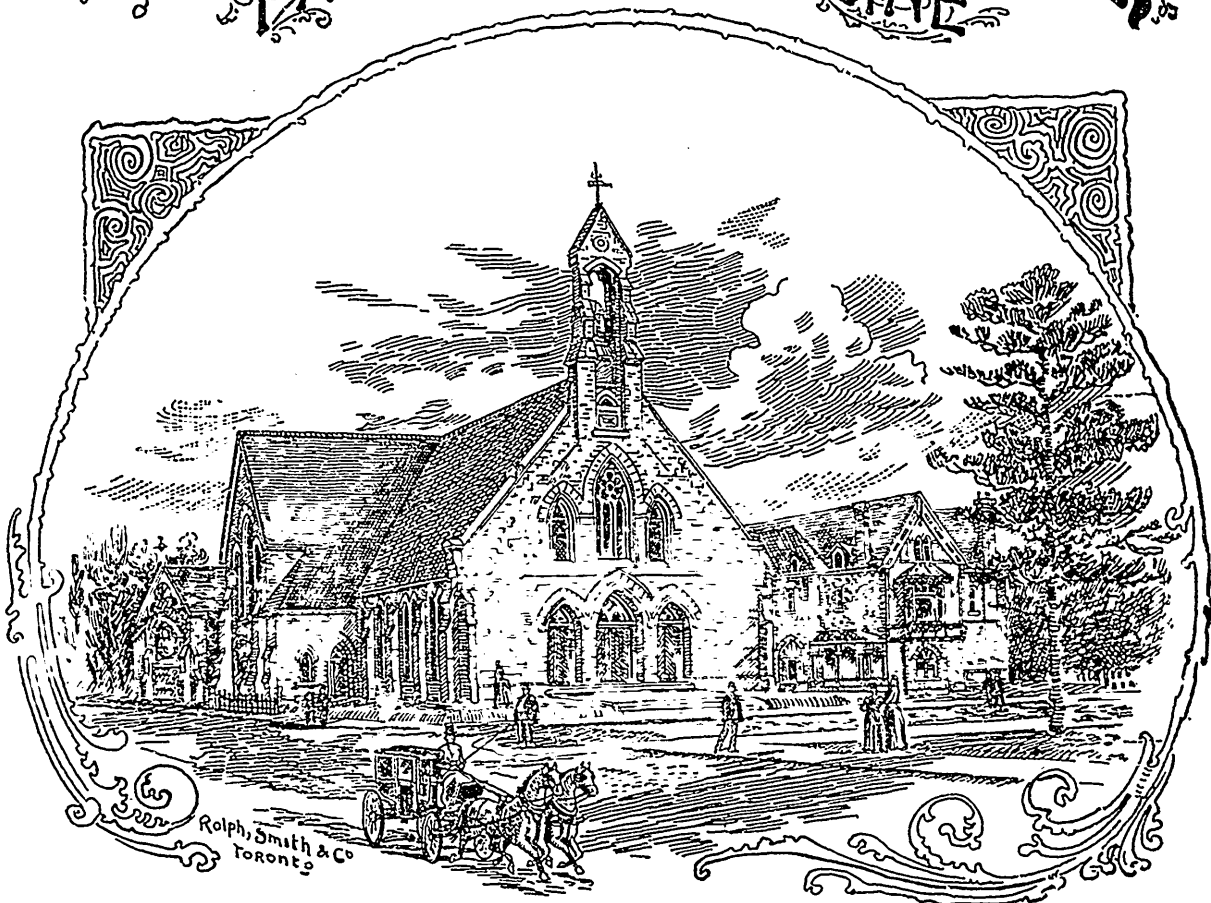


# Church of The Redeemer PARISH MAGAZINE



VOL. I

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1892

No. 10

RECTOR.—REV. SEPTIMUS JONES, M A., RECTORY, 160 BLOOR STREET WEST.

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 " " 8 a.m., every other Sunday.  
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 Sunday School, 3 p.m.  
 Adult Bible Class, 3 p.m.  
 Wednesday Service, 8 p.m., in School House.

**CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.**

Monday—Men's Bible Class, 8 p.m.  
 St. Andrew Brotherhood, 1st Monday of each month, 8 p.m.  
 Monday—Girls' Friendly Society at 8 p.m., every Monday.  
 Tuesday—Young People's Association, each alternate Tuesday, 8 p.m.  
 Wednesday—Mothers' Meeting, 3 p.m.  
 Teachers' Meeting and Bible Class, 7 p.m.  
 Thursday—Women's Auxiliary to Missions, 3 p.m.  
 Friday—Boy's Bible Class, 7:30 p.m.  
 Saturday—Busy Workers, (Jr. Br. Women's Aux.) 10 a.m.  
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# Parish and Home.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1892.

No. 21.

## CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

### LESSONS.

- 7-8th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*.—1 Chron. 29, v. 9 to 29; Rom. 7. *Evening*.—2 Chron. 1, or 1 Kings 3; Mat. 20, v. 17.
- 14-9th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*.—1 Kings 10, to v. 25; Rom. 11, v. 25. *Evening*.—1 Kings 11, to v. 15, or 11, v. 26; Mat. 24, to v. 29.
- 21-10th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*.—1 Kings 12; 1 Cor. 1, v. 26 and 2. *Evening*.—1 Kings 13 or 17; Mat. 27, to v. 27.
- 21—St. Bartholomew, A. & M. *Morning*.—Gen. 28, v. 10 to 18; 1 Cor. 4, v. 18 and 5. *Evening*.—Deut. 18, v. 15; Mat. 28.
- 28-11th Sunday after Trinity. *Morning*.—1 Kings 18; 1 Cor. 8. *Evening*.—1 Kings 19 or 21; Mark 2, v. 23 to 3, v. 13.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION.

AUGUST 6TH.

O MASTER, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee;  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
Those glorious saints of other days  
Who once received on Horeb's height  
The eternal laws of truth and right;  
Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

O Master, it is good to be  
With Thee and with Thy faithful three,  
Here where the apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's stock;  
Here where the son of thunder learns  
The thought that breathes and word that  
burns;  
Here where on eagle's wings we move  
With Him whose last, best creed is love.

O Master, it is good to be  
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee;  
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light Divine;  
Till we, too, change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be  
Here on the holy mount with Thee;  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly Voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice  
Though love wax cold and faith be dim—  
"This is My Son, O hear ye Him."  
—Dean Stanley.

For PARISH AND HOME.

## FARMING AND FARMERS.

Why is it that so many young men despise farming? Why is it that farmers' sons are flocking from the country

into the cities? That this is the case the recent census clearly shows. The larger a city becomes the more attractive power it possesses. Union is strength. A large community compressed into a small compass must carry out more systematically the principle of division of labour, hence there is more variety of work. This in itself is attractive to young men. There being so many different kinds of work there seems to be more chance of getting on. Then again this variety in work causes variety in the social life. Different kinds of people seek their pleasure in different ways. A city young man has presented to him a vast variety of social attractions, lawful and unlawful. Thus he looks down upon those who live in the country. All this has its effect upon the young men of the country. They turn their eyes wistfully from the old farm towards the distant city, so dazzlingly bright, waiting their chance to go. Some no doubt get on well in the city, but the proportion of those who fail is far greater in the city than in the country. And so we find young men who might be living a healthy, manly life on the farm, free from anxious care, contented and happy—we find such, who have forsaken the country for the city, where?

Some we find keeping a little shop, vainly endeavouring to compete with hundreds of others, hoping to win custom by giving long credit, getting more and more hopelessly entangled in debt.

