

ley Fathers." Both "Sodalities" are, therefore, of the same character, and it is evident that their promoters are pursuing, with Jesuitical stealth, their purpose of Romanizing the Church of England.

At the close of the paragraph are the ominous words, "Each project has the sanction of the Bishop of the diocese." As to the movers for these advance companies of Vatican pioneers, I am perfectly ready to believe anything of the kind that may be said of them. Their course in the way of Romish doctrine and usage is too unmistakable; but I am by no means willing to see the Bishop's office, as in the article referred to, mixed up with them, thus aiding in introducing and sustaining such errors as the Church of England at the Reformation rejected. I do, in common with many others, earnestly hope that all anxieties on this point may be speedily removed.

Colborne, Ont., Feb. 1st, 1884.

### Children's Corner.

#### HOW TOM TOMKINS MADE HIS FOR TUNE.

##### CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Tom was very nervous as he rang the bell; but he encouraged Charlie to peep through the railing. Alas! it was all that Charlie was destined to see of the wonders of the place, for, to their great disappointment, the gate was opened by a very old servant man. He would hardly listen to the boy's explanation, and took the handkerchief back very carelessly, and, grunting "All right," shut the gate in the lads' faces, and left them very blank indeed.

"I hope he won't forget to give it," said Tom, with a sigh. But although he was disappointed at the result of his expedition, he did not agree with his little friend that he would have done better to keep it. "No! no!" he said, "it would not have been honest!"

##### CHAPTER III.

##### TOM TAKES ANOTHER STEP IN LIFE.

Three weeks passed away with little to mark them in Tom's quiet life, and the last penny of his debt had been paid; the snow had melted, and the streets were in a sadly dirty state. Many thoughts crowded on his mind this dreary morning, when every one seemed in too great a hurry to get home to think of the sweeper. Now and then he coughed, and he seemed to have no strength to resist the cold which attacked him. Poor Tom! his prospects were very dreary. As he once more turned disap-

pointed from a passer by, he became conscious that Mr. Miller was standing on the kerb-stone watching him.

"I want an honest lad to run errands for me," he said, coming up to Tom, "and I think of trying you. I'll give you a dinner every day and two-and-sixpence a week, if you suit me."

The very idea of such happiness took Tom's breath away; he stammered out thanks in a tearful tone.

"Well, leave your broom somewhere and come along with me."

"Please, sir," said Tom, "mayn't I go home and leave my broom there? it will be lost else."

"Yes," said Mr. Miller; and he followed the lad through the rain to his miserable shelter. (Could it be possible that it was his home?)

"My boy!" he said, kindly, "I have found you to be honest; I am willing to stand your friend. Have you no better clothes?"

"No, sir," said Tom.

"Then come with me;" and leading the way, Mr. Miller proceeded to a second-hand clothes-shop, and directed one of the men to clothe Tom in warm trousers and jacket. Then they left the clothier, and next proceeded to a bootshop, and from thence to a hatter, and from the last there issued such a respectable lad, that I am convinced no one could have recognized in him the little crossing sweeper.

"Now, Tom," said Mr. Miller, you are my errand-boy, and for the future you will lodge here," stopping at a cottage, humble, but clean, "and you will pay sixpence a week for your room, and Mrs. Barnes will take care of you." And, entering, he introduced Tom to the woman in question.

"Tom," said his master, when they were once more on their way, "Tom, you are going to begin a new career to-day, carry into it both the honesty and industry which have gained you my notice. Never, my lad, forget to pray night and morning to the God of the orphan, and remember in all things that he sees you. But here we are." And before Tom could express one word of his gratitude, they entered a large warehouse, in which Tom, for a moment, felt bewildered.

"Mason," called Mr. Miller, and, as an elderly man came forward, he introduced the boy to him, saying, "My lad, you are under this gentleman's orders; obey Mr. Mason in every thing; serve him well, and you will not be for-

gotten. And you, Mason, look after him; for," he added in a lower tone, "he interests me much."

Left to himself, the new errand-boy felt strange in his position, but he had little time for thinking, for Mr. Mason soon called him to begin business, and hard enough at first he found it. So many messages and parcels to leave, so many things to remember, that he feared to make mistakes; but he managed his first round very creditably, and, on his return to the warehouse, found himself following several other boys and men to the dining-hall, where he was soon refreshed with a plentiful meal.

Tom succeeded better than he anticipated in giving satisfaction to Mr. Mason; and regular food, and comfortable quarters, soon established his health. In his prosperity he did not forget his old friend Charlie, and he spent many of his evenings with him. As the summer advanced, he attended a night-school in the neighbourhood, and, by his perseverance, soon became quite expert with his pen, and by no means a bad arithmetician. The secret of his success lay in this—he always gave his mind to what he was about. The Sabbath, which he had formerly spent in idleness, was now spent in God's house, and in attendance at the Sunday-school, where the lessons his mother had taught him were again brought to his mind, and where he learned more than ever to look to God as the Father and friend of the orphan.

(To be Continued.)

Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.—Colton.

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