

many of whom were pious and good men, he said that they were distinctly mistaken, that their principles were directly opposed to the Church of England, and formed a direct counter-move to the Reformation, and that the rulers of the English Church were not justified in any way in lowering the distinction which there was between the National Church and the various dissenting bodies throughout the kingdom. However well intentioned the clergy might be who wished to join in public worship with Dissenters, they were untrue to the principles of the English Reformation; and, in ignoring all these things, and in treating every modern sect as on the same footing as the great ancient Church reformed at the Reformation, were simply introducing confusion." Still, he did not endorse the language of the Lower House, but moved the following resolution, which was seconded by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and adopted unanimously:—

In the opinion of this House, it is contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church as maintained at the English Reformation that clergyman should take part in the public religious services of those who are not in full communion with the Church of England, and it is desirable that the Bishops should use their authority and influence to induce the clergy of their respective dioceses to abstain from the practice. Nevertheless, the House deeply sympathises with the desire to bring all Christians into sincere communion with each other through a union with the Great Head of the Church, and recognizes the fact that there are many ways of maintaining kindly intercourse with Non-conformists which are not open to reasonable objection.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A JUBILEE HYMN.

Tune:—NATIONAL ANTHEM.
God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen.

Before Thy throne we bend,
To Thee our thanks ascend,
All praise to Thee;
That Thou has been her stay,
Been with her all her way,
Brought her to this glad day—
Her Jubilee.

Such blessings from Thy hand,
Scattered upon our land,
Have never been seen;
Thy Word so full and free,
Thy dower of land and sea,
This glad some Jubilee,
Of England's Queen.

When health and strength decay,
Be Thou, O Lord, her stay,
God save the Queen;
Ever her people's friend,
Be with her to the end,
Till grace with glory blend,
God save the Queen.

—From the Teachers' Assistant of the Diocese of Toronto.

TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

The child, too, was a constant source of contention; Joe talked as much of the hardship of his having to keep him, as if he had really worked to do so. Poor little Nat soon learned to get out of the way when he saw his stepfather coming. And things only got worse with time. His mother was kind to him at first; she seemed to cling to him as a part of the life that was left so far behind her. How could she go among her respectable friends as she was now? And she comforted herself by cherishing him. But this too passed away. She got quickly hardened, and revenged herself for her own wrongs by venting her anger upon the child.

It is terrible to think upon this fatal power of one evil deed to repeat and repeat itself through so many lives. The glad tidings of the angel's song on the first Christmas morn-

ing are beautifully said to have "echoed on for ever," "like circles widening round upon a clear blue river." And is it not the same with evil? The stone is cast into the bitter waters, it sinks and is hidden from sight, but its effect dies not. Further and further, larger and larger spreads the rings that it has caused, and who shall say where they shall end, or what distant lives shall not be affected by them? And yet it is not the same, for the good is the will of God, and the evil, though it may for a time seem to conquer, is not His will, and cannot prevail against it for ever.

Mary tramped about the country with her husband, doing for a time most of the honest work that was done. She had another child, a poor, miserable little creature that lived but a few months, and gradually faded away from the effects of neglect, or gin, or both combined. No one was sorry when it died, except perhaps Nat, who had a fondness for pets of all sorts, which had even included the wailing baby. Of regular employment he had none, even as he grew older. He was set to do all the odd jobs that were to be done, and was beaten if anything went wrong, whether it was his fault or no. He didn't mind much so long as they were in country places where he could roam about when he was not required. And yet though he did not mind in the sense of not being crushed by it, yet he minded bitterly in another. He had the instinct of turning to the light; and accustomed as he was to the life of the people among whom he dwelt, he never ceased to long for something different, something better.

It was this feeling which had drawn him to Reggie. He had once or twice before made advances to children, but they were as a rule received contemptuously. Only those from whom he could learn nothing, had been willing to consort with him in his ragged clothes. He had noticed that Reggie wandered about alone, and this had emboldened him to try once more. The little gentleman was perhaps as lonely as he was himself. The friendly spirit in which he was met delighted him, and he was only too glad that for one reason and another his people stayed at Westhampton. When he could no longer see Reggie he did not care how soon they went away. Indeed he was rather pleased to leave the place that was now so changed for him.

