

to a too demonstrative adoration. I knew both; and which were nearer God, when so worshipping on earth, I could not have told, and with which in heaven I would have preferred to cast in my lot—had such choice been given me—I could not have told either; so one in holiness of heart and life were the members of that High Church family, and those Free Kirk Scotch Presbyterians.

The changes which you have observed in your Vicar's manner of celebrating the Eucharist are all in strict keeping with the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. That immediately before Prayer for the Church Militant directs that "then" (when there is a communion), after the alms have been placed on the Holy Table, "The priest shall place on the Table so much bread and wine as he shall think sufficient." That this may be done, conveniently, the elements should be laid, previous to that part of the service, upon what is properly called a credence table in the chancel. Wanting this table, your Vicar uses the ledge of which you speak.

Then the rubric, after the sentences of administration, directs that "what remaineth of the consecrated elements" should be covered "with a fair linen cloth." Hence the irregularity of covering any of the vessels with such cloth before the proper time. The dressing and undressing of the Table, together with the careful cleansing and laying by of the vessels, are only parts of that reverence which we should ever show to things used in God's service. It is simply decency so to act, not superstition: and people must be hard up for grounds of complaint when such things offend them.

Tell me, however, as they arise, of all such changes from your old parish use. For I will venture to say that in no one instance will you find anything done which has not its warranty in some rubric or order of the Book of Common Prayer. As long as your Vicar holds by this rule—the only safe one for us all—no one need ever entertain one fear as to the result; Farewell.

(To be continued.)

## Children's Department.

### WORK FOR LITTLE ONES.

There is no little child too small  
To work for God;  
There is a mission for us all,  
On each bestowed.

'T is not enough for us to give  
Our wealth alone;  
We must entirely for Him live,  
And be his own.

Though poverty our portion be,  
Christ will not slight  
The lowliest little one, so he  
With God be right.

The poor, the sorrowful, the old,  
Are round us still;  
God does not always ask our gold,  
But heart and will.

### LITTLE HELPERS.

"Mamma dear, will you please to read Ada and me a pretty story out of papa's book?" asked little Lucy Leonard.

"Yes, darling; I will if you wish it," said the lady. And she laid aside her own reading, and, taking a book out of a desk near, sat down on the couch and began turning over the pages, the children, with pleased faces, waiting for her to begin.

"Papa's book" was a sort of scrap-book filled with interesting anecdotes, tales, and sketches, some of which he cut from various papers and periodicals, others of which he wrote himself. He kept it on purpose for the amusement and entertainment of his children; and a great treat it was to them to hear him or mamma read to them from it.

"Here is a little piece of papa's own writing, which I know neither of you have heard," said mamma, presently. "Come along, Ada, love." And taking the little one on the couch beside her, she began to read papa's talk about

### LITTLE HELPERS.

"Little blade of grass, you are growing, growing, growing: do you think you can be of any use in this great world?"

"Oh, yes! I am helping to make it green and beautiful!"

"But you are such a weak and tiny thing! What can you do towards so great an end?"

"I am indeed a weak and tiny thing; but there are many others like me; and, by all helping together, we cover the hills and fields with a carpet of green."

"So you do, little blade; so you do! Thanks for your beautiful carpet of green!"

"Little wayside flower, you are blooming, blooming, blooming: do you think you can be of any use in this great world?"

"Oh, yes! I am helping to make it bright and fragrant!"

"But you are such a weak and tiny thing! What can you do towards so great an end?"

"I am indeed a weak and tiny thing; but there are many others like me; and, by all helping together, we cover the earth with beauty, and fill the air with sweetness!"

"So you do, little flower; so you do! Thanks for your beautiful colour and your sweet perfume!"

"Little drop of rain, you are falling, falling, falling: do you think you can be of any use in this great world?"

"Oh, yes! I am helping to nourish and refresh it!"

"But you are such a weak and tiny thing! What can you do towards so great an end?"

"I am indeed a weak and tiny thing; but there are many others besides me; and, by all helping together, we keep the fields, and trees, and shrubs, and flowers, all fresh and green!"

"So you do, little drop; so you do! Thanks for your refreshing moisture!"

"Little ray of sunlight, you are shining, shining, shining: do you think you can be of any use in this great world?"

"Oh, yes! I am helping to fill it with brightness and joy!"

"But you are such a weak and tiny thing! What can you do towards so great an end?"

"I am indeed a weak and tiny ray; but there are many others besides me; and, by all helping together, we fill the world with light and gladness."

"So you do, little ray; so you do! Thanks for your beautiful light!"

"Little blade of grass; little wayside flower; little drop of rain; little ray of light; you teach me a lesson good and useful!"

