

eternal, and for which alone life is really worth the living. God's Love, the Cross of Jesus, the power of the Spirit, become real truths to the country mind, and fit themselves on to daily life, with all its trials, sins, temptations, and sorrows.

And there is this effect upon Giles—that throughout the week there is in his daily work a sense of something belonging to God. There is a reminder of something we owe to Him. Duty is not a thing merely for the master but for God. Giles is taught—and who shall say he does not take the lesson in?—that “none of us liveth to himself.”

As he goes out to the fields and walks round the farm, and fodders the cattle and sees to the milking, who shall say he is the worse man because he realizes that all this work is done in the sight of God? I venture to say that the steady, God-fearing, church-going cowman is the servant every squire likes to get—and to keep.

And now, if anyone questions what I have said, let me ask the questioner, “What will you give Giles in exchange for his Sunday?” You smile it may be at his simple ways and simple thoughts. Well, what better will you offer?

“A broadened view of Sunday!”

How sick one gets of that cant phrase—“a broader view.” Everything that lifts us nearer God is broadening; but that which separates us is broadening of another kind—not broadening of mind, but broadening of distance.

Will Giles be better for a Sunday where there is no difference between it and another day? Where the shops are open, and he goes to his garden all day—and the ale-house is tempting him at all hours—and village games are noisy, and the villagers are quarrelsome? Is he the better for a Sunday without its settled plan of rest—or settled hours of worship? Is he better for putting away all thoughts of God and Christ and heaven and duty? Is he happier for forgetting that he has a Friend in the sky, and a home which the Friend is preparing for him?

Out upon it all! Giles doesn't believe in your “broadened view” of Sunday. He is too wise, though he may be slow. “Hold fast to

your Sunday,” friend Giles, and don't give up God's Day, or God's house. Don't work yourself, or make others work through your selfishness.

And you, sir, with the “broadened view,” beware how you introduce a Sunday which, under pretence of brightening the day, and giving more recreation (as if Giles wanted it!), only tends to lead the village away from God.—“Guard Your Sundays.”

#### “FOR ME!”

“I nothing seem to do,” she said;

“I seem to waste my life.

I hear the moans of pains and dread,

I hear the sounds of strife.

I see the wounded fall behind,

And none their places fill.

When I rush forth with accents kind,

God always says, ‘Stand still.’”

“You want, my child, something to do,

I give you just this thing:

For Me—Look glad the long day thro’;

For Me—Smile oft and sing;

For Me—Take sunshine everywhere;

For Me—Soothe the tried hearts sad;

For Me—The lonely widow cheer;

For Me—Make orphans glad.”

In lonely cot, or breezy down,

In quiet village street,

In busy, noisy factory town,

By murmuring waters sweet,

Is seen that glad and truthful face,

Is heard that sweet voice clear;

Her faithful footsteps leave their trace

In words and deeds of cheer.

—Rosa Churchill, in the *Home Friend*.

#### THE VULGAR GAMBLER AND THE CHRISTIAN CONDUCTOR.

Bishop Potter tells this striking story, from which he draws a pertinent lesson:

“I was travelling a few years ago in Southern Florida, and I encountered a gentleman who has gone out of the world now, and I cannot therefore pain anybody by speaking of him. He represented the great lottery system of Louisiana, a system which may be said to have held at that moment the Government of Louisiana in its iron grasp. He was a very important personage in his bearing. He had taken the only private saloon or stateroom on the car, and something in that saloon or stateroom gave him offence, and he summoned the coloured porter and addressed him in language which I hope never

to hear repeated, and then sent for the conductor. There was obviously no grievance in the case—the man had lost his temper, was irritable and unreasonable from last night's debauch, and it possible his language to this young man was more brutal and more insolent and unwarranted than to the coloured porter.

“I sat through it all, and may as well confess here that a sensation tingled at the tips of my fingers which was strictly unepiscopal, and which, if it could have found expression at the moment, would have landed me in eternal disgrace. This young man, who was a generous type of a Southerner, gave me his name when it was all over. When he told me who he was I recognized his old Virginia stock. It was just after the war, and he had to go to work for the first time in his life. This young man, this conductor, who through it all had illustrated the only gentlemanly speech and bearing I had witnessed, came to me and said, ‘I beg your pardon, but you have seen what has happened?’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘and if you want to refer to me, have no hesitation about doing so. I want to congratulate you on the spirit you have shown, and thank you for an exhibition of good manners in the face of the boor who insulted you every time he spoke, and to felicitate you for the dignity with which you have borne this.’ ‘O Sir,’ he said, ‘when a man has come to learn how his Master controlled Himself, he ought to be ashamed not to be able to illustrate at least an equal control under less painful and trying circumstances.’ I thought it was the finest testimony, gentlemen, to the power of the religion of Jesus Christ which I had ever been privileged to listen to, and I thought, too, if you will let me say so, it was a very noble and beautiful and, to me, a very rebuking, illustration of the way in which, by consistent Christian conduct, a man may always and everywhere, without any ostentatious profession, without any Pharisaism of speech, bear his witness to the power of that divine fellowship, the spell of that divine leadership, in which and under which he lives and serves!”

—*Parish Visitor*.