

which follow the sentences of administration, speak of the consecrated elements that remain unconsumed as still bread and wine; while the declaration at the close of the Service expressly forbids any bowing to "the sacramental bread and wine there bodily received," or to any supposed "corporal presence of Christ's natural flesh and blood."

Sounder safeguards against latitudinarianism on the one side, or superstition, and its disowned but I fear frequent companion rationalism, on the other side, could not be. But I must conclude. If I have thought or written anything presumingly or irreverently about this great Mystery, God forgive me!

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

ALL PUT IT OFF.

Some little folks are apt to say,
When asked their task to touch,
"I'll put it off at least to-day;
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing—
You cannot stop its flight;
Then do at once your little tasks,
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off
Will end in "Never done;"
And "By-and-bye is time enough"
Has ruined many a one.

ONE BY ONE THE FLOWERS DECAY.

One by one the flowers decay,
Scentless leaves bestrew the way;
All the beauty of the bowers
Fading with the passing hours.

Only let a few months glide,
And again in all their pride
Will these gifts of Nature bloom,
And impart a sweet perfume.

So our friends and kindred too,
Daily fading from our view;
Will not from us long remain,
Like the flowers they'll bloom again.

L. M. THORNTON.

WHAT DOES LOVE SAY?

"I say, Edith, won't you come with me? I am going to look for the bird's nest on the Down, which father told me of yesterday; and it is a rare afternoon for a walk."

Edith looked at her brother for a moment and hesitated; she enjoyed a long walk, and of all things she liked looking for bird's nests, though not to touch them; but it was only for a moment. Then she said, firmly, "No, thank you, Tom; you know I have promised to amuse the little ones this afternoon because the servant is gone for a holiday."

"Cannot they amuse themselves?" asked Tom.

"Oh, no! the dear little things; and I have promised, you know. Besides, mother always tells us when we are in doubt what to do, to ask ourselves, 'What does Love say?' and that would help us to decide. So I know quite well Love would say, 'Stay at home.'"

"Oh, well, please yourself; it makes no difference to me," and Tom whistled and walked away.

Yes, it was quite evident he did not trouble himself to please other people, or he would have put off his walk till to-morrow, when his sister could have gone with him.

This thought did just come into Edith's head as she ran up stairs, but she put it away directly; and by the time she got to the nursery her bright looks would never have told anybody she had been denying herself a pleasure. For you know it is no good giving up anything for Love's sake, and then looking like a martyr and telling everybody thereby what a great effort we have made. No! "God loveth a cheerful giver," and not less so when we are surrendering our own will than when

we are giving our money. Suppose others do not know how much it cost us; what then? God has seen it, and He has written it in His book of remembrance—is not that enough?

Edith was only twelve years old, and not particularly clever; but she was so handy with the little ones and so useful, her mother said she was as good as another pair of hands to her. And why was it? Because Love ruled in her heart, and she tried to please Him Who said, "Little children, love one another."

When Edith opened the nursery door there was a general shout and a general rush towards her. "Here she is." "I said she would come." "You know she promised," was the cry from half-a-dozen small voices. For it was a well-filled nursery; and even Edith had some trouble to calm the hubbub which is apt to exist in nurseries at such times as mother is away.

"Well, now, what shall we do?" asked Edith when the confusion had subsided. "Play at leap-frog," shouted Charlie, the only boy. "Birds, beasts and fishes," cried Clara. "Read your new story-book to us," said Emily; and, fortunately, all seem to be agreed that *this* was the best plan of the three proposed.

Then the little group gathered round the kind sister, but there were a good many pauses yet. First, Clara had got Charlie's place; then "nobody could attend if Emily fidgetted so;" then, the little one of all insisted on seeing the pictures before the reading was begun.

Edith managed at last to settle their tiny differences. She did not give a slap here and a scolding there; no, she had a better plan than that for getting and keeping nursery order. A little gentle humoring and a little firmness, a good piece of patience and a quantity of self-forgetfulness, mixed up altogether with love—this was what Edith used. And I am sure you would find it also very useful with your little brothers and sisters.

