

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## SUMMER DAYS.

BY KATE BISHOP.

Summer with glory softly floods the earth,  
 Crowned are the hilltops with the gems of heaven,  
 The glowing flowers that speak of summer's birth,  
 And God, and all that He to us has given.  
 They are mute witnesses of His great love,  
 Bright heralds of a fairer world above.  
 How perfectly in form and bloom they show  
 The work of the Great Artist now whose hand  
 Is laid with benediction on the land,  
 So plainly traced in sun and song and glow.  
 The flower-crowned hills are draped in mantles green,  
 And outlined stand against the gold-flecked sky.  
 The trees, just touched with summer's amber sheen,  
 Reflected in the sun-kissed waters lie.  
 Earth's like a mirror that reflects God's love  
 To us who dwell here, and His glorious face  
 Seems shining out, reflected from above,  
 And glorifies our earthly dwelling-place.  
 While we with swelling hearts his goodness trace,  
 And Thou, O God! hast given us this fair earth—  
 We, who have shamed Thy goodness from our birth,  
 How fair is Nature in her summer guise;  
 The wild dog-daisies growing near me seem  
 Like snowy stars with gleaming golden eyes,  
 As fair as those that nightly on us beam.  
 The dog-rose scent, borne on the playful breeze,  
 The whispering voices of the waving trees,  
 The flowing river's rippling silvery gleam  
 All lift my soul, on adoration's wings,  
 To Him who gave all fair and lovely things.  
 How sweet the silver voices of the birds,  
 Clear as the bell upon a marriage day,  
 Sweet as the honied breath of lover's words,  
 When peace and beauty light their summer way.  
 And Nature's thousand voices seem to say,  
 "Band down, vain mortal, praise the One who gave  
 This wondrous earth, its fruits, its glowing flowers;  
 But there's a glorious world that rivals ours,  
 Thine if thou wilt, the world beyond the grave."

## HARRY'S TEMPTATION.

[We are indebted to that most excellent Sunday-School Paper, "The Young Churchman," of Milwaukee, for the following story and cut for our Family Department.]

The boys in the senior class, at Fairfield Academy, were very much interested in competing for the prize which had been offered for the best original essay written by one of their number. The prize was a far more valuable one than had ever been offered before, and Harry Duncan had set his heart upon winning it, if possible, and he spent every spare moment, for some time beforehand in preparing his essay.

The prize was one which all the boys wanted to win, perhaps all the more because it was rather an unusual one. A complete outfit for an amateur photographer was the premium offered, and it was just the one thing that Harry wanted to possess ever since he was a little boy.

He knew that one other boy in his class, far excelled him in composition, and this knowledge discouraged him not a little, still he resolved to do his best.

His essay was completed and neatly copied, a week before the time appointed for the essays to be handed to the committee who were to read them, and decide which one was deserving of the prize, and he knew that he had put forth his best efforts even if he should not be the successful competitor.

He was on his way to school, one morning, when he heard his name called, and looking back he saw that one of his school fellows was trying to overtake him.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Walter, as he reached Harry's side, breathless with his haste.

"No, what news?" asked Harry.

"Why, Fred Harris just got a telegram that his father is very sick, so he had to start off in the train, this morning, to go to him, and he isn't coming back any more this term. Of course, I wouldn't want my father to be sick, but I wouldn't mind being in his shoes, and getting out of school the rest of the term."

"I would, then," answered Harry. "I

wouldn't miss school for anything just now, especially when I am so anxious to get the prize."

"You haven't got much chance of it though, while Howard Ellison is around," said Walter, with boyish frankness that was not altogether polite.

"I know I haven't," answered Harry, good-naturedly, "but I am going to do my best, and that is all that any one can do."

Just then the boys reached the door of the Academy, and there was no time for farther conversation. Fred's desk was next to Harry's, and at recess the teacher asked him if he would gather up his desk-mate's books, and put them away, so that the desk could be given to a new scholar.

While Harry was engaged in this task he discovered a neatly folded paper among the books and papers that made an untidy litter in the bottom of the desk, and unfolding it, he found that it was a prize essay, neatly copied in Fred's best hand-writing.

"It won't do him any good, now," thought Harry to himself, as he opened it, and glanced over the first few lines. "Of course he can't compete for the prize if he isn't coming back again this term. I must look over this, and see what chance he would have had if he had sent it in."



"HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL."

When he had finished his lessons, that afternoon, he took out Fred's essay and finished reading it. He had not expected that it would be a very original or well written production, for Fred's weak point was composition, and he was very much surprised to find that this essay was superior to anything that he had thought his school-mate capable of.

The essay was original in thought and expression, and unusually well written for a boy.

"Well, mine wouldn't have had any chance beside this one," thought Harry, as he folded the essay up. "I don't see how Fred ever managed to write anything like this, for his compositions are miserably, generally. Why, Howard Ellison couldn't have done better than this, and he is the best writer in school."

Just then a thought flashed into Harry's mind, which he tried in vain to banish. It came back to him again and again, with unwearying persistency. "Why not copy this essay, and pass it in as your own?" the temper whispered to him, and though, at first, Harry shrank from the idea of doing such a dishonorable act, yet by degrees he began to entertain the suggestion.

"It would be mean. It would be acting a falsehood," whispered Harry's better self. "What harm would it do?" answered the temper. Fred cannot use it. It is of no use to any body, and you might as well use it and win the prize. You will not be injuring any one."

It was a severe temptation, and more than once Harry almost yielded to it. He did want to win the prize, and he knew that his chances of being the successful competitor were very slight, if he should use his own essay, yet he knew that he could not be happy if he won the coveted honor by deceit and falsehood. By a great effort to overcome the temptation, and like a wise boy, put it out of his power to yield again, by handing the essay to his teacher, telling him he had found it in Fred's desk. Perhaps you can imagine how glad he was that he had resisted temptation, when his teacher said, as he glanced at the title of the essay:

"Howard Ellison will be quite relieved when I tell him that you discovered this in Fred's desk. He came to me, at noon, to tell me that he had given his prize essay to Fred to copy for him, because Fred writes such a legible hand, and as he had no other copy of it himself, and could not find this one among Fred's books, he was very much afraid that it had been lost, and that he would have to write it all over again. Now he will not have that trouble."

"Suppose I had stolen that essay?" Harry had asked himself, as he turned away. "It would have been discovered at once, and instead of winning the prize, I should have been publicly disgraced. I am glad I did not do it, for even if I had won the prize, I couldn't have enjoyed it."

When the day for the decision concerning the essays arrived, Howard Ellison was, as Harry had anticipated, the successful competitor, but Harry almost forgot how he had set his heart upon the camera, as he thought of the disgrace the day would have brought him if he had tried to win the prize dishonorably.

Boys, always be honorable. Even if you are not detected, you will never enjoy any happiness purchased by dishonor.

MINNIE E. KENNEDY.

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