

is congenial, however, to the Scotch intellect, and no doubt in the divine economy has its uses.

THE VATICAN DECREES IN THEIR BEARING ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

This is a cheap and badly-printed edition of Dr. Manning's reply to Mr. Gladstone's arraignment.

Compared with Dr. Newman's answer, it is very poor. Dr. Manning has swallowed the Pope, and all he ever decreed and will decree, and exults in his power. He has no apology to make. He stands and says 'I have done it, and I glory in it, and what have you to say about it?'

And curiously enough, without the slightest apparent conception of its effect on his argument, after prophecies of wrath and woe on Germany for its repudiation of the Papacy, his last chapter is a glorification of the unity, peace, good order, prosperity, happiness, Christianity, and blessedness of that British Empire which alone of all the countries of Europe has been free from revolutions at home and invasions from abroad, and which *always* protested against, and at last trampled under foot, and cast out with disgust and contempt three hundred years ago, the very power which Dr. Manning holds to be the supreme blessing, glory, and security of any land!

It is very amusing. With 'Catholic' France, 'Catholic' Spain, 'Catholic' Italy before its eyes, it is a comical sight to see the Englishman Manning persuading Protestant England to become 'Catholic' too, and be happy ever after!

FERVENT PRAYER. By the Rt. Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., author of 'The Pathway of Safety,' &c. Philadelphia: James Hammond, successor to the Protestant Episcopal Book Society.

Another admirable book for Lent. The reader may regret the use of some expressions, which might be made more churchly, but there is no fault to be found with the earnest and devout tone pervading it. We give an extract under Parish and Family Reading.

Messrs. Pott, Young & Co., No. 4 Cooper Union, have on sale for \$1 a pocket edition of the Prayer Book and the Revised Hymnal, the pair fitting into a neat case. They are the best books for the purpose we have seen.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The illustrated papers in *Harper's* are 'The Isle of Man' (a new world to the readers of the Magazine), 'Caricature in the Middle Ages,' 'Remains of Lost Empires,' 'The First Century of the Republic' (poor penny-a-lining stuff, as incoherent as an auctioneer's catalogue), and 'The Last Journals of David Livingstone.'

'DeWitt Clinton as a Politician,' and 'Magass, the Outlaw of the Carpathians,' are the legitimate Magazine writing of the number.

The usual bags and drawers and departments, are filled with the usual filling.

The *Atlantic* has some verses far better than the average, a good body of sound reviewing well done; and beside some 'admirable fooling' of Mark Twain, has a very pleasant talk about 'Some Historical Portraits lately Exhibited in Paris,' an appreciative sketch of an obscure poet, Forecythe Willson, and a powerful political paper, 'Taxation without Jurisdiction Unconstitutional,' by D. A. Wells. A discussion upon 'The Origin of the name America,' is very curious. There are other readable matters, and the whole makes an unusually valuable number.

In *Scribner's* 'The Canyons of the Colorado' furnishes a third paper; 'Alyr Lillian' is a sketch based on a recent 'spiritualistic' exposure—Katy Kingery; 'La Fontaine and his Fables' (illustrated), is well done; and the Editor's novel, 'Sevenoaks,' goes on with the full promise of its opening chapter. Mr. Stedman, in 'Latent Day-British Poets,' goes wild over that extraordinary monstrosity, Algernon Charles Swinburne. Men worship some times queer gods. 'New England and her Church,' by Dr. Robinson, is a slight glorification in the usual key of 'our Pilgrim Fathers.'

There are other things, and the number is well filled.

All the recent numbers of *Scribner's Monthly* are out of print. The publishers announce that new editions of the January and February numbers of *Scribner* will be ready about the 20th, and of the November and December numbers a little later.

The *Galaxy* contains three noticeable papers—'The Old-time Spirits,' the strangest chapter in the history of New England—a minute account of the witch-burning madness, a terrible revelation of human devilry and stupidity; 'Absolute Music,' by Mr. White; and 'What is Meant by Specie Payments?' by Richard B. Kimball.

The others are of the usual Magazine order, and quite up to the average, except the rhymes, which, in the *Galaxy*, are never quite poetry, though the attempts are laudable in their way.

The *Penn Monthly* has a second paper on National Education, a very judicious one on Prof. Kingsley, and another on the Greville Memoirs.

The *Catholic World* opens with a paper on what purports to be 'Italian Documents of Freemasonry.' If there be any Freemasons among the readers of the Magazine, they will be much amused at the 'Documents.'

A queer sensational story, 'Are You My Wife?' is like a streak of lurid fire across the solemn neutral light of this usually decorous Magazine. One is puzzled, as George III. was about the apple in the dumpling, to know how it got there. 'Burke and the Revolution,' 'Robert, Cavalier de la Salle,' and 'The Log-Chapel on the Rappahannock,' are good specimens of this Magazine.

