

imitation which imposes on those who are not guided by the wisdom that comes from above.

ARE YOU CALLED TO DO MISSIONARY WORK?

AN ADDRESS TO BOYS.

Sometimes it is quite easy for a boy to decide what God wishes him to be. If his father has a shop or a profession and he wishes his son to follow him it seems almost a distinct call from God that he should do as he is desired—almost—for, while a father's wish is a very strong call from God, God may be calling the boy more strongly still to something else.

But probably in most cases boys have no very plain call or special aptitude for anything, yet God will find places for them all, and aptitude grows wonderfully where there is faith and patience.

How does God call us? In various ways—sometimes by outward circumstances. Want is a call. How many men have become soldiers in the last two years who never dreamt of being soldiers just because they were wanted? Now men are wanted as missionaries. Christ once said, "The harvest is great but the labourers are few." Then he was only looking at the Holy Land—a small country smaller than Ireland. But now for the first time the whole world is opened and men are wanted to preach the Gospel. The want of men is a distinct call to a boy now-a-days.

And one's gifts are a call from God too, specifically the gift of Influence. Few boys know whether they have the gift of public speaking or preaching. But a boy knows pretty well whether he has the power of persuasion. From his very early years he may have a way with him of getting other people to do what he wishes. And this power of persuasion or influence—it is closely allied to love for others—a cold-hearted man never has it—is the very making of a missionary. A man "may understand all mysteries and all knowledge" and yet be useless as a missionary without love, which is at the root of influence.

And then there is the inner drawing—the gentle speaking of God the Holy Ghost—be quiet and you will hear that voice—"Be still and know that I am God." God in you, not may be or sometime, but certainly speaking—and now.

You boys have been taught how much God values you. The rules of ordinary speaking have been transgressed to impress upon you God's special need of each of you. "God the Father who hath made me and all the world." So with the redemption—it was for you as if you only were in the world. "God the Son Who hath redeemed me and all mankind." Nor is the interest of God in you now allowed to spend itself in you as a member of the Church merely. You as a separate person—an elect one—are being led towards holiness by "God the Holy Ghost Who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God."

Boys, recognize yourselves, each of you in this way: you must not try to get behind the back of any other; you must stand out for yourself in the open as one separately

made by God—you are no more than one, but you are one. And you have a gift of Service to give back to God. What form will this service take? Possibly you are going to be confirmed soon. If you hear God's call to you then; if, as your answer "I do" to the Bishop's question at your Confirmation, the Holy Ghost should seem to say to you that it is God's will, which you are now promising to do, that you should be a missionary, then try to find out some way of getting ready for the work. Ask your clergyman; he most likely will help you.

—CHURCH OF IRELAND GAZETTE.

LITTLE CORNERS.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty; but Georgia rubbed with all her might, rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for ever for?" said Mary. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," said Georgia brightly. "You in your little corner, you know 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can; that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again. "You in your little corner and I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If He knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak." And she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased, red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are nicely fluted or not," she said; "I'll hurry over them;" but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said; and Emma, laughing, answered, "That's owing

to Georgia," then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! What do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, if you will not go with me, perhaps I will with you;" and they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what their pastor said to them when they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen. "She seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives. Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him. But to-night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for him." And the sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus, looking down on her that day, said, "She hath done what she could," and he gave the blessing.

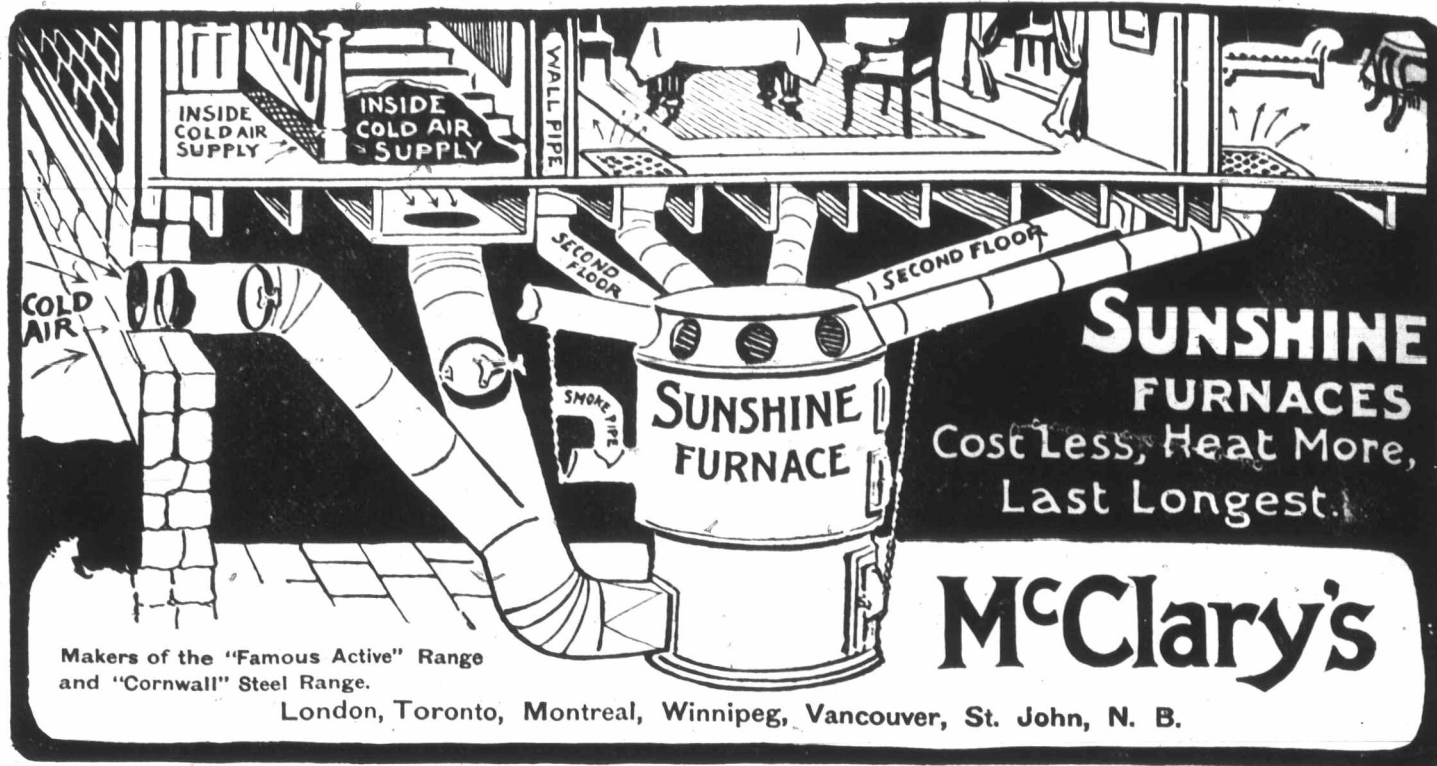
"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitatingly. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child are you here sewing?" her mother said; I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No, ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated, in surprise; and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel



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said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars!" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could, and he did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

BERTIE'S FRIGHT.

"That child really must be vaccinated this week, or she cannot go to school," mamma said; and Bertie on the veranda outside of the open window listened eagerly.

"Yes, I will call and tell the doctor to come up at once," answered papa, as he went out.

"Vaccinated! That's something awful, for Nellie White told me her arm ached itself off. And 'that child' means me. Well, what if I'm not at home when the doctor comes?" mused Bertie guiltily. She watched the road to the