

Children's Department.

WHEN I COME TO THEE.

My Father, when I come to Thee,
I must not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.

I plead the name of thy dear Son,
All He has said, all He has done;
Oh may I feel His love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free!

My Saviour, guide me with thine eye,
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak thy praise.

Thy Holy Spirit, Lord impart,
Impress thy likeness on my heart,
Let me obey thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

DULL CHILDREN.

The teacher of a large school had a little girl who was exceedingly backward in her lessons, she was at the bottom of her class and seemed to care little about what passed in it. During the school singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this little girl had a clear sweet voice, her teacher said to her—

"Mollie, you have a good voice, and you may lead the singing.

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day as the teacher was going home she overtook Mollie and one of her schoolmates.

"Well, Mollie" said she, "you are getting on very well now. How is it that you do so much better now than at the beginning of the half year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied the child.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion

"And what was that," asked the teacher.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in everything. She had learned self-respect, and thus was she encouraged to self-improvement.

THE PEACHES.

A gentleman brought four beautiful peaches home one day. His children had never seen any before, and he gave one to each of his three little boys, and the fourth to his wife.

The three little boys were very pleased with the fruit, and ran with it into the garden.

The following day the gentleman asked his little sons how they liked the peaches?

"Oh!" answered Robert, the eldest, "I never tasted such delicious fruit, so sweet and soft; and its cheeks were as red as a rose. I have saved the stone to plant it, that we may grow some of it ourselves."

"You have acted wisely," answered the father, "and what did you do with yours, Thomas?"

"Oh, I ate it directly, and mother gave me half of hers. It was very delicious."

"I can't say it was wise," said the father, "but it was child-like. And you are the youngest, and still a child."

"And you, Edwin, what did you do with yours?"

"I took it to neighbor Bob," said Edwin, blushing. "He has been ill six months. He would not take it, but I put it on the table by his bedside and ran away."

"That was right," answered the father. "Who has made the best use of the fruit, children?"

"Edwin!" cried the other two.

The mother kissed Edwin, and said:

"You enjoyed the fruit as much as if you had eaten it; did you not, my boy?"

"Oh, yes," cried Edwin, "much more."

PRAYER.

"Order this, Father, as is best
For us! we wait upon Thy will!"
I counted many days and nights,
The answer tarried still.

I rose on wings of prayer on high,
And cried with eyes grown dim,
"Lord! not the best for us I ask,
But what is best for him!"

No answer came. On wings of prayer
I rose to higher spheres;
And, clasping at His garment's hem,
Cried up to Him through tears:

"As to Thy glory order this!"
And straightway at His name
All the blest hosts of heaven caught up
And echoed back the same;
And, down-dropp'd gently as the dew,
At length the answer came.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Phillip Neri:—A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander.

"Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the saint.

"Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent.

"My dear child," said the saint, "your fault is great, but mercy is still greater. For your penance do as follows: 'Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and well covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me.'"

Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but, silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey, father; I will obey."

Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time she returned anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desiring to receive some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah," said the saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders, now do the second part and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied the saint, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more."

History does not tell if the lady was converted, but it is probable. It required a saint to give the lesson; one would be a fool not to profit by it.

THE ROSE BUSHES.

In front of my father's house, on the bank of a gently flowing Scottish river, grew two rose bushes. They blossomed all the season through. The roses were very beautiful, but they were all of the same form and the same color. The pure pale pink, ever repeating itself from week to week, and from year to year, became wearisome. We longed for a change; not that we disliked flowers—for nothing could be more lovely, either in bud or in the bloom—but we wanted something new.

I learned the art of budding. Having obtained from a neighbor some slips of the finest kind, I succeeded in inoculating them upon our own bushes. The success was great. Five or six varieties might be seen flowering all at one time upon a single plant. The process was not much known at the time in the district. Our roses became celebrated, and neighbors came to see and admire them. They were counted a treasure in the family.

When their fame had reached its height, a frost occurred, more severe than usual, and both the bushes died. They were natives of a warmer clime, and too tender for our severe seasons. Had the buds been inserted into a hardier stock, our beautiful roses would have survived the winter, and would have been lovely and blooming still. It was a great mistake to risk all our fine flowers on a root that the first severe frost would destroy.

This happened long ago, when I was a boy. I did not then understand the meaning of the parable. I think I know it better now.

Young people make a great mistake when they allow their heart's hope and portion to grow into this world and this life—a life that some sudden frost may nip. Rather let your portion be a branch of the True Vine—Jesus, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

A DYING CARDINAL'S LAMENTATION.—Cardinal Mazarin, the great minister of Louis XIV. in France, afforded in his last hours a striking and melancholy illustration of the Apostolic statement, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out." A courtier, loitering without leave in the apartments of the sick statesman, heard a slipped foot dragging itself with difficulty along the carpet of an adjoining room, and hastily hid himself behind some tapestry. He saw Mazarin creep feebly in, awaiting the summons of the angel of death who was about to transfix him with his fatal dart, and gaze around, little suspecting that he was himself being watched. From all sides shone on him the art-treasures he had collected—the only objects except wealth and power he was capable of caring for. He looked on them long and regretfully, his eye wandered from picture to picture, from statue to statue, till at last his anguish vented itself in words: "I must leave all that. What pains it cost me to acquire those things! I shall never see them where I am going." The courtier, Count Louis de Brienne, whose ears caught that dying groan, remembered the speech, and when Mazarin was dead, put it in print, unconsciously as a warning to all those who lay up treasure for themselves, but are not rich toward God.

—A five year old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said:—"You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see—wont he, mamma?"

No more certain is it that the flower was made to waft perfume than that woman's destiny is a ministry of love.

Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absent, and they will avail to keep the heart from suffocation.

There is no power in the world that is so magical in its effects as human sympathy.

No indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

DEATH.

On Friday, 4th July, at Stoney Creek, Isaac Corman, aged 62 years and 5 months. The deceased, a quiet earnest worker in the cause of Holy Church, had been long endeared to the parishioners of the mission of Stoney Creek, Diocese of Niagara, and was very active in the erection of the Church of the Redeemer in that village, of which he was an efficient churchwarden. After a long and very painful illness, borne with Christian fortitude and patience, he fell asleep in Jesus on the day above written.