

and lowered the standard of the recruits for the Ministry, are strengthened, rather than weakened, by the present drift of things. The expense and difficulty of a complete academic and theological education; the new professions and employments introduced by our many-sided life, all requiring a thorough training and a vigorous intellect, and offering inviting opportunities to secure wealth and promotion; the meagreness of clerical support, aggravated by the more costly scale of modern social life; the unhappy divisions which have diquieted the Church; the doubtful and shifting opinions, even upon the most vital theological issues; the consequent hesitancy and embarrassment in the minds of many thoughtful and conscientious youths; the persistent purpose of some within, and more without, the Church, to make the most of her troubles and imperfections, whether real or imaginary; the alternating fortunes of ecclesiastical parties; the unsettled relations between Christianity and the more advanced school of thought.—these, together with other admitted symptoms of a period of transition, are influences which, there can be little doubt, will combine to hinder many choice spirits from seeking to serve at our altars, while it will also bring to the surface many more not so choice, who, in such a time of change and agitation, will be only too ready to accept any opening to ecclesiastical employment which promises respectability and support. Now no training, however perfect, can create a high order of clerical character and service out of such material. The more of it we put in surplices, the weaker we shall be and the louder will be the complaint, already so prevalent among the laity, and so often echoed by the secular press, of unfledged divines, shallow theology, crude discourses and perfunctory ministrations. I say, then, antecedently to the question of training, that, if the influence of the ministry is to be maintained at even its past average, and not allowed to shrink away gradually into feebleness and obscurity, the Church must henceforth exercise more care and vigilance in the selection of the raw material on which her theological schools are to work.—*Bishop Paddock Lectures, "Christian Ministry."*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The name of Correspondent must in all cases be enclosed with letter, but will not be published unless desired. The Editor will not hold himself responsible, however, for any opinions expressed by Correspondents].

WHO WILL HELP BRUNEL?

To the Editor of the Church Guardian:

SIR,—The question above was asked in your paper recently, and in other church papers also, when I appealed for \$200, and I am very thankful to be able now to show that varying answers have been received from many persons in different localities. I am quite hopeful that the stream will run on and widen, so that skilled labour being now on the new church, I may be able to retain it until all that can be accomplished in no other way has been completed. The items of the responses are as follows:—Voyager \$10; Louise Reszin \$2; G. H. Timbry \$2; John Devine \$1; Mrs. Boomer \$1; a friend \$2; G. C. Wells \$2; a lady, Toronto, \$2; Mrs. Gault \$5; E. H. A. \$10; H., Montreal, \$5; Alice Hamer \$2. Total \$44.

I am, yours very truly,

ARTHUR H. ALLMAN,
Incumbent of Port Sydney, Ont.

SIR,—Through your columns will you please convey my hearty thanks to those who have so kindly contributed through the Board of Missions the sum of \$36, just received from Mr. Mason. The donors of part of this are unknown, so that I am glad to take this means of thanking them. Such help is especially welcome just now, when we are greatly in need of funds to enable us to meet some large unforeseen expenses.

We have now sixty-four scholars. I shall therefore be very grateful for any further assistance any friends may be able to give.

I have also received from Mr. Mason \$191 for the Bishop of Athabasca, whose commissary I am, and in the Bishop's name I beg to thank the Board for an appropriation of \$180, and some unknown friend for \$11. I am sure it will be very acceptable to his Lordship.

I am, dear sir, yours sincerely,

WM. A. BOBMAN.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

REV. PROF. K. L. JONES IN TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

You would not think, when winter skies with wind and storm are raging,

And not the smallest spot is seen of bright ethereal blue,

That here the sunshine rested, by no omen dark presaging

The coming rack of tempest and the change of heaven's hue.

When summer on the sapphire lake, with golden glances smiling

Stoops down to kiss the waters that are laughing in her breath,

The trusting heart believes her, nor suspects her of beguiling

The waves to winter's slavery and purple pall of death

When o'er the maple forest the southern wind is playing,

And toying with the virgin fronds of ferns and mosses rare.

We think not of the frost blight, the tender leaves betraying

To sere and yellow spectres, ere it strip the branches bare.

