## Christening.

To-day I saw a little, calm-eyed child— Where soft lights rippled and the shadows tarried Within the church's shelter arched and aisled— Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried;

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a White as the daisies that adorned the chancel ike a gift-the young wife's natural

offered to God as her most precious hansel. Then ceased the music, and the little one Was silent; and the multitude assembled Hearkened; and when of Father and of Son He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trembled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing As helpless as the cry of frightened birds, Whose untried wings for flight are unavail

How like in this, I thought, to older folk: The blessing falls: we call it tribulation, And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke Even at the moment of our consecration.

Pure daisy-child! Whatever be the form Of dream or doctrine—or of unbelieving— A hand may touch our heads, amid the storm Of grief and doubt, to bless beyond bereav

A voice may sound, in measured, holy rite:
The words we know not, though their soler
meaning
Be clear as dew, and sure as starry night
Scattered afar from some celestial gleanin

Wise is the ancient sacrament that blends
This weakling cry of children, in our
churches,
With strength of prayer or anthem that ascends
To Him who hearts of men and children
searches.

We are like the babe who, soothed by song again, Within her mother's cradling arm lay nested, Bright as a new bud, now, refreshed by rain: And on her hair, it seemed, Heaven's radiance

-George Parsons Lathrop. FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO SUFFER. Brethren: I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us. (Epistle of the Day.)

I think, my brethren, that there are

few good and faithful Christians who do not have, as they journey through life, a fair share of crosses, trials and sufferings. Sometimes these crosses are not noticed much by other people, but they are heavy enough for who have to bear them. priest hears more of the troubles of world, as well as of its sins, than any one else; misery very old story to him; and he has his kind? own trials, too, in plenty, though many think that in his state of life he little embarrassed. "We do make has mostly avoided them. Yes, trouble and suffering seem to be, and indeed really are, the rule of life for Christians, happiness rather the exception; unless we are willing to get what some call happiness by disregard-

ing the law of God.

Now this is a very unpleasant fact: but it is a fact, and we have to accept it. But how shall we best do so? it. But how shall we best do so. That is a point which it will be well to

consider. Shall we simply take our trouble because we cannot help it, and fret as the same plight as ourselves; by believing, though perhaps we cannot see it, that our luck, though hard, is not harder than that of most of those around us?

These would be two pretty good ways of getting along for one who had no better. But it would be a shame said: "My love, do you know for us to fall back on them. One who has faith should be able to find a better way than either of these.

"Yes," you may say, "I know what you mean; a Christian ought to be resigned to God's holy will. We are taught and we believe that all everyone laughs at."

"Will you go with her, Ethel?" things come to us by the providence of God; that He is all-wise and infinitely good; so, when He sends us anything shoulder and for a minute remained hard to bear, we must say, 'Thy will silent, while more than one in that

against this way of bearing trouble; against this way of bearing trouble; it is a good way, and it is a Christian way: none more so. And perhaps sometimes it is the only one that will "Courage, described by the original of the original But after all it is not seem possible. But after all it is not exactly what I mean; and it is not what the great Apostle St. Paul, whose glorious and triumphant death, after a life of suffering, we commemorate with that of St. Peter to-day, meant in those immortal words which I just read.

"I reckon," says he, "that the suf-ferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us.

That is his consolation. "We have," he says to us, "a little to suffer here, but what is it after all? A drop, bitter it is true, but still only a drop, against an eternal torrent of joy with which God is going to overwhelm our Truly it is not worthy to be compared in its passing bitterness to the ocean of delight of which it is the earnest for the future. It is, in fact, the little price which we have to pay for that future; and it is not w speaking of when we think what it

0.

Indeed, my brethren, it must be a matter of astonishment to the angels, it ought to be so to us, that we think so little of the heaven which God has prepared for us. We profess to believe in it; we do believe in it; but we seem to forget all about it. We can have it if we will; moreover, these very crosses and trials, if we have them, are a sign that our Lord means almost to force it on us. Let us, then, think more of heaven; meditate on it, look forward to it. The thought of heaven was the joy and strength of the martyrs; why should it not be the constant support of ordinary Chris-

Els there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind be cause they are such very little ones.—
Father E. W. Faber.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

That Stupid Girl.

"Grandma, we have a perfect owl at our school." And Ethel sighed deeply. "She means a stupid girl," explained Nell, in her precise little manner. "You see, she is very stupid, grand-

"Really," continued Ethel, "I never met a girl with less brains. She's, And Ethel gave an expressive shrug.

In your class?" insinuated Will "Yes," said his sister, indignantly; "in my class, and sitting next to me. I think it's a shame! I don't know what Sister Claudia was thinking of to put her in our class. Why, Kindergarten would be too high for her. She is a mite in size, but she's old-real

old. "My age?" suggested grandma. "Ah, you know what I mean ; about

Mary's age—sixteen or seventeen."
"Thanks!" said Mary, demurely while everybody else laughed except

grandma, who asked: What does she do that is so very stupid?"
"Why, she gets everything quite

upside down. She has the queerest German accent, and mixes things dreadfully. The other day it said in our history lesson that Columbus on landing chanted the Te Deum. Gretchen Muller got up and said: 'Columbus Muller got up and said: 'Columbus on de land him did chant de Demon. And that wasn't enough, but to-day she pronounced Father Rasle 'Fadder de And, dear me! she never can see where the joke comes in; she only stures stupidly when we laugh. I always have to nudge her to rise when she's called upon, -so there !" Ethel subsided.

