

was not quite killed by the fall, but had just strength to rise on his knees, and pray for them all; and while he was thus praying, they threw heavy stones at him, and at last he was killed with a blow from a fuller's club, which implement has in consequence been since considered as his emblem. St. James is said to have been ninety-six years old when he was thus martyred."

"Oh, mama, how could he have strength to bear it all?"

"It was not his own strength, my boy, that supported him, as I have said before, but the strength of One who is ever with His faithful followers even to the end, and for Whose sake these holy men counted it all joy thus to suffer.

Let us take heed then that in the words of to-day's collect 'we follow their steps,' and with God's help 'stedfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life.' Our Lord Himself has told us that 'straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life,' and so St. James in his epistle teaches us. Especially in the part which is read to us to-day, he shows us how many and great are the trials of a Christian's life, but these very trials may prove blessings, if only we use them rightly, making prayer, as St. James tells us, our one safeguard in every difficulty and temptation, and seeking through all 'to know Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life.'—For 'this is life eternal, that we may know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.'"

L. H. B.

IN MEMORIAM. J. K.

One star of song from out our firmament
 Hath passed away, and lo! a vacant space,
 Where onoe rich music flowed from lips of grace
 And soothed the murmurs of our discontent:
 Silent the voice that once its sweetness sent
 Through all the windings of the Christian's years,
 Or sang to lyre attuned for listening ear
 Of child-like souls whose name is "Innocent."
 Hush, faithless grief! This Easter morning bright
 Its witness bears, nor star nor voice is gone:
 That still shines clear for all who love the light:
 This through far lands and ages soundeth on;
 Ah! Were it ours to tune our lives aright,
 Nor basely fail where he hath nobly won!

Easter 1866.

E. H. P.

GOING TO CHURCH.

We plucked fresh violets as we walked along
 Through quiet lanes to church. A genial flood
 Of sunshine lured each bead-like hedgerow bud
 To burst in leaf. The air was full of song,
 And those sweet mingled voices that belong
 To happy vernal hours in field and wood.
 Subdued by that fair scene silent we stood
 Mid Nature's joyous, inarticulate throng.
 But suddenly we heard our church bells ringing,
 Hallowing the calm, bright morn with solemn sound—
 In sweet accord with songs and sunshine flinging
 Their gracious invitations all around—
 Bidding us come where psalms would soon be winging
 Men's conscious, choral praise to Heaven's high bound.

Richard Wilton, A. M.