

in their personal desires. Let the Viking go often with his little lad to pray. Let him bring over as many men as he can to be sober and decent; let him keep his simple faith and he wants no more. To him the past is a horror; the present is to be used in humble service.

During the service my Viking led off most of the hymns, and one mournful tune with a waltz rhythm came with peculiar effect from his lips. The words were common-place and conventional, but he gave them a touch of poetry for me, and I shall ever associate that hymn with him in my memory. I only choose types, and the Viking is merely a representative of a class who have not, perhaps, so much physical beauty, but who have the same moral and mental qualities.—*The Rock*.

### "EPISCOPACY."

FROM THE CHARGE OF THE BISHOP OF ARGYLE, 1886.

Mere Episcopacy! What is it worth? If it be only a better form of church government, I would as soon contend for a better style of church architecture. I care little or nothing for the Apostolic Succession, unless it means a real bond of connection with the chosen Twelve, and with the Lord Jesus Himself.

If I could know that the blessed sacrament of His Body and Blood is to be had through the exercise of any other ministry than that which depends on the transmission of apostolic authority, I would say, let us now and forever have done with our attempts at opposition to the form of religion at present established by the law of this land. It is only for the sake of Jesus Christ in His blessed sacrament, that it is really worth keeping up our present divisions. If there be no essential difference between us and those near and dear to us who regard "Episcopacy" as a thing indifferent, as a mere form of church government, let us make an end to those cruel separations, which divide us one from another.

Surely there has been, and still is, enough half-hearted churchmanship. Surely we need not compass sea and land, we need not lower teaching and relax discipline, in order to have an increased number of mere proselytes to a form of church government, in order to gain converts whose attachment is a matter of outward form, not of real conviction, or who, at any rate, seek to unite themselves with us through fancy or inclination, rather than from a solemn sense of duty. Such converts can hardly gain much advantage to their own souls by their change of religious profession, and I fear they must often be a source of weakness to the church at large. Let us then aim, rather at greater devotion and thoroughness of belief, than at a mere increase of numbers.

There is a danger of depending too much upon numerical statistics. I always rejoice to hear that large numbers of infants have been brought to Christ in Baptism, that church schools are well attended, and that multitudes come to hear the Word of God preached. But I am not always so happy about the confirmation of large numbers of new adherents. A few candidates whose attachment to the church has been proved, and who have had thorough preparation, are more to be desired than great numbers, easily gained, hastily admitted, and destined probably to fall away from the communion of the church, as lightly as they have been allowed to enter it.

I think there are few who would deny, that in past times, the church has suffered grievously through the ordination of so many untried men to the sacred ministry. History and experience combine to show what havoc has been made of the flock by pastors who have received Holy Orders, and yet who have never known the love of Christ in their hearts, or a real devotion of His service. But is there not a somewhat similar danger with the laity? May not grave spiritual evils arise from a too easy admission of untried "converts" (if such they may be called) to the sacred ordinances of confirmation and communion?

### THE THREE COPECKS.

Crouched low in a sordid chamber,  
With a cupboard of empty shelves—  
Half starved, and, alas! unable  
To comfort and help themselves.—

Two children were left forsaken,  
All orphaned of mortal care;  
But with spirits too close to Heaven  
To be tainted by earth's despair.—

Alone in that crowded city,  
Which shines like an Arctic star,  
By the banks of the frozen Neva,  
In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now Max was an urchin of seven;  
But his delicate sister, Leeze,  
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,  
Could scarcely have reached your knees!

As he looked on his sister weeping,  
And tortured by hunger's smart,  
A thought like an angel entered  
At the door of his opened heart.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,—  
With quivering hand and soul,—  
"Please send to me, CHRIST! three copecks,  
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"

Then, rushed to a church, his missive  
To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—  
As the surest mail bound Christward,—  
In the unlocked box for alms!

While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it,  
One passed from the priestly band,  
And with smile like a benediction  
Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom  
Grew warm with a holy joy;  
"Ah! CHRIST may have heard you already,  
Will you come to my house, my boy?"

"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely,  
We'll have a rare party of three;  
Go tell her that somebody's waiting  
To welcome her home to tea."

That night, in the cosiest cottage,  
The orphans were safe at rest,  
Each snug as a callow birdling  
In the depths of its downy nest.

