

tite to feast, fasting as the broken-hearted will fast, because they cannot help it.

What honest-hearted man can deny that in the schoolboy we admire and love, and in the desolate mourner with whose self-consuming sorrow we sympathize, we find these two phases of the Christian fast: the tears that are the meat of the one day and night, through grief for the past; the self-discipline which is the joy of the other, night and day, through hope in the triumphs of the future.

Such is the principle of the duty: now let us try and reduce it to practice. Our Church has not done this. She has named the days on which it should be observed; in her Collect for the first Sunday in Lent she has taught that it should be such a denial of the body's lusts as would promote the soul's health; but she has said no more, and hence, no doubt, it is that the practice of observing the Church's fasts has fallen into desuetude. It is not for us to question her wisdom, though we may think we see evil following from this apparent neglect. Possibly it is our wisdom she would question, were we to enjoin fixed rules about that which she has left an open question.

In the Church of Rome we see evils following from strict rules as to the form of this duty. Men too often make a literal conformity with those rules the whole of the observance, not eating meat, but partaking of the most delicate fish, cooked in the most luxurious ways. There is no evidence of self-denial or self-restraint, save only in a few forbidden things, during their strictest fasting seasons. So that practically they and we have come to the same conclusion—they with their rules and we without them; they having come short of the reality with a form, we having suffered an equal loss without one.

In both communions honest-hearted, earnest men will not be content without doing for themselves that which no Church-rules only will ever ensure, and what no want of them will ever hinder.

They who hate sin will mourn over it, and be glad of the special days appointed for such humiliation. They who know how hard is the upward struggle, will feel that their self-discipline must be as real as is the conflict. The Romanist will not take the licence his Church gives when he knows that it does not involve any real self-denial, and is no evidence of heart-abasement; no more than the English Churchman will take his freedom from rule, and be content with it, when conscience tells him that the path to heaven leads along a rougher way.

Thus, in later years, in our own communion, men's minds having been turned to these subjects, a system has silently grown up, which, though enforced by no authority, comes with an inward sanction to the soul, which its manifestly truthful purpose insures it.

Men who are religious make their Fridays and their Lent different from other days and seasons. They make no ostentatious show of their observance, as if to be seen of men, but they do it between God and their own hearts. They abstain from dinner-parties, and places of public gaiety and amusement. They partake of sufficient, but simple fare. They let luxuries pass by them untouched. They follow the example of the prophet, and "eat no pleasant food." In their home arrangements they are frugal and quiet, at such times, getting rid of all needless expense, and letting that which is thus saved, not enrich themselves, but flow over into the empty cruise and barrel of the poor.

To prayer, to kind offices among the sick, or sorrowful, or destitute, they give themselves specially at such seasons, humbling their hearts by confession of their own unworthiness; and, in the contrast which others' sorrows bring to their joys, finding cause for even deeper humiliation.

The use and meaning of such lives are perfectly intelligible. They who lead them feel their healthfulness; they whose comforts are thus increased, learn, though in a lower way, their value. Such fast is not to propitiate, nor to convey to the minds of men the idea that God delights in the unmeaning self-inflicted pain of his creatures. But it is an act of sorrow for sins past; and of discipline to invigorate, to renovate, to strengthen for duties to come.

I remember once talking to a very honest-

minded Romanist on this subject, and putting before him this view of fasting, as sounder and more real than his own. To which, in a moment, his ready-Irish wit and tuneful brogue replied, "Ah, shure that's not fasting at all, at all, that's mortification-a-a-tion." The distinction thus made was a perfectly true one. His fast was no mortification, but that which I pressed upon him, as a true fast, could not fail to be so.

All true-hearted men, no matter in what section of Christ's Church they may be found, have, in some way or another, recognized the duty and blessing of a Christian fast. The Presbyterian has it as a part of his appointed system; and I remember long ago to have read with intense interest a tract written, if I mistake not, by the saintly Venn, descriptive of a very holy maid-servant in his home—upon the occasion of whose fall into sin, through violence of temper, he shut himself up the whole day in his room, and with fasting and prayer sought for God's forgiveness. How the mere "talk about fasting," which some High Churchmen indulge in, pales before this "fact of fasting" found in the hidden life of one who would no doubt now-a-days be called a very Low Churchman!

