

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

OUR MOTHER CHURCH.

OUR Mother Church of England
A faithful witness bears,
Midst peace and happy sunshine,
Of strife, and storms, and tears:
The world may rage around her,
Or tempest's voice may roar,
But One who stills the tumults
Is with her evermore.

Within her sweet Communion,
Throughout the ages gone,
The noblest hearts of England
Have rested, one by one:
Her very dust is sacred.
Her very stones are dear,
Her hallowed shrines have witnessed
The prayer, the praise, the tear.

Within her walls, our fathers
Have often knelt in prayer,
And mothers for their children
Have softly pleaded there;
Voice after voice grows silent,
Age after age goes by,
And still our lips are breathing
The same sweet Liturgy.

Our Mother Church of England—
O Saviour, keep her pure!
O Holy Spirit, guide her,
And lead her evermore!
O Triune God, defend her
Till earth's long night be past,
And o'er the seething waters
The daybreak stream at last!

—Selected.

THE WAY TO PARADISE.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.—(Continued.)

"Aye, and it's little good the doctor's stuff seems to do him. Here, hold him a minute while I get it mixed."

Dot received him rather reluctantly. She was not fond of babies, and had always privately believed that this was one of the most annoying of his kind, crying incessantly, and she was certain Mrs. Smithers had been a great deal crosser since it came. It gave an unexpected wriggle now on her lap, and in her fear of dropping it, Dot relaxed her hold upon that precious half-crown, which straightway rolled across the floor right to Mrs. Smithers' feet.

"What's this?" she cried sharply. "Where did you come by that?" with a quick suspicion in her tone.

"A captain gave it me for singing 'Annie Laurie,'" gasped Dot in terror; give it me back—it's for Dick too."

"And for me too," said Mrs. Smithers, putting it into her pocket. "I'd never have heard a word of it but for this; and how long is it, do you think, since you've paid me anything for that attic? No, no, miss, right's right, and this doesn't half pay me either."

And that was the end of Dot's riches; neither tears nor pleadings took any effect upon Mrs. Smithers; possession was nine points of the law, and she had those nine points on her side. Dot went away disconsolately at last to one of the dock piers to mourn in solitude, and there, when she was was not looking for him any longer, she came upon Dick.

Dick seemed to feel the loss as keenly as she did herself, only he relieved his feelings by reproaching her for her carelessness in letting Mrs. Smithers get to know about it.

"I couldn't help it, Dick; I was afraid that baby would slip off on the floor; and it was sick, too."

"You had no business to take the baby at all; catch her getting me to take it. You're always getting into scrapes, Dot, and I don't believe you'll ever be any better."

Dot thought it very likely. She sat on her end of the log looking mournfully across the river. She had expected Dick to commend her, and they were to have had such a splendid supper out of that half crown, and instead he had taken himself away in displeasure, and Mrs. Smithers would get any supper that was going. Dot did feel just then that things were very unequally divided in this world.

They were to be more unequal still before that night was over. Near midnight, though it seemed to Dot that she had only just fallen asleep on her tiny mattress, she was awakened up with Mrs. Smithers shaking her violently. "Get up quick," she cried; "the baby's dying, and I want you to run for his father; he'll never forgive me if he doesn't get to know in time, and it's no manner of use asking that Dick."

That was perfectly certain, and Dot was conscious that it ought to be no manner of use asking her either. It was just as Dick prophesied—she would never be any better at standing up for herself. She crept quietly down behind Mrs. Smithers, afraid lest he should wake and find out this fresh delinquency, and listened to the message she was to deliver to the absent Mr. Smithers in abject silence.

"Where is his boat?" she asked.

"The North Wall—it's close against the side."

"It's an awful way," objected Dot feebly; "and so dark too."

"Will you get off?" sobbed Mrs. Smithers in despair; "it's little chance if he gets here in time as it is."

And Dot, with a wondering look at Mrs. Smithers' grief over that troublesome baby, did "get off" upon her mile and-a-half pilgrimage along the deserted docks. Her training had not been of a nature to encourage nervous fancies, but she was not by nature of a particularly valiant disposition, and the dense black outlines of the hulls and creaking of the cordage chilled her blood a good many times as she darted past them. Things looked so different in the dark, dead silence. She only knew them in the crowded, bustling daylight.

