

"Yes, my child, we must do our week's work in the week, and then we have the blessing of the Sabbath to rest in, and to praise God."

"Oh, then, father, you mustn't scold poor William. I on said that ought to have been done in the week."

The father looked at his little monitor with a smile, and said, after a moment's pause, "You are right, darling. If I forgot or neglected, this hard work of scolding in the week, it shall not be done to-day, for this is the day of love, given to us by God's love, and consecrated by a Saviour's love."

Just then William came in, and as the kisses went round him welcomed him home, the others said, "You're not to be scolded, William: you're begged off because it is Sunday." William, who knew very well what he had done that was wrong, coloured up, and his father said—

"Kiss your little sister, Willie, and try for the future to avoid doing anything that will cause you on any day to be scolded. To-day we will all bless God and be happy."

Oh, blessed home where the love of God calls up sweet, holy family love—where parents and children try to think of, and to do, God's will! The Sabbath in such a home are foretastes of that meaning Sabbath, where there are joys unexpressed, and pleasures for evermore.

THE GOOD WE KNOW DO.

We all know to good
 What we shall do ill
 There is always the way,
 If we have human will;
 Though it is hard and
Hardly breathed or expressed,
 It may good in some place,
 In five years or some week.