

God' that we shall be best able to understand and appreciate the office and work of the Bishops; themselves first receiving their ministerial power by successive delegation from the Apostles, they transmit the power to others, as an earthly father hands on to his children the gift of physical life. As the father of his diocese, the bishop is the one responsible teacher in it, the clergy being regarded as his assistants and subject to his oversight and correction in what they teach. It is his first duty to be the guardian of 'the faith once given to the saints,' to see that it is taught in its fulness and in its purity. As 'Fathers' the Bishops are the natural rulers of the

diocese, which is their family, their right to rule being derived not from those over whom they are 'set in the Lord,' but from the character and position which they have inherited from the Apostles of Christ.

It is as our 'Fathers in Christ,' who by His appointment have been the means used to convey to us the highest gifts, that they claim our respect and loyal submission; it is as such that the Apostle exhorts us to 'obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief.'

H. W. O.

Home, Sweet Home.

CHAPTER IV.

ALICE had gone out one morning to make a few purchases. It was cold and frosty, and the streets were very slippery. Two little girls were walking hand in hand in front of her, evidently on their way to the Infant School. The elder, who looked about six years old, was holding the little one, some two years younger, carefully by the hand, when her foot slipped on a frozen puddle and she fell, pulling her little sister down with her. A light cart dashing quickly along would have been upon them in a moment if Alice had not dragged the little creatures, without an instant's delay, from the dangerous spot. The younger child cried bitterly in mingled fright and pain, while the elder seemed more concerned about her sister's condition than about the accident to herself, though her hands were scratched and bleeding.

'Susie is so timid,' she explained. 'Mother says we must never frighten her, never.'

Alice took Susie in her arms and tried to comfort her, but the little thing continued to sob so violently that Alice, feeling really frightened, proposed to

the elder sister that she should carry her home. To Alice's surprise it turned out that the children's home was in the very house in which she lived herself.

'Our mother is Mrs. Butler, and I am Ada,' said the bigger girl.

Then Alice remembered what Mrs. Jones had said about Mrs. Butler and her stand-off ways, and what Mrs. Jones called her 'nonsense' in being always cooking and the like, and noticed, what she had been too much preoccupied to observe before, how neat the children were, and how healthy they looked, even although they were for the moment rather pale with fright. The thought of Mrs. Jones's remarks made Alice wonder whether Mrs. Butler would regard her entrance as an intrusion; yet she could not leave little Susie until she had put her safely into her mother's arms.

Rather timidly, therefore, she tapped at the door which Ada said was theirs. 'Come in,' cried a pleasant voice, and when Alice entered she saw a tidy, motherly woman busy stirring something in a saucepan over the fire. At the sound of Susie's cries, which had not ceased for a moment since her fall, the woman turned round, and perceiving her little one in a stranger's arms hastened forward to take her, after