

The vision of a congeries of episcopal seats is not reassuring. We fail to see how, in the faintest degree, such a plan could promote the cause of unity in any real sense. The result would seem to be the loss of all sense of the real character and functions of the Catholic ministry. Certainly the Church which should thus deal with the precious gifts of the divine stewardship would suffer irreparable loss.

We have endeavored to exhibit clearly the real bearings of a theory of "organic" union without vital unity—a theory widely held in a more or less vague way. At another time we may pay some attention to others of the numerous schemes which find defenders in these restless days, and which, evasive and compromising as most of them are, can bring us no nearer to the wished-for haven of universal oneness and peace.

Family Department.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

(September 29.)

While earth is now reposing
Beneath autumnal skies
And night so soon is closing
On weary mortal eyes,
Once more the annual adepts
Display the sainted chief,
With unseen band on either hand,
To fight for our relief.
O, may the archangel arm
Against Satan's envious power,
Their prowess show, to screen from war
Our most unguarded hour.

All owe the saint their greetings,
While asking God above
To give our harvest meetings
The light of Christian love.
Though suns have lacked their splendour,
And short of grain our store,
Great Michael lead, All Angels speed,
Our praises overmore.
First prince of Jewish tribes,*
But now of Christian lands,†
With spear and shield in battle-field
The saint our champion stands.

September 25, 1888. C. E. BOOTHBY.
*Jude vii. †Rev. xii. 7.

LITTLE JOY.

By MRS. GEORGE A. PAULL.

Of course that was not her real name, but after you had once seen the little maid, you would not wonder that "little Joy" was what everyone called her. Her grandfather began it when she was a wee little baby, with no hair at all on her little head, and not very much beauty either, except in her big blue eyes, which laughed as soon as anyone spoke to her. You did not have to see the smiling lips and the merry dimples coming and going to know that Joy was laughing. You would know it if you only saw her eyes, for they could laugh as well as her lips.

She was swinging on the gate, one sunny October day, singing a sweet little tune, as she swung to and fro, and watched the golden and crimson leaves fluttering down the walk, every time the wind stirred the branches of the tree that grew by the gate. It was a tall old elm, that had kept watch by the gate long before Joy's father was born, and when he was a little tottler had dropped its pretty treasures in the fall, as it was doing to-day for the little daughter.

Joy was looking up into the tree so intently that she did not see a lady coming, until a rustle of the dried leaves made her look around just in time to hear Miss May Disbrow say:

"Will you give me the church key, little Joy? I am going to practise a while."

Little Joy jumped down from the gate, and

ran into the house for the key. She liked to go with Miss May to the church, and sit in one of the high-backed pews, and listen to the music when the sweet voice of the organ pealed through the church.

As she handed the big brass key to the young lady, she looked up shyly and said:

"May I go, too?"

"Why of course you can, little Joy," said Miss May, with a smile. "I cannot practise so well when you are not there to listen."

Miss May, the rector's daughter, and little Joy, whose grandfather had been the sexton for years and years, were great friends and they walked along together to the church, Joy holding Miss May's hand, and making all the noise she could with her little feet, as she walked through the dried leaves which made a carpet everywhere.

For a while after they reached the church, little Joy was content to stand by Miss May's side and watch the slender fingers moving over the keys, and listen to the sweet music, but after a while she wandered away, going softly with reverent tread along the aisles, standing with clasped hands before the beautiful window, at which she loved to look on Sundays, with the Good Shepherd bearing a little lamb so tenderly in His arms. By and by Joy went to the top of the steps that led down into the cellar under the church. It was very dark, but Joy was not afraid of the dark. It always seemed so soft to her, and she liked to go into a dark room, and imagine that she felt the darkness resting like a tender hand against her face.

Presently she went down the steps, very slowly and carefully, lest she should fall. Perhaps grandfather was down there at work although she could not hear him. There was a dim light down stairs when she reached the bottom of the stairs, and her eyes grew accustomed to the change. Her grandfather was not there, but little Joy was not afraid, for she had often been there before, and she walked about in the cellar, looking with curious eyes at the large furnaces which heated the church in winter, and then tip-toeing over and looking in at the great mountains of coal all ready for use.

