

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## THE RESTING-PLACE.

A voice has called me to the Wilderness  
For quiet rest,  
Far from the place which rapid footsteps press  
In eager quest;  
And here I lie and wait from morn to night  
Till there shall be  
Some marching order sent in words of light  
To set me free.

But while I wait within this anchor-vale  
I look away  
To where the sunny joys of life prevail,  
And hear One say,  
"After the quiet and the rest of life  
Thou shalt be strong;  
And when hast died away the noise of strife,  
Thou shalt have song."

And He shall teach me in these quiet days  
Of peace and rest,  
The old, forgotten songs of joyous praise  
Which I loved best;  
And so that He be with me while I stay,  
And make me glad,  
There is no hour of all the passing day  
That can be sad.

And so I thank the Father-voice that bade  
Me rest awhile  
Where visions of the future make me glad,  
And in His smile  
The quiet days shall pass, till once again  
It is His will  
That I should leave the vale of night and pain,  
And serve him still

—Marianne Farmingham.

## LIFE A SCHOOL.

## A THOUGHT FOR LENT.

Gal. iii. 24.

LIFE, like school, is the preparing  
For the time that is to be;  
And the need of all our learning  
In the future we shall see.

Oft the copy-book is smeared—  
Poor the copying at the best;  
Often hand and heart are wearied,  
So we seek and crave our rest.

Then we learn our task so badly  
That we give our "Master" pain,  
So He tells us, oh! how sadly,  
"You must do these o'er again."

It seems hard, this lesson learning,  
That we see no need to know;  
All the while our hearts are yearning  
For the time when we may go.

But our "Master" knows the reason  
Of the task behind, before—  
And will help us through each lesson—  
He has learnt them all, and more.

Yes! He helps us, if confiding  
In His wisdom, strength, and love;  
So we'll trust Him and His guidings  
Till we reach our "home above."

Enriette A. Raymond.

## "AS A LITTLE CHILD,"

BY ELLEN HAILE MALLORY.

From *The Churchman*, N. Y.

It is such a wee bit of a small story this time  
that I really don't know if any one will care to  
listen. But I'll tell you about it just as it all  
happened, and perhaps, who knows, you'll re-  
member its lesson for a longer time than you  
would a larger one.

The way it came to be told was this: Jamie,  
the baby, and their mother were sitting look-

ing into the fire. The night was shutting  
down after a long cold day—one of those real  
cross days, you know, when the clouds look so  
sullen because they are so gray, and weary  
with snow that hasn't quite made up its mind  
to fall.

A chilly wind was blowing too.

Perhaps because they didn't care to be hustled  
and hurried about by the wind that the  
snowflakes had not begun to fall.

It was much more comfortable indoors than  
out. At any rate Jamie seemed to think so  
as he held his fat hands to the glowing fire.

I am sure the baby thought so, for he gur-  
gled and jumped and threw his fat hands about  
with so much energy that if it hadn't been for  
his mother's arm he would have flown with the  
sparks right up the chimney.

Jamie had been looking in the fire with a  
very sober face for a long time before the baby  
began his crowing, and the gurgle and chuckle  
and the sight of the two pink feet flying up  
and down, as if they were trying to "tread"  
very deep water, made him turn his sober  
brown eyes on the baby's laughing, happy  
face.

"Mamma, are babies good for anything?"

"Why Jamie!" was all she had time to say,  
before he hurried on with:

"I don't mean aren't they good to hug and  
kiss. Of course they are. But are they,  
really now, mamma, good for anything?"

"Of any use, I suppose you mean, don't you  
dear? Oh, yes, indeed, Babies help to make  
a great many people very happy. They bring  
joy to sad hearts, and teach us lessons of pa-  
tience and gentleness, and even of forgiveness  
sometimes. Besides they make us so happy  
with their loving baby ways; and yes, I knew  
a baby once that did even a great deal more  
than that. He cleared up a dreadful family  
quarrel and made ever so many people very  
happy just by means of his yellow, curling  
hair, and his clear, brown eyes and happy,  
smiling mouth."

"Why, if he looked like that he must have  
looked like our baby, mamma. It wasn't our  
baby, was it? He never quarrels."

"Neither did the other baby, bless his dear  
little heart, but he walked, no, crawled right in  
the shadow of a tremendous quarrel and there  
he stayed until everybody came back into the  
sunshine again."

"Oh, mamma, please tell me all about it.  
Papa won't be home for ever so long; Robin's  
just driving down to the station. Please tell  
me all about that baby."

