

church, or Confirmation, or Communion, or to mend their way of life, till God makes it quite easy for them, are not likely ever to get up out of their spiritual sloth and danger.

Many people are "put about" by their own fault, either now or in the past. They must take the extra trouble religion will cost them as their due. They must not grumble at it, but do it with a humble earnestness. All have to bear a cross, and feel a yoke press on them. The only way is to face the position boldly and at once. Difficulties may be made means of grace, bringing out courage and force, and leading the soul to trust more in God. They are seldom so real or so hard to master as they seem. God helps those who ask and mean to use His help. He is true to all who wish to be true to Him and to their own good.

Children's Department.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

KEEP A watch on your words, my darlings,

For words are wonderful things; They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,

Like the bees they have terrible stings, They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,

And brighten a lonely life; They can cut in the strife of anger, Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged;

If their errand is true and kind; If they come to support the weary, To comfort and help the blind.

If a bitter, revengeful spirit Prompts the words, let them be unsaid; They may flash through the brain like lightning, Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,

Under bar, and lock and seal; The wounds they make, my darlings, Are always slow to heal.

May peace guard your lives, and ever, From this time of your early youth, May the words that you daily utter Be the beautiful words of truth.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

SOME years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies, said, "Your Royal Highness is not minding your business; will you be pleased to look at your book and learn your lesson?" His Royal Highness replied that he would not. "Then," said the governess, "I shall put you in the corner." His Royal Highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into any corner, for he was the Prince of Wales, and as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass.

Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said: "Sir, you must learn your lesson, and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner." However, threat was of no avail, the defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before, His Royal Highness breaking another pane of glass.

Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell, and requested that His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, might be sent for. Shortly the Prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was

required, addressing the Prince of Wales, and pointing to a foot stool or ottoman, said, "You will sit there, sir!" His Royal Highness then went to his own room, and returning with a Bible in his hand, he said to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, "Now, I want you to listen to what St. Paul says about people who are under tutors and governors," and having read the passage to him, he added, "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may some day be a great man—you may be king in the room of your mother; but now you are only a little boy—though you are Prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed, and must have those under them to do as they bid. "Moreover," said His Royal Highness, "I must tell you what Solomon says;" and he read to him the declaration that he who loveth his own son chasteneth him betimes, and then, in order to show his child, he chastised him and put him in a corner, saying, "Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out, and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed?"

THE BORROWED BABY.

"Please, ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby?"

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked girl who lived with the family across the way. It was a regular nuisance, this lending the baby all the time. She did not seem to belong to us, at all, any more. I suppose we were all a little jealous, because she really did love these new people so much, and they took so much pains with her, teaching her little cunning ways and pretty sayings; and I must say they were most judicious, never giving her sweet things to make her sick, or letting her take cold. So for the hundredth time, I rolled little Dudu up and kissing her good-bye, sent her off to act her part as a borrowed baby.

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone he was just as angry as he could be.

"Why can't they get a baby of their own, and not always be borrowing ours," he said crossly. "They could go to the Infants home and take their pick of babies."

"But not like ours, John, I said quickly.

"Well, no, of course not; but I don't propose to have strangers going halves with our baby. Besides I won't have them teaching that child any more nonsense of the religious sort, and they may as well know it when they bring her back this time you may as well settle it up once for all."

I forgot to say that John and I were both free-thinkers and did not go to church or subscribe to any of the religious beliefs to which we had been educated. We had both graduated in a brilliant intellectual school, utterly devoid of the foolish superstitions of any religious faith, and we intended to bring up our child in the same severely moral atmosphere. It did not once occur to us that ours was the strength of youth and presumption, or that our ignorance could pull down in a day what knowledge had been a thousand years building. We felt that

we were sufficient to ourselves, and our child.

The baby came home. She was nearly three years old, but, after all, only a baby, and as I took her from the girl I said:

"We won't be able to lend the baby any more, Mary; her papa and I both think it isn't a good plan, and we cannot possibly do without her; the house is too lonely. Tell your mistress so with my compliments."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the girl, "because we all loves little Dudu so much, and she's real sweet. She can sing 'Jesus Loves Me' all through, and not miss a word."

"Superstition!" I exclaimed angrily, "tell your mistress for me that I do not wish my child to learn those senseless hymns. I do not believe in them nor do I intend that she shall."

"N-o-t be-lie-ve them," gasped the girl. "Why, you ain't a heathen be you?"

I dismissed her curtly, and when John came home told him of the message I had sent.

"That is right, little woman! I guess we know enough to take care of this little blossom, hey wee Willie Winkie, don't we?"

Somehow just then an old forgotten text flashed into my mind, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and it ran up and down the garret of my thought all the evening. When I put Dudu to bed I noticed that her hands were hot and her eyes seemed heavy. There was lots of diphtheria in the place, but she had not been exposed to it in any possible manner, our neighbours who borrowed the baby being as afraid of it as we were, for that was why no baby was in their home.

Oh, that dreadful time. I cannot recall it now—the days—hardly more than a day—of anguish; the awful suffering and the end, the parched lips and the fever-bright eyes—the awful realism of death, and not one hope, one word of comfort, only the cruel, dreary, unlighted grave that yawned for our darling.

Just at the last there was a moment's peace. It was not on us that her last look fell. We turned to see who or what she saw, and there stood our neighbour over the way, whom she at least, sweet darling, had loved as herself, and then she lifted the weary little hands, and a glad look of recognition was in the wan face, and we all heard the last broken words as they fell in awful distinctness from the baby lips: "Desus love me, dis I know."

Yes, they sang it at her funeral for we buried her with no heathen rites, and some good man prefaced a few consoling words with the text, "My Grace is sufficient for thee," but oh! the tender melody of the child voices that sang above her:

"Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so, Little ones to Him belong, We are weak but He is strong."

And when it was all over, and only the memory remained of so much beauty and sweetness, and our hearts were going back to the dust and ashes of unbelief, our good neighbour came like an evangelist, and giving us of her own brave Christian strength, gained at the foot of the cross, said wisely: "Be content; God has only buried the baby."

Do you get real pleasure from your prayers, reading, and meditation on

holy things? or do you get through them to satisfy the demand of your conscience, and are secretly glad when they are over?

ROYAL CHILDREN'S TRAINING.

It is a curious fact, and deserves to be recorded, that every prince of the Royal blood of the House of Prussia, when young, is taught some useful trade or other, for the purpose of sobering the mind, and bringing it face to face with the material world and the realities of life, and among the profusion of curiosities and artistic relics which crowd the Emperor's private cabinet may be seen specimens of bookbinding, carving, carpentering, and other handiwork performed by his sons and grandsons.

ANAGRAM.—The following is a happy transposition, and teaches a valuable lesson:—

Pray tell me where is Christianity? Transpose the letters: *It's in charity.*

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