

what is desired, plainly and earnestly, and never could be shortened by a syllable."—*Ruskin*.

"I enjoyed the fine selection of collects read from the Liturgy. What an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life, and determined to bring all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those collects and the Bible."—*George Eliot*.

"An admirable book, in which the full spirit of the Reformation breathes out,—where, beside the moving tenderness of the Gospel, and the manly accent of the Bible, throb the profound emotion, the grave eloquence, the noble-mindedness, the restrained enthusiasm of the heroic and poetic souls who had rediscovered Christianity, and had passed near the fires of martyrdom."—*Taine*.

"There is no fear of the most excellent minister who ever preached making me desert the Church of England. Every time I go I feel more strongly how beautiful our service is."—*J. Hare*.

"The Prayer-book was placed in the hands of the people as an educating, elevating influence, whose intention was to raise the laity to a sense of their equality with the clergy, as participants in the spiritual priesthood of all Christians. There have been few things which have affected the character of the modern English more than the Liturgy."—*Allen*.

"The English Liturgy indeed gains by being compared even with those fine ancient liturgies from which it is to a great extent taken. The essential qualities of devotional eloquence, conciseness, majestic simplicity, pathetic earnestness of supplication, sobered by profound reverence, are common between the translations and the originals. But in the subordinate graces of diction the originals must be allowed to be far inferior to the translations. And the reason is obvious. The technical phraseology of Christianity did not become a part of the Latin language till that language had passed the age of maturity and was sinking into barbarism. The Latin of the Roman Catholic services, therefore, is Latin in the last stage of decay. The English of our services is English in all the vigour of suppleness of early youth. The diction of our Common Prayer has directly contributed to form the diction of almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished nonconformists."—*Macaulay*.

Ownership and Stewardship.

The control of each man's wealth is in his own power. No man has a right to take that which belongs to another, or dictate how it shall be used. How much he shall save, or spend, or give, it is for each man to judge according to the dictates of his own knowledge and conscience.

There is a Divine standard of judgment which each man may know and apply for himself. Ultimate ownership lies back of present possession. "The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts. The whole world is Mine, and the fullness thereof."

Possession implies stewardship. It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful. Every one of us shall give account of himself to God, whether he uses his trust wisely or unwisely, whether he employs his talents or wastes them or hides them. He who knoweth the heart, and seeth not as man seeth, will judge.

The law of stewardship requires that "every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee." God does not require what a man has not, nor does He look for much when He has given little. He looks for returns "according to that which a man hath."

"Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely Thy gifts should be restored;
Freely Thou givest, and thy word
Is, Freely give."

"By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it; makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven."

"A rich Christian has a duty toward the Church—toward the faith which he professes, and the Master he serves—a duty requiring the shining of the light, the influence of the example. A Christian reputation has to be maintained, and

God's people have to be encouraged by the large and copious liberality of the rich. It is for each one to decide how much he will give, and to what he will give it, and in what manner."—*Spirit of Missions*.

Dedicated to God.

One of the noblest names which lives in the history of the Christian missions is Christian Friederich Schwartz. He set sail from England for India in one of the East India Company's ships on the 29th of January, 1750. For forty-eight years he laboured in teaching and preaching the gospel to the heathen of India, and died in the seventy-second year of his age. Bishop Heber said of him: "He was one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries, who have appeared since the days of the Apostles." He gained such influence that he became the chosen counsellor of the Rajah of Tanjore, and exercised a controlling influence over ruler and people.

The Rajah, whose only son, daughter and grandson had died, was left without an heir to his throne, and he adopted the child of a near and noble kinsman, ten years of age, to be his heir. So great was the Rajah's confidence in Padre Schwartz that he desired him to become the guardian of Sarabojee. Placing the hand of the youth in his hand, the Rajah said: "This is not my son, but yours. Into your hand I deliver him." The youth grew up under the care of Schwartz and became the Rajah of Tanjore.