"A dreadful arraignment, surely, observed grandma, smiling. "But, Ethel dear"—and her tone was now more serious, - "she may be a very good girl for all that.'

"Oh, yes, ma'am, she is one of the good girls!" agreed Ethel, carelessly. Of course, if she had any spirit she wouldn't stand having the girls make such a butt of her.

"And are the girls really so un

fun of her, but I don't think she's smart enough to know it really. while she cries a little, and then we sort of try to comfort her, you know But it's as much as I can do to keep from laughing, she screws her nose and eyes up in such a funny way.

Grandma's face grew very grave "Am I listening to one of my own children?" she said, in a sad "I know Ethel has her faults, grandchildren?" voice. but I thought she had at least a kind heart.

By this time Ethel's face was burnlittle as we can, because fretting only ing. "I-I-don't mean to be unmakes it worse? Or shall we take kind," she stammered. "And-and comfort by thinking that others are in I'm sure the girls don't either; we never thought of it in that way. Please, grandma darling, don't turn away from me!" And she crowded be-seechingly close to the old lady's side.

The dear arm encircled her and drew her nearer, but grandma's voice that more harm is done in this world by thoughtless people than by those who are deliberately unkind? Who

is this poor child's companion?" "She hasn't any," was the answer. "No one likes to go with a girl whom

Ethel hid her face on grandma's hard to bear, we must said that it is little group waited breathlessly for her answer. Poor Ethel felt cold Now I do not want to say anything shivers running through her; and well grandma knew the conflict that

> "Courage, darling!" she whispered. "Try it even one day this month for the sake of the Holy Infant of Bethlemen.

Ethel drew a quick breath and looked up, then she said eagerly: "I shall try hard, but it's going to be tremendous.

"Ethel! Ethel Lenox! Where is Ethel Eenox?" And Grace Hartford came with her question to a group of her classmates who were standing in the recreation grounds.

"Oh, she has quite 'cut' us!" answered one of the girls. "She has a new companion, Grace."

Grace looked indignant and incredulous at the same time. She and Ethel had been bosom friends "for ages," as

they expressed it.

"I'd like to know what you mean,
Kitty Cranch?" she demanded.

"Just what I say," replied Kitty,
pertly. "Ethel told us, before you pertly. "Ethel told us, before you came to school this morning, that she

wasn't going to go with anybody to day but Gretchen Muller."
"Gretchen Muller — that owl!"
And Grace dropped a book she was

carrying.
"That's just what I said to Ethel," returned Kitty. "And, oh, didn't she flare up at me! She said stupid people were human beings as well as smart ones—look! there they go now—te hee!" And the group of school-girls And the group of school-girls

giggled, as school-girls will. Grace looked and saw that Kitty spoke truly. There, arm in arm, paraded the two girls. Ethel's round, rosy face had a calm, serious, resigned expression; while that of Gretchen expressed by turns timid surprise, gratitude, doubt, and a vacant sort of wonder. Poor Ethel evidently was endeavoring to have no eyes or ears for anybody but her companion, though the conversation seemed to flag every moment or so. But we shall be a little bird for a few minutes, and try to hear a part of it.

was saying.
"Yes," returned Gretchen.
"Hm!" said the other, in surprise. Shouldn't think you would. No answer from Gretchen.

"Like to be snubbed?" was the next rather blunt question.

'Snub, snub? Vat you mean, ishing discovery.

irl that told me that."

No, no, no, mein fraulein Etel!"

been recognized as a friend.

"He saved your Uncle Will's life a girl that told me that.'

to ache ze Heart of ze dear Lord! No, to his native Germany, and I

back?" she inquired. Yes," said Gretchen, simply.

after she had several times failed in she is a born musician.

middle - examination entertainment, school did not close till late that afternoon; and Ethel was one of the last Grace shall hear about Gretchen, and eyes such a beautiful light of love and gratitude that Ethel, always impulsive, felt that she must hug her. Then Gretchen went; and Ethel, turning laws makes it necessary for them to round quickly, almost overthrew a return immediately."
statue of Our Lady beside which they "Oh!" cried Ethel, with such a had been standing. As she caught it crestfallen expression that the others safe, the loving glance seemed to meet her own, and out of the dim stillness of "But perhaps," sa own, and out of the dim stillness of room was borne a faint whisper: quietly, "there may be some Grethens "Well done, my little one; well left in school."-Marion Brunowe.

made it a point to pay a little visit to the greatest blood medicine in the Blessed Sacrament every day. world. Ethel, her heart in a strange flutter, as I am now. slipped in quietly now. Although yet day-light without, all within the little

Suddenly, soft and low, but sweet and clear, a strain of music broke upon the silent air. Note after note rippled forth, somewhat hushed and rembling at first, but gradually swelling out into one grand, joyous burst of adoration. A few moments of this and then again the tender, plaintive train, like the cry of a wounded heart. But once more, and louder now, the joyous chords burst forth, till to Ethel's entranced senses it all seemed like a grand dream of heaven, a sound as of ngelic choirs.

