

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ECCE HOMO.

Your grief is more than ever human soul
Bore uncomplaining? Pain its seal has set
On you, and life is sorrow?—Turn your gaze
On One who felt the chilly night dew's wet;
Ecce Homo!

Friends have deserted? Those you thought so
dear

Have left you lonely in your misery?—
Alone in sadness, pain, and weariness,
Forsaken, wronged; another went to die,
Ecce Homo!

See around us man's fell work of wrong,
The haunts of vice, the evil everywhere,—
The stainless life shines forth to let us know
Hearts may be pure, lives innocent and fair,
Ecce Homo!

Man's scorn of man, his brother,—selfish fear,
And pitiless wrath at insult, here we know;—
Once from the parched lips of a victim came
Heart prayers for those who caused his
blood to flow,
Ecce Homo!

This is what stills our doubts and calms our
fears
O Christ! that Thou, the sinless, lived our
life,
Wart man, wert tempted even as now are we,
We look,—and pride is gone, and fear, and
strife,
Ecce Homo!

We look upon Thy life, O man of men,
And good seems good, and evil but the grim
insightful back-ground that shows forth the
good.
We look, and pain grows light, earth-shadows
dim,
Ecce Homo!

Had He not come on earth, and lived and
loved
Life had been but a puzzle never solved
Little task set by stern hands, a stream
Unbridged,—a war, loss sure and death
involved,
Ecce Homo!

Life, now that He has lived it, is sublime,
Temptation welcome since we conquer all
Thro' Him, and still his love can make a home
In faithful hearts, where death-clouds may
not fall,
Ecce Homo!

Sophie M. Almon Windsor, N. S.

HALF A DOZEN HEROINES.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

By the Hon. Katherine Scott.—(Continued.)

"Then I'll answer it," said mother, smiling;
Mrs. Black's little maid-of-all-work, con-
scious of rough hair, and black hands, and not
a clean apron, nearly sank into the ground
before the clear, kindly face and fresh attire of
the lady who opened the shabby door.

"Missis's compliments, and could she do any-
thing for the ladies on first arriving?"

"Missis" was on watch behind her blind, and
the apparition of anyone so perfectly "set-
tled" looking and so brightly lady-like, pop-
ped right up and displayed her best afternoon
cap and her blue shawl, which was a want of
politeness she had never before been guilty of.

"Mrs. Spencer's thanks, and she is very
much obliged, but does not require anything."

Mrs. Black had re-seated herself before Nancy
returned, and was trying to look quite indi-

ferent, and when Nancy had delivered her
message, suffered her to retire, as there was
nothing to be discovered beyond what she had
herself seen; and she had at any rate found out
the new-comer's name; also that she was a
"Mrs." and not a "Miss"—mother and daugh-
ter they must evidently be—so if any one called
she had two pieces of information ready, and
had the consciousness of having only shown
neighbourly kindness in obtaining them.

Hornside people were not given to early
rising; at least, not the inhabitants of the High
Street, who had scarcely enough to do to make
it desirable that their days should be unneces-
sarily lengthened; and next morning Dolly
had had four good hours' hard work by the
time the maids-of-all-work were engaged in the
process of whitening the doorsteps and convers-
ing with the milkman.

Most marvellous! but the little gate and
front door had both been painted a dark choco-
late during the night; the windows were shin-
ing, the jasmine's wild sprays trained up against
the house, something red and white appeared
at one open window, and a creamy cloud at the
other; and by the time the ten-o'clock 'bus re-
turned from the station and again stopped at St.
Hilda's, the house had quiet an inhabited look.
More boxes, and,—most exciting of all—a
young man in a sailor-like garb descended from
the 'bus and vanished into the house. Mrs.
Black and the Misses Simon, who lived next
door, were inundated with visitors that after-
noon, all anxious to have seats near the win-
dows; and there was quite a buzz of gratified
feeling when, at about five, the figures of the
smiling elderly lady and the young man emerg-
ed from the door and walked off into the town.

