

mere men always with nothing behind them save their own wisdom and learning and self-assertion. Be not afraid, its numbers and its uproar are a delusion, the concourse which appeals to the eye has no coherence, it will melt away when it is obliged to close with positive truth and to take its stand in defence of something; its noise and loud boasting which appeal to the ear are like the confused cries of the Ephesian mob, they have no sense, nor meaning nor purpose.—BISHOP SKYMOUR.—*Address to Synod. 1890.*

### FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

#### TO JESUS; IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

(For the Church Guardian.)

##### I

Jesus! O my Jesus!  
Here I bend the knee;  
All my life's deep longing  
Laid to rest in Thee.  
Here at last I see Thee,  
Know Thee, as Thou art;  
And Thy love, my Jesus,  
Breaks my heart.

##### II

Jesus! O my Jesus!  
Life had been so sweet,  
Had the years I wasted  
Found me at Thy feet;  
Had the love I lavished  
Found the love Divine;  
Yet, O yet, my Jesus  
Make me Thine!

##### III

Jesus! O my Jesus!  
Willing service take;  
O to do or suffer  
Aught for Thy dear sake.  
Let me lead or follow,  
Let me fight or rest,  
Live or die, my Jesus,  
As is best.

##### IV

Only, O my Jesus,  
From what'er I part,  
Keep me safe forever  
In Thy Sacred Heart!  
Earthly love may leave me;  
I will ne'er repine,  
If at last, dear Jesus,  
I have Thine.

—N. M. MACLEOD.

### RESIGNATION.

BY IDALIA.

Dear Lord, I want to lay my trembling hand  
Within Thine own;  
And in that cleft of riven rock to stand,  
With Thee alone.  
I want to be just like a little child,  
With childlike trust  
Walking with Thee, tho' Thou shouldst lay my  
head

Low in the dust.

Lord, it is best that I shouldst chastened be  
In Thine own way;  
'Tis Thine own love which layeth this on me,  
Doth with me stay.

Father, I know that every trial here  
Is for the best;  
And midst it all Thine arm upholdeth me,  
There I can rest.

Lord, all I want is simply there to stay,  
With Thee abide,  
Upheld by Thee, to pass right through the  
storm,  
In Thee to hide.

Father, I do not want this trial sore  
Lessened at all;  
I'll bear the bitter pain while Thou art near,  
Tho' tear drops fall.  
And while the darkness gathers o'er my way,  
Guided by Thee,  
Holding Thy hand, I'll thread the narrow way  
So peacefully.

—Parish Visitor.

### THE ROYAL FAIRY.

BY M. M. M.

Author of 'Little Lady Mildred's Inheritance,'  
'The King's Visit,' etc.

#### CHAPTER I.

'Oh, dear, I am so tired of these horrid old lessons!' exclaimed May's twin brother, Jack, as he tossed his grammar into one corner of the cozy study, and his mental arithmetic into another corner, while he brought his fist down so hard on the desk before him that the pens and pencils fairly danced a jig with the ink stand in consequence. 'Yes,' he went on, as he crossed the room and threw himself down on the wide divan, 'I just tell you what it is, May, I don't believe there ever lived a boy who hated to study as much as I do, or who was made to do every day of his life the things he most hated to do! I re-re-re—but he never finished his remark, for before he could even say the whole word 'really' a sharp little voice close beside him said: 'So because you have a few easy lessons to learn you think you're more tired than any boy who has ever lived, do you? Well, well, let me tell you that you were never more mistaken in your whole life!' and to Jack's surprise he felt something climbing up one of his arms, and as he turned to see what it was, there was the funniest little man that you can possibly imagine sitting on his elbow! He was about nine inches high and dressed in purple from head to foot; from the very topmost point of his cone shaped hat to the end of his long-toed kid shoes. He was a very old man, and his long beard and long flowing hair were as white as snow, while his face was as round and as rosy as any baby's—'Yes, indeed,' he continued, as Jack gazed at him in mute astonishment, 'as I said before, you're very much mistaken, very much indeed!' and the little fellow rose to his feet and looked Jack straight in the eyes.