Parish and Family Reading.

"NOT ONLY WITH OUR LIPS, BUT IN OUR LIVES."

When I was a child I used to be very much troubled by some words which I heard every Sunday at church: "That we may show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives." At first I did not think, as a child, I had anything to do with them; but when I grew older, and could reason a little, I began to see that I was as much concerned in the prayer as anybody else, since I was ready to join with the rest of the people in giving thanks for our "creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life." I saw that it was as much my duty, as it was the duty of other people, to show forth God's praise; but I did not know how it could be done by me. My life was made up of such little events, that beyond the duty of saying my prayers night and morning, of speaking the truth, and doing as I was bid, I could not see how I could do anything to show forth the praise of God, or be of benefit to others.

I was then at school, and in too much awe of my governess to talk to her of what was passing in my mind. Every Sunday I used to ponder over the subject, and often during sermon time, which was certainly not doing my duty: and perhaps if I had been a more attentive listener, I might sooner have been taught on this point, for our minister often spoke in a simple manner to the young.

One Summer afternoon, the day before the Monday fixed upon for our annual picnic in the woods, I was walking home from church with Harriet May and my cousin Anne, one of the older girls, and a favorite in the school. I knew from her serious character that she would not mock me for what I was going to say, so all at once I too, courage to ask the question, 'Do you think, Harriet, that such young people as we are can be expected to show forth the praise of God, as it says in our book, not only with our lips but in our lives?'

'Yes, dear,' said Harriet, with a sweet smile, 'I do believe it; and very pleasant it is to know that our Saviour will not reject our wish to serve Him because we are young, and can do so little.'

'So little, indeed!' said I. 'For my part I cannot see anything that we can do, especially at school.'

'You may try, by God's help,' said Harriet, 'to do your duty in that state of life which it has pleased Him to call you to.'

'I do not well know what is my duty,' said I, 'and if I did, I should not have time for it here. It is as much as I can do to get through my studies, and prepare my lessons for class. There are my music and drawing—to say nothing of other things.'

'These are your duties, at present,' said Harriet, quietly; 'not your only duties, certainly; for you must have time for prayer and for reading the Scriptures. But it is by going through your daily duties diligently, trying to do right in everything, and meeting every event in a right spirit, that you may show forth God's praise in your life.'

'I should not have thought,' said I, 'that religion had anything to do with lessons, and behaving well in school time.'

'Be serious, Emma,' replied Harriet, with a look of gentle reproof; 'it is a serious subject, and I should not like to talk to you about it if I did not think you were in earnest. But when you reflect properly upon the words "Whosoever ye do, in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,"—with many other passages of Scripture which I will find for you this evening, if you like, you will see that religion is indeed to enter into and influence all we do; as I have read in some good book, it should be like the mainspring of a watch, governing and regulating all.'

I was silent, partly from that false shame which young people so often yield to when feeling more deeply than they like to own. But soon I began to talk of the weather. 'We shall have a fine day for the picnic, I think.'

'Delightful, indeed!' said Harriet; 'I have been thinking of it all the week. I could not get it out of my mind.'

By this time we had arrived at home, and parted for the present. In the course of the evening, however, she got me into a quiet corner, and there, with the Bible in her hand, she explained to me that every age and condition of life has its peculiar duties, and that by going through them according to our ability, as in God's sight, and by seeking to bear our daily trials and crosses in the right way, we may indeed live to His glory, and in our humble degree show forth His praise.

The next morning we all awoke earlier than usual; and though we had no misgivings about the weather, our first inquiry was 'Will it be a fine day?' Alas! the sky was dark and heavy with clouds, and before we were assembled to breakfast the rain came down—not a mere Summer shower, but steady rain. Every one saw that there was no hope of the picnic, for that day at least, and little for any succeeding one, as our governess would be so fearful of taking us out in the damp grass.

The elder girls looked cross, and many murmurings against the weather were overheard. The little ones cried outright. Only one face retained its cheerful smile. Only one voice was heard to say 'It can't be helped, so let us make the best of it.' It was Harriet May who spoke.

It was no little trial after breakfast to have to set about our usual lessons, while the rain came pattering down. During that morning I was an observer of Harriet. I saw her unruffled in spirit, diligent in study, going through all her duties well; yet I knew that not one amongst us had thought more of the promised pleasure. A few words from her after school hours explained all. 'My dear Emma,' said she, in answer to my inquiry, 'is it not our duty to bear these little trials cheerfully, since we know that all things, small as well as great, are ordered by the providence of God? If we permitted ourselves to murmur, would it not be murmuring against His will? And thus I learned how even a school-girl might show forth the praise of God, not only with her lips, but in her life.'

HOW TO PRAY RIGHTLY.