But they have fairly begun now, and, judging from the quiet happy look of Edith, and the bright faces of the curly heads clustered round her, it is likely to continue all the afternoon. And does Edith think about the breezy downs and the green fields where she might have walked with Tom? Is she sorry that she listened to what Love said, and made the sacrifice? Will she tell her mother what a sacrifice it was? Oh, no! She remembers it is said, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself;" but she hardly calls this denying herself, for she finds—what everyone who tries them must find—that acts of love bring their own reward. Besides that, she thinks that Christ's love to little children is such that to every one who shows them kindness for His sake He says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

HOW GEORGE CARRIED THE BURDENS.

One Christmas George found in his stocking, under a package of candy, a tiny "Dew Drop;" not the dewdrop that sparkles on the grass on a summer morning, but a little book, with a pretty Bible verse for every day in the year.

One morning George went all around the house, asking every one what were meant by "burdens."

"Things people have to carry," said John.

"Yes, certainly," said Bridget; "don't you see the great bundle of clothes the washerwoman takes away every week,—that is her burden."

George nodded his head wisely and ran off to school. All along the way he was whispering, "Bear ye one another's burdens. Bear ye one another's burdens." Presently he came to a lot where they were putting up a house. An old man was going to and fro with his hod full of mortar. He looked so tired and sorrowful that George thought: "What a big burden he carries! How can I help him?" So he stopped a moment, saying: "Dear sir, just let me go a few steps with that heavy thing."

The old man looked at him with a surprised smile, and said, "Bless your kind heart, but you could not lift it a step."

"I am very sorry," said George, looking disappointed; "but please take this for your luncheon," offering him a beautiful ripe peach. Cousin Lilly had put into his basket for recess.

"You are the kindest little fellow I ever saw,"

exclaimed the old man, looking as bright as if a great load had gone from his shoulder. George ran on to school, wondering if he could find any one carrying a burden he could share. Just then he overtook little Lucy Grey, with a great package of books and a lunch basket. The tears were running down her cheeks.

"Ho, ho!" thought George; "here is a chance; she has too many books to carry. Let me have either the basket or the books, Lucy."

"No; I'd rather carry them myself," said Lucy, crossly.

"What can be the matter with her?" thought George, too sorry for Lucy to feel offended with her cross way. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"I don't know my spelling lesson; I'll get down to the foot of the class," she said, bursting into a fresh fit of tears.

"But I know it, and I'll help you," said George, brightly. "We have plenty of time before school."

So they stopped under the shade of a great oak tree, and went cheerfully over the long line; George making Lucy shut her eyes, and spell the words just as he did, till soon she cried:

"Why, I know it now, and it just seems as if a great load had gone of my heart."

George smiled, and began to think that might be one way of bearing one another's burdens. All day he was looking out for a chance to help somebody with a heavy load, and now and then there came a chance to speak a kind word, or give a bright smile, or do some little unselfish act. Talking over the day with his mother, as he did every night, she said, "Care, and fear, and sorrow, anything that makes the heart heavy, is like a great burden, and whoever, by word, or deed, or look, makes the burden easier, is doing just as the words of your beautiful text command."

CURONS.

"GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU."

A gentleman walking along one of the streets of a great city, was accosted by a boy who pleaded for a penny. The gentleman was at first inclined to send him away, but something in the boy's face forbade that, so he asked: "What do you want to do with a penny?"

"Buy bread, sir," was promptly answered.

"Have you had nothing to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Boy, are you telling me the truth?" asked the gentleman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Indeed I am, sir."

"Have you a father?" questioned the gentleman, now thoroughly interested in the boy.

"No, sir; father is dead."

"Where is your mother?"

"She died last night. Come with me and I will show you where my mother is."

Taking the hand of the boy, the gentleman followed his guide down a narrow alley, and stopped before a miserable place, which the boy called home. Pushing open a door, he pointed to his dead mother, and said: "There is my mother, sir."

"Who was with your mother when she died?" asked the gentleman, deeply moved.

"Nobody but me, sir."

"Did your mother say anything before she died?"

"Yes, sir; she said: 'God will take care of you, my son.'"

Sooner than his dying mother had dared to hope, God had honored her faith by sending to her son one whose heart was touched with tenderest pity for his condition. The gentleman was a Christian, to whom God had entrusted much of this world's goods, and the little orphan was kindly cared for by him.

God in His Word is called the Father of the fatherless. He has said that none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate, and it is safe to trust in His promises.—*American Messenger.*

If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, little readers, and you will do it. Fear not, if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark and gloomy one.

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