

Family Department.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our loaded hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,
As the patriarchs sat at the open door
Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high moon-tide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—We'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of, comes at length,
When, tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest.
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Selected.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

A SERMON.

"And immediately he received his sight, and followed Jesus in the way."—St. Mark x. 52.

There is a crowd of people passing through Jericho, the city of palm-trees. At every house-door there is a group of spectators. The workman pauses in his toil to look on, the mother catches up her child from the advancing throng, and a whisper goes round that "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." The whisper reaches the quick ears of a blind man sitting in the shade of the trees which he had never seen; for Bartimæus knows nothing of blue skies, or bright flowers, or green fields dotted with white sheep. The blind man comes to Jesus; many try to hinder him, even as many would hinder us now, but in vain; he came and received his sight. What, think you, was the first thing which he saw? Not his home, which had hitherto been all dark to him, not the fields where he had wandered as a boy, not the faces of his friends, not the fair sky of which he had dreamed, nor the flowers for which he had longed,—he saw God, he saw the Hand which had healed him. So it is with ourselves. Whilst our eyes are blinded by sin all around us seems dark. We find no goodness, no beauty in the world, all the music of life seems out of tune. We believe the earth to be peopled by knaves and liars, we think that every one has his price, we trust no one, we give no one credit for pure motives. When troubles and misfortunes beset us we regard them as a curse, our way of life is planted thick with thorns, and it terminates with a black grave. When our eyes are opened after true repentance, all is changed. We see God's hand everywhere, and then the first result is that we come to recognise the world as God's world. We used to see nothing but evil. Now we begin to see good as well. We find out that there are such beings as good men and good women, that we never thought of before. We find men and women in the divine image, and we understand the nobility of that nature which was taken by Jesus Christ. When we receive our sight we discover something to be thankful for on all sides of us, in the beauties of nature, in the blessings of religion, even in the sharp medicine of sorrow; amid the storm and tempest of affliction we can see Jesus walking upon the water.

The first result of the blind man's restoration to sight was that he saw Jesus, the next result was that he followed Jesus in the way. That way, remember, was one which led him away from home and friends; it was a hard, rough way, full of dangers and troubles, ending in a cross and grave. I cannot believe that Bartimæus ever left our Lord again on earth. When the people strewed palm-branches, and shouted, "Hosanna," I think the once blind man was there to help them; when Jesus was bowed down with agony in the Garden, I think Bartimæus was watching near, among the shadows of Gethsemane. When the soldiers led the Saviour away to judgment I think Bartimæus was waiting to know the end; and when the end came on Calvary, he was surely there, among those whose eyes were opened, close to the cross of Jesus Christ. So with us, when our eyes are opened we follow Jesus in the way. Before that we walk in our own way, in the way of the world; we follow the multitude to do evil, we follow our own sinful lusts and passions; we choose our own way instead of God's way, we prefer the path which is most pleasant, most easy, most profitable; but when our eyes are opened all is changed, we learn to say, "I

loved to choose and see my path, but now,—lead Thou me on."

Thus we come to follow Jesus in the way; and that way is the way of holiness, the narrow way which leads to life everlasting, the upward way to the Heavenly Jerusalem. That too is a path which takes us away from self, and from self-pleasing, and from many pleasures which the world calls innocent. It is not always a smooth way; it climbs up the Hill of Difficulty, and anon winds down into the Valley of Humiliation; it is a road where there are many thorns to pierce, and where there are bitter gall and sharp vinegar of self-denial; it is a way which is often wet with tears, it passes through a garden of Gethsemane, a place of agonized prayer, it leads to a cross, a life-long cross sometimes, it carries us to a grave, but, thanks be to God, to a grave from which the stone is rolled away, and which is bright with the light of a glorious resurrection. And withal it is a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace, of peace such as the world cannot give, and it is a way which ends in Heaven.

How then, brethren, can we follow Jesus in the way? Our eyes must be opened to see that there is none to whom we can go but Jesus, that there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we may be saved, that there is no other path to Heaven except in Him who said, "I am the way." Our eyes must be opened to see our sins, then we shall flee to the Saviour. They must be opened to see our weakness, then we shall seek strength in the sacrament which He has given us. When our eyes are opened, and we determine to follow Jesus in the way, we must, like Bartimæus, be prepared to give up something for Christ's sake. We cannot walk in our own way and His way too, because His ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts. We must make His way our way, we cannot expect to have all the roses when He had all the thorns, we cannot hope to do the will of our Father in Heaven if we only do our own will on earth. Self-denial is the great want of the present time. The cause of so much coldness and deadness in religion, and of so much open sin, and utter unbelief, lies in the fact that many professing Christians want a religion without a cross; they are unwilling to deny themselves, and yet the Master has said "if any man come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me." I sometimes wonder if the spirit of the grand men of old time, such men as S. Ignatius or Polycarp, or many another whose name is written in Heaven, has quite died out. They gave up wealth, rank, friends, the dearest ties of relationship for the sake of Christ. What do most professing Christians give up for Jesus now-a-days? Many Church-goers grudge even the brief moments taken from self and given to God; "we have no time for much religion" is the cry of this over-worked, feverish century, and many a one is starving his spiritual life because he will not give up a little space to quiet thought and self-examination. Truly says one of the most thoughtful poets of our time,

"He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend,
Eternity mourns that."

