

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ONE OF MY SCHOLARS.

FROM THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.—FROM A S. S. TEACHER.

A TRUE STORY.

One the worst of an Arab crowd,
Reckless, defiant and bold,
Turning the holiest thing to jest,
No gentle lamb of the fold;
Taxing all patience to utmost bounds,
Regardless of law or rule,
The leading spirit in all the wrong,
The pest of the Sunday School.

But patient working will win the day,
And the soldiers of the Cross
Must keep clear sight of their Captain's love,
Or the King will suffer loss.
A little Prayer Book with gilded leaves,
Loosened the ice at last.
And with beaming eyes the boy exclaimed
"You bet but I'll learn him fast."

Next Sunday morning a Collect dear,
Following on Easter-tide
Was said; but my Arab lingered near
And he whispered at my side,
"I reckon I have been awful mean,
I'll try and be better now,
Them is nice words in my little book,
I'll hang to that, anyhow."

Another week, I looked all around,
My Arab was not in sight,
"Please teacher; Jem won't be here no more,
He's off to the Yankee fight."
Time passed and news of the boy was sought,
For one in her grave now laid,
From the War Office came the quick reply
"Shot dead; the first Maryland raid."

But soon there followed a kindly note,
From one who held high command,
Which told me more of my scholar's fate,
Now dead in a foreign land,
"He enlisted—under another name,
Quite a common thing with the boys you know,
But his soldier life, was a brief career,
No doubt the first volley had laid him low,
For after the rush of the day was o'er,
Our men were clearing the field in part,
The sergeant found on your British lad,
Under his tunic, and bound to his heart,
A Prayer Book stained,—we could read the
name,
Then soaked with blood from his wounded
breast;
Something we could not trace,—then this
Christ Church, Hamilton,—Canada West.
It was all he had brought from his northern
home,
No letters, no name, and no clue beside
Had we to his home belongings, save one,
That Prayer Book drenched with his young
life's tide.

Aye; our Christ has not died in vain.
We sow amid bitter tears,
But we shall march to the harvest fields,
Before many coming years,
I wonder how much has my scholar learnt,
Since the day I taught him last,
How far the good angels have led him on,
Through mysteries new and vast.

I shall meet him some day; when or where,
'Tis too early to ask, I know,
Perhaps on some errand of mercy sent,
Or perhaps by a fountain's flow,
Or walking a street of the city bright,
Or beneath some palm tree's shade;
The boy, whose record on earth is brief,
"Shot dead; the first Maryland raid."

HARRIETT ANNIS.

With the Young Folks..

FOR THINE IS THE POWER.

"I can't do it—it's quite impossible, I've tried it five times, and I can't get it right"—and Ben pushed his book and slate away in despair.

Mrs. Hartley gave a little sigh at her boy's perplexity, but only said, quietly, "Then you don't believe in the Lord's prayer?"

"The Lord's prayer, mother! Why, there's nothing there to help me with this example."

"Oh, Yes; there is help for every trouble in life in the Lord's prayer, if we only know how to get at it. I'm afraid you don't yet know that prayer."

Ben flushed. If it had been anybody else that had said that, he would have been really vexed, but mother was different. Ben always tried to be sure he quite understood her, for he never for one instant forgot why her hands were never idle.

"Now, mother, you don't mean that. I've said that prayer ever since I was a baby! I couldn't go to bed or leave my room in the morning without saying it. I know I sometimes don't think enough of what I am saying, but you know, mother, I do try to mean it—I—I—" but Ben stopped, his voice half choked.

The mother saw that her boy had misunderstood her, and answered quickly, "I never doubt, Ben, boy, that you are trying and praying; but I was trying a long time before I knew what the last part of the Lord's prayer really meant. I'm no minister or scholar, but I'll try and tell it to you. You know we ask God for bread, to be kept from evil, and to be forgiven, and then we say, 'For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.' It's God's power we rely on—not our own; and it often helps me, Ben, when I have a difficult new pattern to fit. I say, 'For Thine is the power—this is my duty, Heavenly Father, give me Thy power,' and He does, Ben, He does."

Ben sat silent. It seemed almost too familiar a prayer. And yet, that time when he had to stay from school because he had no clothes, he had asked God; and the minister's wife had brought him a suit the very next day. "But a boy's sums, mother?" he said.

