

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

'YOUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.'—Col. iii. 2.

Oh! let my life be hid with Thee,
My Saviour, Christ in God!
Until at last—my spirit free—
I reach Thy blest abode!

In sweet communion I would blend
My hidden life with Thine,
Would have Thee, Lord, mine Inner Friend,
My Comforter Divine.

Then, when the surface of life's stream
Is ruffled up by sin,
What'er life's outward guise might seem,
I should have peace within.

E'en as the mighty ocean deep,—
When sudden gales arise,—
Beneath, its waters calmly sleep:
In peace its bosom lies.

So may Thy never failing peace,
Within my breast flow on,
Till all its joys and sorrows cease,
And life's hard battle's won.

—Jeanie.

ALTAR FLOWERS.

Standing one day by an altar,
I longed for an angel's pen,
To trace its flowers on my mem'ry,
As they look'd in their beauty then—

In their fulness of red and white,
In their delicate placing rare,
In their sheen and shadow light,
As they leant on the perfumed air.

And a soft breeze passed me by,
And a something whisper'd me then,
And I felt on my inmost soul
The swift strokes of an angel's pen.

And the red and the white are there,
All the beauty of sheen and shade,
Deep down in my soul's deep mem'ry,
Where the pen of the angel stray'd.

Whene'er I reach my Home
In the amaranthine bowers,
Then methinks I'll thank the angel
Who traced me those Altar Flowers.

—Ellen Crosse.

KITTY AND "PLEASE."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command, very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying 'will you be kind enough to do this or that?' in a gentle tone, she said 'Do this,' or 'Do that,' like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on.

'Bridget,' she said, 'I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon.'

Bridget was doing something else in the closet, and did not immediately come out.

'Bridget,' she called again, 'don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on.'

Her mother was in the next room, and over-hearing her little daughter, said:

'Say "please," Kitty, and Bridget will put your shoe on.'

Kitty pouted, and did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor and tried to put it on herself, which was all very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little, fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it

fitted very tight, in fact, Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry.

'Bridget will help you, Kitty,' said her mother, looking into her chamber; 'ask her, my child.'

But Kitty looked 'No, I shan't,' though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner bell rang.

'You stay here, Kitty, until you can ask Bridget properly to put on your shoes,' and her mother went down stairs.

Kitty turned very red and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room and shut the door. O naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself, and how grievous her parents were to see no dear little Kitty in her own high chair at the table! and for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it.

By and by her papa came up stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room, went to the little room.

The little girl jumped up from the corner and going towards him, said:

'O papa, "please" would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now.'

She took her father's hand, and taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said:

'Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot.'

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran down stairs and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said, with a tear in her eye:

'Mamma, "please" did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma its out, and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma, I'm very sorry.'

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say 'please' afterwards; and 'please' made the little girl a great many friends.—S. S. Visitor.

THE HARD PROBLEM.

I know of a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?"

"No sir. I can and will do it if you give me time."

I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he had continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges and one of

the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be, "If I can, I will."—Evangelist.

SPONSORS.

Sponsors (or God parents) are provided by the Church to be real helps in Christian nurture. They ought always to be communicants of the Church. To stand and blunder through the responses in Baptism, to attend Church only at one ceremony, to give the child a little present, and ever after to forget the responsibility assumed in such sponsorship; such a course does only harm. It renders the Sacrament a mere hollow form and the relation of sponsor a mockery. But true sponsorship, entered into prayerfully, intelligently, and followed up by persistent, kind, wise, instructive, personal influence, is a grand help in the Church. In that case, the decrease or carelessness of parents does not deprive the child of all Christian nurture, while a Christian parents' influence is strengthened. True, our frequent moves break up the relation between God parent and God child, and other things often hinder it; but even so, much more might be made of it than we have ever dared to hope for. Can we not improve in this matter?—Ch. Life.

CAN'T AND TRY.

Can't do it sticks in the mud; but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said, "Try," and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said, "Try," and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb, no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend.

"BUT GOD DID."

A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea table, and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and, sitting down, seemed to meditate.

"You are right," said he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air; "God does count; for the Bible says, 'the hairs of our heads are all numbered.'"

The highest, the best, the most permanent pleasures are those which are not sought, but which come from the faithful fulfilment of life's duties and obligations. Indeed, eager search after pleasure in any direction is always fruitless, because it implies a condition of mind to which enduring happiness is a stranger. Selfishness and enjoyment may dwell together for a brief season, but the latter will soon wither away under the scorching influence of the former.

Two little girls were playing Church. One said, "Now we are going to have prayer, you kneel down and be a real Christian, I'll just sit down and put my hand up to my face, I'm going to be one of those stylish Christians."