

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"AT MORN AND NOON AND EVENTIDE."

BY THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.

"Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense,
and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2

O Lord, it is a blessed thing
To Thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering.

And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toll begins to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day.

And night by night for evermore,
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

O Jesus, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armor bright.

And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
Oh, then be Thou our Light once more.

Light of the world! with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn and noon and eventide.

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

BY "DAISY L—."

(From The Church.)

I wonder, if you were to see Nellie Morris, you would think her very poor, for if you did, it would be a great mistake; she is rich, she is a king's daughter; to be sure, the home she lives in now is small, only a little, unpainted frame cottage, standing right on the road, with no trees to shelter it from the heat of summer, nothing pretty about it anywhere; sometimes she has not enough to eat, and her clothes, poor child, were not sufficient to protect her from the cold. There I am again calling her poor; why, just let me tell you, children, she is an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, a child of God, there is a beautiful home waiting for her, where no sorrow or suffering, no want or cold can ever enter; do you call that being poor?

Nellie is a very happy child, for she has taken the Lord Jesus to be her King, yes, and her Friend, too, and, of course, you know when we love our friends very much we are anxious to show it by doing something to please them, but what could Nellie do to please Jesus? She had no money to give away, there was probably no one in the village who had less of that article than her mother and herself; it was a problem, but problems are made to be solved, and Nellie had begun to think lately that, may be, the solution of hers lay next door, where lived an old woman and a little girl.

They had moved there about two months ago, a little while before Thanksgiving Day, but had repulsed so steadily all offers of friendship that the two families were still strangers. Nellie was not satisfied, she wanted to know her little neighbor, the stranger looked so lonely and unhappy, and Nellie was sure her grandmother was very unkind, and she was equally sure the little girl was disobedient. Once she had heard the old woman's shrill tones calling:

Jenny, Jen-ny! come here this instant, come I say, it'll be worse for you if you don't. Jen-ny!

But there was no response, and just then Nellie caught a glimpse of Jenny's brown calico frock behind a big tree in the woods across the way. If the grandmother's eyes had been sharper she would have seen it too, for the trees were all stripped of their leaves now, and it was a poor hiding-place. In summer, the foliage was so thick and the moss so like velvet under the feet, that it was a favorite place for the boys and girls of the village to play hide and seek.

Neither Jenny nor her grandmother ever went to church; the Rector of the parish had called to see them soon after their arrival, but though he knocked and knocked many times,

he could not obtain admittance. Nothing daunted, however, he tried again; this time Mrs. Allen opened the door at his first knock, but as soon as she saw her visitor she closed it again quickly, leaving him standing there astonished and puzzled how to reach his new parishioner. Nobody else had courage to try after that, and the two in the little house had been let alone.

But Nellie, as I said, was not satisfied, she wanted so much to ask Jenny to go to Sunday-school with her, but no opportunity ever occurred, and she could not seek one, and so it went on for some time longer.

On the First Sunday after Epiphany, Nellie's teacher had talked to her class of little girls about Philip asking Nathaniel to come and see Jesus, and she told them that, although they could not bring presents as the wise men did, yet, if they could induce anyone who did not know of Jesus to come and learn about Him, that would be a far more acceptable gift. This was a new idea to Nellie, and strengthened her determination to get her new neighbor to Sunday-school.

Not long after this, Nellie's mother sent her up to the "big house," as the village called Colonel Seton's house, to take home some sewing she had finished; the housekeeper was very kind to the little girl, and gave her two big apples, one for herself and one for her mother. On her return home, in the dusk, she saw Jenny standing at the open door of the next house. Her heart stood still for a second; here was a chance, but what should she say? However, without giving herself time to think what to say, Nellie took her courage in both hands and went up to the little stranger, who looked at her with wondering eyes.

I live next door to you, and my name is Nellie Morris, and I think I would like to be acquainted with you, she said, all in one breath, but the other stood still there, and made no answer.

Won't you tell me your name, please? was the next venture.

Jenny Allen, was the reply, and that's granny inside there. I say, what do you want to know for?

Why, we can't be friends till we know each other's name, and I think we ought to be acquainted, living next door.

