

The Family.

DAUGHTERS.

ONE stands in robe of white
Beneath the sun-bine; in her eye
A happy, untold secret lies,
Her wellspring of delight,
She holds a posy in her hand
Of roses red, of roses rare,
Love's latest gift to one as fair
As any in the land.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say
Can bliss like hers endure away
Or but a little while?
Will faith cling close through sun and snow,
Will love's rose garland keep its red
From bridal couch to graveyard bed?
Alack! we cannot know!

One stands alone, apart,
She wears the sign of widowhood;
Sharp grief hath drained of all its good
Her hungry, empty heart
To tend a grave she counteth best
She turns from us who love her well,
And wears the yellow asphodel,
Death's flower, upon her breast.

We look at her and sigh,
And softly to our hearts we say,
Will grief like hers endure away,
Or lessen by-and-by?
Will we weep on through sun and snow?
Or will the asphodel give place
To flowers about a blushing face?
Alack! how should we know?

One sits with thoughtful eyes
Down dropped on homely work, a smile
Upon her tender mouth the while
Her busy task she plies,
Some blessed thought enchains her mind,
How wide and deep her musings are,
High as the height of topmost star,
And low as human kind!

She wears upon her breast
A milk white lily; God hath given
To her a foretaste of his heaven,
An earnest of his rest.
She came from out the furnace flame
Of sorrow, strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In time of grief or shame.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Good work like hers endures away,
Beyond earth's little while;
Beyond earth's round of sun and snow,
Beyond the height of topmost star,
And where her harvest waits afar,
God knoweth and we know.
—All the Year Round.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS IN 1885.

ENGLAND is a wealthy country, and its wealth increases at a rapid rate. Our merchants and landowners die, leaving behind them enormous fortunes, the bulk of which is left to perpetuate their name and power, only a very small portion being devoted to religious and charitable purposes. The *Charity Record* gives the following summary of the most important charitable bequests in 1885. Sir Moses Montefiore left upwards of £30,000 to congregational and charitable institutions in Jerusalem and the Holy Land; and about £15,000 to charities in London and Ramsgate. Under the will of Mr. James Alexander, of Aveninghouse, Hampstead, nearly £20,000 went to charitable and educational objects in London. To the Durham Infirmary, Mr. John Eden, of Wilton-crescent, Belgrave-square, bequeathed £10,000, also £10,000 upon trust for the almshouses erected by him at Beamish, Durham, and the almshouse therein; £5,000 each to the Northern Counties Deaf and Dumb Institution, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots, Lancaster; £2,000 to the Brompton Cancer Hospital; and £4,000 to the Royal Victoria Blind Asylum, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. William Sadler Bruere, of Ticehurst, Sussex, left upon trust £11,100 for Roman Catholic charitable works and £2,000 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Mrs. Charles Leigh Clark, of Higher Broughton, left £10,000 to the Strangways Boys' and Girls' Refuges. By the death of Mrs. Fisher the bequest of £8,000 by her husband (formerly Mayor of Sheffield) became available for founding a charity for the Unitarians. Mr. George Redford, of Southport, bequeathed £8,000 to local charities; and Mrs. Elizabeth Atkinson, also of Southport, £1,000 to the Edgworth Institution for Homeless Children. The Derbyshire General Infirmary received under the will of Mr. George Buxton, £4,500. Miss Sarah Ward, of Stamford Hill, left £4,000 to endow almshouses which in her life she caused to be built for, and given to the Aged Pilgrims Friends' Society. Under the will of Major-General Pope, £3,030 was left for a medical dispensary at Holmstead, and £2,000 to Inverness Infirmary. Miss Duthie, of Ruthrieston, who at a cost of £60,000 gave a public park to Aberdeen, left £2,000 to maintain the park; and a like sum to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. Dr. Horatio Prater, Devonshire Street, Portland-place, benefited the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association by a bequest of £2,000. The will of Miss Margaret Strachan, of Clematis Cottage, Broughty Ferry, provided £1,500 each for the Dundee and Brechin Infirmarys, and smaller sums for other Scotch charities. Mr. Thomas Emsley, Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, by his will devoted £1,100 each to the Bradford Infirmary, Ilkley Convalescent Home, Harrowsgate Bath Hospital, and the Leeds General Infirmary. Mr. R. B. Mackie, M.P. for Wakefield, left £1,000 to the Clayton Hospital. Mr. Jos. Stevens, of Sandiacre, Derbyshire, left £1,000 to the Nottingham General Hospital. Mr. Francis Robertson, £1,000 to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields; and Miss Robinson, £1,000 to the British Home for Incurables. Under the will of Mr. Walter L. Newberry, one-half of his fortune, or 20,000,000, was devoted to the founding and endowment of a free public library in Chicago. The death of Mr. Vanderbilt, the great American railway-king, will benefit charitable institutions by \$1,000,000. Senor Dona Lusana Benitez Vindade Parezo, of Madrid, left \$160,000 to medical charities, and \$300,000 for a college for poor boys and girls of Madrid. Don Juan Porgasy Boyo, of Caldas de Estrach, Catalonia, bequeathed 30,000 pesetas to the Hospital of Bagur; and Baron Wodianer 25,000 to the poor of Vienna. The "casual" almshouse in London and other medical charities includes a large number of dona-

