

Family Department.

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

In Paed. Lib. III. of Clement, of Alexandria, is given (in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is then (one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "Beloved Disciple" before he ascended to his reward. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit:

Shepherd of tender youth!
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word!
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life!

Thou art Wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love;
And in our mortal pain,
None call on Thee in vain,
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

Ever be thou our guide!
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song!
Jesus! Thou Christ and God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou has trod,
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyfully sing;
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song,
To Christ our King.

—Living Church.

THE STORY OF KATIE MORRIS.

(Continued.)

Years passed, and one night in the largest hall in a great city, a beautiful woman was singing. The vast audience sat spell-bound as the rich voice rose and fell, and when she took her seat a perfect thunder of applause arose. If you watch the beautiful face of the singer closely, you will see it is not a happy one. It has a strangely familiar look and yet—is it possible that this is Kate Morris, the bright faced school girl of long ago? The same, and yet how different. Many changes have come into her life since then. With her mother's death had come a firm resolve to follow her highest ambition and become a public singer. In vain kindly Mr. Bruce and Fanny had pleaded with her. Gradually she had drifted away from them, and feeling that they disapproved of her course, had kept up no communication. For years she had travelled and studied; her ambition was now realized, she had wealth, beauty and fame, and with it all she was not happy. To night she was singing for the first time in the home of her childhood, and old memories and faces kept rising before her. Her last song had been a brilliant air from an Italian opera, and as the delighted audience applauded long and loud for

an encore, the thought came to her of singing an old song that years ago had been her mother's favorite. As she came forward the applause grew louder, but in an instant gave place to perfect silence, as the clear voice rose and penetrated to the very street, in such a sad wailing sound that before the end of the first verse tears stood in many eyes. She finished, the audience held their breath for several minutes, and then the hall seemed literally to rock with the applause. The concert was at an end, and the star of the evening, attended by her maid, was just stepping into her carriage, when a hand was laid timidly on her arm and a small voice said, "Lady wait a minute." She turned and saw a ragged little girl at her side.

"Were you speaking to me?" she asked.

"Yes'm there's a poor man round the corner a-dying and he asked me to bring you this," and she held out a soiled bit of paper.

On it were a few words, but so badly written that it was impossible to read them.

"I cannot make this out child," said Katie. "Do you know what the man wants with me?"

"No'm but he seemed mighty troubled for me to give you this."

An odd impulse came over the girl to go and see the man, and telling the maid to follow, she bade the child take her to the place. In a few minutes they reached a narrow alley and the child began to ascend some rickety steps to a garret. Feeling it would not do to turn back after coming this far, Katie mounted the steps and followed the child into a wretched room. On a pallet lay a man, evidently in the last stages of consumption.

Katie advanced and asked in a gentle voice, "Did you send for me?"

The man raised himself and said in an eager whisper, "Don't you remember the two boys that years ago you took in from the street and sung to?"

The eager voice paused for a moment for answer, but none came, and it went on sadly, "Ah, you don't remember, but I do, and to-night when I heard the same voice and the same song, faint and far off though it was, I knew it was you, I thought how I would like to hear it once more before I died, for the memory of it has never left me."

As he finished it all came back to her—the snowy night, the two boys, the warm parlor, and the song—things she had not thought of for years, and with it, as if from another world, the little sermon in the rectory and the words of Mr. Bruce.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "I do remember, it all comes back to me now. You heard me in the hall to-night and sent for me; what can I do for you?"

"Only sing, lady, sing to me, the same song; I am too far gone now to need anything; just sing."

Touched to the heart, Katie knelt by his side, and for the second time that night sang the old song of her mother's.

"Sing it once more," said the weak voice, and again she sung.

By the light of a flickering candle she saw the wan face brighten and as she ceased, a happy smile stole over his features, and he was dead.

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A week later Katie Morris sat in the old rectory study and poured out her troubles to Mr. Bruce, now an aged man. She had thought it all out, her future life. She would give up the stage, her wealth, her earthly ambitions. Since the night she had knelt by a dying man and sung, an irresistible longing for better things had filled her heart.

"The time for you to prove yourself is come," he said gently. "What shall you do?"

"Ah, I had decided that before I came," she said. "Down in the slums a fever is raging,

and there it is I shall work side by side with you. Nothing can turn me from my purpose; it is there I shall find the life I have wasted all these years."

Firmly she kept to her resolve, and into the stricken places went with Mr. Bruce. By wretched beds she stood and ministered with a loving hand, but others came and did the same; her case was no better than many an humble soul.

One day after a little child had turned from her with a frightened cry, she thought in despair that it was all in vain, until suddenly an idea burst upon her as a flood of light. She would sing. Yes, sing. She had found her place at last. From house to house she went; by dying men and women she sung of hope and life beyond the grave, by little children she poured forth her sweetest notes, and wan faces brightened and cheered when "the singing lady" came to them.

As she and Mr. Bruce knelt at a dying bed one night, the old man laid his hand upon her arm and said solemnly, "My child, my heart is full of thankfulness, for to us both our bread has surely come back after many days."

W. L. M. P.

LITTLE SINS.

The little sins that are becoming the great sins, the little sins that are shutting out the sunlight of God's love from our hearts, and making our lives unholy, impure, wicked, that are driving us farther and farther away from God, that are quenching in us the Holy Spirit, which are making our Saviour so distant from us, these are the sins we must watch for. The sin of blasphemy that the young boy is forming will, if not stopped, sink his soul in ruin; the sin of drink that the young man is forming will wreck his character if not stopped. The sin of impurity which many young and old people are indulging, will wreck both body and soul if not stopped; the sin of irreverence of prayerlessness, of evil companionship, will dwarf and stunt and shrivel up the soul, if it be not put away from you. Forget not the power of what you call your little sins, the might of your small faults, as you call them. All sin is dangerous, for it has God's character, God's law, the whole of God's universe against it. Beware of your single, little sins. Trace the power, the accumulating power of one of these sins. It may not even be known to you. It may be almost if not entirely unconscious to yourself, yet it is blasting.—Selected.

A GOOD KIND OF CHURCHMANSHIP.

The personal attitude which constitutes the Christian life is that faith which can say.

God is my Father,
Jesus Christ is my Saviour
The Holy Spirit is my Sanctifier.

Baptized, Confirmed and Communing in the Church, (which demands the aforesaid Faith for membership in it,) what is the Churchman's duty to the Church?

1. He must hold fast to the Church's position as Divinely appointed and authoritatively organized.

2. He will thank God for the Church's Objects.

3. He will obey the Church's Authority.

4. He will be loyal to the Church's Teaching.

5. He will work for the Church's Success.

6. He will support the Church's Efforts.

7. He will pray for the Church's Prosperity.

8. He will love the Church and all her ways.

Why not live this kind of Churchmanship?

Which point can you dare to omit?

—Boston Parish Review.