

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

RITUAL.

CANON BRIGHT.

When to Thy beloved on Patmos,
Through the open door in Heaven,
Visions of the perfect worship,
Saviour, by thy love were given.
Surely there was truth and spirit,
Surely there a pattern shown
How Thy Church should do her service.
When she comes before Thy throne.

Oh the censer bearing elders,
Crowned with gold and robed in white!
Oh the living creatures' anthem,
Never resting day or night!
And the thousand choirs of Angels,
With their voices like the sea,
Singing praise, O God the Father,
And O Victim Lamb, to Thee!

Lord, bring home the glorious lesson
To their hearts, who strangely deem
That an unmajestic worship
Doth Thy majesty beseech.
Show them more of Thy dear presence,
Let them, let them come to know
That our King is throned among us,
And His Church is Heaven below.

Then shall I read of the meaning
Of each stately ordered Rite,
Dull surprise and hard resistance
Turn to awe and full delight.
Men shall learn how sacred splendor
Shadows forth the pomp above,
How the glory of our Altars
Is the homage of our love.

'Tis for Thee we bid the frontal
Its embroidered wealth unfold,
'Tis for Thee we deck the Reredos
With the colors and the gold;
Thine the floral glow and fragrance,
Thine the vestures' fair array,
Thine the starry lights that glitter
Where Thou dost Thy light display.

'Tis to Thee the chant is lifted,
'Tis to Thee the heads are bowed,
Far less deep was Israel's rapture
When the glory filled the cloud.
Oh, our own true God incarnate,
What should Christians' ritual be,
But a voice to utter somewhat
Of their joy and pride in Thee!

What but this—yet since corruption
Mars so oft our holiest things,
In the form preserve the spirit,
Give the worship angel wings,
Till we gain Thine own high temple,
Where no tainting breath may come,
And whatever is good and beautiful
Finds with Thee a perfect home.

WHY CHARLIE LOST HIS PLACE.

Charley was whistling a merry tune as he came down the road, with his hands in his pockets, his cap pushed back on his head, and a general air of good fellowship with the world.

He was on his way to apply for a position in a stationer's store that he was anxious to obtain, and in his pocket were the best of references concerning his character for willingness and honesty. He felt sure that there would not be much doubt of his obtaining the place when he presented these credentials.

A few drops of rain fell, as the bright sky was overcast with clouds, and he began to wish that he had brought an umbrella. From a house just a little way before him two little children were starting out for school, and the mother stood in the door smiling approval as the boy

raised the umbrella and took the little sister under its shelter, in a manly fashion.

Charley was a great tease, and like most boys who indulge in teasing or rough practical jokes, he always took care to select for his victim some one weaker or younger than himself.

'I'll have some fun with those children,' he said to himself; and before they had gone very far down the road he crept up behind them and snatched the umbrella out of the boy's hands.

In vain the little fellow pleaded with him to return it. Charley took a malicious delight in pretending that he was going to break it or throw it over the fence; and as the rain had stopped, he amused himself in this way for some distance, making the children run after him and plead with him tearfully for their umbrella.

Tired of this sport at last, he relinquished the umbrella as a carriage approached, and leaving the children to dry their tears, went on toward the store.

Mr. Mercer was not in, so Charley sat down on the steps to wait for him. An old gray cat was basking in the sun, and Charley amused himself by pinching the poor animal's tail till she mewed pitifully and struggled to escape.

While he was enjoying this sport, Mr. Mercer drove up in his carriage, and passed Charley on his way into the store. The boy released the cat, and following the gentleman in respectfully presented the references.

'These do very well,' Mr. Mercer said, returning the papers to Charley. 'If I had not seen some of your other references, I might have engaged you.'

'Other references? What do you mean sir?' asked Charley in astonishment.

'I drove past you this morning when you were on your way here, and saw you diverting yourself by teasing two little children. A little later a dog passed you, and you out him with the switch you had in your hand. You shied a stone at a bird, and just now you were delighting yourself in tormenting another defenceless animal. These are the references that have decided me to have nothing to do with you. I don't want a cruel boy about me.'

As Charley turned away, crestfallen over his disappointment, he determined that wanton cruelty, even though it seemed to him to be only 'fun,' should not cost him another good place.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE IDEAL BOY.

We are all acquainted with the ideal girl. If we are not, it is our own fault. Most of our popular papers and magazines are continually publishing articles entitled 'Hints for Girls,' 'What a Girl Should Learn,' 'How Girls Should Behave.' In these little homilies—chiefly written by men I believe—the ideal girl is portrayed in glowing colors. She possesses every attraction of body, mind and soul. We are most grateful for the suggestions. We are desirous to improve. We heartily welcome all 'hints' and 'helps' that are really such, but we miss the ideal boy. He has certainly been grievously neglected. We have carefully perused many a paper, only to find him tucked away into obscure corners, 'few and far between.' It is in view of this strange oversight that we offer the following suggestions:—

In the first place the ideal boy is a boy; not a girl-boy, nor fop, nor prig, but a genuine boy, as nature intended him to be. He is full of animal spirits overflowing with fun, realizing as no one else can the intense delight of living. He exults in his height and weight, proudly exhibits his muscle to admiring friends, glories in the size of his feet. He knows how to swim and row, he can hunt and fish; he runs and jumps like an athlete, and understands tennis and baseball.

In the second place, the ideal boy is a manly boy. He scores to do a mean thing. He does

not think it necessary to manliness to smoke and chew tobacco. He does not use language that he would rather his mother should not hear. He never sees the fun in tormenting a helpless animal or a little child. He is a champion of the poor and oppressed everywhere. Like brave Sir Galahad,

His strength is as the strength of ten
Because his heart is pure.

The ideal boy is a polite boy, if it is true that

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

He may have learned few rules of etiquette, but he shows a kind and unselfish nature, which is the basis of all true politeness. His behavior at home would grace the grandest reception. He does not take off his manners with his Sunday coat, and he never speaks to his mother in any but a respectful way. He is kind and obliging, and always ready to do a favor, as his neighbors very well know.

The ideal boy is not wise in his own conceit. He does not for a moment suppose that his knowledge exceeds that of his father, grandfather, teacher, and the whole world put together, nor does he imagine that all wisdom will die with him. He realizes that he has a great deal to learn, and then sets about learning it. He keeps up with the times. He asks questions about what he does not understand. He finds out that he can learn something from everybody and everything. He knows how to choose the wheat and reject the chaff. By reading, study, and intercourse with the wise and good, his thoughts broaden and widen like a mighty river. His mind becomes a rich storehouse of information to prove invaluable in after life.

Finally, the ideal boy is a boy with an aim. He means to make the most of himself. Whatever he does is done as well as he can do it, whether it be translating Homer and Virgil, sweeping out an office, or selling goods at the counter. He cultivates business habits of exactness, frugality, order, punctuality. It does not take the united efforts of mother and sister to get him started to school in time. He begins at the bottom of the ladder, as all great men have done before him, but he does not stay there. He knows that there is plenty of room at the top, and he means to get there sometime. Meanwhile, instead of waiting for a 'lucky chance,' he begins to climb the rounds, one by one. He means business.

Such is the ideal boy. Would that there were more like him. As the boy is, so the man will be. Good sons and kind brothers make noble citizens, on whose shoulders our Union's welfare will soon rest. May God grant that when the fathers lay the burden down that sons may step into the ranks, well fitted for the grand work that they are called to do.—*Alice W. Kellogg, in Golden Rule.*

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever familiarity exists, there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says: 'Good manners are made up of petty sacrifice,' and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices, one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.—*The Republic.*