

resisted strenuously at first; but circumstances were too strong for him, and the little comedy was at an end.

The little chorister was gently but firmly reproved by his father for what he had done, and he promised penitently:

"Me won't ever do so no more."

Nor did he wear vestments again until he was large enough to act as crucifer.

STORY ABOUT BAPTISM.

The children waited in the porch and on the churchyard path for the babies who had been baptized to be brought out of church, to give them a kiss and to ask their names, for, although they had listened attentively while the service was going on, they were not sure which name belonged to which baby. It was all very exciting and nice, and I do not know how long they would have stayed, asking questions of the mothers, and peeping up into the babies' faces, if their own mother had not called them away.

Trotty was the last to come. He was thinking he saw no difference in the babies. Why had they been baptized? he wondered.

"Master Trotty, you had better come on," said George, the footman.

And Trotty jumped up, for he knew that George and "blind Williams," the organist, were always the last to leave the church, and he was a little frightened when he saw how very far away every body had got.

At tea, nurse and the children had a good deal to say about the after-

noon service—how the babies behaved, and which had the prettiest names. Trotty had nearly forgotten his puzzling thoughts by the time they all went out to their gardens and the lawn by the chestnut walk. Here they found May, their big sister. They ran about and looked at their flowers, and tried to count the birds' nests under the eaves of Fern Cottage, their own little house where they cooked, and gave tea-parties, and made jam.

All at once Gladys said to May, in a voice not like a play-voice, "Was we made a congregation of Christ's flock when we was little, like Mrs. Jones' baby?"

Now, Mrs. Jones was an untidy and very poor woman, and her baby looked ill and fretful and its christening gown was dirty, and Gladys felt that she should not like to be the same kind of child.

"Yes, dear, one of the same flock," replied her sister.

"But I want to know," interrupted Trotty, "why the babies did not look any different?"

"Because sprinkling with water is simply the outward sign that God has taken them for His children. His Holy Spirit comes and lives in our hearts at our baptism, and tells us what to do, so that we may be able to follow Him all the days of our life. The difference is in our hearts, not in our faces, which belong to our earthly bodies. Our souls are God's. Jesus said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;' and every child thus brought belongs to Him. He loves them all quite the same. I am sure He pities and

watches sorrowfully over those who have untidy mothers, or whose fathers are out of work; and we, who promised to follow in His steps, what ought we to do?"

"Help them," cried all the listening children.

"Yes," said May, "that is what Jesus wants you to do."

"He gave His life for you, What can you do for Him?"

Gladys was quite ashamed that she had not wished to be of the same "congregation" as Mrs. Jones' baby. She remembered that Christ was born in a manger, because He wanted the poorest child to know He was its Friend.

"Does the Holy Spirit always stay in our hearts?" asked Trotty.

"Yes, unless we are very naughty and drive Him out," May answered; "but we ought to ask God to make us love and obey Him. What was the Collect for to-day, Gladys? You and Hubert were learning it before church."

"Oh God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee;" began Gladys slowly. "Mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

"You see," said Sister May, "that unless the Holy Spirit is in our hearts to rule and direct us, we cannot be good. So, when we are little babies God sends Him to us in our baptism, and we must pray all our lives long that He may stay to rule and direct our hearts."

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—If you live in the full sunshine of Christ, and have him not merely playing upon the surface of your mind, but sunk deep down in it, transforming your whole being, then some men will, as they look at you, be filled with strange longings, and will say: "Come, let us walk in the light of the Lord."

—The world is full of life. Each life is a tune; so the world is a great orchestra; and of them all how few tunes are played through, how many ended as they were not begun.

—"He who goes down hill will always find company; but he who climbs the heights must often travel alone."

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—"It is not for all of us to do great things in one line of Christian service, but there is something for all of us to do."

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