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OTTAWA, June 26, 1877.

Having examined the aim and object which "The Ottawa Parish Magazine" is intended to serve, I hereby commend it to the attention and support of the Church people of Ottawa.

It will, I hope, be the means of drawing our several Congregations more nearly together, and of disseminating valuable notices throughout the various Parishes of our city and neighbourhood.

J. T. ONTARIO.

## CALENDAR FOR JUNE.

- June 3.—1st Sunday after Trinity.  
5.—Synod of Diocese of Ontario meets at Kingston.  
10.—2nd Sunday after Trinity.  
11.—S. Barnabas, Apostle and Martyr.  
S. Alban Martyr.  
17.—3rd Sunday after Trinity.  
20.—Queen's accession 1837.

*Special Form of Prayer.*

- 24.—4th Sunday after Trinity.  
Nativity S. John Baptist.

*Athanasian Creed.*

- 29.—S. Peter, Apostle and Martyr.

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### ORDINATION

Examination of Candidates begins July 3rd in S. Alban's Church School Room.

Ordination service, in S. Alban's Church, on 8th July.

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### OTTAWA UNITY PROTESTANT BENEFIT SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Service will be held in Christ Church on the 3rd inst. at 3 p.m. In the absence of the Chaplain, the Rev. H. Pollard, the sermon will be preached by the Rev. F. R. Smith.

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### OTTAWA CITY CLERICAL GUILD.

This Guild has been formed among the Clergy of the city and neighbourhood, and consists of Ven. Archdeacon Lauder, Chairman; Rev. Geo. Jemmett, Sec.-Treasurer; Rev. J. W. Barry, Rev. J. N. Higginson, Rev. Canon Bedford-Jones, Rev. Canon Johnston, Rev. T. D. Phillipps, Rev. H. Pollard, Rev. F. R. Smith,

Its object is the mutual improvement of the clergy, by quarterly Conferences. It also supplies a regular list for the visitation of the hospital and jail.

The Quarterly Meeting was held in S. Alban's Church on the 23rd and 24th ult.; all the members being present. The proceedings were entirely confined to the Clergy.

List of Clergymen visiting Protestant Hospital and the Gaol. for month of June.

Ven. Archdeacon Lauder.....	June 4th.
Rev. Canon Johnston.....	11th.
Rev. Canon Jones.....	18th.
Rev. G. Jemmett.....	25th.

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## Diocese of Ontario.

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LORD BISHOP—RIGHT REV. J. TRAVERS LEWIS, LL.D., D.D., TRIN  
COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

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### *Christ Church.*

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Christ Church stands on Sparks Street, upon the side of Ashburham Hill.

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Ven. Archdeacon LAUDER, Rector.

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#### SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Holy days, 10.30 A.M.

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#### CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR JUNE.

Holy Communion, on 17th, at 8.30 A.M.

“ on 3rd, at 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism, on 10th, at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

“ other Sundays, at 3.45 P.M.

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Sunday School, every Sunday, at 2.30 P.M.

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On Whit-Sunday, the apostolic rite of Confirmation was administered to 42 persons young and old. The Lord Bishop of

the Diocese delivering a most impressive address warned the newly confirmed not to rest content with the mere act of confirmation, but to seek a closer walk with God through the Holy Eucharist. A large number of communicants partook of the Holy Communion as well as all the newly confirmed.

The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers.

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*S. Alban the Martyr.*

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The Church of S. Alban the Martyr stands on Daly Street, on the corner of Daly and King Streets. All seats are free and unappropriated.

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Rev. Canon BEDFORD JONES, LL.D., Rector.

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SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

Week Days, 9.30 A.M. and 5.30 P.M.

Holy Days, 11 A.M. and 5.30 P.M.

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CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR JUNE.

Holy Communion on 3rd and 17th, at 8 A.M.; on 10th, 11th, 24th 29th. at 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism, on 24th. at 7 P.M., and any week day at evening.

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Sunday School, every Sunday, at 3 P.M.

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Guild Meetings.—Men's Branch: First annual meeting on 18th, at 8 P.M. Women's Branch: No meetings this month.

The annual meeting of the Guild, Women's Branch, was held on the 6th May. A most satisfactory report was laid on the table, shewing increased membership and a flourishing state of finances.

A Children's Service was held on the 13th May, at which the children were catechized by the Rector and addressed by the Right Rev. the Bishop, who expressed himself much astonished and pleased with their knowledge of church history. He promised to drop in unawares on the school to see how much of the Catechism they knew. The offertory in aid of Wawanosh Home, Sault Ste. Marie, amounted to \$10.60.

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BAPTISMS.

May 16.—Ivy Dorothea, daughter of Henry Thomas and Charlotte Fosberry.

" 27.—William George, son of Henry and Martha Stokes.

Mary Isabel, daughter of Robert and Annie Stewart.

" 29.—George Henry, son of James R. and Caroline Stoate.

Robert Charles William, son of William John and Alice Bedson.

Florence Augusta, daughter of David and Eliza Clarke.

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MISSION CHAPEL, NELSON STREET.

Services conducted by CHARLES V. FORSTER BLISS, Lay Reader, on Sunday evenings, at 7 P.M.

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Sunday School, every Sunday, at 9.30 A.M.

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*S. John the Evangelist.*

The Church of S. John the Evangelist stands at the corner of Sussex and Rideau Streets. Seats free at Even. Song.

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REV. HENRY POLLARD, S.A.C.,—Rector.

REV. F. R. SMITH, S.A.C.,—*Locum tenens.*

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SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7 P.M.

Week days, Friday Evening, 7:30 P.M.

Holy days, 11 A.M.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR JUNE.

Holy Communion, on 10th and 24th, at 8:15 A.M.

“ 3rd and 7th, at 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism at Evening Service, or on Sundays at 4:15 P.M.

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Sunday School every Sunday at 3 P.M.

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The Rev. Mr. Pollard sailed for England on the 26th May, he will be absent about four months. Prior to leaving, both Mr. and Mrs. Pollard, were presented with addresses and presents, on behalf of the Congregation and Sunday School.

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BAPTISMS.

May 2.—Albert Edward, son of Christian and Rachel Johnston.

Hugh Moor, son of Hugh and Jennie Gilmore.

“ 6.—Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph and Eliza Whitehead.

Eva Barbara, daughter of William and Ellen Hawkins.

“ 13.—Ernest Eversley, son of Christopher and Susanna Rogers.

Florence Ethel, daughter of John and Mary Gooden.

Alfred Albert, son of Charles and Mary Stroulger.

“ 19.—Lily Agnes, daughter of Robert and Hattie M. Gilton.

“ 20.—Harriett Mordaunt, daughter of Charles and Matilda Miles.

Kate Sophia, daughter of George and Jane Emily Topley.

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MARRIAGES.

May 5.—George Hamilton Leslie, to Mary Jane Cordick.

“ 18.—Andrew Jackson, to Annie McLean.

*S. Bartholomew, New Edinburgh.*

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The Church of S. Bartholomew stands on Mackay street. All seats are free.

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REV. GEORGE NOEL HIGGINSON, M.A., Rector.

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SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. ; Litany, 4 P.M. ; Even. Song, 7 P.M.

Week Days, 9 A.M. and 5 P.M.

Holy Days, 11 A.M. and 5 P.M.

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CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR JUNE.

Holy Communion, on 10th, 17th and 24th, at 8 A.M.

“ on 3rd, at 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism, on any Sunday, or during any public service.

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Sunday School, every Sunday, at 3 P.M.

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Guild Meetings.—Women's Guild meets every Wednesday, 2 P.M. at the Rectory. President, Hon. Mrs. Littleton ; Sec.-Treasurer, Miss Meyer.

It is requested that due notice be given to the Clergyman of Sacraments desired ; also of prayers for the sick and afflicted ; for thanksgivings for mercies received, and other special services. Strangers are to make themselves known to the Rector before presenting themselves to receive the Holy Communion. Those who may be desirous of attaching themselves to this Church are invited to call upon the Rector, who is at all times accessible.

Confidential consultations, after matins or Even. Song daily, if so required.

BAPTISMS.

April 1.—Susan Helen, daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. E. G. P and  
Charlotte Littleton.

