

"Count the acts"—ah, she might do that and find no self-denial in them; she might count the words too, but not one would have "eased the heart of him who heard."

Yet, had any one accused her of days not well spent, Lucy Grant would have denied the charge indignantly; she would have pointed to her neat home, her beautiful needlework, her constant industry, and said, "If my days are not well spent, show me who spends them better!" But as she closed the book, and took up her work as usual, she could not rid herself of the thoughts it had called forth, and she was filled with uneasiness. Probably no woman in the village bore a better character for honesty and sobriety than herself; she went regularly to church also on Sunday mornings, and yet a simple Christ like religion—the love of God and of her neighbour—had no place in Mrs. Grant's heart.

She thought to-night of one, alone like herself, and struggling far harder for a livelihood, whom all the neighbours turned to for sympathy, whom the little children clung to, or ran down the street calling to stop. She had rather despised Harriet Welch in her patched garments, who had but a poorly filled attic to call home; yet to-night she felt very likely that she might be a happier and better woman than herself.

"I might try to-morrow and see if a kindly action came in my way," was the next reflection; "I should see then if that bit of poetry was true, and if I could go to bed feeling the day had been better spent than a good many other days."

It was an excellent resolve, and my readers will hardly need to be told that not only one, but several opportunities of being kind in word or in action came to Lucy Grant, and that in using them she felt such a new and pleasant thrill of content and happiness, that she willingly tried again and yet again, and thus gradually unwound herself from the web of selfishness she had been weaving round her, and became both blessed and a blessing to others.

It is not enough to do well for ourselves, we must do something for others if we would obey Christ, our Master; and if any of those whose eyes fall on this paper may have fancied that their circumstances, their loneliness, their cares, have set them free from the duty of love to others, I would beg them to think over the lines by which a once selfish woman was roused to strive after "well spent days"—days in which, for Christ's sake, she had "done what she could."

LOST ON THE CANADA PRAIRIE.

"I will just take Effie," said Grandpa Walton; "and walk out on the prairie."

"Very well," said Effie's father, James Walton. "I will look after the teams."

Grandpa Walton had only taken a few steps when his son called out, "Which way are you going, father?"

"Oh, just round!" and the old gentleman waved his hand in a circle.

The son thought he said not "round," but "down." There is a difference between these words, is there not? Let us see what happened because the word that left one man's mouth as "round," reached another man's ear as "down." Speak plain, won't you? Also, listen carefully.

This was an emigrant party from old England. They had come over the waters in a swift, panting steamer. They had been rushed over the Canadian Pacific railway until they reached a point one hundred miles from their new home. There they had started off in teams, intending to cross the great prairie that lay between them and their expected Canada farm. Just now they had been halting by the side of a stream that wriggled like an eel through the prairie. Grandpa was impatient to be off.

"We will rest the horses a little while longer, father," said James.

"Then," thought the impatient Grandpa, "I will take a little walk. Come, Effie!" he called out aloud.

Effie was delighted to go, and they went "down,"

as her father thought, down the stream, whose course the teams at present were following.

"If they have gone down the stream I will start my teams and overtake them," remarked James Walton to his wife, riding in one of the bulky teams, her baby, Victoria, in her lap.

While the big wagons creaked away and creaked away, going "down," Grandpa and Effie were walking in the very opposite direction, going "up," for this was what Grandpa did unconsciously in his intention just to go "round."

"Oh, Grandpa, what a big place!" said Effie, "Can't see to the end of it at all! Oh my!"

The prairie was a big place indeed, and though Effie made her blue eyes as big as possible, they could not take in the great prairie. On and on and on it stretched, till far beyond, Effie saw the hills blue as her eyes.

"It is very lonely here, Effie," said Grandpa.

"Can't hear anything, Grandpa."

"No, I never saw such a place. Hark! There is a cricket! That sounds good."

He did make pleasant music, who plays a tune wherever he goes, taking his own little bagpipes with him, and never asking his audience for a penny. We will say a good word for you, Mr. Cricket, willing to travel such a weary way with your bagpipe, and pipe up any time a lively tune.

"Lonely!" said Grandpa. "Lonely! Makes me shiver! So different from England, where you could put your head out of a window, say a few words, and a hundred people would hear you."

"Isn't God here?" whispered Effie.

"Humph!" replied Grandpa. He did not like to hear of God. Somehow, God was to him a dreadful Being, away off; and what a wrong, unfair idea it was! God, our best Friend, our loving Saviour, our dear Father! How near, strong, and ever-open are His arms!

"I think we will go down to the stream, Effie," said Grandpa. They left the broad lonely prairie behind them, and sought the slowly moving waters, all the time going up, up, up the stream. And the teams, they clattered and rumbled on, James Walton saying to himself, "Must overtake father and Effie soon."

By-and-by Grandpa and Effie came up out of the trench in which ran the prairie stream, and Grandpa said, "We will hunt up the teams now, Effie."

"Yes, Grandpa."

But the teams, where were they? Just an empty prairie, big, far-reaching, lonely, could be seen!

