

he will see that his surplice is in good repair, newly ironed and spotless; that he will carefully avoid subordinating worship to eloquent sermonising, and who will in everything that he does and says leave the impress of one who is living as well as preaching the gospel; and then let it further be supposed that all of the young people are taught to take a close, distinct and reverent part in the reading and singing, and that they are also instructed in the history of the Church and in respect to liturgical matters, so as to always be able to give an intelligent reason for the faith they hold, can it be doubted that the people of such a parish would grow in spiritual things?—And all of this growth would be strictly upon Prayer-book lines.

Respectfully,—A Layman in the Southern Churchman.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE REASON WHY.

BY THE REV. JOHN MAY, M. A.

I love the Church; for she was framed
By Apostolic hands;
Her corner-stone is Christ Himself,
On which she firmly stands.
On Prophets and Apostles too;
Foundation broad and deep;
With warders on her battlements,
A ceaseless watch to keep.
I love the Church; for hungry souls
Here eat the bread of heaven;
Here, to the thirsty traveller,
Are purest waters given.
I love the Church; for she is old,
Her hoary head is wise;
I ask no infant sect to guide
My steps to Paradise.
I love her for her Liturgy,
Her prayers divinely sweet,
So scriptural, devotional,
Time honored, and complete;
I love the grand old Church, because
She loves the sacred Word;
And, for her homage to the Book,
Is honored by her Lord.
I love the Church; for, everywhere
The foot of man hath trod,
She plants the Cross, and points the way
To Paradise and God.
I love her for her gifted sons
Who strike her hallowed lyre;
And for her martyred saints, gone up
In chariots of fire!
Why do I love the Church? Because,
A wise and watchful guide,
In weal and woe, in life, in death,
She's ever by my side.
She brings the children to her Lord,
And lays them on His breast;
She smoothes the pillow of the dead;
In their last place of rest.
Ah! who would not a Churchman be,
Corfast, in heart and life?
Who would not flee the favored realms
Of Sect, and Schism, and Strife?
Then, happy in her fold, may I
Have grace and wisdom given
To live in her, to die in her,
And so ascend to heaven!

—The Living Church.

A BOY WHO WAS WANTED.

'Well, I've found out one thing,' said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired, and dusty.
'What is that?' she asked.

That there are a great many boys in the world.'

'Didn't you know that before?'

'Partly, but I didn't know there were so many more than are wanted.'

'What makes you think so?'

'Because I've been 'round and 'round till I am worn out trying to find a place to work. Wherever I go there are more boys than places. Doesn't that show that there are too many boys?'

'Not exactly,' said his mother with a smile. 'It depends entirely on the kind of boy. A good boy is always wanted somewhere.'

'Well, if I'm a good boy I wish I knew where I'm wanted.'

'Patience, patience, my boy. In such a great world as this is, with so many places and so many boys, it is no wonder that some of them do not find their places at once. But be very sure, dear,' as she laid a very caressing hand on his arm 'that every boy who wants a chance to do fair honest work, will find it.'

'That's the kind of work I want to do,' said Jack. 'I don't want anybody's money for nothing. Let me see—what have I got to offer? All the schooling and all the wits I've been able to gather up in thirteen years, good stout hands and feet, and a civil tongue.'

'And a mind and heart set on doing faithful duty,' suggested his mother.

'I hope so,' said Jack. 'I remember father used to say: Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for the given time. Your time, your strength, your energy are his, and your best efforts to seek his interest in every way are his due.'

The earnest tone in which the boy spoke seemed to give an assurance that he would pay good heed to the words of the father whose counsel could no more reach him.

For two or three days longer Jack had reason to hold to his opinion that there were more boys than the world wanted, at the end of which time he met with a business man, who, after questioning him closely, said:

'There are a great many applications for the place, but the greater number of the boys come and stay for a short time and then leave, if they think they can do a little better. When a boy gets used to our routes and customers we want him to stay. If you will agree to remain for at least three years we will agree to pay you three dollars a week as an errand boy.'

