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Nov. 28, 1878.]

DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

575

Now he has found the Pearl of price,
Now he has seen Messiah's face;
This is the mighty Sacrifice,
This is the Lord of truth and grace.

With eager joy he hastens forth
His glorious secret to disclose;
He who has found a Saviour's worth,
Such duty to a brother owes.

His humble love has one desire,
Christward that loftier soul to lead;
Content to light a beacon-fire
Though into dimness he recede.

Peter may stand, a pillar high,
Indebted to his brother's call;
Andrew may like a shadow lie,
Yet precious to the Lord of all.

Silent he walks behind the Lord; †
For love of Christ all gain is loss;
Till, having lived and preached the Word,
He mounts to heaven by the sharp cross.

What though our talent may be small,
Yet if with Jesus we abide,
Like Andrew, we to Christ may call
Others of powers more deep and wide.

And when before the Lord we stand,
Not gifts but graces He will own;
Our inmost motives will be scanned,
And glory smile on love alone!

† The only recorded speech of St. Andrew is St. John vi. 9, about "the lad with five barley loaves."

Susan Warner says: There are some preachers who make sermons as other men make bricks, and some more like the way children blow soap bubbles: all they care for is how big they are and how high they will fly, and how long they will last. And I have heard people preach who seemed as if they were laying out a Chinese puzzle, and you had to look sharp to see where the pieces would fit. And some again preach sermons as if they were magistrates reading the Riot Act, only they did not wish the people to disperse.

Dr. Stark, President of Logan College, doubts if there are ten teachers of Latin and Greek in the United States who can read those languages.

HAST THOU A CARE?

Hast thou within a care so deep,
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy remembrance take that care,
And change anxiety into prayer.

Hast thou a hope, with which thy heart
Would feel it almost death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Hast thou a friend, whose image dear
May prove an idol worshipped here?
Implore the Lord that nought may be
A shadow between Heaven and thee.

What'er the care which breaks thy rest,
What'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Children's Department.

HARRY AND HIS MONKEY, OR WHERE
THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

(Continued).

Harry was delighted with his new possession, but rather puzzled how to make friends with him, and rather afraid of touching him lest he should bite. Jack, was, however, the most good tempered and gentle of monkey, and quite disposed to make the best of whatever circumstances he happened to find himself in.

His powers of mimicry were extraordinary, and sometimes very inconvenient. One day, when Harry was at school, and Jack and Mrs. Lorton were left together, she went out for a short time, leaving him chained to the leg of the table. The

chain was a long one, sufficiently so to enable him to mount upon the table by the aid of a chair. Having done this, he saw Mrs. Lorton's lace pillow on its light wooden stand within reach of his paws, and he drew it towards him. When Mrs. Lorton returned she happened to look through the cottage window before unlocking the door. There sat Jack on the table with the pillow in front of him, his paws busily engaged in twirling about the bobbins, and every now and then moving a pin, as he had watched her do while forming the lace patterns. That he knew he was doing wrong was evident, for the moment he heard the noise of the key being put in the door, he jumped down, and when Mrs. Lorton entered he was sitting just where she left him, and pretending to be asleep, though she saw him keeping a corner of one eye open to watch her movements. She found her lace pillow in a sad state of confusion. Some bobbins were broken off, some entangled, and several of the pins were altered or pulled out. She scolded Jack, who immediately shut up both eyes and seemed sounder asleep than before, and would not wake up till he thought all her displeasure was over. And indeed it was impossible to be angry with Jack for long together, he was so amusing and so loving in the midst of his mischievous pranks.

But the poor kitten was the victim of Jack's most unmerciful tricks, which on one occasion nearly cost the animal her life. Pussy was rather disposed to be fond of him, and he sometimes enjoyed a good game of romps with her. They would run and jump and scamper about together, till called to order by Mrs. Lorton when their gambols got beyond bounds. But at other times Jack was a very tyrant to his little companion, and delighted in teasing her. From his seat in the window-sill he would fling nutshells at her as she lay asleep before the fire. He would without hesitation go up and turn her out of her warm place on the hearth, in order that he might enjoy it himself.

Miss Rainer knew of Harry's anxiety to give money to the African mission, and one evening she said to him, "If I were you, Harry, I would train that clever fellow Jack to do all sorts of odd things, and when perfect in them I would exhibit him, and so make him earn a good deal of money. He is a little African himself, and ought to be glad to help the natives there. I know one or two ladies that I work for, who would give you a helping hand when you were ready to show off his tricks. It's all the fashion now to hire different sorts of amusements for children's parties, and Jack would fetch a good price if he were taught to do clever things, and you might be his showman."

