

Children's Department.

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

[The author of this little poem, G. S. Outram, saw "God is Love" written on the Trusthorpe Sands.]

I read one morning on the sand,
And written by a childish hand,
A truth the billows cannot teach,
A truth past human wisdom's reach—
God is Love.

It seemed a very angel's trace,
God's footprint in that lonely place,
It brightened up the sea and sky;
And glad I was I could reply,
God is Love.

And much I thanked my little friend,
Who thus her joyous creed had penned;
And may she know for evermore
The truth she wrote upon the shore—
God is Love.

The tide will come again to-day,
And wash that lonely print away,
But death and hell cannot erase
The charter of that child of grace—
God is Love.

THANKFULNESS.

NEAR the parish church of Egbourne, a large village within ten miles of London, stands a long row of almshouses, tenanted half by old men, half by old women, all past the age of sixty, and of good character. A charitable London merchant built these houses many years ago in his native village, and endowed them with a sum of money, from which each of their inmates receives 1s. 8d. a week.

A few years ago I left London in the autumn, and went to visit a friend at Egbourne. The next day was Wednesday, and before eleven o'clock the church bell summoned me to morning prayers. Passing among harvest-fields rich with golden corn, I soon reached the churchyard gate. The old people were just leaving the almshouses to go to church, and I lingered to let them pass on. A tidy respectable set of old folks they were, but my attention was most attracted to the last among the men. He was apparently full seventy years of age, tall and slightly made, with so expressive a face that one could scarcely believe he was blind, which yet was the case. I joined him, and remarked that it was a fine day for the harvest. "It is indeed, God be praised for it," he answered, speaking so earnestly that I felt they were not words of course.

The friend whom I was visiting joined me at church, and after service I pointed out to him the old man whose countenance had so impressed me. "Ah, good Richard Burnham?" he said. "Well, I don't wonder at you noticing him. That man is a living sermon on thankfulness. His whole life has been a series of misfortunes and disasters, and the more he suffers, the more grateful and joyful do his spirits seem. Yes, I know we ought to give thanks in everything, to be thankful for what God takes away, but we very seldom are." "And what troubles has this poor man known?" I asked. "It is a long story," answered my friend, "I will tell you while we are walking out this evening." And accordingly I heard that evening the following history of Richard Burnham.

He was the only son of a wealthy tradesman, but, being a delicate child, had been sent into the country, to be brought up by an uncle at his farm. The boy grew fond of the country, and when he was old enough to choose his path in life he desired to invest in his uncle's farm a little money which his grandfather had left him, and to stay and work there. But his father required him to add his little fortune to the business, and to come himself and help in

the shop. Richard demurred. He disliked the shop, and he did not approve the way it was managed. He was sure that work was sometimes done on a Sunday, and the speculation which was carried on seemed to him mere gambling. However, the father was determined, and Richard thought it his duty to submit. For ten years he worked with his father in the shop, patiently submitting to the old man's temper and unreasonable demands, and trying to keep the business as straight as he could. Still he remarked that his father grew more careworn every day, and some excuse was always made to keep the books out of his sight. Something was plainly amiss, but how could he foresee the dreadful blow that awaited him? One day Mr Burnham was missed. They searched for him, but in vain, till a party of men brought in his lifeless body, wet and dripping from the river. A glance at his papers explained all. He had acted most dishonestly, and was ruined. Richard with some difficulty cleared himself from a share in his father's dishonorable transactions, but his little fortune was gone, and his uncle having died the year before, he was friendless and penniless. His father's death was a lifelong sorrow to poor Richard, but he hardly seemed to heed his poverty and the loss of his worldly prospects. "I did not go into the business for my own pleasure," he said, "I thought it was my duty, and I know I shall be provided for." And so he was, though in a humble way. He found a situation in another house of business, and held it for two years. He could not overcome his dislike to London and a business life, but he said that it only made his hours in church happier in contrast to his working hours, and that he ought to be thankful for earning his bread honestly in any way.

