

"I hope not, father. I had Plygain on my heart every Christmas Day in London; for I used to get up, light a taper, and think of you all."

"And of the angels and the blessed birth, I hope my boy," replied his father.

Caradoc bowed his head.

"He is speaking Welsh just as well as ever," remarked an old man. "They are not speaking it in London, I suppose, Master Carad?"

"No, Shonny. They disdain our ancient tongue."

"Carad, my dear, you must have some hot posset before you go to bed, for fear you should take cold," spake Mrs. Pennant, with maternal instinct.

Both orders were obeyed, after which Caradoc went to his room, and saw, with wondering gratitude, how carefully it had been tended, and how well the treasures he had gathered from boyhood up had been kept. Something like tears filled his eyes, as he murmured, "No: I must not—I cannot leave them again. The world has nothing to offer so pure and sweet as home."

(To be continued.)

#### GOOD ADVICE.

You have to-morrow a baptism, a churching, a marriage, a burial, not from a wealthy tradesman's mansion, nor from "the Hall," but from the home of a working man, from the hovel of poverty—maybe, from the workhouse. You will not see in the baptismal group or marriage party, silks or satins, jewels or costly array. "The bridegroom's joy" will draw forth no "golden fee." Your mourners will not follow a hearse with nodding plumes—it will not be a grand funeral. But the infant's clothes will tell of the parents' poverty—its christening robe will be its mother's shawl. The mother to be churched will be barely clad, and she will kneel perhaps solitary in God's house to offer up her thanks. There will be brought to you a corpse, for the decent burial of which there has been a hard struggle—or the dead may be lying within a parish coffin. Now, if ever, be reverent, hearty, painstaking. Cherish sympathy, and show it. Do your very best—simply, naturally, lovingly, with the Church's holy offices. Do it because it is your duty. Do it because your heart prompts you to it; for these opportunities are golden, and the loss of them great. As you know but too well, in not a few cases you have parishioners at church on these occasions who seldom enter it at other times. Take the baptismal service and the burial service—what sermons are wrapped up in them! to say nothing of the actual words read from Holy Scripture. What words of Christ more likely to touch a mother's or a father's heart, or to remind sponsors of responsibilities too often undertaken to be forgotten, than—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and the record of the Evangelist—"He took them up in his arms and blessed them?" Oh! there is more than registration here! It is a grand opportunity to have people, more or less with softened hearts, brought to listen to the words of God by St. Paul, on sin, death, the resurrection, the end, and the glory. How much of gospel truth have they heard, who have heard but this chapter read—following up the burial psalms! Consider further the help to your ministry among the working classes and the poor. They see, in the case of their own clergyman, at any rate a practical contradiction to the allegation that we care only for the rich and well-to-do! The roughest working man—whose prejudices against religion are, alas! too often grounded on our defects and faults—will be half-gained—not to you only, but to God, if he is made to feel "the parson married me, or churched my wife, or christened my child, or buried my dead, just as if I had been a rich man, or the squire, or 'my lord' himself. He does not look for the broadcloth and the silks and satins; he's a working man's friend—a poor man's clergyman."—*Canon Miller.*

Between heat, drought, wild beasts, and poisonous serpents, India does not appear to be a very desirable country to live in. In 1877, 19,278 persons lost their lives by wild beasts and snakes.

## Children's Department.

### AN UNFINISHED PRAYER.

"Now I lay"—say it, darling;  
"Day me," lisped the tiny lips  
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending  
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep—to sleep," she murmured,  
And the curly head dropped low.

"I pray the Lord," I gently added,  
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,  
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."

Then the tired head fairly nodded,  
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened  
When I clasped her to my breast,  
And the dear voice softly whispered  
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding  
Of that child-heart! Would that I  
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,  
He who hears my humblest cry.

### GETTING READY FOR A JOURNEY.

We want all our young friends, boys and girls, to get ready for a journey. They must see to it that their trunks and bags are packed, and that they are ready to start when the day comes. But we want them to be careful how they pack their things. Not one article should be taken which is not necessary. All the room will be needed for what will be useful and indispensable. Everything else will be in the way. But who ever saw a boy who knew how to pack a trunk or a box? We never did. Just see him to it. In go his shirts, shoes, collars, apples, cravats, candies, pants, books, jackets, brushes, coat, balls, ropes and strings pell mell, making an indescribable mixture of odds and ends, without any order or arrangement. When he opens his trunk for any particular article—and you know a boy is always in a hurry to get what he wants—out goes everything on the floor, and after tumbling them over several times, he finds the article, and then pitches the things back in a worse confusion than ever, and off he goes whistling and happy as a king. Now, we don't want any such packing as this, for the journey we are about to take. Let each article have a place, and be put in that place, then when anything is wanted it can be found. But you are impatient, and begin to ask, what about that journey? When is it to come off, and where are we going? Now don't be so impatient. The journey will certainly take place, and we shall be sure to go somewhere. The thing is now to get ready, so that when the time comes we may be ready to start.

You have all heard of *New Departure*. It can hardly be called a city, or town, or even a place. But whatever it may be, there is where we are to meet. It is a grand starting point. Every kind of conveyance, from palace cars down to donkeys and dog carts, and even no cart at all, are ready to take the passengers anywhere they wish to go. Oh, how jolly, shout the boys, how nice exclaim the girls! What times we will have? We will all be there! And now, will you? Remember you have got to leave ever so much behind, and never to come back after it; nor is this all—you are never to return to the same place again—never—"How is this? what under the canopy does it mean?" exclaims one and another—"He is fooling us," cries out one here and there. There is no such place as *New Departure*, it is all stuff. It is no journey at all. It don't begin anywhere, and it don't go anywhere—I say, Jack, I'm not going." And the girls begin to flutter about and wonder if there is anything in it. At first they are silent, but soon their tongues get loose, and they twitter about like so many chip sparrows, and make a great fuss. Now stop, every one of you, and listen. We told you that the *New Departure* was not a city or even a place. But it is a thing—and a big thing too. Do you ask what it is? What it means? It is a new start—and it means that if we would ever do anything or get

anywhere, we must leave a great many old things, and begin anew, or make a new start. We have a great many habits, and ways, and notions, which we must quit and drop—and quit and drop them forever. Now when we do this thing it is a *New Departure*. From that moment we start off on a new journey—a new life. There now, how many of our young readers are ready for this? A new year has begun—why not make a *New Departure* now? When will there ever be a better time? Who is ready? We shall see.—*Parish Visitor.*

### COMMANDER JAMIE.

There lived in a Scotch village a very poor boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but he showed such an anxiety to go and see the distant countries which he had read about, that she finally consented. As the boy left home the good woman said to him "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

"Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on shipboard, bound for India.

They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he kneeled-down to pray.

On the return voyage, things were not quite so pleasant. Some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, and one of these proved a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, this wicked sailor went up to him, gave him a sound box on the ear, and said in a very decided tone, "None of that here, sir."

Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come on deck, and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing."

The next night the devil tempted Jamie to do a very wicked thing. He does not like to have any one say his prayers, or do right in any way; so he put it into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to be creating such a disturbance in the ship, when it could be easily avoided, if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. Now, see how little he gained by this cowardly proceeding. The moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said:

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal!"

During the whole voyage back to London this reckless, profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he kneeled down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude.

Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the *Great Eastern*, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie, of whom I have been telling you. When the *Great Eastern* returned to England, after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

Dr. Henman of Orthodox, President of the Supreme Protestant Church Council has tendered his resignation to the Emperor which has not yet been accepted. To this he has been driven by the action of the Rationalists in Parliament.