

Family Department.

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man

Who was none too good, but might have been worse
Who went to his Church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging plate,
The Church was but dim with the candles' light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size.
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said,
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring!
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is so full of poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, Ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate!
Ha, Ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account,
That guinea of gold is set down to me;
They lend to Him, who give to the poor,
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!"

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the pair;
But in that account He'll set down to thee,
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gie."

There's a comfort, too, in this little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long "to gie."

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued]

SYBIL, sitting shrouded from pitying eyes in her heavy crape veil, looked up involuntarily. She had dreaded this first service, and it had cost her a great effort to take her accustomed place, where from her earliest recollection she had listened to the tones of her father's voice and seen his beloved form. It was a relief to her to find that Mr. Ray was in every respect unlike her father; it was less painful to see a type of man altogether different than it would have been to discover points of resemblance which would have constantly suggested comparisons. The beauty and solemnity of the Service had never touched Sybil more deeply; the sermon, simple in language, breathing intense devotion and fervour, veiled by a quietude of manner, and with perfect unconsciousness of self, was full of comfort to her, and raised her thoughts above her sorrow,—the brief but most touching mention of the late Rector satisfied even those the least disposed to "take to" his successor. When the service was concluded, Sybil lingered to introduce herself to Mr. Ray. She felt the wish to thank him for his allusion to her father. It was some time before he came out into the porch where Sybil sat on the ancient stone seat which was let into the wall; a ray of sunlight fell on the pale up-turned face, from which she had thrown back her heavy veil. Mr. Ray held out his hand almost before she could say that she was Sybil Barrington, and smiled so kindly and pityingly upon her that the young girl's heart went out to him. "My dear Miss Barrington, this is good and kind of you," he said, "your mother and yourself have been much in my thoughts. I was

coming to see you to-morrow, trusting that you would not look upon my visit as an intrusion." Sybil assured him that her mother would be very glad to see him. "She did not feel equal to coming to Church this morning, and you will understand that I dreaded it myself," she said, with a little tremble in her voice, "I am so glad now that I did come, it has been a comfort to me, and I want to thank you for what you said about my father." Walking through the churchyard together, Stephen Ray followed Sybil's eyes as they turned towards her father's grave. "May I go with you there?" he asked, and Sybil without speaking led the way to the newly-turfed mound with its cross of flowers. A plain Latin cross of granite had been placed at the head, with a brief inscription at its base below the words, "He bringeth them into the haven where they would be." A tender pity filled the heart of Stephen Ray, accustomed as he had long been to the sight of human sorrow and suffering, compared to which this gentle, chastened grief was almost happiness. They stood quite silent for a while, and then he said softly and looking upward, "May we too be brought into that haven! What a sweet spot this is," he added as they turned away, "a lovely peaceful place for the shepherd to rest where he had fed his flock so long." "Yes," said Sybil, looking round with a wistful tenderness, "he loved it." They parted at the churchyard gate; Sybil had but to cross the road to the rectory grounds; Mr. Ray had taken rooms at what was called "the Yews," an old and most picturesque farm-house below in the valley, and which took its name from a group of very ancient yew-trees, which for generation after generation had been kept clipped in curious and fantastic shapes. Between them, leading up to the deep porch, was a broad, flagged path, bordered with sweet old-fashioned flowers, marigold and London pride, and the majestic holly-hock with its rich blossoms. The broad low windows were framed in dark, fine-leaved ivy, and altogether the place had won the heart of Stephen Ray, as well it might, in contrast to the home which had been his for the last ten years—a dingy, dismal, breathless place in the heart of one of the great manufacturing cities in the north of England. And yet, dismal and dingy as it was, the leaving it had been one of the great trials of his life. He had thrown himself with every power which he possessed of mind and body into the work of christianizing the rough and terribly ignorant people, imbruted by a life of treadmill toil, varied only by the low gratifications of their appetites, which they called pleasures. It was impossible but that such a life as this man lived among them must tell, impossible but that such patient love in the face of distrust, ridicule, even enmity, must in the long run influence those among whom it was displayed. Stephen Ray was beginning to see the fruits of his labours in the softened faces of men and women, in the loving looks of children, in happy and decent homes, above all in the religious feeling growing with a steady growth where for years the soil had seemed hopelessly barren. He was beginning to rejoice with deep humility in the success of his work, when he became physically incapable of continuing it. The strain had been too great on a frame never robust; symptoms which at first he refused to recognize grew daily more serious, until driven to consult a physician, were it but to know the extent of the mischief, he was told that his remaining in London was no matter of choice. "I give you three months more at your work here," said the doctor, "and then there will be no need for you to think of any elsewhere; you will be past work of any kind." The missionary priest of St. Cuthbert's was not a man to fight against the inevitable. The great thing was to find some one to carry on the work which he must lay down, and in this, to his great thankfulness, he was successful; then after a farewell service which his people never forgot, he turned his face southward. It was not long afterwards that he had applied to the Bishop of the Diocese in which Longmoor was situated for work. It must be, as he acknowledged to himself, light work, at least as compared to what his *had* been, but he could not live without work of some kind, and the milder air and the rest which he had taken had already benefited him, though his health would never again be thoroughly established. The Bishop, as it had happened, had but a few days previously received

