HOW A YOUNG PREACHER ACTUALLY PRACTISED WHAT HE PREACHED.

Workingman

before Sunday's dinner to make sure they Newspapers." were all there.

"Erbert!" he cried as his wife brought on the steaming joint.

"'Ere, pal"

"'Orace!" "'Ere, pa!"

"'Ezekiah!" "'Ere, pa!"

"'Enery!" Enery, who had just reached the seventh standard, decided to show off.

"Adsum!" he drawled. with baleful eyes.

poor 'Enery would now be fed.

when they suggested that he should proceed to fill it and still more trouble to sell it. to remedy the delay he failed to see the

"What'll be the use o' fetchin' 'er now?" he argued. "The service'll be 'alf over."

At the piano Mrs. Eaton was guiding Edith and Edward and Jack through the intricacies of an old English melody when she became aware that the twins were adding their voices But he said he was sick, and a king shoul from an indiscreet distance and stopped play-

allowed to join in the chorus with Edith and

"We weren't," the twins protested, is slightly resentful tones. "We were singing something quite different."

A certain lady one Sunday induced her husband, who was not a regular churchgoer, to accompany her to evening service. During the sermon he fell asleep, snoring at first softly, and at length so noisily that the goo lady was constrained to give him a sharp nudge in the hope of rousing him. To her Together they looked at the royal tongue, consternation, however, as he slowly awaken ed, he exclaimed in a loud tone, "Let me alone! Get up and light the fire yourselfat's your turn!"

"Well, Jim," said Bingleton, as he proudly showed off his first-born, "what do you think In a ten-knot gale of royal rage. of that for a kid?"

"He's some kid, all right, all right," returned Jim unemotionally. "Think he looks like me, old man?" per

sisted Bingleton.
"H-m! Well-er-ah-hum-well, Bill, -well, old pal, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid he does!" replied the embarrassed Jim.

A young preacher, who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring t his room for an hour or more each day to practise pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of almost everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.
"Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, start-

ing up in assumed terror. "Pray, what migh

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. At the scamp so blithe and gay; "That's only young D- practising what he And one of them said, "Heaven save you, preaches."

"Petrick," Duke of Connaught

Apropos of the probable appointment H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to be Governor-General of Canada before very long. though not probably this year, some papers have credited the selection of the name "Patrick," one of the many borne by His Royal Highness, to the personal request of the Duke of Wellington, who acted as spon-sor. As a matter of fact, Queen Victoria herself has explained that the suggestion came from a humble but patriotic daughter of Ireland. Her Majesty was out driving with two of her children when an old beggan wife hobbled across her path and cried with high-piteffed fervor: "Oh, Queen dear! cal the next one Patrick and all Ireland will die for yel" In the royal family, and among his intimates, the Duke of Connaught is always called "Pat," and it is selated by one who knows him very well that he can tell the good stories he has collected in his travel and campaigns, with a humor worthy of his

Historical Chalice and Paten.

The chalice and paten which have just passed into the possession of the Crown, on the death of Baron Schroder, have an interestin history. These vessels, which are made of gold, and are of beautiful workmanship, were scovered some years ago in a cave on "Mynyddey Garn," near Dolgelly, by two laborers, who sold them for a small sum to ady and gentleman then resident in the neighborhood. Those with rights of treasur trove on the land, however, got to hear of the vessels, which were then sold in London for (800, and later for £3,000. The Crown next intervened, and claimed the articles. By an agreement with Baron Schroder, who had purchased the vessels, it was arranged the at his death they were to become the property of the Crown. An effort will now be made to secure them for the Welsh National Museum

The Rights of Women.

The right to watch while others sleep, The right o'er others' woes to weep, The right to succor in distress. The right when others curse to bless, The right to love when others scorn, The right to comfort all who mourn, The right to shed new joy to earth, The right to feel the soul's high worth, The right to lead the soul to God, Along the path our Saviour trod; " Such woman's right our God will bless And crown their champion with success.

ORIGIN OF THE NEWSPAPER.

The Power of the Press of To-day Started

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in Small Ways. It Doesn't Pay to Take an Unwilling Hus- found its way into print. It was an inky, to say, among other things, of Bishops and Canada-West), "where, by the way, may be band to Church—"Adsum" Was Not Apbadly printed little sheet, not much bigger what they are and ought to be:

preciated at Dinner Time by English than a man's hand. In regard to the diminutive size the publisher excused himself by with all his clergy. He ought to visit all the for many years, his lungs were at one time

For a few moments father regarded him say poking fun at the follies of the age. In was a great and effective Bishop. with baleful eyes.