tions under £1,000 each. Among the notable gifts of the year have been those of that great friend of hospitals, Mr. George Sturge, who has given £1,000 each in aid of the Samaritan Funds of the University College, Westminster, and Middlesex Hospitals, and £750 to that of Charing Cross; and £500 each to the London Homoeopathic and Temperance Hospitals, and smaller sums to other charities. —*Christian Commonwealth.*

BERT'S QUEER GIFT.

A CARELESS nail—it must have been the nail which was careless—had torn Bert's coat, but Aunt Marion had just finished the bit of delicate darning that made the jagged rent invisible. She was shaking out the garment to hang it away when something dropped from one of the pockets and fell on the carpet at her feet. She picked it up—a little, brown, leafy roll—sniffed its odor disdainfully, and resisting her first inclination to toss it into the grate slowly laid it on the table beside her.

"Well, that is just what I have suspected for some time," she said. "Poor Bert! I suppose he thinks himself on the sure road to manliness now."

The words were spoken only to herself, however; she said nothing to anyone else about it, though she sat for a few minutes with a very thoughtful face before she hung the coat away and took up other work. If Bert missed anything from his pocket he made no enquiries. He was thankful that Aunt Marion made none, and as she did not he soon forgot the trifling affair in what he considered more important matters. Chief among these was his birthday, which came a few days later, and it was a very bright face which greeted the parcels that lay beside his plate at breakfast.

"But what is this?" he asked, with a puzzled look as, in among the books, telescopes and half a dozen other things that he wanted, he discovered a neat little box holding only a short steel chain.

"That? Why, that is a wrist chain," answered Aunt Marion with great earnestness, as if the question were a surprising one. "Is it the right size, I wonder? I had to guess at that." She came around to his side, and lifting the chain slipped a steel ring attached to it over his little finger; then, drawing the ends of the chain down, she fastened them around his wrist. "Fits exactly, doesn't it?" she said, enthusiastically.

"Yes'm, but—" Bert hesitated. From her manner he fancied it was something he ought to know all about and appreciate very highly, but he really could not see its value. "What is it for, Aunt Marion?"

"Why, to wear on your wrist. Don't you see?" replied his aunt, giving it another twist and settling it to her satisfaction.

"Some new fashion that I haven't heard about, I suppose," muttered Bert to himself, looking doubtfully at his new adornment as he carried his treasures up to his room. "Women have a fancy for every new-fangled notion, so I presume auntie thinks this is something very nice; but I declare I don't see the sense of it."

He appreciated it still less as he went about his morning work. It caught, tangled and obtruded itself disagreeably.

"Not very convenient," he ventured to suggest to Aunt Marion. But that lady only smiled placidly.

"O, I don't think you will mind that very much when you once get accustomed to it."

So she really expected him to wear the troublesome thing and get used to it! He was pondering the subject when his friend Ralph came in to see the new telescope.

"Hello! what are you wearing that dog-collar for?" he questioned curiously, as Bert displayed his hand in arranging the glass.