So please try and persuade your friends that if their Vicar never does anything worse than fast and pray, they need not be alarmed. Those real fasts, and quiet daily prayers, which they despise and shun, may be bringing the showers of grace from afar upon their thirsty parish. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." To have one praying, and afflicting his soul before God, on behalf of those who neither fast nor pray for themselves, is surely an inestimable blessing.

(To be continued.)

Children's Department.

MY LITTLE HERO.

"Now we wish that we knew a hero,"
 "Say the children pressing round;
 "Will you tell us if such a wonder
 In London streets can be found?"

I point from my study window
 At a lad who is passing by—
 "My darlings, there goes a hero,
 You will know his oft-heard cry."

"'Tis only the 'paper boy,' father,
 In his jacket so worn and old;
 What can he do that is brave and true,
 Selling papers out in the cold?"

Says Maudie, "I thought that a hero
 Was a man with a handsome face;"
 "And I pictured him all in velvet dressed,
 With a sword," whispered little Grace.

"Mine is only a 'paper boy,' children,
 His deeds all unnoticed, unknown;
 Yet I think he is one of the heroes
 God sees, and marks out for His own!"

"Out there he looks eager and cheerful
 As he busily handles his wares;
 No sign that his young heart is heavy
 With the weight of unchildish cares.

"Home means to him a dingy room,
 A father he shudders to see;
 Alas for the worse than neglected sons
 Who have such a father as he.

"And a mother who lies on a ragged bed,
 So sick, and worn, and sad;
 No friend has she but this one pale boy—
 This poor little newspaper lad.

"So rough to others, and all unskilled,
 Yet to her most tender and true;
 Oft waking with patient cheerfulness
 To soothe her the whole night through.

"He wastes no time on his own scant meals,
 But goes forth with the morning sun,

Never a moment is wasted
 Till his long day's work is done.

"Then home to the dreary attic
 Where his mother lies lonely all day;
 Unheeding the boys who would tempt him
 To linger with them and play.

"Because she is helpless and lonely,
 He is doing a hero's part;
 For loving and self-denying
 Are the tests of a noble heart."

THE WAWANOSH HOME FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

DEAR CHILDREN.—We addressed you a letter last week in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN about the new Home for the Indian Girls in our new Missionary Diocese of Algoma, which is to be called the Wawanosh Home; and we are very glad to find that some of you have read our letter. We know you have read it because we have had some replies to it; and we hope to have a great many more. Perhaps some of those who read the letter last week have only just made up their minds what kind of a reply they would like to send us. If there should be any of you who have not read it, pray look up our issue of last week, turn to the children's department, and read the letter "On the Shingwauk Home," and then you will see what kind of reply we want to it. We want some contributions to assist in providing a Home for the Indians girls, who have souls to save as well as you have, and who want to be instructed in the way to Heaven, as well as in those duties of life on earth which will help to make them a blessing to the other Indians in the Diocese of Algoma. We have to acknowledge the receipt of some contributions, and we hope to receive some more every week for a long time to come.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO "WAWANOSH HOME," TUESDAY APRIL 24TH, 1877.

Clarkson Jones, Toronto.....	\$ 10 00
Harold, Ernest and Little Gertrude, Portage du Fort.....	2 00
Mabel, Toronto.....	25
Earned by Ethel and George, Brock- ville.....	50
Charles J. Catto, Toronto.....	55
Elis A. Catto, Toronto.....	50

Total receipts..... \$13 80

Contributions to the "Wawanosh Home" should be sent to the Editor DOMINION CHURCHMAN, Toronto.

—Home is the chief school of human virtue. Its responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes, and solitudes form the chief interests of human life. Go where a man may, home is the centre to which his heart turns. The thought of his home nerves his arm and lightens his toil. For that his heart yearns when he is afar off. There he garners up his best treasures. God has ordained for all men alike the highest earthly happiness in providing for all the sanctuary of home.

—Every man is an oracle either of truth or falsehood; he must speak either life or death. Indifferentism consists not with the order of the world. If a man set not his heart *determinately* to obtain God's truth, and then utter it, he is already possessed of a lying spirit, and therein he contradicts heaven, and helps to disorder earth by propagating falsehood.

—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character.

—There are pauses amidst study, and even pauses of seeming idleness, in which a process goes on which may be likened to the digestion of food. In those seasons of repose the powers are gathering their strength for new efforts; as land which lies fallow, and recovers itself for tillage.

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