

mediable." *The Saturday Review*, again, a journal well informed on clerical matters, says that, "as the end of the whole affair we are landed in the very sensible conclusion that some adaptation of the voluntary system is the only remedy for the great curate grievance." It openly charges Churchmen with "doing less for the support of their professed belief than any other body of religionists in the land." "People build churches and starve the clergy," and the consequence is stated to be that the quality of clergymen is rapidly deteriorating. Other journals are following in the same strain, and the Puseyites are reminding the people that "the offertory" is the legitimate means of supporting the ministry. And we are bound to acknowledge that owing to their earnest longings for Church independence, no class of Churchmen are either so liberal already, or so likely to become Episcopalian voluntaries as earnest Puseyites.

The whole discussion must tend to open the eyes of Churchmen, and to dissipate their prejudices against the voluntary system. When the most earnest of them have arrived so far as to avow that the future support of the additional ministry, as well as the erection of additional churches, ought to be conducted on a plan more voluntary than yet exists among Dissenters, we shall probably be safe from the taunts of Lord John Russell and his followers on the subserviency of those who "preach to live." They have profited by the results of their own practice in regard to church building, and will never again forget the contrast between the first thirty years of this century and the subsequent twenty years, during which two thousand churches were built and £5,000,000 contributed by private liberality. The results of pew-rents and the offertory have yet to teach their lesson, and they will do it. It will in due time be seen that those maintained by these methods are as a class the most efficient and faithful ministers, equally independent with rectors and vicars, and supported cheerfully on the part of their flocks. Indeed we have no doubt that the next census might reveal something startling in this respect, notwithstanding the interference of the partial endowment required by the bishops for new churches. Voluntaryism in England has now for ever passed the stage of contempt; it has fairly entered on that of respectful discussion and—What next?

From the Children's Paper.

DIAMONDS AND SCORPIONS.

"Close the window, and come away from it, dear Rose", said Nancy Smith to her sister. "Those men are swearing dreadfully; it is a sin even to listen to them."

"They forget that God hears them," replied Rose, quitting the window, "and that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment."—Matt. xii. 36.

"I remember, not very long ago," said Nancy, "having read a story of two girls, one kind and good, the other rude and naughty. To the first it was granted as a reward, that whenever she spoke, pearls and diamonds should drop from her mouth; the other girl was punished for her faults by scorpions and other reptiles following her words. I have often thought since, that there was much meaning in that tale; that the conversation of the wise is indeed precious as jewels, while the speech of the wicked is as scorpions."

"Yes," said Rose, "the words of those bad men will sting them like scorpions at the last day."

"Oh! Rose, let us not judge them, but rather judge

ourselves. Not one of us but has sinned daily, again and again, with our lips."

"I do not see that, Nancy," answered Rose. "I am quite sure that I never swear."

"No, you would tremble to do that when you know the command, 'Above all things, my brethren, swear not.'—James v. 12.

"And I never tell a lie."

"No, for you have been taught that heaven is closed to those whose lips speak falsehood, 'And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.'—Rev. xxi. 27. And yet, dear Rose, were an angel to mark down every day all the words that you utter, you would find there was sin in the page."

"I doubt that," said Rose, "not if I were on my guard. Let us try now; will you to-morrow, only to-morrow, mark down every wrong word which I say? I shall not take up much of your time, I promise you."

"Well, Rose, I am willing to make the trial."

"Here, then, is a pencil and a piece of paper."

"It is a very small piece, Rose," said Nancy, smiling.

"Quite large enough, I am sure, for *one* day. Besides, you will see so little of me to-morrow; if the day is fine, uncle has promised to call in his open cart, and take me to see the school-fête in the town. There is to be a band, and such fine doings! I do so hope that the weather will be bright. Do you think there will be no rain to-morrow, Nancy?"

"I cannot tell. The sun set in a bank of cloud; but I hope the day may be fair."

The first thought of Rose, as she opened her eyes on the following morning, was, "I hope the weather is fine!" But even before she reached the window, hope was changed into disappointment, as she heard the sound of the pattering rain. She looked out; the whole sky appeared leaden and dull, while the heavy shower fell as though it never would cease.

"How provoking—how very provoking!" cried Rose. "It is always so; whenever one wishes the day to be fine, down comes the tiresome rain!"

Impatient, foolish, unjust words: They were noted down.

Nancy and Rose dressed in silence, the younger sister repeatedly glancing at the window, and always with a look of vexation. In their little parlor they met their brother David.

"What glorious rain!" cried the boy. "It will make all my seeds spring up twice as fast."

"Who cares for your seeds? It will spoil the fête," said Rose, impatiently.

Ungenerous, selfish words: They were noted down. "Poor Rose," laughed David, "she has lost an opportunity of sporting her fine new ribbon."

"You are a saucy, provoking boy!" cried Rose, turning to the window; "I do not care a straw for all the ribbons in the world."

Exaggerated words: They were noted down.

"Oh! there's no use watching the sky," said David; "you had better take to mending my stockings. There's rain enough in that cloud to last till this time to-morrow. You may say good-bye to the fête at once."

"Be silent with your nonsense, will you?" exclaimed the irritated Rose; but David chose to talk on.

"The school children will wish to change their garlands for umbrellas, as they march to church with their dripping banners. I wish I were at the town just to see them!"

"I wish that you were anywhere but here, selfish, tormenting boy," cried Rose, leaving the room hastily, and slamming the door behind her.