

innumerable social, political, educational and spiritual advantages, can we refuse to send this religion either to the heathen abroad, or withhold all of its highest privileges from the struggling and oppressed masses at home, and yet flatter ourselves that we are pleasing our Lord? It is our duty as Christians to sympathize with the poor in their desire to better their condition; and especially in all of their legal efforts to save themselves from being ground to powder beneath the upper and neither millstones of soulless corporations and despotic monopolies. We should never be found among the number of those who grind the face of the poor in the matter of wages, but should always be ready to give a fair equivalent for services rendered; and to rejoice with them when, by their industry and economy, they have been able to lift themselves or their children above the humble condition in which they were born.

—Selected.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### REMEMBER—NOVEMBER.

Children, remember  
That first in November  
The Feast of All Saints has a place:  
That feast, more than others,  
Makes sisters and brothers  
Of all who receive the Lord's grace!

Children, remember  
That last in November  
The Feast of Saint Andrew will be:  
That one who was ready,  
With true love and steady,  
When Jesus said—"Come, follow Me!"

So, children, remember,  
That, guarding November,  
Two Saint's Days like sentinels stand.  
The Church in such beauty  
Has thus marked our duty,  
And we should regard her command."

—Young Churchman.

### WILL'S BIRTHDAY.

It was very pleasant to lie curled up in the big chair, before the glowing grate fire and read an entertaining book; so thought Will Coleman on the last day of November as he turned over "just one more" leaf of "Tom Brown" and settled himself a little more comfortably. Of course he was going to read only that one page, for it was almost time for him to take the train for home if he was to be there in season for evening service, but he told himself he might just as well be comfortable for those few moments: not realising that he was thus lending a willing ear to the voice of the tempter.

He had been spending the afternoon with his Aunt Mary, who lived seven miles from the city; on his way to the train he had met his choir-master, Mr. Beauchamp, who said:

"Ah, Will, where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"Only out to Weston to spend the afternoon with my aunt; to-day's my birthday," replied Will pleasantly.

"Don't be late," said Mr. Beauchamp, thinking of the service.

"Oh, no: I've got plenty of time, thank you," Will answered, supposing he meant the train out to Weston.

It was St. Andrew's day; though St. Matthias' choir did not usually sing Evensong except on Sunday, they were to do so to night, for a very distinguished Bishop was to preach in their church, and both the rector and choir-master desired to show proper respect not only to the day, but also to the reverend visitor by making the service as beautiful as possible.

When Will left home he fully intended to return by seven o'clock, for he had some solos to sing, especially the soprano part in "The Lord is my Shepherd," which was to be sung while the collection was being taken up, and which he could render better than any other boy in the choir, even Fred Norton who had been there so much longer. But he had not been a half hour at his aunt's before she made some remark about her plans for the evening, which showed him that she expected him to stay quite late, so he hastened to explain that he must take the 6.45 train for home, giving the reason.

His aunt and her husband were not church people and professed to have no sympathy with "this everlasting running to church." His aunt said:

"Of course you're paid extra when you sing on a week day, are you not?"

Will replied in the negative and she continued:

"Did you promise Mr. Beauchamp that you'd be there to-night?"

"No, I don't know that I did, but he expects me; he's so good to us boys that he knows we'll sing whenever he wants us to. And as I did not say that I would not be present, of course he will look for me."

And now as he lay curled up in the nice easy chair, and Aunt Mary's suggestions came into his mind and he began to debate with himself whether he really was obliged to go to that service; the more he thought about it the more (as this was a temptation from the Evil One), he was convinced that it was not absolutely necessary for him to go to church. Just then his aunt came into the room with a plate of cookies in her hand and said:

"Here's some of those Pilgrim cookies you are so fond of. And really, Will, I don't think you'd better go to church this cold evening; in there no other boy who can sing your music?"

"Oh, yes; Fred Norton knows it," he replied a little hesitatingly.

"Let him sing it this once, then. Ah, here comes your uncle; ask his advice." And as Uncle Robert drew near his wife stated the case to him. He, too, asked:

"Did you promise to be there?"