Some we find in a factory, where all day long they form a bit of human flesh between two pieces of machinery. Some we find in the furnace-room, where their whole duty is to shovel in coal, sweltering with the heat and begrimed with the dust. Some we find digging in the drains of our city, while others we find begging their bread with the pitiable cry, "I'm out of work." Let the young farmer think well before he abandons his farming for city life.

Farmers form the backbone of a country. Farm products are the necessities of life. The price of food regulates the price of everything else.

Farmers from their occupation of land are more closely bound to a country than any other class. A mechanic can pass readily from one country to another. A merchant has the world to trade with, and where he trades his business may lead him to more. It has always been found in any great crisis that a country falls back upon the farmers. They, after all, are the most necessary, they are the most patriotic.

Then, again, without any reflection upon the commercial and industrial classes, the occupation of the agricultural class is such as to create a tendency not only towards a conservative spirit, which has its good features as well as its bad, but also a tendency towards religion—not that we can say that farmers are more religious than others, but they are less sceptically inclined. As a class they are more manifestly dependent upon nature, and so upon the God of nature, than any other. When the mechanic ceases to work he ceases to produce. When the merchant ceases to sell he ceases to gain. When the farmer, after his day's toil, lies down to rest, his grain is growing, watered by the dew of heaven.

But to come back to the economic point of view. Every man must make a living. The cry goes up from our Dominion that various trades and occupations are over-crowded. For example, numbers of small shop-keepers find it impossible to compete with larger establishments. What is to be done! Undoubtedly the prosperity of our country calls loudly for this, a renewed interest, an awakened zeal in agricultural matters.

In our country Sunday-schools, when the boys repeat the words of the Catechism, "To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me," it might not be amiss to point out to them that one of the healthiest, most useful, and most honourable callings to which it is possible for them to be called is that of tilling the soil and becoming a co-worker with God—an intelligent Christian farmer.

In seeking the cause why so many

young men give up farming, it is only fair to state that many have not been justly dealt with by their fathers, on whose farm they have worked. The distant prospect of inheriting the farm by-and-bye—perhaps with a heavy mortgage on it—is not enough, there must be some system of honest pay for honest work—or better still, a strictly apportioned share in the products of the farm or the profits of the year. Otherwise the son will naturally prefer to work for strangers. Let this injustice be remedied. Let our country lads be taught the nobility of the farmer's calling. Let their eyes be opened to see that all that glitters in city life is not gold, and a new era of prosperity will dawn upon our land. Fewer big fortunes it may be here and there, but more widespread contentment and happiness with fewer failures in business and fewer sad wrecks among our young men.

F. H. DUVERNET.

#### A LIVING LADDER.

MOST of us remember an interesting story which appeared in the newspapers. A house was on fire; two men at the fourth story window appeared; they were half stifled with smoke; no one could reach them; the greatest ladder proved too short to reach the height. But the firemen put what they had straight up in the air, and a brave fellow started for the top of it; it leaned against the bricks safely, but clear below the scorching men; then he shouted for a shorter ladder, and they passed it up and he tied it on, but even then he could not reach them. Time was hurrying, and the desperate flames were dashing and roaring nearer; then that courageous man undid the cords, took that short piece of ladder up on his own living shoulders, and thrust it powerfully against the window-sill; that was enough: now the scorched men came along slowly down over him—his shoulders, his hips, his knees, stepping across his body, one after another, till they touched the long ladder below and were safe. That fireman spliced the ladder out with the limbs of a living man when the mere wooden instrument proved too short for the awful need.

And if those grateful creatures, saved in this unusual way, had in the years which followed been asked what saved them, they would have answered

that it was a most gloriously brave deed and a quick and ingenious plan which had taken them from the sure fire by death; and if they had made canes and boxes out of the timber, as sailors have out of the masts and boats which they remembered, we should have pardoned their enthusiasm. But no one can doubt that they would have said, as they looked at their preserver, "There! the best four rounds in that ladder were the limbs of that human friend who stands there: we were saved by the living splice!"—*Christian at Work.*

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### "SORROW ENDURETH FOR A NIGHT, BUT JOY COMETH WITH THE MORNING."

My heart went out in yearning,  
I clasped my hands before me,  
Whilst, like the shadows of my life,  
The shades of eve fell o'er me.

In fold on fold of grayness  
They fell and deepened round me,  
I almost thought I felt their weight  
As like a cloak they wound me.

From head to foot they wrapped me,  
The outside world was hidden,  
And—not for this, but what it typed,  
The quick tears came unbidden.

The clouds whose shadows reached me  
Had each a silver lining,  
And by-and-bye would roll away  
And shade be turned to shining.

But now my faithless vision  
Saw but the shades which bound me,  
Nor would believe there could be light  
Above, before, around me!

Ah, how God's love rebuked me!  
'Tis but an old, old story  
How moon and stars their kingdom claim,  
And gloom is turned to glory.

But to my heart that evening,  
It came with new revealing  
Of mortal lack of sight and faith  
In God's all-loving dealing.

Or soon or late, the shadows  
Which cloud our life's short story,  
His loving hand will brush aside,  
And gloom be turned to glory.

If not before, most surely  
When, through death's friendly portal,  
Our faltering mortal steps have passed  
To life and light immortal.

—A. M. ARDAGH.

MR. JAY and John Newton were one day speaking about the conversion of the heathen, when the latter replied to some remark, "My dear brother, I never doubted the possibility of the conversion of the heathen since God converted me."

#### HAPPY LIVES

ONE day, as I was entering a railway station, I met a handsome carriage rolling away, and sitting in it was a young girl of eighteen or twenty, fashionably dressed, having a look of discontent on her otherwise pretty face which was sad to see. I recognized her as one who had apparently all gifts of fortune, but who, I knew, was singularly unpopular with other young people of her own set. As I looked at the restless, dissatisfied face I could not wonder. How can others be happy with us if we are not happy in ourselves?

I am quite sure that most young people have a secret feeling that they have a *right* to be happy, and that something or someone is to blame when they are not happy. Very often they become discontented and envious when they see others so much more favored than they are, and they think, "If I had only their good fortune, I should be quite happy." How often the lesson needs to be repeated, "Happiness does not depend on what we *have*, but upon what we *are*." Not large fortune, not brilliant social position, could bring into that face, which looked out to me from luxurious cushions, half the brightness or sweetness that I have seen in many a hard-working man and woman's face.

What, then, is this open secret of happiness? How is it that we find this rare jewel sometimes in most unlooked-for places, and seek it in vain where we expected surely to find it?

I was visiting one day in the infirmary of a large workhouse, where the beaten ones of this life had found their last refuge, and among the wrinkled, care-lined faces was an old woman wearing such a bright look on her withered features. As I was talking to her her face lit up: "Oh, my dear, I am as happy as a queen, just waiting His time." As happy as a queen! Old, friendless, destitute! Surely, then, we say again, happiness does not depend on what we *have*, but on what we *are*.

I am always sorry when I see young girls with that, restless dissatisfied look I have spoken of, and one meets with it among all classes. It always reveals a heart ill at ease, and shows plainly that the right road to true happiness has been missed. Will you let me say that if you make your own

pleasure, your own ease and comfort, your first care and thought, *you will always miss it*. Most of us have seen a picture called the "Pursuit of Pleasure." You remember the eager crowd chasing the beautiful floating figure, which seems always just within reach, but always just eludes the grasp. The painter has taught a great moral truth; the man or woman who gives himself or herself up to seek happiness, amusement, call it what you will, as the first object, *never finds it*. Why? Because God puts *goodness* before happiness, and we cannot each the one except through the other. There may be some kinds of happiness which we can get in selfish fashion, but not a happiness that will last, Goodness first, *then* happiness, but if we try to get the latter apart from the former we will find ourselves cheated by some spurious imitation which will leave us more unhappy and restless than before.