"It's a new thing. Didn't you ever see one before?" asked Bert, colouring a little.

"Lots of them—on the necks of canines," declared Ralph with unceremonious frankness; "but I don't see what you want to wear one on your arm for."

"Well, the fact is, I don't," confessed Bert, "but I don't know exactly what to do about it. You see, it is one of my birthday gifts—some new-fashioned arrangement that has taken auntie's fancy."

It was a fashion of which Ralph had never heard and he said so. His visit and comments left Bert still less pleased with the odd gift he had received. At last he decided to talk it over with Aunt Marion.

"You see, I'm ever so much obliged to you, auntie, but I don't know just what to do with the thing," he explained. "What is the good of wearing it?"

"O, I don't suppose there is any good in it," answered Aunt Marion, serenely.

"Well, I don't think it is very—ornamental, you know," ventured Bert, hesitatingly.

"O, dear, no—not the least bit ornamental!" assented his aunt.

"And besides, it's inconvenient."

"Probably; but I think you would grow accustomed to that after a while, and not notice it much."

"But what's the use of getting accustomed to it—a chain like that?" demanded Bert, growing more and more bewildered. "What would you want to wear it for?"

"I? O, I wouldn't want to wear it for anything!" declared Aunt Marion, as placidly as before. "It is unsightly, inconvenient and utterly useless. I wouldn't wear it, but your taste might be different."

"You must have a high opinion of my supply of common sense, Aunt Marion!" Bert flushed indignantly. "Do you think I am silly enough to like what nobody else would want?"

"I have been studying your tastes lately, and you seem to like some things that are just what you describe my gift to be," pursued Aunt Marion, drawing a cigar from her work-table and laying it in Bert's hand. "Here is this, for instance, that rolled from your pocket the other day. Is the habit of smoking useful to body or soul, Bert? Is it ornamental? Isn't it considerable trouble to acquire? and will it not be expensive and often inconvenient to yourself and disagreeable to others after it is acquired? Is it any thing, after all, but a chain, my boy?"

Bert said nothing; he only threw the cigar into the fire and walked away. But he answered rather curtly a day or two later—though no one but Ralph understood him—when a companion invited him to smoke, "No, thank you. I have one more dog-collar than I have any use for hanging in my room now." —*S. S. Visitor.*

—What do you think would be the result if every member of the Church increased his subscription to the Missions Scheme by ten cents?

WRECK-BUILT HOUSES.

THE Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., in the *American Episcopal Recorder*, writes well touching wreck-built houses. He says:—"Some time since an account appeared in the newspapers of a house near the sea coast in California built entirely of the fragments of wrecked vessels. The whole edifice was a combination of bulk-heads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker. The ceilings are decorated with the linings of sumptuous steamer cabins. The kitchen is the galley of a wrecked merchantman."

"But," continues the same writer, "in one of our best inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of paradise. Lawns, trees, flowers of many a choice variety, beautify the scene. The edifice itself is built after the richest style of modern domestic architecture. The doors are massive walnut with hinges of silver. There are winding stairs with ample landing places fenced with heavy balustrade. There are frescoed ceilings, and carpets that yield like down to the pressure of the foot. There are means of illumination that turn night into day. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stalls; drinks wine in bowls, and anoints himself with the chief ointments. And this house—"

Yes it is—so the reverend gentleman assures us—"this house is built of wrecks. Every board and every brick, every stone and every timber, every piece of furniture, and every appliance of comfort, the carpet on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragments of a wreck—a wreck, not of a ship, but of a home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking saloon."

Now for the contrast. "In another street, not far away, there is a house that was once the embodiment of thrift, neatness, and domestic joy. The house has become a wreck. Old hats and clothes now occupy many a place once filled with window-panes. Without, all looks like desolation, and, within, all is misery and destitution. The woman is wearing her life away to support the children, while the father is a lounge about that drinking saloon. All that was beautiful in that home has gone into that gorgeous mansion of the saloon-keeper. The wreck of this house has been built into that palace."