'That is just what I want to do, sir,' said Jack, eagerly. So he was installed, and proud enough he was at bringing home every Saturday night, and realizing that, small as they were, the regular help was of great value to his mother.

It is not to be wondered at that the faithful carrying out of his father's admonition after a while attracted the attention not only of his employers, but of others with whom he was brought into contact in the pursuit of his duties.

One day he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value.

'Have you ever thought of changing your situation?' asked Mr. Lang.

'No, sir,' said Jack.

'Perhaps you could do better,' said the other. 'I want to get a boy who is quick and intelligent, and who can be relied on, and from what I see of you I think you are that sort of a boy. I want you to drive a delivery wagon and I will pay you five dollars a week.'

Jack's eyes opened wide.

'It's wonderful good pay, sir, for a boy like me, I'm sure. But I promised to keep on with Mr. Hill for three years, and the second year is only just begun.'

'Well, have you signed a regular agreement with Mr. Hill?'

'No, sir, I told him I'd stay.'

'You have a mother to assist, you told me.

Couldn't you tell Mr. Hill that you feel obliged to do better when you have a chance?'

'I don't believe I could,' said Jack, looking with his straight frank gaze into the gentleman's face. 'You see, sir, if I broke my word to him I shouldn't be the kind of a boy to be relied on that you wanted.'

'I guess you are about right,' said Mr. Lang with a laugh. 'Come and see me when your time is out; I dare say I shall want you then.'

Jack went home very much stirred by what had been said to him. After all, could it be wrong to go where he could do so much better? Almost double the wages! Was it not really his duty to obtain it, and to drive a wagon instead of trudging wearily along the streets? They never had felt so hot and dusty as they did just now when he might escape from the tiresome routine.

Might, but how? By the sacrifice of his pledged word. By selling his truth and his honor. So strongly did the reflection force itself upon him that when he told his mother of the offer he had received, he merely added:

'It would be a grand good thing if I could take it, wouldn't it, mother?'

'Yes, it would.'

'Some boys would change without thinking of letting a promise stand in their way.'

'Yes, but that is the kind of a boy who, sooner or later, is not wanted. It is because you have not been that sort of boy that you are wanted now.'

Jack worked away, doing such good work, as he became more and more accustomed to his situation, that his mother sometimes wondered that Mr. Hill, who seemed always kindly interested in him, never appeared to think of raising his pay. This, however, was not Mr. Hill's way of doing things even though he showed an increasing disposition to trust Jack with important business.

So the boy trudged through his three years, at the end of them having been trusted far more than is usually the case with errand boys. He had never forgotten the offer made him by Mr. Lang, and one day meeting that gentleman on the street, ventured to remind him of it, telling him his present engagement was nearly out, adding:

'You spoke to me about driving the wagon, sir.'

'Ah, so I did; but you are older now and worth more. Call round and see me.'

One Saturday evening soon after, Jack lingered in Mr. Hill's office after the other errand boys had been paid and had gone away.

'My three years are up to-night, sir,' he said.

'Yes, they are,' said Mr. Hill, looking as if he had remembered it.

'Will you give me a recommendation to some one else?'

'Well, I will, if you are sure you want to leave me.'

'I didn't know you wanted me to stay,' but, he hesitated, and then went on, 'my mother is a widow, and I feel as though I ought to do the best I can for her, and Mr. Lang told me to call on him.'

'Has Mr. Lang ever made you an offer?'

Jack told him of what Mr. Lang had said to him nearly two years ago.

'Why didn't you go then?' asked Mr. Hill.

'Because I had promised to stay with you; but you wouldn't blame me for trying to better myself now?'

'Not a bit of it. Are you tired of running errands?'

'I'd rather ride than walk,' said Jack, with a smile.

'I think it was about time you were doing better than either. Perhaps you think you have been doing this faithful work for me