

morning repeating their prayers. Dear reader, are you as earnest about these good things?

God has also blessed us financially and supplied our needs; although, we often have an anxious time to know where the next money is coming from. This coming winter the Government have thought fit to alter the game laws; and we fear there will be poverty on this Reserve and help will be needed to enable the women and children to keep from starving. Clothes and donations would be thankfully received by the Rev. Geo. Gill, Russell Post Office, Manitoba.

G. G.

HARRY STEELE: A PARSON'S TALE.

HARRY STEELE and his wife were two of my parishioners. Always regular at church, and as regular in life; kind, cheerful, warm-hearted, I could not help loving them, and I felt sure that they loved me as well.

They had but one child, and they had but one fault—at least only one that ever came before me. The one fault was connected with this one child. They doted on him, and they spoiled him.

Often and often have I entreated them not to give the child what it cried for; to punish him when in the wrong; to insist on his going to school; and to let their yea and nay be law. I told them that they could do all this very gently and kindly, and that the boy would love them all the better for it before long; and, indeed, that it would save him much restlessness and ill-humor if they once made him understand that when they refused him anything they would not change for his wheedling, or whining, or crying. But it would not do. They loved their child, not too much, but so unwisely that they spoiled him, and they turned their one cup of joy into bitterness.

Harry Steele grew up a careless, froward, self-willed boy. He had his good points, but they were small compared with the bad. He was troublesome at school, troublesome at church, troublesome in the parish. His ill name grew as he grew. I had less and less hold over him, and his parents had none at all.

One day I went to the cottage, and saw him in the garden. He saw me and turned away, and went to the farther end of the ground. I entered, and found his mother weeping most bitterly. I asked her the cause. It was long before she spoke. At last she said, "You were right, sir; you were right. I have ruined my boy. He has—"

"What has he done?" I asked. She could not answer. At last she said:

"Do not let it be known. I forgive him. From the bottom of my heart, I forgive him. O that God would do so, too! He swore at me—swore at his own mother."

"What could make him do this?" I inquired.

"He wants to go to the Fair, and he asked me for money. I was afraid he would get into mischief, and refused. He is not used to my refusing him. I wish I had done it before; I wish I had. So he grew angry, and went away with an oath."

I said all I could to comfort the poor woman. But what was it? What could I say? She had sown, and she was reaping. I prayed with her, and left her.

As I went out I noticed Harry at the bottom of the garden, and I went down to him. He turned away, and tried to avoid me, but I would not let him. I was determined he should hear me, and he did so.

"Harry," I said, "you have made your mother weep. Do you not know how she loves you?"

He made no reply.

"Harry," I answered, "it is not too late. Go to her; tell her that you are sorry, and ask her to forgive you."

The lad's temper was up, and he replied, "I won't."

"Harry," I said, "God sees you and me. He hears you. O, let me entreat you. You do not know what you are doing. You will be very sorry some day, and perhaps too late."

He was silent.

"Harry," I said, "you know the Fifth Commandment. You are offending God when you grieve your mother. That Fifth Commandment will rise up in judgment against you. You will remember it. It will come into your mind. You will be wretched. Come with me, and at once. It will be very easy. She only waits to pardon you. Begin now, and all your future life will be so different, so happy. Now—whilst you feel grieved—go at once."

His lip trembled. He hesitated. I prayed silently for him. He seemed on the point of going to his mother, but he did not. A wild companion whistled to him from the road. He sprang through the hedge, and left me alone. I sat down in sorrow, and then went softly round the cottage, and returned to the Vicarage.

Next day the fair took place at the post-town; and the day after I heard that there had been a riot, and damage done to men and property, and that some of the rioters were in custody, and others had fled. Amongst the latter was Harry Steele. His mother had a short letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to say that he had joined a ship bound for Australia.

It required no observation to see that a change soon passed upon Steele as well as upon his wife. After the first shock they went on their way in life as usual, but yet very differently. They were more frequently at church than ever, but they never stayed to talk with their neighbors before or after service at the churchyard gate. At work all was done regularly, but