

RELIGIOUS DUTY.

Many persons have an idea that they are free from religious duties until they agree to be bound by them. They think that attendance upon worship, the support of the Church, the avoidance of unprofitable amusements, and the maintenance of the high Christian character may be binding upon the acknowledged Christian, but they do not apply to the irreligious man, especially the avowed sceptic.

But moral obligation is not created by contract, nor does it depend upon belief. It requires no contract to bring a man within the range of God's physical laws. Disregard of the laws of health is punished, irrespective of the ignorance or disbelief of him who disregards them. Strychnine would kill, even though the victim did not believe in the power of poison or the fact of death; and so of the civil laws. It requires no contract to obligate a man to obey the laws of the State. He may be ignorant of those laws; he may refuse to obey them; he may deny their existence; yet they bind him, and for their violation he is justly punished. And so of the moral laws; it requires no contract to bring a man under their authority. By the very nature of his being he is under their authority.

There can be no evasion of the laws by which God carries on His moral government. They must be obeyed or disobeyed. Among those laws are the duties pertaining to the Church of Christ. That Church is a most important part of that moral government. It is the duty of every one to whom that Church is presented, to enter it, to sustain it, and to be conformed in conduct and character to its teachings. Each one of these duties is binding; and the non-performance of the first—that of entering the Church—by no means lessens the obligations of the others; nor does disregard of them all either change their nature or diminish their force. The Divine law, which lays those duties upon every one, is an eternal fact; and neither its existence nor its power is in any way affected by men's belief concerning it.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

Those answering an Advertisement will center a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

Children's Department.

COMMUNION HYMN.

"Not weighing our merits, but pardoning our offences."—Prayer Book.

Not weighing our merits, most merciful Father,
Ah, lighter than air would the balance then be;
Only pardon we ask Thee for all our offences,
Which rise like a mountain between us and thee.

Our manifold sins we bewail and acknowledge,
Offences in thought and in deed and in word,
Provoking most justly Thy wrathful displeasure,
Forgive us, O Father, through Jesus our Lord.

We do truly repent, and are heartily sorry
For these our misdoings, so great in Thy sight;
The remembrance is grievous, we cannot endure it
We shrink in our sins from Thy glorious light.

But Thou hast said, "Come," to the weary and laden.
"God so loved the world as to give His own Son;"
And so with these comfortable words of our Saviour,
We draw near with faith in the Crucified One.

And trusting His merits and perfect forgiveness,
We kneel at His table in lowliest love,
Him praising with angels and highest archangels,
And raising our songs to His heaven above.

ALLAN'S EARNINGS.

What has kept you so long in mother's room, Maggie? You've been crying, too. Is she worse?"

"Oh, yes, but don't speak so loud, Allan dear, for she has just fallen asleep. Come out, and I'll tell you everything."

As she spoke, the girl lifted a high-backed wooden chair from the doorway, and carried it across the rough path into the sunny field beyond; then, helping her brother from the house, and carefully placing him in his favourite position, seated herself among the heather at his feet.

"Well, what about mother?" he asked, after a pause during which Maggie's fingers played unconsciously with the pretty blue harebells by her side, while her thoughts wandered over the misty lake and distant mountains to the town beyond, where her father had gone so lately to seek employment.

"Oh, Allan!" she replied, "I don't know what is to become of us; everything seems to be going wrong. I had to tell mother bad news this morning, and she got such a shock that it made her ever so much worse, and I went for the doctor. He said she was sinking from weakness, and must get great care and plenty of good nourishment. I'm sure I don't know where it is to come from, now that father can't earn anything. For you haven't heard the worst yet, Allan. A woman passing by early this morning, told me that poor father had met with a bad accident in the town; her husband was working near, and saw him fall off a scaffolding. He was very much hurt, and had to be taken to the hospital directly."

"Oh, Maggie, how dreadful! Poor father! won't you go and see him, and bring us word how he is?"

