

will give the most healthful tonic to the system, and keep the mind most secure against the assaults of every error.

How little hold upon men's hearts and convictions has so much of the teaching of the present day, simply because it has in it *so little positive truth!*

The mind is occupied, and disturbed, and drawn out of itself by controversy. The sensational novel on the week-day cherishes an unhealthy taste, which demands the sensational sermon on Sunday.

"The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on its own heart"

is comparatively unknown. My friend will not, I am sure, give you in his teaching any other controversy than that which every man should be carrying on with and in his own heart from day to day. And the consequence will be, that in a short time you will all get so interested in your own progress, that you will not have leisure for the supposed errors and shortcomings of others. And so far from being weakened in your attachment to the Church of England, you will love her more, simply because you will understand her better, and will find, in her doctrines held in their fulness, and her practice carried out in its integrity, the best defence against Romanism that men can have.

I shall say no more about the personal qualifications of him whom you are likely to have so soon amongst you, simply because I have such reliance upon the success which his worth and excellence will secure. All I ask is, that you will give him an unprejudiced reception, and be his interpreter to those whose less educated and less candid minds require such a help. Err upon the side of charity, if you are to err at all. "Hope all things," and trust me you will never repent it. I shall watch with the deepest interest for your next letter, as I have pretty good reason to know, from a private source, that the appointment has been made; and that you will have amongst you, ere many days, your dreaded pastor. I know your old candour and honesty, and, having much reliance on the same, commend you to God's good keeping, and shall often think of you and your parish in my prayers.

(To be Continued.)

"THE KING COULD NOT SLEEP."

I was reading in the Book of Esther, and at the first sentence of the sixth chapter, a picture came before my mind; a picture of poverty amid boundless wealth, of want, and longing, and unsatisfied desire, where everything was gathered that the earth could give. The peasant comes home from his daily toil and falls asleep. The child, weary of its play, falls asleep. But the Satrap of the East, "which reigned from India, even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces," could not sleep. He had couches of gold, covered with tapestry of purple and fine linen, but on them he could find no rest. He had costly wines, but they failed to steep his senses in repose. He had singers and players upon instruments, but none of them had any effectual lullaby for the unhappy king. The best boon of Providence to this weary world was denied to its mightiest monarch. He could order the execution of thousands and be obeyed; but when he summoned sleep to his eyes and slumber to his eyelids, his mandate was in vain. How powerless, then, this despot. He could not secure, at will, one of the commonest of all blessings. How dependent on God, "who giveth sleep," this proud idolater, with the sceptre in his hand, and the crown upon his brow! And how suggestive this picture is of the poverty of riches, of the insufficiency of rank, or station, to make their possessor happy. How suggestive of the worthlessness of all mere earthly good, and of the value of the peace of God, of His love shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Those who are His children can cast themselves into His arms anywhere, under any circumstances, and find rest to their souls. Then he who trusts in God is richer and mightier than Ahasuerus was. He can get freely, and for the mere asking, what all the king's wealth and power could not secure.

Children's Department.

FEEDING TIME.

Come here, pretty chickies:
I want you to eat
These nice crumbs of bread,
So fresh and so sweet.

One handful I've thrown,
And there is another,
For the pretty brown hens
And their kind little brother.

He never is selfish
And chooses the best,
But waits till they finish,
Then eats up the rest.

Remember, dear children,
That chick-a-dee-dee
A lesson may teach
To you and to me.

Infant's Magazine.

RAIN AND FINE WEATHER.

"I don't like the rain," said little Octavius: "it hinders my running about and getting a good game of play in the garden."

"I like it," answered Colin, the gardener's little boy. "It comes just in time to spare my father the trouble of having to water the flowers and vegetables."

This is a history of the world—what pleases one displeases another; but nothing God does is wrong, and when you are inclined to grumble at the rain coming to hinder your out-of-door amusements, think of the poor gardener, who is, perhaps, old and weak, and who now will not have the trouble of watering the plants.

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother, of one who had none.

"Mother told me to whom to go, before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He is mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and He has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It's not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I don't know about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is, He says He will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what was enough for the child is enough for us all.

BY AND BY.

There's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking;
And his name is By and By.

