

The Inglenook

Gladstone and Guthrie.

Dr. Guthrie was staying as a guest at Inverary Castle, the home of the Duke of Argyll, and there were many dukes and lords and nobles there. Mr. Gladstone at the time was Premier, the Duke of Argyll was Secretary for India, and a number of the members of the Cabinet had met at Inverary Castle with the Premier to discuss some matters that were to be laid before the Queen. They spent about a week together, and there were many guests at the great castle.

Morning and evening worship was held as usual. It was the habit of one of the Duke's daughters, Lady Mary Campbell, to play the little organ, and they sang the Scotch Psalms, and Dr. Guthrie read the Scriptures, and exhorted every morning.

Amongst the most constant of his hearers, and close to his side every morning, was Mr. Gladstone; and Dr. Guthrie told me that the intense earnestness with which he listened was an inspiration.

One morning Lady Mary Campbell was not at her place, and there was no one to play the tune. Dr. Guthrie looked around amongst the assemblage, and invited some one to come forward and play the organ, but they were all bashful, or something else, and did not do it.

"O, I wish I had my precentor," said Dr. Guthrie, "my precentor from St. John's"; that was where he was a minister in Edinburgh. "I want a precentor, for I cannot get an organist," and with that he heard a voice by his side saying: "Permit me, Doctor." He looked up, and there was the great, tall form of Gladstone, who had taken the Psalm-book in his hand, and all the congregation rose, while, to the grand old tune of "Martyrdom," Gladstone led the morning Psalm:

"Be merciful to me, O, God;
Thy mercy unto me
Do Thou extend, because my soul
Doth put her trust in Thee."

There was a pathos about his singing that made him, to his astonishment, find that he was singing almost a solo to the weeping accompaniment of many. The Premier of England in ringing tones sang that penitential cry to God. Holding the helm of the Great Empire, every one felt that it was true that he put his trust in God.

Father is Coming.

"Run, Harry, run; father is coming!" And the sturdy little fellow left his play, and ran with a will into the arms of the young father who had just turned the corner in the square above. It was a beautiful picture to me, and set me thinking. Into how many homes as the day closes comes the tired father, after hours of toil in his honest endeavor to earn comforts of life for his dear ones.

Now, we all know you love father; there is no need to tell us that; he is perhaps your ideal of manhood, and could not be improved upon. Yet, dear children, are you careful to look after his comfort when he enters the home? Do you place the slippers handy, and have the paper where he can reach out his hand and take it up? Are you careful not to enter into disputes before him, or vex him with many questions? Poor father, he is too tired sometimes, perhaps, even to read, and throws himself instead upon the couch, and if you look carefully you notice the lines of care are heavy on his face.

If you ask him for money, and he refuses you, answer as cheerfully as you can that you can manage to do without it. No one but father himself knows the many demands upon his purse, and if I were in your place I would not trouble him very often about money matters. Learn to deny yourself, if it needs be, rather than to vex poor father, who knows, alas, so well, the real value of money.

A sweet little girl, whose name I need not mention, was engaged at a task one day which seemed beyond her strength. I watched her carefully; she was performing the work with an energy and will which showed her heart was in it. "Isn't that rather a difficult task for you," I said, as our eyes met and we exchanged smiles. "Oh, no," came the bright and cheery answer, "I am doing it for father." "Ah," I answered, "love lightens every task."

And we think of the dear father, the wage-earner of the home, buffeting with the cares of life, working often early and late, beyond his strength of endurance, what manner of love ought we to return for such service? I like to see a boy thoughtfully of his father's comfort, looking forward eagerly to the day when he is no longer dependent, but can, perhaps, aid him who is now bearing the blunt of the burden. And my heart is heavy when I see those who should be

the stay of the parent deceiving and leading lives of sin. "Brace up, father," said a young man, a criminal condemned to death, "brace up; you did your comfort for the father in such an hour, duty by me." But, alas! that was poor and he bowed his face to the earth.

Dear children, brace up your parents by living pure and righteous lives. Don't think father is made of money, and if he sometimes speaks hastily to you, bear in mind that he may have many vexations of which you know nothing. Give him the honor and respect which belongs properly to him.—Christian Intelligencer.

Each human thing can something do
To help the world along;
God hears the chirp of the cricket
As he hears the angel's song.
—The Cosmopolitan.

A New Catechism.

The Contemporary Review for January contains an article from the pen of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, which gives an interesting account of the preparation of the new catechism put forward by the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales. The framework of this catechism was entrusted to the Rev. J. Oswald Dykes, D.D., principal of the Presbyterian College, Cambridge, and ex-Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, and was revised and finally settled by a committee consisting of five Congregationalists, five Wesleyan Methodists, three Baptists, two Primitive Methodists, two Presbyterians (Dr. Dykes and the Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D.), one representative of the Methodist New Connexion, one of the Bible Christians, and one of the United Methodist Free Church.

Mr. Price Hughes in his article tells us:

"The Catechism was projected upon a novel and striking plan. In the first section it practically follows the Nicene Creed, a part of which is quoted. I need scarcely say that the Nicene Creed is the only creed of Christendom that has ever received the assent and consent of the undivided Catholic Church. The second section consists of the Ten Commandments, which are for the first time definitely construed in their Christian sense. The third section is an equally novel exposition of the various clauses of the Lord's Prayer, and, finally, we have the doctrine of 'the Church' and the 'Last Things.'"

To make the Catechism serviceable in homes and schools, it was decided that the total number of principal answers should be kept down to fifty-two, so that the entire Catechism might be taught, one question and answer per week, in the course of one year.

The article gives extracts which will no doubt interest our readers. The first