"Oh, you've 'ad some, 'ave yer " he growl- print a line of parliamentary debate, and the gramophone of kindly platitudes. He ought "Will you give me a certificate to that efed at last. "Well, you jist git away then, an' news columns were restricted to the fullest to be able to uplift, convince, surprise, inter- fect?' asked young Laurier, eagerly.

The liveryman, made to understand that he might have been imparted to him by his not enough to skirmish through the papers. had omitted to send a carriage to her house, valet who learned the news from "other A Bishop ought to be able to read and to acknowledged that all the blame rested on gentlemen's gentlemen." Small as the Daily talk out subjects, and ought particularly to Writte him and apologized in manly fashion, but Courant was, the editor had trouble enough see men of widely differing views; he ought annivers

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

Col. John Hay. The King was sick. His cheek was red, And his eye was clear and bright; He ate and drank with a kingly zest, And peacefully snored at night,

And sent to the schools for more,

At last two famous doctors came, And one was as poor as a rat-He had passed his life in studious toil, And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book; His patients gave him no trouble; If they recovered, they paid him well; If they died, their heirs paid double,

As the King on his couch reclined; In succession they thumped his august ches But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut "Hang him up!" roared the King in a gale-The other leech grew a shade pale.

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nos "The King will be well if he sleeps one nigh In the shirt of a happy man,"

Wide o'er the realm the courtiers rode, And fast their horses ran, And many they saw, and to many they spoke, But they found no happy man.

They saw two men by the roadside sit, And both bemoaned their lot; For one had buried his wife, he said, And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate, A beggar lay whistling there! le whistled and sang, and laughed and rolled On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked

You seem to be happy to-day."

O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed And his voice rang free and glad; An idle man has so much to do That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courtiers said; "Our luck has led us aright. I will give you a hundred ducats, friend, For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass, And laughed till his face was black; "I would do it," said he, and he roared with the fun,

"But I haven't a shirt to my back!" Each day to the King the reports came in Of his unsuccessful spies,

And the sad panorama of human woes Passed daily under his eyes. And he grew ashamed of his useless life,

And his maladies hatched in gloom; He opened his windows and let the air Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled In his own appointed way; And the people blessed him, the land wa

And the King was well and gay.

come chairman of the council, and Canon leave the British Islands for the colonies, a midshipman in the navy. Please apply to Beal is appointed secretary.

Rev. Mr. Riopel, chaplain at the Grosse Hamilton on Saturday last and expressed It is possible the thought of the extension of like quarantine station, died suddenly on Sun-bimself highly pleased with the system adoptday, August 7th.

WHAT A BISHOP'S SON SAYS. Bishops, What They Are and Ought The Premier Was Once Marked For

Queen Anne reigned in England between A C. Benson, who knows all about epis- When Laurier was a young lawyer in 1702 and 1714, and during this period the copal life from the fact of being the son of Arthabaska," says M. O. Hammond, writing

Workingman.

announcing in the first edition that it was parishes, and make acquaintance, if possible, thought to be seriously affected, and in this small in order "to save the publick at least with subordinate Church workers. It enconnection a pretty story is told of the roso many children that he used to call the roll one-half the Impertinences of Ordinary courages and stimulates parochial life and mance of the Premier's life. While attending energy, it gives a sense of pastoral authority; law school in Montreal, Laurier became deep By "Ordinary Newspapers" was meant the and the desire of Church people to see and ly attached to a young lady in the house in abusive political pamphlets written by Dean hear and know their Bishop is entirely reas-which he boarded, who had some years beSwift and Daniel de Foe. There had also onable and commendable. But this involves fore come up from a farm near Arthabaska. been publications got out during the Crom- an immense strain. There are men of ready The attachment grew to love and promise of well wars when it was said that each army sympathy, quick memory for detail, perfect marriage. Unfortunately, at this stage carried its own printing press. First among tact, and a power of kindly personal speech, Laurier's health gave way, and the Montreal these was the Weekly News; but none be- who can do it without undue pressure. But doctors thought he could not live long. Unfore the advent of the Daily Courant could it would not be well for the Church if it der these circumstances the engagement was be called a newspaper in the real sense of were felt that all Bishops must be of this and broken and Laurier went to Arthabaska in of no other type. Bishop Lightfoot, for in- wretched health, and, as most people thought, A few years later Addison started the stance, had no small talk, was shy, and had with but a short time to live. Soon after his Spectator. Each number consisted of an es- not a very good memory for faces. Yet he arrival he consulted a local doctor, who told

