

plies a certain amount of familiarity with Church history and doctrine; a general knowledge of the Bible; a desire to lead a holy life, and as a means thereto a willingness to live up to the Prayer Book standard and make use of certain pious customs; regularity at the services; frequent reception of the Blessed Sacrament; regularity in one's private devotions; and last, but not least, a good amount of charity toward those in the Church who may differ from "A good Churchman" in certain matters of ritual.

To sum up, we would say that the most important reason for being a Churchman is because Christ founded only one Church, to which it is our duty to belong, and that to have a divided Christendom, a multiplicity of sects, is contrary to God's Word. As for the kind of a Churchman one ought to be, let the doubter study the Prayer Book and find out what that book teaches and then live up to it, which good Churchmen find no difficulty in doing. *Verbum sat sapienti.*—*Church Critic.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

HIS REST.

There can be no sorrowing hearts but heaven enfolds them,

And Christ can give them rest;
He takes our souls, all torn with grief, and holds them
Close to His loving breast.

O weary heart, press on! there yet remaineth
This rest for thee;
O weary soul, toil on! his love restraineth
And blesseth me.

He blessed all things, wandering and erring,
And far astray;

A voice still comes, life's darkened pathway cheering,
"I am the Way."

"I am the Truth, the Life, the Resurrection;"
Though dead in sin,
Flee but to me, thy one sure protection,
And enter in.

In, past the gates which guard the land immortal,
The rest above.

No stern-browed warder keeps the golden portal,
God is love.

Earth's vessels, may be shattered, broken, riven,
And life a loss;

There yet remains this rest, the rest of heaven;
Lay down thy cross.

—Selected.

Little Good-for-Nothing.

CHAPTER II. [Continued]

The nurse passed on from bed to bed; until she came to the little crib in the corner. "Now, then, which will you have? Take your pick, little one—red, white or yellow," she said, merrily, as "Little Good-for-nothing," all trembling with eagerness and delight, stretched out her hands toward the fragrant blooms. Prompted by some innate love of the refined and pure, or shall we not rather say, led to it in answer to little Amy's prayer?—she turned from the gaudy crimson and yellow blooms, and drew lovingly towards her a cluster of pure white roses.

How she rejoiced over those roses, the first she had ever possessed! how she pressed them to her lips, and revelled in their sweetness!

But there is a flutter of paper in the room, for the children are opening and reading their texts, and there is a murmur of children's voices as they commit to memory some of God's

precious words. Who knows how many hearts received them that afternoon to lose them nevermore? Prompted by the others, "Little Good-for-nothing" found her text, and she found besides what the others did not—a letter all for herself. She opened it, and read these words—for she could read:

"Dear Little Girl: I am writing this to you to tell you that I am so sorry you are ill and suffering, and to tell you that I love you. I am only a little girl like you, but I love Jesus, and I want to tell you that He loves you—Oh, so much!—and that you need not be sad and lonely any more, for He loves you far more than mother, or father, or friends; for He died for you, poor little girl, that He might wash your sins away, and take you to live with Him in His beautiful heaven. He only asks you to love Him. Some day I may see you up in heaven, and then you will know the little girl who loves you, and has sent you the flowers, called—Amy."

"P. S.—I asked Jesus to let you get my letter."

Tears were coursing down the child's cheeks, but they were tears of joy now. She was not alone and desolate any more, there was some one in the world who loved her. And she was filled with a strange mysterious awe, as she thought that there was one in heaven who loved her too, for she never doubted it for a moment; had he not sent the letter straight to her? And, as the first tender green shoots of the tiny seedlings turned instinctively towards the sun, as yet, knew not.

Again and again "Little Good-for-nothing" read and re-read her letter, and then she turned to the text. It was his: "And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them."

"Who does it mean?" she said wonderingly to the nurse who was near her.

"It means Jesus," said the nurse, reverently. "Jesus up in heaven! Why, that was the one who loved her," she mused.

"Who did He take in His arms?" again she asked, abruptly.

"Why, little children," answered the nurse. "Would you like me to read to you all about it?"

"Oh, yes!" said the child eagerly.

And then the nurse took a Bible, and read to her the "sweet story of old."

CHAPTER III.