May 6.—Maria Christina, daughter of Robert Warren and Mary  
Frances Baldwin.

20.—Jennie, daughter of Robert and Sarah Ramsay.

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PARISH OF NEPEAN.

REV. GEORGE JEMMETT, M.A.,—Curate.

*S. Pauls, Rochesterville.*

SERVICES

Sundays, 11 a.m. and 7:30 P.M.

Week days, Wednesday 7:30 P.M.

Holy Days, 7:30 P.M.

Sunday School every Sunday 3 P.M.

CELEBRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS.

Holy Communion (3) first Sunday in the month, at 11 A.M.

Holy Baptism, Wednesday Evening.

S. Pauls Sewing Society meets on Mondays at 2 P.M.

A most successful Concert, in aid of the Land Fund, took place  
on the 8th ult., at which the sum of \$110 was cleared.



*S. John's, Merrivale.*

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SERVICES.

Sunday, 2 P.M.  
Holy Communion, (10th) second Sunday in the month.  
Sunday School at 3 P.M.

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*All Saints, Richmond Road.*

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SERVICES.

Sunday at 4:30 P.M.  
Holy Communion, (17th) third Sunday in the Month.

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Sunday School at 3 P.M.

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*S. James' Church, Hull, P.O.*

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This pretty little Church stands on Main Street, Hull, just behind Eddy's Match Factory; it is of Gothic architecture and will accommodate about 300 worshippers.

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Rev. Canon JOHNSTON, Incumbent.

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SERVICES.

Sundays, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Week days, on church festivals.

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CELEBRATIONS OF THE SACRAMENTS FOR JUNE.

Holy Communion, 1st Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Holy Baptism, any Sunday or week day.  
Sunday School, every Sunday, at 9.30 A.M.

*Trinity Church, Archville.*

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Trinity Church, in course of erection, will probably be occupied this month. It stands near the toll gate on the macadamized road to Billings' Bridge.

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Rev. T. D. PHILLIPPS, M.A., Curate.

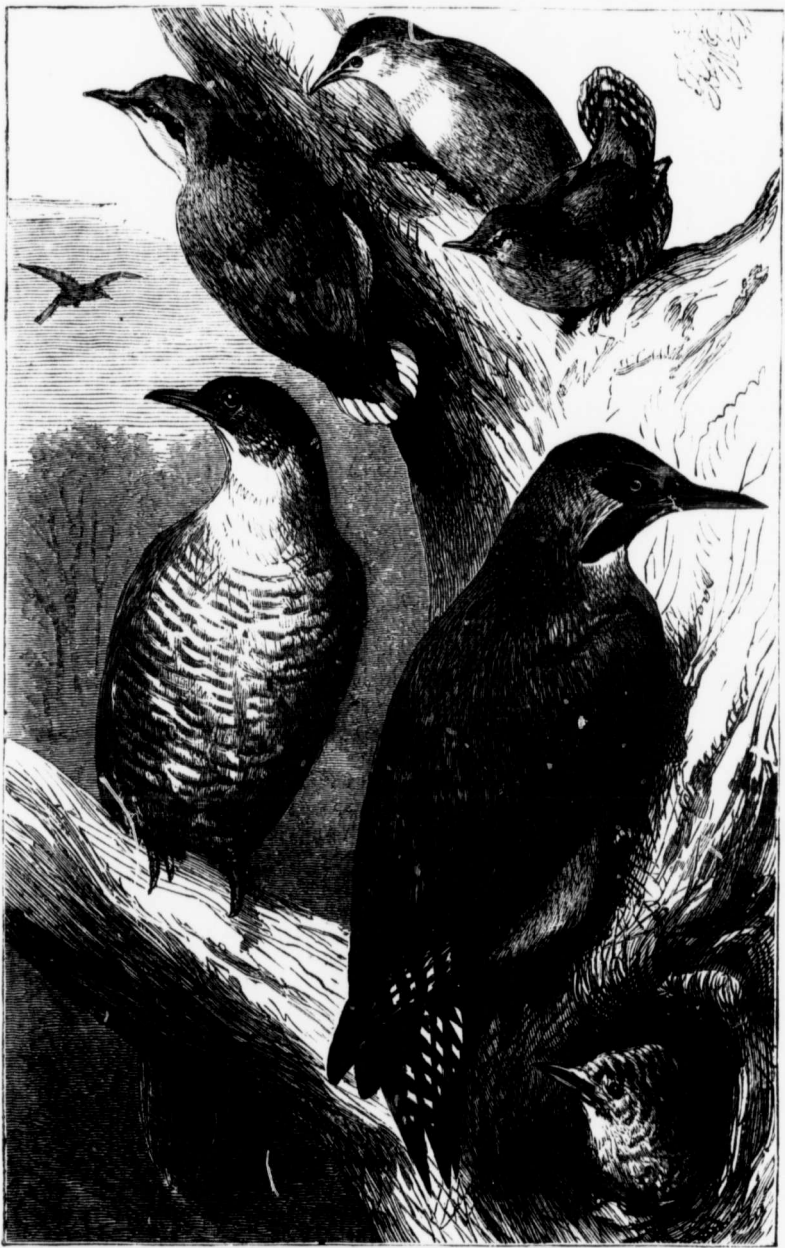
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Services.—Sundays, 7 P.M.

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Sunday School, 2.30 P.M., every Sunday.





WOODPECKER.  
WRYNECK.  
CREEPER.

NUTHATCH.  
WREN.  
CUCKOO.

WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.



## THE WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION ACT.

### VI.

WOODPECKER.  
WRYNECK.  
CREEPER.

NUTHATCH.  
WREN.  
CUCKOO.



WE should know how to value our native birds better if we understood more thoroughly the exact nature of their food, since it is in the consuming of this that their main usefulness consists.

It is not enough to point to certain groups and say, 'These are insect-feeders;' we ought to know what sort of insect each sort of bird prefers. We can, at all events, see that in every domain of insect life there are certain birds whose business it is to keep the inhabitants of that particular domain in check. For example, the insects living on the ground, or within easy reach, such as ants and caterpillars, are looked after pretty sharply by the Game birds; those of more subterranean haunts, like worms and the larger grubs, even if they escape the mole and the hedgehog, receive the attention of Rooks and Wag-tails at ploughing-time. It is the province of the Flycatchers and Swallows to keep the air clear of flies, gnats, and other winged creatures. The domain of trees and plants is under the supervision of other birds; the Titmice, for example, search for the leaf-rolling caterpillars and the more accessible denizens of the leaves, while the Woodpeckers undertake the management of such as infest the bark and lodge in the decaying portions of the wood. Such general distribution of bird-labour it is easy enough to see, but our knowledge ought to go further if we are fully to appreciate the great services of the birds. The sylvan Titmice have their hunting-ground in our gardens and coppices, while the aquatic ones confine their exertions to the water-insects of the river-side and marsh. It is probable that every species of tree and plant has its own particular insect plague, from the small caterpillar (*Tortrix viridana*), which is committing such ravages in the higher branches of the oak, to the 'fly' of the turnip and hop, or the aphid of the rose. Even the labour of keeping the air clear of its various swarms is curiously distributed among various creatures; the Flycatchers and Swallows undertaking, as we have already pointed out, the duty by day, the Bats and Owls by night. If inquiries were diligently prosecuted in this direction, it might possibly be found that for every tribe of specially noxious insect there is some bird or other to keep it under; and if this be so, a knowledge of it would tend to the protection of our native birds far more effectually than any Act of Parliament. The same observation would apply of course to the seed-eaters, as powerful instruments for the check of various tribes of weeds.

The fact that there are certain insect-feeders specially adapted to seek their food in situations inaccessible to others, is singularly illustrated by the Woodpeckers, of which we may regard the common Green Woodpecker as the best example, although there are two or three more of greater or less rarity. He is wonderfully constructed for his work, which is to destroy those insects which infest the bark and decaying portions of our fruit and forest trees. The better to cling to the trunk, his toes are arranged like a parrot's, two in front and two behind; his tail is composed of short, stiff, elastic quills, which provides him with an admirable support while at work. He further requires some strong sharp instrument to tear away the decaying bark, and excavate the rotten wood; and this he has in his black, horny bill, whose peculiar tapping is one of the common sounds of the woods. Nor is this all, for behind the bark are often deep fissures and cracks in the timber, where the insect tribes might well think themselves safe from attack. But, alas for them! his tongue is not the tongue of other birds, but thin, elastic, and capable of shooting out to twice the length of his beak, and provided, moreover, with a clammy secretion to which the insects stick. What a wonderfully adapted instrument the whole bird is for his peculiar work! and yet it is quite common to see his decaying remains nailed up with moles, hedgehogs, and other useful animals, against the barn-door—a dismal witness to the prejudice and ignorance of the gamekeeper.

