

by Bishop Reynolds, of Norwich, was inserted in the Prayer Book of 1662, the "Amen" at the close of it was printed in Roman type in contrast with the black letter of the body of the prayer to indicate that the thanksgiving itself was to be said by the minister alone. In the case after the General Confession, however, which was intended to be said by minister and people, the "Amen" was printed in black letter. In the American Prayer Book, for the same reason, the "Amen" at the end of the General Thanksgiving is printed in italics according to the resolutions of the General Convention with reference to the stereotyped Prayer Book in 1838.

The provision for the insertion of a special clause on certain occasions is consistent with this rule. The thanksgiving is called "general" to distinguish it from the particular thanksgiving, to be used "on several occasions," and is still printed with them in the English Prayer Book. For the minister and people to say it together may be agreeable to the individual devotional taste of some of the Clergy in Ireland and America, but it is not justified by the history of the Prayer Book. The late Bishop Young, one of the very ablest of our liturgiologists, felt this so strongly that he issued a "godly admonition" forbidding the practice in his Diocese.—*Thos. F. Gailor.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LOVE.

"Little children, love each other,"
Tis our blessed Master's rule;
Every little one is brother
To his playfellows at school.

We're all children of one Father,
That great God who reigns above;
Shall we quarrel? No; much rather
Should we dwell like Him, in love.

He has placed us here together,
That we may be good and kind,
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.

Who is stronger than the other?
Let him be the weak one's friend
Who's more playthings than his brother?
He should like to give or lend.

All they have they share with others,
With kind looks and gentle words,
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

Children's Services, with Hymns and Songs.

THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

(Continued.)

Poor Sophy awaited, trembling, the schoolmaster's return.

She cried when he took up the cardboard, and he had no need to ask her any question.

"Ah, Sophy," he said, "I can not trust you, my child, quite yet, I see. You must stay alone here to-morrow until noon, when I will come for you."

"Herr schoolmaster," asked Fritz, after school, "may I stay with Sophy to-morrow? You know I was worst of all."

The master laid his hand on the curly head. "Yes, my boy. That is right—that is trying to do as the dear Lord would do."

It was rather hard to see the happy children start off the next morning for the new school-house, and for a minute Fritz felt inclined to go with them. But a look at poor Sophy, whose face was hid in her apron, decided him. They were not allowed to speak; but Fritz patted his head and smiled at her, and so helped her to begin her work with good courage.

The master came back just in time to send them home to dinner.

"I think, now," he said, putting a hand on each head, "that I can trust every boy and girl in my school. Now, run home and be back in time to go to the new school at 1 o'clock."

You may be sure they were in time.

It was hard work, indeed, that afternoon, to keep the eyes from wandering away from books and slates to the fresh, white walls, the shining windows, the bright-colored maps and gay pictures. But the children did not forget the lesson they so hardly had learned this last week, and showed their good master that he could trust them.

"Henry Schaefer, you are a big boy," said the schoolmaster, just before the close of school, "help me to hold up this motto, that the boys and girls may see the work they have done this week."

The scarlet letters were uncovered at last.

"Who can read it?" asked the master. "Sophy, you may try."

With a little help, Sophy read the words.

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour you Lord doth come."

For many years that motto hung on the wall, and many a time the story was told to new scholars of the time when it was made. It helped all the good master's scholars to do good work in school days; and when they left school many of them carried the words in their hearts and tried to "be ready" at any hour when their Lord might come.—*Mabel H. Despard in the Young Churchman.*

"NO."

"No" clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground of a village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say, 'Yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives about two miles off with his uncle. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks home at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him. Boys of such sturdy make up are getting scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

The speakers moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'No,' I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently.

"I am willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider, any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun!"

"I never go in for doing wrong.—I told you 'No,' to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir," and the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir; he had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking; would you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if you can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap. The next day a call was made at his uncle's and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained on that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'No' if occasion required," answered his employer. "No" was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or the girl who is not afraid to say 'No,' is reasonably certain of making an honourable man or woman."

"Yes," is a sweet and often a loving word; "No" is a strong, brave word which has signalled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.

CURE FOR SLANDER.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Philip Neri:—

A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself to be given to slander.

"Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the saint.

"Yes, father, very often," replied the patient.

"My dear child," said the saint, "your fault is great, but mercy is still greater. For your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and well covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me."

Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance, but silencing all human reasoning, she replied.

"I will obey, father, I will obey."

Accordingly she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous of receiving some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah," said the saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have already traversed and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side: the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied the saint, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back if you can. Go, and sin no more."

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

I call to mind a beautiful woman of New York city, who has recently gone to the "city that hath foundations," who, some years ago, in the earnest meeting where a friend took her, was aroused from her life of self ease to see the need of real consecration to Christ, and she did it on the spot. After she entered her carriage with her friend she said:

"What must I do; tell me what next; for I have given myself and all I have to Christ?"