So we need something better for our guidance in this life, some other way of peace and rest, than trying to seek it for ourselves. That rest is found for us in Jesus Christ. You remember that wonderful prayer of St. Augustine; "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and the heart cannot find rest 'till it finds rest in Thee." When we accept Jesus Christ as the Lord of our Life, and give up our self-will to His loving will, then we find His promise true: "I will give you rest." Going on to serve Him, seeking to do His will, we "find rest," and we can sing—

"My heart is resting, O my God!  
I will give thanks and sing;  
My heart is at the secret source  
Of every precious thing."

Then we find that the happiness we wanted comes without the seeking, and is a happiness that does not depend on the outward circumstances of our lives. If we are at the "secret source" our supply cannot run short, and we can help to brighten the lives of others. Indeed we find it an unailing rule, that in seeking to make others happy we increase our own happiness, and I am certain there is not one of us so placed that we cannot make some other human soul the happier, or lighten the burden for someone.

Try, then, this better way. Do not look for happiness to the things outside of you. Be sure that if you have not the secret of joy within you, you will never find it in friendship, however

dear, or in wealth, or amusement, or even work. The secret source which can give comfort and happiness even when life is difficult and disappointing, the "hidden treasure," which can make up for earthly loss and pain, may be yours. Will you seek it? Every one that seeketh, *findeth*.—*Alice G. Ritchie, in the Home Friend.*

#### REST.

I REST within my Saviour's hand,  
And there will rest for ever,  
Nor earthly joy nor earthly woe  
My heart from Him shall sever.  
Earth may decay  
And pass away,  
The soul that hides in God alone  
Shall be forsaken never.

He is the Rock, a sure defence,  
His word can never fail,  
Against His promise never yet  
Did gates of hell prevail.  
When "He hath said,"  
I lift my head,  
Joyful and strong and full of cheer,  
For He hath bid me not to fear.

And how the future may unfold,  
I ask not how to see,  
In childlike trust I cast my care  
On Him who cares for me;  
For His behest  
Is ever best,  
And whom Jehovah doth defend  
Shall be protected to the end.

—Translated from the German by M. E. Beck.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

#### OUR FRUIT.

CHRISTIANS are in the New Testament likened to growing wheat (Matt. xiii.), vine branches (John xv.), and olive branches (Rom. xi.)

The purpose of our existence then is not show but fruit. We are also told what kind of fruit we are to bear.

Not one or two magnificent, gorgeous specimens of fruit, but fruits many, multitudinous in number, though small of size and of insignificant appearance, the small yet many grains of wheat, the small yet many grapes in the cluster, the small yet many olives.

Nor are these fruits mere luxuries, they are the indispensables, just as were grapes, olives and wheat in Bible lands, all used them, all had to have them.

The lack of them meant no mere diminution of comfort, it brought absolute starvation. Wheat, olives and grapes, wine, oil and bread, what was there more homely, more useful, more universal, more needful?

Nor are we to think of our own fruit as bringing credit to ourselves, but

rather as bringing blessings to others, even though we are unknown as the ones from whom the blessings come.

The grapes and olives and wheat did not stand forth each bearing a mark to tell from which vine or tree or stalk came, but squeezed, crushed and ground together, each lost its own distinctive form, its own individuality, in the grand work of becoming a blessing to man, in giving "the wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine and bread to strengthen man's heart." So should it be with us and our fruit.

#### THRIFT.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in the course of a recent speech, said some very wise and clever things on the subject of thrift. One lesson was conveyed by the story of a young man who had a good salary and was not viciously extravagant, but could never save a cent. He married, and his wife was just like him, so far as financial affairs were concerned. When on the verge of bankruptcy, the young man went to Mr. Depew for advice. He thus describes the interview and its results. "I related how, when I was a young boy, it was the rage to have a 'Tis-But' box. This was a box in which there were deposited all the small coins which would otherwise have been spent with the excuse, 'why 'tis but a small coin.' Well, that young man and his wife rigged up a 'Tis-But' box, and in a year he brought me \$1,000 and asked me to buy some sort of an investment bond for him. Every young man should have a 'Tis-But' box, and if you will tell them so, with my compliments, I shall be glad."—*Home Messenger.*

#### WANTS.

WANTED.—One million young men in as many homes. Strong, able-bodied, sweet-tempered, clear-brained. Good positions as sons and brothers promised to all such applicants. This is an unrivaled opportunity to cheer a mother's declining days, to rejoice a father's heart, and to be the joy of a sister's life. Wages guaranteed: a good conscience, a pure heart, a chivalric regard for a woman, and a growing sense that life is worth living. No worthy applicant rejected.

WANTED.—In one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sun-

shiny daughter who will not fret when asked to wipe the dishes, or sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth away her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem, and a most honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, Home Office.

WANTED.—Parents who shall train up their children in the way they should go; parents who are strong enough to be firm, and gentle enough to be tender; parents who will leave their children an inheritance of a healthy constitution, a good name, a generous disposition, and a good hope of eternal life; parents who feel their responsibility for raising good citizens, patriots and Christians. For all such parents there are homesteads waiting in America as well as filial honour and devotion and the blessing of children's children.—*Golden Rule.*

#### "I'M GLAD YOU SPOKE OF JESUS."

THE incident to be told occurred in a train that ran through the peach country of Delaware. There were no women in the car. The dozen men and boys in it talked together of the business outlook, the crops, and politics. One lad with dull eyes and swollen face got out at almost every station for a drink; two or three of the men were loudly profane.

Among the men was a young clergyman, who watched his companions anxiously. He knew that he ought to speak, to bring higher thoughts into their minds. But he could not find courage to reprove these strangers. They would not know that he was a clergyman, for he was dressed as a layman. They would laugh if he talked of moral obligations.

The train stopped at a little station, and a bluff, hearty-looking farmer in his working clothes entered with a basket of vegetables. Something in his keen, friendly glance made his face very attractive. One of the farmers, a peevish, sickly old man, proved to be an old friend whom the newcomer had not seen for six years. They sat down

together to talk of their children, their friends, and the peach crop. The other men listened, interested and amused. No one could hear the stranger's voice and hearty laugh and not feel his strength and simplicity and kindness.

"Yes," said the old man, irritably summing up his grievances, "I've had a mighty big lot of troubles to carry, John."

"I know," said John pityingly, "I know." Then he added with a grave, tender voice, but loud enough to be heard by all around, "I reckon we all have worries enough to pull us down in this world, if it wasn't for the hope given us by our Friend who has gone on before."

"Who is that?" sharply asked the boy who had been drinking.

"Why my dear boy, don't you know? Jesus is the One Friend above all others," said the farmer simply.

There was a significant silence in the car. Some of the men presently began to talk of the trees and soil by the roadside, and the farmer joined them. They saw that he was a practical, intelligent man, who understood his own business. At the next station he took up his basket.

"Well, good morning," he said, nodding and smiling.

The old man said, "Good-bye, John. I may never see you again. I'm goin' down hill pretty fast. But I'm glad we met, and"—his voice sinking—"I'm glad you spoke of—*Jesus.*"

As John went out of the car, he was followed by friendly smiles and good-byes. The men remained silent after he was gone.

The young clergyman at the back of the car was both startled and puzzled. Never before had he heard that holy name mentioned in that place, except in an oath. Yet if we all really believed in the one Friend "gone before," how natural it would be to speak of Him!

