

RULES FOR THE MARRIED.

1. When angry with each other, to be silent and say the Lord's Prayer.

2. To try and please each other as they used to do before they were married.

3. To read the Marriage Service over every year when their wedding day comes round.

PRAYERS FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

Make the child kneel down, close its eyes and clasp its hands.

My Father in Heaven, bless my father, mother, brothers and sisters, and teachers and friends, and make me a good child, and keep us all safe this day (or night), through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

If the child has been naughty, let it say, "and forgive me for being naughty."

Our Father, &c.

Then let the child rise and say :
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

If thou livest in the country where there is a Church-yard, as soon as thou enterest the gate thou art in holy ground. It is full of the dust of departed brethren, who shall rise again with their bodies, and thou; too, wilt soon be laid among them. Put away then all laughter and worldly talk, and go soberly and thoughtfully.

A FUNERAL.

Attend when you can the funerals of your neighbours. It is a work of love, and will remind you of your own end. Whenever you see a funeral, say : "Teach me, O Lord,

to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. I, too, must soon die, be buried, and be judged. Lord have mercy upon us.

PRAYER FOR TRAVELLERS.

O Lord, grant me, I beseech Thee, a prosperous journey, and a peaceful time, and a happy return. Grant that in the custody and companionship of Thy holy Angels, I may reach the end of my journey, and afterwards return to my home in peace and safety : and at the end of the journey of life may I enter the gate of eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

REST.

(Found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a Hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina.)

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong ;—all that is past ;—
I am ready *not to do*.
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;—
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp His Banner still,
Though all its blue be dim ;—
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.