

Family Department.

UNDER THE MONOGRAM—PAST AND PRESENT.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

In centre aisle of a fine old church*
A pulpit towered high;
'Twas velvet draped, and a monogram
Lent to its majesty.

There oft the well-belov'd pastor† taught
Of a Most Holy One,
Who in His love for frail man had giv'n
His lov'd and only Son.

The old, old story he simply told,
Of Jesus from His birth,
And how He left a glorious throne
To suffer on this earth.

"Jesus, the Saviour of men," his theme:
Words all so earnest were
A golden light to the monogram
And to each list'ner there,

A fair young child, with a wistful face,
Gazed from a distant pew
Amazed; it seemed such a mystic thing,
So glittering, bright and new.

"What can it mean?" thought the little one.
"My father's sure to know
If it's a lesson set us to learn
That better we may grow."

"The golden letters—what do they mean?
Dear father, tell to me;
And why are they on the pulpit writ?
Is it that all may see?"

"Dear child, it tells of bright hopes for man—
Atonement great and sure;
A Cross to which we may safely cling,
And bliss for evermore.

"'Tis there—for Christians do oft grow cold,
And can forget their Lord—
To say He is with them here alway,
As written in His Word."

The gray-haired man and the little child
Sat there for many years,
Beneath the letters of gold, and found
A balm for all their fears;

Until the Master the old man served
Bade him "up higher come,"
Where Jesus stood "in the midst" to greet
The aged pilgrim home.

Time's cycles onward have rolled; and now
The child of long ago,
Not wond'ring, but with a certain peace,
Waits there the truth to know.

Progress has changed but the *minor* things—
The same dear Lord is there;
Her puzzle too, the old monogram,
Deciphered now and clear.

Lost for a time, but ‡restored in love;
The kindly act shall be
A binding link of the truest love
And pleasant memory.

E. A. C.

Halifax, Sept., 1882.

*St. George's.

†Rev. F. Uniacke.

‡Alluding to the restoration of the monogram after being set aside for some years, and the placing of it in the new chancel of St. George's, by the Rev. Canon Partridge.

THOUGHTS FOR NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

NIX.

"Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

CAN we imagine *any* words that could gladden the soul of man more than these? Let us put ourselves in the place of the poor sufferer who was borne into the Presence of the Great Physician of soul and body, let us try to think what it must have been to him to be addressed by those Divine lips in those wondrous words: "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee." Ah! which of us but would, if we could, *indeed* change places with him!—no matter how blessed with wealth and health and this world's happiness, which of us but would, (if indeed we BELIEVE in Jesus, the Saviour of the world) lie helpless at His feet like this palsied man, might we but hear the words—"Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee. This sick man had been brought to Jesus to be healed of his bodily infirmity, but Jesus knowing all things,

Jesus the Lord of Love as well as of Life, gave the greater boon; he satisfied the craving of the soul, filling it with joy and peace unspeakable. Can we not see how the FORGIVEN one, lying there upon his couch would lose all consciousness of his bodily needs in the blessed assurance of Divine Mercy? The scribes, hardened and unbelieving, standing near, watching with malice and envy for some occasion against the Holy One and the Just, were incapable of discerning the perfect joy and trust of the helpless paralytic. "This man blasphemeth," they said within themselves. And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, gave them a proof of His Divine Power which they could not gainsay. "Arise," he said, "take up thy bed and go unto thine house." When the multitude beheld the miracle accomplished, they marvelled and glorified God, but he in whose *soul* the miracle of healing had *first* been wrought, to whom it had been said—"Thy sins be forgiven thee," what must *he* have felt! Renewed in *spirit* as well as in body, with that "*Son, be of good cheer*," echoing in his heart, how blessed beyond measure was his lot. And we may share it, if we will,—if from our heart of hearts we supplicate forgiveness, the same Lord is ever ready to heal and to bless—the same voice will speak to our souls: "*Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee*."

ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

Some of our readers may have had their doubts about the truth of the elephant stories told in books of natural history. We should like to have been with the King of the Sandwich Islands last summer in Burmah, when he spent some time watching the elephants working in the timber-yards.

