

borough, in Yorkshire), and, as Fuller says, 'did not repent of his bargain,' how he was knighted by James I. in 1632, and refused to accept the Lieutenancy of the Tower, offered him by that monarch—how he was faithful in negotiation, eminent for "piety, charity, loyalty, and prudence," how he lived at this nice old house we wot of twenty-six years, and was a bountiful benefactor to his parish. He evidently must have returned from his fifteen-years' residence in Venice then, where he had been sent as factor by his first language master when only eighteen years of age, for he excelled in languages, and then finally we learn that he was buried in St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate street, where a monument in the fashion of the good old times, records his many virtues.

The picture even these dry records have left on my mind of Sir Paul Pindar is a very pleasant one.

Enough of caution to temper his generosity, and so much of generosity that one can hardly perceive the caution, which, however, must have been strongly developed in his character, or how could he have become the wealthy merchant we are told he was?

Gentle, yet dignified; firm, yet open to conviction and willing to yield when convinced; a heart and purse always ready to assist those in distress and want. If stern, yet kind, brusque in manner, and yet tender withal; stern to the imposter and yet, oh! so gentle to those who were erring only because they were weak, or only sinning because no friendly hand had been stretched out to save!

This is my picture of Paul Pindar in his brighter days, when wealth and success followed his footsteps.

I have another picture of him, when, in later years he had passed through the troublous times which only reached their climax when the king he loved, and to whose faults, if not blind, he was indulgent—had laid his head upon the block—when, heavy-hearted and grief-laden, he had as the one drop of comfort left in his cup, that, having already numbered the allotted span of man's life, the three score years and ten, his labor and sorrow could be but for a space. I can picture him, I say, praying in his carved closet in that "old house" in Bishopsgate street. "Not long, oh, Lord, not long! thy servant waiteth for Thy call."

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In the British Museum, and there only, I believe, is to be found a work called "Truth's Acrostic," an elegy upon that most renowned Knight, Sir Paul Pindar, deceased. London, 1650, folio.

Also, "Obsequies offered up to the never-dying memory of Sir Paul Pindar," Knight. London, 1650, folio.

These I have not been able to see, but I think I should like the writers of them, or if they were paid as they were sardonically said to be, for writing them, I should like the people who paid them.

Now, Paul Pindar was born two years after Shakespeare, the "gentle Shakespeare," as it seems they called him in his own time, and survived him 34 years. I am sure he was one to grieve over the extinction of a light so rare and bright, or he is not the Paul Pindar I believe he was.

As play after play by our great writer came out, I can imagine my fine old merchant after his day's dry labor had ended, entering warmly into the wit and pathos, intermingled so wondrously by that master hand, reading snatches of it aloud to his wife and daughters, and claiming his young son's attention by each well-told tale.

My books say nothing of his wife and family, but that he had both I am morally convinced.

My tale draws to its close, when I have offered you the pencilled sketch of the good old man who built "the old house." I was so glad to see in Bishopsgate street, and given an extract from the Journal of our mutual friend, "Samuel Pepys." I think I may lay my pen (a very bad one) and wash my inky fingers.

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Extracts from Journal of Samuel Pepys, 3rd September, 1660.

"By coach with my wife to Dr.

Clerke's to dinner. I was very much taken with his lady, a comely, proper woman, though not handsome, but a woman of the best language I ever heard. Told of my having gone to see Major-General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered, at Charing Cross, which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition—he—Harrison, having signed the warrant for the execution of King Charles I., led to us talking of that unfortunate king, his helpers and advisers, and so on to Sir Paul Pindar, who did so much for him. From him to that poor wretch, "William Toomes," who, from disappointment, killed himself, because, as executor to Pindar's will, he thought he should come in for fine pickings, but did not, owing to the great complication in which his (Pindar's) affairs were left. Says my wife, 'I wonder not that with such a name the poor creature hurried to his grave!' Home and to rest, thinking what a mighty nice woman was Mistress Clerke, but did not tell my wife."

Nothing very interesting, you may say, in the story of this fine old worthy of nearly three hundred years ago. But our lives, though under very different conditions, are, nevertheless, so interwoven with the lives for good or evil, of those who shaped history in the centuries long past, that it may be worth while, now and again, to turn over the musty pages of old-time records if only as reminders that no man liveth unto himself, and that each of us, even the most insignificant, may leave "footsteps in the sands of time" which may lead or mislead those who are destined to follow us.

H. A. B.

who loved me yesterday, did not love me to-day.

And God's love must be "new every morning" if it is to be the strength and joy of our lives. It must be fresh and spontaneous as a mother's morning kiss which wakes her child to a new and happy day.

When the Israelites—God's children—travelled day after day through a land where it seemed hopeless to find necessary food, their Father gave them manna new every morning—six days in the week. He would not let them store away enough food on Monday to carry them through Tuesday. They must look up to Him as dear children for "daily" bread. Monday's manna would be old and useless on Tuesday. I once heard of a girl who was going away for a visit, and who said a week's prayers in advance so that she need not pray while she was visiting.

No one would think it possible to breathe so much fresh air in one day that no breathing would be needed for a week. The body demands air every moment, and the soul's dependence on God is just as much a necessity of life. We are told to "pray without ceasing"—just as we breathe without ceasing in order to maintain life. But, as we can breathe for many hours at a stretch without remembering we are breathing, so the soul can lean on God in the midst of engrossing brain-work without consciously thinking about Him.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air"—

It is the soul's hidden secret of



Lane, bordered with Norway Spruce, York Co., Ont.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

New Every Morning.

