

mercy in the safe return of the Whitford fishermen after a storm in which many boats had been lost. There they were; the May Queen and her attendant maidens with their garlands, happy fathers leading their little ones by the hand, glad mothers thanking God that their children still had a father on earth, old men and women whose race was nearly run, trooped up the hill which lead to the church, hushing their voices reverently as they passed the lich-gate. They remembered that the place whereon they stood was holy ground, that around them lay the bodies of the christian departed. As the bell was sounding its last notes a handsome carriage drawn by a pair of horses drove up to the gate, at which a small party of well-dressed persons had arrived but a few minutes previously, and remained waiting. A footman in livery ~~threw open the door, and~~ two ladies got out, followed by a nurse bearing in her arms an infant who was that evening to be admitted into the congregation of Christ's flock.

In another part of the churchyard, walking with two rough sea-faring men and an old village dame, was a pale sad-looking young mother, clad in deep mourning. She too was holding in her arms a little infant, upon whose tiny face she gazed tenderly and sadly.

"Well, Mrs.; have you made up your mind about the poor little man's name?" asked one of the men, stooping with a kind of rough tenderness to catch a glimpse of the baby's face.

"Yes," replied the poor mother in a faltering voice, "it must be William, for his father's sake, and I'll call him James on account of the day. 'Tis a Saints' day, you know, Mr. Hardy, St. Philip and St. James."

"A bright thought," answered Hardy, "it may make the youngster think of his Baptism as each May day comes round. The lady at the Manor must have had some such thought, for the housekeeper tells me her baby's to be christened Lionel Philip Fitz-Herbert; a long string of names, poor little chap."

"Why poor?" asked the other man.

"Havn't you heard?" replied Hardy; "the London doctors have been down, and they say there's no hope for my lady. She won't die yet, may be, not perhaps for weeks or months, but she'll never be well again."

As the bell ceased all, rich and poor, took their places in the church. The service proceeded; the Holy Sacrament of Baptism made those two infants, the young heir of many thousands, and the poor widow's little son, joint heirs of one glorious inheritance. The priest spoke a few words to the assembled congregation on the lessons to be learnt from the festival. Especially he addressed himself to those who a few short weeks before had been rescued from a watery grave. He told them of the indecision of the apostle St. Philip, of his request, "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us," which drew forth that gentle rebuke, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" He reminded them that their Lord had ever been with them though unseen, that He had shewn them, all through their lives, the various evidences of His love and his power. "He has been with you; yes, brethren, and you have been with Him," said the preacher; "with Him in the crowd, with Him when no one else was near. He has spoken to you by His ministers, in His Word, and in His Sacraments; especially has he spoken to you in the danger from which you have been so lately delivered by His power and mercy. And now let this day be the turning point in your lives. Pray to God that He may make you unfeignedly thankful for your past mercies, and