In every house in Hornside that evening
conversation was lively, and Mrs. Spencer,
Dolly, and the sailor had little idea what a
boon they were to the flagging minds—a leap
for the want of new ideas. By the end of the
week the clergyman had called at St. Hilda's,
and all the world followed his example,
and having seen for themselves the internal
arrangements, and learnt from Mrs. Spencer
herself who they were and whence they came,
the flow of conversation rushed in a perfect
torrent. "Been for years in the Colonies."
That accounted for eccentricities of all sorts;
but all the same, some of the mothers in Horn-
side would have been glad to send their daugh-
ters to the Colonies if they could have had
them back again as useful individuals as Dolly.
Dolly, assisted by Jack, had painted, papered,
stained floors, hung up pictures and curtains,
and, what was more wonderful still, considering
her ladylike appearance, did all the work in
the house, and produced cakes and fancy breads
which were the envy of all. As Dolly humbly
acknowledged, mother's neat fingers pieced the
carpets, made the curtains, and clothed the
chairs. There was plenty of hard work; but
the result was a snug, tasteful little home, with
odd cupboards, shelves, comfortable window-
seats, and all so shining and fresh that the
sleepy, stuffy atmosphere which pervaded
most of the heavily furnished Hornside houses
found no existence here.

Besides the comfort of the abode, which the
old ladies persisted in calling "peculiar," there
was a comfort in Mrs. Spencer's kindly welcome
which, by November, had gone far to make all
the inhabitants agree that she was a very
pleasant neighbour. Dolly had just drawn the
curtains and shut out the chill November fog;
the firelight was playing over the room; mo-
ther was meditating in her easy-chair; and
Dolly sank into one opposite, and stared into
the fire. It was Sunday afternoon, and a good
time for meditations, but Dolly's were never of
very long duration.

"Mother! wake up! A penny for your
thoughts."

"I wasn't asleep, Doll. A penny for yours."

"Mine were stupid mother! I feel myself
getting rusty and fusty."

To tell the truth, dearie, that was exactly
what I was thinking we were both doing. It
won't do, Doll. This is not a very lively place!
but as it depends on the lives we live more than
the place, and we mustn't go to sleep."

"Well, mother, you never go to sleep, and
you've done a good deal here already, but I
know I am getting sleepy; and as for the other
girls here, they are so *dolefully* dull. When
Jack comes back he won't find one with an
idea beyond the river on one side and the
ploughed fields on the other;" and Dolly
burst into a good laugh.

"Now Doll, I won't have you uncharitable.
There are advantages in knocking about the
world, and you've had them, and now we must
use them."

"Mother, dear, come on! You know you've
thought of something, and are only paving
the way to the disclosure of your scheme;"
and Dolly seated herself at mother's feet and
waited.

The result of the Sunday evening's cogita-
tions was that Dolly despatched neat little
cards, adorned with bees in various positions,
inviting Miss Agness Lambert, Miss Forbes,
Miss Janet Somers, and Miss Penelope Hop-
wood to a "Council." Then she arranged the
"sky parlour" as tastefully as possible; and
drew the table near the sloping windows so
that they might have the full benefit of the
winter afternoon sun. Next she put mother's
"working-chair" at one side and her "h've"
basket by her. Having no floral decorations,
she placed green glass goblets in the middle,
and all the working requisites she could think
of round.

She proposed to bring down Uncle Simeon's
sky-high mirror, but, as it had hung there all
his days, mother would not allow such desecra-
tion. Moreover, every thing looked crooked
in it, and, as Dolly observed, it might destroy
their ideas. Two little books were placed in
front of mother—"Mother's Extracts" and one
for the "Minutes of the Proceedings," explain-
ed Dolly, who, by mother's orders, having
arranged the party, seated herself and began an
interesting paper from a magazine, on "Self-
Culture."

Meantime, as mother deftly cut and shaped,
she studied the half-dozen heads before her.
Dolly was always wide-awake, and inspired
with a love of action of any sort. Penelope
Hopwood, on her right, and plenty of good
stuff in her, and talent too, but she looked
bored. Annie and Rosie's pretty, empty faces
betrayed that their thoughts were more taken
up with different modes of doing their hair or
altering their gowns than anything else. Janet
Somers, she was shure, had something in
her if she could get the opportunity of develop-
ing it; and Agnes Lambert, cutting out in
the background, had a gentle, good face, but
was decidedly one of the half-awake.

(To be Continued.)

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.

"Caust thou send forth lightnings, that they
may go and say unto thee, Here we are."—
Job xxxviii. 35.

Beneath the seas, o'er hills and dales, the wires
Of telegraph and telephone convey

From land to land the "burden" of the day,
Flash'd noiselessly by Nature's mystic fires;
Moments suffice to bear a friend's desires,

Or foe's defiance, to farthest climes;
Or thence bring tidings of the moving times,
The aims and ends to which proud man aspires.

Here let us pause, and solemn thought invite:
If God to man such marvellous power imparts,
Are there from earth to Heaven no lines of light
That bear to Him the secrets of all hearts?
Shall Nature's miracles around us wrought,
Of God, and His omniscience, bring no serious
thought?

—J. Farmer in Family Churchman.