I think the good old saying "No Cross, no Crown," is too much forgotten in the every-day lives of those who yet desire to follow Jesus in the way. Let our prayer be that we may receive our sight and be led to follow the "Lamb whithersoever He goeth," so that having passed by the way of the Cross and the Grave we may at the last enter into the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

SOME DEFINITE TEACHING.

I.—FAITH.

FAITH is the first thing that a Christian needs. It is a gift of God, by which we are made able to believe all that God has told us. Your faith must be firm, because it rests on God, who cannot lie. Your faith must be entire, because it does not rest on your own private opinion. Your faith must be active, for faith without work is dead. Nothing must make you give up your faith. You must not choose your own religion; but believe all the truth that God teaches in His Church. The chief truths of the Christian faith are in

2.—THE CREED.

3.—HOPE.

After faith the next virtue that a Christian needs is hope. Hope is a gift of God. It is built on the promises of Christ, on His merits, and on the mercy of God, who will give us the help we need. We are not to hope or rely on ourselves, or on our good works. We cannot do anything good, except by the grace of Christ working with us. Do not sin by presumption, or think that God will pardon you, whether you do good or evil. Do not sin by despair, or think that God has given you up, and will not save you. If you have hope in God, it will lead you to

4.—PRAYER.

All real Christians pray. It is a very sad thing for anyone who calls himself a Christian to live without prayer.

When you pray think well of what you are going to do. Think of your own weakness and sin. Think of God's power and goodness. Kneel down humbly, and keep in mind that you are in the presence of God. Take care how you speak to God. Do not let your thoughts wander, or your eyes see what may disturb you. Speak slowly and with reverence, and ask God's help, that you may pray aright. The best of all prayers is

5.—THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Every Christian ought to pray at least twice every day, morning and evening. It is well to say a few prayers, if possible, in the middle of the day. Two words of advice may be needed here. Do not leave out your morning and evening prayers, because you are hurried. You may shorten them, if necessary; but you must always pray. Say at least the Lord's Prayer. I must warn you also never to be afraid to pray. If you have fallen into sin, pray all the more humbly, and ask God to forgive your sin. It is as bad to give up hope as to give up faith. Say the prayers for morning, noon, and evening, every day; if you cannot say all, say what you can.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

A Complete Scriptural Directory for the Guidance of the Christian—A Bible and Prayer-Book, Printed in 1622.

We have in our possession a Bible and Prayer Book, owned by Mr. James Bowell, of this town, which was "imprinted at London, by Bonham, Morton, and John Bill, Printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty, Anno 1622," as the imprint declares. It will be observed that the date of printing was just seven years after the publication of the King James revised edition. The book is in excellent preservation, having been rebound by one of Mr. Bowell's ancestors, and has everything, as far as we can see, complete. The printing was well executed, and shows as clear as ever.

It is not our intention to enter into a lengthy description of the book, as it would take more time and space than we feel in a position to give, but we may say that we doubt if such a complete and well preserved book of its kind can be found in the country. To ministers and members of the Church of England it is of peculiar interest, containing as it does so much in connection with the past of their Church. The volume opens with a calendar, giving morning and evening prayers for each day in the year, which is followed by "proper lessons to be read for the first lessons both at morning and evening prayer, on the Sundays throughout the years, and for some also the second lesson"; next come minute directions regarding all the services of members of the Church of England; then the Psalms of David, followed by a few pages of "Godly Prayers"; "The Genealogies recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, according to every Family and Tribe, with the line of our Saviour Jesus Christ, observed from Adam to the blessed Virgin Mary"; and "The Holy Bible, containing the Olde Testament, and the New, newly translated out of the Original Tongues; and with the former Translations diligently compared and verified, by his Majesties' Special Commandment." This volume closes with some hymns and "The Psalmes of David in meeter," both of which are accompanied by several tunes, amongst which we notice "Old Hundred."

On the fly leaves at the beginning and end of the book are various dates connected with the history of the Bowell family, and we take the privilege of copying the following one:

"Mary barnarde ye dafter of richard barnarde was born ianuary ye 5th, 1704.

"Mary barnard my name her book god give her grace therein to look, and when the bell for her doth toll lord iesus christ then save her soul."

The entry is in a plain round hand, and the ink shines out very clear.—*Meaford Monitor.*

FUEL.

PREFACE.

SOME people say, what do you mean by "Fuel?" I mean something which the reader may destroy if he pleases, or use as fuel to feed his thoughts or interest and instruct his mind.

But what made you give it that name? Because I wanted to reach Parishioners, who were too scattered to attend occasional Services, who never would have read any very learned work, avoid giving offence to those whose hands it might fall into, who do not worship with us, and leave myself at liberty to turn the subject in any way I thought most profitable.