Squire Carruthers' letter with reference to Longmoor, and gladly proposed to Stephen Ray that he should assume the charge of the parish. The man and his past work were not unknown.

Thus by the following Sunday the vacant place had been supplied.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

XXIII.

"Then saith He unto them, 'Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's and unto God the things which be God's.'"

Our Lord said also: "NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS." Do the two sayings seem incompatible? To render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's must mean, in St. Peter's words, that we are to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake, whether to the king as supreme or unto governors as unto them that are sent by Him. Nay he says further, "Honour all men." We are then called on cheerfully to submit ourselves to the duties which human society imposes and which surround us on all sides, and the Church teaches us to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters. Is not all this doing service, as it were, to the world? Yes, but for the Lord's sake. Not two masters, but one, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords must we serve, and all else must be subservient to this, must be, as the Apostle says, "for the Lord's sake." Christ Himself says that the Christian must be servant of all, but this humility is in fact exalted to the highest freedom, it is but a badge of that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. To Caesar—to the world around us the service due, but to "God who ruleth over all from the beginning," the fealty of an unswerving heart—that is the ideal of the Christian life. Holding fast to our allegiance to our Creator and Father we shall be untrammelled by the world, while serving it—and our duties to God and man will never clash.

"Master," said the emissaries of the Pharisees "we know that Thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the person of men. Tell us therefore what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?"

Though uttered by the lips of malice and with the intent to destroy Him, it was a glorious truth that they expressed, for all human souls are of equal value in the sight of God—the poorest outcasts as the great ones of the earth, but how utterly were these schemers foiled in their miserable attempt to catch him in their snare, while they drew forth the teaching which was to be for all time.

He who is the author not of confusion but of peace points to the symbol of authority which they themselves acknowledged. Order and harmony in human affairs, the fulfilment of our duties to our fellow-man, obedience to human law, to those who bear rule over us—this is obedience also to the law of Christ.

How abashed and confounded must they have stood before Him. Unfit to receive His teaching they could but marvel at his answer, and they "left Him and went their way."

CONSCIENCE is usually heard most distinctly by the sinner in his youth. As he grows older its voice is apt to be heard less and less distinctly every time he repeats a sin. And yet how many young persons turn a deaf ear to its reproving voice, thinking that they will give heed to its admonitions at some future time.

ALL life is consecrated now because God himself has passed through it. Even the human body henceforth is called a temple because the Son of God has dwelt in it. For this reason, how ought men to honor themselves, honor even their bodies. If some traveller in Judea should prove to us that he had discovered the very house in which Jesus used to live, how men would flock to it. It would become a shrine for all the Christian world. If