

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## A PUZZLE—WHO CAN SOLVE IT.

Adam God made out of the dust  
But thought it best to make me first,  
So I was made before the man  
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,  
But without arms, or legs, or feet;  
My ways and acts he did control,  
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,  
And Adam gave to me my name;  
I from his presence then withdrew  
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my maker's law obey,  
Nor from it ever went astray,  
Thousands of miles I go in fear  
But seldom on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,  
He put a living soul in me;  
A soul from me my God did claim,  
And took from me that soul again.

And when from me that soul had fled  
I was the same as when first made  
And without hands, or feet, or soul,  
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labour hard by day and night,  
To fall on man I give great light;  
Thousands of people young and old  
Will by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,  
The Scriptures I cannot believe,  
Although my name therein is found  
They are to me mean empty sound,

No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;  
To Heaven I shall never go,  
Nor to the grave or Hell below.

Now when these lines you truly read,  
Go search your Bible with all speed,  
For that my name's recorded there,  
I honestly to you declare.

—Communicated.

## EYES OPEN.

"There's a work for me and a work for you,  
Something for each of us now to do."

"What do you mean by those lines you are singing, Rachie?" asked her aunt, as the little girl sang like a lark.

"I don't know, Aunt Amy. I guess I didn't mean anything. I wasn't thinking what I was singing."

"They are very good words to think about as well as to sing," said Aunt Amy.

"There's a work for me—" sang Rachie again. "But Auntie, those words are for bigger folk, ain't they? There isn't any work for little bits of girls like me, you know."

"Are you sure, dear?"

"I think so, Aunt Amy. Big folk have work to do. Papa works down at his office—I went in there once, and he was talking to some men—he told me that was part of his work, and that the men paid him money; but, me! I might talk all day and no one would call it work or ever think of paying me a cent for it."

"No, I suppose not," said Aunt Amy, smiling at Rachie's mournful tone.

"And mamma tells the cook what to have for dinner and mends my dresses and talks to me when I'm naughty and plenty of other things. And you paint beautiful pictures and go out distributing tracts and things. But there's no work for me."

"Perhaps you do not keep your eyes open to see," said Aunt Amy, passing her arm around the little figure. "There is nothing in the Lord's creation too small to have its work."

The tiny ants and the bees are all busy, and, even the bird and the butterflies have their full share in making things sweet and beautiful. Keep on the watch, little one, and see if you cannot do something before the day is over to make some one better and happier. Very small hands can bring an offering to Christ of loving kindness shown to His creatures for His dear sake."

Rachie took her Second Reader, and went off to school wondering if Aunt Amy could be right.

"I will keep my eyes open," she said to herself. "There's somebody now trying to keep hers open."

She stopped a moment to watch old Mrs. Bert, who sat inside her door binding shoes. She was just now trying to thread a needle, but it was hard work for her dim eyes. "Why, if here isn't work for me!" exclaimed Rachie. "I never should have thought of it if it hadn't been for Aunt Amy. Stop, Mrs. Bert, let me do that for you."

"Thank you, my little lassie. My poor old eyes are most worn out you see. I can get along with the coarse work yet, but sometimes it takes me five minutes to thread my needle. And the day will come when I can't work, and then what will become of a poor old woman."

"Mamma would say the Lord will take care of you," said Rachie very softly, for she felt that she was too little to be saying such things.

"And you can say it, too, dearie. Go on to school now. You've given me your bit of help and your comfort, too."

But Rachie had got hold of the needle book and was bending over it with busy fingers.

"See," she presently said, "I've threaded six needles for you to go on with. And when I come back I'll thread some more."

May the sunlight be bright to your eyes, little one," said the old woman as Rachie skipped away.

"Come and play, Rachie," cried many voices as she drew near the playground. "Which side will you be on?"

But there was a little girl with a very downcast face sitting in the porch.

"What is the matter, Jennie?" said Rachie, going to her.

"I can't make these add up," said Jennie in a discouraged tone, pointing to a few smeary figures on her slate.

