

of the Holy Ghost, to live the very highest ayle of the Christian life, as Paul did, and, if it were possible, to enjoy at the same time all worldly comforts besides,—even this were not to be compared with the state beyond, which is “far better,” even as the day is “far better” than its dawn, as the inheritance is “far better” than its earnest, and as the harvest is “far better” than its first fruits. Then let us sing,

“Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But thine’s a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls inspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.”

Elora, O.

For Dominion Presbyterian,

A Hasty Punishment.

BY J. HARMON PATTERSON.

The dreary day was drawing to a close; in a few minutes school would be over. Thirty children realized this, and were restless and inattentive. The throbbing pain in my head was almost beyond endurance. A loud whisper startled me. “Who was that,” I asked crossly; for I had threatened to whip anyone caught whispering that afternoon.

“Please teacher, it was I,” tremblingly replied a little girl. I was ill and angry, and without asking any question I called her up to my desk, and in the presence of the whole school, I whipped her on the hand with a rod. The look on her face almost frightened me, such reproach and shame.

I was sorry the moment it was done, very sorry; and as poor Clara went to her seat with the tears running down her cheeks, my heart ached for her. Why had I been so hasty, for I loved the gentle little thing, as did the whole school. Four o’clock came and I dismissed the children. Clara started out in a hurry, but I called her back. She stopped very reluctantly, turned and took her seat. I went and sat beside her, and put my arm around her. When I saw her little hands covered with tears, I could not keep back my own. She had her arms around my neck in an instant. “Don’t cry, Miss Burt,” she said. “please don’t. I know that you were tired and ill, and I did whisper.”

“Oh Clara, can you forgive me,” I cried. “Yes indeed,” she replied, “I did not mean to whisper; but one of the girls was throwing paper balls at little Martha Bowie, when your back was turned and I said ‘quit that,’ before I thought. But oh teacher, teacher”—and she began to cry at the memory of the whipping. I comforted her as best I could, and we walked home together. I could see that she was very much hurt, and I repented deeply of what I had done; for I rarely whipped any one and never for a first offence.

Next morning, before the whole school, I explained the matter. It relieved my mind greatly, and put me on better understanding with the children, for they were all angry at my harsh action. How smoothly everything seemed to go to-day! But a dark cloud was rising, and soon the whole sky would be overcast.

A knock sounded at the door. On opening it I found one of the trustees. He asked me to dismiss school at once as diphtheria had broken out in the section, and some of the children from the afflicted home were in school that day. I knew that some of the scholars were ill, but supposed that it was only a cold. I was very much disturbed and bade the children go home. On reaching my boarding place I found the greatest terror prevailing. The doctor said that owing to the children going to school, any

one of them was liable to the dread disease. The fear had somewhat subsided by evening. As the weather was oppressive, I blamed it for my headache and retired early to pass a troubled night. I awoke next morning with a throbbing head and burning throat. I had the diphtheria.

Of the next day I remember little. It is now like a horrible dream! It passed at last and left me very weak, but on the road to recovery. Then they told me that all the time Clara had been to see me every day. She was not allowed in the house, but she had brought me flowers and fruit, and had taken my canary home so that it might not be neglected.

At last I was able to be up, and seated in an easy chair I was moved to the window. Oh how fresh and bright all nature seemed, how clear the air! I could hardly believe it possible, that only a few short days ago I lay in that same room gasping for breath, and longing. Oh so earnestly, for relief from that awful suffocation. So occupied was I with my thoughts that I did not see a figure at the gate, till a merry voice called, “Please teacher, help me with my lesson.” There stood Clara looking like one of the birds which sang in the trees over her head. She came every day, and at last the doctor allowed her to come into the house. My first visit was paid to Clara’s home.

