

LOVE FLOWING FORTH IN DEEDS OF MERCY.

LAST Sunday we were taught that love was the mark of God's children; to-day a test of love is given us. "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" By deeds, not words, our Lord proves our love, deeds of kindness and mercy; nor will opportunities of doing such be wanting, if only we keep ourselves ready to embrace them. Sometimes they present themselves unexpectedly, and then we must seize them at once, as did the Christian lady of whom you are about to hear.

Between fifty and a hundred years ago a gentleman and lady of the name of Owen lived at Richmond, in Yorkshire. The only sorrow of their life was the want of children, and this pressed less and less heavily upon them as they found so many fellow-creatures to love and care for, and to love them in return. Their thoughts were chiefly bent on providing pleasures for others, but there was one they allowed themselves, a journey every summer to visit Mrs. Owen's brother in his country house under the Cheviot hills. This was the great event of the year, for travelling was not so easy or so common then as it is in our days of railways. Mr. and Mrs. Owen took their journey in their own carriage.

One bright midsummer day, while preparing for the usual expedition, Mr. Owen was taken ill. Fever came on, his wife nursed him tenderly for twenty-one days, but he grew worse and worse, and at last he died. There was no journey to the Cheviots that year. The following summer, however, Mrs. Owen's brother begged so hard for a visit that she at last consented, especially as she could thus give great pleasure to two young friends whom she took as companions. But she shrank from going over the well-known road which she had so often taken with her husband, and chose another, which led her through the west of the county of Durham, a very secluded district.

At the close of the day they arrived at Bourne, a retired village, but containing a pretty good inn, where they had intended to pass the night. The carriage drew up at the door, and men and maids came out to welcome the strangers, but without the cheerful alacrity which was usual. "Can I have beds here to-night?" asked Mrs. Owen of the landlord. "Yes, ma'am, there's plenty of room in the house," he answered, "everything very comfortable, but—" and he paused. Mrs. Owen looked surprised. "Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Well, ma'am," he went on, "it is but right to tell you, and then you can do as you please. There's a terrible fever in the place, and it's against my conscience to keep ladies in it even for a night, without acquainting them with it." Mrs. Owen turned pale, for she remembered her husband's last illness, but in kindness she asked two or three questions about the state of the place, and learned that it was most pitiable. The fever was of a very bad sort, a panic had spread in the neighbouring villages, and no one would come into the place to give any help, so that the sick were literally perishing for want of nurses to attend to their wants, and give them drink and medicine. "Our new vicar's among them from morning to night, and so is the doctor," said the landlord, "and miserable work it is for them, going from one sick room to another, with nobody to see to the people but them. There's the doctor on the other side of the road, and ill enough he looks himself." "Beg him to come here, I want to speak to him," said Mrs. Owen so decidedly that the landlord obeyed at once. "I understand," she said to the doctor, "that there is need of nurses here." "Indeed, there is, ma'am," he answered; "the sufferings of the sick are dreadful for want of attendance, but hitherto we have not been able to procure any." I will stay here, if you please," Mrs. Owen said, "and will do what I can for the poor sufferers under you. I know something of nursing, and shall learn more." Then turning to the landlord, she begged him to let her have fresh horses at once, since she did not like to keep the young ladies in an infected place. "You must go on without me, my dears," she said to them. "The next stage is not a very long one. You must sleep there, and will reach my brother's house in good time to-morrow. My maid will take care of you, and you will have a warm welcome from my brother. Tell him what detains me here, and I will soon write to him." In five minutes the carriage was on its way northwards, and Mrs. Owen busily conversing with the parish doctor at the inn at Bourne. As you may suppose, he was only too thankful for help, and before they parted it was agreed that he should write to London for two nurses, whose expenses Mrs. Owen would pay, and that he should call for her next morning, and take her with him when he went his

The rest of the evening she passed with her Bible and Prayer Book, preparing for the work before her. Many weeks passed before she spent another so

quietly. The misery she saw the next day quite appalled her. Bourne was a poor village, and a very dirty one, and the fever was of a bad sort. It had begun among the children, who had dropped off, two and three in a family, sometimes before their parents understood that they were ill. Then no precautions were taken; the houses were neither aired, nor cleaned out, nor whitewashed, hardly the clothes washed. So the fever went on its way, and the men and women were seized and laid on their beds, neglected mostly, and uncared for. The doctor ordered medicine, the patients moaned or raved for drink, but there was no one to give.

From this day, however, things were changed, no poor sufferer was neglected again. Mrs. Owen went from house to house, attending to each in turn, according to the doctor's orders, giving medicine, or fruit, or cooling drink, and waiting on them, alone at first, but afterwards with the help of her nurses. The clergyman welcomed her help as warmly as the doctor had done, and gave her directions what to read and what to say. They watched together by more than one dying bed, yet still nursing was blest to the recovery of some who had seemed in a hopeless condition. The rough country people, unused to such tender kindness, at first stared at their visitor in astonishment, then gratitude grew up in their hearts, and when the fever over, she was taken ill from anxiety and fatigue, the concern they showed for her was most touching. She was nursed as carefully as she had nursed others, and she recovered and prepared to return home. But her poor friends clustered about her, entreating her not to leave them. They should be so lost without her, and there was a nice house empty near the village which could be made quite fit for her. If she were there they should never want a friend. Mrs. Owen was touched. She felt strongly the tie to her poor patients. She wished to be useful, and there was plenty to do among them. So it came to pass that within a year Mrs. Owen was settled in that very house at Bourne, and the rest of her days were spent among the people she learnt to know at the time of the great fever.

