

## THEIR FATHER'S HELP.

Jack Leslie went down into the world to destroy the demons of Dirt and Drink and Disease and Despair. He was—without being distinctly religious—a very excellent young man, filled with a burning desire to help his fellow-creatures, and with an enthusiastic admiration for Humanity (spelt with a capital H); and he intended to do great things, with the handsome fortune which he had inherited from his father. But somehow it is far easier to dream of noble things than to do them—and so Jack Leslie discovered. He had started a coffee-house in Grimstead (the manufacturing town where his father had made his money), and a working-men's club, and a school of art, which he designed as 'opposition shops' to the public-houses wherewith the grimy little town was too fully furnished. But things had not turned out as Jack expected. True, the coffee-house and the working-men's club and the school of art were well attended; but those who frequented them belonged to that better class of British citizens to whom the public-house offers no attractions, and the beer-shops and the gin-palaces were as crowded, and the midnight streets as noisy as they had been before Jack Leslie came down into the world with his fine schemes for the advancement of Humanity. Leslie had a theory that it was a great mistake, as he said, to 'drag religion into everything.' Let people do right for right's sake and for their own good, and not because a lot of parsons told them to do it. Humanity as Humanity was a grand thing, quite apart from Christianity. This was the gospel which Jack Leslie took upon himself to preach to the weary toilers of Grimstead—a gospel hardly worth the preaching; but Jack was very young in those days and very rich, and the world had hitherto turned a smiling face upon him. It is only by experience that knowledge cometh, and experience is not always pleasant to the taste.

So it came to pass that Jack Leslie's great experiment proved a failure, after all; and a failure that the poor lad took very much to heart.

He had meant so well, that he felt he deserved to have had his good intentions fulfilled; but even good intentions pave a road which does not lead to celestial cities. Moreover, the Humanity whose praises Leslie had carolled so loudly did not altogether return his affection; for the working-men regarded the wealthy youth as somewhat of a prig, and laughed at him accordingly. Jack felt his disappointment so keenly that his health completely broke down, and he was ordered by his doctor to leave busy, noisy, grimy Grimstead for a season, and to take a long holiday with his father's friend, the Rev. James Stockton, the rector of a primitive little fishing village on the East coast. So Leslie shook the dust of Grimstead off his feet, and buried himself and his tired heart and brain in the sweet seclusion of Renton.

At first poor Jack felt rather shy of his friend, for he knew that 'Old Stockton' as he designated him, had no sympathy with now-fangled notions; and Leslie had an uncomfortable suspicion that perhaps, after all, the Rev. James had been right and himself wrong. But Stockton was too wise and good a man to triumph over a fallen foe, even though the foe had fallen through following his own folly; and the rector received Jack's abridged account of his disappointments with the silence which is golden, and then led his worn-out visitor to talk and think of other things. As Mr. Ruskin so beautifully says, 'to watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy,' and these were the things wherein the happiness of James Stockton lay—a happiness which the feverish, fretful world was powerless either to give or take away; and the good man longed to impart this peace to his weary, over-worked young friend.

A few months at Renton Rectory worked wonders for Jack Leslie. He became healthier physically, and therefore happier mentally, every successive summer's day, and rejoiced the heart of James Stockton by the increase in his appetite and the corresponding decrease in his cynicism. As yet the rector had spoken never a word of reproof or counsel to this young man who

had great possessions, though it was oftentimes pain and grief to him to keep silence; but speech and wisdom are not always one.

The day before Jack's return to Grimstead the two friends were sitting 'on the sward of a sheep-trimmed down' overlooking a little creek where the fishing-smacks were kept, and were amusing themselves by watching the futile efforts of two small children who were vainly trying to turn the handle of the windlass whereby their father's boat was to be hauled on to the beach. The little girls pushed and pulled till their small faces were scarlet and their small bodies breathless with their exertions; but the boat budged never an inch. Then the little maidens tried 'a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together,' but four hands of that minute make were of no more use than two in dealing with a sturdy fishing-smack, and the boat remained immovable. Then the tiny pair formed themselves into a committee to discuss the seriousness of the situation.

'We shall never do it, Nan, never; 'cos the boat's so heavy.'

'But we must do it, Nell. It looks so silly when girls can't do things, and it makes boys laugh.'

'I don't mind the boys laughing, they laugh at everythink—at least, everythink that we do.'

'But you do mind, Nell, you know you do. Why, you cried the other day 'cos Bobby said all girls were soft, and he hated 'em.'

