

prophet, however, got out of it cleverly, by saying that he had written the Koran, which, as every one could see, was a miracle in itself; but poor Wolff could not say he had written the Bible, so he fell a thinking.

The result was that he returned home, by many shades, a wiser man. He was ordained deacon in America, by the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, and priest in Ireland, by the Bishop of Dromore. He settled in England, he got a living there, "and the last time I saw him," says Mr. Newland, "he was preaching a tolerably High Church sermon in Archdeacon Dennison's Church, at East Brent, while the Archdeacon himself was sitting at the Prayer Desk, looking at him with a patronizing and fatherly air, nodding his head occasionally at any particularly orthodox passage, as if he were saying to himself, "Come, for a young hand, that is not so bad!"

ANDREW GRAY.

Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 4th, 1885.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

HE CARETH FOR US.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by the Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford.

I wonder if He really shares
In all my little human cares,
This mighty King of Kings?
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things?
It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss,
That I might covet pain.

Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt
That Thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine.
Thy love for me once crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

—The Young Churchman.

DAILY WEAKNESS.

(From the Young Churchman.)

"Give me strength against those daily weaknesses and failings which sully and taint the soul, and hinder our most earnest prayers, and estrange our hearts from Thee."

"Strange that I never noticed that prayer before; why, it is beautiful!" and Josie closed the little devotional book, looking thoughtfully from the window, out upon the meadow, where the children were having a lively game of tag before going to bed.

"Oh, there's Josie!" exclaimed one. "Josie! Josie! come play with us."

But the young girl shook her head decidedly. "No, I cannot go to them to-night. I want to think about that prayer, and my daily weaknesses. I wonder what they are. Oh! it is so easy to feel good, sitting here upon this chair, and in my own dear little room; but out amongst folks it is dreadful hard to be good."

"Daily weaknesses; daily weaknesses, Josie Stone; what are yours? Let me see. I am very fond of chalk and tea. Those tastes must come under that catalogue, for I indulge in them every day. I am ashamed of myself. Then I do love to lie abed in the morning; and that's another weakness, for I am well and strong. What next? Oh! I think I talk too much; that is, I am not always very wise and discreet in my conversation. Sometimes I tell things about people that need not be told. Oh! if I could always say good things about people. But one begins to talk, and says so much almost before he knows it. And now, that makes four weaknesses, and if I keep on I shall find plenty more. These will do to begin with, though, and I shall use the little prayer every day, and try to overcome them all."

Josie Stone had been confirmed only a few weeks before. Her heart was full of strong de-

sires towards the Master. She wished earnestly that she might prove faithful to the end; and at first all seemed so easy; but now Josie was beginning to learn that there were many difficulties in her heavenward path, and many hindrances to overcome. True, Rector and Sunday-school teacher had warned her that all would not be smooth and easy; but, girls, you know how often these loving warnings are unheeded, or else laid aside with the thought—"It will not be so in my case."

Let us spend one day with Josie; perhaps her experience may be of some use to other young disciples.

The rising bell awoke Josie from a very sound, sweet sleep. "I must have one more nap," she murmured. But as she settled into such a comfortable position, the little prayer of last night came into her mind. "There, I had forgotten all about last night," Josie Stone, got up immediately. The first day of school, too, a splendid time to start and try to follow new resolutions.

At last, neatly dressed, Josie sat down to read the Lessons for the day; and these carefully and thoughtfully read, the young girl knelt in prayer, nor did she forget to add to her other prayers the little petition which had impressed itself upon her mind on the previous evening.

Ah, Josie, your day begins well. Oh, if the well-doing only continues!

And here I feel as if I wanted to say one word to all the young readers of *The Young Churchman*. Do not be discouraged children, on account of your failures. No matter if you fall seventy times in the day. Pick yourselves up, and with a little prayer to God for forgiveness and help, go forward. That is the one thing that we must do—go forward in our Saviour's strength.

