

Children's Department.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,  
For words are wonderful things;  
They are sweet, like the bee's fresh honey;  
Like the bees, they have terrible stings.  
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,  
And brighten a lonely life;  
They can cut, in the strife or anger,  
Like an open, two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,  
If their errand is true and kind;  
If they come to support the weary,  
To comfort and help the blind.  
If a bitter, revengeful spirit  
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;  
They may flash through a brain like lightning,  
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back if they are cold and cruel,  
Under bar, and lock, and seal;  
The wounds they make, my darlings,  
Are always slow to heal.  
May peace guard your lives, and ever  
From this time of your early youth,  
May the words that you daily utter  
Be the beautiful words of truth.

QUALITY IN HAPPINESS.

CHAPTER I.

Hebe laughed, but it was not quite her old merry laugh; it was plain she had something on her mind.

The time was swiftly coming when Hebe's sunshine was to be suddenly darkened. Her father went out one morning full of life and energy, and in a few short hours was brought home fatally injured by an accident. There were no "bands," no conflicts or oppressions, in his death, but his strength of mind was firm to the last; no murmuring, nothing but manly fortitude. The ever-present smile of his life lingered with him to the last. It is not always so, but it is so sometimes; it was so with him. Ignorance is often bliss, though it can never be folly to be wise towards God. Oh, what darkening of the windows was there to that once bright family circle! It was indeed, as Hebe's "wise man," had said, a setting of their sun, and "they could not help it!" and the gloom was aggravated, though it could hardly be increased, by discovery of the poverty in which the family was left. Mr. Gayler had lived up to his income, hoping to live on; and they were well-nigh penniless.

Hebe at once determined to "go out"—as the saying is, that has often has so much meaning—as a governess. However honorable the work, what does not the "going out" express often, when we consider from what home-happiness and into what unhomelike service the transition is? In Hebe's case it was an exodus from a free Canaan into Egyptian bondage. Mr. Barwick, into whose family she thus went, for the purpose of rendering him the most important services, was an opulent personage, who lived in a palatial residence some distance from a northern town.

In Mr. Barwick's residence, accordingly, Hebe, the once bright spirit of home, the lady bred and born, was domiciled. Domiciled, did we say? Rather received as a servant—nay, for we are all servants if doing anything worth doing—as a menial; there is nothing degrading in being a menial except to him who wrongly treats us as one, as Mr. Barwick did Hebe. We say Mr. Barwick, for his wife was simply his echo. Poor Hebe was snubbed, and limited, and cooped up; her school-room placed near the servants' quarters, and her bedroom in them; her signature required

in the wages-book with the foot-man's; and in the uninterrupted loneliness of that barely-furnished school-room that looked out on a dead wall, she spent her evenings with no other sunshine for her young heart than that which memory reflected from the home that was gone for ever.

Who could be happy in such a prison-house, that wanted Government inspection as much as any gaol, except she who possessed the sunshine Joseph had to illumine his dungeon, when "the Lord was with him, and extended kindness unto him" even that? But that sunshine Hebe had not.

In very despair, at length, after many months had passed, she bethought herself of the rejected words of Mr. Polyblank when he had said he hoped she would one day see things in a different light. What a good thing she had heard, even though she had not listened to him! How many, in their night of darkness, have not even the most remote notion where to turn for light. Those words of truth all came back to her—the human offence no longer existing, because she had no happiness to renounce; the divine offence passing slowly away, because the Lord was in that prison-house, although she "knew it not." The shutters were being taken down that "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" might shine in upon her.

It was holiday time, and Hebe was spending it at Copwood with her mother, who still lived in the old place, but in a much more humble dwelling. They had none of them been since their father died. They all thought her altered, and yet each one felt she was the same. Her face looked paler and thinner, but the old cheerful smile was on it, only her gladness seemed subdued and softened, as if was not a mere impulse, but the more deliberate result of having a right to be happy in spite of every drawback and trial. One of her first visits, and she had many to pay, was to her "wise man."

"Ah, miss," poor Lumpe cried, in the less musical sense of the word, "there has been no one to see me since you left me. Many a time I've thought how hard it was to lose the only friend I had got, and how hard it was for you to have your father taken away in the midst of his days; but it can't be helped. It was to be; and we must sit down, and face it as best we can."

"But Mr. Polyblank comes to see you, does he not?"

