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understand, and I want you to begin by loving the child. I know you will end by doing so; but that is not enough. His story will be told best in the great "by-and-bye," but so far as I can realize it with my earth-bound sight, I will tell you of him now.

Sir Richard and Lady Selby had five children: Edward was twelve, Gladys eleven; then a break, and the twins came, a boy and a girl; but the little girl only found a tear waiting for her, so she went back to the sky.

The boy was left alone to battle in life without his pair, and "Boy" he was called from that day. Why or wherefore, nobody knows. When Boy is asked how he got his nickname, he always answers, "Because you see I wasn't born the girl," and that reason, after all, is the best you can have.

When my story begins he was nearly eight; really alone in the family, for Edie was two, and the new baby was her pair; so between the school-room and the nursery Boy was rather lost sight of. He was not old enough to be owned by the governess, and he was passed the nurse's management; so he fell between two stools and lived a little life of his own.

No one knew the strange thoughts and fancies which grew up in that active little brain. With him his religion was his daily life. "God" meant the very air he breathed. He found no difference between Sunday and Monday, and he was often heard to say things that said by other children would have sounded irreverent.

He realized His Heavenly Father more as a Friend than a Judge, and he was so much alone that this inner life grew more and more.

He used often to wander off into the walled garden and climb into a seat in the old willow tree, and tell the little brooklet that murmured over the stones what was in his heart.

"You's off to the great sea," he said aloud, "and I can't go with you, though I should particularly like to. It's lonely waiting here, and you can't carry me on your shoulders like you does the flowers and the leaves, and land me farther down the stream. But I dreams I shall hear the noise of the great waters some day, for I made out something in the sermon last Sunday; but, oh! just as I thought I was understanding, a beautiful butterfly came, and I watched it and forgot, and when I listens again we had got to the 'Now to God,' and father was waking up."

Go on Boy, tell the streamlet your thoughts, and they will reach the boundless sea of God's love, for He is watching you now. We may all of us long to be carried farther down life's stream, but we too have to learn to wait before we are given a new lesson to learn, and we can only go on, step by step, trusting in the dark.

Boy was fond of his mother in a way, but she was not a *motherly* mother; he admired her beauty and longed for her love, but somehow she seemed to belong to another world than his, into the ways and works of which he could not enter.

She seldom noticed him, but his father was often struck by what the little lad said, and would tell his wife, but she laughed and remarked, it was "only Boy," and his nonsense was quite beyond her. So he grew up without a parent's sympathy.

Edward and Gladys seldom spoke to their little brother, though they were nice children in themselves.

"You had better play with Edie, Boy," said Gladys, putting her arm round Edward's neck as they started for a walk.

"Or baby," said Edward, looking back, with a laugh.

"Miss Edie is going to drive with your mamma," put in nurse, as she saw him looking towards his sister. "But there is dear baby," she added, seeing a forlorn look cross the child's face.

"I's not particularly fond of my baby brother," Boy quietly remarked, thus hurting nurse's dignity, who took no more notice of him.

"It is a pity, said Boy to himself, "that people wasn't made grown up. If I could only begin again"—he went on, sitting down on the bank and drawing his knees up to make a rest for his chin—"if I could only begin again at the verse, 'And the evening and the morning was the first day,' I think I could better things a bit."

"Better what a bit, little one?" said a voice, and coming round the corner of the walk, Boy

caught sight of the figure of the Curate, and jumped up, exclaiming, "Oh, Doddles! I's so glad you've come, I particularly wants to have a chat."

Doddles was Mr. Dodsworth, the curate, and a friend of Boy's.

"You see he hasn't got no pair, so that's why I likes him," he would explain. And Boy was a very bright spot in the Curate's life.

He was a little man; one of those who worked out his very heart in trying to do good; one of those whom men pitied, and women despised, and children loved. A little man who wore cuffs, and blushed red up to the roots of his hair when the squire stopped him with a hearty "Well, Dodsworth, tired of your sky-piloting yet—eh?" and then went home miserable because he had not openly confessed Christ before men, by saying he always meant to stick to his colors. A little man who would sit up all night with a sick child, and be the first to take the extra work in the morning.

"It is all right," he would say to himself, "as Boys says always, 'God knows,' so the rest does not matter."

Duties and Delights.