not to be content with merely talking ec- Intercession clesiastical shop with clergy who agree with him, or arguing ritual questions with clergy who do not agree with him. He ought to know what politicians and Socialists and Nonconformists are doing and saying. Half our misunderstandings are caused by an aberally be found that most social reformers ld are really aiming at the same end, though they use different methods and call things by different names. A Bishop ought "Children," she exclaimed, "you are not They did not cure him. He cut off their to be abreast of all this, because above all things his duty is to seek peace and ensue it. He can minimize friction, he can remove misunderstanding, he can inculcate charity. But he cannot do all this unless he understands what his supposed opponents are driv-ing at; and thus he ought to have a wide and first-hand acquaintance with all social and religious theories of work. If he has not this, he sacrifices quality of work to quantity, and supports civic respectability rather than Christian progress. Now that the frank secularity of feudal and Whig Bishops is gone, it is in danger of being succeeded by another subtle kind of secularity, namely, that of trivial administrative detail. If Bishops become merely heads of departments, the spirituality of the Church must be en-

The duties, engagements, and correspondence of Bishops are growing beyond all reason, the first cause being the enormously augmented activity of the Church, and parochial clergy. There are far more organiz tions to be kept going, more children to be confirmed, more consecrations and reopenings of churches, more conferences and gath erings of every kind to attend, and the fathers in God are hurried into opportunism

Our Own.

Margaret Sangster. If I had known in the morning How wearily all the day

The words unkind Would trouble my mind, I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor given you heedless pain; But we may vex "our own" With look and tone,

We might never take back again. For though in the quiet evening Yet well it might be

That never for me The pain of the heart should cease. How many go forth in the morning. Who never come home at night; And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken

That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for strangers, And smiles for the sometime guest, But oft for "our own"

The bitter tone, Though we love our own the best. Ah! lip with the curve impatient; Ah! brow with that look of soorn;

Twere a cruel fate Were the night too late, To undo the work of the morn.

ishop's Hat Trick.

cial appeal for £30 to clear off a debt on the priests interested, sang people's part in Heb-building fund of the warden's house, and, rew. The congregation, with the help of the Profoundly Religious.

To illustrate the profoundly pious feeling that inspires the actors at Oberammergan, headgear round, and dropped coins into it, headgear round, and dropped coins into it, and the party, found rooms at the home of Lang, who takes the part of Christ in the play, and who speaks English well.

During a pause at dinner one day this American woman loudly and flippautly said to Lang:

And saying, in it! Now then, we must get tid of that debt" Willing hands passed the rosetted headgear round, and dropped coins into it, shebbash sha ma Yim. The processional hymn was "The God of Abraham praise," sung to the tune from "The English Hymnal," adapted from a Hebrew melody.

The choir with cross and the celebrant was doing the hat trick." We rather like was doing the hat trick." We rather like these unconventional ways of some of modern prelates; but how they would have made the right reverend fathers of the last century the Epistle and Gospel for St. John Baptist's the Epistle and Gospel for St. John Baptist's the Epistle and Gospel for St. John Baptist's

with Christ."

Lang looked at her in astonishment; then said solemnly:

"Madame, I hope it will not be the last."

"It was a remarkable rebuke to come from a peasant," commented Mr. Hale.

Up to the present 432,000 have been subscribed to the Canada fund started by the scribed to the Canada fund started by the scribes and to consult with the Church chaplains in the British Isles. scribed to the Canada fund started by the colonies to consult with the Church chaplains at various points, and to arrange, if possible. The Church Mission House, New York, fers of personal service recently have large for a more systematic and better organized lately received a dollar with the note: "The method of earing for Church emigrants who first money received from the government by ed in Niagara diocese.

SIR WILFRID'S LOVE-STORY.

make room for them as ain't!"