"Let me see—I did that example at home last night. Oh, you forgot to carry ten—see?"

"So I did." The example was finished and Jenny was soon at play with the others.

Rachie kept her eyes open all day, and was surprised to find how many ways there were of doing little kindnesses; which went far towards making the day happier to others. Try it, little girls and boys, and you will see for yourselves.

"I believe the sunshine is brighter than ever it was before," she whispered, recalling Mrs. Bert's words as she walked home. The pleasant things about her seemed to take on a new sweetness as she looked upon them with her little heart full of the delight of feeling that she, young as she was, had her share in the dear Lord's work of doing good, and in the precious promise he has made to those whom He declares, "Ye did it unto Me."

"Will ye look here, Miss Rachie?"

Bridget was sitting in the back porch looking dolefully at a piece of paper which lay on the kitchen table she had carried out there.

"It's a letter I'm after writin' to me mother, an' it's fearin' I am she'll niver be able to rade it, because I can't rade it meself. Can you rade it all, Miss Rachie? It's all the afternoon I've been at it."

Rachie tried with all her might to read poor Bridget's queer scrawl, but was obliged to give it up.

"I'll write one for you some day, Bridget," she said. "I'm going over to Jennie's to play 'I dyes' now."

The fresh air and the bird songs and soft wind made it very pleasant to be out of doors after being in school all day. And her limbs fairly ached for a good run. But she turned at the gate for another look at Bridget's woe-begone face.

"I'll do it for you now, Bridget," she said, going back.

It was not an easy task, for writing was slow work with her; but she formed each letter with painstaking little fingers, and when she had finished felt well repaid by Bridget's warm thanks and the satisfied feeling of duty well done.

"Our Master has taken his journey  
To a country that's far away."

Aunt Amy heard the cherry notes floating up the stairs, telling of the approach of the little worker:

"I've been keeping my eyes open, Aunt Amy, and there's plenty and plenty to do." —Selected.

## THE TERM CATHOLIC.

The term *Catholic* has been applied to the Church from the earliest ages, and is its common designation in the writings of the ancient fathers. It may be traced, indeed, to the times of the Apostles, since it appears in the writings of St. Ignatius, (Epistle to the Smyrneans iii. 4,) a man who, it is related, "was intimately conversant with the Apostles, educated and nursed up by them, everywhere at hand, and made partaker both of their familiar discourse and more secret and uncommon mysteries."—*St. Chrysostom, quoted by Cave*. The Church is called Catholic in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Though "the word was not used by the Apostles," says Bp. Pearson, "we must acknowledge that it was most anciently used by the primitive fathers, and that as to several intents. For, first, they called the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, St. John, St. Jude, *Catholic* Epistles, because whilst the Epistles written by St. Paul were directed to a particular Church congregated in particular cities, these were either sent to the Churches dispersed through a great part of the world, or directed to the whole Church of God upon the face of the whole earth."—*On the Creed*, p. 517. In our translation of the New Testament, the term "Catholic," in the titles of the above mentioned Epistles, is rendered "General."

One of the questions at Baptism is, "Wilt thou be baptized in *this Faith*?" viz, the Christian Faith, as contained in the Apostles' Creed. To this an affirmative answer is required; consequently, the article of the Catholic Church is to be believed, and it is into that Church that we are baptized. To mislike the term, is therefore a disparagement of the Church of which it is the distinctive appellation, and of which we have been made members incorporate.

If the present Church is not by lineal descent the continuation of that organized under the Apostles, it cannot be the *Apostolic* Church, and consequently it would be irrelevant to apply to ourselves such passages of Scripture as the following: "Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the Saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone."—Eph. ii. 19, 20. —*From Catechist's Manual*.

A Clerical subscriber in the Diocese of Toronto writes:—"Allow me once more to express my entire satisfaction with the tone of your valuable paper, and wish it continued success."

A Lady writing from St. John, N.B., says:—"The paper (*CHURCH GUARDIAN*) fully sustains itself, and is always gladly welcomed."