

then Mr. Mills walked up. Katy ran to meet him, and told him all about Mrs. Smith, how she was waiting at Mrs. Brown's, and had brought the baby to be baptized, and that she, Katy, was to send her word at the right time, and that Mr. Mills was to see about a god-father.

Mr. Mills smiled as Katy told her story, and said he would stop over and see Mrs. Smith, and that all should be done.

So Katy sat down in the back pew, and soon the service began. Katy was much afraid she should make some mistake: she watched very carefully for the Second Lesson, and when at last Mr. Mills began to read it, she stepped out of the open door and told Tommy to run now for his mother and the baby.

And so the baby was baptized, and Katy felt very happy as she thought how pleasant it was to help the poor tired woman.

Mr. Mills' sermon that afternoon was on the text 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ'; but Katy could not listen to it, she could hardly see Mr. Mills, she had such a strange feeling in her head.

As they were passing out of church Katy's papa asked where Katy was?

'I am sure I don't know,' said Florence, 'but I thought I caught a glimpse of her in one of the back pews.'

But when they reached the carriage they found Katy curled up in a corner ready to go home. On the way she told what she had been doing, and her papa was very angry.

'I will not have such things,' he said.

'Yes; but papa, she was very hot and tired, and the baby cried, and there was nobody to help her.'

'I will not have it,' said Mr. Livingstone; turning to Florence, 'Katy runs about too much. I have made up my mind; I shall send her to Madam Lefarge; she will teach her to respect her position, and leave such people to do their own running. I will not have Katy waiting on Smiths and Browns.'

But the foolish man little dreamed what was before him; he did not know what anger had gone out against him in heaven, and that Katy's Master, Whom she had served so faithfully, had said 'It shall not be; Katy is Mine, and you shall have her no longer to teach her such lessons of folly and pride.' And that very night a swift-winged angel was sent, who stood by the little girl's bedside and laid his cold icy finger on her warm rosy cheek, and when the morning came Katy was very sick. At first they hoped it might prove only a cold, but when the Doctor came he shook his head and said there was no hope. Katy's papa would not believe it. 'Katy has never been sick a day in her life,' he said, and when he saw how Katy smiled at some new paper dolls Minnie and Alice, who had come over to see her, spread out on the bed, he felt sure she would soon get better.

But Katy only looked at the dolls a few minutes, and then she grew so tired, that Minnie and Alice were sent down stairs. Just as they went out, a servant came in, saying that Sarah Briggs was down stairs asking for Miss Katy.

'Miss Katy is too tired to see any one,' said Mr. Livingstone.

'O papa! do let me see Sarah just one minute; she will feel bad if she knows I have just seen Minnie and Alice, and she has come two miles. Who told her I was sick? I wonder.'

Katy's papa was afraid to excite her by saying more, so he said to the servant 'Bring Sarah up.'

When Sarah came in she could hardly help crying; to think Katy, who had been so kind to her, should suffer so much; but Katy stretched out her little hand and said

'Are you going to the High School, Sarah?'

'Yes,' said Sarah; 'as soon as mother can get me ready, and Uncle Samuel has sent me a blue merino dress.'

'O,' said Katy, 'how glad I am. I knew you would want some nice things, and so I have saved some of mine. If Florence will only look in my drawer she will find some ruffles and cuffs, and a new blue ribbon.'

And Florence went to Katy's drawer and took out the things, but Katy could not say another word, and Sarah Briggs was sent away.

All day Katy lay tossing, and all the next day, and never spoke once, and her papa feared he should never hear his darling's voice again, when, just at sunset, she exclaimed 'Papa! I will give it to you, I will give you my beautiful book about Christ. If you read it, you will be just like Him. The long "as" will trouble you at first, but in a little while you won't mind them.'

This was the last time the little girl was to please others, and she never spoke again. But although her little life was so soon over, Katy still lives.

She lives in her papa, who has read the book Katy loves so much, till he too has learned to be like his Master, and to please others, not himself.

She lives in her sisters, who have learned to like the common people about them, and she was good and kind to all.

She lives in Sarah Briggs, who never forgot Katy's love, and who grew up to be a useful good woman.

Such lives as Katy's cannot die, because they are lives in Him Who being dead yet liveth.

POMFRET.

THE STORY OF A FELLOW-SOLDIER.

CHAPTER I.

"These home delights, so keen and pure,
May not for aye endure;
Ere long, perchance, a sterner sound
Will summon: where wilt thou be found?"

One Sunday, in the October of 1841, there was great excitement in New Windsor. The curate of the parish church had just been consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, and to-day was his farewell to his parishioners.