She was hardly able to gasp out her message when she finally found Mr. Smithers standing in the white glare of his open furnace. He was a stoker by profession, and on duty by night one week, by day the next. This was the right week. His grimy face lengthened as he took in Dot's story. Evidently he had not considered that baby an infliction any more than its mother. There were tears, actual tears, in his eyes. Dot saw them blinking in the firelight.

"I can't leave for near an hour yet, till the other man comes; tell her I'll be there directly after," he said, turning away to the dark corner where the coal was stacked.

Dot had no courage to suggest waiting for him. She set off alone on her journey back. There was the great dock to cross first. She remembered a short cut that would take off a big corner; it led close by the river wall, and there Dot stood still to look at the long lines of gas-lamps twinkling like yellow stars in the gloom. The fresh night wind fanned her tired little face like pitiful hands. Far above hung a tiny crescent moon, and away in the east lay a silvery brightness that might have been the fair gateway to another world. "It's instead of Paradise, perhaps," she said softly to herself, with a sudden recollection of her bygone researches after that mysterious region. The lonely, frightened feeling died out, away from those black, confusing shadows. The river had always been an old friend, and presently Dot turned her face homewards quite cheerfully.

There was a narrow black bridge just beyond, that led across a deep dry dock, where the invalid ships came for repairs, and somehow on that bridge Dot lost her balance. Perhaps the rushing of the tide had dozed her senses; perhaps it was want of sleep, or possibly some message from that far-off country she had so wanted to find. There was one little sobbing cry, a clutch at empty space, and Dot was lying a

crushed, shapeless heap on the logs of tarred timber far below.

It was there they found her, some early dock-labourers, hours later, when the sun was lighting up the broad river into one sheet of golden shine. Dick was among them. Mr. Smithers had roused him up to go and look for the stray wanderer, but the docks were many, and this the farthest away of them all. Dot's eyes opened wide for one last minute in the bright world she was slipping out of. They fell full on Dick's troubled face; the others she never noticed.

"Dick," it was a little, faint, glad cry, "you said I wouldn't ever get in, but I know I found the way to Paradise in the night."

SARAH PRATT.

MEETING TEMPTATION.

It is wise in the combat with temptations, especially when they are at their height, never to look them full in the face. To consider their suggestions, to debate with them is, generally speaking, a sure way to fail. Turn the mind to Christ at the first assault, and keep it fixed there with pertinacity, until this tyranny be overpast. Think of Him as standing close by thee in thy immediate neighborhood, with a hand outstretched for thy support as soon as ever thou lookest toward Him. Remember that it is not you who are to conquer, but He who is to conquer in you; and accordingly, even as the eyes of servants wait upon the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden upon the hand of her mistress, even so let your eyes wait upon Him, until he have mercy upon you. No man ever fell in this attitude of expectant faith; he falls because he allows himself to look at the temptation, to be fascinated by its attractiveness, or terrified by its strength.

One of the greatest sermons in our language is on the expulsive power of a new affection, and the principle laid down, in that sermon admits of application to the circumstances of which we are speaking. They can be, of course, no temptation without a certain correspondence of the inner man with the immediate occasion of trial. Now do you desire to weaken this correspondence, to cut it off, and make it cease? Fill the heart with another affection, and let it be the affection for Christ crucified. Thus will the energies of the soul, which will not suffice for two strong actions at the same time, be drawn off into another quarter; and besides, the great enemy, seeing that his assaults only provoke you to a continuous exercise of faith, will soon lay down his arms; and you shall know experimentally the truth of these words, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all fiery darts of the wicked one."

—Dean Goulburn.

READING.

We venture a few suggestions to the boys and girls about their reading. *The first is:* Don't try to read everything. Some people are very proud of the amount of their reading. This is a foolish pride, and generally goes before a fall of some kind. Persons who read a great deal, often fail to think much. The consequence is, nearly all they know is borrowed, and is merely a matter of memory. *The second is:* Don't take up books and drop them before they are half finished. This is a miserable habit. It is a habit that will cling to a person in other things than reading. Some good people strew their path with half-finished efforts and undertakings. They take up things quickly and drop them again as quickly. Better read a few books thoroughly than either to begin or skim through many. In the one case you will learn some things well; in the other you will get a smattering of a good many things, but will not be certain or accurate about any. *The third is:* Have some plan about reading, and not mix all sorts of things together. If you wish to know