Very similar in their habits to the Woodpecker, and equally entitled to the name of benefactors, are the Wryneck, Creeper, and Nuthatch. The first, a rare summer visitor, devotes itself chiefly to ants, and other ground creatures; while the Tree Creeper, a wonderfully delicate and shy little bird, is closely engaged in ridding the trunks and limbs of trees from their insect inhabitants. The Nuthatch, one of our prettiest forest birds, eats whatever the tree provides, insects, berries, or nuts. He must be a pattern of 'pluck,' according to the observation of one writer, who says, 'It displays the same fearlessness when captured and placed in a cage, losing no time in fruitless and sullen vexation, but, utterly regardless of being looked at, eats whatever food is supplied, and then proceeds deliberately to destroy its prison, piercing the wood-work, and effecting its deliverance from a stout cage of the ordinary make in a wonderfully short space of time.'

Like the Robin, the Wren stands in little need of State protection: he is too small to eat, too delicate to live in a cage, has no gaudy plumage to attract, and is, moreover, one of Old England's special pets. Besides being, like the Robin, exceeding sociable and fond of haunting the neighbourhood of houses and gardens, he is one of the few songsters which sing the winter through.

Volumes have been written about the Cuckoo, her singular method of escaping domestic duties affording boundless subject of speculation and observation to the ornithologist. For our own part we are quite content to have her as God made her, feeling quite sure that the strange instinct of putting out her eggs for other birds to hatch is wise and good, although we may not be able to understand it. How strikingly applicable to the Cuckoo is a part of that notice of the ostrich in the Book of Job:—'The pinion of the Ostrich exulteth, but hath she the fond wing and plumage of the Stork? . . . She is

hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers' (xxxix. 13, 16). We can forgive all her sins in this matter for the charm of her delicious voice, which well entitles her to the name of Queen of the Spring.

Had it been the design of the Act to protect those beautiful and rare visitors, whose wanton destruction is sometimes recorded in the papers to the shame of the perpetrators of the deed, the Hoopoe would assuredly not have been overlooked. A few of these charming birds annually seek our cruel hospitality. In confinement no creature displays such passionate affection for its master, as though it could not live without being fondled and caressed. No doubt this peculiarity led to the pretty fable of its kindness to King Solomon; a flock of them hovering over him as he travelled, to screen him from the scorching sun of the desert: but, alas! their heads were not as wise as their hearts were kind, for on his asking them to choose a reward, they foolishly begged for crowns of gold. The gift was granted, but soon turned to their destruction; for avaricious man perceiving it, sought and slew them in order to possess himself of the treasure, till at last they had again to come to the king, and bemoaning their fatal choice, received instead the crown of rosy plumes which is still their distinguishing ornament.

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## SEDGLEY MILL.

### A DISCOVERY.



HERE am I?' cried Mabel, as she opened her eyes and looked around. 'Am I still dreaming? for I thought I was a little child again, in my father's home at Sedgley Mill. Is it all true?'

'Hush, hush, dear!' I whispered, in alarm. 'You have not been well, and the good woman here has brought you in by her fireside. She is now gone to fetch you some milk.'

At this moment a door opened at the other side of the kitchen, which seemed to lead from another room, and some one entered.

I looked up, and saw an old man slowly advancing, leaning on his stick. At the sight of us he drew back in surprise, and, murmuring some apology for disturbing us, he turned away.

As I watched the tall figure, slightly bent with age, the silver hair, the still handsome, noble face, a thousand eager questions trembled on my lips. But I dared not move or speak, lest I should betray my secret—the mystery which I felt quite certain that I had discovered.

Who could this be but old Stephen Orcheston, Mabel's grandfather, whom she had so long believed to be dead?

I had not forgotten that the only evidence of his death had been the notice in an Australian paper, and the question had haunted me from the first: 'Who had sent that announcement?'

It may seem cruel of me not to have told Mabel my suspicions at

once, but this I could not do. My sole thought, my one aim, was to persuade the girl to return to Coombe Joscelyne with me at once. This adventure must never be known, both for the honour of the family in which I was an inmate, and for Mabel's own sake. I would tell her all, I would leave her choice free if I could, but not now—not now.



The Doctor said something in a low voice to Lady Caroline.

Meantime the good woman had returned with a glass of new milk but she looked vexed and flurried, for she seemed to have met her master. 'To think of master's coming upon ye unawares!' she exclaimed. 'Not but what he be often up betimes, and sure enough he be no ways angered.

"Dinah," says he, "the young maid yonder looks but weakly, and

not fit for much of a journey. See if they like to have the pony and cart to help them on their way a bit. Bill can drive them."'

I need not say how thankfully I received this suggestion.

Bill was found; the pony was caught and harnessed; and Mabel was carefully helped up into the cart. She was now feeling the reaction, after all her excitement, and was too weak and exhausted in mind and body to make any resistance.

I thanked Dinah warmly for her friendly help, and she said we were kindly welcome to it.

It was by this time nearly seven o'clock, and my plan was to be driven along the road outside the park to the nearest point where we could enter by a private path. But how long the time seemed to my impatience before we reached that corner, jogging along in the cart!

There was a gamekeeper's cottage not far from our destination, and we drew up close by; for I hoped that Bill, who seemed a stupid boy, would satisfy his curiosity with the belief that we were going to stay there. He opened his eyes at the half-crown which I gave him for his trouble, and drove off at a good pace, whistling as he went.

We waited till he was out of sight, and then I hurried Mabel through the wood, though I could scarcely support her trembling steps amidst the briars and tangled underwood. No words can express my thankfulness when at length we found ourselves safely within the door, unobserved I fondly hoped, for we had only seen a gardener at work in the lower part of the terrace.

The only person we met in the house was Susan, the old nurse, who had been quite devoted to Mabel from the first moment of her arrival, and to whom I would rather have confided our adventure than to any one else.

I briefly told her that we had been out walking, and were wet through. Would she dry our clothes and help me to take care of Miss Mabel, who, I much feared, had caught cold?

'And please don't mention it to any one, nurse,' I added; 'or we shall be thought so foolish.'

The good woman readily promised to say nothing, but she evidently thought I must have taken leave of my senses to choose such a stormy morning for a walk.

Poor Mabel was soon comfortably settled in bed, with nurse in charge of her; while I hastily changed my clothes and prepared to go down to breakfast as though nothing had happened.

I think that was the most heroic act I ever performed in my life, after the terrible night of anxiety and fatigue which I had gone through. I found Letty and her father at table. Since his niece's coming the Squire had generally taken breakfast with us; it was his only time in the day for a quiet talk with her, which he seemed to enjoy.

'Where is Mabel?' cried Letty, as I entered. 'I wonder why she is late this morning, for she is always down first. May I go and see after her, Miss Elliott?'

Without waiting for an answer, the impetuous girl was gone.

I could not touch any breakfast, and sat there in anxious suspense as to what awkward report the child might bring. We had not long to wait. Letty dashed into the room, exclaiming:--



'Oh, father! nurse says that Mabel is very poorly and feverish this morning. She thinks we had better send for the doctor!'

'Of course, of course!' replied Mr. Joseclyne, in the nervous, helpless manner, with which a man always hears of illness.

'Let Martin ride off at once to fetch Dr. Roberts. And tell him to come directly.'

She did not need to be told twice, but was off in a moment, and I saw her rushing out without her hat to save time by giving the order herself. When she was gone the Squire turned round to me:—

'Do you think there can be anything serious the matter, Miss Elliott?' he asked, anxiously.

'I hope not indeed, sir; but I will go to her at once.'

'Thank you; and see that the poor girl has all that she wants.'

