

## UNCLE PHILIP'S STORY.

BY AUNT MAY.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."



"I REMEMBER," said Uncle Philip to me one day, when I was a little girl, "that when I was a boy, I thought a great deal of myself. I mean that I fancied myself much better than other boys. Perhaps I was partly right; but you see, May, I had a good father and mother as well as a kind elder sister, so that I think the good was in them and not in myself after all. It was a bright day in early summer when I first found this out. The trees were of a tender green as they waved above my head, casting, as I remember, pretty, fanciful shadows at my feet. I see it all, the dear garden, with its bright patch of flowers and trunk of a tree in the middle, which served for my seat when I was tired of weeding, while behind and beyond lay the dear home, my childhood's home."

"Come, Phil, come down to the river and bathe." I started to my feet, the voice came from the lane outside, and the next moment Jim Jones was leaning over the paling and I talking with him. "Come on," urged Jim once again, as I pretended to turn away to my work. Pretended, I say, for I did not want to work any more than Jim."

"Father says I mustn't. He says the water is deep."

"Stuff," said Jim; 'tis no deeper than 'twas last summer, and you are older than you were then."

"I mustn't. Father says I mustn't." I stammered a little, for mother and Bessie were gathering peas just a little way off, and I feared they would find out my deception of a year ago. Just then mother and Bessie went in, and I, naughty and false as I was, ran off and found a towel, being resolved to go with Jim to the river and bathe. I don't know what induced me to sit down upon the old trunk, but I did, and then Bessie's voice reached me, she was singing at the back door, and might, I knew, come upon me at any moment, so I waited for her to go in, and in the meantime Jim, I was quite sure, was gone on to the river. Well, I waited, and conscience smote me for what I was about to do. I should be found out in the end, it said, and that argument prevailed."

"I mustn't go, I know I mustn't," I said to myself, and so all for fear I stayed where I was; but I never saw Jim again. Poor boy! he got out of his depth, so people thought. Anyway, he was drowned. Since then, May, summers have come and gone, and now I am getting old, dear; but often and often I have wondered which was the sinner of us two. Of course, we were both wrong; but which was the worst, poor Jim who had no one to teach him better, or I who never

spoke a word of warning to him? If it was dangerous for me, it was equally so for him; fear alone kept me back from accompanying him, and he knew it. If, therefore, you are tempted to do wrong, weigh the matter well, as to whether you are the better of the two, and, above all things, speak plainly, for a word in season is good."

"I often think of Uncle Philip, dear children, even now when he is sleeping in the quiet grave, and I hope that you will never think so sadly of anything, or anybody, as he did of Jim Jones. Try to do your duty faithfully; ask yourselves, 'would God have me do this, or that?' and then, when you have decided, go straight on and do it, never fearing what people say."

"If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all."

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

- (1) *A Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age.* By W. Guest, F.G.S.
- (2) *Daily Texts and Daily Mottos for Young Christians.* [London: Hodder and Stoughton.]
- (3) *Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands.* By Rev. J. R. S. Clifford. 2s.
- (4) *Peter Penwelly.* By Rev. J. Jackson Way. 2s.
- (5) *Bristol Methodism in John Wesley's Day.* By Rev. John S. Pawlyn. [London: Wesleyan Conference.]
- (6) *Dare to be Singular.* By "S. M. H." 9d.
- (7) *James Sullivan.* By Grace Stebbing. 1s. 6d.
- (8) *How Peter's Pound became a Penny.* [London: Book Society.]
- (9) *How Paul's Penny became a Pound.* [London: S. W. Partridge and Co.]
- (10) *The King's Son: A Memoir of Billy Bray.* By Rev. F. W. Bourne. 2s. 6d.

[London: Hamilton.]

MR. GUEST writes fearlessly and yet cautiously. The perils of the age are manifold and nigh overwhelming, and the book before us (1) does good service in warning the coming men of their danger. This little volume should be read and re-read, and the reader would be wiser and better for it.

Of daily text-books we may well say the name is legion. The one before us (2) is as good as any we have seen, but there is nothing in it calling for special comment.

A very pleasant, chatty little volume is that just issued from the pen of Rev. J. S. Clifford (3). "Homes and Home Life in the Holy Land" are graphically and instructively discoursed of, and the book is full of engravings which considerably enhance its attractiveness.

"Quintus Quarles's" last book (4) is exceedingly characteristic. Written originally for children, it contains many homely lessons that we should all do well to take to heart, and they are all inculcated with that jovial breeziness that Mr. Wray so well knows how to use to advantage.

"The early history of Methodism," says Mr. Pawlyn, more closely connected with Bristol than with any other city in the world." And in the small but comprehensive volume just published (5), the author fully establishes the claim of the beautiful city on the banks of Severn to a foremost place in the history of the great founder. Concisely, clearly, and, we may say, lovingly, does Mr. Pawlyn tell of the great things done in Bristol, and we heartily commend his recital to all our readers.

Written as if by a mianer, "Dare to be Singular" (6), is wonderfully effective in its quaint style, and we could wish that this little volume were in every cottage home in England. It would be a power for good.

"James Sullivan" (7), is the title of a larger, but very similar volume, appealing to a somewhat different class of readers. It is full of striking incidents, and the moral, though obvious, is not so apparent as to repel even the most sensitive reader.

Messrs. Partridge send two little books got up in their well-known attractive style, showing in one (8) case the sad results of Peter's improvidence and in the other (9), the great things which Paul achieved by his persevering, saving habits. We don't know two better books for reading at cottage meetings.

The name of "Billy Bray" is a household word in Cornwall, the home and birthplace of the Bible Christians, and we are not surprised that Mr. Bourne's very interesting narrative (10), has already gone through fourteen editions, and is now issued in an improved and illustrated form. All who have not seen this book should get it.