'Well, but Bobby isn't here now, so he won't know,' persisted Nell, still wincing at the bitter memory of her tyrant's cruel charge.

Energetic Nan, seeing that even the remembrance of Bobby's crushing sarcasm was powerless to rouse lazy little Nell on this warm afternoon, changed her tactics, and attempted to appeal to the higher side of her sister's nature:

'I 'spec father's boat 'll be lost if we don't do nuffink; that's what I 'spec.'

'Oh, Nan!' gasped Nell, roused at last. Nan, perceiving her advantage, pursued it:

'I b'lieve there's goin' to be a storm at onst—a drefful storm, that 'll break the rope and carry the boat right out to sea, and we shan't see it again never no more. And then father 'll say, "If on'y I'd had a little boy like Bobby, 'stead of two silly little girls, he'd have turned the big handle round, and pulled the boat 'out of the water!" And then father 'll cry, and mother 'll cry, they 'll be so drefful sorry. And Bobby 'll laugh: oh, my! won't Bobby just laugh!'

This gruesome picture of her parents' distress, in conjunction with Bobby's derision, was too much for poor little Nell's tender heart; so she at once rose to her feet, and, with tears in her eyes, expressed her willingness to do all in her power to avert the terrible catastrophe which Nan's vivid imagination had conjured up.

Again the little maids engaged in strenuous, though fruitless attempts to turn the handle of the windlass. But whilst they were still vainly puffing and panting, their father suddenly appeared upon the scene; and, by placing his strong hands beside the children's tiny ones, turned the huge handle at once, and speedily landed his boat high and dry upon the shore. Great was the delight of the little girls to see the desired feat performed at last; and their joy was mingled with thanksgiving that the task had been accomplished before the ruthless but adored Bobby put in an appearance, and became a scoffing spectator of their feminine feebleness.

'Jack,' said Mr. Stockton, when the little scene was over, and the fisherman and his children had gone home to tea, 'why didn't the babies land the boat at first?'

'Because their father wasn't there to help them, of course,' answered the young man with surprise at this apparently senseless question.

'Naturally. And why didn't you draw certain ships out of the sea of drink, and bring them into the haven where you would have them be?'

Leslie was silent.

'I think the same answer will do, my boy,' continued the rector.

'You are laughing at me,' said Jack rather sulkily.

'Of course I am; as you laughed at the babies who tried to land a great boat without their father's help. Take my word for

it, Jack, unless your Heavenly Father's hand is beside yours, all your attempts to draw human souls out of the sea of sin will be as futile as the efforts of those children.'

'I suppose you mean that a preacher can do more for Grimstead than I can do,' exclaimed Leslie, bitterly.

'Not a bit of it, my boy, not a bit of it. Paul and Apollos were preachers of the first rank, but neither the planting of the one, nor the watering of the other was of any avail until God gave the increase. I do not suppose I could do any more for Grimstead than you could; but I take it that God could do more than both of us put together. And, moreover, I do not think that you and I will do much at either Grimstead or Renton unless our Father's hand is beside ours, and He is helping us.'

'I believe you are right,' said Leslie, slowly.

'I know I am, my dear Jack. Do you remember the famous saying of St. Theresa? "With three shillings Theresa can do nothing; but with God and three shillings, there is nothing that Theresa cannot do." Besides, if God helps us in our work, He takes the responsibility; and we have only to do our best and leave results to Him. If the work be Jack Leslie's, it is a matter of great moment that what Jack Leslie has to do should be done quickly, as there lie but some fifty odd years before him at the most, in which his warfare must be accomplished or left incomplete for evermore; but if the work be God's, there is no hurry whatsoever about it, for in the Lord's sight a thousand years are as one day, and one day is as a thousand years; and all will be fulfilled in His good time, it being a consideration of no consequence whether you or I or unborn generations are the instruments which He sees fit to employ.'

'Stockton, I have been wrong all along the line, and have failed completely through my ridiculous conceit and folly.'

'Never mind, my boy; it is not yet too late to retrieve your mistake, and to cease from trying to draw up your boats without your Father's help.'

The following day James Stockton speeded his parting guest with many a good wish for his success, and with a standing invitation to Jack to return to Renton whenever the young man should feel that longing for fresh air and friendly sympathy which attacks from time to time all the dwellers in cities.

