

SELF-SACRIFICE.

One day, many years ago, the tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgworth, was left open, and two young boys wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part and scramble from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way. The elder boy had just time to grasp it when falling; while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help; for no one was near. After a little, the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both "done for."

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose my hold of you?" asked the younger lad.

"I could, I think," returned the elder boy.

"Then good-bye, and God bless you," cried the little fellow, loosing his hold. Another second and he fell on to the stone floor below, dead; his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Surely this little boy in this one act of self-sacrifice had found his way to keep his Lord's commandment: "That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (St. John xv. 12-13).

ACCESSIONS.

In Grace, Syracuse (C. N. Y.), on Whitsunday, Bishop Huntington received into the ministry of the Church Rev. E. J. V. Huigun, who has been a priest in the Roman Church. He was educated at Maynooth College, and is said to be an accomplished scholar. The form for reception was that used by the bishop when he received the French priest, Rev. Alphonse Dupont, a few years ago into our ministry. At the same time he admitted to the Diaconate the Rev. E. R. Earle, formerly a Universalist minister at Oswego.

A correspondent of one of the Church papers, writing in 1873, said he had kept a record of the accessions to our clergy lists from other religious bodies, for the previous fifteen years, and his number had come up to two hundred.

The Rev. Geo. Forry, admitted to the priesthood by Bishop Bond, on Trinity Sunday, was formerly a Wesleyan Methodist minister.

Among the recent confirmees at Ilford was one who for 25 years had been a Christadelphian preacher.

IS IT ANY USE?

About fifteen years ago on a cold and rainy day, I was called into the vestibule of my house, to see a man who certainly looked like the worst kind of a "tramp." His clothes were insufficient to cover him, they were ragged and rotten. His feet were swollen and bleeding, and a pair of old soles tied on with rags were their only protection. His face was bloated and the odor of rum was strong in his breath. He asked my help, on the ground of having once been employed at a hotel in a distant city, where I had been at one time a boarder. He professed to know men whom I could not fail to know in that place, and he assured me that he had been a trusted employe and had good vouchers in a trunk in a pawn-shop. I did not believe his story, but he was sick and full of sores, and wet to the skin, and penniless, and but for my help apparently helpless. So I sent for an officer and got the poor fellow into Bellevue Hospital, where he lay for eight weeks until he was sobered, healed and strong again. Then I clothed him, and found him a situation, where he could and did earn a living.

I had forgotten all about this case, for it was only one of many that come to a city clergyman every month. But about a year after, one bright day, as my children were playing croquet upon the lawn, they suddenly stopped, and one rushed in, crying out, "Oh, such an awful tramp!" the other

said, "Papa, there's a poor man out there, can't you help him?" The different utterances marked chiefly a difference in experience of this wicked world. The older one had learned something of the deception and trickery of the procession of applicants for aid at her father's door; the younger one saw only the evident misery and poverty of the individual. I went on to the lawn, and there, as badly off as before, stood the man whom I had helped to decency and support, a year ago. He was ragged and bloated and sick and sore. Of course he was sent to the hospital again and in due time started afresh in an honest business. He was willing to work, he wanted to be a sober and respectable man, but he could not keep from drinking. There was a fire in his bones, and it craved more and more food continually when once it began to burn.

The interval was longer, but he came "the third time, broken down, wretched, good for nothing, so it seemed to me. He pleaded, and promised, and was so desperate in his entreaties for one more trial, that in spite of my experience, and in spite of my judgment, I determined to trust him once more. I told him that it would be of no use to start him again, but he protested that it would, and as he almost kneeled before me, I bade him promise to ask God's help to keep his word, if I helped him again. Once more clothed and in his right mind he started at the work which he could do and had done successfully. He had promised to come and report to me now and then how he got on.

It was with small faith I saw him start for the third time to lead a sober life. His past gave no ground for hope, his business was within easy reach of temptation, he had no family and no friends in the world except myself. At the end of six months he called on me, and he had kept his promises. He asked my permission to go for a little vacation to a place where he could be treated for rheumatism, the result of his drinking. He came back and resumed his work. A year passed, and at Christmas he came and reported to me that he was still sober, and paid all that he owed, and had a decent suit of clothes besides those which I had given him. Two years passed, and at Christmas he came again, and asked if I would tell him of a savings bank where he could put a little money that he had earned and saved. I went with him and he made his deposit. Every year since then, he has come to report himself to me, and to assure me that he has kept his promise faithfully. Last Christmas he came into my office, a handsome, ruddy, white-haired Englishman, whom no one could have identified with the poor drunkard who first called on me fifteen years ago for help. He had more than one thousand dollars in one savings bank, and an account with nearly as much in another; he was well and industrious and contented.

