

Family Department.

CLIMBING.

By G. A. HAMMOND.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

Over the mountain looks the sun,  
Dark clouds are gathering round him;  
And yet the day is just begun;  
Why has the shadow found him?  
This early? Is it often so?  
And doth that sun inherit wo?  
O, child of earth, I answer, No!  
Those clouds are far beneath,  
Shadows have nought to do with him;  
His golden eye is never dim.  
Those clouds are but the wreath,  
Which for a moment hides his light  
With sable plumes of flying night,  
Night that is but a name.

Climbing a mountain, hastens on,  
Thick mists are falling round him;  
His march to life is just begun.  
Have storm and darkness found him?  
This early? Is it often so?  
And doth the fabled inherit wo?  
O, child of earth, I answer, No!  
Those clouds are from beneath,  
His earnest hope, his staff of faith,  
Will aid him at the pass of death;  
Those mists are but the wreath,  
Which for a moment blinds his sight;  
But higher up, the mountain height  
With molten gold will flame.

THE RECTOR'S HOLIDAY.

By MARY R. HIGGAM.

The Rev. Mr. Whiting of Doon's Corners, in the Western part of the State of New York, was not an old man, though the boys of the village, when safely out of hearing of the elders, were wont to designate him as "old Whiting," the "Parson," and "Dominie Chalk-top." Not from any positive dislike, but simply because every man with gray hairs seems another Mithuselah to a schoolboy; and for one who had used a cane for over twenty years, who rarely left his parish limits even for a day, and who was thoroughly identified with the village and church—both having started into existence simultaneously—of course such a man had left his youth far behind him. And yet, on looking over the family record in the elf-bound Bible on the study table, it would have been soon that Mr. Whiting had only attained the respectable age of fifty years. But he dwelt much in the past, it could not be denied. People were getting rather weary of the stories which, in nearly thirty years' rectorship, had all the chances in the world of getting stale. He had a mild, inoffensive way of mooning about the streets, his head in the clouds, and his thoughts certainly higher; his well preserved, carefully brushed, stove-pipe hat entitled back of his ears, and kept in place only by a special miracle, as it were; and in his hand a thick stick with an ivory knob at the top, with which he would give little flourishes and waves as he walked, as if he were putting on drum major airs, although, poor man, he would have stared aghast if the bare idea of such a thing had been suggested. The fact was, that Mr. Whiting rarely, if ever, thought about anything but his parish duties; and, although he had a delicate wife, with an anxious line or two between her eyes, and three grown up daughters to provide for, he certainly paid strict heed to the Scripture injunction, and literally gave no heed to the snoring, the things of to-day proving quite enough to manage. The daughters, with longings and aspirations in life unto the same as other girls, would sometimes say pathetically—a tinge of impatience just infusing their speech—I wish father would sometimes think of us, and not always of the parish—but that was as far as they ever got. Mrs. Whiting, with about as much force and snap as the cups of attenuated tea she was fond of imbibing, was a loyal soul nevertheless, and knew her duty to her husband. "Your father is a clergyman, my dears," she would say with touching dignity. "He has the souls of his fellow creatures to care for."  
"But we have souls too," the elder would venture to remark, *sotto voce*, and her sister, bright, rosy-cheeked, and sunny, would chime in, in the very faintest possible *pianissimo*, "and bodies too, dear! we can't say he neglects our souls poor papa, but we do need new dresses all around!" Oh dear me! what don't we need! we'll never get a thing. Sometimes I wish I was all soul and no body, then there'd be no trouble. One