But a fresh trouble arose: the house failed, and Richard Burnham was again thrown on the world. Finding it difficult to get a another situation, he was tempted to sink his little savings in passage-money to the Swan River, but unfortunately he arrived there when the colony was in an unsettled state, and crowded with immigrants. There seemed nothing there for him to do; but at last he managed to gain a poor livelihood as a porter. The work was, however, too hard for him, his health failed, and in a few months he was stretched on a sick bed in a wretched cabin, alone, and almost perishing from want. His faith, however, did not fail. "I know God has not forgotten me," he would say to himself during his long hours of suffering. "He will send the help when the right time comes." And the help did come at last. By what is called a chance, a clergyman knocked at the cabin door to ask after another person. The faint voice which replied caught his attention; he went in, sat down by Richard's side, and heard his story. It was told very simply, without one complaint, and it touched the clergyman deeply. He fetched a doctor, then a nurse. Next he moved the patient to a better lodging, and with the help of friends he provided for him till he was quite recovered.

The clergyman became greatly interested in his poor friend, and used to talk of the past with him. "It seems to me," he said one day to Richard, "that every thing has been against you from the first." "Oh no, sir," answered Richard, "don't say that. I am quite sure God has ordered every thing for my good. May His name be praised for it!" "But tell me truly," ask the clergyman, "could you feel this while you were lying there all alone and neglected in that miserable hut?" Richard was silent a moment, then he said, "I believe I did. Sometimes I longed to see a friend's face, but I tried all through to trust in the Lord, and often He made me feel that when man was furthest God was nearest."

As soon as Richard Burnham had recovered from his illness his friend obtained him a clerkship at the bank, where he gave satisfaction, and gradually rose till he received a high salary, on which

he married. His wife was like minded with himself, but her health was delicate, and after a time he yielded to her wish of coming to England, where they thought they could live quietly, but comfortably, on the money he had made. But it was otherwise ordained. The vessel in which they embarked was wrecked in the Channel. Many passengers were drowned. Mrs. Burnham among the number; all their possessions were lost, and Richard Burnham was only saved to land on his native shore a beggar.

Christian charity came, however, to his help, and he soon found a place at a shop in Egbourne, where he worked diligently till old age and increasing blindness disabled him. His faith did not fail him, nor did he lose his thankful, cheerful spirit. At the age of sixty-two an almshouse was offered him, and he gratefully accepted the "haven of refuge," as he called it. Thankfulness has grown with him into a fixed habit of mind, and to his friends he seems ever, as was the Samaritan in to-day's Gospel, at his Lord's feet giving thanks.

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NEW INVENTION.—On the sixth of March last I obtained a patent in Canada, for changing common windows to Bay Windows. The invention is also patented in the United States, and is having a large sale in every State. I have sold twenty-two counties in Canada, and offer the remainder for sale, or will take a partner; the right man with \$200 capital can secure the management and an interest in the business. Canadian references given.—Address, W. S. Garrison Cedar Falls, Iowa, U. S. A.

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GREENING—MERRIMAN.—On August 30, Barton, by the Rev. Rural Dean Bull, M. A., Robert Henry Merriman, commercial traveller, of Hamilton, to Charlotte Owen, youngest daughter of the late Benjamin Greening, Esq., of Hamilton.

LLOYD-JONES—LUDOR.—At Niagara Falls, on the 9th Aug., by the Rev. Steward Houston, Rector of Christ Church, William Ludor, of Ancaster, Ont., to Bertie, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Lloyd-Jones, Esq., of Brantford, Ont.

Died.

AIKMAN.—At the residence of her son, Dr. Aikman, Collingwood, on the 27th August, Sarah, relict of John Aikman, of Ancaster, aged 81 years. Interred at St. John's Church, Ancaster, on August 30th.

HALLER.—Entered into rest on Sunday morning, Sept. 3rd, 1892, at his residence, 482 Ontario St., the Rev. G. H. Haller, formerly of Penetanguishene, aged 88 years and seven months. Requiescat in pacem.

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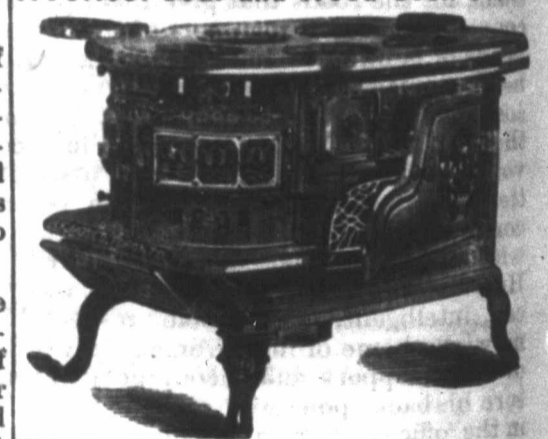
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