

one that could be supported by all parties, and said that he was glad that whilst it provided seats for the poor, it did not discourage the erection of handsome Churches. The Rev. T. J. Rowsell, Rector of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, gave an interesting account of the spiritual condition of the east end of London, where he had laboured, and bore testimony from his own experience to the fact that, wherever a church was built, the previously neglected and careless turned to it, and in the closing scenes of their life they invariably sent for the clergyman. Archdeacon Glerke spoke strongly in favour of that which he happily termed the "National Society for the Spiritual Education of the Poor," and the Rev. R. Gregory, Incumbent of St Mary's, Lambeth, gave his metropolitan parochial experience.

FOR THE YOUNG.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

"If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."—*Job xiv. 14.*

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a Butterfly to a quiet Caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage-leaf in her odd lumbering way. "See these little eggs," continued the Butterfly; "I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my baby butterflies when I am gone? Will you kind, mild, green Caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, Caterpillar!—they cannot of course live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers: and must let them fly about only a little way at first; for, of course, one can't expect them to use their wings properly all at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best I hope. Dear! dear! I cannot think what made me come and lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf! what a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still you will be kind will you not, to the poor little ones? Here take this gold dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! you will remember about the food——"

And with these words the Butterfly closed her eyes and died; and the green Caterpillar, who had not had the opportunity of even saying Yes or No to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling creature like me to bring up her dainty little ones! Much they'll mind me, truly, when they feel the gay wings on their backs, and can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold dust on their wings!"