of these days I'm going to scoop out that big pumpkin in the back yard, and go on a lark, like Cinderella after the Prince. And I won't keep all the goodies to myself, girls, I'll share and share alike."  
"Don't talk nonsense!" said the elder sister, frowning down Cinderella's little rhapsodies. "You may go out for a school-teacher, if you want things; but I, for my part, would rather stop at home and help mother, and dress as becomes the daughter of a poor clergyman on five hundred a year. Such people as we are ought to be born without aspirations. If I ever had any I've snuffed them out long ago."  
And that was the way the discussions usually ended. So it came to pass that it was the parish, not the daughter's thoughtless speech, that woke the good doctor from the reverie of years. It was toward Easter; and a warm, early Spring, even out at Doon's Corners, began to assert itself. The trees looked brown and shivering with bursting buds, and the air was mild and soft as May, when, at the close of the morning services, the rector wandered aimlessly about the graveyard, thinking how calm, and beautiful, and peaceful the world was, and how pure and free from care the life of a country clergyman. True he had had his trials. He stopped and looked down at two tiny mounds at his feet, and the tears struggled up to his eyes, though he had laid those babies there nearly twenty years before. It was so hard to forget! He stood still, looking down in a reverie that was not all bitter in spite of the mist that stole before his vision, and then he started because he heard his own name. A group of men were lounging about the churchyard. They did not see the rector, for their backs were toward him, and they were so earnestly engaged in conversation, that they either had forgotten, or did not care if they attracted listeners.  
"He's turned that bar'l upside down again, said Bill Hull, the most irreverent and turbulent spirit in Doon's Corners. He allers turns it just afore Easter. Now we'll hear all about the Prodigal Son and such like."  
"You couldn't listen to nothin' better," spoke up Jimmy Wilcox, the tailor, a staunch Churchman and a good soul withal; "so long as the parson's sermons are good, what do you care whether they come out o' the top or bottom of the bar'l, man?"  
"Oh! now, Jimmy, a feller gets tired," put in a third. "For nigh on thirty years we've heard the same old things. It makes my very soul sick in me sometimes when I see the old man fumbling around for his sermon, and when he gives out the text I can clap my finger right on the place where he preached the same thing a year before. I kind o' like the Methodys. They don't give a feller a chance to get tired."  
"No, nor to like your minister neither before they're up and away," argued the tailor.  
"True; true, but we ain't the only ones what's tired. Our warden says to me, 'Variety's the spice of life,' when that young feller come over to the funeral t'other day. The parson gives us good sermons, but I'd rather hear a blockhead say something new sometimes, and I say warden was right."  
"So do I, so do I!" chimed in the others.  
"Fact is," he went on, "the parson ought to go away. If somebody'd just speak out, we'd git rid of him and have a young man, somebody what's wide awake, and 'ud stir us up. He thinks he's fixed here for life, that's the reason he don't care."  
"Well, I'm tired to death o' the old man and his family," said Bill Hull again. "It's time somebody spoke up."  
"S-s-h" murmured Jimmy, happening to turn around and catch a glimpse of the motionless figure still leaning on his cane over the two tiny graves, "somebody's spoke up now, I reckon. I declare to man I'm sorry. Better disperse."  
So the group of men strolled away with scarcely another thought for the poor Rector, whom they had been—after the fashion of good parishioners—picking in p'cees. Mr. Whiting stood still a long time after they had left, but this time the tears fell heavily—heavily. It was a sudden revelation to him; a shock from which he could not at once rally. He would as soon have thought his own wife and children would have turned against him as his Parish—his people, his church that he had labored to bring into life.

(To be continued.)

