

tions that might truly exist between God and His creatures, and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar avenues, I fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering, of very real prayer, which lasted patiently through two long days, and what I knew of the nights, on the road home. On the third day as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer came to me, and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away. Certainly in mind, which remained unshaken, through unabated discomfort of body, for another night and day, and then the evil symptoms vanished in an hour or two on the road beyond Paris, and I found myself in the inn at Beauvais entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new to me, which if I had been able to keep! Another 'had been' this, the gravest of all I lost; the last with which I shall trouble the reader. That happy sense of direct relation with Heaven is known evidently to multitudes of human souls of all faiths, and in all lands; evidently often a dream—demonstrably, as I conceive, often a reality; in all cases, dependent on resolution, patience, self-denial, prudence, obedience, of which some pure hearts are capable without effort, and some by constancy."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And watch and wait for a crowd of ills
That as yet has no existence?

Strength for to-day—what a priceless boon
For the earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
For the needy friend or neighbor?

Strength for to-day—that the weary hearts,
In the battle for right, may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed with bitter tears
In their search for light, may fail not.

Strength for to-day—on the downhill track,
For the travellers near the valley,
That up, far up, the other side
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day—that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build, from the rise to the set of the sun,
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day—in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

—Church Messenger.

TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"And will be for father, dear, and for many many more. Yes it is a beautiful fact that exercise strengthens. Our power of love grows with loving. And it is so with all things. Kindness, truth, unselfishness grow more easy, more necessary to us, with every kind, true, unselfish act or word. That is the good side. And then there is a terrible one, that evil grows in the same way easier and more powerful. People get accustomed to doing wrong, perhaps what seems very little wrong at first, and then they go on to worse and worse."

Reggie looked down, his mother longed to see into his eyes, but he did not raise them again. She drew him beside her.

"You see, darling, I loved you as much as ever I could when you were my only little treasure here. And yet I love you more now because I think how good and kind you will be to the little one."

"Mother," said Reggie suddenly, "I am sorry I went outside the garden when I was not allowed."

There did not seem any connection with what had gone before, but Mrs. Lacy felt it, and rejoiced in her heart,

"My boy, I am so glad to hear you say so. It was wrong; and chiefly wrong, because you made Miss Everson believe that you were not doing so. You see that was acting what was not true, even if you did not say it."

"And mother," in a lower tone, "I wanted very much to go now, but I felt that it would be so mean when I knew you really trusted me, and that you could not come and find me. I did open that gate once, but I shut it again."

"Will you tell me why you wanted to go dear? Don't tell me unless you like."

"Mother, I wanted to try and find Nat."

Mrs. Lacy's heart sank again.

"Was that the boy Miss Everson found you with?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then, darling, I am very, very sorry, but I am afraid he was not a good companion for you. I hope you may make some nice friends, but I cannot let you go with one from whom you could only learn what is bad."

Reggie turned away his head, he had had some faint hope, and that made this answer the harder to bear.

Mrs. Lacy lay and looked at him—it was a very different face from that which she was accustomed to see. The compressed lips, the turned-down corners of the mouth, were more like the Reggie of before her home-coming. She waited a few minutes, and then began again.

"Reggie, you know I love you, and it is very hard for me to have to pain you. But just because of my love I must do what is best for you. You are old enough to know that, and to know that I must guard you from evil with all my power."

She spoke so very gently and kindly, that it softened Reggie a little, though he made no sign.

"How old was this boy?" she asked.

"He didn't know," said Reggie; "he wasn't much bigger than me."

"Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Lacy, "I wonder if I could do anything for him?"

"What do you mean, mother," asked Reggie, suddenly turning around.

"I mean, dear, that if he is so young, it might make such a difference if he were taken away from bad companions himself, taught to work for his living, and sent to school."

"Oh, mother, mother! could you do that? Could you send Nat to school; poor old Nat, he would be so happy."

"Why, what makes you say that, dear? I know a little boy who is not so extra fond of his lessons, and I am afraid they would be very irksome to Nat, as you call him, even though they be for his good."

"Oh, but mother, Nat is ever so much more industrious than I am; I used to get tired of lessons long before he did. He would have liked to go on all the time, only he stopped to please me."

"What are you talking about, Reggie?"

"I forgot you didn't know, mother; he asked me to teach him to read, and he got on so fast. And indeed, he isn't a bad boy, mother, for you know he couldn't mend his own clothes, and he did wash his hands—indeed, he did!"

The image that Mrs. Lacy had formed of Nat seemed taking a very different shape. If rags were the head and front of his offending, that crime was remediable. Reggie did not appear to have learnt anything that was bad from him, and the child's warmth touched her.

"Dear," she said, "I hope that there has been a mistake about this boy. I will try and find out, and I will see him."

"Oh, mother, may I go and look for him?"

"Yes, Reggie. I will trust you not to go near his people though. I am afraid there is not much to be said in their favor, but he may be different. Or would it not be better to send the gardener to find him?"

"May I look first, mother; may I go now?"

The permission was given, and Reggie with bright face and head erect set off out at the gate. But it was in vain that he walked up and down the old meeting-place, and strained his eyes to look over the common: there were no sign of Nat to be seen. Of course, though, he must have given up hope of seeing Reggie, so why should he come there any more. He went back dejected to his mother.

"I didn't like to go across the common," he said, "because I was not sure if you meant me to go."

"Thanks dear. Now really the best plan will be to send your friend Sam in search of your other friend. You may tell him to ask the boy to come and see you, and then I will see him myself. But remember, Reggie, I promise nothing."

"But, mother, I am sure when you see him you will know he is not bad," said Reggie, as he hurried off in search of Sam.

Sam was rather astonished at being sent on such an errand, and though he did not say as much to Reggie, certainly thought that the missus did not know what she was about. He went, however, and in about an hour's time returned with an answer which seemed to him the most satisfactory that he could have brought. The whole company had moved on, no one knew where, some weeks before. They had left no trace of their presence than marks of burning on the grass; and all the hen roosts in the neighborhood were more peaceful for their departure.

"And you'll never see Nat no more, Master Reggie," concluded Sam. "And a precious good riddance it is too."

(To be continued.)

NEW BOOKS.

A MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.—Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral.—Thomas Whittaker, N. Y., 1887, S. R. Briggs, Toronto.

This is the first of a series of what might be called Hand-books of Christian evidences, about to be issued under the general title of "The Theological Educator," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. The aim will be to give a solid and trustworthy grounding in all branches of theological study. They will be written by men recognised as authorities on their subjects. They will be specially adapted to the needs of those preparing for examinations in theology, as well as for popular instruction. While the Manuals will be specially useful to theological students, the clearness and simplicity of their style will, it is hoped, attract the many laymen interested in these subjects: while their freshness and scholarship will make them interesting even to proficients in theology. The price of these Manuals (only 75 cts. each), brings them within the reach of all, and will we trust secure large circulation in the parishes and missions of the Church in Canada. The present volume contains papers by Prebendary Row, treating of the moral and miraculous evidences in attestation of the truth and divinity of Christianity. The style is clear, the reasoning forcible and convincing.

BREAD IN THE DESERT, and other sermons; by Randolph McKim, D.D., Rector of Trinity church, New Orleans. (Thomas Whittaker, N.Y., \$1.50.)

The author says that these sermons are given to the press in obedience to the wishes of his late parishioners of Holy Trinity church, Harlem, N.Y., as "a pleasant memorial of our common work for the Master and an enduring testimony to the truths of the Gospel. The title of the book is taken from the opening sermon, but it contains 17 most admirable and instructive addresses under the following heads: "Where is the Promise of His coming" (2 ser-