How long it lasted our little girl never knew, but she knelt on, listening till

"It linked all perplexed meanings Into one perfect peace; And trembled away into silence, As if it were loth to cease."

Then she rose, knowing she must go. She was conscious of a vague wonder. Did the organist often practice at this hour? If so-and she made a mental resolve. As she opened the outer vestibule door she felt a light tap on her arm, and what was her surprise to find Gretchen following her!

"You here, Gretchen?" she said. And then, without waiting for an answer, "Oh, such music! Did you hear it?"
"Yes," said Gretchen, in what

seemed to Ethel a strange voice.

But Ethel continued: "Let us wait, Gretchen ; let us wait. We may see

that organist.

"So you like this school?" Ethel music." Ethel's eyes opened wide in astonishment. But Gretchen, apparently unaware of her surprise, went on: "Ah, liebe Etel, you did make for me, zat owl stupid, zo appy I did come to tell ze dear Lord in For a whole moment Ethel was

bereft of speech. Here was an aston-Then she turned

"Snub, snub? Vat you mean, plerie?"
"Oh, don't you know? Why, have us girls say mean things—things to make you feel badly."
"It sometime makes me to have a sorrow," said Gretchen, with quaint ashamed."
"Then, before Gretchen, with quaint ashamed."
"Then, before Gretchen, with quaint ashamed." sorrow," said Gretchen, with quaint ashamed !" Then, before Gretchen could answer, she had turned ahruptly

pathos.
"I'm sorry I ever snubbed you,
Gretchen: but you know you're
awfully stupid."
"Yes," said Gretchen, humbly.
"Gracious! why don't you get
angry at me for saying so?" exclaimed Ethel, impetuously. "I'd hate
a girl that told me that."

could answer, she had turned ahruptly
away and was sweeping home.
When grandma heard the story she
expressed hardly any surprise. On the
contrary, she had her own little quota
to add: for she had that day received
a visit from no other than Gretchen's
father, who, coming on business, had
been recognized as a friend

cried Gretchen, in a more confident once," grandma told the children tone than she had ever used. "To be "and was for years my dear son's best bad, cruel, angry-oh, it would make friend. After my boy's death he went eo!"

Ethel started. That was putting heard of him since. However, he married there, but lost his wife soon after her thoughtless conduct in a new light. the birth of this little girl. He tells me Is that the reason you don't answer the child had a fall in infancy which seriously injured her head, so that till within the past couple of years, when Ethel's cheeks grew very red, and her brain first began to develop, she she walked up and down fast—indeed, was never allowed to touch a book, so fast that we, the little bird, were Considering that, together with a frightened away, and couldn't hear natural difficulty in acquiring our language, I think little Gretchen is a won another word of the conversation.
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Grace, der. And she has one grand talent-

after she had several times intended in the first statement of the first lessons. You see, they have only been in America a little over self indignantly away.

Owing to some rehearsing for a spear."

She shall never want for a compan-

"Gretchen

Ethel pressed her lips to the hem of the white robe and hurried off, saw you a year ago, your face was strangely moved in many ways. Her way home lay past a church, and the all right now." "Yes, sir; that's children of grandma's group always because I stuck to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I was never so well in my life

WHY CAN'T THEY MARRY?

slipped in quietly now. Although yet day-light without, all within the little church was dim. The tiny sanctuary lamp alone told of the Presence there. Kneeling, with folded hands, Ethel tried to say a prayer. But no words would come; instead there stole over her a happy, peaceful feeling,—a calm, restful feeling, such as active Ethel rarely knew.

For many minutes no sound broke that holy stillness. The lamp trembled as if with a great joy; the soft shadows grew and lengthened; and Ethel, with upturned face and eyes riveted on the Tabernacle, felt the awe and bliss of God's real near Presence. "Dear Lord, dear Lord!" Her heart said the words, though her lips moved not. And in that moment, that faint foretaste of heaven, a kind Master had paid golden hire for the little sacrifice of one short day.

Suddenly, soft and low, but sweet and clear, a strain of music broke upon the silent air. Note after note

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to study over.

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So other Sarsaparilla possesses the Com organist.

Mein own dear fadder you mean?" | So ether Sarsapariia possesses use Combination, Proportion and Process which makes Hood's Sarsapariila Peculiar to Itself said Gretchen, inquiringly. "Him makes Hood's Sarsaparina Feelmar to fisse is not in ze schurch. I did make zat Minard's Liniment cures Distemper. 

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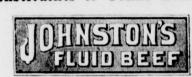
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