It was an awkward position for me, as the governess, and I felt that I ought to say something.

'I have no doubt, sir, that Lady Caroline——'

'No, no!' he interrupted me, hastily, with a significant wave of the hand. 'See to her yourself, there's a good soul, and let me know what the doctor says.'

It was with no small feeling of anxiety and alarm that I hurried to Mabel's room after this conversation. Old Susan met me at the door with a reproachful face, which seemed to imply that I was to blame.

We shall have her laid up with a fever, poor lamb! She is so hot and restless. And you know, ma'am, the doctor'll be sure to ask us how it came about.'

Yes, I well knew that; and I felt painfully what a terrible responsibility I should be taking upon myself if I concealed anything.

I went to the bedside. The poor girl's cheeks were flushed and burning, and her hands were dry and feverish. I had seen a great deal of illness in my life, and I felt more and more anxious.

What should I do? If I only knew how to act for the best? I looked up and saw the old nurse watching me intently. The thought suddenly came to me that I would tell her all and ask her advice.

I remembered that probably she knew more about old times than anyone else, and would, therefore, better understand Mabel's feelings. Besides, she loved the girl for her mother's sake, and would keep the secret faithfully.

So I told her all,—just as I have written it down, and she listened to me with muttered exclamations of indignation or pity, until I spoke of the old man at Sedgley Mill.

'Why, sure now,' she cried, 'didn't you know that old Master Orcheston was alive? It oftentimes puzzled me that Miss Mabel has never asked after her grandfather.'

We had gone into the next room, which opened out of Mabel's, but I was afraid she might hear this; however, when I went in to look at her, she had fallen into a restless, uneasy sleep.

Then I turned back to old Susan with a strange feeling of excitement. I was right, then! I had known, or at least suspected it, from the first! But who had sent those false tidings to Ronald Orcheston, and thus condemned the poor father to those long years of living death? Should I ever unravel that mystery?

I briefly told the old nurse that Mabel had long believed her grand-

father to be dead, and I made her promise that she would not reveal the truth to the young girl until I gave her leave.

Just then the doctor was announced, and he shook his head and looked grave when, in answer to his inquiries, Susan told him that the young lady had been exposed to wet and cold.

'That does not seem to me to account for the symptoms,' he said, turning to me. 'She appears so nervous and excited that I should have said there had been some great shock to the system.'

'It is true that she has been disturbed in mind,' I replied.

Dr. Roberts was a gentleman, in mind and feeling. He noticed my hesitation, and hastily added:—

'That is quite enough, madam. I do not wish to ask any further questions. Will you kindly see that my directions are carried out, and that our patient is kept perfectly quiet and free from any excitement? If possible, I would avoid having any fresh faces in the room.'

At this moment the door opened and Lady Caroline entered. Directly Mabel caught sight of her she started, and half sat up in bed; then drew back again under the bed-clothes, shrinking and trembling.

The doctor looked at me. Was not the wisdom of his words proved at once?

Then, with ready tact, he said something in a low voice to Lady Caroline, who left the room with him.

Thus we two, the old nurse and myself, were left in undisputed charge of the sick-chamber, and for many days we watched over our darling, as she hung between life and death.

## THE GREAT SMITH FAMILY.



DISGUISED the name may sometimes be, but it is the most common name throughout all European countries. It does sometimes affect a spelling above the common, and appears as Smyth, Smythe, or De Smythe. It also in England assumes a Latin guise (from *ferrum*), and becomes Ferrier and Ferrars, one of the noble names of England, associated also with a tragedy not noble, either in its character or consequences. In Germany we have the Schmidts; in Italy, the Fabri, Fabricia, or Fabbroni. In France, the Le Febres, or Lefevres. Although most of the European languages adhere more closely to the old Northern name, even in Latin we have volumes in our library by Johannes Smithus, and we have seen in Italy Giovanni Smitti. The Spaniard's version of John Smith is Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hansmid; the French soften it into Jean Smeets; the Russian roughens it into Jouloff Smittowski. John Smith goes into the tea-trade with China, and then he becomes Jahon Shimmit. Among the Icelanders he is Jahne Smithson; among the Tuscaroras he is Tom Qu Smittia; in Poland, Ivan Schmittiaveiski; among the Welsh we are told they talk of Jihom Schmidd; in Mexico he is written down as Joutli F'Smitri; among the classical ruins of Greece he becomes Ion Sinihton; in Turkey he is almost lost sight of as Yoe Seef. Philology also assures us that those ancient names of the kings of Syria, Hadad and Benhadad, are the equivalents of our Smith

and Smithson, just as the term Pontiff or Pontifex points back to the time when the chief man was he who built bridges or constructed roads; so, at last, these and the like terms we have quoted came to be considered the proudest designations of the royal house; and when the usurper, the founder of another family, seized the throne, he assumed the same honoured titles associated with distinguished benefits conferred on the country. Such are some of the variations of this great family; but this is really only the commencement, the great stem, of the family tree. There are innumerable collateral branches—the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths; the Whitesmiths, Brownsmiths, the makers of the great old brown bills; the Arrowsmiths, the makers of the arrows; the Nasmyths, the makers of nails. There are also Spearsmiths and Shoemsmiths, and probably many more than we have the knowledge or time fairly to indicate; all, however, showing how large, and perhaps rather popular than princely, rather democratic than aristocratic, this family is and has been; how the smith not only stands with his hammer by the forge at the foundation of society, but how by his manifold works he is found through all the various ways by which society advances.—*Leisure Hour.*

## THE ONE WITH HER ARMS OUT OF BED.

**I**N the Ormond Street Children's Hospital a very little girl was dying, and the only chance of saving her life was to perform a very serious operation upon her. This was fixed for a certain morning. The night before, the doctor and nurse came round, and the doctor, thinking the child was asleep, said to the nurse, 'It will be a terrible job in the morning. I doubt if the little one can bear it.' When they had gone, the child called to the one in the next bed, and asked, 'Are you awake?'

The other said, 'Yes;' and she then asked, 'Did you hear what doctor said?'

Again the other said 'Yes.'

Then she said, 'I know I can't bear it. Oh! what shall I do?'

After a little while the other said, 'I know what I should do.'

'What?' said the little girl.

'I should pray to Jesus to help me,' was the reply.

'Yes, I will,' said the little sufferer; 'but there are such a lot of us here, how will He know which to come and help?'

After thinking a little, the other said, 'I know; put your arms outside the clothes, and tell Him it is that one that wants Him.'

So the poor little thing put her arms out, and, with her hands clasped together, prayed to Jesus to help her, and ended with these words,—'Please, it's the little one with her arms out of bed.'

An hour or so afterwards the nurse came round again, and found the little one with her arms out of the bed, and her hands held up together as in prayer. But she was dead. Jesus had come and helped her, and she had nothing more to bear. The child in the next bed told all that had passed between them, and the words she had heard the little dead child pray.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, Do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet,  
In lane, highway, or open street,  
That he, and we, and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above—  
That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That Death itself shall not remain—  
That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground beled.  
Yet if we will One Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
Shall issue out in heavenly day,

And we on divers shores now cast  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last,  
And ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more—they only miss  
The winning of that final bliss,  
Who will not count it true, that love,  
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.  
And one thing further make him know,  
That to believe these things are so,  
This firm faith never to forego,  
Despite of all that seems at strife  
With blessing, all with curses rife,  
That this is Blessing, this is Life.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

## 'WILL IT INJURE MY HEALTH?'

### PRACTICAL HINTS TO INTENDING ABSTAINERS.

BY E. SYMES THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.P.



PEOPLE often say, 'I tried Total Abstinence, but it did not suit me; and the doctor ordered me to take my customary stimulant.' Many other people tell us, on the other hand, 'I date my present good health from the time of giving up alcohol;' and 'Since I became a teetotaler I have rarely had a day's illness.' 'And,' continue these witnesses, with one voice, 'the statistics of Temperance Benefit Societies and Insurance Offices prove that health is better and life longer without than with the use of stimulants.' Which, now, of these experiences is to be regarded as the truth?

We are creatures of habit, and habits once formed are not easily broken. Take an example, the better to illustrate the experience of the men who have failed in health, as they tell us, when they left off beer, wine, and spirits.

