

A NAMELESS HERO.

A STORY OF FACT.

The sea wind went booming and thrilling across the barren and rock-bound coast of Labrador. There was snow on the ground, and the cold was bitter. Mingled with the terrible song of the storm were the groaning crack of a good ship's timbers and the wild cries of her crew. When these had fallen into awful silence, another sound arose, still sadder in that dreary waste—the wailing of a very little child.

Round a point of rock on a path above the cliffs came three small fluttering figures. How they had escaped the wreck, or made their way to that place, they could not have told. Two were mere babies. It was the older of those who made that shrill cry; the youngest lay numbed and huddled up in the arms of his sister, herself far too weak for the burden. She had that power of endurance in a sudden strait which God gives to some by no means the strongest of his creatures. Her childish eyes anxiously peered out into the obscurity in search of a friendly face.

The sound of feet clambering up the cliffs, sending down showers of pebbles, and sometimes slipping back, brought the children to a stand. Was it a friend or foe? Perhaps there were strange, fierce animals abroad in this freezing place, where all were strange, or those nameless horrors of night which children dread.

The figure of a lad stepped on to the path. The little girl advanced.

'O, sir!' She could not say a word more, but broke down in sobs.

When the stranger drew near, the boy's terror, too, broke out afresh; he screamed aloud for his mother, and hid his face in his sister's gown.

'Mother will come soon,' said the lad. The girl looked up eagerly.

'Will she, sir? And father, too?'

'Yes, we shall find them; never fear. Why, my man, what is it? Look up, and never cry.'

He knelt down before the child, and at last mounted him on his shoulders.

'I can carry baby, too,' he said.

'O, sir, he is so heavy.'

'Lighter for me than for you, my dear. Now, what shall we do next?'

The boy began to whine again.

'So cold, so cold! want to go to bed!'

'And we are very hungry, too, sir,' added the little girl, in a pitifully patient tone.

'Well, then, we will find a bed at once. And I think I have some supper in my pocket.'

Little pick-a-back gave tokens of a desire to have his supper forthwith.

'No; not till you are in bed. We will find a nice warm place. Come, little woman, hold my jacket. That will help you.'

The children laboured on with the cheery guide, who was but a poor, weakly lad, and at last felt his strength failing under the pressure of the wind and the children's weight, and yet there was no sigh of human help. Suddenly the fitful moonlight showed a rent in the rocky wall beside their path. Within, at the further end, he found a small dry space, with a pile of withered moss heaped against the side. The lad thanked God for it, and framed and smothered it into a pallet, on which he carefully laid the little ones.

'Will you lie down, too, sir?' asked the courteous, courageous little girl.

'I want my supper,' wailed the boy; and the tiniest began to raise a feeble cry.

The lad took from his pocket some hard biscuit soaked with sea-water—nauseous enough; but the children were too hungry to be nice. There was not much, and he divided it all between them.

'Will you not have some of it, sir?'

'I? O, no, my dear. I had my supper long ago.'

So the biscuit was all eaten, and the little fellow stopped crying.

'Now you must say your prayers,' said their protector.

The poor little lass began dutifully tumbling out of her moss-bed.

'You can lie still, dear; I will pray, and you shall say Amen.'

'Will God listen when we are lying down?'

'Yes, to-night He will.'

Then, kneeling beside the brave child, he uttered a reverend petition.

'We thank thee, dear Lord, for having saved us from great danger, and pray thee to make our lives worthy of being saved.'

This was the simple burden of his prayer, ending with the omnipotent, 'Our Father.'

Then he sat down to wait until the children should fall asleep. He would then, he thought, slip away to find their parents and the other survivors, should there be any, and perhaps to get the rest and refreshment he so sorely needed. But the unconscious childish selfishness, was not yet satisfied.

'So cold!' wailed the boy; and a piteous little cry, 'Baby cold,' joined in chorus.

It was in vain to pile the moss around them.

'I want my blanket,' was the clear demand.

At last the kind lad, stripping off his jacket, spread it over them and tucked it in, and then they were satisfied. Shivering as with ague, he crouched down beside his trusty little friend, as he somehow felt the little girl to be, trying to get warm. It would not be long, he thought, before the children would fall asleep, and then he would warm himself with exercise, and find help at last. Once, when all was still, he ventured to move; but this time it was his patient little friend who pleaded in a very wakeful voice,—

'Please, sir, don't go away. I cannot get to sleep, I am so frightened.'

So he stayed.

It was like a dream to him, that wierd, dark hole in the hill side, looking forth on a patch of cloud-swept sky.

And here and there
A wild star swimming in the lurid sky.

