

the New Testament was written. It shows that Christ's first and great method for saving souls was not to write a book or propound a philosophy, which might have been done by some prophet, but was to found a Church in living connection with Himself, He being foundation and Head. That great purpose was realized, and to day, the Holy Catholic Church exists as the result. Through the Church, the last consecrated Bishop, the last baptized child, is linked in living human connection with the Man Jesus of Nazareth. The hands of Jesus were lifted up over the Apostles, theirs laid on their successors, and so on until they rest on Christians to day—practically the hands of Jesus stretching down through the ages. This is the Church, Christ's body, and no book, no philosophy, no mere human association can take the place or do its work.—*Selected.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you can comfort, for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours;
We need them as we need the birds, and need the summer flowers;
And their help at task and toiling the Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy Name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer—
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some souls to look above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you—swift and jubilant they ring.
O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King!

Fearless march in royal service; not an evil can befall
Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing—
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hour of spring—
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you—
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

MAUDIE'S TEXT.

BY THE HON. KATHERINE SCOTT, AUTHOR OF
"MISS BROWN'S DISTRICT," ETC.

[Continued]

One day, later in the week, Maudie was having a nice play with Teddie, the little ones having all gone to bed, and father and mamma were busy talking very gravely. Maudie's

attention was aroused by hearing father say—
"Well, poor Tom must be helped somehow, and it really is difficult to see how we can do it. Maudie's text has been in my head all day. Angel, and I almost think I've hit on something!"

"What, Eddie? Do tell me!"

Maudie always liked to hear father and mamma call one another "Angel" and "Eddie;" she thought it sounded like a book; and Teddie was called after father.

"What is that in thine hand?" you know. Why! my pen, Angel! I have enough to do at present without it, but sitting up at night I could manage something."

"Oh, Eddie, that is a good thought! And your Angel isn't much use, is she? What could I do?"

"What you are always doing, and what keeps everything straight and happy, my Angel in truth!"

Father was stooping over mamma, whose eyes were full of tears, and Maudie quite forgot Teddie in looking at them. Then father went out, and Maudie crept up to mamma, and putting her hand softly on her cheek, found the tears were running down.

"Mamma! what are you crying for? What kind of tears are these?"

Mamma was laughing now.

"What kind of tears, darling? Sorry tears out of one eye, and glad out of the other;" and mamma laughed merrily.

"Do tell me, though—what were you and father saying about the text? I was almost forgetting it, because it's such a long time since Sunday."

"Yes, darling, but we mustn't forget it. And now I'll tell you. Uncle Tom, who has just come home from India, is very ill, and father wants to send him some money, but you know we have not very much; so father has been thinking and thinking, and now he's going to write something, and use his head and his pen. That is what God has given him in his hand; do you see, darling?"

"Oh! I see! That is nice! But what did father say you had? and what made you cry glad and sorry, mamma?"

Mamma laughed again. "The sorry was because I can do very little, as I am ill; and the glad was because father reminded me of something I have in my hand; and we all have. There is a beautiful hymn which says—

"Take Moses' rod, the rod of pray'r."

That was what father meant; That is one thing I can do which will help us all; so you see it is true, we have each something in our hands."

Maudie was considering very gravely.

"I'd like to be like father, and do something for Uncle Tom."

"Well! perhaps you will, for father is going to ask Uncle Tom's little girl to come here: and if she does, my little helper will have to do a great deal, for she is only Rosie's age, and has no nurse, and can't speak English."

"Oh, mamma! what fun! what grand fun!"

"I'm afraid perhaps it won't be all fun, dearie, but we'll try and make it." Maudie was so excited at the thoughts of an Indian cousin, that she would hardly go to bed when nurse came for her, and was surprised to find that nurse was very grave and rather cross at the mention of the cousin.

"Your poor mamma will be worn out, and you'll have to be a pattern of goodness, Miss Maudie, or we'll never get on. So Maudie began to feel a little sobered.

The following Tuesday the little cousin really did come, and Maudie found what mamma had said was quiet true. Violet was her name, and Rosie and Violet ought to have been two very dear little sweet flowers, but Violet had never played with any children before, and she did nothing but cry and scold. Mamma was the only person who could make her good—her

cold hands and her gentle voice always quieted her; but no one knew but father how often mamma had to use her rod of prayer for patience for herself, and patience for nurse, and for dear little Maudie too.

Nobody but father knew how it was that, in spite of mamma's being ill, things went on smoothly, and how many little squabbles were settled peacefully by mamma's sofa.

One day nurse made the jam, and Maudie was allowed to go to the kitchen and really help, pulling the fruit off the stalks, and doing various little things; but the next day some help was needed which Maudie did not at all want to give.

Violet was asleep on Mamma's sofa, and mamma was doing some needlework for nurse, when she appeared at the door.

"If you please, ma'am, could you write some labels for the jams and jellies, just to know the different kinds apart?"

"Miss Maudie shall do it, nurse. I'm sure she'll be able to, and I'll get on with your work. Come, Maudie, here's my indelible pencil, and here are the tickets, and I'll show you how."

Poor Maudie's face fell. She could write very tidily for her age; but it was the lesson she liked least, and if she was to write at all, she liked ink.

"Oh, mamma, please, I needn't do it. I do want to play. Violet has been so tiresome all day, and upset all my house, and I'm just putting it tidy."

"And how about helping mamma? You know I told you if we tried to help Uncle Tom it would be hard work for us all—even for you, my darling."

"If I were big, I'd like to help you, but I can't now, mamma," and Maudie went back to her doll's house. After a bit she looked round and saw mamma with her eyes shut, looking very tired. Something inside gave her a little prick, but she went on playing. Then she looked again, and there was mamma stitching away so hard, and looking so white.

The little child had really a battle to fight, and then she got up slowly. "Mamma, I'll try and do them."

Mamma's pleased face was a reward.

"That's right, darling. Here's the one to copy from. I'm making it very short."

Kind mamma only put "R. Jam," for "Raspberry Jam," and "S. Jam," for "Strawberry," and "B. C. Jam," for "Black Currant;" but, oh! the labor it was for poor Maudie! After she had done six her fingers ached, and the last one look very funny.

"What is the matter with this one, mamma?"

"Why the J has turned its foot the wrong way, and the M is standing on its head," and mamma went into a peal of laughter, till Maudie, who had been beginning to feel rather grumpy, laughed too.

"But the others are very good, darling; and do you know you are doing the sermon again—doing it like father, too, with your pen?"

Mamma was so clever at thinking nice thoughts! Maudie felt quite happy again, and worked away until she done them all and her fingers were stiff.

But father's kiss when he came in, and his voice as he said, "Why, Maudie, you are remembering your text well," made her very happy, and the last time I heard of her she was still trying, not only to remember but "to do the sermon."

A Subscriber in Cape Breton writes: "The GUARDIAN is quite a welcome visitor, and we look forward anxiously for the day of its arrival. Cannot you make it tri-weekly?"

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