

tion that as Scultetus and Grotius (both eminently learned foreign Protestants) attribute this institution, (Episcopacy) to the Apostles, so do the most ancient Fathers of the Church assure us, that in this the Apostles followed their Master's example.

The author of the above extract is described as a man of great credit and worth, and one who confessed that he had himself received very great prejudice in his youth against the Church of England.

[Introduction to the Grace of the Ministry by Rev. W. Denton.]

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE."

BY EMILY M. CORNWALL.

To day, on lowly-bended knee

With hearts sore hungering, we take  
The symbols which our Master blessed ;  
The cup we drink, the bread we break.

Saviour, Thou art the Bread of Life ;  
Renew our strength, supply our need ;  
Be Thou our trust, our joy, our hope,  
Blest Food, on which Thy children feed.  
Take Thou our wills, and shape them, Lord.  
Into the pattern most like Thine ;  
Take Thou our hearts, our souls, our lives,  
Make them less earthly, more divine.

We cannot live without Thee, Lord ;  
Hungering and thirsting, faint we fall,  
"Give us this day our daily Bread,"  
Be Thou our Light, our Life, our All.  
—Living Church.

## THE KING'S VISIT.

By M. E. M.

The children had just finished their supper and were gathered around the blazing wood fire in their cosy playroom. It was Saturday evening, and all the toys had been put carefully away, and the Sunday books brought out of their own particular drawer in readiness for the morrow. There was a game of steeple chase on the table, but it was being quite neglected, or Jack and Daisy were eagerly discussing some important subject, and Sam and little Joe had left their game to listen to them.

'Well, Jack,' Daisy was just saying, 'you're older than I am, so you must be right. If was ten I suppose I'd know, too, but you see I'm only eight, and that isn't very old. But Aunt May will soon come down, and we'll ask her about it, for she knows everything ;' and as if the words had brought her, a sweet voice called from the hall, 'Where are my children, are they waiting for me ?' and a lovely, graceful woman entered the room.

Her velvet dinner dress only added to her loveliness, and Jack was not far from right when he said that his mamma was the 'most beautiful mother a boy ever had.' Her niece and god-child, Daisy, whose own mother had died when she was a baby, fully agreed with him, and his two little brothers thought so too, and tried very hard to be good to show how much they loved her. She was soon comfortably settled in the big armchair Jack had pushed up for her, and with little Joe in her arms, Jack and Sam each perched on an arm of the chair, and Daisy on a stool at her feet, they made such a pretty picture that the children's father had to give them each an extra kiss before he went off to take his 'forty winks' in the library.

'And now, my dear ones,' she began, 'we must first tell Daisy that we always talk a little about Sunday on Saturday evening, that when we wake in the morning on the dear Lord's Day we may know just what to think about.

Now, my Jack, tell me which Sunday to-morrow will be.'

'Advent Sunday, mamma dear,' he quickly answered, 'and Daisy and I were just waiting to ask you about it. We don't quite understand, although I know you told us last year that 'Advent' ment 'coming.'

'I am so pleased that you remembered that so nicely, dear, and I shall tell you a story this evening which will, I am sure, make it quite easy for even baby Joe to understand,' and she kissed the golden head that nestled against her so sweetly.

'A great many years ago a little boy and girl lived in a great stone castle in a far-off country called England, on the other side of the same great ocean we lived so near last summer. Their names were Percival and Margaret, and their father was a man whom the King of England thought a great deal of, because he was a good man and a brave, faithful soldier. The house where these children lived was in the country, and they loved to walk and run in the woods and meadows, and best of all to get on their ponies and, with a trusty servant to take care of them, where a lovely river ran in and out as far as they could see.

'One autumn day they started off in this way with their lunch in a basket, and were gone from early morning until late in the afternoon. Just as the sun was setting they came in sight of their home, and as they drew near were much surprised to meet their father's grooms and huntsmen riding toward them, and in such haste that they could only stop long enough to take off their caps to the children, and then hurry on, too busy to answer even their questions. So, not knowing at all how to account for the strange things they saw, the children whipped up their ponies, and soon reaching the great iron door of the castle they jumped to the ground and hurried into the large square hall.

