

of forms and ceremonies and Church government, not of vital truths and creeds.

If what the Vicar says be true, the difference is a very serious one; and going to a dissenting chapel, even now and then, is not the harmless thing I had hitherto imagined it to be. I should like to know your opinion and conduct in this matter. If I do not mistake, you are so liberal and kind that you would not consider any such great gulf to be fixed between you and them, as the severer creed I have just now spoken of seems to imply.

And yet, after all, if there be no essential point of difference, why did they leave us?

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Saviour, hear a little child,
Who knows not how to pray;
On earth Thy face so meek and mild
Was never turned away.

The children gathered to Thy breast
Have found a blessed home,
Where safe from every sin they rest—
Oh, suffer me to come.

I ask Thee for a heart to try
To please Thee day by day;
Thy love to lead me back, when I
From thy commandments stray.

Do Thou, O Lord, my sins forgive
The sins that wound Thee sore,
And teach me every day I live,
To love Thee more and more.

THE DOVES.

Now, my dear little, children come and sit down by me, and listen to my story.

You must fancy to yourselves a pretty little parlour, looking out into a garden. It is evening, and the window is open, and everything is looking pleasant. There are two little girls in the room; rosy, happy-looking girls they are. One is nine years old; her name is Sophy. The other is five; she is Jenney. They are playing with two doves, which live in a large, clean cage, in a corner of the room. There is a little boy, too, their brother Tommy; he is drawing horses and dogs on a slate. The papa and mamma are there, too; one is writing, the other is at work. Presently Jenny runs up to her mamma, and says—"Oh, mamma! our doves look so pretty now; do come and look at them. Mamma don't you love doves! I do."

"Yes my pet, I think every one likes doves." Little Jenny then runs back to the cage, but in two or three minutes comes back again, and says, "Mamma, why does every one like doves? they are not half so pretty as peacocks."

"Because doves are such sweet, gentle birds, Jenny. It makes us happy to look at them. Doves never disagree; there is always peace in a dove's nest."

"What is peace, mamma?" said Jenny. Tommy then looked up for his slate, and said, "Oh, Jenny! don't you know what peace is? peace is not quarreling, or fighting. When we are disagreeing up in the nursery, nurse says, 'Don't, my dears; anything for peace.'"

"What a pity nurse should ever have to say so!" said papa, as he put down his pen. "Why can't my darlings always be like the doves?"

Tommy answered: "You know, papa, when they want my things, and I want them too, I try to get them because they are mine, and then we quarrel, and sometimes Jenny cries."

"And when you have got your things, and made Jenny cry, do you have as much pleasure in playing with them as when you have not disagreed over them?"

"I don't know papa," said Tommy; for he did not like to say that he did not; but I think I know very well, and I think papa replied very well when he said, "You will always find, Tommy, that you will feel happier when you have given up your playthings to your sisters for

a time, than when you have snatched them away, and made every one round you uncomfortable. Nurse is pretty nearly right when she says, 'Anything for peace.'"

"Look, papa," cried Sophy, "look at dovey! he is saying 'Anything for peace,' I gave him a bit of bread, and then the other came and wanted to eat it all up, and so he let her have it, and only laughed." Indeed, dovey was making a sound very much like laughing, and though he did not really say "Anything for peace," he gave up the bit of bread, as if he had heard all that Sophy had been saying. Sophy then asked if all birds were as kind to one another.

"Not all, my dear," said papa: "I am afraid rooks disagree a good deal."

"Naughty rooks!" cried little Jenny.

"No, Jenny, don't call them so; they do not know any better. Who does know better, though?"

"I do, papa," said Jenny.

"Well, then, now you will know which bird to try and be like, won't you?"

"The sweet doves, papa?"

"Yes, the doves, who never do harm to any one, but who make each other and themselves happy by being so kind to one another."

Papa then went on writing, and little Jenny ran up in the nursery and told nurse that papa said they were to be like the doves.

VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.

Though little I bring,
Said the tiny spring,
As it burst from the mighty hill,
'Tis pleasant to know,
Wherever I flow,
The pastures grow greener still.

