

Commons." The memorial stone was laid by the Duke of Cambridge.

In England a piece of land was leased by the Church to the Crown for 997 years in the days of King Alfred. Recently it reverted to the Church of England as being the identical corporation that leased the land a millennium before; and yet Romanists and Protestants assert that the Church of England began under Henry VIII. In another instance property recently left by will, in England, to the "Catholic Church," was appropriated by the courts to the Church of England, on the ground that if the Roman Church had been meant, it would have been styled the *Roman Catholic*.

GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANTZ.

A loving mother, young and fair,
A father, proud and brave,
Knelt by a little bed in prayer,
Imploring God to save.
Their little one, their only child!
It breathed such piteous moans,
The parent's grief grew almost wild,
Their prayers were piercing groans.

A minister drew near to say,
"The Master's will be done!"
For grace and strength now let us pray,
To yield to God your son."
The prayer was o'er, the amen low,
Whispered in solemn tone,
When hark! a voice that none did know
Responded with a groan!

The amen! was repeated o'er,
So earnest, loud and deep!
Startled, they looked, and through the door
A figure strange did creep.
It was a woman, weird and bent,
With hair as white as snow!
Her face was plowed by many a dent,
Her step was very slow.

Within the middle of the room
She paused and straightened up,
And in a voice of deepest gloom
She said, "I've drank my cup!"
She held a stick in one hard hand,
To help support her form,
But still rocked back and forth to stand,
And swayed the other arm.

The babe upon the little bed
Still piteously did wail;
She pointed there, and shook her head,
And asked to tell her tale.
Silent were all those people then;
Silent, perhaps, through fear;
They did not offer her a chair,
But could do naught but hear.

So she began with trembling tongue:
"I was as fair as you,
So long ago, when I was young;
I was a mother, too.
I had one bright-eyed little boy,
The idol of my heart,
His father's fondest pride and joy,
To both life's sweetest part.

"When Jemmy was but two years old,
His father went away,
And came back home with cough and cold,
And grew sick from that day."
A moment then she seemed to choke,
With sobs she could not hide,
And when at last again she spoke
She only said, "he died."

She paused a little, then went on:
"Soon after that my child
Took sick—my darling, only son!
And I the hours beguiled
With songs or any way I could,
Not scared at first, at all;
But medicine failed to do him good;
For water e'er he'd call.

"The days went by, the fever's heat
Confused his little brain;
Then what strange words he would repeat!
And moan and groan, in pain.
I had been hopeful all the while,
With peace enough to cry,
With strength enough on him to smile,
When he unclosed his eye.

"But when the doctors gave him up
My stubborn heart grew wild,
I dashed aside the bitter cup,
And cried, 'Oh save my child!'
At last his restless moanings hushed;
My darling Jemmy slept;
My bleeding, breaking heart was crushed,
But still I prayed and wept.

"I begged the God of pow'r to spare
My darling little son,
But never, in my raving prayer,
Saying, 'Thy will be done!'
I said, 'Oh God! you must! you must!
Let little Jemmy live!'
And dared the Maker of the dust
The last death-blow to give.

"So like a demon in its wrath
My grief was in my soul;
Such grief, o'er which no mortal hath
The power of control.
I prayed, I wept, I cursed, I swore,
In accents fierce and wild,
And vowed that I would live no more
Without my darling child.

"Oh, God! I know that Thou wert just
In answering my prayer!
He woke at last—my sleeping dust—
No spark of reason there.
He opened wide his soft blue eyes,
From which the soul seemed fled,
And when I talked, made no replies;
I wished that he were dead.

"He ate and slept, and slowly came
To health, and finely grew,
But never once did lip my name—
He ne'er his mother knew.
No gleam of intellect e'er shone
Within his rosy face;
His thoughtless eyes kept gazing on,
Moving from place to place.

"He grew, and walked from room to room
In such a shambling way,
Oh, how I wished him in the tomb,
For many, oh, many a day.
Thirty long years have passed and gone,
Still this is my employ—
As days, and weeks, and months roll on,
To watch my idiot boy.

"But lady, I am humble now,
And gently watch my son;
And every night I meekly bow
And say, 'Thy will be done.'
She glided out as she came in,
And said good-bye to none;
But all who heard the tale of sin
Breathed low, "Thy will be done."