"I think that sum is just as much to you as many a grander-sounding thing to some one else. You say if only you get that right, you'll be perfect for the month. Now, I care a great deal about that, but I'm sure your Heavenly Father loves you more than I do, I would help you so gladly, Ben, if I could, but He can help you; His is the power; ask Him."

There was another silence, and then Mrs. Hartley said: "Now, Ben, I want you to run to the store for some sewing-silk for me; the air will do you good. I believe, my son, that if you ask, you can do that sum when you come home."

Ben started at once; his mother's slightest wish was law to him. He ran along enjoying the rest from study and the cool fresh air. The sewing-silk was bought, and Ben started home, when he caught sight of Phil Earle across the street. Ben gave the whistle boys so delight in, and Phil looked back and joined him.

"Done your lessons?"

"All but my sums."

"Did you try that fifteenth example?"

"Yes."

"Get it right?"

"No, not yet; but I will."

Phil gave a provoking little laugh. "You will? I guess not. I've done it, but I never could have found it out alone. I had help."

Ben's heart fairly ached with envy for a moment. It was always so; Phil had his uncle George, and other boys had big brothers or fathers to help them; only he was left quite alone. But just then he remembered his mother's words. "It's God's power to rely on—not our own." "I'll get help, too," he said to himself. The boys chatted on, played leap-frog and raced each other; but, even as he raced and romped, Ben felt changed. He had begun to believe in his Heavenly Father as never before, and was wonderfully happy.

After giving the silk to his mother, he picked up his slate and book and went up to his own little

room. Kneeling by the bed he repeated the Lord's prayer, stopping at, "Thine is the Kingdom," and saying with all his heart, "And Thine is the power, Heavenly Father, I want power to understand this. There's no one to help me; please give me power."

Ben waited a moment, and then, still on his knees, he took his slate and tried again. Do you ask me, did he succeed? "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." Ben had asked, and God answered. After a little earnest thought he saw what rule he had neglected, and worked the example correctly. The next day he was "head;" for he was the only boy who had "done his sums without being helped."

"Yet I was helped, mother," he said; "and I shall never forget the last part of the Lord's prayer after this.—*Family Churchman.*

IN FAITH.

If a man pray as he should, it is "the prayer of faith." If a man obey as he should it is "the obedience of faith." If a man war in the Church militant, it is "the fight of faith." If a man live as a Christian and holy man, "he liveth by faith." Nay, shall I say yet more, if he die as he ought, he "dieth by faith." "These all died in faith." What is that? The power of faith, that directed and ordered them in the cause of their death, furnished them with grounds and principles of assurance of the love of God, made them carry themselves in death. I can say no more, but with the apostle, "Examine yourselves whether you be in faith." Why doth not the apostle say, Examine whether faith be in you, but "whether ye be in faith?" His meaning is, that as a man is said to be in drink, or be in love, or to be in passion, that is under the command of drink, or love, or passion; so the whole man must be under faith. If he pray, faith must indite his prayer; if he obey, faith must work; if he live, it is faith that must quicken him; and if he die, it is faith that must order him in death. And where-soever faith is, it will do wonders in the soul of that man where it is; it cannot be idle; it will leave foot-steps, it sets the whole man on work; it moveth feet, hands, and eyes and all parts of the body. Mark how the apostle disputeth: "We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken, we also believe, and therefore speak." The faith of the apostle, which he had in his heart, set his tongue a-going. If a man have faith within, it will break forth at his mouth.—*Exchange.*

Your Duty to your Minister.

We quote the following from a sermon preached by the Rev. Samuel Gregory Lines, San Francisco, California, on the occasion of a recent ordination.

Your duty to your minister is to pray for him, instead of finding fault with him; to stand by him and encourage him, instead of hurting him by your indifference or unkindness, and hindering his work; to check in yourselves and correct in your children, the feeling that your minister is your hired servant, or public property, to be used, criticised and talked about, at your own sweet will; to lighten his labor instead of wondering why he does not accomplish more. Or, to sum it all up, remember, that while he is minister to you, servant for your sakes—he is minister and servant of JESUS CHRIST, messenger of God, ambassador from the court of heaven.

As such receive and treat him. He is human, and you will no doubt see in him human weakness, and infirmities, and imperfections. These, however, do not detract from the sacredness of his office nor lessen your obligation.

Bear with him, then, as a man, and respect and love him as the minister of Christ, remembering the Lord's own words to and about his ministers; "He that receiveth you, receiveth Me;" "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—*Living Church.*