'Here was all hurry and confusion. The house servants were fastening up great boughs of oak leaves in the corners, and hanging brilliant red banners, embroidered with silver lions and roses, on the staircase, and draping large pieces of cloth of gold from the wooden beams. At once Percival espied his father in a distant window, and taking his little sister by the hand, he rushed forward, breathlessly asking the reason for all that he saw.

'My son,' his father answered, and put his hand on the boy's shoulder, 'a great honour has been done our house this day, for our king is now on a journey, and it is his royal pleasure to dine with us to-morrow at noon. This is the meaning of the great preparations that so surprise my children.'

'Little Percival could scarcely believe the wonderful news that he was to see at last the great king he had heard so much about, and really to speak with him ; and when they were told that out of their own possessions they must each choose a gift for him, they were more excited still, and could scarcely go to sleep, although they were so tired after their long ride.

'The noise and bustle in the house woke them early the next morning, and they were quite ready to get up when their kind old nurse brought them the fine new clothes they were to wear. They looked very pretty when they were ready to go down. Percival wore a crimson velvet suit and white silk stockings ; and Margaret a white satin gown, laced with silver, with a large laced collar. By this time they had decided what their presents to the king should be, and it made their parents very proud and happy to hear how sweet and unselfish they had been. The beautiful jewelled cup that Percival had chosen was one he loved very much, and the silver bowl from little Margaret was the only one she had.

'All over the castle the great rooms had been thrown open for the first time in many

years, and the heavy curtains drawn back from the wide doors. Great fires burned in the chimneys, and in the dining-hall the table and side-boards were covered with gold and silver dishes filled with fruits and flowers. Their father and mother were dressed in rich velvets and beautiful jewels sparkled on their clothing. The servants wore their scarlet liveries, and even the housekeeper wore a new silk gown and lace cap. The gifts of horses and birds were waiting in the courtyard, and everything within the castle and without in the park was in readiness and waiting for the coming of the king.

'At last he came, and the whole household went out to receive him, and knelt to kiss his hand. Then with much pomp and ceremony he entered the house, and they soon sat down to the great dinner that had been prepared for them. When the long meal was over, Percival and Margaret again knelt on one knee and presented their gifts together, the cup quite full of the rarest wine, and the deep silver dish with fruit. They did it so nicely that the king lifted them up and put one on each knee and told them of his own little ones at home. He thanked them many times for their lovely gifts, and told Percival that he must grow up to be just such a good man, and as brave a soldier as his father was, and that then the world would be better because he had lived in it. Then he kissed little Margaret, and told her how much there was for her to do, although she was only a little girl ; and that a good, pure, loving woman was by far the loveliest thing God ever made.

'Last of all, before he rode away with his soldiers, he told their father and mother that he wanted both the children to live in his palace the following winter, so that he might see them often, and that they should learn to love him better. Which their parents promised to do.

'And now, dear children, I want you each one to tell me what you would have chosen to give the king, if you had been in that castle with little Percival and Margaret so many years ago—Baby Joe, what would you have given dearie ? Tell mamma.'

'I sink I would have given my silver bowl to that good king. I sink I would have given it,' answered the little fellow.

And his mother hugged him close, for she well knew how much he prized it.

Sam did not wait to be asked, and the sober little face showed how truly he meant it when he proposed his steeple-chase, which was quite new and his special delight.

'That's my good generous boy,' his mother added, as she stroked the brown curls which covered his small head.

Daisy came next, and as she could not offer her dolls to a man, she asked if the new Prayer-book with the gilt cross (her birthday present) would have done.

This, too, was hard to give, and aunt May looked lovingly at her god-daughter as she told her how happy this present would surely have made the king.

Last of all came Jack, and his mother kissed the small brown hand that lay on her shoulder, when he proposed his watch, the thing of all others he most prized.

'And now, dear ones, I want you to listen very carefully while I explain to you my story.

'Each one of us is now living in a castle far more wonderful than the one I told you about, and we must keep it very clean and in order, as did the father of Percival and Margaret so many years ago. And to us, too, a message is sent every year by our 'great King' to tell us to make ready for his coming. We must make our houses very beautiful to receive our King, and we must each choose gifts for Him.

'Sam, dear, what were you made when you were baptised ?'

'A soldier of Christ,' promptly answered the boy.