

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## ALL SAINTS.

'Neath dreary skies, in dull November weather,  
When birds are silent and the trees are bare,  
Some loving faithful souls are called together,  
To seek God's comfort in his house of prayer.  
With fragrant flowers decking font and altar,  
And every token of a festal day,  
With hymns and songs of praise that never falter,  
The Church her tribute to her saints doth pay.  
She does not call them dead or deem them sleeping  
On the lone hill side, 'neath the grassy mound;  
She knows them safe within the Saviour's keeping,  
Where light and rest and blessedness abound.  
And looking for the promise of that morrow,  
That vision bright, which "eager hearts expect,"  
She lifts our thoughts above all earthly sorrow,  
To join the triumph song of God's elect.  
O blessed day! Thy lessons sweet and holy,  
Bringing new light to weary tear-dimmed eyes,  
Move us to pray that with the meek and lowly  
We soon may see our God in Paradise!  
And even here we raise a glad thanksgiving,  
And join the chorus of the heavenly host,  
To Him who once was dead but now is living,  
One with the Father and the Holy Ghost.

—J. O. S. in Minnesota Missionary

## THE WAY IS DARK.

BY MARY THOMAS CARSTENSEN.

The way is dark,  
And lone, and wild!  
I stumble oft—  
Oh! Father! help Thy child!  
Sharp thorns abound,  
They press on every side,  
Above, the tempests war!  
Oh! whither shall I hide?  
My feet are torn!  
My panting breath comes quick,  
My bruised and aching heart  
With very fear is sick.  
I faint! I die!  
O Lord! lift Thou my head!  
Lord, save! Lord, help!  
Without Thee, I am dead!  
Humbly I cry;  
Thy wounds, Thy cross, I plead!  
I cannot let Thee go,  
Without the help I need.  
See! low I lie  
Prostrate beneath Thy rod,  
I dare not flee,  
For 'tis Thy hand, O God!  
Lord, take my will,  
It is no longer mine;  
Into Thy hands I give,  
Lord, make it Thine!  
Then shall I see  
That clouds, and thorns, and woe  
Are all Thy will—  
Why—is not mine to know.

—The Living Church.

## THE TRUTH AT ALL HAZARDS.

Some time after the beginning of the present century there were living in a busy country town in the North, a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these

very especially a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years, the boy's schooldays were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town; and, as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great seaports, and by-and-by he got a good position in a merchant's office.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he had received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when a ship came into port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager of the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after the little lad from the North came to the office a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came; but somehow or other no answer was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, but still no word came back. Now, that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So, at the end of a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called 'demurrage.'

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain he was very angry. He sent for the little lad from the North and said to him, 'Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his cargo?'

The little lad said, 'No, sir; I do not remember being sent down.'

'Oh, but I did,' answered the manager. 'You have forgotten.' And there for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, he took the master of the office to law. And, by-and-by, his complaint came before the judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him, 'Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal.'

'But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so,' said the lad.

'Oh, yes, but I did. You have forgotten.'

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say that he had been sent; and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up, and the poor lad tried once more to assure him that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

'It is all right,' he said hastily. 'I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly!'

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this: 'You remember during the day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?'

'No, sir.'

'Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal-ship on that day?'

'I was not, sir.'

'Nor the next day?'

'No.'

'Nor any other day?'

'No.'

The gentlemen who put the question was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for them. But when he heard the little lad's reply he turned to the judge and said; 'My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him.'

So the case ended in the captain's favor and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day; and in the morning, expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk and said, 'We lost our case yesterday.'

'Yes, sir,' answered the lad, 'and I am very sorry I had to say what I did.'

By-and-by the manager came in; and after a little time he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out. Then the little lad was sent for. 'I am going to be dismissed,' he thought to himself. But the master said to him, 'I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth; and to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings and sales of our Glenfardle mine.' Then he sent for the manager and told him what he had said, and added, 'And the young man will make his reports direct to me.'

Six months afterwards the manager left the office, and, young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place. And before as many years had passed he was admitted as junior partner in the firm; and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

In his case truth was the best. But I want to say that, if things had turned out other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it would still have been the best for him to speak the truth.—*Sunday Magazine.*

## WHY THE LITTLE BOY WAS BORN DEAF AND DUMB.

Once a minister paid a visit to a deaf and dumb asylum in London, for the purpose of examining the children in the knowledge they possessed of divine truth.

A little boy on this occasion was asked in writing, 'Who made the world?'

The boy took up the chalk and wrote underneath the question. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'

The minister then inquired, in a similar manner, 'Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?'

A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote, 'This a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'

A third question was then proposed, eminently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise, 'Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?'

'Never,' said an eye witness, 'shall I forget the look of resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance as he took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.''

These are truly beautiful answers, especially the last. Many of us, I fear, think much more of our tiny troubles, than did that dear boy of his one great trouble, of not being able to join in conversation with those around and hear what is said.