

Family Reading.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Francis W. Kirkpatrick, Rector St. James Church, Kingston, Ont.

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There are some songs we fain would sing
To full clear notes in minor tone;
And my rude wreath of rhyme I bring
In love of him who everything
Held still in trust for Christ alone.

Some strong sweet ballads there have been
Wrought by the bards of older days;
Of Red Cross Knights as pilgrims when
Christ's Sepulchre by Saracen
Had been defiled in Pagan ways.

This was a pilgrim in these years
Of vague unrest and changeless Creeds
When Christ's dear name is cold with sneers;
He gave no dull reproach of tears
But sought the sepulchre indeed,

As one who seeks a risen Lord
To find and whisper "Rabboni";
And then by loving deed and word
To teach the truths that undergird
The hopes of Immortality.

To scatter largesse far and wide
Of love that knew no bound or ban;
To lay all selfishness aside
That when he slept the world hath cried
"Behold this was indeed a man."

This is your heritage O wife!
And children, who have hardly known
The all of this dear vanished life!
This you may say, "In calm and strife
He was for years and years our own."

O mother church unfold thy scroll
And add another Martyr there!
O let the solemn requiem roll
For pilgrim with true warrior soul
Whose life was one long earnest prayer.

Horatio Gilbert Parker.

FROM NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD.

By the sea, where I summered, occurs one of the strangest sights, of which I must tell you. In the sky, several yards up above the horizon, appears, now and then, an island. At other times, ships, in full sail, sail along the sky.

At the mouth of a certain river, on the banks of which was my hotel, a certain island which cannot be seen from there, in the ocean, is seen in the sky. Boats riding at anchor, twenty miles off, float on the blue heavens.

This is called mirage—"something wonderful"—and is owing to the air being unequally heated, or rarified. Some call it "loom." The same state of the air causes sound to travel very far. At times, when the air is in this condition, the White Hills of New Hampshire are seen, though they are eighty miles off.

One morning, a strange brig was seen in full sail. She made straight across the river, and then disappeared. Shortly after, a similar sight occurred. Some were alarmed, but not those who understood it. It was due to the "unequal refraction," to which the storm-ship or the Hudson, and the Flying Dutchman, and the wizard beacon-keeper of the Isle of France, all owe their origin.

But to what does this unequal refraction owe its origin? We must attribute all these wonderful things to God. We often say Nature, and it is well; but we mean Him who is the Father of all and the God of Nature. He only doeth "wondrous things." The rain hath a father; and the dew; and all the laws of sight and sound.

The Indian is not far from right—poetically speaking—when he says that the thunder is the voice of God, and the lightning the flash

of His eye. We, too, may be reverent in our imaginings of natural objects and events. GOD is able to give laws, and does give them, to all these beautiful things. Even the infrequent "mirage" may lead our thoughts up to Him, and instead of fear, love and veneration be the emotions of our minds.

R. W. L.

The Young Churchman.

A PARABLE.

A few evenings ago I was sitting reading at a little table, on which stood a lamp. I was very near the lamp, for I am growing old, and my eyes are not quite as good as they were twenty years ago.

Suddenly a great insect—I know not of what species, they are all horrible to me—flew over the lamp, singed its great wings, and lay struggling, and writhing, and buzzing within a few inches of my book.

I rose somewhat hastily, and retreated to a distant sofa, for I preferred exile and comparative darkness, minus the presence of the intruder, to the lamp and book, plus his company.

But a young clergyman, who was present, came to the table, took the struggling insect gently between his hands, and carried it out of the room, past the corner of the house, and finally let it go where it was out of the reach of the fatal light.

I had given an involuntary shudder when first he put hands on the creature, but his aged mother seeing this, said to me with a smile of mingled pride and tenderness, "It is his life-work."

"What is?" I asked, surprised.

"To put out his hand to save those who have rushed headlong into danger, and difficulty and misery; to help them when they have injured themselves and fallen so that they cannot unaided find their way back to rest and peace; to take them away from the false glare that has blinded them, and give them a fresh opportunity to recover themselves and rest, and freedom and happiness."

She was right, and where I had seen only what was revolting, she had read a beautiful lesson of life.

"And not only for the Clergy," I thought, "but for all those who love in sincerity Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost, it should be the life-work, as far as in them lies, to succor and save those who, blinded by an earthly glare, lie struggling and suffering in sin and misery."—Ethel May, in Church Chronicle.

DON'T GIVE UP.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voice of children, and stopped to listen. Finding that the sound came from a small building used as a school house, he drew near. As the door was open, he went in and listened to the words the boys were spelling. One little boy stood apart, looking very sad. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman. "Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There is nothing in him. I can make nothing out of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school." The gentleman was surprised at his answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the head of the little fellow who stood apart, he said: "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up. Try, my boy, try." The

boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel; and he did become a fine scholar. It was Adam Clark, who became the eminent Wesleyan minister and commentator. The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy, try."—The Young Churchman.

It is no great thing to be humble when you are brought low; but to be humble when you are praised is a great and rare attainment.—St. Bernard.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

To prevent the smoking of a lamp. This may be easily effected by soaking the wick in vinegar for a few minutes, then drying it well before using it. A good and clear light will be the result. In the case of glass chimney there may not be sufficient air-draught.

To clean oil-paintings, cut a raw potatoe in two, and with smooth, flat surface of the inside rub the paint gently round and round, washing off the dirt with a sponge and soft water from time to time.

Now when the country housewife looks with dismay at the empty jars of pickles, and fears that there will be none left for spring use, she can occasionally substitute pickles made in this way for those put up in summer. Take some small turnips, boil them till they are tender, then cut in slices a little more than an inch thick, pour good vinegar over them, and let them stand for a day and a night. A few pepper corns or kernels of allspice improve the flavor.

An old-fashion looking-glass with a frame of brown wood, was improved the other day by an ingenious girl covering it in this way: she bought some pale yellow tarlatan of sufficient length to allow it to be fastened to the top of the mirror and then to hang at each side of it in graceful folds; the ends were crossed at the bottom and fastened with a loose knot; and behold the unsightly frame was hidden and the appearance of this necessary article of furniture was much improved.

Ivory-backed brushes, to clean. These may be cleaned in a few minutes, without spoiling the ivory or softening the bristles, by rubbing dry bran into them, and shaking them well to free them from the grain.

A good method for washing Shetland shawls, a Scotch receipt. The water should be rather more than lukewarm, and white soap should be boiled and mixed up in the water before the shawl is put into it. It must be washed in two waters, and rinsed in rather warmer water, to clear it entirely of the soap, otherwise it will get thick and hard. To a pint and half of warm water put two tea-spoonfuls of dissolved gum arabic, mix the water and gum well together, dip in the shawl and squeeze it two or three times, so that it should take equally all over, then wring it well out of this water, and wring it again in clean linen cloths. Pin it out square on a carpet, with a clean sheet or table cloth under it, till thoroughly dry.

Sage tea or any other beverage made of herbs, should be made in an earthen vessel, and never in tin, as it will turn black unless immediately emptied out, and it may do so even then.