This grand missionary could number his converts by the thousands. Between six thousand and seven thousand were won to Christ through his labours, not to speak of those who were won over to the truth by his companions. Is it any wonder that he left it as his dying testimony that the work of the missionary is "the most honourable and blessed service in which any human being can be employed in this world"? The young Rajah whom he had trained sent to England for "a monument of marble to the memory of the late Rev. Father Schwartz, to be placed in the church," and he himself composed this epitaph, which was carved on this stone, the first poetry written by a Hindoo in English:

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort;
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right.
Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

There is one fact which lies back of this noble and blessed life among the heathen of India which ought to be brought out into clearest light and placed before the eyes of every Christian mother. Christian Friederich Schwartz was dedicated to God's service in his infancy. His mother in her last sickness called her husband and her pastor to her bedside, and implored them to cherish and forward any inclination that they might see in her little son toward the service for which she had asked God to fit him. He was the gift of a mother's warm love, and his holy and useful life was the answer to a mother's fervent prayers.

In Memoriam.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

O silent lips, for ever bold
For Truth and holy Creed;
O tongue of eloquence, grown cold,
In time of stress and need.

Pale, fragile form, for ever veiled
From multitudes, who hung,
Seldom applauded, oft assailed,
Upon that stricken tongue.

Sweet, gentle spirit, passed from pain,
Awhile in peace to rest;
Great preacher, ne'er to preach again—
Now silence preacheth best.

Work and desire for souls wore down
Thy life of active love;
Who mourns the priest's eternal crown
Won, the good fight to prove?

W. C. D.

The Goldfinch.

(From the German, by F. Hoffman.)

"O, how cold it is to-day!" cried Fanny as she came home from her knitting class and ran up to the stove to warm her numbed hands. Her brother, too, came in with nose and ears red with cold, beat his arms together and complained of pins and needles in his hands and feet.

"The snow regularly crumbled at every step," he said; "people could hardly venture out into the road."

He was still speaking when suddenly the children heard a noise at the window—pick! pick! pick!—sounding as if some one was knocking. They ran up to it and saw a wonderfully pretty little bird which was clinging with its tiny feet to the window ledge and pecking with its beak at the glass. It was trembling with cold and looked quite sorrowfully into the room.

"O dear!" cried Fanny, "how the poor little thing shivers. I shall soon bring it indoors."

She opened the window and the little bird fluttered, quite fearlessly, and twittering with pleasure, into the warm comfortable room, flew to and fro twice as if to warm itself through, and then perched down on the table just in front of the children.

"He is hungry, poor little fellow!" they both cried. Fanny quickly brought some bread from the cupboard, crumbled it, and gave it to the bird. The hungry little creature set to work at once to eat it. In a few minutes he had finished it all, even to the last little crumb, and then he began to dress his feathers with his beak.

The children clasped each other's hands, and with happy faces watched the little bird, which every now and then looked at them with its bright eyes, and warbled a merry song.

"What sort of bird can it be?" asked Fanny.

"It's a goldfinch," answered Julius. "You can tell it by the spots on his beak, and the yellow feathers in his wings. He certainly sings beautifully. We will put him in a cage and hang it up by the window."

They did so. They hunted out a cage, put two little basins in it, one for food, the other for water, and put the goldfinch in it. Then they left the door open, so that he could fly in and out of it at pleasure.

The goldfinch seemed to find himself quite comfortable in his cage, and by degrees he became so tame that when the children called, "Dick, Dick!" it flew out fearlessly to perch on their fingers, and would take a crumb of bread or a piece of sugar from their lips with his beak.

This made great amusement for Julius and Fanny, and the bird was very soon preferred by them to any of their toys.

But when at length spring awoke over the country, and the trees were all clothed with fresh young green, the mother said:

"Listen, children; your goldfinch would now be happier in the free open air than in this room with us. Let him fly; it would end in his dying in the cage and that would be a pity."

Julius and Fanny could only part from their bird very unwillingly, but as they loved him too well to give him pain, they called him, "Dick! Dick!"

Dick came, and perched on Fanny's finger, and then the children ran out with him into the road. Dickey looked round about him in astonishment, fluttered with his wings and began to sing. At last he flew away.

"Good bye, Dick, good bye," the children called out sorrowfully after him.

But just see! on a sudden Dickey fluttered back, perched on Fanny's shoulders and warbled loudly, as though he would say, "It pleases me better to be with you than out there."

There was indeed joy then. Dick was carried back into the room in triumph, and he had a large piece of sugar given to him as a reward for his loyalty.

The children's mother said: "The good little bird loves you out of gratitude for your kindness. He knows quite well that he would have been frozen, or starved to death, if you had not taken him in at the window. Take care that you, too, are grateful when any one does you a kindness."

M. A. F.