The farmer's simple reverence had evidently touched some of the men present. There were no more oaths after he had spoken of his Friend, and even the half-drunken boy was less obtrusive in his garrulousness.—*Youth's Companion.*

EVERYBODY has need of being loved, in order to be worth anything.—*George Sand.*

#### WHEN LOVE IS AT ITS BEST.

As tired children go at candle light,  
The glow in their young eyes quenched with the sun,  
Almost too languid now that play is done  
To seek their father's knee, and say, "Good-night!"

So to our great Father out of sight,  
When the brief gamut of the day is run  
Defeats endured, and petty triumphs won,  
We kneel and listlessly His care invite.

Then with no sense of gain, no tender thrill,  
As when we leave the presence of a friend,  
No lingering content our souls to steep,  
But reckoning our gains and losses still,  
We turn the leaf upon the dull day's end,  
And, oarless, drift out to the sea of sleep.

Not such is prayer when love is at its best,  
And if our lagging soul do not outsoar  
The words we utter, though our chamber floor  
Be hallowed by our knees, 'twere vainly pressed—

Nay, be each prayer with our soul's seal impressed,

And let us send no courier to heaven's door  
To speak our thanks, and further gifts implore,  
In any sort of mask or livery dressed.

Rather, as friends sit sometimes hand-in-hand,  
Nor mar with words the sweet speech of their eyes;

So in soft silence let us oft'ner bow,  
Nor try with words to make God understand.  
Longing is prayer: upon its wings we rise  
To where the breath of heaven beats upon our brow?

—*Congregationalist.*

#### THANK-OFFERINGS.

SOME time ago a woman living in the country in one of the German states, brought to her minister thirty marks (\$7.50) for the work of missions, saying, as she laid down the offering before him: "In former years I have been obliged to pay a doctor's bill of this amount. This year there has been no sickness in my family, which enables me to give so much to the Lord." At another time she brought a donation of twelve marks (\$3), saying: "Many of the farmers have recently been visited by a cyclone, but we have been spared. So I bring you this donation for missions as a thank-offering."—*Spirit of Missions.*

WILLIAM TYNDALL, the translator of the Scriptures, had many enemies who persecuted him with cruel hatred, but to whom he bore the tenderest charity. It is recorded that to some of them he said, one day, "Take away my goods! take away my good name! yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less."

THE LAST PAGES OF AN  
OFFICER'S DIARY.*(Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.)*

OCTOBER 4TH.—A fine morning, luckily, as it promises to be a busy day. After breakfast must go and see Dr. Tintern at half-past ten, as I appointed. Hope he will not keep me long. Then to the City to see my broker about the investing of that two thousand, and then back in a cab, as hard as I can come, to Tattersall's, to have a bid for the two horses I liked so much yesterday afternoon. What a capital place Tattersall's is for an afternoon lounge! The first one will be on about twelve. At four in the afternoon I have to see about that new gun, it was to be ready then; and at eight I am due for dinner at the Rag with Joe Puntton, and that horrid dance in Grosvenor place afterwards.

7 p.m.—A regular facer. . . . Is it any use keeping a diary longer? After doing it for twenty years may as well finish it out. What a fool I was to go and see Tintern! Why could I not let matters alone? If I have lost twenty odd pounds of flesh, many a man would have given his eyes to do the same. It began in June, and here we are in October, and I can't say I feel bad. Tire perhaps a bit easier than I did. However, it is just like my luck. I never thought for a moment there was anything serious the matter, till Tintern asked me if I had any near relatives—after my telling him I was a widower without children—and when I said, "Not a soul," I half began from his face to guess. But a month! If he had said a couple of years it would have been different. What can a fellow do in a month? Fact is that I fancied I had taken it rather well. Wished him good-day, and paid him his two guineas for his first visit, as if he had recommended me to have a tooth out. Yes, I really believe I should not have taken it so well if he had simply told me I must go for the winter to the South of France, and give up this season's hunting! But a month more only to live! Well, I am glad I took it so well before Tintern. It was not really till I got into a hansom, and was asked "Where to?" that I began to realize it. I was going, of course, to have said "Bank," but what is the use of investing money for a month? Then I thought of Tattersall's, but no man in his senses would buy a hunter for a

month. If only I had never gone near a doctor, I should have gone down to Market Harborough as usual, and gone off, I suppose, on a sudden without any warning. I wish with all my heart I had been left in the dark about it. Never mind, John H——, you have taken a good many awkward fences, and you will have to take this, the last, like a man. The only question is, what is to be done to prepare? First, I must make a will. To whom am I to leave my money? Second, I must make the best use of my month as regards the future. I cannot say that I fear death. At least I thought not. That time in Afghanistan, when I was so nearly put out jumping over that wall, and had to defend myself with an unloaded revolver and a broken sword, I cannot say I funk'd. Or, again, when that tiger so nearly got me—but meeting death in a certain time, by yourself—well, it is unsettling.

I may as well go and dine with Joe to-night, but I will not go to the dance. It is not so much death as what comes after death. That is the point. I suppose the proper thing to do would be to buy a Bible? And now they don't cost much. A month, in one sense, is a longish time. I mean, if one had made a bad book over the Derby, and had a month to hedge in, one could do a good deal; but somehow this is different. Fact is, it is not so easy to hedge in this race though there is a month. The race is all but over, only the last fence just coming in sight, and then the winning-post. I will not write any more.

10 p.m.—Dinner was a failure! As soon as ever I got into the club I saw a vast change had occurred; a gulf had come between me and the rest. Old General Johnstone was full about spending the winter at Rome; what did that matter to me? Sharpley was off to India directly; would I promise to write occasionally? Why, before he lands in Bombay I shall land in ——. Yes, where? That is the point. Why had I not bought that bay mare at Tattersall's? It is enough to drive a fellow mad. Upon my word, if it was not that fellows would come bothering one with their sympathy, I would put a notice up in the club. Cookson was bothering me about spending Christmas again with him this year in Paris. I did not want to tell him a lie; but one can't well explain matters, and if I

say, "Yes; if I am alive," there will be a kind of feeling that I was scored off, so to speak. Think I shall go away, but where? Joe wanted to know why I did not have a second opinion; tried, of course, to make out that Tintern had made a mistake. Fact is, I am not in such a hurry about a second opinion. There is just a chance Tintern is wrong but suppose the second man confirms what he says, then my last chance of escape is knocked from under me. Everybody has to die; what do they do when they are told they are dying? Joe said, "Must say you take it well;" but in reality I do not. Of course, I will die game; but how to make the best of my few weeks, that is the question. I am now fifty-two, hence I have lived 624 months. How am I to live to the best advantage the next, and last, one?

OCTOBER 5TH.—For the first time for many years the paper has come and I have not even opened it. The Money Market, latest odds, all has lost its interest. For weeks I have been busy trying to make my usual autumn purchases of horses; scanned every advertisement. Now I do not care a penny if every good hunter in the land is coming to the hammer. I would not walk across the street to see the best nag ever foaled. Some men would say a short life but a merry one. I could not be merry if I tried.

