

Degrees. There is, beyond a doubt, a strong feeling among all moderate churchmen that the colleges should be allowed to proceed in this manner unopposed. We sincerely hope that the three colleges, Montreal, Huron and Wycliffe, will unite forces and stand by each other. Their interests and aims are identical; working separately they must work weakly; together they are sure to succeed." *Verb Sap.*

CHURCH-GOING.

I have something to say to Church people on the subject of Public Worship. I am well aware, however, that there are two distinct classes among Church people—those who attend regularly and those who do not. This is a distinction that matters a great deal, and therefore, to make sure that we are under no mistake as to its importance, my first words must be on the subject of Church-going—the reasons for it, and why it is important.

Very likely some reader may stop here, and say "I'm not so sure that it is important; I know many a one, who goes to Church, and yet is no better in other ways than his neighbour, who does not." And so do I, dear reader, and yet I say still that going to Church does matter; it is right to go and wrong to stay away.

Do you ask why? I will give you one good reason—we are told to go, in God's word. Look at this verse, from the Epistle to the Hebrews, 10th chap., "Not forsaking the assembling yourselves together," and if you read the two verses that go before, you will see that this direction is made most important by being connected with the very highest Christian duties—Faith, and Purity, and Love. The Bible is full of teaching about the blessing that comes of worshipping in God's house, but let us look at it now in the light of a plain duty, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together." Those who go to Church are, in this one particular at least, obedient to God's Word; and, so far, are better Christians than the neighbour who stays away. Therefore let us have no doubt that we are right in going. If any one who is a Church-goer, is openly breaking God's law in other matters—that is sad indeed. Going to Church won't mend that—it cannot cover a single sin; but even to such a one I say, "Keep on going. Don't add this to all your sins, that you are 'forsaking the assembling together' which God's word has enjoined."

Or again, if you find yourself no better for going, still do not give it up; staying away would make you worse. I know nothing about your motives for going they may be very poor ones in God's sight, and, believe me, we have made little progress indeed in the way of salvation so long as our religion begins and ends with the Church-going. Still it is something—it is one step in the right direction, it may lead you farther on. There is indeed no merit in it, but it is a duty and a help, and by God's mercy a blessing may come of it.

But "Why," some may ask, "Why, in addressing those who go to Church, do you take it so much for granted that there will be many in danger of giving it up?" Because, dear reader, this is a real danger. It is not spoken of in the verse we have just read? "Forsaking" means "giving up" something we have once held to. It is spoken to Church-goers, warning them to persevere, to keep steadily to this observance.

The warning is much needed now. Thousands of men and women who once were regular attenders in the House of Prayer forsake it, little by little. They are always plenty of temptations to lead us in the wrong way. I have been trying to put you on your guard against one which has led many people astray. I mean the mistaken notion that Church-going can't be much use, because it does not always

make people better. This is no reason for staying away, but it is a great reason for trying to find out why we get so little good from going. Let us inquire into this. I am sure one great reason is that we have not a very clear idea of what we go to Church for; and another reason is, that we have never learned to understand and love the service in which we have to take a part. In other words, we want to know more about the nature and meaning of Public Worship, and to understand better our Book of Common Prayer. This I hope to try to help you to do another time; but, as a beginning, we must have no doubt in our minds that Church-going is a plain Christian duty; that if we neglect it, or forsake it, we are doing what is displeasing to God.

"I was glad when they said unto me
Let us go into the House of the Lord."

—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

WAITING.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."
—Milton.

"THE fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain;

I long to toil amid the reapers there;
What full, ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care!"

Thus saying, proud and resolute I stood
Amid the ever busy, hurrying throng,
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
The Lord and Master as He passed along.

He came. Quick pressing though the eager throng,

I stood beside Him near the open gate:
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong"—
He turned and softly said, "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew;
I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate:
"O Master have you naught for me to do?"
"Yes," He replied at once; "here stand and wait."

He passed along; and through the weary hours
I stood with restless hands and aching heart;
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
Beneath my feet while thus I stood apart.