There was a large empty box in one corner, and Joy got into it, and, making her little red shawl into a pillow, nestled her golden head upon it, and shutting her eyes, began to imagine all sorts of fanciful day-dreams, as she loved to do whenever she was alone.

By and by Miss May finished her practising, and looking about for Joy and not seeing her little companion, supposed that she had become tired and gone home, without waiting for Miss May to come.

The young lady went out and shut the church door, locking it after her, and went home, quite forgetting to stop and leave the key at the sexton's house.

It was nearly nine o'clock when old Matt, the sexton, came to the rectory, looking pale and anxious.

"Why, what is the matter, Matt?" asked Miss May as she saw his troubled face. "Were you worried over the key? I forgot to leave it, but I thought it did not matter, as I could take it round to you early in the morning."

"It isn't the key, ma'am," said old Matt. "It's little Joy. We can't find her nowhere, and I thought maybe she might have come home with you, and forgot to ask leave."

"No, she went to the Church with me, but she came away before I did, and I did not see anything more of her," Miss May answered. "Oh, Matt," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I wonder if I could possibly have looked that poor child in the church! I never thought of her being there, but she might have been asleep somewhere. I will go with you at once and we will look for her. I hope she may be there, since you do not know where she is, and yet I cannot bear to think of the poor little girl being there alone in the dark."

"Where are you going, May?" asked her brother, as he saw his sister hurriedly prepare to go out.

As soon as he heard that little Joy was lost, he wanted to go, too, and both the young children pleaded to be allowed to come and help look for little Joy, so it was quite a party that went to the church with a lantern to look for the little missing one.

In the meantime we must see what little Joy did when she found that she was alone in the Church. She did not notice when the music stopped, she was so busy with her fanciful thoughts; but all at once she listened and realized that Miss May had stopped practising. Going upstairs, she found that the church was quite empty and deserted, and that the great door was locked, and though her little hands could turn the door handle, yet she could not let herself out.

I think most children would have been sorely frightened, but little Joy was not a timid child, and she did not know what it was to be afraid of anything. It was lonely, to be sure, and she did wish that Miss May had not locked the door, but she did not suffer from the fear that other children might have done.

It was growing dusk, and after a while she went back to the big box in the cellar and nestled her head down again.

"I know what I will do," she said to herself. "I will ask God to please send grandpa to let me out. He will come quick if he knows I am all locked up here alone."

She folded her hands together, and her sweet voice broke the silence: "Please God, send grandpa to let me out, for I don't like to be here all alone and please take care of me, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then she laid down again and waited for her grandfather to come. She was so sure that her prayer would be answered, that she listened every moment for her grandfather's step.

"Perhaps he had to do something else before he could come," she said, as the time passed slowly away. "I am 'most tired staying here all alone." It was a very good thing for the tired, hungry little girl that she fell asleep, or I am afraid she would have found the time that passed before the party came to look for her very long indeed. As it was, she started up with a little cry of surprise, to find a lantern flashing its bright gleams into her sleepy eyes, and Miss May kneeling beside her, looking so pleased to have found her, and yet so sorry, too, as she thought how lonely it must have been for the little child.

"Oh, how long you were in coming grandpa," said little Joy, as she sat up and rubbed her eyes. "I 'most got tired of waiting for you, and I 'spect I went to sleep while I was listening to hear you come in."

"Did you know I was coming, darling?" asked her grandfather, as he put down the lantern and took his little girl up in his arms.

"Why, of course I did," little Joy answered. "I just knew you'd come 'cause I asked God please to send you, so I knew He would, and He did, didn't He?"

"Yes, my pet," grandfather answered, as he pressed her close to him. It was a happy party that carried little Joy back to her home, where, nestled cosy and warm in her mother's lap, she ate her supper and told her story.

Joy often tells the story of the time when she was shut up in the church, but she never forgets too add reverently:

"And God listened when I asked him to send grandpa to take me out, and He sent him to find me. God always listens, you know, when people pray."

Yes, little Joy, and though He may not send just the answer we have asked for, and desire, yet we know that He doeth all things well, and that His watchful love and care are over all His creatures.—"The Churchman" New York.