IGNORANCE OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

A GENTLEMAN who is thoroughly acquainted with ecclesiastical history, doctrines, and the different subjects that are now attracting the attention of the Church and the religious public, said to the writer recently, "It is my firm opinion that people generally know less about the Church—faith and practice—than was known by the people living three hundred years ago." We are inclined strongly to the same opinion. Three hundred years ago the people, old and young, were carefully instructed in the doctrines of our Holy Faith. And they received such instructions thoughtfully; and further more those who could read and had the opportunity, became conversant with the contents of the Bible, and with the pages of history. They were not so distracted by the cares of the world but they could study and learn to give a reason for the hope that was within them. In this day, newspapers of large dimensions, with intelligence and gossip from all parts of the world, are poured out in a mighty stream every day—at morning and evening; fascinating books of fiction are published by the ten thousand; periodicals with alluring illustrations and tempting reading matter, are issued by the half million per month. Besides we have the ever appearing book of travel, of biography, of science, of poetry, of discovery, and so on *ad infinitum*. The average young man and young woman must be "up" in the popular novels of the day, must be "posted" in the contents of the most read "Monthly Magazines." They must know at least one book of travel and of biography, and have a smattering of the *issue* that at the time is demanding public attention. Of course every one, old and young, must religiously read the daily papers—the Sunday edition with those of the other days—that they may be ready to converse on the latest burglary, defalcation, murder and scandal. After all this, is there any time to read up on Church history, Church life and thought? Will the mind be in condition to go into such works, important though it be? No; among the intelligent majority, there is very little knowledge of the Church and of the things of God—because their reading is cursory and secular; and religious subjects are not, therefore, understandingly thought upon. The lower classes, if they read at all, select for their reading from that low and degrading literature of which there is a vast storehouse.  
It is no wonder, then, that it may well be said that "the people of to-day possess less knowledge of the faith they profess than did their brethren of three or four centuries ago." "Well," you ask, "what are you going to do about it?" We are going to hammer away steadily in the hope that one person may come thereby to a knowledge of duty and perform it; and if you, as you have opportunity, would persistently do the same with our one, and yours gained, there would soon be an effective little army at work bringing glory to God and peace to man. Not a few of our ecclesiastical and religious troubles are born of ignorances; and ignorances of the Church history, doctrine, practice, etc., in this day when the accurate knowledge thereof may so easily be obtained, is most culpable.—*The Church and Sunday School Weekly.*

WILL HE SUCCEED?

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother have kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off he mowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shrink till shrinking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of weak, foolish parents.  
On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part; never allowed to shrink from any legitimate responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands—until bearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his from choice, parents, as they bid him good bye, may diminish their fear. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his,

and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.  
Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread, and clothing, and homes, and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge comparatively more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of his possessions. If he is miserably poor, it argues either some defect in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.  
When a country bred boy leaves home, it is generally to enter upon some business the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood.  
If all the money he has had has come of planting a little patch in the spring, and selling its produce after weary months of watching and toil in the fall, or from killing wood chucks at six cents a head, or from trapping muskrats, and selling their skin for a shilling; setting snares in the fall for game and walking miles to see them in the morning before the old folks were up; husking corn for a neighbor moonlight evening, at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional lay that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.  
On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends always kept him in spending money—ponies to buy candies and fish hooks, and satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend upon himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost jack knife.  
Every one has to rough it at one time or another. If the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough, but not being educational, is generally useless. And the question whether a young man will succeed in making money or not depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boys get on the old farm, under the tutelage of parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.  
THE JEWISH SURGEON.  
In a garret-room in London a poor woman lay dying. A surgeon, who was a Jew in visiting her, said: "My poor woman, you seem very ill, I am afraid you will not recover. Can I do anything for you?"  
"Thank you, sir," said the woman "there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be very glad if you would read a chapter to me."  
The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament and did as she desired. He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the Word of Life seemed to give the poor invalid.  
With almost her dying breath, the poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it. He took the Book home with him, and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote—Jesus the Measiah—and was enabled to believe in him as "the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sins of the world."  
It is said of a certain negro, that his master perceiving him one day with a down-cast look, asked him the cause. "Oh, massa," he said, "I am such a great sinner!" "But, Pete, you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me in trouble about my sins." "I know de reason, massa; when you go out duck shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after de wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete." And the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me; de debil has got you sure; but as he's not sure of me, he chases dis chile all de time!"  
Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other.

The Charge delivered by the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia before the last Synod has been published, and is for sale at Mr. Wm. Gossip's, Granville Street, Halifax. Price 12 cents.

