

the fact of human life—frequent getting, which demands frequent giving. Coupled with this rule is another equally important—"to give until you feel it,"—increase the weekly amount until it represents a real self-denial for love's sake—this is acceptable to God. But the "don't miss it" idea degrades our worship and puts to shame our love. Don't mention it.—*Parish Record*

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

"O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

"O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

"O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

"O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to shew.

"O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

FIVE GENERATIONS.

Far away, where the restless Atlantic creeps up and dashes against the rocky coast, and stretches a blue carpet to gratify the eye, and brings into the air the "ocean brine" so grateful to the senses, stands a city. Not so "fair to see" as many another, but, smoky and time worn as are its buildings, and old fashioned as it is in many of its ways, it has hidden jewels which few know of.

There, in a quiet home, in full view of the beautiful sea, lives a lady, upon whose venerable head, Time, in his annual round, has laid his whitening hand in passing, ninety-three times! Bravely she has borne her forty-nine years of widowhood, carefully, and with a womanly dignity that has commanded the respect and esteem of all who know her. She has "brought up" and launched into the world her daughters and sons. Patient and trusting, waiting for the Master to summon her to the "mansion" He is preparing for her. Nursed with tender and devoted care by a beloved daughter, in the possession of all her faculties, and above all, in that cheerful content that renders her pleasant room a delightful visiting place. Enjoying thoroughly the weekly visits of her attentive rector, she can look out on five generations! Her eldest daughter bears her seventy-two years with an activity that would put many a young lady to shame. Her eldest grand-daughter is a comely matron, whose fifty-two years would be scarcely credited, and her eldest great grand-daughter is a fair haired woman of twenty-five years of age, and the one year old baby that represents the fifth generation, is her great great grand-daughter.—*St. George.*

THE VENERABLE BEDE.

Among the men of letters whom the English Church (or, indeed, the whole Church) produced in the seventh century, the most celebrated is Bede. The fame which he had attained in his own time is attested by the fact that he was invited to Rome by Sergius I., although the pope's death prevented the acceptance of the invitation; and from the following century he has been commonly distinguished by the epithet of Venerable.

Born about the year 673, in the neighbourhood of Jarrow, an offshoot from Benedict Biscop's Abbey of Wearmouth, he became an inmate of the monastery at the age of seven, and there spent the remainder of his life.

He tells us of himself that, besides the regular exercises of devotion, he made it his pleasure every day, "either to learn, or to teach, or to write something."

He laboured assiduously in collecting and transmitting the knowledge of former ages, not only as to ecclesiastical subjects, but in general learning. His history of the English Church comes down to the year 731, within three years of his own death, which took place on the eve of Ascension Day, 734 (?), his last moments having been spent in dictating the conclusion of a version of St. John's Gospel.

A GOOD SHEPHERD.

During the early part of the war between France and Germany in 1870, the village of A. was occupied by a detachment of Prussian soldiers. It is an understood thing in such circumstances, that if the unarmed inhabitants submit quietly to the presence of the enemy, they will not be molested, further than by requisitions for food and forage. In, on the other hand, they attack the soldiers, their lives are forfeited.

On this occasion, two men, not belonging to the village, fired at the Prussian soldiers as they were preparing their supper. These men escaped, but according to the rules of war the village was guilty, and six men, chosen by lot, were condemned to be shot the next morning, and meanwhile they were bound and put in a barn for the night. Hearing what had happened, the priest of the parish hastened to offer them what spiritual help he could. One or two were resigned or submissive, one or two stupefied, but one poor man, who had two motherless children to leave behind him, was in a state of rage and utter despair, cursing God and man. The priest's mind was soon made up. He went to the Prussian tents, and asked to see the officer in command. "I have been," he said, "with the men who are to be shot to-morrow; you know that not one of those men fired on your soldiers." "Yes, it's true; but we must make an example." "Then the higher the position of the victim, the more effective the example?" "Certainly: what are you coming to?" "To this: I wish to take the place of one of these men," naming him. "Very well; you quite understand that you will be shot." "Of course." The officer directed that Jean should be set free, and the priest bound in his stead.