Here is a person who has been accustomed to take a glass or two of beer with bread and cheese in the forenoon, and spirits at night. This man has no appetite for early breakfast, but by 11 a.m. he feels ready for his cheese and beer. He goes to a Temperance meeting and becomes an abstainer; he misses his customary 'night-cap,' sleeps restlessly, cares even less than usual for breakfast, cannot enjoy bread and cheese without his beer, so goes without food until he is too exhausted to eat, and takes nothing till tea-time, when he only takes a cup of tea and fragment of toast. Bed-time comes; but with it the grateful 'something hot' is denied, and the abstainer goes to bed to toss about in sleeplessness, the natural consequence of a day of starvation. Can we wonder that he says next day, 'Teetotalism does not suit my constitution?' If he is firm, his friends entreat him to desist, and, if need be, send for the doctor, whose natural observation is, 'You miss your customary supplies; you must revert to your usual plan, or you will have a serious illness.' If the abstainer, still dogged and determined,

refuses to accept this advice, the threatened illness comes; he is laid aside, and for the rest of his life asserts, 'I tried Teetotalism rigidly for a week; it nearly killed me: nothing will induce me to try it again.' Can you blame him?

But, we ask again, is such a result a necessary result of abstinence from fermented drinks? How, then, about the experience of all those other people who tried the same experiment and succeeded?

Take another example. Neither of these examples, observe, are drawn from the ranks of those people who try the experiment, intending to fail, and wish to prove, to their own or their friends' satisfaction, that they 'cannot do without.' We are taking the history of two equally honest men, who both meant to succeed, but only one of whom sets about the business with the wisdom which dwells with prudence.

Our new convert realises that he is about to undertake a difficult work, one needing his skill and practical experience. First, therefore, he secures the hearty co-operation of his home ones, without which his efforts will be uphill work indeed, for 'cold water' from his wife is enough to damp the ardour even of him who most eagerly craves 'a drink from the crystal spring.'

Under his directions, his wife at once lays in a supply of 'Liebig's meat extract,' of 'cocoatina,' some oranges, candied lemon-peel, some quassia chips, if he likes bitter things, and a bottle of 'pick-me-up,' made from a well-known recipe. She takes care that the water-cistern is cleaned, that a good filter is available, and that the water-bottles and tumblers are bright and clean. Thus prepared, he proceeds to carry out his plan—on a Sunday, perhaps—on the principle, 'The better the day the better the deed,' and also because it is easier then to modify daily routine. After the morning 'tub,' and two minutes spent in the fresh air, he comes in to breakfast, some specially-tempting delicacy being prepared for his taste. A pleasant and substantial meal is relished. Little need is felt for anything at eleven o'clock, and by one he is ready, with unspoiled appetite, to enjoy his Sunday dinner. The bright glass gives zest to the sparkling water, the well-cooked food and cheery conversation make the want of beer forgotten, and when an unexpected cup of coffee is set before him at the end of the meal the sense of virtue rewarded gives a completeness to this first banquet of the Angel Health.

But the demon worshipped by the ancients under the name of Bacchus is not to be dethroned in a day. The thoughtfulness which provided the morning and mid-day meals must not relax. After tea come supper and 'something hot.' Our new Teetotaler has something really warming—not a thing on the miserable system of some foreign bonds, which may pay some interest, but for that make you give up all your principal. He has—not alcohol, which makes him feel hot and yet cold, but hot cocoatina, or a cup of soup, readily made from 'Liebig,' or 'Whitehead's solidified soup squares,' which warms and nourishes him in a lasting way, giving him interest, and taking care of his principal, like good old English stocks.

Thus, after a day of good living, the bread-winner is prepared by a night of natural sleep to enjoy a good breakfast next morning, and make a good beginning with his week-day work.

The purpose of the present paper is thus very practical. It is simply to help a man to become a successful abstainer, simply to give a few 'homely hints' to those 'true yoke-fellows' who desire to bear the burden now pressing so sorely on many who, from varying reasons, are ill able to help themselves.

Is it possible, then, for anyone and everyone to become an abstainer without sacrificing health to the cause? Yes, if you will give instead a little daily thought, and care, and determination; if you will not be deterred by things that may give a little trouble; if you will give up the pleasant taste of wine and beer, and not mind the unpleasant task of being a little laughed at and thought odd. Your own health assuredly will not suffer, and you may win the high privilege of being set to cast out those special demons which only 'prayer and fasting' may exorcise.

To conclude our hints. One principle it is most important to master and act upon, if perpetual warring of pledge *versus* craving is to be prevented. Always anticipate the craving by supplying food before the craving occurs; thus preventing by anticipation what could not be readily cured if established. An orange, apple, or other fresh fruit, is often very helpful; or even dried peel (candied or not). Certain lozenges have a reputation for the same purpose, especially effervescent lozenges. Those made with cayenne substitute another kind of warmth for that caused by spirit. A bitter seems essential to many beer-drinkers. For such, an infusion of quassia-chips in cold water is useful. If porter has been the customary beverage, a teaspoonful or two of malt extract taken in the quassia infusion or in hot milk is a help in the weaning process. When a long course of excess of stimulant, with consequent destruction of natural appetite and deficient food supply, has lowered vital power and impoverished the blood, a strong preparation of iron is required.

By the help of such means, and new ones devised by the individual himself, the change may be accomplished without much hardship or difficulty. That there is some difficulty should not be concealed from any commencing abstainer. Friends interested in the success of the effort should see that means are provided to facilitate it, and that deterring influences are met and removed.—*Church of England Temperance Chronicle*.

## OUT IN THE WOODS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

OUT in the beautiful woods,  
I walked one day in the glorious time,  
When summer beauty was in its prime;  
When thick-laced branches overhead  
Were all with plentiful leaves o'erspread.  
The trees uprose so close, so high;  
Uprose from earth and hid the sky;  
Beyond, above their arch of green,  
Could nought of the light of day be seen.

British Magazine, June, 1877. — W. WELLS GARDNER, 2 Paternoster Building



OUT IN THE WOODS. 1

*How the Church was planted in Britain.*

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There came a wind, and it stirred the trees,  
They tossed their boughs to the sudden breeze ;  
And as they parted in fitful sway  
They let in a gush of the light of day,  
Out in the beautiful woods.


Out in the beautiful world,  
I said to myself, it is even so,  
Where many fair earth-born things upgrow ;  
They crowd so close, they reach such height,  
They shut God's Heaven out from our sight ;  
And it is not till their shade is riven  
By some kind stormy wind of Heaven,  
That ever a gleam of eternal Day  
May find to the soul of man its way,  
Out in the beautiful world.

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## HOW THE CHURCH WAS PLANTED IN BRITAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EARTH'S MANY VOICES.'

### VI.

BOUT the year 575, while Columba and his companions were carrying on their mission in the north, while the British Church was still a fugitive, while the Saxon idols were the gods of our land, Gregory, the monk of St. Andrew's, passing through the Roman market-place, saw the three beautiful Saxon boys, of whom the story has so often been told, standing for sale as slaves. When he heard from what distant and barbarous country they had come, and had exclaimed in pity at their benighted condition, and declared his belief that God would deliver them from His ire and convert them in His mercy, he went on his way homeward, considering in what manner he could offer himself to God as His means whereby to carry out His good purposes towards them. The way which seemed to him the most reasonable and right was that he should himself become their missionary, that he should himself, without loss of time, bear the message of the Gospel to pagan England. He laid his scheme, therefore, before the Bishop of Rome, and receiving his permission, he immediately set forth on his journey. He had been only three days on his way, however, when the Bishop recalled him, and he was compelled to return; the people insisting on his remaining at home, as he was, in many respects, too valuable a man for them to part with. His plan was thus, for the present, frustrated, but he still cherished both hope and resolution; for the conversion of England had been a purpose much in his thoughts long before the sight of the Saxon slaves had roused him to action, and he was not the man to be discouraged by hindrances, or to be turned by difficulties, from any project upon which he had set his heart.