"I can't leave mother while she is so ill; indeed, I don't know what to do. And the poor girl burst out crying afresh."

"Oh, Maggie, if I was like other boys of my age, I could earn money for mother; but I'm only a poor helpless cripple, no use to any one."

Maggie was silent. It was too true—Allan was both lame and deformed, and so stunted in growth that, though almost a man in years, strangers often mistook him for a child.

"I have thought of one thing you can do, Allan," she replied, after a long pause; "you can ask God to help us."

"Oh, if He would but make me well and active, like other people!" sighed the boy.

"You know, dear, He will hear you just as much as if you were a tall strong lad; and sometimes He helps the weak more, to show that everything is entirely by His own power. Let us only trust Him."

Again followed a long silence. Allan bent his head, and covered his face with his hand; while Maggie gazed up into the blue heavens, and watched the small white clouds floating about over lake and mountain.

"I've thought of a plan, Maggie," exclaimed the boy. "I'll go in the train to-morrow, and see father at the hospital."

"Oh, Allan, you could not do that!" "Why not? I know the guard: he once offered me a drive."
"But you can't get in and out without help; indeed, I will not let you. Think how dreadful it would be if you got hurt, too!"

"Never fear. You can see me off yourself, and the guard will help me out when we arrive in town. It's not far to the hospital, and I'll get along with my crutches. Don't try to stop me, Maggie, for I'll go; and you needn't say anything to mother about it till I come back with news of father; then she'll be glad I went."

Next day, with many fears and misgivings, Maggie helped her brother into a railway carriage; and, after entreating the guard to see him safely out, returned slowly and sadly to her home.

Notwithstanding all her forebodings, Allan had a prosperous journey, and succeeded in reaching the hospital, but, alas! after all his exertions, was refused admittance. Leaning heavily on his crutches, the poor lad stood at the door, feeling stunned with this unexpected blow, and unable to make up his mind at once to retrace his weary way without having gained any satisfaction for his anxiety. Just then the porter noticed with pity the sad face of the deformed child, and saw tears of disappointment slowly forcing themselves from the sunken eyes.

"What's the matter, little boy?" he inquired; "don't be so down-hearted; come again another day at the right hour, and I'll let you in."

"I can't, sir; I've travelled a long way by myself to see father; mother will want to know how he is. She's very ill, and Maggie would be so sorry if I didn't bring back some news of him."

"Well, don't cry any more, poor child; I'll call the nurse. She's sure to know. Just step in here; I see her coming down the stairs."

Presently a kind-looking woman appeared, and having heard Allan's story, told him his poor father had been severely hurt and was too ill to-day to see any one; but the doctor hoped that with care he might recover, although it would probably be a long time before he could return to his family and his work. Thankful as Allan felt for the hope held out of his dear father's ultimate recovery, yet it was with a heavy heart that he made his way back to the station, for what was to become of them all meanwhile and mother so ill too? How earnestly he longed to be of some use, and how bitterly he brooded over his utter helplessness!

Rude boys stared and laughed as he passed through the streets, but, happily unconscious of their ill-natured jeers, Allan reached his destination in safety, and found his friend the guard ready to assist him into the carriage, where cowering into the furthest corner, tired and miserable, he drew from his pocket a small tin flageolet—the one pleasure of his cheerless life—and, putting it to his lips, found vent for his sad feelings in a plaintive air.

"I know that tune," exclaimed a little girl who sat opposite. "It is called, 'The Flower of the Forest'; mamma plays it on the piano. She says it was composed when the king and great many other people were killed in that terrible battle of Flodden, long ago. I like it very much."

Allan started at the sound of her voice, and, taking the instrument from his lips, hung his head, ashamed at having attracted attention.

"You play so nicely," added the child. "Who taught you, little boy?"

"I don't know," he answered, shyly. "No one, I think; it just came to me."

