

Paul's, Woodstock, during the latter's leave of absence.

Lord Leighton was not a rich man when he died, in spite of the large sums he earned during his life-time, and his famous house, with all its art treasures, must be sold at auction.

The house in which George III. was born is still standing at the back of Norfolk House in St. James' Square, London. It is a drawf Hanoverian building, almost of the cottage type, and has been used for many years as a servants' and stable house.

Mr. N. A. Howard Moore, of Syracuse, N.Y., formerly a prominent member of Christ Church, Gananoque, has been appointed lay reader by Bishop Huntington of Central New York.

Eight hundred thousand francs, \$160,000, has been given to the Paris Academy of Medicine by a Mme. Audriffred, the income to be paid yearly to the man that discovers a specific remedy for consumption, whether a Frenchman or a foreigner.

The Rev. C. C. Waller, of the Montreal Diocesan College staff, has accepted the locum tenency of Val Cartier, near Quebec, for the long vacation, whilst the incumbent, Rev. Dr. Riopel, takes charge of the quarantine station, Grosse Isle.

The Medical School for Women in St. Petersburg has received from the Russian government an annual grant of \$48,000, and to this the municipality will add \$11,500. Private individuals have already secured to the school an endowment of about \$200,000.

Travelling churches are to be established on the Trans-Siberian railway, which passes through many desert tracts, where neither village nor church can be met with for miles. Cars fitted up for Divine service will be attached to the trains for the benefit of the officials.

Rev. Charles Scadding, a native of Orillia, Ont., at present rector of Trinity Church, Toledo, Ohio, has been called to be rector of Emmanuel Church, La Grange, Ill. In 1885 Mr. Scadding was assistant to the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., New York.

Family Reading.

Faith.

If, like a child that ever loves
A mother's least command,
Yet sometimes does half wilfully
Decline her proffered hand,
I, Lord, who know Thy ways are best,
Sometimes still hesitate
To put my hand in Thine, think me
Thy wayward child, and wait.

And if I put away the proof
That once had seemed so clear,
And walk with restless heart alone
Through pathways of new fear,
Dear Lord, believe me still Thy child,
And hold my hand secure;
For though the mind that sees not, doubts,
The hand that feels is sure.

Then lead me by a quiet stream
That threads green hills and dells,
Where I may walk in reverence,
Where simple thought prevails;
And let, O Lord, Thy presence fill
My mind with proof of Thee;
But this I know; till as a child
I walk, it cannot be.

Prayer.

The reason why you must pray is because your great heritage is to have personal fellowship with God, to talk to Him, aye, even as a man speaketh to his friend. And even now you must begin that life of personal fellowship; even now you must continually come before God, and ceaselessly present yourself before Him as a son before his father. Ask for the things you need in body and spirit. Ask for all that great fund of wants whereby our human nature is impoverished and perishing. You must learn your true relationship to God by regular asking. Dismiss the thought that the knowledge of the reign of law offers any greater obstacle

whatever to prayer than any other form of activity. For prayer, the prayer of the Christian is not an attempt to bend down God's wisdom to the level of our folly, and to ask of God to act in an arbitrary and intermittent manner. Prayer is that activity by which the Christian, contemplating the universal order of the Divine Kingdom, rejoices to act in correspondence with the unintermittent, orderly will of God; and just as by correspondence with law in nature, the deeper his correspondence the more he draws out the good things which lie there for human civilization, so the man of prayer who approaches the Father in the name of the Son in intelligent correspondence with the Divine Kingdom and Divine purpose, draws out of the largeness of the love of God infinite stores of good things which God wills to give to him, and through him to his family, his church, his nation, humanity—stores of good things which are there in the Providence of God waiting to comfort him, but will not be given him except he prays.

Do What You Can.

Show those qualities which are altogether in thy power—sincerity, gravity, endurance of labour, aversion to luxury, benevolence, frankness, no love of superfluity, freedom from trifling, magnanimity. Dost thou not see how many qualities thou art immediately able to exhibit, in which there is no excuse of natural incapacity and unfitness, and yet thou still remainest voluntarily below the mark? Or art thou compelled, through being defectively furnished by nature, to murmur, and be mean, and to flatter, and to find fault with thy poor body, and to try to please men, and to make great display, and to be restless in thy mind? No, thou mightest have been delivered from these things long ago. Only if in truth thou canst be charged with being rather slow and dull of comprehension, thou must exert thyself about this also, not neglecting it, nor yet taking pleasure in thy dulness.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Loyalty to God.