But let us not forever be unmindful of the teaching,

That meets the eye at every step we take upon the way,

From out the azure dome above, a loving hand is reaching,

To guide us from the shadows, through the darkness, to the day.

The Summer lasts not always! Comes the vintage, and the glowing

Of the purple clusters, weighing down the slender vine;

Comes the song of peasants crowned with garlands, and the flowing

From the bursting presses of this new and luscious wine.

After youth and manhood, with no semblance of delaying,

Lo! the palsied hand of age, decrepitude, the gloom

That closes round the portal, all our further vision staying,

From the dreaded silence and the secret of the tomb.

But he who scattered golden seeds shall bring his sheaves at even,

Who gathered in the vintage drinks the wine when it is new.

What time the feast is ready in the banquet halls of heaven.

In the gathering of the chosen ones, the loyal hearts and true.

DR. DELIA.

A bang that sounded as if a blizzard had passed through the house and closed the door behind it, an angry scream that made you think of the war cry of a tribe of Comanche Indians, and then the rattoo of a pair of heels on the kitchen floor that sounded to any one who had heard it before, like Teddy in one of his pas-

sions. Such tempers as that small boy could indulge in. And I am afraid he was encouraged in them rather than taught to govern them; for when he screamed so violently, Aunt May was afraid he would make himself sick; and as she felt the responsibility of his care to be no light burden while his mother was away, she would coax him out of his tantrums by promising him some treat if he would only stop crying.

To day Aunt May was out and Delia was in charge, and she determined to see whether she could not convince Teddy that he only hurt himself, and gained nothing, by these outbursts of passion. Teddy was going strawberrying with some of the neighbor's children, and he had wanted to wear his best suit. Delia had expected this and had prudently looked them in the clothes' press, so though Teddy fumed and scolded he could not get at them, and he finally worked himself up into one of his fits of passion to see if that would not make Delia yield. All the time that he lay on the floor kicking and screaming, he kept one eye on Delia to see if she did not look like giving up, but she bore the uproar very philosophically, and in fact did not seem to hear it.

'Here comes the wagon, Teddy,' she said at last. 'You had better get your basket ready.'

'I won't go in these clothes,' shouted Teddy. 'I'll stay at home first.'

'All right,' remarked Delia placidly, and presently she walked down to the gate, to meet the wagon.

Teddy stopped screaming then, it wasn't worth while to scream when there was no one to hear him, and he peeped out of the window to see where she was going.

'I s'pose she's telling them to wait till she can coax me up,' he thought to himself, and when he saw the waggon drive on, he concluded that Delia had told them to pretend to go without him, so as to frighten him into being a good boy. As she came back to the house he threw himself down and kicked and screamed as lustily as ever, but she went on making the puffy balls of biscuit, and never spoke.

At last Teddy stopped, surprised into silence.

'Where's the waggon?' he asked.

'Gone on to the pasture,' was Delia's calm answer.

'Without me?' shrieked Teddy.

'Why, yes, you told me you weren't going, you know.'

That time there was a shower of tears with the screams and kicks, for Teddy had no idea that he was to be taken at his word, and he was sorely disappointed.

At last he sobbed himself to sleep on the kitchen floor, and Delia looking pityingly at the flushed tear-stained face, slipped a cushion from the rocking chair under his head, and threw her shawl over him.

When Teddy woke up, he found himself there with a pile of ginger-bread cookies beside him, and he sat up and nibbled at them while he did some thinking.

'I'm glad Aunt May don't do that way,' he reflected, but Delia had had a talk with Aunt May, and had prevailed upon her to try this cure for his fits of temper instead of humoring him; so the next time he refused to eat his dinner and got in a passion because he couldn't have his pie first, he was amazed to have Aunt May quietly take him at his word, and clear the table, only leaving a piece of bread and butter out for any small boy who might be hungry before tea time.

At last he found that he gained nothing by his temper, so he learned to control himself; and by the time his mother came home he was quite cured.

'You must thank Dr. Delia,' Aunt May laughed, when they told her how glad they were to find their little boy so much improved, and Teddy nodded gravely as he echoed:

'Yes, Dr. Delia.'

—M. E. Kenney in the Young Churchman.