

ten times more so to do in the Lord's House? Boys and girls, think of what you are doing, and kneel reverently; get into the habit of it now, and when you are men and women it will come naturally to you, and you, by your example, will teach others to pray in attitude as well as, I hope, always in heart.

A. STONE.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### THE LENTEN TIDE.

What have we done that we should seek,  
This Lenten tide, to be forgiven?  
Our lips have never dared to speak  
Reproach or calumny of Heaven!  
Yet to the Lenten tide belongs  
Repentance from some secret wrongs.

What need have we for deep distress?  
Our hands have never robbed the poor,  
We have not spurned in bitterness  
The trembling feet that sought our door;  
And yet the Lenten prayers are meant  
For those whose hearts are penitent.

We beg for "new and contrite hearts,"  
Within the sacred walls to-day,  
And some forgotten shadow starts  
From out our sunshine as we pray;  
For Heaven takes our souls aside  
To search them, at the Lenten tide.

What have we done? Our hearts can tell,  
Of scorn, impurity and hate,  
Of pride we have not sought to quell,  
Of Duty's promptings, bidden to wait.  
Ah, Heaven bids us view our pride  
With sorrow at the Lenten tide.

What have we done? One narrow thought  
Has limited the Love Divine,  
And all the flood of Truth has sought  
In human channel to confine,  
The Truth of God, so free and wide,  
Condemns us at the Lenten tide.

The web of life is spun apace,  
And many threads are gay and bright,  
But some to give the pattern grace,  
Must bear the impress of the night.  
No weaver's hand may cast aside  
The dark threads of the Lenten tide.

—Church and Home.

## TWO FRIENDS.

"Master Reginald, don't touch."

"Master Reginald, don't get your boots all over mud."

"Master Reginald, don't run and heat yourself."

"Reginald, don't sit crooked on your chair."

"Reginald, don't stare in that extraordinary way."

If Reginald Lacy had been asked what was the word which he first remembered hearing, and if it had pleased him to give a truthful answer, or at least one that appeared probable to him, he would have replied, "Don't." As things were, he would most likely have turned a deaf ear to the question, but he would have thought the same reply in the bottom of his heart.

"Don't stare over your cup, when you drink," said Hannah, "it's very rude, Master Reginald. Miss Everson would never allow such a thing, and your poor papa and mamma, they would be shocked."

"It's such a big thrush, Hannah," returned the child, interested enough to care to explain.

"The thrush can wait," said Hannah severely.

This is just what he would not do however, as Reginald knew very well.

"Do let me go to the window and look at it," he begged. The experience of many refusals had not left him much hope of success, but still, strange things did happen, it was worth trying.

"Get down in the middle of your breakfast, Master Reginald, I should just think not. Who ever heard of such a thing, I should like to know."

"I don't want any more, then," said Reginald, pushing his plate away from him as he spoke.

"Then you must be ill," observed Hannah.

"You've only eaten half a slice of bread. I'll go and ask Miss Everson for some medicine for you."

"No. I'll finish, I hate rhubarb, and the thrush is gone."

"Don't say you hate things, Master Reginald, and I shall put your chair with its back to the window if you keep looking out in that ridiculous way, filling your head with trumpery."

"Hannah, did you get out of bed with the wrong foot foremost?" enquired the child curiously.

"Now, it is very rude indeed, to say such things. I am ashamed of you, Master Reginald, that I am."

"Why, you often say it to me. I didn't know it was rude."

"That is quite a different thing. There's many things that's proper for grown up people to do, and not at all proper for little boys."

Reginald looked into his cup, as if he were counting the fragmentary tea-leaves.

"Then I wish that I had been born grown-up."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Hannah, who had no patience for flights of fancy.

"Or else that they were no grown-up people at all," pursued Reginald meditatively, "perhaps that would be the best plan."

Hannah did not condescend to take any notice of this remark, but cleared away the breakfast things with rather an angry clatter. Then she bid Reginald wash his face and hands, put on his hat and go out into the garden.

"And don't make yourself a mess, Master Reginald. And mind you come in that very minute I knock on the window, so as to be ready for your lessons."

Reginald did as he was told. Then wandered about until he found the gardener, whom he alone of all that decorous household called Sam. He stood quite contentedly watching his operations. Sometimes he asked questions which Sam found quite unanswerable; however much he might push his hat backwards, and rub his scanty grey hair. But the old man had a dim memory of having been once a boy himself; and this, mingled with pity for the unmothered child, made him very patient with all Reginald's numerous queries. Patient even with his experiments in gardening which were often of a nature to fill Miss Everson with dismay, had she but known of them.

