

Liturgical Department.

For the Church Guardian. HE CARETH.

BY G. A. H.

" Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—1 Peter v. 7.

Casting your care upon him? Even so; The inviting words are writ in marks of light:

" He careth for you," cometh to our weal Like a clear face, and gladness in the night. Earth oft is dark.

Storms toss our bark, But these sweet voices walk the wrathful waves in white.

How weak is our self-help! How little serves The incessant care that preys upon our powers;

Although it for a brief and moment nerves To stem the tumult, while the tempest lasts. The wearied breast!

Slights oft for rest, For balmy shades of green, fair trees and opening flowers.

Casting our care upon Him! These sweet words Like a rich Eden just before us lie, Wooing with quiet—such as Heaven affords,

A couch of kindness, at our feet it lies: Where the great Lord That pressed our soul

Is laid, and heart is eased of tens and swelling sighs.

Kingsclear, N. B. SUNDAY MORNING—AN ALLEGORY.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

Once upon a time a few weary travellers in a strange land came, just as they were in despair of ever finding the right path, and as the shades of night were fleeing away, to a splendid Palace. They saw its peaked roofs on which the rising sun was smiling; its lofty storied windows and its towers pointing upwards from afar. A fair, green space surrounded it, and here and there were erected monuments to the good and wise who had formerly dwelt in that country. As they entered the porch which led to the Presence Chamber, the travellers all at once heard a herald from within proclaiming, with a loud voice, that a good and gracious King, 'Whom heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain,' was pleased to dwell with men inside those walls, (II Chron. vi. 18), and that He was favourable to the poor and needy, if they came before Him humbly, and with sorrow for having strayed from His highway. Immediately the travellers laid aside their travel-stained garments and put on the white robes which were there offered (Rev. xix. 8). Thereupon the same herald exhorted them to draw nigh and accompany him with pure hearts and humble voices unto the Great King's throne. Then those men all knelt down and confessed their many grievous errors in times past, and stated what wretchedness they were in at present, and what need they had of the King's pardon. No sooner had they said this than the King, hearing even before they could cry upon Him, (St. Luke xv. 20), sent His chief minister to them at once, who, as he was commissioned, spake the King's forgiveness, and assured them of pardon and peace; whereupon, with a loud noise like a clap of thunder, the whole assembly earnestly recorded it—"May it be so!" resounding through the vaulted roof. The King's only Son, it seemed, had, in days long passed, once given His servants a short form of supplication. Most gratefully then did these heralds (and our weary travellers along with them) break forth into its utterances, and afterwards exchanged a few more words of hearty praise to the King's Majesty. And now, while they were still, as it were, at the entrance of the Palace, a strain of solemn music rolled through its courts, and the King's servants struck up a chant of invitation for all to come before His Presence with thanksgiving. Immediately, from very gladness of heart, our weary pilgrims took up the joyful notes, and ere its echoes had died away once more the King's ministers broke out into glad hymns, mingled with many an earnest cry for the King's help. Naturally in this, too, our way-farers took their part. When all was again still, one of the servants of the Palace took his station upon an elevated platform, and opening a book—the Book of Life it is called, in which the King's words were written, stood and read, so that all might hear, a chapter in the history of a nation long since destroyed, who were always stiff-necked and hard-hearted, to whom blessed

