

THE HEADLAND.

SHEER, bold, defiant, massive rock, it stands,
Foot in the tide and forehead to the sky.
Like ravening beasts that leap to clutch its throat,
White-maned, white-toothed, the angry surges
drive,

But fall back, snarling, in the sea. Above,
The storm-wind whirls and shrieks at its head,
And thrusts fierce fingers in the creviced stones,
And strains to fling them down. But all unmoved
The dark-browed giant stands, with folded arms.
Behind him sleep the peaceful far ns and towns,
Like trusting children; and the nodding woods
Scarce feel the winds his mighty bosom breaks.

O noble type of what a man should be !
Great-souled and tender toward the weak and small,
But like the deep-based rock when wrong assails,
Or violence would bruise the breast of love.
How grand is manhood mixt with gentleness,
The strength that in the stress of life can stoop
To take or give love's blessing ! Meet it is
That strength like this should bulwark Home and
State.

True manhood—what is nobler under heaven ?
Warm heart, pure soul, strong hand—oh, give us
these

For our home-building, God ! And this shall be
A nation standing rock-like for the Good,
A headland that shall buttress-up the world !

—By James Buckham.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

AN INCIDENT IN PARISH WORK.

THE uncertainty of life and the danger of delay in making peace with God is a very old theme with preacher and teacher, so old that it may be called a commonplace. But yet in the course of his daily life a man meets with such startling and painful illustrations of the truth that, in a sense, it is ever new.

Not long ago, as I was making the customary afternoon visits in the parish, I had occasion to look up a family that had recently moved to town. There were but two of them, man and wife—both middle-aged. The woman I had conversed with once or twice before, but I had never been able to find the man. This afternoon I went with no expectation of any better fortune in seeing him. But I had scarcely been seated ten minutes when, to my surprise, a man entered the room whom I surmised to be the husband. He had not expected to see me, and instantly beat a retreat. His wife, however, called him back, and there was therefore nothing for him to do but face me. He was a man utterly careless about religion, and had not been in church for twenty years. Many clergymen had tried to bring him out to church, but all had failed. Strong, hearty, and fairly prosperous for a mechanic, the church and the religion of the churches were to him both uninteresting and superfluous.

I was glad of the opportunity of having a conversation with him, and after the exchange of a few formalities I came to the point by saying :

"I never see you at church, Mr. S—."

"No," he replied, with a rough smile.

"Why is that?"

"Oh, I never go to church."

"But why don't you go?"

"I don't want to."

"But surely you need the church as well as your wife?"

There was a pause; at length he replied: "I think a man can be just as good a Christian without going to church."

There was no confidence in the tone of his remark. He was not seeking an argument. It was evident he hardly knew what the word Christian meant. It was simply a rough-and-ready excuse.

"Do you think that men who never go to church are good Christians?"

A perplexed smile was the only reply.

Just then his wife asked a question, and seizing the opportunity he bolted.

There was a man, I felt, who was practically without God in the world. He didn't know, and didn't even want, a personal Saviour. The petty needs and affairs of daily life bound the circle of his thoughts. His level was so low as to make him impervious to soul troubles. Shortly after I left, rather sad and pensive, thinking to myself how many millions just like him there were in this Christendom, when the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached weekly, and even daily, from countless pulpits.

About two months after I was hastily summoned one evening to the bedside of a dying man. It was the same man who, but two months before, in the vigor of life, had laughed at the very idea of church. He was suffering from lead poisoning, to which his trade of painter had exposed him. It was useless to summon me. He was quite unconscious, and there was no opportunity of making peace with God. Even the simple words of St. Paul that brought life to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," were impossible now. He was in the hands of God. On the following day he died, never having recovered consciousness for even five minutes.

I learned from his wife that just before becoming unconscious he had said to her that the illness he knew would be fatal. But his life, he thought, was not a bad one. He had always been honest in business, and had never stolen. The only thing he had neglected was church, and he was sorry for that.

So pass to their final account millions and millions of human souls—without God, without a Saviour, without hope. Opportunities without number were given to them to turn to Christ and receive the forgiveness of sins through faith in His precious blood, and they wilfully put them all aside. At the last moment they are found resting their case on that hopeless plea, that they didn't steal or lie, or slander, to the extent that others do. That blessed Gospel of Jesus is swept aside, and in its place is set up this new man-made gospel, that, apart altogether from Jesus Christ, the man who keeps a fair reputation for honesty and truth shall, of clear right, inherit the kingdom of heaven.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

LOSS AND GAIN.

For thee, O loved ! for thee, the light of lights ;
For me the shadow dark of absence falls !
On thee sweet Sabbath rest has fully risen ;
Thy brow hath lost its coronet of care,
Thy fair, frail form its languor and its pain.
Sweet rest is thine, dear weary, weary one.
Glad joy is thine, O patient sufferer—
Joy measured to thy deep capacity.
O happy satisfaction ! through the glow
Of that high temple following the Lamb
Whither so'er He goeth ! This, to thee,
Is heaven, is heaven of heavens.
But unto me life turns a sadder face !
The glow and smile have faded, since thy voice
And presence have departed. I shall live,
And work, and joy, and sorrow ! But the glow
Has faded.

Yet sweet persuasion of a holier voice
Steals o'er the darkness like a star of dawn.
If this transplanting of my heart's dear treasure
Lift mine eyes upward, and the hungry void
Be filled with Jesus, surely "It is well."
He doeth all things well ! Him would I trust
That, somehow, loss shall ripen into gain.

EMILY BLATCHLEY.

THE mistake of the best men through generation after generation has been that great one of thinking to help the poor through almsgiving and by preaching of patience and hope, and by every other means, emollient and consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them—Justice. But this Justice with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears; so that when the choice was one day fairly put before them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just and desired a murderer, sedition raiser and robber, to be granted to them; the murderer instead of the Lord of Life; the sedition raiser instead of the Prince of Peace; and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.—John Ruskin.