"Little Good-for-nothing" listened eagerly as the kind nurse read in gentle tones the sweet story of a Saviour's love for little children; and, like the child in the little hymn, longingly she "wished she had been with Him then." Perhaps he might have placed His hand on her head, she thought, and blessed her, and perhaps He might have clasped her in his arms, as she saw that mother, the other day, clasped her child.

"Thank you," she said, as the nurse closed the book, and was raising to go; and then, very timidly, "Would you mind leaving that beautiful book for me to read? I want to read more about the One who loves little children."

"You shall have it all for your own," said the nurse, placing it in her hand, and, with a happy smile, the child received it.

Often now was she seen bending over her book, for she seemed never weary of reading of the gentle, loving, holy Saviour. How different he was from any she had ever known before! how good and tender, how patient and unselfish! And then His cruel death! Oh, the bitter tears that fell from the child's eyes as she traced His wonderful history to its thrilling close.

"Oh, how could these cruel men pierce His hands and nail Him to a cross! how could they mock and scorn Him? And He never grew angry with them," she marvelled, "as she would have done, even if she had been ill-treated a little; but no, He only said, 'Father, for-

give them, for they know not what they do.'—Oh, what graces and love!"

But, while musing and wondering at His great goodness, and while her own heart was being drawn out in love for Him, doubts and fears, and at times even anguish, began to fill the soul of poor "Little Good-for-nothing." In the light of His holy presence she said:

"Oh, how bad I am! how wicked! I have such a sinful heart; I have told lies; once, even, when I was very hungry, I stole a pie from the poor old blind woman who keeps the stall near the alley. And Jesus saw me do it, and He knows how bad I am; He couldn't love me; He would turn from me. Those must have been good little girls and boys that He took in His arms and blessed. Oh, what must I do to become good, so that Jesus will love me?" And in her grief of heart she spoke to the nurse.

Now the nurse was a kind conscientious woman—maybe a Christian—but she knew not how to point an anxious, seeking soul to its Saviour. "You must say your prayers," she said, "and try to be a good girl, and Jesus will help you."

But "Little Good-for-nothing" had never had a gentle mother to fold her tiny hands together and lovingly teach her lisping tongue to tell its wants to Jesus. So she said piteously, "I don't know how to pray."

Then the nurse took pains to teach her the Lord's Prayer and "Gentle Jesus," and night and morning very religiously the child repeated them over; but, to her grief, the old violent temper burst out again; she seemed to get no better—rather worse, she thought. And often at night, when the fires and lights burnt low, and when the other children slept, the nurse, passing around with noiseless step, would see the child lying with open eyes brimming over with tears.

"Why do you not sleep, little one?" she would say. "You will never get better if you fret so."

And "Little Good-for-nothing" would answer, "I want to be good for Jesus to love me; but, oh, I'm so bad that I am afraid I shan't never get good any more." And the nurse would sigh, but she knew not how to comfort the child.

It was just at this time that some wonderful news began to be circulated amongst the children—news so strangely pleasant, so fraught with hitherto unthought of joys, that many young hearts were beating high with anticipation.

It was whispered about that a kind and rich gentleman, who lived away in the country, was fitting up some of his cottages to receive a number of the little children, who were not doing well in that great hot city.—"We will soon be ready," he had written to the governor, "to receive the little languishing sufferers. My little Amy, at whose earnest entreaties I have acted, flits about in a state of the wildest excitement from morning to night, watching the arrangements being carried out to her complete satisfaction. She hopes to be able to receive 'her little girls,' as she call them, next week; and if rich new milk, fresh air, and wandering among the buttercups will do good, I think we shall soon have the pleasure of bringing the glow of health to many a faded young cheek."

And now the children's sleep was filled with visions of delight, and their days with talks of the pleasures to come, and those who knew anything of the country tried to make those who did not, understand the beauties of trees and flowers, and fields of waving grass.

To "Little Good-for-nothing" it was the language of unknown tongue; she could form no conception of what they were now speaking. Her little life had been spent amidst dirt and squalor and wretchedness, and the only beautiful thing she had ever possessed was her lovely white rose, which, though dead, was lying fragrant between the leaves of her Bible. It was