"Then it must have been sent by God. He taught you Himself. My mamma says He gives some talents to every one, and they ought to make use of them."

"But I can't do anything useful," sighed Allan. "I made this little tin flute, and I only play it for my own amusement. Oh, I wish I could earn money like other people."

(continued.)

LITERATURE for the young, of the flashy and questionable kind is bearing its proper fruits. Recently at London, Ont., ten young boys were discovered in a plot to buy a vessel and turn pirates on the lakes. They had purchased revolvers and were collecting other weapons of warfare. The money for the outfit one of the boys had stolen from a relative. The oldest boy was twelve years of age. They got their idea from reading "Jack Harkaway" and other kindred stories. Such stuff is a prolific source of crime and ought to be suppressed. No respectable news-dealer ever permits the exhibition or sale of such soul-destroying matter, and parents impressed with proper sense of responsibility will never knowingly permit it to be read.

A COMFORTING THOUGHT.—Many years ago, two friends were looking sadly on the lifeless remains of two lovely and promising children, cut off by a sudden accident. One of them was mourning the untimely death of those who seemed, even from their very outward appearance, formed to possess powers that would seem peculiarly fitted, in after life, for extensive usefulness in this world.

"Or in the next," was the companion remark, in answer.

Yes; in the next. Let all who grieve over their hindrances of weakness and inability to work, and other impediments, lay that thought to heart. In the next we shall work freely and joyously, with a glorified body, the ready servant, instead of the hard and exacting master, of the freed soul. There, too, we may find that the seeds we had thought little of, dropped here and there in sickness and depression, had brought forth fruit, and he that has gone forth weeping, will return with joy unspeakable.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPER.

THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN,

Published at Milwaukee, Wis., U. S., prints a large number of commendatory letters in its last issue. Among them are letters from the Rev. Wm. Bleasdale, D.C.L., Rev. J. Burrows Davidson, Rev. Thos. Motherwell, Rev. John Foster, Rev. Francis Codd, Rev. J. W. Garland, Rev. John Ker, Rev. Albert Stevens, Rev. D. Forsyth, Rev. Canon Townshend; also the two following letters which are given as specimens of the whole:

Rector of Smith's Falls, Ontario.

I consider the "Young Churchman" the best paper of the kind that I know, chiefly for the following reasons: (1) It is as much adapted to the Canadian Church as it is to the Church of the United States, whilst it would hold its own in the Mother Church. (2) Its teaching is strictly in accordance with "the truth as it is in Jesus," as interpreted by the Catholic Church. (3) Moreover, the subjects are placed before one in so short and clear a manner, that it is not a weariness to the flesh to read them. It is always welcome its monthly arrival, and so do my Sunday School children, and likewise their parents.

C. F. ENNA, Rural Dean.

A Layman, Carleton Place, Ontario.

I have very great pleasure in adding my grateful testimony to the worth of "The Young Churchman." We have taken it in our Sunday School for some six or seven years, and I have been much pleased and interested in noticing its onward progress and improvement, while ever retaining the sound Church tone and teaching, which have always distinguished it.

L. McCALLUM, Supt.

The Young Churchman is mailed postage paid, at the rate of 16 cents per copy, per year, when ten or more copies are ordered to the same address. Address orders to

The Young Churchman,

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S.

DIocese of RUPERT'S LAND.

Wanted an unmarried Clergyman in Priest's Orders, to act as Missionary on the C. P. R. line from Cross Lake to the end of contract 21, (about 100 miles), with headquarters at Red Portage. The salary is expected to be raised from those ministered to; but the Mission Board will guarantee

\$800 FOR ONE YEAR.

Wanted also, an Evangelical Clergyman for a Mission which receives a grant of \$1,000 per annum from the C. & C. Society. The rest of the salary is dependent on the Mission. At least \$200 may be expected. There is a parsonage and glebe. Applications, with testimonials, may be sent to CANON GRIBDALE, WINDYBEEF.