

mothers had shed over the consecrated garments. At last the angel raised the shawl—the good, warm, soft wrap which Mrs. Weed had complacently said to herself would be the most valuable thing in the parcel. At that same moment she became conscious of a horrible dread which overwhelmed her, and a gathering darkness at her side, but she could not withdraw her gaze from the shawl, which was now shining indeed, but with a baleful and lurid lustre which seemed to burn her eyes.

"What shall we do with this?" said the angel sadly. "It is not even good enough for the world."

"No, it is mine!" said a voice, and a pair of dreadful eyes looked out upon her. "It was made an offering to me, and I claim my right."

As these words sounded in her ears the darkness seemed to enfold her like a suffocating vapor. She tried to scream, and the effort awoke here.

PART II.

The house before us might almost be the box itself, it was so small and so wholly without ornament. Such as it was, it was the home—the rectory, as the children liked to call it—of the Reverend Charles Root, of Cottonwood Valley, Nebraska; and very thankful was the Reverend Charles Root to have such a home to call his own, and a very cheerful object was its one window, shining with fire and lamplight, to the Reverend Charles Root when he returned from a twenty mile ride or walk through wind and rain, to attend a wedding or funeral, to visit a sick person, or to preach at one of his outlying stations. Cottonwood Valley was not a town, nor even a village. The town was ten miles off over the prairie, and boasted of a hotel, a post-office, a little chapel, where service was held at every other Sunday, and ten saloons and gambling houses, where the devil held service all day and all night. Land was dear in Smithville, and it was, moreover, quite at the extremity of his charge; so Mr. Root preferred to set up his tent at Cottonwood Valley, which was in the middle of his field, and close to his Indians, as he liked to call them—in fact, upon the reservation itself. The few genteel families in Smithville—for gentility was found there as elsewhere—wondered that Mr. Root should make such a choice, and sometimes talked of his duty to his family; but, I fear, if the truth were known, Mr. and Mrs. Root liked their red parishioners better than their white ones. The men did not drink any more, and they were always well bred when sober; and as to the children, I fear it must be confessed that the red Sunday school was better behaved than the white one. Even the pagans never disturbed public worship, but listened with immovable gravity and courtesy, whether they understood or not; for this inferior race for the most part hold the idea that all religious worship is to be treated with respect. Moreover, they liked their missionary, and considered him in a measure under their protection.

The rectory certainly did not present a very cheerful aspect on this December afternoon. There was a pretty good fire, and the room was as neat as hands could make it, but the carpet in the middle of the floor was dingy and threadbare, and the scanty furniture was a good match for it. Mrs. Root lay on the old couch, covered with a comforter which had seen its best days. She wore a faded calico wrapper, all too thin for the season, and a little worn plaid shawl. She ought to have been in bed, but there was no fire in the bedroom, and it was needful to economize fuel, which is not very plentiful thereabouts. A girl of about twelve sat at the window, reading a story book to two younger children, and an older maiden, whose black hair and dark skin showed her descent, was finishing a small ironing, glancing from time to time, with an anxious expression, at the lady on the sofa.

[To be continued.]

THE Church Review, London. Eng., under the title 'Undenominational Christianity,' and referring to some utterances of the Bishop of Bedford says:

We desire, however, at the present moment to lay more special stress on the Bishop's remarks upon the subject of undenominational Christianity. He informed his hearers that he was making arrangements for the purchase of a Nonconformist chapel which had just come into the market, and said that one of the features of the religion of the day was that people seemed enamoured of undenominationalism. He did not hesitate to declare that his experience proved that missions conducted on the line of this ism were invariably hostile to the Church. They had not that definiteness to recommend them which a Nonconformist mission pure and simple had. Indeed there was nothing whatever definite about them. No one knew what those who conducted them were going to teach, nor did even the agents themselves seem to know. Such an indictment as this, coming from such a man, is one that cannot be passed by in silence. It is so painfully true, that those who are, in the Bishop's words, enamoured of undenominationalism, would do well to see if their idol does not rest upon a very insecure foundation. If they are honest they will submit it to a searching examination, and when the test has once been applied it will reveal a very rotten state of affairs in Denmark. There is much in Christianity upon which all are agreed, from the Catholic Churchman to the Plymouth Brother. All point to one Saviour, Very God and very man; as the sole source of redemption. All believe in one Holy Spirit, Whose preventing grace alone can convert the sinner. All accept the Holy Bible as inspired and as the standard by which doctrine must be tried. But these primary truths, though enough in themselves to bring a man out of the slough of despond, will not build up either in

his faith or in the practice of his religion. Milk is the right food for babes in Christ, but those who are growing out of infancy must also be fed, and for them more substantial food is required.—*Pacific Churchman.*

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The question of hours of labor is discussed by General Walker in the 'Atlantic' for June. General Walker has made social questions a study, and his criticisms and suggestions on the present "Eight-Hour Agitation" come from a man more fully fitted to speak with authority than almost any one in the United States. Charles Dudley Warner's article on "The Novel and the Common School," is a keen analysis of the duty of the public schools in the supply of reading for our young citizens.

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