"Have not the sighs, sobs, groans of women, broken-bodied as well as broken-hearted, the ravings, the blasphemies, the cries of despair of ruined men gone into the very walls of that mansion? And in the dark, lonesome nights, when the winds are sighing around it, may not these come out again and pour themselves into the ear of the sleeper on the couch? Sooner or later all these moans and groans and these sobs and cries will descend in one awful chorus upon the ears of the builder of that house. No, I should not like to live in a house built of wrecks, whether of ships, or of homes and souls." —*Alliance News.*

OUR NEIGHBOUR'S BOY.

SEVERAL times a week he shuffled through our front hall into the sitting-room and dropped into a chair, falling together like a shutting jack-knife. He seemed to have more joints than the physiologists allow. In fact, he was so unlike boys in general that it was easy to think he might have been finished by one of nature's apprentices. What other presumption could explain his hairless condition a mile from home, his interest in fancy and feminine things, and his disregard of all that usually leads a boy captive? After resting awhile in an easy chair and sending his eyes around the room on a voyage of discovery, he invariably broke forth with, "La, what a heap of pretty things you have!"

Now the "heap of pretty things" in the little brown parsonage had often seemed painfully small when compared with more pretentious homes. But when I remembered the dark, naked walls in the dark, naked house that this boy called home—a place guileless of brackets and pictures, of music and flowers, all of which he loved with a passion—I also remembered that eyes, like lenses, vary in power.

Abundance of time was required in the entertainment of this boy. There were bracket patterns to be drawn, geranium slips to be cut, and numberless Sabbath School songs to be sung, with the hope of singing the sweet gospel message home to his soul. But what if it did take time! I suspect the cheerful giving that is approved may as well apply to half-hours as half-dollars. Surely the book, the letter, the embroidery may well be unfinished, if a human soul is thus gladdened and helped though ever so little.

The usual good-by speech was a sad commentary on the unfaithfulness of some one—"Well, I must go; but I hate to. We haven't anything nice at our house. I'm always glad to get away, and when I go to mill or to town, I stay as long as I can. Your boys always hurry home, did you say? Yes, I should think they would. I'd do it, too, if I had such a home."

Sadly I heard the bare feet go down the front steps as I thought of the dangerous paths into which they were turning from this lack of beauty and love; and I said to myself: "We will bind our boys fast with these silken cords, and perhaps the ends may be stretched to meet around our neighbour's boy." —*Herald & Presbyter.*

IT PAYS TO BE MANLY.

THIS is what Alfred Stanley said to a boy standing idly in front of a store, who jeered at his manly appearance. Alfred spoke and would have walked quietly on, but the boy said, "It does, eh? How much a week?" Something in the tone made Alfred stop. "I am paid every day, and every hour, and really every minute," he replied. "Come now, no fooling." "I am truly paid," said Alfred seriously, "and I invest capital in a place where it is safe. I can never lose it." The boy's attempt at raillery fell before Alfred's earnest face and manner, and he listened with something more of respect than he had shown in a long time, as Alfred continued, "I am not paid in dollars and cents; they won't last for ever, you know. My pay is the trust of my friends, the knowledge that no honest deed ever dies, and the promise that the pure in heart shall see God." It was only a seed by the wayside; but who shall say that it was lost? —*Ex.*

If your subscription to the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW has expired, or is about to expire, please renew promptly.

NOTES BY "PHILO."

PRESBYTERIAN PARITY.

OUR boast as a Church is, that all our ministers enjoy the same rank. There is no proud bishop or archbishop among us. There is the same dead-level of position, from the man who has half-a-dozen letters after his name, or the man who has a stipend of thousands, to the brother who has no degree, and who labours in the most toilsome and worst-paid field in the Church. Is it really so? It is not so. There is not parity among brethren in practice, whatever be the theory. Is there parity when there is growing up among us a small number of pastors and professors who are permanent members of Assembly, and into whose hands the government of the Church falls? There cannot be that equal division of responsibilities and duties that there ought to be, so long as this state of things obtains. If there is a lack of progress in the work of the Church, as in some directions there undoubtedly is, this is largely the explanation of it: The Church does not use all the gifts she possesses. These fixtures in the General Assembly have only a limited stock of ideas, and that stock is apparently exhausted in so far as directing the Church is concerned. What these doctors know has been tried to the utmost, and the most pressing practical problems remain unsolved. Let these gentlemen remain at home for a change, and a most refreshing revival would be experienced in the region of Church legislation.