What is the object of "Fuel" then? The object is to induce others to see that there can be but one Church, which is the "Lamb's Bride," "The Pillar and Ground of the Truth"—that to know and understand what this Church is, is their highest happiness in religious things; that if they lightly unite themselves with those who do not belong to it, or who practically ignore it, they will in all probability pay very dear for a brief pleasure; and if they think lightly of it, or despise it in their heart, they will soon fall into wayward errors which will end in sad disappointment.

If by throwing the subject into narrative form, I have made it more readable or attractive, I am amply repaid. If I have caused any one to feel the importance of the Church, I am forever thankful, and can bid such "God speed"; and fear not, for "they shall prosper that love the Church."

If it proves beneficial, it may easily be followed by another "Series," treated in a similar way, but exemplifying particular doctrines or usages; and if not, it may be dropped and serve for "fuel" still.

No. 1.

Mother, that young man, you know who I mean, asked me this evening what Church I belonged to,

and I said, just as you always do, we belong to the Church of England, but we are not particular; we like to go where we can get any good. He did not say any anything for quite a while, then he said what do you think a Church is? I hardly knew what to say, but I think I said, oh, you know all the churches round here as well as I do. After this we talked of other things, besides we were close home. But what would you have said a Church is? Well, now that is a question to ask! Of course there are Catholic and Protestant Churches. Now I guess he belongs to the Catholics, and you just have no more to say to him. Oh, but I know he does not that, because I heard of his being at Church on that Sunday when our minister had the sacrament so early in the morning. Was he there then? Now you know only two or three went, and what a fuss there was about it too. And did not one of them say that somebody called it early "Mass"? Well, I do not know about that, but he was there anyway, and he would not have been there if he were a Catholic, because they always keep to their own. Of course they had better too, we do not want anything to do with Catholics. But why should we not keep to our own Church as well as they? Why child, because there is quite a lot of us, and we are all going to the same place though we need not all go the same way, besides, what odds which Church you belong to, so you are not a Catholic. There are good people in every denomination. Well now I would just like to know what Church is, and I will too, for he will be sure to ask me again some day. You children have all got so much learning now-a-days you must be finding out everything, and always asking questions that no one ever thinks of. Well, mother, I am sure it cannot be very wrong to like to know what a Church is, so that you can answer when any one asks you. I wonder if he knows what a Church is and whatever made him ask me.

WHAT BROUGHT HIM.

I was sitting one Sunday morning, with a newspaper in my hand, feeling really miserable. My wife and eldest boy had gone to church. I heard the other children talking, and the question fell upon my ear, "Horace, when you are a man, which will you do—go to church like mamma does, or stay at home always and read the newspaper?"

"I," said Horace, eight years old, with great emphasis on the I; "shall do neither. I shall not go to church, and I shall not sit about at home. I shall have a big horse; and Jamie Lincoln and I will go a ride, and go right away and have lots of fun."

That child's words set me thinking. I saw my own boy in company with others of the lowest and most unprincipled of men, and perhaps women, spending his time in a way which would break his mother's heart. I thought of my white haired old father and my placid, amiable mother, both gone; saw them quietly walking side by side to Church in the old country town, and us children following. I could not sit another five minutes. Up I rose, and putting on hat and coat, went to the Church and slipped into a pew in the rear, and heard the sermon, or tried to hear it, and for that boy's speech had taken possession of my soul, and had filled it. My wife was astonished to see me waiting for her at the Church door.

"I thought I would come and meet you," was all I said.—*Selected.*

How much happiness is destroyed by repeating to others what is said about them. Some one is unkind enough to say something naughty about some one; it would do him no good to hear of it, indeed it would do harm, for it would cause him to feel unhappy and uncomfortable; but a thoughtless individual goes directly to him with the story, and, perhaps, repeats it in such a manner as to give it a worse coloring than was intended, thereby causing grief and hard feelings. It would be much better for all were these meddling tale bearers to mind their own business, and let other people alone.

A GOOD prayer is not like a stratagem of war, to be used but once. No! the oftener the better. The clothes of the Israelites, whilst they wandered forty years in the wilderness, never waxed old. So a good prayer, though often used, is still fresh and fair in the ears and eyes of heaven. Despair not then, thou simple soul, who hast no exchange of raiment, whose prayer cannot appear every day at heaven's court in new clothes. Only add new, or new degrees of old affections thereto, and it will be acceptable to God, thus repaired, as if new created.—*Thomas Fuller.*

THE American Bible Society lately procured for its use a new stop-cylinder printing-press, upon which an entire copy of the Bible can be printed every minute. How the great Book is pushing onward to the final conquest of the world! The rapidity with which the presses are multiplying copies of it, and the extent of its diffusion, are among the greatest marvels of the day.

"BUT thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

EVERY religious habit gone through irreligiously ministers to harden the heart, and deaden the evidence of things not seen.