Some fifteen years after this Gregory himself became Bishop of



Rome, and had it in his power to carry out his design, for which an opportunity, if he needed one, very soon occurred. A certain king of one of the seven Saxon kingdoms of England—King Ethelbert, of course a pagan—had married the daughter of the King of Paris. This Queen, Bertha, was a Christian, and on her marriage it was agreed that she should be allowed to follow her own religion with perfect freedom. King Ethelbert, who was a very noble-hearted man, observed his promise carefully; granting to the queen and her chaplain, an old French bishop, every privilege, and showing them every kindness, even giving them a church which, before the time of the Saxons, had been built close to the city of Canterbury, where the king now dwelt.

The good lives of these Christians caused them to be greatly beloved, and also gave both the king and his people a favourable impression of their religion; therefore, when some years had passed, the queen and her chaplain resolved to send to France and beg that a mission might be sent over. The French Bishops paid no attention to the request, therefore an application was made to the Bishop of Rome. Here, for the second time, was a call to Gregory to come forward to the rescue of our land, and having now the power, he answered it again gladly; at the same time justly reproaching the French bishops for their want of zeal in the good cause.

Gregory's first step was to endeavour to buy English youths who were for sale as slaves in foreign countries, to make them free, to Christianise and educate them, and then to return them free and enlightened to their own land, to enlighten their own countrymen. This plan seems for some reason, however, to have proved impracticable, therefore the good bishop tried another; and with Augustine, the prior of his own monastery of St. Andrew, as their leader, sent out a mission of forty chosen monks, priests, deacons, and laymen, good men and learned in the Scriptures.

It would seem, however, that the missionaries did not share the zeal of their bishop; for on arriving in France, and meeting there with an unfriendly reception, and hearing discouraging accounts of the Saxons, they were, as Bede says, 'seized with a sudden fear, and began to think of returning home, rather than proceed to a barbarous, fierce, and unbelieving nation, to whose very language they were strangers; and this, they unanimously agreed, was the safest course.' Augustine therefore retraced his steps to Rome, to endeavour to prevail upon Gregory to recall the mission; but 'he stood,' says Dean Hook, 'before one who having manfully risen above difficulties, to which the difficulties already encountered by the missionaries were as nothing, was unable to tender him sympathy, or even to understand his feelings;' and Augustine returned to his brethren unsuccessful, but bearing with him a letter from Gregory, exhorting them not to be discouraged by the toil of the journey nor the tongues of evil-speaking men, telling them that it were better not to have undertaken the work, than, having undertaken it, to forsake it, and reminding them that their labour would be followed by an eternal reward. This excellent letter, which begins, 'Gregory, the servant of the servants of God, to the servants of our Lord,' ends with the prayer that God would protect them and prosper them, granting that he might in the heavenly country see the fruits of their labour, 'inasmuch as, though I cannot labour with you,

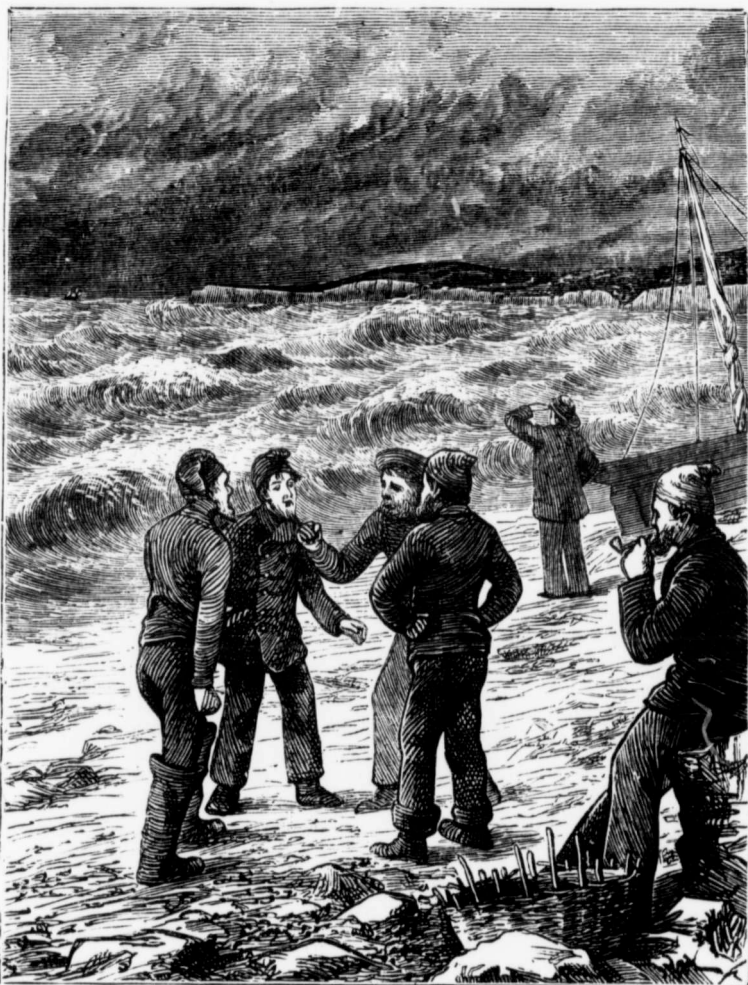
I shall partake in the joy of the reward, because I am willing to labour.'

In addition, however, to his words of advice and encouragement, the wise and considerate Bishop sent them some useful help on their journey, in letters of introduction to those princes and great personages in France through whose territories they might pass; and he also gave them interpreters, that they might no longer be under the disadvantage of being unable to communicate freely in speech with the strangers around them.

The missionaries thus cheered and strengthened, now continued on their way with bolder hearts, encountering but surmounting many difficulties, until at last they reached the sea-coast where they were to embark for England. 'When they looked upon the billows of the British Channel,' says Dean Hook, 'they regarded them as less inhospitable than the French, through whom they had fought their way, and felt their courage revive when their preacher repeated the words of our Lord: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit eternal life."' 'On the east of Kent,' says Bede, 'is the large Isle of Thanet, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families, divided from the other land by the Wantsum, which is about three furlongs over, and fordable only in two places, for both ends of it run into the sea. In this island landed the servant of our Lord, Augustine, and his companions, being, as is reported, nearly forty men.' Amongst them were Laurentius, the trusted friend of Augustine, and the young and sweet-voiced Honorius, Peter the monk, and Jacob the deacon; all of these to wear a name in history, and two of them to succeed their leader, the one immediately, and the other after an interval of many years, in presiding as Archbishops of Canterbury over the Church which they were about to establish.

The exact spot in the Isle of Thanet on which the missionaries landed it is now impossible to accurately determine. 'They landed,' writes Dean Hook, 'in the Isle of Thanet, but whether at Ebbesfleet, or at the spot called Boarded Groin, or at Stonor, near Sandwich, or at Retesburgh, the local historians are unable to inform us.' 'Where now are broad green fields,' says Dean Stanley, 'were then the waters of the sea. The tradition that some landing took place there (at Ebbesfleet) is still preserved at the farm, and the field of clover which rises immediately on its north side is shown as the spot.'

The settlement of this question as to the whereabouts of the landing, interesting as it is, is, however, less interesting and certainly less important than the results which followed; in introducing us to which Bede writes that the missionaries, 'sending to Ethelbert, signified that they were come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured to all that took advantage of it everlasting joys in Heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king having heard this, ordered them to stay in that island where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them.'



## BUTTONS.

**H**EAVY billows burst upon the shore, so roughly that even the hardy fishermen did not put off to sea. Idle, therefore, they lounged in a group and grumbled, then quarrelled noisily, and almost came to blows. As a little lad, I joined the crowd to see what it was all about, this angry disputation. The fight was about nothing else than this—the proper kind of *buttons* for a sailor's jacket!

Meantime, one solitary, weather-beaten tar, apart, was looking out to seaward, shading his eyes from the spray-drift with his hand; and suddenly he shouted, 'Look! there's a ship cast ashore on the reef!' At once a loud cry rose from every voice—'To the life-boat! the life-boat!' Instantly we all rushed down to the boat, eagerly jumped in,

and pulled away cheerily; and after doing our duty to the stranded ship we all came back safe, with grateful hearts.

But what a motley crew had we become in the hurry of danger and the strenuous work of saving! Some of us with jackets 'outside-in,' some with no sleeves, some in jackets not our own, some with no jackets at all.