In living the christian life, in the common course of events, we find that there are some things which we are expected to do as a matter of course, some that we are to do as a matter of duty, and some as a matter of delight.

As a matter of course, we are to live in obedience to law, Divine and human. We are to commit no crime. We are to be upright in our conduct, and honourable in our dealings. We are to keep the second table of the law, and to love our neighbour as we do ourselves. We are to do unto others as we wish them to do to us. And we are to keep the Lord's day, attend on sacred ordinances, maintain daily worship in our household, and sustain meetings for prayer by the constancy and cheer of our presence.

As a matter of duty, we are to give our utmost toward the maintenance of the services of the Church, the spread of christian truth, and the elevation of mankind. We are to take our part in the teaching of Sunday-schools, the visitation of the sick, the relief of the poor, the deliverance of the wronged, and the reformation of the depraved. These things and such as these are classed as duties, because there may be something disagreeable in one way or another, in them; something repulsive, something trying, something that demands sacrifice and denial; in a word, something in the nature of a cross. Now, that which brings with it a cross, real or imaginary, is not done as a matter of course, nor is it marked with any special delight; and it can be done, ordinarily, only as a duty—a something we do because it is right to do it, and we must, rather than because we have any great or direct enjoyment in it.

As a matter of delight, we have to have communion with God, in prayer, in meditation, in song, in worship, by means of His works, His providences, His Word, His Spirit. We are to have delight in God's being, God's kingdom, in God's people, in God's truth, as in nature and art, beauty and sublimity. And most of all we are to have delight in Christian attainment.

We see at once that our labour should be, on the one hand, to get rid as fast as possible, of sins, faults, follies, and infirmities; and on the other hand, to lift our matter-of-course things as fast as possible into the sacredness of duties, and our things done as duties into the blessedness of all our delights; and to persevere in this until we have carried them all into that exalted region of holy attainment where all things spring of good will, and sins have passed away.—*Church Messenger*.

Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Manning having had the audacity in a recent sermon to say: "As the sovereigns of England have been the heads of Parliaments of England, so the successor of St. Peter has been the chief legislator in nineteen Ecumenical Councils," the Rev. Dr. Littledale refutes the assertion, and points out in *The National Church* that the facts stand briefly thus: The first Ecumenical

Council at Nicæ, A.D. 325, was not summoned by the Pope. The Pope was represented at it by delegates, but the President was not one of them. The second, at Constantinople, A.D., was not convoked by the Pope. It enacted a canon which implied that the precedence of Rome was due not to any episcopate of Peter, but to the fact that it was the capital of the empire. No western bishop was present in person or by proxy, and the Pope had no more to do with the Council than the man in the moon. The third, Ephesus, 431, was held to examine the heresy of Nestorius, who had been already tried and condemned by the Pope. The Council came to the same conclusion as the Pope had come to; but though the Pope's judgment was read, it was not treated as in any way decisive. The fourth, Chalcedon, 451, was summoned against the Pope's express remonstrance and disapproval. The fifth, Constantinople, 553, compelled the Pope to retract his own doctrine, and to confirm the contrary. The sixth, Constantinople, 680, anathematized Pope Honorius, who had died in 628, as a heretic—condemnation renewed by every Pope for 1,000 years afterwards. The seventh—so called—compelled the Pope to retract a former assent of his, and to pronounce what he had assented to heterodox. The remaining Councils were not Ecumenical at all, not being received in the East.

State of the Church in America.

The report of the state of the Church at the Protestant Episcopal Convention, held at New York on Oct. 22nd, showed that there were 51 dioceses throughout the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, 14 missionary jurisdictions, 59 bishops, 3,932 priests, 320 deacons, of both orders, 487,167 communicants, 3,974 churches, 1,988 chapels, 149 academies, 15 colleges, 19 divinity schools, 40 orphan asylums, 60 homes, 57 hospitals, and 22 miscellaneous institutions. The sum total of offertories in three years was \$22,816,514. There were 171,799 baptisms, an increase of 16,275 over the three years previous, and 112,783 confirmations, an increase of 29,734 over the same period.

An Algerian Wedding Feast.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride, muffled up in a veil, riding on a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side, while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive-branches, amid much laughter. In the evenings, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremble; they extend quivering arms, wave veils, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage, by their high, piercing, thrilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.

To the traveller, the scene is one not alone of interest but full of a weird and strange fascination that absorbs the mind and attention.