

## Family Reading.

### THE CHURCH AND THE LABORER.

A rejoinder to Alex. McLachlan's poem, "The Knights of Labor," in *Grip*, May 15th.

In *Grip*, I see you say, dear sir,  
"The Church has been too long  
The bulwark of oppression, the  
Apologist of wrong."  
Go read your history again  
And on its lessons o'er ;—  
The Church has always stood between  
Oppression and the poor.

Before the crushing arm of might  
Unaw'd she 's stood alone :  
She 's braved the tyrant in his hall,  
The monarch on his throne ;  
When Plague and Famine stalk'd the land  
Or fields were dyed with red,  
Like Aaron, saving, she had stood  
Between the live and dead.

She tamed the savage hordes that pour'd  
Across the Alpine wall,  
To batten on the Eagle's spoils,  
In Rome's imperial fall :  
From out that wild and awful wreck,  
She brought the peace of home ;  
The Church it was who conquer'd then  
The conquerors of Rome.

She led the Barons in their strife  
Against the royal greed,  
And won the Charter of our rights,  
At graceful Runnymede ;  
In James' reign the Bishops braved  
The king's despotic power,  
And, lodged like common criminals,  
Lay captive in the Tower.

And in these latter days, go ask,  
Who cares for England's poor,  
In Devon's combs or grassy vales,  
On Yorkshire's barren moor ;  
Throughout the great black country,  
Mid smoke, and grime, and glare,  
Where din of thousand workshops drowns  
The rising voice of prayer.

Who feeds the starving laborer  
By London docks, brings smiles  
To all that want and wretchedness  
Of Holborn and St. Giles ?  
Amid the courts of Kennington,  
The slums of vile Soho,  
The Church's consecrated priests  
Share half the weight of woe.

Through Minnesota's prairie plains,  
Or broad Dakota land,  
Where Indian races die before  
The white man's blighting hand,  
The Church\* alone is brave to stay  
The hand of lust and might—  
For souls, themselves to weak too plead,  
She pleads aloud for right.

On Gaspé's strand, on Hudson Bay,  
Or in the dark tepee  
That dots the whilom hunting grounds  
Of Blackfoot, Blood, and Cree,  
The Church's priests toil patiently  
With hero heart and will,  
To save the men—their fellow men  
Would cheat, and crush, and kill.

How can you say in face of this,  
"The Church has been too long,  
The bulwark of oppression, the  
Apologist of wrong ?"  
Go teach your Knights of Labor, sir,  
Their lesson right, and then  
They'll know the Church, the foe of wrong,  
The truest friend of men.

To Capital and Labor now  
She comes in wisdom's light,  
Where passion blackens all the sky,  
And hides the face of right :  
She says, "You're friends, linked fast in one  
By bonds no power can rend :  
Why quarrel ? He destroys himself,  
Who thus destroys his friend.

You both have mutual duties, sirs,—  
The rich should justly pay,  
For honest wage the laborer  
Should work an honest day :  
Be not misled by spurious Knights  
Who talk but never toil,  
Who fight no knighthood's battle, yet  
Are greedy of the spoil.

You cannot solve this knotty point,  
By strikes or lawless mobs,  
With murdered civic officers,  
Or widows' choking sobs :  
With Anarchists true Knights will scorn  
To make a common cause,  
But rather seek to gain their own  
By reasonable laws."

The Holy Church of Christ the King,  
The Prince of David's line,  
Rebukes the new King Capital,  
With words of power divine ;  
And as she stood by Saxon serf,  
In fair old Angle-land,  
The Church of Christ, the carpenter,  
Still holds the laborer's hand.

K. L. JONES.

Barrie'sfield, May 26, 1886.

\*Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, has been the constant friend of the Indian, and has earnestly and persistently pleaded his cause with the American Government at Washington.

†See the powerful pastoral of the Assistant Bishop of New York (Potter) published in the *American Churchman* and *Living Church*.

### CHRISTIAN HOPEFULNESS.

It is a great thing for a man to be joyous who really understands this world. The joyousness of a little child who merely grasps the sunlight, oblivions of the darkness which has been and must be again, means little. It is a spontaneous and beautiful thing, but it signifies little as to the real character of human life. But when a man goes through what St. Paul did, he understands better than any other man what this world is. It is not a sign of greatness for a man to be despondent. It is a sign of sensitiveness, but not of the deepest sensitiveness. The deepest sensitiveness sees behind all the wickedness of men the unchangeable riches of the grace of God, and so is happy among things which, seen by themselves, are full of sadness.