It is of the LORD'S mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.

God is constantly fulfilling His own promise that He will make all things new. Even the things which seem to remain the same are constantly changing. We have often been reminded that a river, which looks the same as it did yesterday, is changing every moment. The water we looked at yesterday is far away to-day. Our bodies also, which look much the same for years, are constantly being made over new. Even the things which seem most solid—such as stones or bars of steel—are now declared by scientists to be made up of atoms which are infinitely small, and constantly changing their position. A mother may provide the same kind of food for her children's meals every day, but the food itself is new. She knows they will soon grow weak if they are forced to live on the food they took yesterday. The sun pours down on us his life-giving rays every day, but each ray is a new and fresh gift. We cannot keep warm to-day in yesterday's sunlight. The love of our friends keeps our hearts warm and glad. It goes on, year after year, strengthening us by its apparent unchangeableness—we can lean confidently on a friend who has never failed us in the past. And yet this love, which seems so old, is really new every morning. It would be a pain instead of a joy to me if an old friend,

spiritual life, for our life is "hid with Christ in God." It is the Life of Christ in us, warming our hearts and giving us power for our daily work. As the blood pours out from the heart fresh every moment, carrying warmth and life and healing to every part of the body, so the Life of Christ pours through all the members of His Body, the Church, every moment, bringing health and healing everywhere. No one can see the life in a body, but we can easily see the difference between a living body and one that is dead. So no one can see Christ's Life in the Church; but it is easy to see that the Church is alive, in spite of many imperfections. The Head and Heart of the Church is continually pouring into it His cleansing tide of glorious Life, "that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

It is so easy to sneer at the faults and sins of those who are members of Christ. But God does not turn away in hopeless despair. If He did, we should be in a desperate condition indeed. We fell far short of our powers of holiness yesterday; perhaps—like the impetuous Apostle—we absolutely failed in loyalty to our Lord. But we can start afresh again to-day, "because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

When the Son of God came to our help, He chose a Name which should reveal His love and power. "Thou shalt call His Name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins."—S. Matt. I. 21. No wonder the translators of the Gospel set that Name, which is above every name, in large capitals on the first

page. JESUS, God the Saviour, Who claimed and used His power on earth to forgive sins, knows that "the remembrance of them is grievous unto us; the burden of them is intolerable." When a paralyzed man was laid at His feet, He instantly brought relief to the sufferer's greatest need. Think of the joy given by those quietly-confident words, spoken so tenderly, yet with such evident power: "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." I think the forgiven man scarcely needed the proof given immediately afterwards that He Who spoke those astonishing words had the power and right to cleanse from sin. I know we don't feel the stain and shame of our sins as we should do, but in spite of our superficial indifference, our deepest need is to be pure and clean. On the surface we may reach out for earthly success; but if God should offer all that the world holds dear with one hand, and with the other should hold out the priceless treasure of unstained, shining holiness, we could not hesitate for a moment in our choice.

And sin-stains can never be removed by any power of man. The scribes and Pharisees knew—as we all know—that no one can forgive sins but God only. They quite understand that this Man, Who bore the Name which means God the Saviour, was claiming to really be God the Saviour. The name of Jesus was common enough, but no other Jesus dared to offer forgiveness of any man's sins.

My sins sometimes, as the Psalmist says, have taken such hold upon me that I am not able to look up: yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me. Not one smallest sin can I wash out. I can cover it up a little while in forgetfulness; but I can never take back a word spoken, nor a thought which I have allowed to wander from the right way. The defilement of sin would drag me down in misery and despair, I should feel my helplessness of ever wearing the white robe of righteousness, if I had never learned the truth about God's power and readiness to forgive and wash away sin. We have the opportunity of starting afresh every day. The sins of the past can be forgiven—through the Sacrifice once offered for the sins of the whole world—and we can look God and our neighbor in the face again joyously.

Men may be indifferent to the message which God has sent to them through prophets and apostles. They may set their hearts so constantly on the short-lived pleasures which seem for the moment to be important, that God and the needs of their own souls are crowded out. But when the soul awakes and demands its rights, when conscience condemns the shrinking man whose sin is safely covered from the eyes of other men, when he is forced to despise and loathe the ugly sins which he has allowed to creep into the temple of his heart—the holy temple which should be God's pure home—what then? To whom shall he go in order to give peace and happiness? There is One Fountain, and only One, where a defiled soul can be washed whiter than snow and given a new start. The sins of the past can be washed away if we really hate them—not their consequences only—and if we are willing to place ourselves unreservedly in our Saviour's hands. If we don't intend to try and live as He tells us for the rest of our lives—God helping us—then it is certain we are not really repentant for our disobedience in the past. There must be no trifling with the disease of sin, no deliberate intention of going on with some favorite "little" wrong-doing—little in our eyes—which we don't want to remove yet.

The Good Physician is eager to heal—are we prepared to let Him have His own way with us entirely? It is fearfully dangerous to delay, to delay until we love sin instead of hating it, or have grown too callous to care about it in the least. Let us come to God every morning to be given a new start, and let us be honest with Him, really wishing all our sins to be put away as far from us as the East is from the West.

"Good Physician, come to cure
All the ills that men endure,
And to make our nature pure,
Hear us, Holy JESU."

It is not enough for us to say that