 12 o'clock, Mr. Wilson, me, and Rev. Mr. Parr got on a train and went to Chatham, in Kent.