It seemed that he must suddenly wake, and find himself in his own berth in the good ship soon to sail fairly into harbor. Yet within there was a clear consciousness of the children's steady breathing, of the fact that cold, and hunger, and weakness like murderous reptiles, were sucking away his very life. Then came a vision of his passage in that ship.

A scene on deck; a fragile woman with a gentle, holy face, and he, her son, supporting her; before them a very glorious sunset, with that strangely, sweetly clear mellow light blinding the horizon, which makes us fear, that heaven opens there. The two are talking with the vivid sounds of dreams.

'It grows cold, mother, you must go below.'

'Stay a moment, love, I shall soon be where sun never set. I feel so peaceful to-night! I know that all is well. When you meet your father, tell him to wait patiently till God shall call him to join me in that happy place. And you, my boy, will keep the same hope in your heart, will you not? But pray that before you die, He will grant you to have lived so that some poor souls may bless you.'

The vision changed—a shotted ham-mock tumbled into the sea, and a boy, thrown prone upon the deck, crying—

'Mother, mother, how can I live all alone?'

He did not shed one tear now. There was rather a smile on his face as he murmured, 'Thank God she went before this night.'

He prayed again the prayer she had enjoined upon him, and added this, that his father might be comforted.

One of the children awoke and began to cry, 'Mother!' He roused himself again, though numbing frost seemed soaking into all his frame. He soothed the child, and even sought to lull it off with a little story; but the words ran one into another, and that effort came to naught.

So passed the weary night. At length when dawn had taken the horror from their sleeping-place, he told the children to lie still, for he would go to find their parents, and so he left them with a kiss.

And he staggered on as in a dream, seeming to see through a mist, with a dim sense of sickness and feebleness.

When or how, he hardly knew, he desisted two haggard figures hastening towards him through the snow. They hurried faster on seeing him, and came up with eager, woful faces.

'Our children—our three little children—have you seen them? We think that they were saved.'

He told them where to go, though, as he spoke, his voice sounded thin and small in his own ears, as if it came from afar. Thanking him with deep gratitude, they hurried by. He was alone again. As he walked his breath came sobbing, like that of one plunging into icy water. Short, voiceless prayers arose in his mind.

'O God! O God!' was all he could say, and he kept repeating that like the burden of a song.

At last the air seemed to grow warm, and there was a swirling in his brain like the eddy of musical waters.

Why am I walking on when here is a soft bed for me? So he said to himself, and laughed, perhaps aloud, 'I am so sleepy, I will lie down. There! O how good it is to rest! Mother, come and bid me good-night. Mother, how beautiful you look! And there is father, too; I thought he was far away. He wears the same strange, happy look that I see on your face, mother—the look which I always fancied on angel's faces. Put your arm around me. Ah! that is nice and warm. Why are you lifting me up so high? Good-night.'

When the parents were returning with their little ones, they found their brave benefactor asleep in death, with the snow for his winding sheet.

If the day of mercy leaves us graceless, the day of judgment will find us speechless.

HEALTH OF MINISTERS.

Health is unquestionably one of the greatest earthly blessings. To no class can it possibly be of more value than to the gospel ministers of our country. The great work for them to do, no less than the divine call, indicates this. If there is anything to be earnestly coveted in this world it is a sound mind and a sound body. There are no doubt many ministers of the present day who are laid aside and out of the work who would be glad to be and ought to be in the effective ranks. Broken-down constitutions and poor health among the clergy are depriving the church and the world of much fine and valuable ministerial talent. The whole life of a minister should, if possible, be an effective life. We should calculate on scores of years of ministerial service, and not be in a hurry to get to the state and enjoyment of final reward. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world," says the blessed Jesus. And Paul says to his brethren, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful to you." There are some things to which we may now refer that are requisite and conducive to the enjoyment of good health.

Exercise.—Proper exercise as to both amount and duration. Proper exercise of both body and mind is decidedly beneficial and healthful. All the organs, muscles, nerves, and functions of the human body must be duly and properly exercised in order to be vigorous and healthy. Hence the arm of the blacksmith is much larger and stronger than that of the mere student. The brain becomes much stronger and more capable by right use. Walking, sawing wood, and gardening would promote ministerial health.

Rest.—Rest, no less than activity, is an established law of nature. The body needs rest. Keep the machine, or organism, in constant, incessant action, and it will wear out the sooner. Overwork, as well as idleness, is injurious. The great Master had his seasons of rest. Ministers should have their recreations and take their rest before their physical strength is exhausted, and they are prostrated and rendered incapable of service. Frequently it is the case that a little suitable and timely rest would preserve both life and health. But always be careful and not go too far before you rest.