'Well, whoever you are, I don't think you're very polite,' answered Jack (who had at last found the use of his tongue). 'I don't like being told three times in less than three minutes that I don't speak the truth.'

'Dear! dear! so you don't think I'm polite. Well, if I've been rude I'm very sorry, and I humbly beg your pardon,' and he took off his peaked hat and made a deep bow, with the merriest kind of a twinkle in his small brown eyes; and then, as he put it on his head again and pulled it down over his ears in the queerest fashion, he went on; 'And now, my friend Jack, suppose you come with me, and we'll take a flyer together just to show you that what I said was true, although you did not like to hear it.'

'A what?' asked Jack, 'what was it you said we should take together?'

'Oh a flyer,' answered the little man, and he laughed gaily. 'I forgot that I was talking to a human boy. What I asked you to do was to take a flyer, and I don't see how I can explain it, unless you will try it for yourself. Will you trust yourself to me and start off on a long journey under my care? I'm not very big nor very strong, but you will see that I am full of unseen power, and can do pretty much as I please,' and he threw back his small shoulders, and slapped his chest with his tiny hands.

'You're a queer chap,' answered Jack, 'but I like you all the same and I'll go with you, and

try the flyer' as you call it, but I must tell my mother that I'm going, for she might worry about me, you know.'

'That's a good boy, always think of your mother that way, and you an't go very far wrong,' and one of the small hands went into the small trouser pocket and pulled out a piece of paper which, when unfolded and spread out, was almost as large as the little creature who held it. 'Now Jack,' he said, as he put it in the boy's hands, 'just hold that in front of your mouth, and say exactly the words you would write in a note, and watch and see what will happen.' Jack obeyed, and at the first words he almost dropped the paper in his great astonishment, for there in their proper place were the very words he had said: 'My dearest mother,'—just as he would have written them with pen and ink.

'That's only one of the things I can do,' said the old man, as he chuckled merrily at the boy's surprise, 'but hurry up, as we have no time to lose.'

'Who shall I tell her I have gone with?' asked Jack, 'for she would like to know that, you know.'

'Say with one of the Royal fairies,' was the quick response, and a minute after, the note was folded and left on the library-table with:

'For mamma, from Jack,' written on the outside.

'Now are you ready?' asked the fairy, 'because the first thing I want you to do is to eat this stick of candy, and then we will start at once.'

'How funny!' murmured the boy, but he took the small piece of twisted sugar and put it in his mouth as he was asked to do. No sooner had he done so than he began to feel the queerest sensations all over him, and after the first shock he found that he was becoming smaller and smaller each second and that as he did so his old clothes disappeared and a suit of purple clothes just like those of his little friend took their place.

'That will do,' said a voice in his ear after about half a minute, and looking around he found that the fairy was standing beside him, and that he was now just as small as he was, and that he had stopped shrinking just as suddenly as he had commenced. 'How do you feel?' asked the little man.

'Pretty small, thank you,' Jack answered, and then he felt his hand grasped firmly and another queer sensation took the place of the one just passed, for he was gently lifted, by some unseen power, from his feet and carried upward through the window-pane into the cold evening air.

'You'll get accustomed to it in a few minutes, and like it as much as we do,' said his companion in his cheery little voice; and Jack soon began to feel at home and to think it great fun to fly through the darkness in this easy manner—for he did not exert himself in any way, but only felt himself being carried swiftly through space by some powerful unseen force.

'So this is what you call a flyer is it?' he asked, in a few minutes, when he found his breath coming and going as usual once more.

'Yes,' answered the little man, 'we call it so because it is the only truthful way of expressing what we do, for we don't either run or jump, you see, when we are in haste.'

'Whom do you mean by 'we,' asked the wondering boy, 'do you mind very much telling me who you are?'

'Not in the least,' was the quick answer, 'no, indeed; I'm too proud of being what I am to want to hide it. When I say 'we' I mean the princes, the Royal fairies, for I am one of them. You will understand what an honor it is to be chosen one of their number when I tell you that it is only after fifty years of faithful service to our gracious queen that we are available for even the first of the three grades in the Royal Service of our Blessed Lord; and the small cap was reverently lifted from the old fairy's head at the last words, while Jack