

## THE KING AND THE NOBLE.

Long ago, in the early years of Christianity, a missionary visited the northern shores of England with tidings of the new faith. But the heathen tribes would none of him, and their king refused even to hear him speak.

Then rose up a gray-haired noble before his chief, pleading the cause of the new-comer.

"What is our life now?" asked the trembling old man. "Is it not even as a lighted ball—well lighted and well warmed, into which flutters a little bird from the darkness without, beating its wings a little, feeling the warmth for a moment, yet hardly alighting before it flutters out again by a further door into the darkness beyond? Who knows from whence it comes, or whither it goes? Is not each of us as that little bird? What more do we know of the life beyond? Shall we not then welcome this stranger who would fain instruct us therein? He can do us no hurt; he may enlighten our darkness. Mighty king, let us hear him speak."

Touched by these words, the chief ordered the missionary into his presence to tell the gospel story. The seed fell on good ground; many heard, believed, and were baptised into the new faith. On the once dark portals of the gate of death, shone the glory of a life beyond. Selected.

## AN INCIDENT.

Saint Augustine, the first Bishop to the English, one of the holiest of the Church fathers, was one day walking on the sea beach, perplexed in spirit, alone save with God, as he supposed. He was pondering a question with which his conscience was troubled, and he felt uncertain about it. Presently he came in sight of a little boy, and as he approached him, saw that he held a clam, or scollop-shell which contained a few spoonfuls of water. Then he saw the child stoop and pour the water in the shell carefully into a hollow made in the sand.

The prelate spoke to the boy:

"My child, what are you doing?"

"I'm trying to empty the ocean," answered the boy.

The holy man felt rebuked by the reply and the innocence of the boy, who in his play was unknowingly seeking to do a thing so impossible. He regarded the child's words as if through them God spoke in a symbol, or a parable to himself, thus showing, this devoted servant and Minister, that in his mind he also, was trying to do what God only could; something which his faith should leave to the Lord, humbly and in prayerful submission, and about which he should not be perplexed in anxiety. If Christians will trust all their troubles and needs to the loving, divine Saviour, "He careth for us," and will help his children, young and old, in their difficulties. He does not give to us all knowledge, and we are weak without Him. E. T. B. Young Churchman.

## THE BIBLE.

Let me give you an illustration of how God is the Author of it, and yet it was written by men. There is no book like the Book of Books. The Church has never said how, or to what degree, this holy book is "inspired"; only that it is the inspired Will of God. An illustration is sometimes helpful to the young.

Think of the Architect of the National monument, or of the Capitol at Washington. He really built these works, though he never laid a stone of the one with his own hands, or reared a pillar of the other. Moses, Ezekiel, St. John, and St. James worked under the Divine Architect, who sat if we may so speak, afar off at some distant Aleyone, amid the heavens, and breathed His own mind into the work, in His own way, and His own time.

The writers were, indeed, men. There is the human element; and there is the time element in the preparation of the Scriptures. The writers used human language: and their work has been subjected to the laws of time and sense. No miracle has surrounded the book, like the mythological garb of the heathen deities. The book has, indeed, an atmosphere, like the sun's ray; and like the

sun's it is its own, and full of brightness. Like that world, this book will ever shine and shine on. By some divine law, it is kept self-balanced in its everlasting orbit; and it will burn and blaze along the heavens till earth shall be no more. As the human element, and the time element, in the erection of St. Peter's, or the Capitol, did not destroy the architectship of those who planned, and thus virtually built those buildings, neither do they God's authorship in this, the best of books.—L. Young Churchman.

## THE CHURCH'S CARE FOR CHILDREN.

"Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." These were the words of Pharaoh's daughter, with which she addressed the mother of Moses, as she delivered to her the young child to nurse.

These words of the "king's daughter" are suggestive of some very beautiful thoughts. In the 45th Psalm the King's daughter represents, in her beautiful attire, the Spouse of Christ, His Holy Church. And in the text we hear her voice, as she delivers back the child which she has saved, to its own mother; "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Our children are by nature children of wrath; and, if left to themselves, are cast out and liable to destruction of both soul and body. But the Church finds them thus exposed, and liable to be swept away by the current, and she sends out her messengers to bring them in; and she has pity upon them, adopts them, put new robes upon them, gives them new names as Moses or John, or some other; and then delivers them back to their own parents to nurse, or to be educated for her, the Church, as "take this child away, and nurse it for me," that you may deliver it to me, by and by, for higher duties, and further instruction and greater responsibilities. Yes, her words may be considered as the voice of the Church, to all parents and sponsors, "Take this child or these children of mine away, and nurse them for me." That is, the Church commits them to you to educate physically, morally and religiously, to instruct, bring up and train; and especially to bring up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Young Churchman.

## MAXIMS FOR PREACHERS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

- I. Generally speaking the more attention the style of a preacher attracts, the less it deserves.
  - II. No teacher can teach his lesson until he has learned it himself.
  - III. The pulpit "I" is not necessary offensive, unless printed in italics.
  - IV. Preaching the Word, and preaching about the Word, are very different things.
  - V. In expository preaching, a really good division is an exposition of itself.
  - VI. The preaching of foolishness must not be mistaken for the "foolishness of preaching."
  - VII. The preacher who is proud of his sermons should be ashamed of himself.
  - VIII. A good illustration, like a sweet-toned bell, should at once invite and recompense attention to itself.
- At the same time, like a well constructed reading lamp, its principal use should be to throw light on the subject in hand.
- Besides this, however, if it is to fasten instruction on the mind, it must be driven home, like a nail.
- IX. Much of the importance of a text, like that of a fossil, depends on its site. Hence the importance of preaching on the context as well as on the text.
  - X. To call a sermon "beautiful" merely, is very equivocal praise.—(See Ezek. xxxiii. 82).

## Children's Department

## THE SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

"Would that the sun would only always shine!" said some children on a rough, stormy, rainy day.

This wish soon seemed to be fulfilled, when, for many months long, not a cloud was seen in the sky. The long drought did much damage to the fields and meadows; the flowers and vegetables were withered in the garden; and the flax, on which the young women would have been so cheerfully employed, was scarce a finger's length.

"Do you see, now," said their mother, "that the rain is just as necessary as the sunshine?—Learn, therefore, from this wise dispensation of God, the wholesome truth, that it would not be good for us men to have only bright and joyful days: there must also come upon you, from time to time, cloudy days, afflictions, and pains, in order that you may grow up to be good men."

"Alike in storm and sunshine, weal and woe, God makes His blessings on His creatures flow."

## THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food, a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent: bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder; and you will all follow soon."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

A last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared on the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm trees, and regaled them upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "Oh, how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is appointed for us all a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth, on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is, indeed, a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. The passage hither over the stormy sea is—death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth. But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So fear not. Death is for pious men who have loved God, and have done His will, nothing else but a voyage to the better land."

"Expectant of eternal peace,  
The Christian feels Death's terrors cease;  
And, led by God's paternal hand,  
Mounts upwards to the better land."

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy, "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound, Ont.