

and will through that supply the needs of all His children. Let us believe it and trust Him for it. "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want."

B.B.

For PARISH AND HOME.

A PARISH INCIDENT.

The principle of division of labor, by which so much is accomplished, has undoubtedly its drawbacks. It often causes concentration of interest on one particular part, to the exclusion of interest in the work as a whole. This has its bearing upon church work. The clergyman is often tempted to think his sermon the most important part of his service, while the organist and choir are naturally occupied with the music. It is well for both to rise to the thought of the service as a whole. Prayer and praise and the preaching of the Word are all important, each in its place.

If this were kept in mind and acted upon, some of the many little frictions between clergyman and choir might easily be avoided.

The following incident, which occurred recently in one of our city parishes, though somewhat amusing, is not without its deeper lesson. A rector had unthinkingly given direful offence to his organist, and the peace of the church was threatened. Some friends, in endeavoring to bring about a reconciliation, found that the rector was quite willing to talk the matter over with the organist. So it was arranged that just before choir practice the organist should go into the rectory and see the rector. On his return, some of the choir, who were eagerly awaiting for the result, asked the organist about the interview. He said, "When I entered, the rector greeted me with the words, 'Peace be within thy walls, O Jerusalem,' and I, not being able to think of anything else, answered, 'Amen.'" It was impossible to quarrel after that.

F. H. D.

BITING AT THE BARE HOOK.

THE following anecdote is old, but it is worth reproducing often:

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing-boat lay, and, as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and, standing beside his boat, said:

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fish are these?"

"They are codfish," replied he.

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," he answered.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you had hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without bait?"

"Yes," said he. "I was out last year, and one day when I was a fixin' my line the bare hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn; and after a pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him: "I guess that's a minister."—*Selected.*

"REPOS AILLEURS."

The motto adopted and acted upon throughout life by the Dutch patriot, Sainte Aldegonde. See *Motley's History of the Netherlands*.

Noble resolve of a right noble spirit!

The echo reaches us, so calm and clear;

'Tis the same portion we, too, would inherit—

Rest—but not here.

Rest—with all visions of the future blended
Comes that bright hope, so soothing and so dear;

All the long journey past, the conflict ended,
Rest—but not here!

Not here!—while war's alarm is ever sounding,

While half the promised land is unpossessed,
On the red battle-plain, with foes surrounding,
Who dares to rest?

Not here!—when autumn's sun is brightly shining,

Yet storm-clouds gather in the darkening west,
On the ripe cornfields, till that sun's declining,
Who thinks of rest?

We ask it not—on Thine own strength relying,

Gladly, O Father, shall Thy work be done;
Too swift the busy hours of life are flying,

The night draws on!

Not here, out yonder—where in peace forever

The faithful servants with their Lord are blest;
Where friends depart and foes shall enter never—
There we shall rest.

Yes; and that prospect now the heart sustaineth,

Lightly each burden and each toil to bear;
For us the promise holds, the rest "remaineth"

Not here—but there!

—H. L. L.

SHOULD TIRED MEN GO TO CHURCH?

MANY of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been had they gone to church at least once, as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental dissatisfaction to languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure, by means of them, a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts, and motives, and sentiments which are out of the range of their work. For a hard-working mechanic, or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who wanted to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their souls, as well as their bodies, in the church on Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought, that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home as they have given them since they formed the habit of churchgoing.—*Diocese of Nebraska.*

HEROISM.

How useless our lives seem to us sometimes! and how we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of the routine of home life, and imagine we would be far happier in other scenes. We forget that the world bestows no titles as noble as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances of heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle word of soothing for another's trouble, the care of the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they may accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of a