

Lights must be out and absolute silence insisted upon after 11, and all night until 6 a. m., when the bell rings. The men can smoke at appointed times in the downstairs room, but no frivolous talk or bad language can be allowed.

Perhaps some of us, on reading this brief account, will be disposed to say—I am sure I was myself—in words which found a new and striking application:—

Oh! I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Family Churchman

Family Department.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

"I . . . with thee."—Isa. xli. 10.

"I with thee!" Thy Father saith it,
In His loving tenderness:

With thee waking,

With thee sleeping,

With thee sowing, with thee reaping:

"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!

"I with thee!"—thy Saviour saith it,

With a fellow-sympathy:

With thee daily,

With thee hourly,

When dark doubts or fears distress thee:

"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!

"I with thee!"—the Spirit saith it,

With abiding faithfulness:

With thee working,

With thee resting,

With thee when in prayer thou'rt wrestling;

"I with thee!"—now trust and praise!

"I with thee!"—the Great Jehovah,

Father, Son, and Spirit—One;

With thee singing,

With thee sighing,

With thee living, with thee dying:

"I with thee!"—now, trust and praise!

CECILIA HAVERGAL.

DOT'S WELCOME.

Dot Hunt was as sweet a child as you ever saw. She was beautiful, too, and everybody loved her because she was lovely. She was an only child of a wealthy widow, and her home was one of elegance and culture. There never was a kinder or more generous child or one more compassionate. If while driving in the grand carriage beside her mamma, she saw a child grieved or injured, she was not happy until something was done to comfort or help it. If a beggar child came to the door, she turned beggar, too, begging Ann, the cook, to feed the hungry.

But Dot was only five years old. I tell you this so that you will not wonder at what I am about to relate.

Dot went to church for the first time one bright summer day. She was a perfect blossom in her snowy white dress, with a bunch of rose-buds fastened in the broad sash.

At the church door stood a plainly dressed woman with a very sad face, and beside her a little girl of perhaps ten years of age, the latter wearing a calico dress and a very common-looking brown straw hat. People were going into the church very fast, but no one seemed to notice the sad looking woman and her daughter. Presently a sunshiny voice broke the icy coldness of the church-goers; it was Dot's.

"Isn't you doin' to church?" asked Dot of the little girl,

"It isn't our church; we're strangers; we don't know where to go," answered the girl.

"It's *God's Church*," Dot said reverently.

"Come with mamma an' me, there's lots of room in *God's church*."

The weary mother looked into Mrs. Hunt's face questioningly, and although the latter's face flushed, she seconded her little daughter's hearty invitation.

"Yes, do come with us, please," she said, "we will be glad to have you." And presently seated side by side in "*God's church*" were the children of wealth and poverty.—There had been a number of witnesses to the pretty scene, and more than one face flushed with shame as the minister during his reading, gave this passage, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

Was it *Jesus* looking through that sad woman's eyes? *Jesus* looking through her little daughter's eyes?

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

And after the service more than one richly dressed lady shook hands kindly with the "strangers," and made them welcome.

Dot never knew how forlorn, how homesick, how desolate, those two strangers had been before her gentle welcome reached their souls; but her first Sunday at church had taught some "children of older growth" a lesson sadly needed.

And lo! how great a tree grows from a little acorn. The "strangers" who had come to the city from a bereaved home, from which death had taken beloved ones and money had taken wings, found friends and pleasant and profitable employment. How far a little candle throws its beams!—*Ernest Gilmore, in Morning Star.*

A BATTLE WON.

Nellie Grey sat on the back porch singing, happy as a bird, for to-morrow her Uncle Henry was coming to take her out to the farm, the dear, wonderful farm where the autumn fruit was ripening, and Aunt Janie would be making all kinds of preserves and pickles. All summer she had had the promise of going but mother's and baby Willie's illness had prevented. Now there were just two weeks before school should begin, and they were to be spent in this delightful visit. No wonder the little girl's song was a happy one.

On the lowest step of the porch sat a poorly clad, unhealthy looking child, who had come with her mother, the Irish washerwoman, that morning. There being no other listener at liberty to attend, Nellie entertained the little girl with glowing descriptions of life at Uncle Henry's.

"There's a dear, old white pony that I can ride all over just by myself. And O, such lots of the cutest little chickens, and downy baby ducks, and funny yellow goslings, and Aunt Janie lets me feed them all!"

"O, Miss Nellie, its all just too lovely to hear about."

There was a sad look of longing in the eyes which met Nellie's gaze, but she scarcely noticed it, so intent was she upon her expected pleasure. "Indeed, it is lovely. Aunt Janie keeps a big white bowl with bunches of red roses all over it for my milk every morning and night, and

there's such a dear old white and yellow pussy-cat; she comes and sits right in front of me, and if I don't pay attention to her, she pats my lap with her big white paw, so cute and knowing."

"I do just love pussy-cats."

"So do I. Aunt Janie is going to give me one of her kittens to bring home, and I'm going to name it Fluff."

For a long time the children sat talking, Nellie recounting the delights of her expected visit, telling Mollie how she would enjoy riding behind Uncle Henry on his big bay hunter, Victor.

"It's just like sitting in a high rocking chair, unless uncle gets in a hurry and makes him gallop, then I have to hug him tight."

"O. I wish I could have a ride like that."

And this time Nellie did see the longing in the poor little girl's eyes, and somehow it made her feel uncomfortable. A few minute later her mother called her in to give some needed help. "Sit down here by the kitchen table and pare these apples, Nellie, I am going to make some pies."

While she was thus employed she could not help overhearing the conversation between her mother and Mrs. Blake, the washerwoman.

"Your little daughter is not looking well; has she been ill lately Mrs. Blake?"

"Deed and she has, ma'am. The fever took her about two months ago, and when she came off the bed she was jist a skelinton."

"Have you had a doctor?"

"We have that ma'am, an' he gave her some medicine wid a bad taste to it, but he said she must get a good bit of pure country air before she'd begin to pick up; deed then I'm fearin' she'll have to wait a long while for that same."

"Has she an appetite?"

"She don't be eating what would keep a fly alive. An' wonder if it is, when the air is that close and hot it jist sickens you."

Nellie looked out of the open window. Mollie lay on the porch step asleep, her thin, pale cheek resting on her emaciated arm. What a miserable little creature she was, and how her eyes had sparkled at the glowing descriptions of farm life. It was a very quiet little girl that sat paring apples. When she had finished and had handed the dish to her mother, she gathered up the skins and cores to throw into the barrel that stood by the area gate. As she passed through the wash-house where Mrs. Blake was rinsing the clothes, she heard a stifled sob. Turning quickly, she saw the poor woman wiping her eyes on her apron.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Blake, have you hurt yourself, or are you sick?"

Nellie's voice was very kind; and sympathy beamed from her bright eyes as she stood near the steaming tubs.

"Ah, my dear young lady, don't worrit yourself. 'Tis only that times I'm grieving for my poor little child, an' the heart pain gets the better of me."

"Why, she's not very sick is she? My cousin Anna looked dreadfully when she got well of the measles, and now she's just as big an' fat."

"I'm a foolish old woman; so you mustn't mind me. Only you see the doctor said that Mollie's lungs were that weak, if she didn't get