And the drops of rain,
As they fall on the plain,
When parched by the summer heat,
Refresh the sweet flowers
Which drooped in the bowers,
And hung down their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
Yet, taking them all,
Each one doing all that it can
To fulfil the design
Of its Maker Divine,
What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil
All His righteous will,
Who formed the whole earth by His word!
Creator Divine!
We would ever be Thine,
And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

THE OBEDIENCE OF ONE.

Many years ago, after a day of fierce fighting at Marengo, Napoleon Bonaparte had placed his sentinels at different points of the camp. They were charged on pain of death to keep awake, and guard against being surprised by the enemy. About midnight, Napoleon rose, and, walking around, found one of the sentinels asleep, his gun laying beside him. The soldier, no doubt, had been worn out by the terrible fatigue of the preceding day—but then the law must be obeyed; discipline must be kept up; the sentinel's duty must be done; or else he must die. What did the emperor do? Softly and silently, he took up the gun, put it on his own shoulder, and acted as sentinel till the dawn of day. When the soldier awoke he was filled with alarm at having left his duty undone, concluding that he was a lost man. But Napoleon (who had done this generous act from love to him as a soldier) simply handed back to him his gun, and bade him be more awake in future. You see, "By the obedience of that one," the law was kept to the letter. And even thus, the Lord Jesus took upon Himself obedience, and, by His life of spotless holiness in our room, by His love to God with all His heart, and soul, and mind, "magnified the law, and made it honourable." And we are invited to make use of that obedience as our own. He wishes to hand it

over to us. O reader, unless you accept it, your conscience must be haunted by the painful remembrance that you have withheld from God what you owed Him; but if you present to God this fulfilment of obedience rendered by the Surety, you may say, without fear of contradiction, "I have restored that which I took away; I have restored it a hundred fold."

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

A little girl six years old was desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary box with others. When saying her evening prayers at her papa's knees, she hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Oh, what has Jesus done for me?"

He pitied me—my Saviour!

My sins were great, His love was free:

He died for me—My Saviour!

Exalted by the Father's side,

He pleads for me—my Saviour!

A heavenly mansion He'll provide

For all who love the Saviour!

STRONG FAITH.

A storekeeper of the Christian Commission, during the time of the American War, was requested to cut the slices of bread thinner, as the supply was running low. He said, "Oh, no, I can't: the poor fellows are so hungry." "But our bread will soon be done!" "Well, I have faith to believe the Lord will send us more before we are quite out." He did as he liked, feeding the hungry soldiers that pressed around him. The last loaf was taken from the shelf, and hundreds were still unfed, when an immense load of provisions was driven up to the headquarters of the Commission, more than enough to supply all their wants. It came more than a hundred miles to Gettysburg, just in time. The Lord does not require "thin slices," but a strong faith.

PICTURE OF MOUNT SINAI.—Mr. Harper's celebrated picture of "Sinai," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, has just been reproduced in colors by Mr. J. T. Lucas, who has occupied himself for some months in drawing this beautiful picture in stone, which Messrs. Harcourt have printed, using no less than thirty-four different shades of color. The copy is a perfect fac simile of the original. Those who inspect Harper's picture will behold on one canvass the Mount of God, the great plain of the encampment, the natural bounds, and the spot where tradition says the worship of the golden calf took place, and also the only two roads by which it is possible for human foot to ascend the rugged sides of this huge "Alter in the Wilderness." The picture represents Sinai seen by the glow of sunset, which lights its solemn triple summit, while the base is wrapped in delicate filmy shade.

—The man that stumbles twice at the same stone is a fool.—*Spanish Proverb.*

—Of all mistakes, the greatest is to live and think life of no consequence.

—Nothing can be of love to God which does not shape itself into obedience.

—The intention of Holy Scripture is to show us how to go to heaven, not how the heaven goeth.

—Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him before my prayers.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

—We are not saved by faith without works; for there is no such faith in Christ. Nor are we saved by works without faith, for no works but those that flow from faith are acceptable to God.

—As iron, put into the fire, loseth its rust, and becometh clearly red hot, so he that wholly turneth himself unto God, puts off all slothfulness, and is transformed into a new man.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

—Translate the sense of Scripture into your lives, and expound the Word of God by your works. Interpret by your feet and teach it by your fingers. That is, let your workings and your walkings be Scripture exposition, as living epistles read and known of all men.