Both morning and evening the church was crowded; many more came to hear his parting words, and to pray for the success of his work, than could find seats, and amongst others, a gentle-looking Eton boy of fourteen was standing in the crowd, and listening with all his might.

The text of the evening sermon was, 'Thine heart shall be enlarged, because the abundance of the isles shall be converted unto Thee.' The preacher spoke of his perils, and of putting his trust in God; he spoke, too, of going out to found a church, and then to die neglected and forgotten. He was so much beloved in the parish that every one burst out crying, and when he had finished there was a strange feeling in the crowd, a feeling as if, had it not been in such a sacred place, all would have cried 'God bless him.'

As Bishop Selwyn preached that sermon in hope and faith, he could not guess that amongst the Eton boys listening to him was one who was forming a steadfast purpose of offering himself to the same work—one who was to be his very right hand in days to come.

John Coleridge Patteson was that boy. He had known Mr. Selwyn (who was a friend of his parents) before he heard him that night in Windsor church, and when, on the eve of starting for his diocese, Bishop Selwyn came to wish Lady Patteson good-bye, he asked her 'between jest and earnest, "Will you give me Coley?"'

She started, but she did not say no; and when her son told her afterwards that it was his greatest wish to go, with the Bishop, she did not discourage him. Like Hannah of old, she was ready to lend her first-born son to the Lord forever, and she told the boy that if he wished it when he was grown up, he should have her blessing and full consent.

She did not live to give it him when he was called to his work. She died when he was only fifteen, but her influence had been such that to the end of his life she was ever present to him. Year after year, as the day of her death came round, it was his day for special self-examination. To her he constantly and lovingly refers in his letters, and it was probably to her that he owed that more than womanly tenderness which gives his most manly character its greatest charm.

Coleridge (or, as he was called, 'Coley') had a holy home. His father (a most kind and wise one) was Sir John Patteson, one of the greatest of our noble English judges, who remembered in whose place earthly judges sit, and had the fear and love of God ever before his eyes. Coley was a good boy, but he was every inch a boy. He had no liking for lessons, and was often surprised and grieved by finding he had been very idle when he had fancied he was working hard. School work was the burden, and cricket the delight, of his life. He used to write home eager letters, full of excitement at the street 'rows' between the 'Eton fellows,' and the townsfolk of Windsor. He thought it all great fun, and it no more occurred to him than it does to other little schoolboys, that there was anything mischievous or ungentlemanly in such rows. There is no real hatred at the bottom of the standing warfare there often is between schoolboys and the town they live in; and the younger boys regard it as a sort of match in which they see no more harm than in a cricket match. It is only as they get older that they come to see no fun in merely knocking one another about.

By the time he came to this reasonable stage, Coleridge Patteson was a very great man in his school world, for he was a very distinguished member of the eleven. The eleven of a school always have great influence on the school itself, and it is to be wished that they always remembered this, and tried to use it for good.

It was Patteson's aim to do so, as we see from the following story.

He was a very pleasant companion, up to any fun, and ready to sing his song at a cricket or foot-ball dinner, as heartily as the youngest there; but if the fun became coarse or profane, he would not let it pass without showing he disapproved of it.

It was the custom for the eleven of cricket, and the eight of the boats, to dine together once a year at an inn in Slough, and of course they sang songs on the occasion. Unfortunately, however, they were not always careful what they sang, so that Patteson (who as a member of the eleven was one of the entertainers that year) gave out, beforehand he would not stand it if they sang anything improper. In spite of this, when the time came, one of the boys began to sing an objectionable song.

'If this does not stop, I shall leave the room,' called out Patteson, but it did not stop; so he and a few other brave fellows got up and went away.

It was a little act of confessing Christ before men, that showed the strength of principle within; but more careless boys did not understand why he had done it, so he thought it his duty to send word that unless an apology was made he should leave the eleven. It cost him a great deal, for (besides the great anxiety boys always feel to be in the eleven for the honor of it) he liked nothing so much as cricket, but he was prepared to give it up if it was necessary.

However, the Eton boys did not let him go. There were plenty who felt that what he had protested against was wrong and ungentlemanly, though they might not have been brave enough to do the same themselves, and besides, nobody wanted to lose one of the very best players in the school. So the apology was made, and Patteson

continued to do good service in the eleven until he left Eton for Oxford.

