

tack, the bloody flag of defiance was taken down, and a flag of truce sent out, with proposals for delivering up the fortress.

By some of the historians of that time, Lord Chesterfield has been blamed for surrendering the Close before it was absolutely necessary. But the spirited resistance which they had made during three days proved that there was no want of courage; and the various circumstances which attended the siege, especially the number of females in the Close, and the want of ammunition, have, in the opinion of others, been pleaded as ample justification.

As for Archbold, mortified though he might be at the failure of his gallant exertions, he could not do otherwise than submit to the decisions of his superiors.

(To be continued.)

THE COLLECT.

O LORD, we beseech thee, let thy continual pity cleanse and defend thy Church; and, because it cannot continue in safety without thy succour, preserve it evermore by thy help and goodness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

We have already observed, that if the Church is to stand in its strength, superior to the attacks of its enemies, the individuals who compose it must stand firm. As they are strong or weak in faith, steady or wavering in obedience, so will the body, of which they are members, flourish or decay. In like manner, the purity of the Church depends upon the purity of the individuals who compose it. When, therefore, we pray that God would in pity "cleanse and defend his Church," we do virtually pray for individual strength and purity; that so defended, we may be strong to work out our own salvation; and so cleansed, may be ourselves "bright examples, not in faith only, but in purity." (1 Tim. iv. 12.)

But who is sufficient for these things? Our sufficiency is of God. Do we then desire to "worship him in spirit and in truth?" let our first service be the service of prayer; that He may strengthen our good resolutions, and bring the same to good effect. For so closely does their sinful nature cling to fallen men, even to those "called the sons of God," (1 John iii. 1) that to act with perfect singleness and purity of heart in our religious and social duties, is indeed proof of a successful resistance against evil, and an advanced growth in holiness, which cometh only of the gift of God through Jesus Christ. This gift—the gift of the Holy Ghost—this alone can "remove envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" towards our fellow-creatures. This alone can root our pride towards our God.

If, however, we be thus assisted, we feel the burden of our cross to be light: we "learn of him," who meekly shares the load; and who has already removed its greatest weight by Himself having borne our sins. In short, to the pure in heart, the love of Christ hath absorbed the love of self; and the fear of the world has been conquered by the fear of God. Whilst thus we live, our lives adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Then, but not till then—we may attain to that uprightness of intention towards man and purity of thought towards God, for which in this Collect we pray. Such indeed is the unworldliness and sincerity of heart, which characterizes the true Christian, that in him we ever find exemplified, the apostolic test of a member of Christ—"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

So, with respect to the defence, for which we here pray. The Church of God "cannot continue in safety without his succour;" because the members of which it is composed, are frail men, dust and ashes, unable of themselves even to "think any thing as of themselves." Hence, our prayer for the defence of the Church, is a prayer for our defence against those spiritual enemies, from which the Lord alone can "preserve us evermore by his help and goodness; through Jesus Christ." Thus, whilst we feel the necessity of holiness on the part of man, as indispensable towards salvation, we believe the power to be of God. Our highest exertions are required: yet the highest cannot command success, or deserve it. We are to strain every nerve in our Christian course, running with unflinching patience the race set before us, and pressing towards the "mark for the prize of our high calling;" yet our noblest energies cannot of themselves, bear us to the goal. Our strength is but weakness. That it fails not is of his mercy, in whom is our high calling—Jesus Christ. His strength is made perfect in our weakness—his is the strength—his the success—his the merit—though the prize be ours through the grace of God in Him.

Children's Department.

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go!
God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what breath and strength I have
May serve my neighbour best!
God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways!

CHARLEY BROWN-EYES.

"What is your name, little boy?" asked the cheerful voice of nurse Amy.

"Charley, please, lady," he says, lying back on his pillow, contented and grateful.

"Oh dear, oh dear! why, we've got two Charleys already. I shall call you Charley Brown-eyes, because you look at me so hard."

So Charley was surnamed Brown-eyes, and was known by that name, till he had a new one given him among the angels.

When the doctor had paid his visit, and Charley had swallowed a warm drink and a dose of nasty medicine, he fell fast asleep, and when he woke it was getting dark, and the fire was throwing a cheerful flickering glow over the ceiling. In the cot next his there was a little girl, who was looking at him as if she meant to speak. She was very small, and had a bright sharp face. She eyed her new neighbour steadily for a few minutes, till he felt rather uncomfortable, and then she said in a quick sharp voice—

"I say, little boy, what's the matter with you?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I never! I know what's the matter with me. It's hip disease. I'm lame. If you were to see me on that floor I should fall down. You've got a cough ain't you?"