There was a wedding in the house not long since, and the little girl who years ago had come running in from the lawn, saying, "Papa, there's a poor man out there, can't you help him?"—was the bride. About a week before the wedding, the "poor man" came into my office, and, after apologizing for the call, modestly inquired the day when the young lady would be married, and also her name. On the wedding day, among many gifts there came a beautiful package of silver, marked with the bride's name, and with a letter of gratitude, which only one could write who knew that he had been rescued from the mouth of hell. He was at the church in a new suit, with a rose in his button-hole, and he told me the next day that it was the happiest day of his life. I am sure that he spoke the truth, and am ready to believe that he will be steadfast to the end.

Is it any use to persevere in the effort to reform the intemperate, to reclaim the vicious, to raise the fallen and degraded? How often this question comes up for answer in our experience. Many failures depress and dishearten us, many cases of ingratitude and deception are hardening in their influence upon us, many obstacles confront and many hindrances keep us back; but one success in such a desperate case gives us heart of hope, one grateful man wipes out the record of a score of ingrates, one sinner saved gives joy in heaven, and if these things be so, we may answer the question "is it any use," in the affirmative always, and do with all

our skill and power the work which God throws athwart our path in the journey of life.—*Augustus in N. Y. Observer.*

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do in this world of ours
Where the winds have rent life's sheltering bowers
Where the orphan's cry and the widow's prayer
Are borne on the chilly air.

Nothing to do? where millions throng
The broad and downward path of wrong;
Where souls that redeeming love would save
Seek hopeless rest in a sinner's grave.

Nothing to do? in the world's dark night
Where He bids thee bear as a shining light
The faith in thee, O thou cross-signed one,
And thy brother guide to the sunless Home.

Nothing to do? for Him who came
That thou mightest bear His blessed name;
And walk in the steps of that Holy Life
And know His strength in the daily strife.

Nothing to do? for Him who died,
The Rock of thy shelter that riven side,
Thy souls true peace in that cleansing flood,
And thy life in the Bread of the living Word.

Nothing to do? no! not folded hands;
Nor thy feet that in idle waiting stand
With nothing to do. O not for me
But something, yes all, O my Lord, for Thee.

C. W. W.

BEGIN WHERE YOU ARE.

The man who has really resolved to live the best life he can, must begin right where he is—begin where his failures, his false education, his errors, and his sins have left him. By no single stroke of the pen can we erase whole pages in the history of our lives. We have made or unmade ourselves as we are. If we could only begin at some lofty height which our moral dreams picture for us, it seems to us, that there would be inspiration in going still further; but we cannot substitute in a moment the dream-life for the real one. We are surrounded on all sides by hard and tangible realities. We must begin where we are.

One who takes a practical and sagacious view of what is possible to him in life, will not burden himself by attempting the unattainable. He will begin when and where he is, and do that which lies in his power. Every day of life begins his own task; each task is an opportunity; each task accepted, each opportunity fulfilled, may be a step toward a higher life.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND STATISTICS.

The "Year Book" of the Church of England for 1887 indicates how accurately that little territory has been ecclesiastically mapped out. There are nearly 14,000 clergymen. Of these 11,500 filled up the statistical tables sent. In eighty per cent. of the parishes there were 1,182,000 communicants on Easter, 1885. There are 3,000,665 free and 1,000,497 paid sittings. There were about 154,000 unpaid and 19,000 paid male choristers; about 57,000 unpaid female singers, and 2,100 paid; there were 31,000 bell-ringers, and 47,000 unpaid district visitors. The "Year Book" only notes the voluntary offerings during the year. These amounted to \$20,000,000. Of course there are the immense national revenues. To this we are to add \$5,000,000 to the education department and \$80,000 for theological schools, and \$50,000 for public schools. That is, out of eighty per cent. of the parishes of Great Britain, a sum is voluntarily raised by the Episcopalians alone of \$25,020,000. Of course there are voluntary givings which are not thus chronicled. Facts such as these go somewhat to modify the strong statement that voluntary effort is crushed in state-supported Churches. We may further think of the noble figure to which the voluntary givings of Churchmen and the dissenters would jointly amount, and hesitate to join in the clamor which condemns the Christianity of the present as painfully selfish.—*The Independent.*