Dress.—What we wear has to do with our health as well as our looks or appearance. Attention should be given both to the material and the make of our clothing. It is very important that our dress should be comfortable and warm. Flannel under-garments are excellent, and healthy in summer as well as winter for some constitutions. The neck of every public speaker should be dressed quite loose and cool. An outside coat or shawl should always be put on after speaking. Dress suitably to the season and dress comfortably. Thereby many colds, and head, throat, and lung difficulties, might be avoided.

Cleanliness.—Wesley claimed that cleanliness was next to godliness. As a health-promoter it is certainly so. Ab-lutions were extensively practiced among the Jews. The modern bath promotes both cleanliness and health. Frequent bathing, either in cold or warm water, should be practiced in summer and winter. The pores of the skin must be kept open, and thus perspiration must be natural and unobstructed in order to enjoy good health. Filthy garments and filthy habits are no more offensive to the pure and cultivated than they are hurtful and ruinous to the body. Tobacco smoke and tobacco juice do not promote either ministerial dignity or bodily health.

Diet.—The right kind of food, suitably prepared and in proper quantities, should be taken at regular hours. Graham bread with eggs are excellent to sustain and strengthen the system and develop brain power. No food should be taken into the stomach for an hour before or after speaking.

Vocal Culture.—Do not speak too long, too low, or too loud. Do not speak on a dead level. Any thing but monotony. Cultivate the voice; stand straight, elevate the chin, open the mouth, and speak. Speak naturally, easily, and powerfully. Vocal culture strengthens the voice, the throat, and the lungs.

Temperance in all Things.—This is to be the motto and the habit. "He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things; that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Temperance promotes health and longevity.—*Presbyterian.*

We once in a while hear a farmer say, he cannot afford to take a paper. Cannot afford two or three dollars for that which would come to his home fifty-two times a year, laden with choice reading, and valuable information for young and old. Better do without a great many other things, than refuse to take a good paper.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN ROME.

Yesterday, I believe, we held, in connection with the Church of Scotland, the first authorized public service ever held in the English language within the walls of Rome. Merely as an historical fact, this is of deep interest; but a thousand times more important is it, as indicating a new spirit arising in the principles of Roman government. Such services have frequently before been held, but they were strictly illegal, and could not be publicly advertised, and might have been suppressed at any moment. Up to this time all the Protestant Churches, holding service in the English language, have been outside the gates of the City. When the "Continental Chaplains Committee" requested me to take charge of our services at Rome for a short time, I resolved, if possible, to hold these services inside the walls of the Eternal City. I found our former place of meeting most inconveniently situated, and with very great difficulty have now hired a room in the immediate vicinity of what is here called the English district of Rome. In conducting the services yesterday, it was impossible to prevent one's mind wandering back over the past, and conjuring up the penalties with which, but so recently, such a public act would have been visited by the papal authorities; and equally impossible was it to avoid looking with deepest hopefulness to the future of a land so rich in historical associations, which, by the recognition of religious liberty, seems to be awakening from that long death-sleep in which it has been so sadly sunk. May we not look upon this new era rather as a resurrection than a mere awakening from sleep? Not to the services in the English language, however, are we to look as the hope of Rome and of Italy, but to those religious services and those religious influences which touch and affect the Italian population proper. The Church influence over the thought and the intelligence of Italy has gone. We find magnificent and beautiful churches giving outward expression to the religious sentiment of humanity; we find a priesthood, and the daily routine of religious duties, which stand as a relic of a religious life of days gone by. But the spirit of highest religious life, which should influence the thinking minds of the present time, we look for in vain. And any Church, or any institution, that has merely an historical existence in the past, without a living power in the present, has but one inevitable end. It perishes by that same divine right which at first called it into existence to perform divine functions. A Church may stand still or go backwards. The tide of humanity does not; and neither papal power nor priestly authority can turn back the wheels of time. A Church government, which, instead of leading the van in thought and liberty, seeks to crush out individuality of thought and freedom of inquiry, is finding in Rome, as it will even find in all history, that there are higher powers than a mere appeal to a long historical and traditional life—higher powers than even an appeal to an apostolic succession. Those sacred duties which the Church ought to have done, Victor Emmanuel and his Government are in some form endeavouring to do. From a most intelligent gentleman, who has the best means of gaining information, I am led to understand that, among the more thoughtful and intelligent even of the men who guide the affairs of state, religious profession, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, there is little or none. Religion, as it has been taught to them by their Church, has become an unreality; and yet, though they may profess no positive creed, may they not even be regarded as more truly religious than those who, through mere dread of the Church's anathemas, abide by its communion; or than those who have never taken the trouble to think, and are the devoted adherents of a system which, at least in Rome, exerts its greatest influence only over the ignorant and the credulous? On the 27th day of November, 1871, the King opened the first Italian Parliament in Rome. As the procession passed from the palace to the parliament-house, amid the congratulations of united Italy, far in the depths of that clear blue sky, known only here, there shone down at bright mid-day the morning star; seeming almost to tell of a bright star of hope arising on Italy, in this her morning of a new day of future life and greatness. Long years, almost centuries, it may take to stimulate that deepest thought and that highest activity which a Church has tended to crush out and destroy. Yet with liberty of thought, and with greater earnestness in religious life, may we not look for days in the time to come which may find Italy as great among nations, and as noble in spiritual activities, as she has been renowned in the past for her victories in the field of conquest, for her triumphs in literature, and for her attainments in art?—*Correspondence London (Eng.) Record.*