3 o'clock.—Now for a short spell before I begin reading. It has been very hard to resist taking a second opinion. Twice I have found myself in Harley Street. Why do I resist? For the same reason, I suppose, that a man hesitates to fire off his last cartridge or a castaway to eat his last biscuit. How have I spent the day so far? By thinking, thinking, thinking "What priced Bible, sir?" What an idiotical question. "Calf or morocco?" However, I am sorry I lost my temper, hardly in character, too, when you are buying a Bible. I do not think I have opened a Bible since my poor wife died. If she were only alive now, how different it would be! I wish I was as safe of heaven as she. Poor thing, how she did plead with me to lead a new life! And I meant to, God knows I did! But gradually things went back pretty much as they were before, and now it seems downright mean to try and promise to spend your last month out of

six hundred odd, well. Yet I promised Annie. What shall I do with my money? Shall I build a church with it? for the matter of that I suppose I have enough to build a dozen. Or shall I give to an hospital, or to that fellow who advertises so about sending children to Canada? Poor little beggars! It is one comfort I have some money to leave, but it will be precious hard to decide what to do with it, and it is hard enough to spend money well. Poor Annie, I wish she could help me, but in those days we never had any money to leave. When one was always in debt, it was wrong to give money away. Well, here's for the Bible; where shall I begin?

(To be continued).

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

### CHURCH DEBT AND MISSIONS.

A HANDSOME church with a heavy debt may appear in the eyes of men a fine sight, but what must it appear in the eyes of God who sees how Christian effort is hampered by this heavy burden of debt? The cause of foreign missions, so dear to the heart of the Saviour is always the first to suffer, and next domestic missions, as it is hard for the congregation to get their minds on anything outside themselves. The great debt is a great stone wall of separation from the rest of humanity.

In illustration of this we find a member of a handsome Presbyterian church, which it is proposed to move, deliberately suggesting that if the efforts of the church were turned from outside to its own congregational work, in a few years the debt of \$25,000 would be paid off.

We do not recommend any church to try this risky experiment, for by an inevitable law of God that living thing or person, or congregation, which becomes entirely self-centred, which takes in but never gives out, must very soon feel the stroke of death.

F. H. D.

### SAVAGES SUBDUED BY A HYMN.

WILLIAM REYNOLDS, an earnest and successful Sunday school worker, tells the following story, which he heard from the lips of the missionary himself:

"Rev. E. P. Scott, while labouring as a missionary in India, saw on the street one of the strangest looking

heathen his eyes had ever lit upon. On inquiry, he found that he was a representative of one of the inland tribes that lived away in the mountain districts, and which came down once a year to trade. Upon further investigation he found that the Gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities. He was stirred with earnest desires to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for Divine direction. Arising from his knees he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry.

"As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell they said, 'We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go.' But he said, 'I must preach Jesus to them.'

"For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin he began with closed eyes to sing and play—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all'

"Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza,

"Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all,'

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the big tears were falling from their eyes.

"They afterwards invited him to their homes. He spent two-and-a-half years among them. His labours were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles. 'O missionary,' they said, 'come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel.' He could not resist their entreaties.

After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labours till he sank into the grave among them. Who would face such dangers but a soldier of the Cross? Missionaries are often the bravest men on earth. Such invincible courage blended with the love of Jesus, will yet conquer the world."

—Selected.

### IF MOTHER WOULD LISTEN.

If mother would listen to me, dears,  
She would freshen that faded gown,  
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,  
And sometimes a trip to town.  
And it shouldn't be all for the children,  
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;  
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,  
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,  
When you were her babies three,  
And she stepped about the farm and the house,  
As busy as ever a bee.  
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,  
And sent you all to school,  
And wore herself out, and did without,  
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so, your turn has come, dears,  
Her hair is growing white;  
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look  
That peers beyond the night.  
One of these days in the morning,  
Mother will not be here,  
She will fade away into silence;  
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,  
And what in the gloaming dim:  
And father, tired and lonesome then,  
Pray, what will you do for him?  
If you want to keep your mother,  
You must make her rest to-day;  
Must give her a share in the frolic,  
And draw her into the play.

And, if mother would listen to me, dears,  
She'd buy her a gown of silk,  
With buttons of royal velvet,  
And ruffles as white as milk.  
And she'd let you do the trotting,  
While she sat still in her chair;  
That mother should have it hard all through,  
It strikes me isn't fair.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

HELEN CHALMERS, the daughter of the noted Scotch divine, lives in one of the lowest parts of Edinburgh. Her home consists of a few rooms in an alleysurrounded by drunkenness, poverty and suffering. Every night she goes out into the lanes of the city with her lantern, and she never returns to her quarters without one or more girls or women she has taken from the streets. The people love her, and she is never molested or insulted.—Selected.



## Parish and Home.

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THE kind words said regarding PARISH AND HOME are very encouraging, but could not our friends help us this summer to increase its circulation. When away for your vacation be sure and take a copy of PARISH AND HOME with you and lend it to others to read. It is a stranger yet to many Church people. Give it an introduction. We humbly believe that it will behave itself in such a loving Christian manner, and breathe such a kindly spirit, that it will win its way to many hearts when once introduced.

THE *Spirit of Missions* has the following: "Mr. Waldron, a city missionary in Boston, met a prominent business man recently, who said: 'Looking over my cash account I saw this entry—Pug Terrier, \$10; and on the next line, City Missionary Society \$5. I have not felt quite easy about the matter ever since, and you may count on me for an additional \$5.' There are many others who would no doubt be made uncomfortable also if they were carefully to scan their lists of expenditures for luxuries and benevolence."

No sooner has Gibeon joined with Israel than the heathen kings league together and attack him, so we are told in the 10th chapter of Joshua. They strike at Israel through him, thinking that his overthrow would prevent others from siding with the Lord's people. Gibeon, however, is not left to himself, Israel fights the battle for him, and the might of the kings is vanquished at Bethoron.

No sooner does a man place himself definitely on the Lord's side than the forces of evil league together for a combined attack on him. They use every effort and try every means to overcome him. Enemies, outward of the world and inward of the devil, ply him with all kinds of temptation, striking at the Lord through His youngest servant. What reason is there for discouragement and fear. It is the Lord's battle and He will fight it, if we but let Him. Can the result be doubtful?

WE commend once more to the liberality of our readers the Toronto Fresh Air Fund. Last year 9,000 poor children and mothers received a day's outing on the lake, and 15,000 meals were provided for them. The arrangements for the present summer are well planned and are being satisfactorily carried out. No girl over twelve and no boy over ten will be taken, and the trips will be so arranged that no district of the city will receive more than its due share. To those of our readers who know and enjoy the blessing of a holiday outing in our hot summer months, we bring to mind the thousands of children and mothers in Toronto who know little or nothing of such a blessing, to whom you can give a fresh air trip at the cost of 10c each. Contributions can be sent in to J. S. Coleman, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, 32 Church St., or to the publishers of PARISH AND HOME.

IF we meet with losses in our business, with a diminution in our income, where do we begin to retrench? With our luxuries of course. Is giving for God's work and service a luxury? Sometimes people say it is, more often they act as if it were by beginning their economizing with it, just as some merchants begin to economize by decreasing the amount of their advertising. "The times are so hard I really cannot afford to give you anything for missions, I am sorry I can do nothing for your Home." At the same time there are just as many delicacies as ever on their tables, just as expensive clothing on their backs, just as many concerts attended. A boy had been given two new pennies by his uncle, one to spend, the other for the missionary box. So alike were they that one could not be told from the other. He went around outside jingling the pennies together

until finally one was lost. He was not very much troubled, however, as he said, when explaining the matter to his mother, "It was the missionary penny, you know."

### WAVES AND LEAVES.

WAVES, waves, waves!  
Graceful arches lit with night's pale gold  
Boom like thunder through the mountains  
rolled,  
Hiss and make their music manifold,  
Sing and work for God along the strand.  
  
Leaves, leaves, leaves!  
Beautified by autumn's scorching breath,  
Ivory skeletons carved fair by death,  
Float and drift at a sublime command.  
  
Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts!  
Rolling wave-like on the mind's strange shore,  
Rustling leaf-like through it evermore,  
Oh, that they might follow God's good Hand!  
—The Bishop of Derry and Raphoe.