The dread epidemic was fast dying out. Four children had died of it, and four seats would be vacant in the schoolroom. How I dreaded to see them, to know that I would never see those merry faces again! One day they sent to tell me that my little friend had been suddenly stricken. I hastened over as soon as I could. Clara was lying on her little bed gasping for breath. It was a bad case, the doctor said, but he did his best; indeed he was as anxious as anyone. The poor child did not want me to leave her, but when she was delirious she would beg me not to whip her in tones that almost broke my heart. I could not bear it, and had to leave the room. About midnight I was called by a servant and told me that Clara was dying. I hurried to the room. She smiled as I entered. I bent over and kissed her while my tears fell upon her face. “Oh teacher,” she gasped, “don’t—fret—because—you—whipped me. I love—you—the same.”

“Hush,” said the doctor, “you must not talk.” But even as he spoke she choked, and we saw that the end had come, and with her arms about her mother’s neck, Clara’s pure, gentle spirit left her tortured body for a world where there is no sorrow, pain or death. Dear, gentle little girl she was the most missed. Many a day when looking over the school, my eyes would fall on that vacant seat the tears would come unbidden. But I had learned the lesson.

Perry Sound, Ont.

I dare say to some of us the most priceless of all memories is that of one of the sons or daughters of affliction made beautiful by submission to the will of God. There had perhaps been a struggle once; but it was over; and God’s will was accepted not only with submission, but with a holy joy which glorified the whole being.

The telegraphic reports announce that Sir Oliver Mowat showed unmistakable signs of infirmity yesterday on the occasion of the opening of the Legislature. Every one will learn this with profound regret. Ontario naturally feels anxious about her “grand old man.”

Sparks From Other Anvils.

United Presbyterian :—When a weary traveller asks for the right way, one does not spend time telling him this or that is the wrong way, but points out the right way. Taking it, all others are forsaken.

Michigan Presbyterian :—Our standards of success are not only worldly, they are even at times Satanic. No minister, no church is really successful unless there be a growth in the graces of the Holy Spirit.

Presbyterian Witness :—There should be no trouble about maintaining in the fullest degree sacred to the purposes for which the “rest” on one day in seven was originally intended (“for man”)—for man’s highest interests, physical, moral, and religious.

Christian Guardian :—Civil war, racial war, on this continent would turn back the march of progress. May the Lord look out of the pillar of cloud and fire and take off the wheels of their war chariots, and confound and confuse the prophets of evil.

Catholic Register :—We differ from Mr. Black. We see no absolute necessity for any such consecration. No matter what history teaches, we hold that a land such as ours and a people such as ours, can attain to its “true and full life” without war or even rumors of wars.

Christian Observer :—Rambling, ill-considered prayer is not for edification, and mars a service seriously, no matter how good the preacher may be. Simple, direct words of adoration, thanksgiving, confession, petition and intercession should be used, and the utmost care should be devoted to preparation for public prayer.

Lutheran Observer :—Anything that hinders the growth of right character must be relentlessly sacrificed. If a man is not willing to deny his sinful self, and surrender his evil habits, he is morally doomed. This is where so many fail. They have aspirations, for gooder s, and hours of intense self-dissatisfaction, but their wish to be better does not harden into resolve.

S. S. Times :—Ignorance cannot put God’s laws out of court. A man may have a wrong theory of light, but it cannot bring the value of light into question. He may have an incorrect theory of digestion, but if he has good food and a good stomach, Nature will do her work without reference to his reasonings. I may know in part, yet know in fact. Let me set my heart on reality in all divine and human relations, and not allow the things I do not know to disturb those I do.

Belfast Witness :—The new Queen is supposed to have leanings towards Ritualism. But this is quite possibly a mistake due to English ideas of Danish Lutheranism. Even if not so, the responsibilities of high office will call forth Queen Alexandra’s deepest and best character, and she may be expected to set a good example as following the wise Victoria and as head of a nation still strongly Protestant. As for the King himself he is expected to exhibit regarding the acute crisis in the Church the same tact and prudence which have marked his public life hitherto. The nation is so largely Nonconformist that no Court influence could now change the drift of that mighty gulf stream, British opinion. But it is desirable that even the Court and the Palace should be on the side of pure primitive Apostolic Christianity.