"And I could give the money he got to the mission," exclaimed Harry, jumping up and capering about in ecstasy. "Oh, mother! won't it be a good plan? You would let me give it all to the mission, would you not?"

"Yes, every penny of it, gladly," said Mrs. Lorton; "and with your cousin's help, perhaps you might be allowed to take Jack to amuse children at the Christmas parties. But you will have to take great pains to teach him well, in order that he may be worth hiring."

What he should be taught was the next subject of discussion. Miss Rainer proposed that since he had shown a predilection for lace making on the day when he so entangled the threads on Mrs. Lorton's pillow, he should have a pillow made for himself with bobbins and thread complete. "He will pretend to make lace," she said, "and that will amuse people just as much as if he really did it." This idea was applauded as an excellent one. The very next day Harry set to work, and with a little help from his mother made a very tidy lace pillow proportioned to Jack's size. Mrs. Lorton found plenty of spare bobbins with bright beads on them, and these she hung on the pillow with strong threads which would not easily break. When it was completed it was placed before Master Jack, who contemplated it with grinning satisfaction, and seizing the bobbins began to throw them backwards and forwards with great vehemence. But it was necessary to teach him to go to work in a more gentle and regular manner, and this it did not suit Jack to do. He soon got tired, and tried to kick the pillow over. Then he took it up, and was going to

take aim with it at the kitten; but Harry had his little switch at hand, of which Jack felt a wholesome dread. Moreover, he was shown some nuts, which he perfectly understood would be his if he did as he was told, and so at last he was induced to play the bobbins for a few minutes with such gravity and apparent care, that any one looking on would have supposed he really was making lace. By constant practice for ten minutes daily he was made to sit like a lace maker at her pillow twirling the bobbins.

The fame of Harry's monkey began to spread, and the schoolmaster came to see him. He approved of the plan of training him for exhibition that he might earn something for the mission, and thought it would answer well. He believed he might be taught even to hold a pen and to write after a fashion; at all events sufficiently so as to cause much amusement to young people. Harry therefore lost no time in beginning to teach Jack this new accomplishment. He hunted up some old copy books, and persevered till he made his monkey pupil hold a pen in his paw. When this was accomplished he taught him to make strokes and scrawl over the paper.

Jack hated this lesson after the first day or two, and would have wearied out the patience of most people before he was conquered. There was no end to his troublesome ways and tricks at first. For instance, he bit one or two pens in two and threw the bits away. He dipped his paw in the ink instead of his pen, and made horrible grimaces when, on putting it his mouth, he found how nauseous a taste it had. Finally he upset the ink-bottle on purpose; and before Harry, who had run to fetch a cloth, knew what he was about, Jack had seized on one of Susan Lorton's clean muslin caps and was mopping it up with it. No doubt he hoped by these manoeuvres to tease Harry out of giving him the writing lesson; but he was reckoning without understanding the character of the sturdy-minded little teacher. All the good Jack got by his naughtiness was the loss of his usual nuts, and an hour's confinement with his chain to the leg of the table. It was wonderful how good and docile he became at last when set to his writing. Harry laid the chain within sight, and from time to time rattled the nuts in his pocket, and Jack understood the meaning of the hints perfectly; so he went on demurely, held his paper down with one paw whilst he wrote and took fresh ink with the other, and his strokes were much smaller and neater than they had been before. He never so transgressed at that lesson again, and he improved rapidly. I cannot assert that he ever learnt to write his own name "Jack," as Harry had hoped he would do; but he did manage to make some scrawls which by a little imagination might be said to resemble the word, and this was as much, it was agreed, as ought to be expected of him.

To be Continued.

WORK FIRST, PLAY AFTER.

A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till all my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour. After this was done I was allowed to play. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I now owe my property."

BIRTH.

At Tokio, Japan, 16th Oct. 1878, the wife of the Rev. A. C. Shaw, M.A., (S. P. G. Missionary and Chaplain to the British Embassy at Tokio), of a son.

MARRIED.

At St. Paul's Church, Bloor street, Toronto, on Wednesday, 20th inst., by the Rev. Canon Givins, Rector, assisted by the Rev. W. F. Checkley, George McNairn Shaw, Esquire, M.D., of Hamilton, to Miss Habel Thorburn Symons, eldest daughter of John Symons, Esq., of Avenue Road, Yorkville.