### ALUMINUM.

It is indeed strange that one of the commonest and the most serviceable of known metals should come so slowly into use. Aluminum makes up a large part of every mass of clay. There are immense quantities of it therefore, all about us. It is the most versatile of metals. It is the "coming" metal; for, in the first place it is very light, only one-third the weight of iron. How easy it will be to clean house when stoves are made of aluminum! How easily we can lift our bicycles when aluminum comes in!

Then it is as facile as gold or silver. It can be drawn into fine wire. It can be hammered into thin plates. Moreover, it is a tough metal and cannot easily be broken. It will take a bright polish, as nickel will, but it will not rust easily, as nickel will. It has a pretty colour, something like silver, but the white of egg will not tarnish it, as it will silver. It is resonant and bells can be made of it. It is not poisonous to mine or handle, as mercury, for instance, nor will acids act readily upon it as on steel or iron. It is a sort of Jack-of-all-trades among the metals.

Among all his good qualities, this Jack has one bad one, which heretofore has made a hermit of him. He is not obedient. He will not come when wanted, though Chemistry calls him with her strongest acids and her hottest fires. He is a shy and independent metal and holds strenuously to his clay abiding-place.

For a century the wise men have

failed to dislodge him, except with cost and difficulty; but the arts are growing more artful, and every year sees Jack less shy, and venturing from his clay hermitage with a more and more moderate bribe. To drop metaphor, aluminum is now manufactured by the ton, is sold at a cheap rate, and the time is not far distant when it will supplant, in a thousand common uses, all other metals.

Your old professor cannot leave the subject without drawing a comparison to which it tempts him. The religious world has always been eager to seek and use the gold and silver, the precious metal, of our human nature; such men as the Wesleys, Bunyan, a Kempis. The religious world has always appreciated, too, its men of iron and steel, its Knoxes, its Cromwells. But not until lately has Christendom learned the value of the metal hidden in the common clay of human nature, and found out how to extract it. When the Y. M. C. A.'s, the Endeavour societies, the W. C. T. U.'s, the Sunday schools, the prayer meetings, and all such agencies have done their work, have brought into use the wonderfully versatile metal of our ordinary human clay, Christian processes and religious results will be transformed as thoroughly as the introduction of aluminum will transform the processes and results of the mechanic.—*Golden Rule.*

#### A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.

SEND the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;  
Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while.  
And soon they will pass from the portals at home,  
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.  
Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!"  
The mantle of shadow is veiling the light;  
And maybe—God knows—on this sweet little face  
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.  
Yes, say it. "God bless my dear children, I pray!"  
It may be the last you will say it for aye!  
The night may be long ere you see them again  
The motherless children may call you in vain!  
Drop sweet benediction on each little head,  
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;  
A guard of bright angels around them invite,  
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.  
—*Sacred.*

HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

#### PATIENCE.

Be the day weary, or be the day long—  
At length it ringeth to Evensong.

So ran the couplet which in days of bitter trial and fierce persecution brought consolation to many a sad heart, becoming a watchword, and inspiring men to be brave to endure unto the end. And even now an echo of the sweet old strain reaches us, floating down through the centuries, and brings its message to us who live in different times and amid different surroundings, speaking of rest and of home, falling softly on weary souls as dew on parched flowers.

Patience! how hard it is sometimes, and how much we need it!—not only in life's greater trials and sorrows, but quite as much in trivial everyday things, in those little worries of daily home-life which have been called "the shavings of the Cross," but which we scarcely venture to call by so great a name. So much of life's sweetness depends upon the practice of this virtue which takes the rough edge off everything. We all need it; the mother with her fretful child, teacher and pupil, mistress and servant. We need patience in dealing with others, their foibles and shortcomings, bearing and forbearing—the very word is derived from a Latin word, meaning *to bear*—and we need it with ourselves too, patience with our impatient hearts, with our stubborn wills, our restless natures that chafe so easily; patience in our failures, our losses and our disappointments.

To wait, to be willing to wait, is sometimes the hardest thing in life. Have we never felt as though we could envy the martyrs if we dared? Is not the long martyrdom of life often far harder to bear than the one short stab of death? Our God is a God of Patience; how tenderly He bears and forbears with His sinful, wayward children, how patiently He pleads with each one, "Give Me thine heart!" Sometimes it takes so much to break our hard wills; it is only at the cost of losing or giving up everything that "the peace which floweth as a river" is granted us, that we prove the Divine love to be more than enough, and rest satisfied in it. Why are those so often taken, who would be willing to stay a little longer, and others left, who are longing to go? Is it not to teach us all the same lesson of patience?—pati-

ence to wait, patience to do His will even to the uttermost.

In one sense patience always seems sad. It gives peace which is better than joy, it is true, but *patience is generally tired*; the young and high-spirited are seldom patient—it is the old, the suffering, the weary who best learn its lessons; and what a reward it brings! Those who possess it fully, care little for things earthly, anticipate less in this world, but get more and more the feeling of a tired child resting in the everlasting arms, where nothing can ever come to ruffle them or break their peace.

Have there not been times in your life when all your prayers have been merged into three words, "Make me patient?"—and ah! how wonderful it has come to you, making everything easy. Many a Victoria Cross is won other than on battlefields—for to resist provocation, to bear injustice unflinchingly, to suffer pain bravely, to lay down cherished hopes meekly after years of waiting, to bow beneath the burden of oppression, and through all these to remain unembittered, with the heart "at leisure from itself," are the fruits of patience won by true heroes and real martyrs, often harder to effect than the sudden rush into the breach, or the gallant rescue under the enemy's fire at a moment of keen excitement and deadly struggle. Some such noble ones we all have known, who bore on their faces the seal of suffering which is but the shadow of the Cross, who had learnt to thank God for the pain which brought them so near to Him, and it rests us now to think of their great happiness whose "rest is won."

Our Lord knows what is best for each one of us, and we can leave all in His keeping; leave ourselves and our cares, our beloved, too, in His hands, knowing that, however little we may realise it here, He does whatever is best. And after all, at the longest, how short life is! Our rest awaits us at the end, all the sweeter for the weary toil and struggle of the noontide; for, however slowly the hours drag on, the bell will chime for "Evensong," and till then we have been taught that our part is to "possess our souls in patience"—*Selected.*

LET us open our eyes, lest they be painfully opened for us.—*Turkish*

## TO TEACH A CHILD TRUTHFULNESS.

THERE is no way to teach a child truthfulness except by example. A fact that parents seldom take into account in the training of their children in the ways of truthfulness, is that a young child is not born with an instinct for truth telling. The love of truth is an acquired virtue. A child can have it, but it must be taught it. And the way to teach truth is to live it. Never depart from the strictest truth with a child and he will soon come to know what truth means.

And be patient if his little feet follow your own in truth's highway, faltering sometimes. Remember how perplexed the little brain must often be betwixt the world of realities in which he dwells part of the time, and the world of unrealities into which his busy imagination gives him the entree. He spends two-thirds of the working time in playing that things are something else. He hitches a chair up with a rope and it is a fiery steed or a train of cars. Put a big cocked hat on his head and he straightway becomes a fireman and rescues throngs of stricken people from a burning building. The cat is a lion or tiger or a whale, as need may be, and the stuffed doll is a sick baby, over which the small mother weeps profusely. In this shadowy half true world the little ones live, and then suddenly one of their elders swoops down upon them and demands the sharpest, most a statement of facts from a bewildered little mind that cannot even know whether the world of fact is the one it habitually dwells in or not. The only wonder is that children are not all hopeless liars.—*Tribune*.

