

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## OUR EASTER THANKS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Thank God for the dear ones safe to-day,  
Safe at home on the happy shore,  
Where the smile of the Father beams for aye,  
And the shadow of pain shall fall no more.  
Thank God for the hearts that have done with  
sin,  
For the eyes that shall never be blind with  
tears;  
Thank God for the beautiful, entered in  
To the perfect rest of the deathless years.  
Thank God to-day for the pilgrim feet  
Which have trodden the last of the toilsome  
way;  
For the strong, for the frail, for the babes so  
sweet,  
Who have left forever this crumbling clay,  
Who have changed earth's trial and loss and  
moan  
For the victor's palm and the voice of praise,  
Who dwell in the light of the great white  
throne,  
And join in the songs which the ransomed  
raise.

Thank God to-day for the hope sublime  
Which fills our souls in the darkest hours;  
Thank God that the transient cares of time  
Are wreathed in the glory of fadeless flowers.  
Thank God for the rift in the desolate grave;  
'Tis the soldier's couch, not the captive's  
prison;  
He hallowed its portal, who died to save,  
And we write o'er its arch, "The Lord is  
risen!"

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy  
laden, and I will give you rest."

An Oak that never dies! whose mighty stem  
Sustains such limbs as stretching far and wide,  
Give shelter from the fierce heat of the sun  
To all who come and in their shade abide.

Around this Tree a desert! where men toil,  
Unsheltered from the noonday heat and glare,  
With weary eyelids, heavy head and heart,  
And bending 'neath the loads they have to  
bear.

Yet have they heard full oft the glorious tale  
Of how within their reach a deathless Tree  
Its healing branches spreads for all to come  
And live beneath their shade for ever free.

From galling load or stroke of noonday sun,  
They still toil on—the tale of rest in vain  
Is told—Ah can it be that these are deaf  
Who still forbear the living Tree to gain?

Or will they not believe the glad report?  
Or can their minds not grasp a scene so fair  
As that the story pictures of the Tree  
And those who dwell beneath it free from care?

They have not heard! Send forth once more  
the news

And let it ring in clarion tones across  
The desert, calling home each care-worn heart  
And bidding rest for aye from grief and loss.

In mercy sent, the message sounds again,  
It sounds in liquid notes so cool and clear  
The worker cannot choose but stay his hand  
And raise his head a moment. Will he hear?

O God, the happy dwellers whom Thy love  
With joy and peace beyond all hope hath blest  
Beseech Thee—let the story reach their ears  
Who toil, and bring them straightway into  
rest.

B.G.W.

Bishop's College, April, 1890.

## WHAT MATTERS IT.

I.

What matter if we are weary  
With the burdens we have to bear.  
Does not our blessed Saviour  
All of our burdens share.

II.

What matter if our hearts ache  
With the world's cold sneers, and scorn,  
Was not the sacred heart once broken  
By taunts, of cruelty born!

III.

What matter if we are foot-sore  
And the path seems long and drear,  
Did not One before us  
Leave blood stained foot-prints here.

IV.

What matter if we but follow  
More closely in those steps,  
With our eyes raised to our Leader  
Away from earth's dark depths.

V.

Then lift your eyes, ye faithful  
And your path shall be filled with light,  
For the Master stands there, with out-  
stretched hands  
To crown your weary flight.

JULIE LADD BAXTER.

## TRUE AS STEEL.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER II.

By this time the boys had left the little  
town behind them and were nearing the open  
fields.

"I don't think I can walk any further, Bob-  
by," said Willie, in a weak voice; and Bobby  
saw that his limbs were trembling with wear-  
iness. "Aren't we a long way off our lodging?"  
he went on, looking round in dismay to see  
the town so far off and the fields so near.

"Well, the fact is," said Bobby, lifting poor  
tired Willie on his shoulder, and trying to  
speak cheerily to keep up his brother's droop-  
ing spirits, "the fact is, funds is rather low to-  
day, you see, Willie; we haven't turned over  
our stock quite as quickly as I would have  
wished," pointing to the basket of withered  
flowers; "consequence is, we shall have to  
camp out to-night."

"Do you mean we haven't got any money?"  
said Willie, anxiously.

"Well, that's just about it, Willie," said Bob,  
still trying to speak cheerily. "For with the  
exception of the twopence we spent for dinner,  
we've took nothing to-day."