And that's what came of showing off. If suppressed by the Puritanic government of he'd just said, in plain English, I'm ready, the Massachusetts Bay Colony. From these tern of intellectual and spiritual force is behumble beginnings the great and powerful ing for ever depleted, and never filled, how lady love. In the meantime the lady had After the guests had waited for half an hour As a matter of fact the gentleman of the languid? A Bishop ought to be able to put proved lasting, but the return of Wilfrid with in a Berkshire church for the bride to arrive, early eighteenth century picked what news social, religious and practical problems in a the assurnace of probable good health and messengers were despatched to the livery and gossip there was at his club or the coffee clear light, and help men to form a just and long life, brought the lovers together again. houses, or through what secret information wise judgment on them. But to do this it is That lady is now Lady Laurier."

God's Chosen Israel. Written by Miss Beatrice Rosenthal for anniversary service of the Hebrew Guild of

God of Hosts, Whose saints confess Thee All Eternal, Three in One, Ever shall Thy servants bless Thee For the great things Thou hast done: Christ Thy Son, for man's salvation, Here as man, vouchsafed to dwell; Firstfruits of the favoured nation Of Thy people Israel.

Thou didst send a Man before them, Jordan's bitter flood He crossed, Their true Leader, to restore them To the kingdom they had lost. And where'er His Church obeys Him, Sees in faith His guiding sway, Israel's remnant meets to praise Him On His great Forerunner's day.

Soon Messiah, long-expected, Shall unite their scattered race, They are His, in love elected To His heritage of grace. Hebrew seers foretold His glory, Sang the promise of His birth, Hebrew martyrs wrote His story, Spread His Gospel o'er the earth

Yet Christ's brethren broken-hearted, Wander on, a weary band, All their glory has departed Alien powers possess their land. Saviour lead these souls that spurn Thee, Let them to Thy Cross draw nigh, And with opened eyes discern Thee 'Neath the veil of prophecy.

God the Father hear our pleading, Christ, Immanuel, praise be Thine, Holy Ghost, from Both proceeding In one mystery Divine. Three in One, we kneel before Thee, Lord of earth and Heaven above;

Alleluia! we adore Thee

For the greatness of Thy love. JEWRY IN LONDON.

Anniversary of the Hebrew Guild of Inter-

The problem of work amongst the Jewish population in many East London parishes is serious. In seven parishes within a mile of city boundary, out of a population of 53,000 souls, 37,000 are of the Hebrew race, and in 1887 the late Rev. Michael Rosenthal, vicar You may give me the kiss of peace, fof St. Mark's, Whitechapel, founded the Hebrew Guild of Intercession. The members are largely Hebrews to whom the founder had ministered as head of the East London Mission to the Jews. Since Mr. Rosenthal's death the Guild has been carried on in connection with the East London Fund for the Jews, the council recognizing its spiritua help to Hebrew Christians. The object the guild is "to help Hebrew Christians in their efforts to show forth in their lives the reality of their belief, and to aid them in helping each other to hold fast the Holy Faith of the Catholic Church, to walk in the steps of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to follow the example of the Blessed Apostles, and to further the extension of Christ's Church among the Jews."

On the Eve of St. John the Baptist's Day friends and members of the Guild met at St. Lawrence Jewry to join in the offering of the Holy Mystery on behalf of the work. With The Bishop of Winchester varied the pro- the exception of hymns and sermon the serceedings at the annual meeting at Basingstoke of the Diocesan Home of Rescue Work
by a humorous touch of originality in "sending round the hat." He had to make a spethias, Stoke Newington, with a number of after doing so with considerable eloquence, he wound up by putting down his episcopal "shovel" on the table before him with a bang, and saying, "There's my hat with a £5 note in it! Now then, we must get rid of that able was the singing of the kyries, Adonai

boy's mind while at New Hampshire's great!



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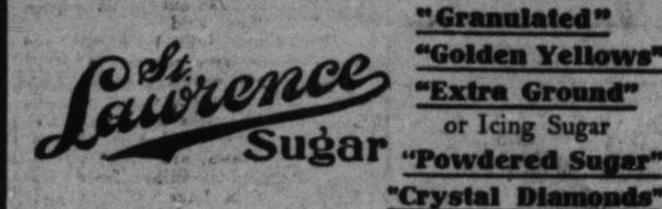
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