1. Always kneel down when you pray. I wish it was unnecessary to give this direction. But there are some, I fear, who seldom or never bend the knee either in God's house or in their own closets. And yet even when we go before an earthly sovereign to present a petition, do we not always kneel to show our respect? Shall we then show less reverence in approaching the King of kings?

If I were to follow you to your bedside, I hope I should find you "meekly kneeling on your knees" before God. But I am afraid it is not so with all. The posture of some, is anything but reverent. They fall down upon their knees perhaps, but it is in a careless, idle manner, which shows but too plainly the feeling of the heart within. And there are some, too, who are in the habit of saying their prayers *in bed*. Half asleep and half awake, they just repeat a prayer, as if the mere words would bring a blessing, and as if anything was good enough for God.

Leave off at once so bad a habit; for such devotions are little better than no devotions at all. Take my advice—whether you are worshipping God in public or in private, let it be always *upon your knees*. It is true kneeling is not everything, but it is a great help to us in prayer, and it reminds us that we are unworthy sinners, and that we have need to humble ourselves before a holy God.

Christian, kneel, for God is near;
Bend in love, in holy fear.
Kneel before Him now in prayer;
Thank Him for His constant care.

Praise Him for the mercies shed,
Every moment on thy head.
Ask for light to know His will;
Ask for love thy heart to fill;

Ask for faith to bear thee on
Through the might of Christ His Son;
Ask in awe, in holy fear,
Christian, kneel, for God is near.

2. Try to realize the presence of God. Before you pray, say to yourself, I am now going to speak to God Himself. I am going to draw near to His throne. I, a poor sinful creature, am going to approach the high and holy One.

This will help you to put aside all worldly and sinful thoughts, and to raise your heart heavenwards. It is sad to think how often we rush into God's presence, with our hearts utterly unprepared for the solemn work in which we are about to engage. And when this is the case, is it any wonder that our prayers bring no comfort to ourselves, and no answers from above? The Lord is offended, instead of being pleased, with such devotions as these. Make an effort then—and without an effort it cannot be done—make an effort to raise your mind upwards, and remember that you are going to address God Himself.

3. Guard against wandering thoughts. Satan hates to see us praying. He well knows that prayer is our strongest weapon, and that every petition we offer brings down from strength to enable us to resist him. If he can, then, he will draw us away from prayer altogether; and if he fails in this, then he will use every means to draw us away in prayer. He will endeavor to dart in some worldly or wicked thoughts, in order to interrupt us. And too often he succeeds. If we are not very much on our guard—if our hearts are not closed and barred by watchfulness—he will break in and disturb us in our holiest moments.

My dear Christian brother or sister, have you not many a time found this to be the case? I know you have, and it has sorely grieved you. You kneel down, and really wish to pray. But in a moment perhaps your thoughts are far away, they are running after some earthly object, and it is hard, very hard, to bring them back. And sometimes, alas, even the most trifling things—things which you are ashamed of—come rushing in, and steal away your heart from God. This has distressed you, and you have got up from your knees with an aching heart, and you have felt that the time, which might have been so blessed, has been worse than wasted.

If you wish to avoid such a temptation as this, and to keep your hearts fixed in the season of devotion, be assured, much care and pains are needed. It is hard indeed to draw off the miser's heart from his gold, but how easy a matter to draw away our thoughts from God, even when we are kneeling before Him! No wonder then that our Lord bids His disciples 'watch' as well as 'pray,' and that St. Peter exhorts us to 'be sober, and watch unto prayer.'

4. See that your heart be right with God. Is the drunkard heard, or the swearer, when he comes home at night and prays? Is the hard, unforgiving man heard, who allows the remains of malice, and ill-will, and revenge, still to rankle in his breast? When he asks pardon, is his prayer accepted? The man who knows what is right, who at times has strong religious feelings, and can talk well about the things of God; but who gives way to some secret, hidden sin, some evil lust for instance—or some unholy temper; do his prayers reach the ear of God? No, such prayers will never be accepted, until he who offers them desires earnestly and heartily to forsake his sin, whatever it be.

We often pray "Lead us not into temptation." But if all the while we determine to rush into it, can we expect God to hear us? Or suppose that a person feels that he gets harm by going to a particular place, or indulging in anything which gives him special pleasure, is it not mockery to ask God to shield and protect him, when he thus lays himself open to the attacks of Satan?

Let David answer the question: 'If I regard in my heart, the Lord will not hear me'; or Solomon: 'The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord.' It is sad when any one trifles with God in a matter so solemn. It is sad thus to open, as it were, the door of mercy by our prayers, and then to close it against ourselves by our sin.

O let us be honest with God, and not attempt to deceive Him. It is true He is willing to hear the prayer of the vilest sinner, who really hates his sin, and flies to Him for mercy. But it is an insult to go to Him whilst sin is loved and cherished in the heart. 'Holiness becometh God's house and God's worshippers.' 'I will