Again He passed; and, in my grief, I said,
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait!"
One look of sad rebuke; no word He said,
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass;
I watch the reapers cut the bearded grain;
I see their heavy sheaves, and sigh, alas!
That I may only wrestle with my pain.

The night draws near; I seek Him once again:
"O Master, see! 'tis growing dark and late!
I have no sheaves." His sweet voice soothes
my pain:
"They serve me Me best who patiently stand
and wait!"

So patiently, I strive to stand and wait
Through all the glories of the changing
years,—
Wait till His hand shall lead me through the
gate,
And change my "sighs to songs"—to smiles
and tears.

—*Rebecca Ruter Springer.*

HOW DORA MANAGED.

BY RENA ROMNEY.—A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"ONLY twenty dollars, dear. It's all father can spare, and that must buy a dress for you, shoes and coats for the boys, and then there are caps and mittens besides. I am so sorry, dear," and Mrs. Wyman handed the folded bill to her daughter, with a wistful look, and a

bravely smothered sigh, at the sight of the injured expression settling on Dora's pretty features, as she listened to her mother's words.

"I do think it is a real mean, so there!" Dora muttered spitefully to herself, as she thrust the hard-earned money into her pocket, tears of anger and disappointment rising in her eyes as she did so. "Just as I was longing for one of those lovely tailor made tricôt suits that all the girls are having, and now I must be content with a cheap flannel dress, I suppose, and my old cloak trimmed over with shilling braid, and new buttons, or have none at all. It's too bad," and the tears flowed afresh as she thought of the rich plush jackets and seal-skin cloaks, and all the beautiful expensive things her heart longed for, it galled her to think how vainly.

And Cousin Maude who had paid them a flying visit, from her Boston home a few days since, and had worn such an elegant costume of ruby velvet with hat to match, as made her more envious, and covetous, of the glories of dress than before.

Dora finished her sweeping sullenly, never heeding her mother's grieved and tired face, and hung the dust-pan and brush behind the kitchen door with a bang, when her eyes chanced to fall on something else hanging there, too. An old, faded, worn-out hood and shawl. What was there in these to make Dora's cheek flush so suddenly, and a look of shame come into her face? Only her mother's every-day garments hung in their usual place, but like a flash, Dora remembered certain others hanging in the closet up-stairs, hardly better than these, but that still did faithful duty as her mother's best.

Not a word had been said about a new cloak or dress for mother, in the disposal of the twenty-dollar bill. Poor mother! who worked hard from morning until night, who turned and twisted, and scrimped and saved, and denied herself in a hundred ways, that her children might be warmly and prettily clad; who had cheerfully resigned the long cherished hope of a new thick shawl in which to attend church that winter, that they might be the better dressed to go.

All these thoughts and many more thronged through Dora's brain as she stood there looking at the old hood and shawl. Tender, patient emblems of the loving self-denial of years they were to the conscience stricken daughter, who could only cry, in mute self reproach, "Oh, poor mother!" and fled up the stairs to her own room, and locked the door.

Not to weep, however. After the first brief shower, she emerged from the tiny clothes press, bearing in her hand a brown cashmere dress, a trifle faded and worn, but of good material still. This she whisked inside out, and stood contemplating, with her head on one side, for some moments. The color was fresh and firm, and with an emphatic nod, and ejaculation of, "Yes it will surely do!" Dora ran across to her bureau drawer, and produced from her portmonnaie a shining five-dollar gold piece, her Uncle John's gift on her last birthday, and balanced it thoughtfully on her forefinger a while, as if making a mental calculation of some sort. The bill she took from her pocket, folded smoothly, and locked away in a small box in her drawer.

Then followed a hasty rummaging among boxes and trunks, in the old clothes press, and finally with dancing eyes, and a triumphant look, Dora donned her hat and sacque, and grasping her shabby portmonnaie ran down the stairs, pausing at the kitchen door to say, "I'm going out a little while, mother dear, I won't be gone long," and then into the street, her mother peeping from the window to catch a last glimpse of her bright face as it vanished around the street corner.

"The dear child!" she murmured to herself, as she wiped a tear drop from her eye. "It's but natural she should want to look like other girls of her age. I'll give up the flannel I was