Reginald Lacy was not an orphan, though he could not remember either his father or his mother. Mr. Lacy was in the Indian Civil Service, but Reginald had been born in England, and was left there with his grandmother when only two years old. It had been a great trial to his parents to part with him, but he was a delicate child, and the station to which they were going was not a healthy one. The old lady was taken ill not long after their departure, and a distant cousin came to take care of her. To this cousin, Miss Everson, she confided little Reginald at her death. It was a distress to Mrs. Lacy to think of her child being with some one whom she did not know, but she could not see how to alter the arrangement. She had no near relations, nor any friend whom she could ask to take charge of the little fellow. To Mr. Lacy, it seemed a very good plan. He had rarely seen Miss Everson, but had always heard her spoken of as a very worthy woman. Rather particular, he fancied, but he was conscious of having been a spoiled child himself, and inclined to think it might do Reggie no harm to be kept in better order. His letters were very prim and precise; but then, how difficult to write to perfect strangers, he argued. The boy had got quite strong and well, which was a proof that he was taken good care of. And thus in trying to persuade his wife, he had completely succeeded in persuading himself, and was ready to maintain against all comers that Miss Everson was the best and most judicious guardian a child could possibly have.

He was most anxious to persuade his wife of it; to make her happy as to her child in England, for she had so much to try her. Her own health had been very delicate, and of three

little daughters born in India not one had lived more than a few weeks. She for her part, conscious of often being weak and nervous, tried to rest in her husband's judgment, and to believe that her boy was as happy as she could wish him to be.

Miss Everson was not an ogress, but a thoroughly well-intentioned woman, who meant to do her duty, and did it as far as she knew how. She had no natural love for children; she was thoroughly unaccustomed to them and their ways. But she could not refuse her cousin's last request to take care of baby, and having once undertaken the office, she determined to carry it out thoroughly.

If thoughtlessness is the cause of many of the lesser evils of life, surely many others arise from forgetfulness. People have but a hazy memory of their own childhood, and they laugh at the sorrows and troubles which seem so trivial now, and which at the time and while they last are as real and as bitter as any which weigh down later life. So little will make a child sad, so little will make it happy. Then surely it were well to avoid the one and to do the other. Not, of course, to purchase present happiness at the cost of future. The old copy-book saying, "if you are good you will be happy," may be true. But as it has been remarked, it is no less generally true of children, that if they are happy they will be good.

It must be supposed then, that Miss Everson had a very bad memory, for sympathy with childhood's feelings and fancies she certainly had none. Her theory of education may be summed up in "don't." All children were likely to get into mischief, and required much keeping in order. Reginald, being a boy, this was true of him in the highest degree. She sighed over the depravity of the human heart, and only looked to find bad qualities. She was far more eager to destroy weeds than to cherish the germs of what might grow up into flowers and fruit. And there are weeds that no hasty pulling at will eradicate; but if the ground is carefully tilled and the good seed sown, it will spring up and ripen by help of sun and rain, and the evil will disappear.

But Miss Everson thought otherwise, and Hannah, her maid, who had lived with her for many years, entirely agreed with her mistress. The result was not a happy one for Reginald. It might have been different had there been any one to love him, but it did not occur to Miss Everson to do that. She had not objected to him so much when he was quite little, but as he grew older and developed a boy's instincts, her feelings and manner grew colder and colder. How was it possible to care for a creature whose hands, in spite of continual washings, were, she declared, never clean for an hour together? Whose pockets were always full of a miscellaneous collection, of which it was only safe to predict that it was all rubbish! Whose handkerchiefs generally looked as if they had been employed to polish the grates! No, if it had been a little girl, a nice, pretty little girl with tidy curls, then Miss Everson's heart might have softened. As it was, she flattered herself that she did her duty, and that whenever his parents might return, they would feel that she spared no pains in teaching and training him.

Reginald, for his part, looked upon Miss Everson as a sort of fate, whose decrees worked out their own fulfilment. They might be evaded now and then, but never altered. Hannah was more decidedly cross at times, but she could, occasionally, though very rarely, be moved by entreaties; so there an element of chance came in. He was scarcely ever allowed to play with other children for fear he should learn bad ways from them, as Miss Everson remarked with regret that all parents were by no means so particular as she was. Thus his only friend was Sam, the gardener, whose kindness was not always of the most judicious sort.