COUNTRY MINISTERS.

Only those who have been witnesses of it, or themselves been in it, can know how much the Church and the cause of God in the land owe to the ill-requited toil of the rural pastorate. They themselves will not speak of it. To them the Church owes her strength and her prosperity. To them she owes her students and her colleges. Our Lord, we judge, takes little note of letters of the alphabet attached to the name of a genius, or the reverse of a genius, or to the size of a man's salary, but we are taught he does take note of the work a man does and the suffering he undergoes in His service. This should give honour also in the Church. Whether it does or not need not here be said, but this may be said, that the men who do so much of the work of the Church ought not to be kept out of the Assembly for the sake of other brethren who at least do no more, and who have no claim on any unusual honour, such as a permanent seat in the Assembly, from the Church. Of course these permanent members do not wish to lord it over God's heritage. They are notoriously modest men; and if their co-presbyters think they are essential to the Church's existence, then let them be sent up; they cannot help it. The honour is thrust upon them. The sectional interests of our united Church must be guarded, hence these sectional representatives must be sent up.

REFORMS NEEDED.

Apart from the very fundamental question above referred to, every intelligent member of the Church knows that there are various matters requiring attention in order to the satisfactory doing of the Church's work.

There is (1) the question of the *mode of appointing committees*. Those who have sat in the Assembly since the Union have been able to work no reform here. They not only seem not to know what should be done, but they prevent anyone who does know from getting it done. Let a new Assembly meet free from the influence of this kind of obstruction, and the matter could be settled on just grounds, without either much delay or much trouble. An Assembly in which the pastors were allowed to do the work which belongs to them, would soon so arrange it as to put a stop to all further complaint.

(2) *Mode of dealing with vacancies and probations.* Here is another question in which the present ruling powers have proved their inability to deal with a crying evil in the Church. There is scarcely a minister in the Church but has his story to tell of how some vacancy was manipulated, some minister kept out, and some other put in by interested parties possessed of influence. Let an independent Assembly take up this question, and it could be easily settled. As things are, there is no hope of practical legislation.

Then (3) *as to college consolidation.* Will it be said there is not intelligence in our Church to settle this question? There is, but, evidently, it is a problem above our present rulers. And it is a question more important than many think. There will never be a truly united Church till this matter is settled. The Church now is not rising above party and sectional considerations. Each college has its partisans, and seeks to multiply them; and so it will continue till a change is made. Our people should make their voice heard, and rise above clerical influence. Our elders should insist on a settlement of it; but they will not. Things will probably go on as they are. It seems now-a-days as if it were only by revolutionary methods radical and necessary reforms can be reached.

(4) *The moderatorship.* The College of Moderators was not a very permanent institution, though no doubt it will still be attempted to revive it. But with whom would such an idea originate? or by whom such an attempt be made, but by some permanent members. To foist this feature of an ancient Presbyterianism on our new and ever-expanding Church is absurd. Most deservedly it died an early and ignominious death. And now the Presbyteries have, as before and always, the right to nominate the Moderator. The hastily passed and unconstitutional motion carried at last Assembly, is of no effect. It was incompetent; and, more, it was of evil effect. For it was designed to rob the Presbyteries of the right which they had given them by statute. No Assembly can, without consulting Presbyteries, dictate to the next Assembly how it shall elect its Moderator. But when a permanent member of the Assembly proposes a motion, or opposes a motion, such is the state of mind to which the Assembly has come, that there is not much in any private and occasional member attempting to get a fair hearing on the question. Seeing, then, that so many practical questions have been left unsettled by those who have had the Assembly in charge so long, would it not be well to have a change? All are alike interested in the Church's progress, only some think it cannot be secured, they being left at home—an unselfish and modest, but probably mistaken view. Let the pastorate send to the Assembly those who have a right to go. Let this idea of a permanent membership be distinctly discarded. Let the guidance of the Church be entrusted to the great Head of the Church, and not to the machinations of men.

—The Augmentation Scheme needs help. Have you contributed to it?