"No, sir, but they expect me."

"What do you have meetin' to-night for?" Uncle Robert continued.

Will told him about the Bishop, and also added that it was a saint's day.

"You folks always say that you do not worship the saints; why, then, do you have meetin' on what you call 'their days'?" his aunt asked.

"To remind us that they once lived, and taught, and suffered, for Christ's sake, and that we should strive to follow their good example, to follow them in all virtuous and godly living. I have always been glad that my birthday is St. Andrew's Day: you know he left his work and everything to follow his Master, and it is nice to have such a brave model to look up to," was Will's answer.

Uncle Robert was a very slow speaker; he sat silent a moment while his wife exclaimed:

"You do have such queer notions! Of course it is right and proper to respect the martyrs who suffered such terrible things, but there's no use in carrying your admiration too far. And then, too, I never could see any reason for dressing up ministers and choir boys in robes just like those the Catholics wear."

"Don't you say the same Lord's Prayer that the Roman Catholics say, Auntie?" asked Will good-naturedly.

"Certainly I do; but that has got nothing to do with robes."

"Grandpa Coleman, your father, was in the regular army, and didn't he wear the 'robes,' the uniform, of the service he was fighting in? And are you not proud that you own the suit of 'robes' he wore the day he was struck by a fatal bullet?"

"But that is very different."

"Yes, Auntie, very different; grandpa was in the service of an earthly country, governed by a human being; we are in the service of a heavenly court, governed by the King of kings, and we are proud to wear his livery. Our cassocks and cottas are the uniform of the Captain of our Salvation," said Will with solemnity.

"That is a good answer, Will," said his uncle deliberately. "And seems to me if I was wearing that uniform I'd do my duty in it; if I was glad I had a saint's day for my birthday I'd always 'ry to do as that saint would do if he were in my place."

"Why, Robert!" exclaimed his wife in surprise.

"Bravo, Uncle!" You've recalled me to a sense of my duty before it is too late. St. Andrew wouldn't have shirked a service even for the sake of the best good time that ever was; grandpa never kept out of an engagement because he didn't feel quite like fighting!" cried Will, jumping out of his chair and gathering together his hat, coat and gloves; "If I hurry I'll get into church now before the 'Benedic,' that's my first solo."

Thus roused to a sense of duty he did hurry and (to Mr. Beauchamp's great relief), slipped into the choir-stalls by a side door while Mr. Kinsman was reading the second lesson, and never had he sung better than he did that night; he kept saying to himself: "I will try and do as St. Andrew would do if he had this beautiful music to sing to the praise of the God whom he served so faithfully." And as he sang the words: "O praise the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye servants of His that do His pleasure," he remembered that he was acting as one of God's uniformed hosts, one of His liveried servants, and he was thankful for Uncle Robert's reminder.

As he glanced over the stalls when the "Benedic" was ended, he saw that Fred Norton was absent, and as no other boy then in the choir was prepared to sing either that or the anthem, he was yet more glad that he was on hand after all.

As soon as the choir was disbanded he went to Mr. Beauchamp and explained why he was so late; just then the bishop came up and, bearing a little of what Will was saying, began to question him; he soon had a clear idea of the case and said:

"My boy, your uncle was quite right; we often pray for grace to follow the good example of those who have gone before us, and trying to do our duty as they would have done is one way of following them, for in these days of ease we are rarely called on to suffer very much for righteousness' sake. As for your uniform, may God give you grace to support its dignity and bring no stain upon it, so that at the final great roll call our Captain may promote you to the honor of being one of His 'good and faithful servants' to all eternity!"

Will was only a heedless boy but, with all his carelessness, he realized that the prayer and blessing of a bishop, a successor of the Apostles, was a gift worth having; and as the bishop, in saying these few words, had laid his hand on Will's head, the boy felt almost as if he were being confirmed a second time; it had so deep an effect upon him that he never forgot it, and it was more than once the means of strengthening him to resist some of the many temptations that are ever around us.—Francis E. Wadleigh in *Living Church*.

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