premises of a Saviour and Redeemer were often made, but who continually rejected these glad tidings. All listened intently, and at the close sang together a noble hymn of praise to the King, in which they strove to unite with angels in heaven and the spirits of just men made perfect, in order to swell still higher that King's exceeding glory. Once again the servants stood by the carved eagle, which, with outstretched wings, bore up the King's Book, signifying, it may be, (for all that Palace was full of imagery) that, on the powerful wings of an eagle, as it were, that Great King bore up His own, and brought them unto His High Place, (Ex. xix. 4; Is. xl. 31), and that the weary one who waited on Him should renew their strength like eagles (Ps. ciii. 5). He read now of the fullness of time in which the Great King's only Son came to be the world's Saviour, and how purely he had lived and died for man (1 Pet. ii. 21). Another burst of praise called upon all lands to be joyful in this Saviour. Our travellers felt that this was the Guide they sought to guide their feet into the way of peace; this was the Light who should lighten their darkness, and sang with great joy. Then followed a set profession of faith in this Great King, which, our travellers noticed, those servants said, turning to the East, signifying that from thence they expected the Day-spring from on high to visit them. The prayer of the King's Son succeeded, and a few verses ensued, after which, all humbly kneeling, three short prayers were put up by the minister for the King's blessing upon them, for peace and for grace. So ended the first service, and the travellers found themselves within the Palace, left in its venerable precincts, but not yet admitted to its holiest and most sacred place. But now ensued a second and more solemn supplication. All who were within the King's Palace humbly knelt and confessed their errors in times past, and besought particular blessings, naming them one by one. And then followed the third and most sacred act of reverence which those servants could possibly perform, and it was done on this wise: The chief minister left the others, and, penetrating to the innermost recesses of the Palace, knelt a while in silent worship before the Table of the King. Then, with a loud voice, he recited to the others the ten rules of life which the King wished them to observe, and they all besought him to incline their hearts towards keeping each of them. After this the chief herald ascended a few steps, and from that commanding position having chosen a few words from the King's book, proceeded to enlarge on them for a short time, exhorting his hearers to keep these ten rules of life which he had just read them, to reverence the King and His Son, to love their neighbours, and to keep themselves pure. This concluded, he returned to the Altar where the spiritual incense of prayer and praise was wont to be offered by the whole assembly. While a few words, urging all to contribute for the sick and needy were read aloud, the faithful gave each of his best, and the money was then solemnly dedicated on the Altar to the King out of the love they bore to His suffering subjects. A very earnest prayer was also put up to Him respecting all soldiers of the Cross engaged in fighting His battles against the adversary. And now ensued a celebration of the greatest mysteries of those men's faith. Bread and wine were reverently placed on the King's Table. After hearty confession of all the sins of their past lives, the ministers drew near and exhorted our careworn travellers, humbly and faithfully, to do the same, and to eat and drink of the King's fare, which possessed unspeakable virtues for strengthening them and making their souls immortal. Gladly, as may be supposed, did those men, one and all, come to such an admirable gift. The chief minister took the perishable earthly creatures of bread and wine, and solemnly consecrated them, by virtue of powers specially given him by the King, into heavenly mysteries. No change, indeed, ensued in the natural substances of the Bread and Wine, but, as the chief minister declared, they became 'the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood' of the great King's Son. Marvellous, indeed, in this, is the King's goodness, poured forth in ways men can utter or understand!

So those servants most thankfully took, and ate and drank, one and all of them, as the King and His Son bade; and then they offered and presented unto the King, themselves, their souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living

sacrifice unto Him. And so with many more words of praise, the highest they could possibly ascribe, the chief minister of the King's Palace stood and blessed them while they reverently knelt before him. Most solemn was that blessing, and it seemed to rest upon their souls already filled with a new and strange peace. So after a few moments of silent adoration, those travellers, who had entered the Palace weary and travel-stained, departed from it strengthened and comforted, clad in the white robes which they wear who always follow the King's Son.

And when they returned to the outside life of advancing onwards through much tribulation and many a danger to the pearly gates of the King's City, which now shone upon their eyes from the distant heights, they found that in the strength of that Divine Meat they could go many days; they felt its invisible power helping them to wield the sword of the Spirit against their foes. They walked no longer by sight, but by trust in that King who had so greatly helped them. They resorted to His Palaces as often as they found them in their journey. They became men of a different country in very deed, (Phil. iii. 20), so that the people with whom they sojourned took notice of them and said, 'These men have been with the King's Son,' (Acts iv. 13). 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth,' (Rev. xiv. 4). And, as they became older, those travellers found themselves nearing the King's City, and its walls and gates shone daily ever brighter before their eyes, 'even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.' And, at length, one by one, they slowly finished their toilsome climb to the narrow gate, and humbly knocked and were at once admitted, (St. Matth. vii. 7). And into the joys of their life now durst no man look, (Rev. vii. 16), 'for since the beginning of the world, ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, neither have entered into the heart of man the things' which that Great King 'hath prepared for those who love Him,' (Isaiah lxiv. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9). Only we ourselves humbly trust that their bliss may one day be ours, and we have a good hope that by that King's Son's death for us we too shall one day be received into that City of Peace! Yet we rejoice with fear, knowing that 'there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life,' (Rev. xxi. 27). We pass on, if that we may apprehend that for which also we are apprehended of Him, (Phil. iii. 12-14). We strive, day by day, to make our calling and election sure. Ah! what need of vigilance have we not, when there ever reigneth in our ears those solemn words: 'Behold I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown,' (Rev. ii. 11).

PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

NEVER certainly in human language was so much—such a world of love and wisdom and tenderness—compressed into such few immortal words. Every line, every touch of the picture is full of beautiful eternal significance. The poor boy's presumptuous claim for all that life could give him—the leaving of the old home—the journey to a far country—the brief spasm of 'enjoyment' there—the mighty famine in that land—the premature exhaustion of all that could make life noble and enduring—the abysmal degradation and unutterable misery that followed—the coming to himself and recollection of all that he had left behind—the return in heart broken penitence and deep humility—the father's far off sight of him, and the gush of compassion and tenderness over this poor returning prodigal—the ringing joy of the whole household over him who had been loved and lost, and had now come home—the unjust jealousy and mean complaint of the elder brother, and then that close of the parable in a strain of music: "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and he is alive again; he was lost, and is found." All this is indeed a divine epitome of the wandering of man and the love of God such as no ear of man has ever heard elsewhere. Put in the one scale all that Confucius, or Sakya Mouni, or Zoroaster, or Socrates ever wrote or said—and they wrote and said many beautiful and holy words—and put in the other the parable of the prodigal son alone with all that this single parable means, and can any candid spirit doubt which scale

would outweigh the other in eternal preciousness, in divine adaptation to the wants of man!—Canon Farrar.

THE PRAYER BOOK—AN INCIDENT.

IN the summer of 1848, during a month spent at the beautiful retreat, the "Blue Sulphur Springs" of Virginia, very early one Sunday morning, wishing an hour of quiet, I wandered, my Prayer Book in hand, to the pretty summer house over the spring. A few minutes after reaching there, an old gentleman came in, saying, "Good morning, my young lady; a book in your hand. I hope it is the Bible; no other book for this Sabbath morning." I replied, "No, it is the Prayer Book." "Ah!" said he, "I am sorry to hear this; I have watched you during the week, and hoped you were a Christian."

"What do you know of the Prayer Book?" I asked. "I never saw one," my old friend said; "and I never saw an Episcopalian before, and where I live, near the Hawk's Nest, in Kanawha, we think them like the Roman Catholics; and I belong to the Methodist Church."

"Then you ought not to find fault with the Episcopal Church," I replied, "as yours is called the Methodist Episcopal Church, and you know how you got that name." And then I asked, "Will you look at this Prayer Book, and if you will find fault after that, then I will have nothing more to say; just read the first sentence in the book."

My aged friend hesitatingly (as though he were not obeying the command, "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day") took my book and read aloud: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him," and said, "That is good, that is from the Bible." He read on: all the Sentences, the Exhortation, the Confession, and then said, "Will you lend me this book?"

Constantly for days the old man was seen with that book in his hand, and often the tears were wiped away whilst he was reading.

At the end of ten days he came to me, his eyes filled with tears, and holding the book in his hand, said with a tremulous voice, "I have come to say good-bye; I have read all this book, every word; from the first sentence, 'The Lord is in His holy temple,' to the last verse of the Hymns, and if I thought you could ever get another, I would ask you to give me this. Often I cannot get to meeting, and when I want to pray, cannot say all just as I wish to, and this book says it all, everything I want, and I would rather have it than anything else in the world; but I would not deprive you." I gave it to him.—Selected.

A MOTHER'S TRAINING.