And the next LORD'S Day, in his pulpit,  
The preacher so spake of these  
Stray lambs from the fold, which JESUS  
Had blessed by the sacred seas,—

So recounted their guileless story,  
As he held each child by the hand,  
That the hardest there could feel it,  
And the dullest could understand.

O'er the eyes of the listening fathers  
There floated a gracious mist;  
And oh, how the tender mothers  
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the preacher,  
"Heart alms we should none despise;—  
But the open palm, my children,  
Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection,  
From the altar steps to the door,  
Till the sum of two thousand rubles  
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter  
Had somehow gone to its goal,  
And more than three copecks gathered  
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

—Paul H. Hayne, in *St. Nicholas*.

### AUNT MERCY'S VISIT.

"How fast time does slip away!" exclaimed Aunt Mercy Hopkins, as she came into Mrs. Alford's sitting-room, with her travelling bag in one hand and her cap box in the other. "I told our folks if I didn't see Patience Alford's children before long, I'd never see them, for they will soon be grown up folks. So I've come."

"And we are all so very glad to see you, Aunt Mercy," said Mrs. Alford, as she took off the newcomer's bonnet and outside wraps, and drew up the easiest chair in the room for her to sit down in.

The children all gave the newly-arrived guest a kiss of welcome; then began to gather up the various books, slates, pens, and pencils, preparatory to going to school.

"Where's my hat?" asked Frank, as he wheeled out the sofa and looked behind it. "Mother, have you seen my hat?"

The mother instantly began searching. After some minutes had been wasted, Frank exclaimed, "Oh, I know where it is; it is on top of the wood shed." Meanwhile Mrs. Alford was reinstating shoe-buttons, finding delinquent pocket-handkerchiefs, arranging collars and hair-ribbons. Finally everything was ready, and the children rushed out; but they all kissed the mother good-bye before they went. The door had scarcely closed before Harry came in from the gymnasium, with his shirt sleeve torn to shreds.

"Caught it on one of the hooks. Just catch it together as well as you can, please, mother. I have only ten minutes in which to get back."

"Just as quickly as I can," said the mother, as she got out her needle and thread. Harry hurried his mother every moment until it was finished. Then giving her a kiss he took his Virgil and went out.

"Mamma," called Lettice from her room upstairs, "please come up here; my skirts hang dreadfully."

"Excuse me, Aunt Mercy," said Mrs. Alford, "I'll be back in a few moments."

Soon mother and daughter appeared in the doorway, and the latter, after kissing her mother good-bye, went out.

"They all kiss their mother," thought Aunt Mercy, "but they make a slave of her all the same. How strange it is!"

"So many things the children might have done before they went to school," thought Aunt Mercy.

"The bringing and carrying would be as good as the gymnasium for Harry, looked at merely from a physical point of view."

After Aunt Mercy had been in the Alford household a week the boys had found a place for their hats, bats, and everything else that belonged to a boy's treasures; and Harry and Lettice not only kissed their mother when they went off, but relieved her of many duties while they were at home, which she had been in the habit of doing for them. Aunt Mercy brought this new state of things about with her good common sense, tact and discretion.

"Your dear mother is so good," said Aunt Mercy, "She always was just so good when she was a little girl, always fulfilling the Scripture injunction, 'In honor preferring one another.' She always prefers everybody before herself—the most unselfish person I ever saw. If there is anything that I think is unjust and mean, it is to impose upon a person of such a nature, taking advantage of a person's love for us by letting them give up pleasures for our sakes."

The children had never thought of imposing upon their mother—such a dear, good mother as she had always been to them; but they were old enough and sensible enough to see the matter in the same light as Aunt Mercy did, after she had talked with them.

"I am so glad I've seen Patience Alford's children," said Aunt Mercy, when she returned home. "They are such good children, every one of them."

### GOOD AND ILL WORKING TOGETHER.

Suppose two wheels in a great machine—one turns from right to left, and the other from left to right; but they fit into one another, and they produce one final result of motion.

So the movements in any life which I call blessings and gladness, and the movements in any life which I call sorrow and tortures—these may work into each other, and they will do so if I take hold of them rightly, and use them as they ought to be used. They will tend to the highest good, whether they be light or dark; even as night with its darkness and its dews, has its ministrations and mission of mercy for the wearied eye no less than day, with its brilliancy and sunshine; even as the summer and winter are equally needful and equally good for the crop.

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