## "HE'S GOT IT."

A Boston journal says: "Among the passengers on the St. Louis train recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright looking nurse-girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

"The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continued shrieks, and kicks, and screams, and his viciousness towards the patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands, and finally spat in her face, without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

"Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness, the mother chided her sharply.

"Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy had slapped the nurse for the fiftieth time, a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

"The nurse caught his hand, and said, coaxingly:

"'Harry mustn't touch. Bug will bite Harry.'

"Harry screamed savagely, and began to kick and pound the nurse.

"The mother, without opening her eyes or lifting her head, cried out sharply:

"'Why will you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once.'

"'But, ma'am, it's a——'

"'Let him have it, I say.'

"Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The yell that followed brought tears of joy to the passengers.

"The mother awoke again.

"'Mary!' she cried, 'let him have it!'

"Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly:

"'He's got it, ma'am!'"—*Parish Visitor*.

## SILENCE ABOUT OURSELVES.

THINK as little as possible about any good in yourself, turn your eyes resolutely from any view of your acquirements, your influence, your plan, your success, your following—above all, speak as little as possible about yourself. The inordinateness of our self-love makes speech about ourselves like the putting of a lighted torch to the dry wood which has been laid in order for burning. Nothing but duty should open our lips upon this dangerous theme, except it be in humble confession of our sinfulness before God.

Again, be specially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise come unsought, it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man.

Place yourself often beneath the cross of calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; hear those words of wonder; look at the Eternal Son humbling Himself there for you, and ask yourself, as you gaze fixedly on Him, whether he, whose only hope is in that cross of absolute self-sacrifice and self-abasement, can dare to cherish in himself one self-complacent action. Let the Master's words ring even in your ears: "How can ye believe who receive honour one of another and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?"—*Bishop Wilberforce*.

## KNOWING AND TRUSTING.

I THINK if thou couldst know,  
O soul that will complain,  
What lies concealed below  
Our burden and our pain,  
How just our anguish brings  
Nearer those longed-for things  
We seek for now in vain,—

I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,  
With thy dim mortal sight,  
How meanings, dark to thee,  
Are shadows hiding light;  
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,  
Life's purpose all perplexed,—  
If thou couldst see them right,

I think that they would seem all clear, and  
wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,  
And yet thou canst not see:  
Wisdom and sight are slow  
In poor humanity.  
If thou couldst trust, poor soul!  
In Him who rules the whole,

Thou wouldst find peace and rest.  
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best  
—*Adelaide A. Procter*.

## OVER-HELPED.

DOING for others may be a good thing, and again it may be a poor thing. Doing for others is very well so far as we are concerned, but it may be very ill so far as they are concerned. It is all right to help others by causing them to help themselves; but it is all wrong to help others in such a way as to bring them to depend on being helped by others. Many a child is harmed for life by too much help from his parents while he is a child. He is trained to a sense of helpless dependence on his parents when he might have been trained to a sense of helpful independence of his parents. It is easier to help a child unduly than to train him to help himself wisely—and it is a great deal pleasanter, but the question is not what is easy or what is pleasant, but

what is right. As it is with parents and children, so it is with teachers and scholars, with employers and employed with friend and friend. Over-helping is a danger that needs to be guarded against by him who would help most helpfully. The desire to help cannot be too strong in any loving heart and mind; but the exercise of that desire must be guarded sacredly in every mind and heart.—*Sunday School Times.*

#### FROM EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

A PHILANTHROPIST of wide experience declares that the male criminals of London have nearly all entered upon their career of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years, and that if a young man lives an honest life up to twenty there are forty-nine chances in his favour and only one against him as to an upright life hereafter.

Here is food for thought indeed. Teachers of uneasy, restless, wide-awake boy humanity are requested to take notice. "From eight to sixteen!" How strong-willed they are! How impatient of a restraining hand! "I am trying to hold a four-horse team," said a delicate woman to whom one of these immortals had been intrusted. No wonder her face was pale and care-marked.

"The Sunday school teacher has so little time with the boys," some one says. Yes; but love will devise many a way in which to follow them into their week-day life. Said a teacher whose success with boys was wonderful: "I literally followed them for years. But they did not know it at the time." Yes; and she saved them!

"But she had the time," you say. Judge: she was a self-supporting woman, and in delicate health much of the time.

"Time?" No; it is love that "seeks and follows!"—*Southern Churchman.*

#### ATTENDANCE AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In Charleston, S. C., there is a certain part of the city called the Neck. It is a narrow strip of land lying between two rivers. Often the water backs up on it; and when it recedes, the roads along the Neck are muddy in the extreme. Some years ago a mission Sunday school was established on the Neck. There was one boy who attended it regularly. He was present

every Sunday, rain or shine, and was often there alone. One Sunday, when the road across the Neck was entirely impassable, this boy was caught by one of the farmers—a gruff, rough fellow—making his way along, boy fashion, on a board fence that ran parallel with the road. The farmer, seeing him, said sharply: "Here, boy, I say get off my fence! I don't want any of your hanging on to it. First thing you know, you'll have the boards coming off. Get off, I say!"

"But I can't, sir," said the boy; "indeed I can't! I have to go to Sunday school."

"Well, you have no business going to Sunday school such weather as this. Get down, I say."

"But I *must* go, sir. They can't possibly get along without me. Why, sir, I am the Sunday school!"

Grand boy! whether another was there or not, he must go; for without him there could be no Sunday school at all, but with him—why, there was a *whole Sunday school in itself*. O that more of such genuine zeal and devotion would sweep as a tidal wave through our Sunday schools, causing teachers and pupils alike to make themselves *one with the work!*—*Selected.*

#### A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

DURING a great storm recently the lightning struck a barn in the village of Lowenburg, Prussia, and a stork's nest—in which there were some young storklings—was threatened by the flames. The two parent birds contemplated the situation from a distance with evident distress. At last the mother bird darted down upon the nest, and, seizing one of her young family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot upon a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring. When the mother returned to the scene of danger the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained. But while she was flying around it, the young one fell through the charred roof into the burning barn. It was no moment for thought. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and coming up with her little one in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt.

On the next day a wounded stork fell to the ground in the market place of the neighbouring town of Trebbin. She

was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guardhouse, where it was discovered that both legs were sorely burned, and she was recognized as the heroic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire in Lowenberg. A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital. Meanwhile, the spouse of the sick she-stork discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the two young ones, and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform himself how the patient was getting on, and to assure her that their children were doing well. The school children of Trebbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient. The burgomaster paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently hale to fly away to her husband and children.—*Sheltering Arms.*

#### COME SOONER.

A LADY missionary writes from China: "I cannot forget what one dear woman said to me when I was at Kwang-feng. She came in every day and always listened so attentively. She had such a sad face, and she told me how her son, a young man of twenty-five, had died a few months ago. He was a very dutiful son, and they were rebuilding their house so that he might open a carpenter's shop, when he was taken ill and died in a few days. After she had told me, with tears in her eyes, she held my hand and said, 'Oh, if you had only come sooner you could have prayed for him, and he might have recovered; at least, he would have heard of Jesus, and I am sure he would have believed; he was such a son!' Is not this the unuttered cry of many? How many millions have already passed into eternity without the knowledge of a Saviour's love! and from these myriad graves comes the cry, 'Oh, if you had only come sooner!'"—*Rock.*

#### THE LAPLANDER'S BIBLE.

THE Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation.

Over thirty years ago, says the *Boston Transcript*, a series of religious riots

took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment. Commiserating his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write.