Then there was a pause. Jenny did not attempt to sustain her side of the conversation, and Nellie was thinking with all her might how to introduce the topic of Sunday-school. Suddenly she remembered her reward card received from her teacher the Sunday before, she had put it in her pocket to show the housekeeper; quickly now she produced it and handed it to her new acquaintance.

Wouldn't you like this? she said. My teacher gave it to me last Sunday, and I think it is so pretty.

Jenny looked disdainfully at the proffered card.

I'd rather have one of them apples, she said. O, yes, you shall have one of them, Nellie answered quickly, trying with all her might not to be selfish, for it was so long since she had tasted an apple; but you will take the card, too, won't you? I want you to like it so much you will want to go to Sunday-school and get one for yourself.

I don't know anything about Sunday-school, was the reply; and I guess I don't want to go.

And without a word of thanks she turned and went into the house.

Poor Nellie went home rather downcast at this treatment. She had given up her cherished card and her apple, and had gained nothing.

However, the next afternoon, after Nellie had settled herself in the kitchen with some sewing her mother had left her, the door suddenly opened and Jenny entered, looking round cautiously as she did so.

Where's your mother? she asked.

O, she went down to Mrs. Ford's this morning to help her with her quilting, and I've been alone all day. I am real glad that you came.

At this the visitor closed the door behind her and came forward, twisting the fringe of the shawl she had thrown over her head, and looking rather confused. Nellie drew forward a chair for her guest, took her shawl away, and was deliberating how she should best entertain her company, when the company herself took the initiative.

See here, she said, I came for you to tell me about that picture you gave me yesterday. I can't understand it one bit, and she drew from her pocket Nellie's reward card, very much marked now by the impressions of dirty fingers and torn a little at one corner. It represented that scene so familiar to all our Sunday-school children, the Brazen Serpent in the wilderness, with the poor wounded people, some gazing earnestly at the uplifted serpent, others turning their heads resolutely away. Underneath were the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Well, Nellie said, I'll be glad to tell you what I know, but I don't know very much. What is it you don't understand?

Why, I don't understand anything. Tell me what's that snake up there for, and why do the people look so funny?

That is not a real snake, Jenny. You see all those people. They are Jews. Well, they were bitten by snakes because they were so wicked, and then they were sorry they had been wicked, so God told Moses to make a big snake out of brass and put it on a pole, so everybody could see it, you know, and as soon as they looked at it they got well.

But those people ain't looking, objected Jenny. See, some of them have their heads turned away.

Yes, I know, and I don't understand it, either. Wouldn't you think everybody would look at it just as hard as ever they could?

They are big dunces, Jenny said decidedly. Why, I'm awfully afraid of snakes, and if one bit me, don't you suppose I'd try my best to get well? Yes, sir!

The little visitor was certainly losing her shyness, and Nellie, thinking, may be, this was her chance, said earnestly:

Jenny, if you'll only go to Sunday-school with me next Sunday, my teacher will tell you all about it, for it is in our lesson, and she is so nice, too, you can't help liking her. And she'll explain this verse, too. Did you understand that? Do you know who the Son of Man is?

Jenny shook her head again, but said nothing.

That is the Lord Jesus, Nellie went on, and I think it means if we look at Him, believe in Him, you know, He will cure us of our sins. I can't explain it right, but you will go with me next Sunday, Jenny, won't you. We can learn about it together. Please do.

My clothes ain't good enough, the girl replied; the others would laugh at me.

O, indeed, they would not. Besides, you look very nice always. Mother says though she is too poor to buy nice things for me, yet if I am careful to be clean and neat, the rest don't matter.

Well, I don't care much if I do go, Jenny said; but there's no use in thinking about it. Granny would never let me, anyhow.

O, yes, she will. You just coax her real hard, Nellie cried. I am sure she will say yes. Hark! There, she's calling now, as a shrill cry of Jenny, J-e-n-n-y, came to their ears. Hurry. Don't keep her waiting; and you'll ask her to-night, won't you?

May be, Jenny said doubtfully, and catching up her shawl she was off.