"I, too, will try to make the world bright and beautiful! By little words of kindness; by little deeds of life love; by never-questioning obedience; by never-failing trust, I will seek to spread the 'beauty of holiness' all around."

"And though I am but a weak and tiny child, there are many others like me; and if God will help us each to do our little part, and all to work together, we may turn this sinful world into a very paradise of joy!"

I hope that Lucy and Ada, and all the little people who may read my story, are trying by God's help to be of some use in this great world, by doing faithfully and lovingly the part, however small it may be, which God has given them.

A. G. S.

I want to join the ransomed,  
And with the ransomed stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand.  
I want to join that chorus,  
My voice I want to raise,  
And swell the song of victory,  
To my Redeemer's praise.

I would not be an angel,  
For not so Saviour died;  
No, rather let me glory  
In Christ the crucified.  
His love shall draw me nearer  
Than angels ever come;  
At His right hand He'll place me,  
In our eternal home.

### THE CAREFUL CONDUCTOR.

A farmer in a village in Lincolnshire has a dog remarkable for his sagacity. If he accidentally or purposely leaves his gloves, stick, or handkerchief on any part of his farm during his morning's walk, and upon his return home indicates his loss by certain signs to his dog, away, the animal will go and find and bring them. If any well-dressed person goes into the farm-yard during the day, the dog takes no notice. If, however, a beggar enters the premises, the dog instantly goes to him, gently lays hold of his stick or clothes, and leads him to the door of the dwelling-house, and sees him safe off the premises under similar precautions. But, in the night, the faithful animal will apprehend all persons without distinction, and never quits his hold until bidden by his master or mistress. The latter has a sister living on an adjoining farm. In order to facilitate the communication between the two houses, a single plank was thrown across a deep drain. The wife of the owner of the dog constantly and fearlessly entrusts her little children to his care, when they are anxious to visit their aunt. The animal halts the little tribe when he comes to the narrow bridge, and conducts them over it one by one, always taking firm hold of the child's garments behind; and when he has safely conducted one child he returns for another. He then waits for their return, and conveys them home in a similar manner.—*Jesse's "Gleanings in Natural History."*

### BROWNIE IN TROUBLE.

A horse was prancing over the fields one day, when he fell into a ditch and could not get out. He was in great trouble, and his mates stood around in a fright, for they could not help him either. But old Whitey thought of a plan that he knew would work. He bounded off to tell his master, who was a quarter of a mile away. He pulled his sleeve, and then walked away, but the master did not follow, so he tried it again, making such an unusual sound, that the man knew at once he wished him to go to the pasture. So he started, and soon found out the trouble. Old Whitey got there before him, and kept calling as loud as he could. If he had known how to talk, he would have encouraged Brownie by the news that his "master was coming." When the poor horse was helped out and stood on firm ground again, you should have seen how Whitey rubbed his master's arm, as if to say, "Thank you, thank you!"

Some animals are unkind to each other when in trouble, but it is only the lower orders of them. The higher the intelligence, the more sympathy and kindness do they show when another suffers. It is the same with people. It shows a coarse, low nature to make sport of anything that gives pain to any one. A refined, noble nature is quick to sympathize with and prompt to help any one in need of such comforting.

### A PRAYING BROTHER.

A little girl being unwell, complained of feeling pain. Her mamma said to her, "I will give you some medicine, my love, which will make you quite well to-morrow." Her brother, who was standing by, replied, "Oh no, mamma, medicine alone will not make her well; when I was ill I took a great deal, but it did me no good until I prayed to God to make me well, and then I was better the very next morning, when I thanked God for making me better, and now I am quite well; and so will Ann be if she prays to God."

Two young men, sailors, called upon the superintendent of a Sunday-school at Newcastle, to express their gratitude for the instructions they had there received. One of them, in particular, said he had been in most parts of the world, exposed to every sort of scene and company, and though he had not been so steady as he ought to have been, he had learned at the Sunday-school what made him always afraid to profane the Lord's day.

### MARRIED.

In St. Matthew's Church, Florence, on the 6th instant, by the Rev. D. Deacon, A.B., Rural Dean, EDWIN AMSDEN, Esq., merchant, to CAROLINE, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. Brethour, A.M., Incumbent, Co. Bothwell.

ST. JAMES  
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3.30 and 7  
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Greene, A.

ST. PAUL  
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Rev. S. J. F.

CHURCH  
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ST. LUK  
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CHRIST  
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M.A., Incu

ALL SAINTS  
streets, 8  
Rev. A. H.

ST. BART  
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ST. THOMAS  
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