He was not nearly so happy at Oxford as at school. He dearly loved Eton with its fine broad river and beautiful playing fields, as well as the very happy companionship which boys at the top of a public school enjoy. He gave up cricket, so, for fear it should interfere with his work, and became a graver man than he had been a boy. He lost a great deal of his dislike to study, and found quite a new pleasure in hard work. He had never changed his intention of being a clergyman, but he did not often speak of it; it was more his way to look steadily on to things, than to make a talk about them. All through his life nothing strikes us more than this spirit of looking onward. His aim never seems to vary. He was a good child, a good boy, a better man; but he was better because he was continually growing in grace, not because he was suddenly startled into greater earnestness. Confirmation and Holy Communion, the death of his mother, and then of other friends, which made him realize the nearness of the unseen world, family mercies, or shieldings from danger, all the incidents of life were means of grace to him. They led him on nearer and nearer towards the throne of God.

His life recalls to us the old allegory of the men who were running a race where the prize was a crown of life. In that race the runner who came in foremost never throughout his course took his eyes off the winning point. That winning point was a dim, distant light at first, but it beamed clearer and clearer as the runner pressed on—the light that no human eye can pierce, the glory round the throne of God.

Patteson was at Balliol College when he first went to Oxford, but he was afterwards a Fellow of Merton, and he held his Fellowship till his death. Whilst he was still studying at Oxford he travelled a good deal, and very much enjoyed the pictures and scenery and music in Italy and Germany.

One summer he spent at Dresden, where he made a great discovery—this was, that he had a great talent for learning languages. He took lessons in Hebrew whilst he was at Dresden, because he was anxious to be able to read the Old Testament in the language in which it was first written, and at the same time he studied both Arabic and German. Later on in life it was his place to reduce to writing and grammar sixteen different languages, which had before been merely spoken, and when we see how this natural talent helped him in his work, it seems almost like the gift of tongues that was granted to the Apostles.

After a little more study, Coleridge Patteson was ordained deacon in September 1853, and came to be curate at Alington, not very far from his own home at Feniton in Devonshire, where his father and sisters lived. Here he was in the midst of relations to whom he looked up with a very humbly tender and reverent love. He was always learning because he never seemed to think the young could be as wise as the old, and he was ready to sit at the feet not only of his dear father, but of all his uncles.

Alington was not a large parish, but he found plenty to do in it, and was so busy that he had hardly time to miss his father and sisters when they were absent in London. Good honest work in England did not make him forget that this was not all he wanted to do with his life; but he was waiting patiently, and learning how to work, and he thought it would probably not be right for him to leave England during his father's life-time. He was the eldest son, and if his father wanted him in England, he felt sure God had not as yet called him elsewhere.

CLERICAL SECULARISM.

All encroachments of secularism are not among the laity. Quite as assiduous and more cunning are its approaches to the ministry. True enough, the emoluments of clergymen are not, for the most part, such as to offer a very cogent temptation to young men to seek orders, with a view to luxurious living. We are bound to say, also, that the wholesome jealousy of our Church authorities in this respect subjects the candidate to such a scrutiny as makes it hard for him to come through to his ordination with a very covetous sort of ambition. Another safeguard is that avaricious parishioners are quick enough in their instincts to detect, and not very slow to disturb, an avaricious pastor. Still, the temptation is not all imaginary, and just so far as it prevails its wounds are doubly mortal. It took only two hundred years after Paul of Tarsus for that Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, to tolerate as Bishop Paul of Samosata, the pompous recipient, with a mitre on his forehead, of a secular salary. Demas has been made a text by preachers who forgot that there is a disgrace deeper than that of forsaking the Church for 'the love of this present world,'—the disgrace of staying in it to profit by its titles, to be comfortable on its wages, to subsist respectably on light work, to talk churchly talk with all the love of the world in the breast unsubdued. We had better, all of us, remember that pious sentiments are compatible with a cupidity the most voracious. A great monarch and tyrant of France, Philip the Fair, who professed to be a defender of the faith, sank so deep in greed that he actually falsified the coinage of the realm to swell his revenues, and at the same time sent Margaret Porrette to the stake for insulting the orthodox belief. The Queen of Maximus at Constantinople went in homage, foreright, night after night, to the tombs of martyrs; and yet snatched one after another, the estates of her subjects as if they were goldsands from the skies. Dante satirizes with his terrible invective, the gluttonous 'Shepherds without law,' that ruled at Rome and Avignon, and fed themselves, making Nicholas III. cry out in hell,

"Under my head are dragged
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of Simony. Stratched at their length they lie
Along an opening in the rock, amidst them
I also low shall fall."

And in most melodious verse he blasts Clement V., that brigand of the Papal Court, as another rapacious Jason, who chose John the Baptist for his saint rather than Paul or Peter, not because the Baptist's head was cut off for his integrity, but because it was stamped on