

you have quite a library. Now, suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that." Then Herbert sprang over the fence, and went whistling away.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "what a grand smash it would have been, if Fritz had fallen over the string!" but he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the good fellow began at once with, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left, but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "Oh, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you would like to read. "And, Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast, but after a moment he looked up with great effort and said.

"Oh, Joe, I did it; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean when you promised me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't—" Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked without saying a word.

"That coal does burn," said Joe to himself. "I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine." Joe took two or three somersets, and went home with a light heart and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful flag which he had bought for the boat with a part of his egg money. The boat was repaired and launched, and made a grand trip, and everything turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he was never more happy in his life. And Joe found out afterward, that the more he used of this curious kind of

coal the larger supply he had on hand—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "I think I shall have to set up a coal yard."

I should be glad to have all of you, my young friends, engage in this branch of the coal business. If every family would be careful to keep a supply of Joe Benton's coals on hand, and make a good use of them, how happy they would be. Joe was sowing righteousness when he put that coal on Fritz's head, and he had "a surer reward" in the pleasure which yielded him. Pleasure is one part of the reward of sowing righteousness. This is true.—Rev. Dr. Newton.

PARENTS' PRAYERS*

"All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.—St. Matt. xxi. 22.

I.

Almighty God and Heavenly Father, I thank thee for the children whom Thou hast given me; give me also grace to train them in Thy faith, fear, and love, that, as they advance in years, they may grow in grace, and may hereafter be found in the number of Thine elect children; through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

II.

O Heavenly Father, look down in mercy upon our children. Keep them from all harm, both in soul and in body. Make them obedient and humble, pure and truthful. May they remember Thee in the days of their youth, and at all times bear in mind that Thine eye is upon them. And so may they grow up in Thy fear and love, and increase, like the Holy Child Jesus, in wisdom, and in favour with God and man; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—Parents' Help Card S.P.C.K.

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—St. James the Apostle.—The Children's choral Litany was repeated by special request on the Second Sunday after Easter. The Church was very prettily decorated with flowers and plants under the direction of Miss Rae and Mrs. Holmes, and the teachers. The handsome banners which add so much pleasure to the children were made the previous week by Mrs. Fenwick and Miss DeWolf, and not Miss Rae as previously reported. To much praise cannot be accounted to the above ladies for their kind assistance in arranging their part of the children's service. The collection of the both services amount to \$36.

MAGAZINES.

The Homiletic Magazine (E. B. Treat, 771 Broadway, N.Y.), for April will be found more helpful and excellent than usual. It is especially rich in its Homiletical section on The Church Year, and contains outlines of sermons for the Sundays from Easter to Trin-

ty Sunday inclusive by some of the ablest theologians of the day and of the Church, and in its "Practical Homiletics" the 1st chapter of Hebrews is explained by the Rev. C. New Dr. Crosby, furnishes outlines of sermons on the 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Petitions of the Lord's Prayer.

NEW BOOKS.

THE April issue of Woman is full of entertaining and instructive matter. Edgar Fawcett's new novel "A Demoralizing Marriage," is continued through several chapters. Florence Percival contributes a lively sketch entitled "An April Fool." In "An Island and an Idyl," H. L. Spencer relates a romantic episode connected with the island of Grand Manan at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. Laura Clay discusses "The Responsibilities of Women to Society." Anna Olcott Commelin describes some women's clubs, with a retrospective glance at the history of clubs from earliest times. Under the title of "One Woman's Idea," Eleanor Corbet imparts some excellent notions relative to tasteful apparel, and there is the usual amount of useful information in the several "departments" of the magazine, which is attracting general attention. The illustrated features of this number are especially deserving of commendation. \$2.75 per an., 25c each. The Woman's Publishing Co., N.Y.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.—Another new book, fresh from the press of The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, is a biographical sketch of "Charles George Gordon, a Nineteenth Century Worthy of the Church of England," by the Rev. T. M. Riley, S.T.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Nashotah, and Canon of Milwaukee. As to the subject of the sketch, nothing need be said. The whole world echoes the praise of England's saintly hero and martyr. The military career of General Gordon was both brilliant and positive, but the record of his life, his spirit soaring away from battlefield, away from canon and from conflict, all that inner man with the keen spirituality; love of retirement and humility, that makes up the life of a saint in the Kingdom of God, this is what Prof. Riley so aptly portrays in the book noted. Few names are recorded in the annals of the world's history, that blend so harmoniously the military power and grandeur, with the devotional spirit. The narrative of Gordon in China, in Africa, at home in Christian England or abroad in the service of the Khedive, or of his own sovereign, reads like a page torn from mediæval history, when a religious fervor moved prince and knight to take up the crusade against the defilers of the Holy Sepulchre.

Dr. Riley's book is handsomely bound in red cloth, contains a frontispiece portrait of Gordon, and is sold at 60 cents net; price by mail 65 cents.

An English Church paper says that "Roman Catholics among themselves lament that the numbers which leave them for the Church of England, are much larger than the number they draw from us."

BAPTISMS.

At London, Ont., on the 5th inst., by the Rev. Rural Dean Fletcher, of Unionville, Ont., Leopold Wright, son of Dr. Albert J. and Helen Pingol.

DIED.

WARREN.—At Thorburn, N.S., April 14th, Ada, only child of John T. and Elizabeth A. Warren, aged 15 months.

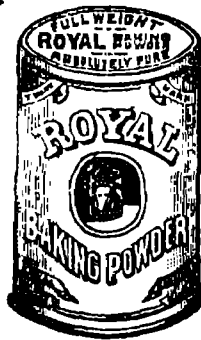
PINGOL.—Entered into rest at London, Ont., on the 8th ult., Helen, beloved wife of Dr. A. J. Pingol, aged 25 years.

JOHNSTON.—Entered into the rest of Paradise, on March 21st, Elizabeth Hunt, the beloved wife of Prescott Johnstone, of the Parish of St. Paul's, Cow Bay, O.B.

"Grant her, Lord, Eternal rest, and let light perpetual shine in upon her."

MARKS.—At St. Stephen's, Ship Harbour on March 12th, James Marks, aged 70 years.

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