And what about the *buttons*? They were utterly forgotten. Are there no social buttons, no philanthropic buttons, no religious buttons, the little points we can wrangle about when idle, but which must be forgotten when we join our hearts and hands in helping the stranded ones, and in saving shipwrecked souls?

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## THE UNEXPECTED DIFFICULTY.

**M**R. BLANK was a merchant, who had carried on business in a large town for upwards of thirty years. He was unmarried, kept a very small establishment, having only one aged female servant, and maintained his household expenses within the very smallest limits. He was equally careful of his money in other ways; whatever was the object for which you applied to him, whether it was to relieve the poor, or to aid some school, or promote religious efforts, the answer was invariably the same—he had 'nothing to spare.'

His business, which was also carried on with the greatest economy, was all he seemed really to care for, and to this he was devoted, never being absent during the hours when his warehouse was open.

Perhaps I ought to add, that there was one other subject which occupied his mind, but it was only to a very slight extent when compared with his devotion to business,—to getting and saving money. This other subject was politics; but, as might be expected, his sympathies were all with what was narrow, illiberal, and unjust. Yet he was respected in a certain way, as all men are who are supposed to be making money, and who, to use the world's language, 'know how to keep it.' And again, what was really surprising, Mr. Blank came regularly to the house of God. Whoever was absent, he was not. Look when you would at that part of the gallery where his seat was, and he was sure to be occupying it. Of course, his religion stopped with his outward attendance, and went no further than sitting or standing in his pew. To attend the Lord's Table, to speak on religious subjects, or even to kneel when prayer was offered, were all as foreign to his religion as if they belonged to the practices of the Hindoos or the paganism of the South Sea Islands. His religion, indeed (if it is not profane thus to use the word), was only part of his worldly life and a sort of adjunct to his politics; anything beyond that, anything to affect the soul and change the life, he neither knew nor wished to know. Such was Mr. Blank, such the man whom one day I was unexpectedly requested to visit. He was said to be unwell, but only slightly ailing, and therefore I was the more surprised at the summons.

I was admitted into the house by the old servant, who said her

master was in his room, but sitting up, and that I might go to him. He was reading the newspaper, which, as I entered, he laid down on the bed and received me with great civility, though not without a degree of embarrassment. He said he had got a troublesome toe, which, after giving him pain for a considerable time, had at last laid him up; or rather, that the surgeon he had consulted, contrary to his will, had insisted on his being laid up, and so for the ten days past he had kept his room. He added, that he was sorry I had been troubled to come to him, but that an old friend of his had so begged that I might be sent for, he had consented in order to meet his impotunity. He hoped, however, soon to be out, and at his warehouse again as usual.

Of all cases which a minister in the discharge of his serious and responsible office has to attend to, perhaps none are so trying and difficult as those of whom Mr. Blank was one. After a long experience of similar instances, however, I have found that the best way is to open the Word of God as soon as possible, read a portion in the spirit of inward prayer, and in the same entire dependence on the blessed Spirit's aid, go on to speak with reference to the passage, pointing out its meaning, and, so far as the temper and disposition of the patient will allow, applying the teaching to his own particular case; and then, as soon as this is done, to kneel down and offer prayer, making mention of his special needs. So I did on the present occasion, and then, after asking to be allowed to come again, took my departure. And much the same was the history of several other visits which followed. Mr. Blank looked no worse, and seldom complained of his foot, but did complain of his medical men (for he had now a physician as well as the surgeon) keeping him so long confined. He allowed me to read and pray, but if I endeavoured to lead the ordinary conversation, which he was willing to carry on, into a more serious channel, and with a special religious application to himself, it was evidently anything but palatable. I might read and explain, but he would make no reply to any direct appeal. The truth was, he was expecting soon to go back to the world and to business, and I was only tolerated as a matter of decency and civility.

But the old housekeeper said one day, as I was leaving, that the doctors had left word that they should be glad to see me if I could arrange to pay my next visit about the time of theirs. I accordingly did so, and waited for them in the room below while they saw their patient upstairs. They came down and joined me, and the physician explained that Mr. Blank's case had become hopeless, that the disorder was gangrene, and that the time had come when he ought to be made aware of the gravity of his state, and that knowing I was in attendance, they judged it best that the painful announcement should be made by me.

They took their leave, and I mounted the stairs. What an office to discharge! I have often had to do it, and always felt, I suppose, as a judge does in passing capital sentence on a criminal, but I never felt the task more difficult and painful than on this occasion. What made it worse was that Mr. Blank had evidently no notion of the real character of his disorder—whether because the medical men felt the peculiar mental unpreparedness of their patient for the disclosure, or that they had deemed it, on physical grounds, right to abstain from

expressing their growing conviction of his danger—it was clear that he was wholly ignorant of it. He received me quite cheerfully, began to talk on some matter of news which he had previously seen in the paper, and I had a little difficulty in bringing him to let me read as usual. Then it was, that after the reading, instead of the usual comment, I turned to the subject of his disorder, and expressed my serious concern in respect of it. He replied, saying he hoped soon to be all right, and when I again spoke gravely, he only met it with another decided expression as to his speedy recovery.

It was then, after inward prayer, that I said I was sorry to have to give him my very decided opposite conviction; that I feared not only that his disorder was most serious, but that it was to be fatal.

Never can that next moment fade from my memory. The unhappy man started up from his recumbent position as though a bullet had passed through his body, and with a countenance of the most intense surprise and horror exclaimed, 'Good God! what do you say? You don't mean I am going to die?' His frightful emotion almost took away from me the power of utterance, but I managed to say that I was delivering the opinion, the positive opinion, of the medical men, and that I was doing it at their request. The face which had been ashy white now turned almost purple; he stared at me with an eye wild with terror, and then the muscles of the face gradually relapsed, and with an expression of anguish not to be described, he burst like a child into convulsive sobbing and tears. I knelt down and prayed, but he little heeded; he wept incessantly.

'Oh!' said he, as I rose up, 'what must I do? what must I do? I have never thought of dying! Are you sure? is it not a mistake? Can't the doctors do aught for me? won't they try?'

I endeavoured to soothe him; spoke of the common lot; of the better world; of the mercy of God and the redemption in Christ Jesus, and the all-sufficient efficacy of His blood, and I was hoping that, at last, he was going to receive these important truths into his heart, when he suddenly broke out, as though the thought just struck him, 'What is to become of what I have saved? what must I do? I've lived for it! It was all I cared for! I have been getting it and saving it all my life, and now what is to become of it? *I don't know what to do with it!* Oh, Mr. — *what must I do with my money?*'

Yes, reader, this foolish, miserable man, had saved ten thousand pounds, and now he would have been happier if he had not possessed as many farthings. He had not a single near relative, nor any one that he really cared for in the world; he had refused to help the poor and the needy; he had been deaf to the appeals of religion; he had lived for money, and for money only, and this was the end!

Within about a week after this the housekeeper, going into his room at seven in the morning (he would not allow anyone to sit up with him), found him cold and dead. He had passed away, with no one nigh to soothe his parting spirit or to close his eyes.

I had visited him in the meanwhile; he was more attentive, but his will-making and the disposal of his money were sorely in the way, and it was difficult to keep his mind close to religious subjects, all the more so because the insidious character of his disorder partly blinded him as to the imminence of his danger. It was one of those cases

which a minister has to leave with God,—on which he can say nothing. But I felt, as I read the Burial Service at his funeral, that the words which occur in the opening psalm might have been written purposely for the poor man, whose dead body we were about to lay in its last cold bed; they thrilled through me as I pronounced them :—

‘MAN WALKETH IN A VAIN SHADOW, AND DISQUIETETH HIMSELF IN VAIN; HE HEAPETH UP RICHES, AND CANNOT TELL WHO SHALL GATHEI THEM.’—*Ps. xxxix. 7.*

## Short Sermon.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND EDMUND HOBHOUSE, D.D., BISHOP.

### ‘BE THOU PERFECT.’

Gen. xvii. 1.—‘*The Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.*’



OW often do we offer our petition, ‘that we may show forth God’s praise by giving up ourselves to His service, and by walking before Him all the days of our life!’

The charge to Abram in our text cannot, then, fall on our ears as one that has nothing to do with us, for it will remind us that we are all bound, by profession, to walk before God, as much as the patriarch, and bound to aim at that perfection which is the proper fruit of an upright, God-fearing walk.