OBEDIENCE.

A NEWSPAPER skilfully says: "The best way to keep a boy at home is to tell him to stay there, and make it a point to have him obey you. Begin early and you have the problem solved." In other words, the lesson is that a parent should assert his authority and have it recognized and respected by the boy, and that then there will be no trouble. This applies to other things in the management of boys—to church going, for instance, about which there is so much difficulty of theory and practice in the newspapers and among the people. If parents wish a lesson in respect to what is wisest in this matter it can be taught in such words as these: "The best way to get a boy to go to church is to tell him to go and make it a point to have him obey you. Begin early and you have the problem solved." This sets aside the usual theory that if the services are not "attractive" to him he ought to stay away.

TRUE POLITENESS.

THERE is a difference between politeness and etiquette. Etiquette can be defined, classified, formulated. You can tell young people to take their soup from the side of their spoons; to eat with their forks; not to make a noise in eating; and all these and countless more injunctions are important. But I would rather eat a hundred dinners with my knife than laugh one malicious laugh at some one else who did so.

No error in conventional good breeding—mortifying as such errors are—is one-quarter so serious as the least rudeness which has its root in the heart, and springs from insate disregard of the rights or feelings of others. It was not the least royal act of the good Queen Caroline when, seeing at one of her little tea-parties two ladies from the country who poured their tea into the saucers to cool, she looked with stern reproof at some of her maids of honour, who were laughing behind their fans, and reassured her country guests by tranquilly pouring her own tea into her saucer and drinking it. Good manners are to a person what perfume is to a flower; something which is necessary to make even beauty lovely. Their very essence is sympathy.

I do not think that a true Christian could possibly be anything else but well-bred, though there are plenty of gruff and uncivil members of churches. But not one who has taken the Gospel of Christ into his heart, who loves his neighbour as himself and blesses even his enemy, can be anything but truly polite, however he might, through lack of social experience, offend against some of the canons of etiquette. To learn to put yourself in another person's place is the grand secret of true politeness. Two

ladies had often met at the houses of their common friends, and had been introduced to each other once or twice on such occasions. Of course, according to strict etiquette, such an introduction does not bind people to recognize each other afterward. One day, these ladies of whom I speak met in the midst of a little group of people.

"Good morning, Mrs. B.," said Mrs. A. "I think you must be very near-sighted, for you never know me, though we have met so often." "You mistake," was Mrs. B.'s reply. "I am not at all near-sighted," and with the coldest of bows she moved away.

Her object, no doubt, was to resent what she considered a liberty, and teach Mrs. A. a lesson; but she succeeded only in leaving the by-standers the impression that she herself, whatever her social position, was not really a lady.

To go into society with the distinct object of making other people happy is to insure that you will not only be at ease, but well bred.

MOTHERS.

I WILL venture to say a word on the subject of Confirmation. I think that the mothers can help very much, by assisting their children in the preparation. I often wish we could thoroughly enlist the sympathies of mothers of this time, it would be such a help; but I am afraid that mothers often send their children to be prepared for Confirmation as a matter of form; they do not help them; and when Confirmation is over and the newly confirmed come to Holy Communion, at first they come at fixed times, but by and by they begin to come irregularly, and ere long, it may be, leave off coming altogether. And what is the reason of this? No doubt there are many reasons, but one reason, I feel sure, is often to be found in the fact that the parents do not come themselves, and therefore they do not encourage their children to come. I am not quite sure that they do not sometimes put obstacles in the way of their coming. They say, "They are too young." Mark you! they are not too young to be exposed to the snares and pitfalls that surround them in this wicked world, but they are too young to come for strength to enable them to battle with the world, the strength that God conveys through the ordinances and Sacraments of His Church. Oh, Christian mothers! be examples to your children. Help them; do not burden them in walking along the narrow difficult up-hill "way that leadeth unto life."

WE should endeavour to bear up under the infirmities of our earthly tabernacle, and pray for patience, to endure all that may be laid upon us. The afflictions dispensed by a wise and tender Father, are often preludes to a blessing.

THE "TIN KING" TALKS.—From Maine to Manitoba—from St. John's to British Columbia, Mr. Thomas W. McDonald, the Tin King of the Dominion, whose large works extend from 153 to 157 Queen street, Toronto, and cover a solid block, is recognized and respected. Mr. McDonald's experience with the Great German Remedy is thus announced by him: "It is very gratifying to me to be able to give a written testimony respecting the unequalled merits of the world-renowned remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as an alleviator of pain. I was for years sorely troubled with a swollen leg. In vain I tried all the prescriptions of medical men. At last in deep despair I resolved to test the virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and to my great joy before one bottle had been exhausted I found myself completely cured. Trusting that St. Jacobs Oil may meet with the success it deserves, I close this statement, by reiterating my endorsement of its efficacy."

BRIGHTS DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

A RARE CHANCE TO BUY AN ORGAN.—In another column will be found an inducement worthy of the attention of any reader of this paper who ever expects to purchase an organ. The Beatty, Beethoven, Pipe Top Organ, of which thousands are being sold at \$109.75, is offered by Mayor Beatty of Washington, New Jersey, for only \$94, in order that its merits may become known in every hamlet.

The price will soon be advanced to \$144.75. The Beethoven Organ is positively asserted to have the greatest variety of stop combinations, coupled with power and sweetness, ever made, and the fact that upwards of 2,000 of them were sold in May, attests their popularity. The fairness of the offer (they being sold on a year's trial) is surprising, and will command universal attention. Read the advertisement and order at once.