Do the best you can where you are; and when that is done you will see an opening for something better.

DEAN STANLEY AND PROFESSOR JOWETT IN SCOTLAND.

The late appearances of Dean Stanley and Professor Jowett in Scotland have naturally excited some interest. Their having preached for Dr. Wallace in the old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, is regarded by many as part of that insidious but effective process of rationalizing which has been quietly going on for years past in a few quarters in the Established Church of Scotland, although it finds little sympathy amongst the great mass of the ministers or people. How any of the ministers of that Church, all of whom have, as the condition of holding office, solemnly declared their adherence to the whole doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith, their determination to "assert and maintain" those doctrines, and to renounce all doctrines, tenets, or opinions howsoever contrary to or inconsistent with them, can fraternize with Broad Church theologians of the Stanley and Jowett stamp may well excite surprise. The Broad Churchmen of Scotland, although few in number, have managed their affairs with much address. We shall not intrude upon the sacredness of royalty at this eventful crisis, by referring to the undue influence which they are supposed to exert even at Balmoral, but their efforts at Edinburgh and Glasgow are patent to all. At Glasgow, where Professor Jowett was allowed to preach in the chapel of the University, a great change has lately taken place. The old venerable University buildings, after doing service for centuries, have been superseded by a very splendid and noble pile in the west end of Glasgow, which cost about £400,000, and to which the merchant princes liberally contributed. The pulpit of the old University chapel was occupied by ministers of the Established Church; but the professedly "liberal" influence, which has lately sprung up and is adroitly managed at Glasgow by a few Broad Church professors, has led to the resolution to ask all sorts of ministers to preach to the students. The men in Scotland who take an interest in such matters are now every day expecting when the Unitarian minister and the Romish priest shall be found ventilating their respective dogmas before the rising youth of the west of Scotland, whose parents have entrusted their education to the care of the University authorities. This is very offensive; but these proceedings have excited a natural alarm amongst many of the Christian parents, and this alarm will probably either lead to a change of system, or to the serious injury of the University.

Perhaps the greatest mistake which the Dean made was in regard to the circumstances in which he preached at Edinburgh. He said, "On this spot, where a vast congregation of every age and rank pledged themselves to the death to extirpate every form and shred of prelacy, the Scottish Church, in these later days has had the courage to revive ancient forms of liturgical worship," and to welcome the ministrations of Episcopal clergymen. These contrasts are themselves sufficient to remind us how transitory are the feuds which have in former days rent asunder the Churches of these islands, how eternal are the bonds which unite them, when viewed in the light of history and before the judgment of a better world." Between the true Christians in the Churches of England and Scotland there should be and there is no spiritual antagonism, but every one in Scotland knows that the Dean's latter statement embodies a pure misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The "Scottish Church" has made no such change as he alleges, and can make no such change without abandoning the Revolution Settlement. The change has been made in the single congregation in which he preached, and only by the unauthorized action of one minister. The Dean, therefore, instead of doing a laudable thing, even on his own principles, was simply conniving, either unconsciously or otherwise, at an act of ecclesiastical revolt.

There was, certainly, one suggestive thing connected with the service. The "organ voluntary," we are told, was "Ave Maria," which seems to herald the approach of the Virgin worship of the Church of Rome. Broad Churchism is as certainly preparing the way for Popery as the cold fit paves the way for the hot in fever and ague. Man must have a positive belief. In the time of health and prosperity negative theology may, perhaps, do; but when sickness or trial come, man desires something stronger and more definite on which to rest. If he is not better informed, he flies to Popery, as the nearest and most promising asylum. Broad Churchmen are only the pioneers of Rome.—*The Rock.*

A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow; let it remain there but a short time, and a horse's hoof can scarcely penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression on it; but after a few years the most powerful appeals cease to influence. Think of this ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.