See, then, what helps we can find to understand this walking before God.

Looking at the Old Testament, we find it noted as the mark of some of God’s most faithful servants. ‘Enoch walked with God’ (Gen. v. 24). ‘Noah walked with God, and was a just man, and perfect in his generations’ (Gen. vi. 9). And then, as in our text, Abraham is charged ‘to walk before God, and be perfect,’ and by so walking he earned the special title of ‘Friend of God.’

Such, then, were the men of old who walked before God, and yet of two out of these three we know that their walk was not without stumbling. However few the false steps may have been, there were some, and those led to falls.

‘Walk before God’ seems, then, to say to us: ‘Do all as in His sight; hide not either wish or motive. Think not that either wish or motive can lie hidden from That Eye. Tread boldly where He would have thee go. There may be stones of stumbling in the path, but walk on in fearless trust; and even if thou shouldst stumble, the Good Hand is near to raise thee up, and to order thy goings.’

And now consider what the tender child’s walk before its parent is, and so gather some help to see the manner of our walk before God.

The child’s walk is feeble and tottering, each step taken in fear and trembling, and with a hand outstretched for the upholding and guiding of a stronger arm. The untutored foot is easily tripped up by the smallest stumbling-block, but the falls, if many, are not grievous.

They are the falls of feebleness, not of wilfulness. They are looked for ; they are pitied, not blamed, unless the child has guilefully slid away from the parent's sight. As long as the child is walking before its elder's eye in the path of his showing, all its totterings and all its falls are reckoned for pity, and not for blame ; they are so many claims for a father's hand to support. He knows that each fall is part of the schooling which leads at last to perfection.

Or see the meaning of 'Walk before God' in its contrast, in the very opposite—in the twisting, crooked, sly-purposed, double-faced character—in the Balaam of Old Testament, trying to serve the two masters of Self and God ; plotting, if possible, to make interest and duty meet in one ; and if they will not, then willing to shirk duty and to serve self-interest under as decent a cloak as can be thrown over it. This is the 'eye-service' of the 'man-pleaser' whom St. Paul speaks of—just the opposite of the 'singleness of heart, pleasing the Lord ;' 'with good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men.'

Such a walk would never be the 'walk before God, and be perfect ;' for, even if it never led to an open fall, it would be altogether a walk without God: not as *in* His sight, but as shunning it; not *in* His ways, but right contrary. Better fall a thousand times from ignorance and infirmity, as the weak child of God stumbling in the world's rough paths against hidden snares, than walk guilefully with a dissembled uprightness, wandering in heart whilst the outward man seems to be treading the safe path.

See, then, that the 'walk before God' is the way to 'be perfect.' To know what the one means leads us close up to the meaning of the other.

'Be perfect' means, 'Be perfect in aim, in desire, in hope.' 'Be perfect in motive,' that is, in the heart-spring of your actions, if you cannot be perfect in practice.

You know well that all our actions have a root as well as a fruit ; a root out of which they grow as well as a fruit unto which they ripen. By their fruit alone can man judge of our actions ; by their root God judges them. Now that root is what we call the motive. It is the heart-spring of the action, the love or the hatred, the spite or the good-will, which sets it going and gives it birth. From this, in God's sight, the action takes its whole colour and character, good or bad.

Now surely we can attempt this much at least. We can try to be perfect in motive. Doubtless this was Noah's and Abraham's perfection. Abram was perfect ; not because every act of his was perfectly good, but because his ruling motive was God's glory, because he lived as in God's sight, wished for no fault to go unseen, longed in soul for God's favour as his present help and his final reward in eternity.

And may not we in this way try to be perfect likewise ? Surely we may. Even whilst our feet are daily stumbling ; even whilst our daily shortcomings vex and grieve and humble our hearts ; even whilst our knees are all too feeble to climb the steeper paths of the cross-bearing life, we may be perfect in motive, clear in view, single-eyed, one-purposed, straightforward, serving God in the known duties of our vocation with thanksgiving ; not thinking, as men-pleasers, how will our conduct look outside, but thinking, as God-pleasers, how does it look, judged by its motive, before the Judge of all the earth.



'Be perfect,' remember, was not said only to such as Abram. It was said, it is said, to such as you and me, by One who knows our infirmities and imperfections better than we do ourselves.

'Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' This was our Lord's own saying to such as ourselves, and to ourselves.

It was, indeed, repeating the charge to Abram, 'Walk before Me,' wherein we find the clue to the way which leads to perfection.

To set before us the perfect pattern of God's goodness, to follow it with a perfect desire of getting nearer to it without any by-ends, self-serving, or vain-glory : this is our perfection, counted to be such by a merciful One who weighs in His just balances the infirmity of our tempted and feeble nature.

Consider yourselves, then, to be walking as children of a Heavenly Father ; children of feebleness and infirmity, strong only in reliance on the Stronger Arm, and safe only under His guiding eye. Lean on His arm, keep to His path, watch His steps, tread where He trod (you have the footsteps of the perfect Son of God manifest in the flesh to guide yours), then you shall be counted to have reached the child's measure of perfection.

For the child is counted perfect if he follows his father's ways and aims at his likeness, *after his measure*, allowing for the difference of his age, size, and strength. When we say that a child is perfectly like his father, we mean that he is like according to the measure of his age, his abilities, and condition ; and the same do we mean when we say to any creature of flesh and blood, 'Be thou perfect, even as thy Father in Heaven is perfect.'

Thou art perfect, then, my brother in Christ, if thou art ever aiming to be more perfect, learning thy weakness from thy falls, humbled by thy failures, driven to seek the Unseen Help. Thou art perfect, in spite of all thy child's feebleness and tottering, if thou art truly walking before God, with no motive but His glory, nothing in view but His narrow path, no side-glances, no longing to escape from that, no end to reach but His holiness, and finally, His rewarding presence.

O let us comfort each other with these thoughts, lest we faint in our minds when we think of the lofty aims that God has placed before us, and of our own sad and disheartening shortcomings ! Henceforth let neither the loftiness of our calling nor the littleness of our performance fill us with dismay, if only we find that our motives are growing purer, our eye more single, our desire to please God more unmingled, and our pleasure in being used as instruments of His glory, be it only in patient suffering, more unalloyed.

Then may we hope that His Fatherly goodness may lead us on through the lower stages of earthly perfection, even as it led His saints of old, Enoch, Noah, Abram, till with them, and with all the spirits made perfect in Heaven, we may be freed from the imperfections of the flesh, and be called to serve Him as His perfected saints do in His perfect kingdom.



## *Good Sayings for every Day in the Year.*

### JUNE.

1. While the artist paints the rose she yields him her scent.
2. We should treat our servants as remembering that our Master once served.
3. God draws near to man; should not man draw near to God?
4. I would rather have one friend in a book than many acquaintances.
5. Wisely to know some books, most must consent not to know many.
6. All lies are equally sin, but all are not equal sins.
7. Relationship bringeth not so near of kin as religion.
8. Jealousy is rather of self-love than love.
9. Let not your life be a hurricane.
10. Christ, loving, is unloved; man, loved, is unloving.
11. Nothing is greater upon earth than the mind that desires not earthly greatness.
12. Deny not the right-heartedness within because you see the light-heartedness without.
13. We have not time enough for hurry.
14. On graves of dishonour cast looks of regret, not words of reproach.
15. When thy counsel would unloose the loop, beware lest it fasten the knot.
16. Better keep thy substance for the service of God, than serve God to keep thy substance.
17. Christian harmony is a divine science.
18. I will not use another's life as a microscope for his faults.
19. I would have him who enters my house think more of its master than its furniture.
20. To train a virtue is not seldom to restrain it.
21. If you have only your 'I,' you will die on it impaled.
22. Those are no true watches which point not duly to the last hour.
23. What does God think of my thoughts?
24. When a man's life can lighten, his words will thunder.
25. Many an abuse might be made a use.
26. If you can't bear the dust of the age you must keep behind the age.
27. Confess Christ and confess to Christ.
28. Be thine own sentinel.
29. None have the strength of great love who have not the power of deep grief.
30. The Foundation Rock supposes a superstructure.