MANY good things are said by the friends of the Free Church Association; and if their organization lends them zeal to keep on saying them, all good people must wish them God speed. Says the Secretary, in recent correspondence: "This Association urges very strongly the duty of giving systematically, and is very fond of quoting the text, 'On the first day of the week,' etc." There is need of some one to urge the duty of giving, in some way; for anything would be better than, for example, this: A clergyman asks for a liberal offering, from a congregation of a hundred well dressed people; it would seem impossible that less than twenty-five dollars or so could be given; but the collection plates come in with perhaps five dollars, and half of that given by two or three persons. It speaks in painfully distinct accents of the godlessness of the young men of the land, that a score or more of them may be gathered, even in a religious congregation, not one of whom would not count it a disgrace not to pay for any casual indulgence, but not one of whom has a single coin to spare in answer to an appeal for charity or for the necessary expenses of the Church—*Selected.*

Make a journey every day to three mountains. Go to Sinai, and see your sins; go to Calvary, and behold the Lamb of God; go to Zion and view the heavenly city.

Godless science reads nature only as Milton's daughter did Hebrew; rightly syllabbling the sentence, but utterly ignorant of the meaning.—*S. Coley.*

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Bacon.*

Births.

CRICHTON.—At Oakdell, Dartmouth, on Saturday, 23rd inst., the wife of Jas. A. Crichton, of a son.

Marriages.

BROWN—BRINE.—At St. Paul's Church, French Village, St. Margaret's Bay, Oct. 20th, by the Rev. John Ambrose, M. A., assisted by the Rev. Wm. M. Ogle, the Rev. Philip H. Brown, B. A., Rector of St. Margaret's Parish, to Louisa Jean, eldest daughter of Wm. E. Brine, Esq., Cashier of the Province of Nova Scotia.

TEEL—WOLFE.—At the Rectory, Port Melway, on the 12th inst., by the Rev. H. W. Atwater, Robert Teel, of Blueberry, and Eliza Ann Wolfe, of Beach Meadows.

MONROE—WAMBOLT.—Also, by the same, on the 18th inst., Eldred Monroe, of Dog Cove, to Salome Wambolt, of Denmark, Queens County.

BAKER—TYE.—At Albion Mines, Oct. 20, by Rev. D. C. Moore, Rector, Mr. Samuel Baker, of Wednesbury, Staffs.shire, England, to Barbara, relict of the late Mr. W. W. Tye, of Albion Mines.

TOWERS—DISBROW.—At Saint John, October 23rd, in Trinity Church School House, by the Reverend Canon Brigstocke, M. A., Rector of Trinity Church, the Reverend Frederick Towers, of Canterbury, to Florence Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. J. W. Disbrow, M. A.

HAYES—BOYD.—On the 20th inst., at the residence of the officiating clergyman, by the Rev. R. Shreve, James Hayes, second son of the late Daniel Hayes, to Sophia eldest daughter of Uriah H. Boyd, of Yarmouth.

SCOTT—CLOYD.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 14th, at the residence of Alfred Waldron, by Rev. T. S. Poynt, Captain J. B. Scott, of Windsor, N. S., to Mrs. Gussie A. Cloyd, of Memphis, Tenn.

CRUISE—YOUNG.—On the 21st inst., at Saint Mark's Church, by the Rev. Henry J. Winterbourne, Wm. Cruise, to Bessie Young, both of Halifax.

EMERY—CARTER.—At St. Paul's Church, Sackville, N. B., on the 6th inst., by the Rev. Cecil Wiggins, Rector, Mr. Arthur Emery, of Amherst, to Miss Alice Carter, of Dorchester.

BARBER—BEARD.—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Keith Allan Barber, to Georgena Beard, adopted daughter of the late Walter Beard, Esq.

Deaths.

GARRISON.—October 23rd, 1886, at No 20 Compton Avenue, William Lloyd Wendell, only son of W. A. and Bessie Garrison, aged 2 years and 8 months.

CAN'T PREACH GOOD.  
NO MAN can do a good job of work, preach a sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truth" and "Proverbs," other columns.