Many of the noblest men of our time are silent, because they know no good word to say about the century in which they live. They are ready to confess the marvellous progress that has been made along the lines of human knowledge, and power, and greatness ; and yet there loom up great fears such as have not been in the hearts of men before. No man can be in sympathy with this nineteenth century and not be in sympathy with the deep sadness that ever lies with pressing burden upon many of its best and truest hearts. It is good to take a wide view of the world, and to be in sympathy with all the great movements that are going on in the world, and which make this age in advance of all the ages that have been before. But there is to come a great century, by the power of God, filled with His Spirit, recognizing just as deeply as ours the interests of humanity, but which still shall be filled with a joyousness like that of St. Paul. Take the man who understands best the wants of humanity to-day, and St. Paul shall stand beside him, and shall show that he understands them vastly more deeply. It is wonderful for any human soul to live in this century, and breathe the atmosphere by which he is surrounded. St. Paul knew all that as well as any poet or prophet of our time.

Are you learned or are you ignorant ? It matters not. The way to use either of the two conditions is not to pretend it does not exist, but to see that it is the starting point of your life, and, with the distinct kind of power which it contributes to your vitality, give yourselves to the lives of other men, and make them stronger. Whatever kind of power we have, whether artistic, or intellectual, or practical, let us recognize ourselves, and not efface ourselves, recognizing ourselves for the benefit of others and the glory of God.

There is a constant tendency among men, when they desire to reach others, to endeavour to efface themselves. The rich man thinks he must cast his riches into the sea before he can be in full sympathy with the poor man. The poor man thinks he must leave his poverty behind him and become somehow artificially rich. The learned man thinks he must consider himself ignorant ; and the ignorant man thinks he must conceal his ignorance. But true unselfishness starts distinctly

from, and never forgets, itself. It is full of self-consciousness. Something keeps it from being a stagnant pool, and turns it into a strong and vehement river, running on towards its purpose, and carrying its own distinct contribution to that purpose. St. Paul never ceases to feel the presence of the jailer by his side, but always he was conscious of that which God had given him through his imprisonment.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.*

### INFLUENCE.

No word that we speak can be without its echo, and no act of ours can be without its result. Influence is the most silent yet the most powerful and magnetic thing about us all. We never escape from it. We cannot live without influencing others. Our influence is our life, and our life is our influence. An influence never dies—once born it is immortal. More than this, it goes on growing. But Christianity helps to make our lives useful. If a man gives you a long list of the doctrines he believes, if that man's life is utterly selfish and useless, don't believe him. There must be the trinity of doctrine, experience, and practice. Life itself is not the boundary of a Christian man's usefulness. Being dead, yet he speaks. A good influence, once born, will last forever. Luther is not dead—he lives in the Protestantism of to-day. Raikes is not dead—he lives in every Sunday school to-day. Knox is not dead—he lives in the religion of Scotland to-day. Latimer is not dead—he lives to-day in the words he spoke to Ridley. Wilberforce is not dead—he lives in every freed-man to-day. It is impossible for us to live without responsibility—we are all emitting this current of electric influence. The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine. A Christian goes about communicating good because he is good. It is said to-day that there are not nearly enough preachers. But every living Christian is a preacher in this power of the influence of his life. To-day the world's greatest need is more Christian men and Christian women. The world needs this Gospel of mercy. A worldly, fashion-loving, cowardly religion will never evangelize our fellow sinners. Why stand ye here all the day, idle ? You have been called again and again. Every man may make his life, however humble, grand and beautiful by living, not to kill time, but to redeem the time.—Make up your mind to do good ; be in real earnest about it. Do not be discouraged by difficulties ; they are things only to be overcome. Ask God to help to you—look up to Him in prayer. True wisdom comes from above. Look at Jesus Christ ; make Him your Lord and Master, your example and Saviour. He can make the feeblest of us strong. Young men, run the race of your Christian life looking unto Jesus.—*Canon James Fleming.*

### HOW TO GET ALONG.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.  
If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.  
No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.  
Never "fool" in business matters.  
Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.  
Do not meddle with business you know nothing about.  
Do not kick every one in your path.  
More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.  
Pay as you go.  
A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.  
Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.  
Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.  
Use your brains, rather than those of others.  
Learn to think and act for yourself.  
Keep ahead rather than behind the times.  
Young man, cut this out, and if there be any fallacy in the argument let us know it.