"Then we shan't have no supper?" Very  
faint and low the words came from the weary,  
hungry child, and yet with a quiet patience  
that touched the heart of his bigger and strong-  
er brother.

"No, supper, indeed! won't you though?  
We'll see about that." And Bobby laughed  
gleefully as he drew a slice of bread and cheese  
from his capacious coat pocket.

"Why, Bobby, I thought we ate every bit of  
it for dinner," said Willie, whose mouth was  
watering at the sight of the unexpected food;  
"how ever did you make it last out?"

"Management, Willie, management," said  
Bobby. "There's no saying how far two  
penn'orth of bread and cheese won't go, with  
good management."

Ah, Bobby! kind Bobby! all the manage-  
ment it required was to slip away, secretly,  
more than half your own share of dinner, that  
your hungry little brother might not go with-  
out supper, but Willie knew nothing of this.

"Why, Bobby, you're giving it all to me:  
why don't you have some?"

"Don't intend to touch a bit, Willie," said  
Bobby firmly, "so you've no need to ask me. I  
suppose, if a fellow likes to eat enough at  
dinner to last him all day, he can do so, can't  
he?"

"I didn't see you eat so much," said Willie  
innocently.

"There's many things take place that little  
boys like you don't see," said Bobby sententi-  
ously "and now, Willie, what do you say to  
sleeping in the blue bell-wood to night? I  
think it will be ever so much nicer than those  
close dirty lodgings, and it will be nice and  
handy for our flowers to-morrow morning."

"I don't mind where I go so long as I'm  
with you, Bobby," said Willie, who felt a  
world better since he'd had his supper.

And soon the children were resting on a  
grassy bank, over which the tall trees waved.

It was quite dark now, and they could see  
the stars peeping out and twinkling over the  
tree tops.

"Bobby," said Willie softly, (he was resting  
against his brother's breast), "wouldn't you like  
to hear that kind minister tell about the  
Friend who loves poor boys like us? Who do  
you think he meant?"

"Oh, he meant Jesus, Willie, the One who  
mother told me about when she was dying."

"Tell me again what mother said Bobby."

"She said," answered Bobby slowly, as  
though he was repeating a lesson he had learnt  
by heart—"She said, 'Bobby, boy, mother's  
going to leave you and little brother, but the  
Lord in heaven will care for you and him.  
Father has gone there, because his sins were  
washed away in Jesus' blood, mother is trust-  
ing to that precious blood, too, Bobby, and I  
pray God that my children will be saved by it,  
too.'"

"And are you saved, Bobby?"

"I can't say as I rightly know what it means  
to be saved," said Bobby sadly. "I know I  
ought to be good, but I ain't, and I know if I  
was a-going to die I should be awful frightened,  
but mother wasn't, not a bit."

"Bobby," said Willie timidly, "I sometimes  
think I shan't live very, very long, and I do  
wish I knew that I should go to that beautiful  
heaven where mother is, and father. Do you  
think we might go sometimes to that kind  
minister who spoke about the kind Friend who  
died for us? Perhaps he would tell us about  
the precious blood, that mother said would  
save us."

"Of course you shall go," said Bobby, "but,  
oh! Willie, don't speak about dying, you're all  
I've got left in the world."

"Dear Bobby," said Willie, nestling closer to  
his brother, "you wouldn't be half so poor if  
you hadn't me to care for. You're big and  
strong, and I know how often you could have  
taken on at jobs if you would have left me, but  
you never would."

"No, and I never will," said Bobby, sturdily.  
"I promised mother that I'd take care of you,  
and I always shall."

Soon the children's voices ceased, and Willie  
dropped asleep. Then, and not till then, Bob-  
by gently removed his arm from under him,  
and taking off his coat he wrapped it warmly  
round his sleeping brother.

It was May, and though the days were warm,  
the nights were chill. "It don't matter about  
a big strong fellow like me being cold," mut-  
tered he, "but it wouldn't do for a poor little  
chap like him."

"And now," said he, laughing softly to him-  
self as though it was a good joke, "I'll take my  
supper of 'bread and cheese.' Then he stole  
quietly to the hawthorn hedge, and nipping off  
the tender young leaves, he tried to quell his  
hungry knowings with them. It never oc-  
curred to him that he was doing anything  
wonderful in quietly giving up his food that  
his brother might be fed, and just as unconsci-  
ously he lay down and bore the chill of the  
night that his weaker brother might be warm."