And when at dawn the angel came
And bore the soul away,
The mother called her babe by name
And kissed the cold, cold clay.
She wept, she felt the bitter sting
Her mother-heart was stirred;
But not a breath of murmuring
From her sweet lips was heard.

The darling little babe was dead,
Its crown already won;
The father and the mother said,
"Oh! God Thy will be done."

BOB'S CONVERSION.

"Somehow, it seemed strange. I couldn't quite understand it all. The parson told me very little that wasn't an old story to me. Maybe it was his way of putting it. Maybe the strangeness had a deeper source, and one that I shall never fathom. But I know that, after leaving the church, I walked home with head three inches higher in the air, shoulders squared, and eyes fixed straight ahead of me, while my brain was trobbing and laboring with confused thoughts. It was strange, I can tell you. It flashed upon me somehow I had been 'converted,' as they say.

"Next morning how very different was my state! I was old Bob Stedman once more. The strangeness had passed away. I had, in fact, awakened from something like a dream. But all the incidents of the night before, including the belief in my own 'conversion,' crowded to my mind the first

thing. But I hadn't time to think much about them. I was late for work and if I didn't look sharp I'd be locked out, and maybe sacked. Out o' the house with a rush, and down the street, I forgot all about the mission, all about my conversion last night, all about religion and its duties.

"It was nothin' new, nothin' uncommon. I had always said so. Just a flare-up, and next day it's all forgotten. 'Conversion ain't for chaps like us,' I used to say, 'get us to church an' we'll promise anything you like;' but the force of habit is too strong, and ten to one a hard day's work will take all the religion out of any of us.

"At night I went to look at them bills about the 'London Mission, 1874,' the first thing, quite promiskus like—forgettin', by the way, to drop into the 'John Bull,' as usual. Then, when I got home, I remembered all about the mission, and thought it wouldn't be a bad thing to go again, because I'd nothin' else to do. So I washed and took Nellie (that's my wife) and the children with me. Once again I was glad I came, and when we got home that night I felt no strangeness. My head was again erect, my shoulders squared, new thoughts crowding on my brain; but I was Bob Stedman, plain Bob Stedman, with ten hours' work a-day to get thro', rent and taxes to pay, and a lot o' queer acquaintances about me. I knew, as before, that I was converted, but I had only just that night been told what conversion means.

"It means a turning, in this case, a turning of the heart to God. Some of us haven't much heart to turn. It's all chipped up into bits—and we set a bit on this extra glass of beer, a bit on that common and senseless oath, a bit on thoughts about bad women (you see I'm plain), a bit on selfish enjoyment, and other bits on other undeserving objects. Now conversion means just this: that you must begin turning these chips of your heart all one way, all to God;—one at a time, if you please—when the will is good you needn't be in a hurry—one at a time, so I've found out, until the whole heart is turned to God. It can't be done in a hurry, and it is never wholly done. A heart that has once been chipped up into bits always looks cracked, and we are constantly afraid of it falling to pieces."

"Well, well! It's wonderful how few are the habits which make a man what he is. Now, I haven't made a dozen changes in my daily conduct, but they make all the difference (that is, as far as other people are concerned) in life. First I knocked off that drop o' beer. Somehow you can't think straight with beer in your head. Everything followed that; for, you see, I did not cut my acquaintances so much as they cut me. Thus I was got out from among bad companions. Then I began to decorate my home, and the parson (who often comes round to see me) says I took the right way in building up faith—that is the constructive way, as he calls it, not the destructive—for there is nothing like getting the evils out of your head altogether, and putting other and better thoughts in. But I won't tell you any more. I wasn't called upon to tell you even this much. But I will tell you, and you can use it or not, just as you like, that conversion don't make so much difference between a man and his neighbors as it does between man and his old self."

WHAT 'FATHER SAYS' AND DOES.

If parents think that children do not notice closely everything they do, they make a serious mistake. Children see quickly and reason with marvelous exactness, and are not easily deceived. They are more likely to notice every little act of the father, because he is not always at home, and what "father says" and what "father does" are the things they most wish to say and do. No matter how dearly they may love their mother, it is undoubtedly true that children imitate the father more closely than they do the mother. So, therefore, the part a father bears in the training of children is a very, very important one, and he who shirks it, throwing it all on the shoulders of the already overburdened mother, will have a serious sin to answer for some day.

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