

Friends, I plead for wholesale mirth, for fun at the fireside, for the cheery laugh, the bright repartee, the bubbling and effervescence of good spirits. Let your children and young people carry out into the world with them the memory of mother's good housekeeping, not merely because the house was clean, the table well spread, the chambers comfortable, and the clothing in order, but because home was an abode of joy, of peace, of love, of sweet unshadowed mutual confidence.

Good housekeeping ought to signify good generalship. Some of us who are mothers, know that it is easier to do certain things ourselves than to teach the children how to do them. But true kindness to children, and proper self esteem on the mother's part will apportion to each his or her daily duty, and insist on its fulfilment promptly and thoroughly.

In the best managed household, everyone shares the work as well as the play and the parents, the mother especially, guide and control, but do not bear every burden and take every step alone.

WAS IT HONEST?

The other day as I was riding down town, several passengers having got in together at a street crossing into a crowded street-car, the conductor came along and tried to collect all the fares. It soon appeared that he was new at the business and that there was a man with him to "break him in" to his new duties, and to show just what he was to do and how to do it. After the conductor had returned to his platform at the rear of the car, he counted his passengers and his money and found that he had less money than the number of passengers called for—less also than the dial on the bell register called for, for the guide and helper rang the bell as the passengers got in, and so charged them up against the conductor at once. When the conductor and his appointed guide found that they had not collected all the fares, they talked the matter over and they concluded that a man who was standing up must have been one of the last comers, and must have failed to pay, and twice was he asked to pay, right in the hearing of the man who himself had not paid, and who had made up his mind not to pay if he could prevent it. This man, who finally got out of the car without paying his fare, held his money in his hand for a few minutes after he took his seat, and as the conductor passed along without taking it, he indeed made a slight movement, but he said nothing, and in a moment returned the money to his pocket. He seemed to argue in this way: The money was ready for the conductor, whose business it was to see it and take it; and if he did not, nobody was to blame but himself. What this passenger thought when he saw the conductor repeatedly ask a man who had paid, to pay again, and who was thus accused of not having paid at all—what he thought then I do not know, unless he came to the conclusion that he had done a mighty mean thing for the sake of five cents.

Now the writer would like the young readers of this paper to think about the case stated, and answer these questions: Whether the man who had his fare in his hand when the conductor passed around had a right to put it back in his own pocket just because the conductor failed to see it and to get it? Has the passenger done his whole duty when he holds his money in his hand? Can the passenger excuse himself for keeping back his fare from the conductor on the ground that many conductors have the reputation of keeping back from the railway company, money which they ought to pay over?

ARCHBISHOP PARKER'S CONSECRATION.

In an answer to a correspondent, *The Church Times* says that three arguments have been used to cast doubts on Archbishop Parker's consecration. First, that he was never consecrated at all, a mere mock ceremony having taken place at the Nag's Head Tavern, a story now rejected by all high Roman Catholic authorities. Next, that Barlow, the senior of Parker's four consecrators, who had been a bishop in Henry VIIIth's reign, had him-

self never been consecrated. The only argument in favor of this story is that the particular document which attests the fact of the consecration has been lost, possibly when the archives at St. David's were burnt; while all the other documentary proofs are extant in abundance, and the records of Parker's three other consecrators are all producible. And, it may be added, this objection against Barlow, holds equally good for Gardiner, and for the consecrators of even Cardinal Pope himself, both of whom Romans fully accept. The third objection is that the ordinal of Edward VI., according to which Parker was consecrated, is not a valid formulary, because it does not mention the episcopal office at the actual laying on of hands, as our present rite does. But this is exactly the case with the Roman Pontifical, according to which the Pope himself was consecrated; and even if it were true that Parker was never consecrated, that would not affect the Anglican Succession, because Parker was assisted by three bishops senior to himself in the first consecration he performed; and the English line has also been since crossed three or four times by an Irish strain, and once by an Italian one.

HELP UPWARDS.

I shall never forget the feelings I had once when climbing one of the pyramids of Egypt. When half-way up, my strength failing, I feared I should never be able to reach the summit or get back again. I well remember the help given, by Arab hands, drawing me on farther; and the step I could not quite make myself, because too great for my wearied frame, the little help given me—sometimes more and sometimes less—enabled me to take. So up I went, step by step, step by step, until at last I reached the top, and breathed the pure air, and had a grand look-out from that lofty height. And so, in life's journey, we are climbing. We are feeble. Every one of us, now and then, needs a little help; and if we have risen a step higher than some other, let us reach down for our brother's hand, and help him to stand beside us. And thus joined hand in hand, we shall go on conquering, step by step, until the glorious end shall be gained.

TAKE CARE OF THE BOYS.

Yes, fathers and mothers, it is your boys that need your most thoughtful care. It seems to be instinctive with parents to shield their girls from the sight, or the sound of sinful things. What mother would rest if, when evening comes, her little daughter were at large in the street, frequenting the village store, or hanging about the door of a drinking saloon? How many times is the son, only a ten-year-old, away from the sight and sound of the mother at night fall, breathing in a worse malaria than that from stagnant pools, from the rude talk of older boys, or of coarse, vulgar men? Outgrow it, will they? Do they? Now and then a boy poisoned in childhood by vicious associates does live down the poison, and comes out a clean, pure man; but look over any community in search of the young men, without guile, whose souls and bodies are clean, and are they the rule, or the exception. Do not trust to the future to bring your boys out right, for it will almost certainly bring them out scarred. Neither trust to their being above temptation, none of us are exempt from that. Know always where they are, and what are their inmost thoughts; and this, not by prying, tyrannical oversight of their movements, but by such a loving, yearning interest for their well-being that they will love to open their souls to you.—*Selected.*

—A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately: "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husband's arms, but no death ever seemed as pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church. I knew her first as a

young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirits and vigor. She married and had four children, her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed, she gave herself scarcely any time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children—to educate them, to give them the same chance their father would have done. She succeeded; sent the boys to college and the girls to school. When they came home, refined girls and strong men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out common-place old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them two or three years, and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to consciousness. In an agony of grief the oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried: 'You have been a good mother to us!' Her face colored again, and her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said so before John.' Then the light died out and she was gone."

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Mrs. Catharine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart and the heart of her husband after they were suddenly deprived, by death, of "five blessed little daughters." Other parents who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:—

"Now, constantly, with our daily prayers for them, we say the thanksgiving and commemoration;

"Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace.

"Lord Jesus, Thou hast received their spirits, and hast opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory.

"Thy loving Spirit leads them forth into the land of righteousness, into Thy holy hill, into Thy heavenly kingdom.

"Thou didst send Thy angel to meet them, and to carry them into Abraham's bosom.

"Thou hast placed them in the habitation of light and peace—of joy and gladness.

"Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with Thy saints in light.

"There they reign with Thy elect angels and Thy blessed saints departed, Thy holy prophets and glorious apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity and blessedness, for ever and ever. Amen."

WAIT.

"Oh, the drudgery of this every-day routine," cries many a business man and many a house-keeping woman. "To get through the day and have the same round to traverse to-morrow!" Yes, but how do you know what use the gracious superintendent of your life is making of this hum-drum as you call it? A poor, blind mill horse treads his beat, hour after hour, and all seems to come to nothing. But the shaft he is turning is geared into others, and they into wheels, that in other rooms, above him, far beyond his hearing, are working out results that we could never comprehend. Wait until you see no longer through a glass darkly, and see the unknown bearing and connections of your life work with other generations, and may be, with other worlds.

READING BOOKS THROUGH.

When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books which contradict, on the very face of them, what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say that I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I taste from a fine looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away.—*Cecil.*