

ject. He said to Esau, verse 81, "sell me this day thy birthright." Let us see what was wrong in Jacob's conduct. He was selfish and impatient, he thought nothing of his brother's good, but only of his own, compare Phil. ii. 4; 1 Cor. x. 24. Had he waited God's time, He would have "brought it to pass." Instead, Jacob tries in an underhand way to hasten on the Divine purpose, and God was not pleased with him. Jacob's whole after life was full of sorrow and suffering, as we shall see in future lessons. How many there are who do the same thing now, they drive a hard bargain, perhaps justify it to themselves as being a smart piece of business, but what does the Bible say? see Prov. xx. 14; Prov. xxi. 6.

(2). *Esau's Sin.* The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, calls Esau "a profane person," i.e., unholy, not consecrated to God. Notice how cheaply Esau held his birthright, verse 82. What were his faults? *Sensuality*, cared too much for satisfying bodily appetites, he was intemperate; now, adays it more generally shows itself in a desire for strong drink. Oh, how many professing Christians have sold their birthright for this. *Worldliness*, Esau thought only of the present life, and of what belonged to it. How many are like the rich man in the parable, St. Luke xii. 19, and at all events in their practice say, "Let us eat, drink and be merry." *Thoughtlessness*, Esau never would have made the clever hunter he was, had he acted in his daily work as he did when spiritual matters were at stake, and so we too, often "without thinking" do some very wrong and foolish thing. Thus we see that Esau's sin, summed up in three words, was, that he "despised his birthright." What does all this teach us? What is our birthright? "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ," Rom. viii. 17. At our Baptism we were solemnly dedicated to God, as the catechism says, "were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of heaven." How Satan tries to make us think lightly of our high privileges, and with how many is he only too successful. Let us ask God to enable us to show by our lives what we think of our birthright, and that it may be never said of any of us. "He despised his birthright."

Family Reading.

I LOVE THY CHURCH.

"I love Thy kingdom Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

"I love Thy Church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

"For her my tears shall fall:
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

"Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

"Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

"Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven."

I AM A CHURCHMAN.

Because the Church to which I belong is one of the oldest branches of the Christian Church; she can trace back her history, not merely, as some would have it, to the times of Reformation, but to the days of the Apostles; for she was not first formed by the Protestant fathers, she was only reformed, and brought back to her original state of purity and doctrine; and they were her own children who purified her from the errors and defile-

ments of Popery. I love my mother Church the more because she is old; her hoary head is a crown of glory, the wise man has told me, "Thine own and thy father's friend forsake not," and I have seen no reason to forsake her.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I know no Church that holds the great leading truths of the gospel more simply, more fully, or more clearly than the Church of England. This appears from her Articles, especially those on Original Sin, Justification and Salvation by Christ only. God has long made her a shield and a shelter to the faith. Many, without her pale, have lighted their torch at her altar, and even when her ministers and members have walked in wilful darkness, she has still, in her Articles, her Creed and her Services, held forth the pure Word of Life.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I find from the Epistles of St. Paul that the Primitive Church had the orders of Bishops, Priests and Deacons, and I find the same orders existing in our own. Change of time and circumstances have indeed created some differences in her constitution, but I believe that on the whole she comes nearest to the model which the Apostles left us.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because no Church has produced more able champions for the truth; nor has any furnished a more goodly company in the "noble army of martyrs."

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I am persuaded that our Church is surpassed by none in the tone of moderation and the spirit of charity, which not only distinguish her services, but which since the Reformation, have marked her general conduct towards those who have differed from her.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because the Church of England is remarkable for the care she has taken to provide for the young. By requiring sponsors for every child at Baptism, by supplying an admirable Catechism for youth, and by maintaining the spiritual and most useful rite of Confirmation, she has beautifully shown her maternal solicitude and wisdom—she has kept her Saviour's injunction in remembrance—"Feed my lambs."

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I find the Liturgy of our Church so plain, so full, so fervent; being intimate with it, I love it as a long-cherished friend; I can understand it; I can enter into it so well, that I can find nothing like it for public worship.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because our Church does so highly honor the Bible. How much of the pure Word of God does she bring before the minds of her children in all her services, both on the Lord's day, and in every day in the week!

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I love, I pray for unity. My Saviour loved and prayed for it. I will not, therefore, I dare not leave the Church of my forefathers and promote disunion, unless I can discover such reasons for deserting her as convince my conscience that I am bound to do so; and no reasons ought to convince my conscience which are not founded upon the word of God, which directs that we should mark those that cause divisions, and avoid them.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I find that her doctrine excites the bitterest malignity, and endures the fiercest assaults of the infidel, the lawless, and the profane; I cannot believe that she can be bad, since they so much hate her, for their hatred is the best testimony in her favor.

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because I see that God is blessing our Church. He has revived His work in the midst of her. How wonderfully have her faithful and devoted ministers recently increased in number; how rapidly are they increasing! At the same time, the tone of godliness among her serious members, is so simple, so practical and so exemplary, that it has been frankly declared, by several highly respectable and candid persons of other denominations, that there is more exalted piety to be found within her pale than can be met with amongst all those who differ from her. God has not then forsaken her, and ought I to forsake her?

I AM A CHURCHMAN—because though I am told my Church has many faults, I can find nothing human that is faultless; and if I look closely into other Christian bodies, I find many not blameless there. I would say, therefore, of my mother

Church, as it has been beautifully said of our mother land—"with all thy faults I love thee still."

Whilst then I love all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; whilst I respect the scruples of those who conscientiously differ from me; whilst, as my brethren in Christ, I freely offer the right hand of fellowship; whilst I avow it as my choicest, my noblest distinction, that I am a Christian, I rejoice to add, I thank God that I am able to add, also—I AM A CHURCHMAN.

THE SOWER OF THE SEED.

Sow in Faith! or tears, or seed,
O'er thy pathway flinging,
Then await the rich reward
From those germs upspringing.
Over each God's angel bends,
To the earth-born flower he tends,
Dew and sunshine bringing.

Sow in hope! no dark despair
Mingled with thy weeping;
Sad may be thy seed-time here—
Joy awaits the reaping.
He who wept for human woe
Deems thy tear-drops, as they flow,
Worthy of His keeping.

But, o'er all things—Sow in Love!
Hand and heart o'erflowing,
Soon, O faint and weary one,
Thou shalt cease from sowing!
And behold each seed-time tear—
"First the blade and then the ear"—
In God's harvest growing!

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years, was passing the old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from behind a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after that she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the prisoner each time a book to read, from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped, six hundred are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners in all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her merciful work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

THE MOTHER'S LAST JOURNEY.

The following is from the *Detroit Free Press*. When the doctor came down stairs from the sick room of Mrs. Marshall, the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to way-lay him.

"How soon will mamma die well?" asked little Clyde, the baby.

"Can mamma come down stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Do you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall, eagerly. He was a tall grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions. "I am in a great hurry," he said, as he took his hat. "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally

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