

Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say:
Be tempted as you may
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow,
While on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set:
So, if you a good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all.
When you work and when you play,
Each day, and every day,
Then peace shall glad your way,
Though the sky should fall.

THE YOUNG MERCHANTS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was supplied with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruits to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Williams' stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

MOTHER AND SON.—There is no tie in the world more beautiful than that which binds a mother and son grown old enough to be her protector. A daughter loves her mother, indeed; but she sees all her defects, as one woman always does see those of another. No doubt, with the unconscious arrogance of youth, she exaggerates them. But the son loves his mother with an ideal love—he sees her as a man sees a woman; that is to say, through a certain halo of mystery. Reverence is in his feeling for her, and at the same time a sense of her need of his care—he is at once her knight and her son. He is proud of her and fond of her at the same. Her image is sacred in his mind. She may not be better than other women; but she seems so to him.

A SACRED MELODY.

Be Thou, O God! by night, by day,
My guide, my guard from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within—

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumines,
And active as the lark, that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings
Midst light from Paradise.

TRAVELLERS' SKETCHES.

No. 5.

Sir,—We hear very much in Canada of the parties in the Church respectively known as *High* and *Low*.

There I always thought the lines of demarcation decidedly foggy, and when usually asked if I were 'high' or 'low,' took the precaution before committing myself to an answer, to request from the querist his idea of the terms.

But in England I think the matter is clearer. Here there are at least three distinctive parties in the church, namely: "Ritualists," "The High" and "The Low." I do not say anything to-day as to "The Broad."

As the three above enumerated come at least within the extreme limits of Catholicity, the very existence of such parties, if in some ways it be a source of anxiety, yet is a remarkable proof of the truly liberal catholicity which mark the teaching of the Anglican branch of the Universal Church of Christ.

In order to satisfy myself by personal inquiry into matters about which there is much talk, but I think little genuine knowledge among churchmen in Canada, I have watched attentively these parties, as shown in one city in England, a city of about 60,000 inhabitants and fourteen or fifteen churches.

No doubt can exist in my mind that the symbolizing of much of the service of the Ritualists, though it be just within the lines of the reformed Church of England, approaches so nearly the points whereon Rome has departed from orthodoxy, that the 'multitude' can hardly avoid in some measure falling into Roman error, yet I cannot see, how a fair and liberal minded churchman, even allowing their ritual to be foolishly and dangerously excessive, can condemn them in the unchristian and malignant manner displayed from time to time by such a body as 'The Church Association' in England, and its organ 'The Rock.' Indeed the Ritualists would never have gone to such extremes, had they not been persecuted and driven from point to point in order to commit their principles more and more plainly to the public scrutiny.

You have, of course, observed the "tight places" into which the judges have been driven in their attempts to define the Rubrics—how the best-meant Rubric, "if the strict letter thereof be regarded," has been given to the Ritualists; and how the eastward position has been awarded to the High.

The results are most satisfactory to the moderate Churchmen, and also to many a clergyman who, though outwardly in the ranks of "the low," would, if free will were accorded him, break through the cast iron bands of an effete Puritanism.

Time was when a surpliced choir was looked upon as an irredeemable step towards Rome. Now it has come to be regarded as a matter of seemly order, and has been relegated from its ridiculous position as a party badge.

Time was when the wearing of a cassock beneath the surplice was hooted at as the "habit" of a "petticoated priest." Now I observe the neat cassock beneath the surplice of many a "priest" who does not thereby gain the name of "Roman."

Willingly I pass from such observations as these to consider the wonderful "work" done for God by the Church.

Let us go to a little country Church, which, when last visited, fourteen years ago, we regarded as the abode of dust and dirt, and the natural

sleeping place for half the old villagers upon a Sunday afternoon.

Here to-day we find Reformation, accompanied by renovation. The churchyard mown and the grass-grown mounds tidily cut and kept, and the Churches—well, each one is a beautiful study—renewed, often at great expense; the beauties of ancient architecture brought prominently forward by the contrast of modern seats, appointments, and Church ornaments.

The windows are clean, and the various stained glasses "in memoriam" warm the Church. The high-backed square pews are thrown out, and in their places open pews, where all, rich and poor, have equal rights to seats within the house of God.

The chancel is no longer the receptacle of rubbish, but is fitted up with neat prayer desks, choir seats and lectern; while within the "rail" is a decent altar-table, covered usually by a rich altar cloth—a central object in the house of God, even as the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ our Saviour must ever be the central rite in the public worship of Almighty God.

A still more pleasing feature in the reformation now progressing in the Church at home is the fact that congregations are everywhere doubled and trebled. In many country parishes, where a few years ago, under the old and dead-alive regime, a sprinkling of the aged were found at Church to listen to the "doing" of the service by the parson, his clerk, and perchance a few discordant instruments, the services are weekly well attended upon Sundays, and even daily services find many regular attendants in the house of God.

Clergy in England, generally called "high" therefor, are practising the remedy given by a good bishop for clerical sore throat, viz: "The order of morning and evening prayer daily throughout the year."

Truly God hath been very merciful, and hath heard the prayer of His Church, "O Lord, revive Thy work."

I attended a weekly service upon a Monday evening at All Saints' Church in the city of Gloucester.

The service was full choral, and the sermon by the Rev. Mr. Pennefather, a clergyman who had preached in the city during a 'mission work' held last winter. The church which has sittings (free seated) for about 750 was crowded. It was a most charming sight to see the workmen with their wives and children crowding seats and aisles, and when the body of the church and transepts were filled, to see more workmen in their fustian jackets sitting upon the steps of the chancel and sanctuary, devoutly 'turning' to the East, during the recital, in which every one in the church seemed to take part, of the Creed, and taking their part in the solemnly intoned responses and amens.

O that we could see the churches with devout worshippers drawn from 'all sorts and conditions of men.' It has been my privilege to preach several times in large churches in England, and it has warmed my heart and given utterance to my tongue, to be permitted to urge the solemn truths of our most holy religion, before the sea of upturned reverent faces, which have upon each occasion greeted me.

"Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy face
And with Thy saints adore."
• Yours faithfully,
W.

MARRIAGES.

On the 24th ult., at Marmullane Church, Passage West, County of Cork, by the Rev. Ambrose Hickey, incumbent of Ballinaboy, and uncle to the bridegroom, the Rev. Francis Henry Walter Archbold, B. A. Curate of Schull, Diocese of Cork, only surviving son of Edward P. Archbold, of Heathbourne Hall, Halifax, N. S., to Eliza Scott, only surviving daughter of the late James Roche Howe, Esq., Glounevirane, County of Cork.

ATKINSON—MAYNARD—On the 23rd inst., at Trinity College Chapel, Toronto, by the Ven. the Archdeacon of York, William Pryor Atkinson, second son of the late Rev. Dr. Atkinson, of St. Catharines, to Mary Elizabeth Martin Maynard, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Maynard, M.A.