The king and one of his ministers, Professor Armstrong, sat down upon a pile of lumber, while they witnessed the amazing performances of ten of these huge creatures. The king observed that the elephant-stables were very high, and the reason of this was explained to him. An elephant, patient and obedient as he usually is, is liable to gusts of passion, during which he would tear his stable all to pieces if the rafters were not beyond his reach. Each elephant has a keeper all to himself, who lives close to his stable with his wife and children. The youngest children play about his enormous legs, get under his body and take hold of his trunk. When he is tired of them he pushes them gently away, but never hurts them.

In handling the timber an elephant does the work of about twenty-five men. King Kalakaua saw them do many things that would seem to us to require human intelligence. First, he saw them draw large logs from a distant part of the yard to the saw mill, and place them, without assistance, just where the men could most conveniently adjust them to a platform. The elephant first lifts one end to its place, and then the other end, after which he looks at it out of the corner of his eye to see if it lies just as it ought. If it does not he keeps pushing and working until it is exactly right. He lifts a huge log by thrusting his tusks under it, and when he lifts he keeps it steady with his trunk. A big elephant will lift a log in this way that would be a good load for twenty men.

The king was still more surprised to see them making up bundles of slabs, getting them nice and even and then carrying them off upon their tusks, while holding them down with their trunks, and dropping them on the top of a high heap. Other elephants at the same time were piling up boards in square, even piles. They would look at them with the knowing look of a carpenter, and keep on pushing until they had made the heap perfectly square and regular.

Perhaps the most curious thing which the king noticed was young elephants learning how to do these things. A young elephant walks alongside of an old one at work, and learns his future trade by merely looking on and observing the various processes. After a while, he feels the stirrings of youthful ambition within him, and tries his own tusks on a moderate sized log. He lives and learns, like apprentices in a shipyard. The king thought the inhabitants of Burmah idle and shiftless; but the elephants were good workers.—*Youth's Companion*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

In a Sunday School at Nantasket there is a little girl of whom the following incident is related. It occurred when she was only six years of age:

Her uncle was brought home very sick, and the doctor told the family he could not live. The little girl heard it, and at a time when no one was in the sick room, she went softly in and up to the bedside, put one hand on the cheek of the man, and reaching up, pressed her face close to his and whispered, "Cast your sins on Jesus, the spotless Lamb of God."

His bodily distress had been very great, a moan coming with every breath; but at her whispered words, the flood-gates of his soul were unlocked, and he burst into tears.

The little girl went about her play, not telling any one she had been in the room. His mental anguish was as great as his bodily suffering. All through the night he lay praying for mercy and forgiveness of sin. The next day the little messenger God sent watched her chance, and again went to the sick man and whispered with a winning tenderness:

"Did you do as I told you, Uncle William?"

"Yes, I did, I did! He washed away my sins."

Only a few hours before he died, he implored God's richest blessing on his "little angel," as he called her, for teaching him the way to Jesus.

THE newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district, the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure. Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a waggon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the schools about two hundred boys and girls.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN—look here! Don't you think your Japanese brothers are getting ahead of you? Among the scholars in Tokio are seven boys, not more than nine years old, who have committed to memory the entire Catechism, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Beatitudes, a morning prayer, and several hymns. That's a good record.

It is good for a man to be checked, crossed, disappointed, made to feel his own ignorance, weakness, folly; made to feel his need of God; to feel that, in spite of all his cunning and self-confidence, he is no better off in this world than in a dark forest, unless he has a Father in heaven who loves him with an eternal love; and a Holy Spirit in heaven who will give him a right judgment in all things; and a Saviour in heaven who can be touched with the feeling of his infirmities.—*Kingsley*.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending September 23rd and 30th contain Mrs. Fanny Kemble's Records of her Life, and Medieval Hymns, *Quarterly*; Comets, *Nineteenth Century*; A Voice from the Nile, *Fortnightly*; The Palace of Urbino, *Cornhill*; Snake Anecdotes, *Chambers' Journal*; Cetewayo's Meditations, *The Vegetarian*; Animalcules of the Deep Sea, and On Reading Shakespeare through, *Spectator*; Two Italian Geographers, *Saturday Review*; The Foreign Trade of the United States, their Influence on the Money Market, and the Immigration which they receive, *Economist*; Death not Universal, *Journal of Science*; Adventurers, *Globe*; with instalments of "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "No New Thing," the usual amount of poetry, and a continuation of that very remarkable article, "THE LITTLE PILGRIM," which has attracted so much notice.

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