"Yes, and a pain acrossst my chest."

"Oh, then, I s'pose it's sumption. There's a girl on the other side 's got 'sumption, and she's not near so big as you either. I wish I 'd 'sumption," with a bitter emphasis.

"Do you? Why?"

"Oh, you get goodies for your cough, sometimes, and don't never have bad pain."

"Oh my! don't yer, though! I've got awful bad pain," said Charley, his mild spirit roused to indignation.

"Oh, I don't call that real pain. Why, it's not bad enough to holler. You should see me. Nurse has to hold me when I get bad. Sometimes she has to say 'Gentle Jesus' to help me to bear it."

"Does that make it better?" inquired Charley, much interested.

"Well, she say it oughter, and I s'pose it does. Don't you?"

"I don't know nothing about that," Charley replied.

There was a pause in the conversation, but it was presently resumed.

"Little boy, would you like this doll? I don't care for dolls. When I go out of the Hospital father 's goin' to buy me a big book with readin' in it. You haven't got anything to play with on your shelf, and I've got some blue beads and three picters, so you may have the doll if you want to very much."

"No, thank you, miss, if you don't mind," said Charley, timidly.

"Never mind, little boy; I ain't offended. Will your father come and see you on Sunday? Mine does."

"I ain't got no father."

"Oh, poor little boy! I'll ask my father to speak to you, and that'll be as good, won't it? I say, nurse," she cried as nurse Amy came up to give the children their supper, "this new little boy's got no father."

"Yes, he has, Polly, you know," said nurse, gently, "though we can't see Him."

"Oh, of course, I didn't mean that," said Polly rather scornfully.

Nurse said to herself, as she tucked Charley up for the night, "I shall love this little boy more than my

sharp-tongued Polly," and she stooped and kissed him and said, "Good-night, Charley Brown-eyes."

All that night and the next day when Charley was not asleep, he lay in wondering content, bearing patiently his pain and weakness and failing breath. But once he burst out crying, and nurse Amy ran to try and soothe him. But she could not find out what was the matter till between his sobs he said—"I want to thank somebody."

"What do you mean? When do you want to thank?"

"I don't know. Somebody what's give me all this. Ain't it you, lady?"

"No, Charley; I love you, but I couldn't give you anything. I am paid to take care of you. That lady pays me who brought you up here."

"Oh, please, can't I thank her?"

"But it is all given to her, Charley. Kind ladies and gentlemen pay for it all, and they couldn't all be brought here for a little boy to thank, could they? But I'll tell you what you can do. Some One gives it to them, and you can thank Him."

"Please, lady, do let me. I can't abear not to thank nobody."

"Well, you cannot see Him, Charley; but you must shut your eyes up tight, and believe He is near. It is God who made all of us, and takes care of us and gives us everything we have. You can say what you like to Him, and be quite sure He will hear."

Charley obeyed. He shut his eyes, and said—

"Thank you," very earnestly.

"Don't you want to say anything else? Wouldn't you like to ask Him to take care of you?"

"No, thank you, lady," said Charley. Nurse Amy said no more, but went away, leaving the little boy quite contented.

But Charley grew worse. Sometimes he had to fight for breath; after that he lay very still and weak. Bags came to see him once, and, much awed by his surroundings, crept down the room on clumsy tip-toe, with his cap in hand. But Charley could only smile and feebly nod, and when Bags found himself outside again he gave a shout of relief.

One night, when nurse Amy was holding Charley in her arms, the little girl in the cot next his cried out in her sharp way—

"I'm surprised you don't say 'Gentle Jesus,' or something of that, to the little boy, nurse. I should think that 'ud do him good."

Nurse said to Charley softly, "Have you said 'thank you,' to-night, for what God has given you?"

"Yes, lady, but I'll say it again."

"Wouldn't you like to say as well, 'Please take care of me, and make me better'?"

"Yes, lady," said Charley, and he shut his eyes and said it.

And before the morning God had made him better, for he was with the angels.

"HERE I AM."

A LAWYER had a cage hanging on the wall in his office in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charley came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned the bird was gone. He asked—

"Where is my bird?"

Charley replied that he did not know anything about it.

"But," said the gentleman, "Charley, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?"

Charley declared that he knew nothing about it; that cage door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out.

The lawyer called out—

"Starling, where are you?"

The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, and said, just as plain as it could—

"Here I am!"

Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from his pocket which told the story of his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks, our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny nor explain away.

What have they to do with prayer that have no fellowship with holy practice. To come before God with a lapful of sins and a mouthful of prayers is a motley sacrifice.