What we ought to do this minute
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it.
Put it off," says By and By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue;
What we always put off doing,
Clearly, we shall never do.

LIFE IN DEATH.

BY FAITH LATIMER.

Grace, will you ride to the woods?" said Uncle Paul, an invitation never likely to be refused, for the wise old man was a lover and student of nature. In a long practice of medicine, going frequently on horseback, he knew every hill-side and forest for miles around. In that pure mountain air the dwellers among the hills, with their regular and natural habits of life, made no engrossing demands upon medical skill. So Uncle Paul, "the beloved physician," found time to help the young in their studies, and to show Grace all the beauties of nature. He took her to clusters of white lilies with pure white spikes of bloom, filling the air with fragrance; for in that region of caves and rocks are luxuriant beds of wild lilies that would grace the garden of a prince. Uncle Paul knew

where to find the choicest ferns, the long feathery fronds waving over beds of velvet moss, and on the hill-side nooks where shining black stems of maidenhead fern bear up its delicate spread banners of light green; and he knew the rocky mounds where were walking ferns, with long, sharp leaf piercing the moss, only to reproduce itself, a sort of fairy banyan-tree. "But we must not linger here," said he. "Yesterday I made you sad by the mournful sight of a dead soul in a body which, though yet in life, bears the touch of death. I brought you to-day to see a strange sight in nature,—life in death."

Going nearer the unfrequented road, he showed Grace an immense stump of a dead tree, whose gnarled, decaying roots extended far out on every side. The trunk itself was several feet high, its sides moss-grown and hoary with age, but coming directly from its centre, growing straight and vigorous, was a peach-tree, its boughs drooping with the weight of the luscious fruit.

"Now, uncle," exclaimed Grace, "tell me how this tree could have come here, away from any house or orchard, here in the woods. Who planted it in such a strange tree-box?"

"Let us sit down," said Uncle Paul. "You must eat some of the peaches, to be sure there is no delusion."

"Do you see, on the side of that hill opposite, a pile of stones and logs? Those are the ruins of a chimney and of a little log-house. There I spent one night, thirty years ago, for the first time, by the death-bed of a patient; the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. During a storm he died. Without, the fury of raging winds, torrents of rain, thunder, and lightning; within, a heavenly smile, a few calm words, a trustful prayer for his mother, and he was gone. That solemn night, kneeling by his dead body, was the birth of hope for my soul. There I consecrated my life to Him whose love could make death so joyous or life a blessing."

"Like the calm peace which morning brought me, was the 'clear shining after rain,' when I started, as the sun made jewels of the rain drops, to go for friends to come to the bereaved mother. Just here I found the road impassable. The lightning had spared the cottage, and the trees all around it, but had shivered this one, which in its fall had borne down others, so that it needed time and combined strength to remove the wrecks. It is now five years since I discovered a young seedling peach-tree growing up out of the dead heart of my old memorial tree. I visit it occasionally to note its growth, and was pleased last spring to find it beautiful with blossoms; you can testify as to the quality of its fruit."

"Yes, uncle; but you have not explained how the tree was planted, nor how it grew."

"The seed was probably deposited by a large bird or a squirrel, more likely than that it was thrown by a boy; passers-by are few, and there is not a fruit-tree, a school-house, or a dwelling near. How it grew is not so strange. The rich deposit in the great shell from the decay of the lifeless wood, and the annual falling of leaves, furnished the best nutriment to the young tree."

"Now, uncle, you can find and read a Father's handwriting on all nature's works, what lesson would you carry to your Sunday-school class from this incident?"

"I would tell them that nothing comes by accident, and that nothing is lost. In every seed which grows, a wise hand brings life from death. Even from the fern, whose blossom and seed can scarcely be discerned without a microscope, an invisible powder is strewn, which after a while rises again in feathery forms of beauty."

A plate of apples was being passed to some children, when a little girl took a fine large red one.

"How greedy you are, to take the biggest!" said a companion; "I meant to have had that myself."

—Be economical of your time. Do not waste a minute. However long we may live, our lives will be but short at best, and the vast realities of the coming world require that we should spare no pains in getting ready to meet them. Labor, pray, watch, play—do all things always in their right proportion. But do something. There is no time for moping.