Lars became interested in the Bible, grew day by day more fond of reading it, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labour went on, for Lars was no great scholar, and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought.

But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man was still active, and often served parties of travellers as a guide.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	<i>International.</i>	<i>Institute.</i>
Aug. 7th..	Acts 4, 19-31.....	Luke 16, 19-31.
" 14th..	Acts 5, 1-11.....	Luke 18, 1-14.
" 21st..	Acts 5, 25-41.....	Luke 10, 38-42.
" 28th..	Acts 7, 54-60.....	Review.

### TOTHER AND WHICH.

#### A MISSIONARY STORY.

TOTHER and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Molly Johnson. Tother and Which and Molly were all three as black as could be. Tother and Which were blacker than Molly, but that was not her fault, for she was just as black as she could be. But then little girls cannot be as black as kittens can be.

Tother and Which and Molly were a good deal alike, besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play. They would run races by the hour, and then would

all cuddle down in some warm spot, and all three go to sleep in a funny little black jumble. As I said, Molly alone knew Tother from Which; but if you met her with one kitten tucked under her arm, and the other tagging along at her feet, and asked her which kitten she was carrying, her eyes would grow round with surprise at a question which showed such a lack of appreciation and she always answered gravely, with a closer squeeze at the kitten under her arm, "Tother, course."

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Molly discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr—not that Which was not a nice kitten, "'Cept Tother, she's the nicest kitten there is!" was Molly's opinion.

One day Molly woke up from one of her cosy naps to hear voices from the window near her; and as she stroked Tother, she heard, above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten, the voice of Dr. Ryder, a returned missionary, who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Molly's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the little children in the land he came from. When Molly understood the children he was talking about were like her, little children with black skins, two tears were blinked out of her eyes, and wiped away with Tother for a handkerchief.

Then Molly heard a great deal about helping by "self-denial." What was self-denial? Molly wondered. She knew she did not have any, but she wished she had, for the loving little heart wanted to help. How could she ever get some? She only had two pennies which young Master Tom had given her the day before to buy candy. Molly knew just what kind she meant to buy, just as soon as she should be allowed to go to the store, one stick of mint and one of wintergreen. How Molly's shining teeth did love to bite into a stick of candy; but she would do without the candy, she really would, even the mint-stick, to buy some self-denial to send to the poor little children—if two pennies would buy it!

Just then Miss Lucy came around the house, and to her Molly put the puzzling question, "What's self-denial?"

"Oh!" was all she said when told that self-denial meant giving up for the

sake of some one else what you wanted yourself.

Molly's woolly head did more thinking in the next half hour than it had ever done before, and the precious pennies were looked at over and over again. At the end of the long thinking spell, Molly squeezed Tother so hard she mewed as the little girl whispered, "I'll do it, Tother! Think of the poor little children."

Molly had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Ryder would preach and a collection would be taken up for his missionary work in Africa. She had often been at the coloured church with "Mammy," so she knew all about collections.

There was a smile passed over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure, wearing a red hood and wrapped up in Mammy's big shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church, and sat down alone in a side pew at the very front. But Molly's solemn eyes saw nothing funny in it. A great deal that was said she did not understand; but when the preacher spoke of self-denial, Molly nodded brightly. She knew, and she had some; she was going to put it into the collection basket.

But when the basket was passed, at the close of the sermon, it was not carried to Molly's pew. For a moment she sat still as she saw it set down in front of the pulpit. Sliding down from the pew, the little girl in her trailing shawl trudged up to the basket, and, reaching up, dropped into it, one at a time, two pennies. Then unwrapping a corner of her shawl, reached up again, and put into it a little black kitten, and gravely walking back, climbed up to her seat.

Every one smiled—who could help it? The kitten stretched up its head, gave one little mew, and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of the smiles, Dr. Ryder rose, and, though he smiled too, there were tears in his eyes.

Now a most unheard-of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform, and said, "Which kitten is it, Molly?" and when Molly answered "Tother," such a speech as he made about what self-denial might mean, and what it had meant to one little girl! Molly did not understand what he was talking about, but she saw the baskets

taken up and carried around again. After church, more than one hand was laid on her head, and Master Tom said she had preached the best missionary sermon he had ever heard.—*Selected.*

#### WHAT WOULD JESUS DO ?

WHEN I ply my daily task,  
And the round of toil pursue,  
Let me often brightly ask,  
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,  
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;  
Let me to his subtlest wile  
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

—*Selected.*

#### THE MAGIC HAMMOCK.

SUCH a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Bess and Benny and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollies and kitties and even Bert's little pug dog Popsey.

Then the very next day it would be so small that there was just barely room for one little child, with only one dolly or kitty. This is the way I found out about it.

One day Bert and Popsey were having a nice swing in the hammock, and I sat on the porch watching them. Pretty soon Bess came out with Kitty Grey in her arms and said:

"Let us get in too, Bert."

"No," said Bert, crossly; "there isn't room enough only just for Popsey and me."

"Why, Bert," I said, "that is very strange. Is not this the same hammock that held all of you this morning?"

"Yes'm," said Bert, hanging his head.

"I will tell you how it is," said grandma, who sat by the window with her knitting: "It is a magic hammock with a puckering string. Two fairies take care of the string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can and takes all the children in. She is a good fairy and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one little boy or girl with his own pet dog or kitty can possibly squeeze in. Either one of these fairies will come at the children's call. I think Bert made a mistake just now and called the wrong one."

Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said, "Shall we call the other fairy, Bert?"

He nodded his head and I called softly:

"Come, Love; come, Love."

And if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words, the hammock flew wide open, and Bess and Kitty Grey sprang in. Bert's face was all smiles, and the hammock swung so gaily that I feared the children would be tossed out. Did I see the fairy? Oh, no! Fairies are too small to be seen with our eyes. But I saw her good work, and that was enough.—*Our Little Ones.*

#### NOT YET.

"Not yet," said a little boy, "when I grow older I will think about my soul." "Not yet," said the young man, "I am now about to enter into trade. When I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business, "My children must have my care. When they are settled in life I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lives to be a grey-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried, "I shall soon retire from business and then I shall have nothing else to do but read and pray." And so he died. He put it off to another time what he should have done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.—*The Herald of Salvation.*

#### GIVING.

WHAT will you give up, children?

For Jesus Christ's dear sake?

What offering from your young lives

Will each one gladly make?

He gave up heaven, and came to you!

Then what, for Him, can you not do?

What will you give up, children?

Something you love quite well?

Some pleasure, or some precious thing,

Which none but you can tell?

He gave His life that you might live!

Then what, for Him, can you not give?

What will you give up, children?

Yourselves, and all your own?

Just to belong to Jesus Christ,

His children, His alone?

He gave Himself, your Saviour true,

Now give yourselves—ah, will not you?

—*Jennie Harrison.*

#### A BLACK BOY'S PRAYER.

A LITTLE negro boy, a Sunday school scholar, called once upon a missionary and told him he had been very ill, and had often, during the sickness, wished he had come to pray with him. "But,

Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself?" "Oh, yes sir." "Did you repeat the prayer I taught you?" "No, sir; I prayed." "Well, but how did you pray?" "I just begged, sir." Our young readers "say their prayers" every morning and evening. How many of them know what it is to beg from God?—*Selected*

#### TRUST.

STRENGTH for the day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will be but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.  
Then why be forecasting the trials of life,  
With so sad and so grievous persistence?  
Why anxiously wait for the coming of ill  
That never may have an existence?  
Far better to trust to the wisdom and love  
Of the Providence ever beside us,  
With no anxious thought what the future may  
bring,  
For He guides all events that betide us.

—*Word and Work.*

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