And Jack departed, unto his own place strengthened and refreshed for the work which lay before him, and supported by a firm resolve to attempt nothing in the future without his Father's help.—*Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, in British Workman.*

## MANY THIEVES GO DOWN RED LANE.

This is a homey saying, but within its proverb-like garb there lurks an idea which is worth brief consideration. The red lane is the throat, and it was purposed by the Creator as the pathway by which those things that are good for food might supply the strength and repair the waste of the human machine. But alas! how many thieves that rob the power, unnerve the strength, and increase the waste of vitality come in; some boldly, with our knowledge, and others slyly and unaware. Intemperance in food or drink, or even in drugs whose quality if rightly used is remedial, can convert each and all of them into thieves, robbing the user either savagely and without quarter in brigand style, or bit by bit like a sneak thief. The truth is that there cannot be a healthful, vigorous manhood or womanhood unless the body be well nourished has caused many to forget that there is a mind and soul to be fed as well, and has enlarged the feeding of the physical powers to a place beyond its rightful deserts. Such people need to be reminded that it is not all of life to eat.

An earnest mistress who feels the responsibilities of her position as fireman to the human engines in her family ought sometimes to consider if she is not turning the means of flesh and muscle into thieves by her unwise use of them. The revival of the art of good cooking, which has happily prevailed during the last decade, has wrought a great benefit. But like many other great movements, there has been a band of stragglers lurking without the camp, and now that the battle is

largely won, the thieves rush in to share the spoils. Proud of her victory over countless toothsome dishes, the cook places too many and too rich ones before the hungry eaters. A certain amount of dainties, whose office is merely to tickle the palate, is desirable, but they appear too frequently. Not only are too many dishes devoid of strength-giving qualities set before the eaters, but too many nutritious ones are hurried together down the red lane. Do not let your pride in cookery, your vanity in setting forth a bounteous table, or your unwise desire to gratify the palates of those you gladly cater for, lead you to turn the best evidences of your skill into thieves by your intemperate zeal. Consider well, and let the dishes, cooked and seasoned to perfection, be wisely chosen. Let the simpler foods predominate. Make them varied, and by seasonableness and variety, rather than by richness, please the tastes without despoiling the strength of those who gather at your meals.

Too rich, too abundant foods are not only turned into thieves of their eater's strength, but they steal from those whose skill produces them. They steal the time, they steal the strength, and they steal the very appetite of the weary cook. Too many a woman knows what it is to spend so much time and vitality preparing the meals for her eager, thoughtless household, that she sits down at the laden table with every muscle and nerve quivering, too tired to eat. Be a little just to yourself, mother, and do not rob your own strength to make a merry meal for the family. Do not teach the sturdy boys and girls to be parasites, living off your force. If the evil is already begun, stop, and gradually bring the family back to a healthier life. Do not be too radical in your change else the outcry of pampered tastes will unnerve your resolve.

Last of all, this superabundance and elaborateness of food robs the family purse. It does this doubly; it spends money, and by weakened strength it lessens the capacity. If one cannot work one cannot earn, and the pocket-book is drained in a two-fold way. There are many who are said to put all they earn on their backs, and it is almost as true that many put too large a proportion of their income down the red lane. In either case it profiteth nothing. This rude proverb does not warn against rightful travellers. Do not scorn its warning against the thieves.—*Agnes Bailey Ormsbee, in Harper's Bazar.*

## OUR HOME MISSION CLAIMS.

I have heard people say that they did not believe in sending missionaries to foreign lands when there were so many heathens at home. Well, here are more than 69,000 heathen Indians in our own great Dominion of Canada, almost at our doors. Others look on the sentimental side of missions, and wish to give their money, or to go themselves, to a people of another race and another language. Well, here they are in our own North-West and British Columbia. We send the good news to people in our own land, that is home missions; we also send the good news to people of another race and another language, that is foreign missions. Have the Indians not a double claim on us? Surely they have. They are both foreigners and at the same time our fellow-countrymen. They are foreigners as to their race, their language, their habits, their religion; they are fellow-countrymen inasmuch as they live under the same government and within the bounds of the same Dominion.—*C. Grey in Endeavor Herald.*

## IN PLACE OF ALCOHOL.

It is important for those who abstain from alcohol to take nourishment in its place. Cocoa, milk—especially milk made nearly hot—soup, Leibig's essence, arrow-root made with milk, tea, coffee, bread and milk, porridge and milk are excellent substitutes for stimulants. Sir William Jenner once told me that coffee was more sustaining than tea, yet tea made with really boiling water, and taken with milk, is very reviving, especially if some food is eaten with it.—*Duchess of Rutland.*