I so often think of that simple little hymn which the children have sung for so many years:—

Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

Well, the little hymn is laid aside now-days as being rather old fashioned; but it contains a world of truth and comfort nevertheless. But I know you are all waiting to go to school with Josie, so we will start immediately.

She has successfully resisted her weakness for chalk, and entered the closet where her mother keeps the tea canister several times, without so much as lifting its lid. So, feeling rather strong and elated, Josie proceeds on her way to school. Once there, all is confusion, talk and bustle. "It is so pleasant to come together once more after the long vacation," says one; and another exclaims, "Lots of new scholars, Josie."

And from a distant corner one little girl cries out, "Josie Stone, you promised to have a desk next to mine this term."

You see Josie is a favorite. But who can wonder! For she is always good natured, willing and gentle towards all. Then our Josie is pretty, and dresses well, two qualities which go a great way with school girls.

At last the scholars are called to order, and there can be no more talking, comparing notes or questioning until recess. Then a group of chosen friends cluster round Josie for a talk.

"Me must decide about those three new girls who are to be in our classes, Josie; do you know anything about them?"

"Let me see," replies Josie, thoughtfully. "Augusta Banks, Clara More and Jennie Whitney."

Josie, take care! I fear your weakness for giving information about people will make you stumble now.

But Josie has forgotten already. She says, "Oh, that Augusta Banks is nobody much—don't belong to our set at all, you know. Her father keeps a little fancy store on one of the avenues."

"Very well; we'll just speak politely to her in the classes, and when we meet,—that's all," decided one of the school dictators. "We must draw a line somewhere, the school is so large."

"But what of the other two girls?" asked another class mate.

"I don't know anything about Clara More, but she seems to be all right," and Josie looked critically at the girl who stood by a window at the other end of the school-room.

"She has a very assured air and manner," continued the school-room oracle. "As for Jennie Whitney, there's not a doubt as to her standing. She belongs to the Lane street Whites."

The ringing of the order bell now put an end to the conversation, and the girls took their seats and settled to work with as important an air and manner as if they had been debating upon state affairs.

How strange that this social standing possesses such an influence even in schools. Not a question or remark upon the character or intellectual standing of those three girls, but merely, "Who are they? To what set do they belong?"

Still, it is not to be expected that the children should be better, wiser or nobler than their parents in discussing such topics as people's business, position, wealth, or style of dressing and living.

Once again Josie sat by the window. She had finished her lessons for the following day, and now her thoughts recurred to the three new scholars.

"There! On this very first day I have forgotten. I never thought, until this moment," she exclaimed. "I need not have been so very eager and decided in settling the position of my new class mates. I might have influenced the girls so differently. What difference does it make in our treatment of that Augusta Banks, if her father does keep a fancy store, but I do so love to tell all I know about people."

"Josie! Who in the world are you talking to?"

"Only to myself, Aunt Fanny. Sit down here, and let me tell you all about it."

So Josie placed Aunt Fanny in her own little rocking chair, then, sitting down at the lady's feet, told her the story of "Daily Weaknesses."

"Aunt Fanny, what can I do?" she asked at its conclusion.

"Only try again to-morrow, dear, harder than ever; and take Augusta Banks by the hand; bring her into your circle, for I know you will like her. She is one of my Sunday-school scholars, and a very lovely, intelligent girl. This will be a hard thing to do; but never mind. If we are really striving to follow the Saviour, we must always do our best to remedy mistakes and careless missteps, such as yours of to-day. Be thankful if you can do to-day's work over again, Josie, for such grace is not always given to us."

"I know it," Aunt Fanny, and even now the girls will think me changeable and fussy."

"That is part of the punishment, Josie. No wrong-doing is ever made right doing without pain and humiliation. Then, here is a little drop of comfort. Older Christians than yourself have constantly to struggle and fight with these little daily weaknesses. So do not be discouraged, dear. For this constant warfare need never be waged in our own strength, or by ourselves. The Captain of our salvation never forsakes His people."

H. L. H.

God's presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journeyed with us by the way, He will abide with us when nightfall comes; and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.—MacLaren.