"M—my, m—my," stammered Grandpa. "We—we—we must hunt them up now, quick as we can."

They hunted, and hunted, and hunted, and the teams refused to be found. Grandpa sat down on the grass, and he looked very sad. The sun sank like another discouraged grandpa, and though he tried to look cheerful above the blue hills, the evening winds roughly blew his light out, and the lonely night shadows crouched on the prairie.

"I guess," said Grandpa to Effie, "we won't go far from the stream. I think we had better go back to it, for your father may come to find us, you know, and I know he will be quite likely to hunt along the water. Come, dear!"

Together they trotted down the bank and nestled in a corner sheltered from the wind.

"Grandpa!"

"What, dear?"

"As he spoke, he felt a soft, tender little hand caressing his cheeks."

"Don't you be afraid, Grandpa. I'll pray to Jesus," whispered Effie.

Then he heard a sweet, low voice making the music of its evening prayer, and he caught the final words, "Dear Saviour, may they come and find us and take us home." In a few moments he heard the even, restful breathing of a little child asleep.

"Don't I wish I could pray like that and go to sleep!" moaned Grandpa. "I mean to try."

He never told anyone what he did try to do that night, but, finally, he too was asleep. The stream below them ran on very softly; the white stars far above poised their bright lamps; and the prairie in silence stretched to the hills. Effie was dream-

ing that she was looking up to the stars—and now were they coming down to her? Did they twinkle before her very eyes? And did she see angels coming toward her? Did the angels say, "Hullo! Hullo!"

She opened her eyes, and there were her father and "Jim," the driver of the other team, standing before her, lanterns swinging in their hands.

"Oh—my!" said Grandpa, springing to his feet, and rubbing his eyes open. "We—we—we—"

"Are glad to be found?" said his son. "We are glad to find you; mother has been worrying about you and Effie. Now we will go back to the wagons."

A few months after this the emigrants were settled on their prairie farm. They had built their log cabin for themselves, and a log barn for their live stock.

"It may be a rough log fence we have put up for ourselves and our creatures," said James Walton; "but it will keep off the winter wind."

Would it keep off sickness and death? Ah, these will enter everywhere. When they come let us not be afraid of them. What we call the darkness in these trials, is only the shadow of Christ coming to us, if you and I will have it so.

Grandpa was the one on whom the shadow now rested when it came into the prairie home.

The doctor came to see him, riding a long way over the prairie, his medicine-bag slung over his shoulders. When he saw Grandpa, he looked troubled and said, "The old man can't live long."

In their sorrow all gathered round the old father's bed. "He is wandering," said the doctor. "Has he ever been lost with any one on the prairie?"

"Yes, sir, with Effie," replied James Walton.

The old man's lips were moving.

"Hark!" said the doctor. "I'll tell you what he says."

He put his ear down to the dying man's mouth and said, "He wants Effie. The poor little crying girl came and stroked Grandpa's hand."

"Now he says, 'Dear Saviour—come—find.' He thinks he is out on the prairie again."

In a moment Grandpa spoke so that all could hear. His eyes opened. His voice sounded clear, as with a smile he looked up and said, "Found! Home!"

Another moment, he was gone.

SIX FACTS ABOUT INFANT BAPTISM.

1. It is a fact that Infant Baptism was the acknowledged doctrine and common practice of the Christian Church in the next age after the Apostles.

2. It is a fact that Infant Baptism was the received doctrine and usage of Christians before the books of the New Testament had been received among the various Churches, and the question of their inspiration settled.

3. It is a fact that Christian contemporaries of the Apostles, and the Primitive Fathers generally, taught that "all ages, young and old, were corrupt through the infection of original sin, and, therefore, Baptism was (in a ritual sense) necessary to all."

4. It is a fact that Infant Baptism had the consistent testimony of all antiquity to its validity; that it was believed "everywhere, always, by all," in the Primitive Church, so far as anything to the contrary has been found on record.

5. It is a fact that the most noted of the early Christian Fathers taught that Baptism had superseded circumcision—that it held the same place under the New Dispensation which circumcision held under the Old, and hence they called Baptism "Christian circumcision."

6. It is a fact that the first Christians (Jews) did for some time keep both the old Sabbath and the Lord's Day, and practiced both baptism and circumcision; and that circumcision and the Jewish Sabbath gradually ceased to be observed in the Church, leaving only Baptism and the Lord's Day remaining. Therefore, as an initiatory rite, Baptism has superseded circumcision; and as a day of rest, the Lord's Day has superseded the old Sabbath.—Hodges.

Children's

THE LEAK IN

A TRUE

Johnnie Carr was boy and a general fa where he lived. him very much, b he had his faults.

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Johnnie had pron anything to do wit

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candy. Johnnie himself: "Nick is people think."

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"How much mo

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"All that for oil

"Yes."

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Nick. "Let's see, lates last time; no

Johnnie had n when he accepted l

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Nick. Pa's sold 'cause he was shor

going to make one I don't think I'll

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Nick's face. He s a low tone.

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some chocolates to

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"It came into when I see the old

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