SIX children in the household—three sons and three daughters. The mother was a cheery, quiet, religious woman, thoroughly bound up in her household. The husband was a resolute, defiant, outspoken unbeliever. He was a journalist, and lost no opportunity to have his fling at Christianity. Unbelievers, bitter as himself, were frequent guests at his table, and made themselves merry with the Bible and religious faith before the children. The mother seldom bore any part in the conversation. Not one of the children entertained the opinions of the father. As they grew up one after another came into the Church. The sons, especially, were noted for their intelligent piety. I felt a great curiosity to know how Mrs. Long accomplished her difficult task—by what means she had neutralized the influence of her husband, and how she had led her entire flock into the fold of the Redeemer. I asked Mrs. Long to give me some clue to her method. "Well," she said, "it is a very simple matter. I never opposed my husband, never argued with him, nor disputed on the subject of religion. I never belittled him in the eyes of the children. But I never allowed them to go to bed without reading a few short verses of something the Saviour had said. I put His words over against the words of men. If the devil cast in the tares and went his way, might not the truth be as potent? And that's the whole of it."—Matthew Hale Smith, in Christian at Work.

QUIETNESS is often strength; silence, wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deepest.

A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

Lucy's doll was a very troublesome child; her little mother really had many anxious moments about her. It is all very well to say that she is only a doll, just stuffed with saw dust, her head only china, while her arms are kid; but Lucy does not believe this; she knows perfectly that her doll is alive, that she feels the pins run into her by mistake when she is being dressed, is pinched and uncomfortable when she is squeezed into the small doll's dress, that she hears and sees everything that is said and done about her; and besides all this, dreadful to relate, Lucy's doll used to run away!

Now, perhaps you'll laugh at this, and say she couldn't do it, but, in that case, can you explain why it was that sometimes a great hue and cry was raised in the house that the doll was missing and nowhere to be found, even when Lucy had looked under all the beds and behind the sofas in every one's room, and behind all the doors, and then, suddenly, Miss Dolly would be found sitting in her own particular chair in a dark corner of the nursery, looking as innocent and bland as only a china doll can?

Some one put her there, or she was there all the time!

Not a bit of it. Lucy declares that she always searched that corner the very first thing, and that the doll either heard her calling and looking for her while she was hiding somewhere in the garden, and stole back into the house without any one seeing her; or else she was tired, had finished her walk, and came home again just because she wanted to.

Still you are shaking your heads wise little people?

Then can you explain how it is that some mornings, when Lucy used to go to take her dolly up out of bed to dress her for the day, she found her up and dressed already, her apron very dirty, and her kid shoes worn and rubbed as if she had been running about a long time?

You think Lucy, forgot to put her to bed?

Lucy is sure she did not, and if it were not that Lucy is a careless little girl herself, and forgets pretty easily, I should think she was right, and the doll had been up and out of doors at play when she ought to have been in bed.

Lucy thinks that her dolly can only walk about at night when every one is asleep, or steal about the house when no one is looking at her or can see her, for she believes her doll is an enchanted princess.

Does Lucy believe in fairy stories? you ask.

Yes, indeed. She is perfectly sure that Aladdin once really owned his wonderful lamp, that her white kitten is a distant, very distant, relation of "Puss in Boots," and that if she were to creep up softly enough and look quickly enough into one of the great stone vases on her grandpa's lawn, she might find one of the forty thieves lurking there.

So it is no wonder at all that once, when Miss Dolly was missing for a whole day and night and part of the next day, Lucy should have been perfectly certain she had run away for good and all. Every one in the house felt very sorry for the little girl, and hunted and searched the whole house over for the missing doll. Even the red-bags were turned inside out in hopes that she might be lurking in one of them; yet it was no use at all—Dolly was missing all that rainy day and night; but the next afternoon Dick, Lucy's brother, found her lying on the bench in the grape-arbor, at the very bottom of the garden.

How dirty her face was, and how muddy her apron! It was all very well to say that she had been left out in the rain—Lucy knew better, and that she had been playing in the mud-puddles until she heard Dick coming, and ran to lie down on the bench to make believe she was only abused.

Lucy felt it was time to teach so bad a child a lesson, so—what do you think?—she undressed her, and taking the large bath-room sponge, marched out to the great rain-water barrel, and such a scrubbing as Miss Dolly got there! Lucy doesn't think she'll ever forget it.

Certainly she has never run away since, and it took her a good week of constant lying in the sun to get dry again, and she has been a most dejected and miserable-looking creature ever since. Dick says she is suffering from water on the system; however that is; one thing is very certain, either Lucy has grown more careful, or the doll has grown wise. She never has run away again.—Ch'nn.