Is our allegiance really given to the Father, to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, to God whom Christ manifests, to the Heavenly Father, the Father of yourself and all men, in whom we are brethren? Is there not a danger and a dread lest we satisfy ourselves with giving no allegiance to any false god? Is there not a danger and a dread that though we worship no false gods, neither law nor humanity, nor the absolute in nature, nor aught else, we have still forgotten our Heavenly Father; that when we come to worship Him there is no reverence, no self-giving, no fire, only dreamy contemplation of self or others; that when we sin, we do not fear Him? We hate to be humiliated by the bad opinions of others, but we do not fear His eye. If we lost God from our creed, would anything be really taken from us? Should we not go on much as we do, paying visits, receiving visits, gossiping, trifling, frittering away our time in nothing that is worth doing? We should miss no light on our sorrows, or restraint on our pleasures; the sunlight and the darkness of life would remain. Ah, let us look deeper; we shrink from the unbeliever, we pity the idolator, perhaps we shudder at the atheist. Have we ourselves barred the doors against God by a strange reluctance to think of Him, to own Him? Have we ceased to think of Him till He has faded into a name, a shadow, a memory? May it not be the case that we have no other God before Him, because we have no God at all?—*R. Eytton.*

Men's Deeds.

Few persons recognize how largely happiness is dependent upon generous emotions and sympathetic affections. Probably nothing else is so fruitful of real and permanent enjoyment as this. No one can cast a mental glance over his circle of acquaintances without perceiving that the happiest among them are not those most favoured by external circumstances, but those who are blessed with kindly dispositions and generous impulses; those who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-men, and active in promoting it; those, in a word, who are seeking to do good rather than to get

good. While it is true that injustice and selfishness react upon those who practice them, to their injury and distress, it is no less true that equity and benevolence react upon those who practice them to their happiness and best welfare. Though the rout may be circuitous, though the time may be deferred, we may rest assured that our deeds, good and evil, will return to bless or to curse us; and whatsoever we sow, that also shall we reap.

The Teacher Taught.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which he has just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham Grammar School, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing his cane, he "gave a nasty cut upon the too tempting back of one youth, who seemed to be the offender." "If you please, sir," said the boy, squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbour, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and, not being attended to, had taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly-wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place: "It was I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that." The whole great school-room was now listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted: "Jones, you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class-fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane, and dealt me no sham stroke, but the severest and most telling cut over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument could sting as it did, like a scorpion. "Rubbing the place" in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here."

Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that "he who cannot teach without the stick had better get some other business."

The Consistent.

"Ian Maclaren" has some words about professing Christians "being a stumbling block in the way of others. We will read what he has to say:

"Whoever said that Christians were perfect, or expected to be very rapidly perfect? The Gospels make no such claim. What is contended is simply this, that every religious man is ashamed of his faults, and is fighting against their power with all his might, and with the help of his Saviour. Have you been as quick to see the fight as you have been to see the fall? You have seen him yield; do you know how often he has resisted? You have not gone home with him and entered his room with him and seen him on his knees and heard his cries for mercy and deliverance. 'Tis the hard and strenuous struggle after better things which proves religion. It proves life. If you see a piece of wood carried down a stream, you think nothing of it; 'tis a log going down with the current. It would be strange if a log did otherwise. But if you saw a log making its way up stream, however slowly, you would take notice, and say, 'My eyes have deceived me; this is not a log.' What goes against the current, patiently and perseveringly, is something else than a log; it must be a living thing. Going with the stream is nature. Going against the stream means grace. Neither let it be forgotten that Christianity chooses the

miserable, world. To many man alas, some the hand Christians been for the Christianit Magdalene you say th and there unbeliever fours; it i proved bec made so m contrast b straightfor animal. agreeable-came of E ing, a mer made out a saint, a man. It plains of from a bar ture."

Simple often a ve quality th Andersen, caused his life, before acknowle conceit we day we co and attrac thing irrit tification. ed on grea ceit which recognizing ing and r all the re plements not suffici have been quality as ous conce adequacy most unp In other ous, but while the distrust, its own g The form as disple

Man is stances o degrees o ation in t bility of health an ing beyon of the un with ever of constit with whi ited by science c Yet it is find our find life be concei heat of th the poles of light e depth of the squa circumst form of l genial. million s one exac of air an