Mamma's baby was winking his long black  
lashes over his brown eyes, slowly, and still  
more slowly. The pink toes were curled up in  
a warm flannel blanket by this time, and  
baby was—already—quiet—gone—off—to—the  
land of "Nod!"

Mamma held him very closely to her as she  
swayed slowly backward and forward in her  
rocking-chair, and then she said.

"It was ever so long ago when the baby in  
my story was a baby. He is a large man now  
with a quick decided way about him, merry  
brown eyes, and such a bright smile. But he  
can look stern sometimes, and when he draws  
his eyebrows together, there isn't a bit of a  
smile in his eyes."

"That's just like papa," interrupted Jamie.  
"Why, when he just looked cross once, and  
didn't say a word, I saw Dash put his tail be-  
tween his legs and walk right under the table.  
He thought somebody must be in the way, and  
he didn't know but it was he. Don't you  
know?"

"Yes, I know! but I was telling you about  
the baby," Jamie's mamma laughed.

"That baby was born, and lived a while,  
way off in England. And he had for his home,  
when he was about as large as our baby, one  
of the most beautiful houses in the South Coun-  
try. I hope you will see it sometime, Jamie.

Its walls are covered with ivy, and it has such  
great chimneys. The rooks are always calling  
to one another in the old, old trees that stand  
all about it, and indoors the house is full of old  
queer pictures, and such heavy chairs. Why,  
you couldn't lift one, Jamie, if you tried ever  
so hard."

"And can lift a good many pounds," in-  
terrupted Jamie, doubling up his arm to show  
mamma his muscle.

"The people who lived in this old house in  
those days were two very nice, very careful,  
very particular old gentlemen. They were  
brothers, just as you and the baby are, only  
they were twin brothers, and really and truly  
it was very hard to tell which was Mr. Edward  
and which was Mr. John. Even the old house-  
keeper who had lived with them for thirty  
years, used to make a mistake once in a while  
and call 'Mr. Edward' 'Mr. John,' if she happen-  
ed to meet him in a dark corner.

"Well, these two gentlemen lived all alone,  
with the servants almost as old as themselves,  
in the queer old house, and very lonely and  
very sorrowful they were sometimes.

"The reason was because their niece, their  
only sister's child, had married and gone away  
to live in quite another part of England, and  
her uncles never saw her, did not even hear  
from her, and never had since that gray, dark  
wedding morning, when they had seen her  
drive away from the church door with her hus-  
band, without even going back to say 'good-  
bye' to her old home.

"The reason for that was that the two old  
gentlemen didn't approve of people getting  
married.

"They never had married," they used to say,  
'and they had always been very happy. Why  
Lucy should want to leave them and go away  
with a young man she had known such a short  
time, only three years, they couldn't under-  
stand at all.'

"So they said 'good-bye' to her at the church  
door, shook hands very stiffly with her new  
husband, and then went back to their beautiful  
old house under the elm trees, where even the  
rooks seemed to miss Lucy, and cawed and  
chattered about her in the windy March after-  
noons.

"But she didn't come back again for all their  
calling. The old gentlemen never asking her.

"She went away and left us," they used to  
say to one another, 'well, we must learn to get  
along without her.'

"They must have been very cross old gentle-  
men, mamma," said Jamie.

"No, my dear, not at all. But they thought  
that because pretty miss Lucy had lived with  
them all her life she ought always to do so.  
'They couldn't bear changes. Why should  
young people want them,' they said to one  
another.

"So the days and months and years went by,  
and still the old gentlemen were all alone in the  
gray house. They were getting to be very old  
gentlemen, too. It would have been very pleas-  
ant to have Lucy back again to read the papers  
that their tired old eyes made such hard work  
of nowadays, or to have heard her sweet voice  
or her light footstep about the quiet old house;  
or even to have seen the baby, they said to them-  
selves, as they sat in front of the fire.

"For there was a baby. Lucy had written  
them about it herself, and had begged the old  
gentlemen to let her bring it, to show it them.  
But though her uncles had answered her pitiful  
little letter very politely, they had never said  
one word about the baby.

"But they thought about it. Oh, yes, in-  
deed! I don't believe there was an evening  
when they sat in front of the fire, the two old  
gentlemen, that they didn't think about that  
baby, and Mr. John was very much surprised  
to hear himself saying out loud, one evening:

"I wonder if Lucy's baby has brown eyes.  
Our mother's were brown and so are Lucy's."

"Yes, and so were Richard's; do you re-