They tramped along, making but short stay anywhere until winter set in again. Once more they made a halt in the outskirts of a village, whence some of the party (for there were several of them), went about the country selling baskets, catching rats, and occasionally asking for work when they were very sure there was none to be had. Nat would have liked to go with them, but he was always left at the encampment as a sort of a servant, the more needed now that his mother's health was failing fast. She was not much more gentle with him, but he saw that she suffered, and that made him sorry for her, so he did not quarrel with her as he had been used to do, and would even occasionally try to talk to her of some of the things that interested him. It was not of much use as a rule, for she generally either laughed at or scolded him, according to the humor she was in.

One day she was unusually quiet, and he determined to begin on a subject that he had long been turning over in his mind.

"I say, mother," he said suddenly, "don't you think as I might go to school as we are here?"

His mother looked at him, and then laughed so immoderately, that she brought on a violent fit of coughing which quite frightened Nat.

It was some time before it ceased, and then she lay back panting for so long, that he had almost forgotten that he had asked the question when she said:

"School! That's a good one. And who would have the like of you at school?"

Nat looked down at his clothes, and folded the fluttering rags together, as if to try what effect mending would have upon them.

"Couldn't they be sewn, mother? I see plenty of boys going in over there," he jerked back his head in the old style, "as has got lots of patches on their things."

"Not all patch work though. And whose got the time to sew those things of yours, even if they were worth sewing?"

Indeed they were not worth it. No amount of labor would have made them decent, for the only clothes which ever came to Nat, were those which were too bad for the others to wear.

"And what do you want with school?" said his mother again. "I had schooling enough, and much good it has done me, I'm sure. Don't you bother me about such rubbish."

"But if I could get some work to do, I might buy myself clothes. Some boys no bigger nor me has regular work, and then I would bring you some money, mother, Joe needn't get it."

"Trust him!" said Mary emphatically. "No, Nat, you're only taking nonsense. Just you shut up and have done with it."

There was no help to be obtained in this quarter this was evident. Nat lingered about near the schoolhouse occasionally, but when he was seen he was told to go away. It was only natural that he should be supposed to be after no good.

It was upon one of these occasions, when he was walking along sadly, that he passed by the churchyard, and it struck him that he might go in to practice his reading there; there was no one about to warn him off. Cold though it was, he lingered, studying the inscriptions until light failed him. He could manage all the shorter words easily, and could sometimes make out whole sentences. Of what they meant when more than a simple record of birth and death, he had but a very faint idea. But still it was practice, and he went back again and again. He was quite pleased when he came upon a "Nathaniel," although finding the name of Reggie gave him a great shock. He did not know that Reggie's other name was not Stubbs, and his heart would not beat in its ordinary fashion until he had deciphered enough to make out that the Reginald in question had departed this life aged fifty-seven years, which made it clearly impossible that it was his friend.

"What can that boy be doing there?" said the Vicar's wife to her husband, as they passed by one afternoon. "I have seen him several times."

"Let us come in and ask him," said Mr. Carey; "he must be one of those tramps, but he does not seem to have done any mischief."

Nat was so engrossed in the spelling of a long word, of which he was following the letters with his finger, that he did not notice any one coming.

"Well, my boy," said the Vicar, "What are you doing here?"

Nat started and turned around, looking guilty enough, and expecting to be ordered off at once, but he only saw kind faces, and was emboldened to answer:

"Please sir, I warn't doing no harm."

"But what were you doing?" said Mr. Clare.

"Please, sir, I was only spelling out the words like, so as to practice my reading."

"You can read, then?"

"Only just a little, sir. I wish as I could read."

"Have you ever been to school?"

Nat shook his head.

"I never had no chance, sir. We're allus going about the country, and—"

(To be continued.)

The collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold dollar marked "Christian Idol."