"Oh yes, the parson comes every now and then, and I don't say but what he is kind to me; but I never take much account of what he says; he is always on at me about being so miserable. In fact, he is hard upon me, and I don't like it."

"But do you know, Lumpe, that I have got to think Mr. Polyblank is right after all?"

"Indeed, miss!" said the poor man, in great consternation. "What? that we ought to be miserable, and that none of us have any business to be happy, however jolly we may feel? which hasn't been the case with me, by the way, for many a long year."

He was so animated in his repudiation of what he supposed the parson wanted to make him believe, that Hebe had to wait till he had done. Then she said, gently, "No, my good friend, he doesn't mean that. I used to think he did, but, thank God, I know better now. What he means is, that neither you, nor I, nor any one else will ever know what real, true, lasting happiness is till we find it in peace with God through the love of Christ, and in serving Him gladly and willingly because He has done so much for us. God, in His mercy, has made me understand that."

"And are you happier now than you used to be?"

"I can't compare the two things, and I don't want to compare them. I only know that my happiness was uncertain then, and that now, though not always the same, it is as certain and sure as the promise of God can make it."

"Humph!" said poor Lumpe; and

though Hebe went on explaining, and urging, and appealing in every way she could think, all he said was "Humph!" and shook his head in an incredulous manner, as if he didn't take it in at all.

Not long afterwards, when Hebe had returned to her palatial prison, another visitor appeared in the wretched room where the poor man dragged on his existence. It was Charles Capel, who had also come to spend a holiday at home, snatched with difficulty from active engagements elsewhere. We can only find room for one brief extract from the conversation.

"Miss Gayler has been to see me, sir," remarked Lumpe.

"Ah! poor young lady!" said Capel, with sudden interest. "Was she very much cast down?"

"No, sir; she told me she had found the true way to be happy, and that it was Mr. Polyblank's way; but I can't make it out at all."

"Did she mention my name?" inquired Capel, carelessly.

"Not a word about you, sir; but you're both of the same way of thinking now. I fancy, from what she told me about you before her father died."

"I hope we are, Lumpe," said the other with old feelings that he thought were dead fast rising up in his heart. "Why should it not be the same with you too, my poor fellow?"

"What can a man do more than be content, sir?"

However, if Capel could make no impression on the poor fatalist, what the fatalist said made a great impression on Capel. It led to searchings of heart, to careful delicate inquiries, to consultations, and, ultimately, to formal negotiations for the free delivery of the prisoner in the palatial mansion, who was to be handed over in due time to one who was worthy to take care of her.

Mr. Polyblank married them, but before the day arrived, Hebe told the good man all that was in her heart; how much she felt she owed to him, how grievously she had misunderstood him once, how bitterly she regretted that her eyes had not been opened sooner, so that she might have told her poor father, who loved so to see them all happy, that the joy of religion does not destroy, but purifies and increases all other joys. "And oh, sir," she added, "when you speak to poor wandering sinners about the happiness religion gives, do not expect them to see before they have eyes to see with, but please encourage what is bright and happy in them, as being, not wrong, but only far less, and less satisfying, than what they might enjoy."

BOTH HANDS.

A very little boy reached out to take a large orange that a lady offered him, but his hand was not big enough to hold it. His brother, who was standing by, said, "Take both hands, Arty," and Arty took both hands and carried off the orange easily. Why, isn't that a good way, boys and girls? If you find something too large for you, take hold with both hands. Of course you can't do that if one hand is full, but one hand should not be full when you come to your work. "One thing at a time" is a safe rule. Give your whole mind to your work, and you will succeed. Take hold with a will, and let it be seen that when you reach out to grasp a thing you do not mean to fail.

"Canst thou read the name on yonder boat?" asked a gentle short-sighted of a stander-by as the steamer Corsican went past the wharf. "Of course I can!" came the savage reply. The gentle short-sighted gent with features writhing in agony, cried, "Alas! thou dost rend my bosom." "Go, then," came the swift rejoinder, "and buy the shirt made by A. White, 65 King Street West, which for excellence fronts all."

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"When I was eleven years old [said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant],

my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his books than of the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but he had been to Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

"After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it. 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward.'"

"I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said, 'Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. G. the old tea merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said, 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with.' That was lesson number three."

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

MEASURE OF LIFE.—No life, worth calling life, is to be measured by years.

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