The next morning the six were led out to execution, the priest walking firmly at their head, chanting the funeral Psalms. A Prussian officer of high rank happened to be present, and being struck with the sight of a priest in such a position, asked his subordinate what it meant. The conversation of the day before was repeated to him, on which he stopped the execution, telling the priest that for his sake he would for once forgive the offence of the village, and send the whole party safe back to their homes.—*Quoted in the "Watchword" from "L'Héroïsme sous la Soutane."*

THE TRUE USE OF SUNDAY.

BY ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

At a time when it seems that it ought presently to grow easier and not harder to provide larger means of rest and refreshment upon Sundays for the poorer people, and yet to avoid crushing under to the very earth the already most overburdened classes—viz., the men engaged in serving the small passenger transport and in catering for their immediate supplies—it is not inappropriate that the laity and clergy of a religious conference should set well before them the determination at least not to make an extension of opportunity to the poor into an excuse for grasping at fresh license for ourselves, fresh entertainments, fresh amusements, at the cost of the neglect of worship, and of fresh labours for our own servants and of other poorer persons. "That thy servant may rest

as well as thou," is the essence of the moral command. This is the moment of expansion of the nation's history, the moment which will emphatically mark in her own sight, and in the sight of the world, where she is everywhere, her position as to the acknowledgment of God in all her ways. This is no time (as I believe both clergy and laity will agree) for religious homes to begin to be careless of the religious habits we inherit, of the daily services of our churches, of the prayers in the family, of the blessing of meals, of the reading God's Word to the household, of catechising the children, of home preparation for confirmations and communions, of the sober guidance of dependants towards thrift and other habits, which are rather easier now than harder, of the rules and solemnities of the Church (even better observed of late than in former times), and above them all, as ministering to all, the primitive order and catholic usage (for ours is no Puritan observance) of the old Sunday of England, that noble, religious institute and habit which foreigners have so constantly appreciated and envied. All these (it seems to me) are ways in which no authority, no association could place us, or replace us if once we had lost them. They are simply "the old paths," trodden out by the feet of many generations. Nothing can maintain them as "paths to dwell in" but the same power which without enactment founded them: the constant steady resolved practice of Churchmen, and the fruit which such good institutes bear in Church lives.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water and one ounce of sugar.

SNOW CREAM.—Sweeten a pint of cream very sweet, flavour with lemon extract, let it stand till very cold; when nearly ready for dessert, beat new fallen snow into the cream until it is stiff enough to stand alone. Serve immediately.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Soap the linen, previously wetted, and apply salt and lemon juice on both sides, or apply finely powdered pipeclay, or Fuller's earth, or finely powdered chalk. Expose it for several hours to the atmosphere.

CUCUMBER CATCHUP.—Pare and grate six large cucumbers; put into the jelly-bag and squeeze the juice out, and to the dry pulp add one and a half pints good vinegar, one teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, half teaspoonful of black pepper, one small red pepper chopped fine. Mix thoroughly and bottle for use. Cork but do not seal. Nice to pour over sliced onions in midwinter.

CANNED GRAPES.—Have two crocks, one in the lap and one on the table beside you, and the basket of grapes on the other side. Slip the pulps from all the grapes in one crock, and the skins in the other. As soon as both boil strain the juice from the skins into the pulp and can with or without sugar. Don't let them boil more than a minute, if you can help it. It isn't a very long task to separate the pulp from the skins, and they are so much nicer you will never regret it. In canning grapes or making jelly, it is better not to press the skins too closely, as you thus avoid what many call "clinkers," which are really particles of cream of tartar. Another good idea is to use them before they are fully ripe, as the acid doesn't seem to be fully developed till fully ripe.

A CURIOUS STORY.

During my ramble (in the South Ngombe), I noticed the remains of a lion, buffalo, and crocodile, lying together in a heap, and was told a curious story to account for this strange sight. It was said that when the buffalo came to drink, a lion sprang upon him, and both rolling into the water together, they were seized by a crocodile. He, in his turn, was dragged about twenty yards from the bank by the struggles of the two beasts, and then the trio perished in an inextricable entanglement.

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