

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THEIR ANGELS.

My heart is lonely as heart can be;
And the cry of Rachel goes up from me,
For the tender faces unforget,
Of the little children that are not,
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

I want them close in the dear old way,
But life goes forward and will not stay;
And He who made it has made it right,
Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight,
Although I know
They are all in the land where I shall go.

Only one has died. There is one small mound.
Violet-heaped, in the sweet grave ground.
Twenty years they have bloomed and spread
Over the little baby head,
And, oh! I know

She is safe in the land where I shall go.

Not dead. Only grown and gone away.
The hair of my darling is turning gray
That was golden once in the days so dear.
Over for many and many a year.

Yet I know—I know
She's a child in the land where I shall go.

My bright, brave boy, is a grave-eyed man,
Facing the world as a worker can;
But I think of him now as I had him then,
And I lay his cheek to my heart again,
And so, I know,

I shall have him there when we both shall go.

Out from the Father, and into life,
Back to His breast from the ended strife
And the finished labor. I hear the word
From the lips of Him who was child and Lord,
And I know that so

It shall be in the land where we all shall go.

Given back with the gain. The secret this
Of the blessed kingdom of children is:
My mother's arms are waiting for me,
I shall lay my head on my father's knee.

For so, I know.
I'm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold,
And the men and women grow gray and old;
But behind the world is an inner place,
Where yet their angels behold God's face.

And lo! we know
That only the children can see him so.

—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

'What does it mean, I wonder?' mused Alice Hamilton. 'I've run across that phrase ever so many times lately. How I wish I knew French! 'Noblesse'—that must be something about nobles. I fancy; and 'oblige'—why that seems thoroughly English. I dare say people are obliged to do as the nobility wished, since they have the power, but some way that meaning doesn't exactly fit here. I'll ask Aunt Fanny. May be she'll know.'

Miss Lee, the younger sister of Alice's mother, was the most charming member of a family, an aunt old enough to be constant referee, adviser, and counsellor, and not so old as to have lost her acquaintance with young girlhood. It followed that to her cozy room came many puzzling questions.

'What does 'Noblesse oblige' mean, Aunt Fanny? Is it that the nobility can force the common people to do as they like because they have the power?'

Miss Lee smiled as she answered, 'I think you have turned the meaning quite topsy-turvy. Suppose you look among the questions from foreign languages in the back part of the large dictionary.' She liked the plan of letting

people find out things for themselves, knowing that is the best way to make them remember.

Alice turned to the heavy book which always lay open on its stand and read 'Noblesse oblige. Rank imposes obligation.'

She looked as if she didn't fully understand although a glimpse of light had come.

'Perhaps,' said her aunt, 'a free rendering would be something like this: We have a right to look for noble actions from persons of noble birth. Or this—noble birth brings with it the obligation to lead a noble life. You see that reverses your idea; the obligation is upon those who are noble, not imposed by them. It is a beautiful proverb, and has a wider application than you may think, reaching even to you and to me.'

'Why, I don't see how Aunt Fanny, since we are all equals in this country; there is no titled class.'

'Some months ago I read a beautiful story about Jenny Lind and the Princess Alice. It may help you to see what I mean. You know we read the life of the Princess Alice together, and you remember what a kind heart she had, always interested for and ready to help the poor. Of course in her high station, her influence in such ways was very great. Jenny Lind had just such a heart too, and when she was asked to sing for the benefit of orphan asylums, or hospitals, she did it with a willing grace, often, indeed, sacrificing opportunities of gain to herself. She did this so many times that the Princess Alice, who was her great friend, once remonstrated, telling her she ought not to make such frequent sacrifices; and what did the night-gale say?'

'Dear Princess, your rank is your royal gift, and you use it royally when you give your presence to the opening of all charitable institutions. My voice is my royal gift, and shall I not use it freely for those who are in need?' There was no answer to such words as these. Were not both women royal, though one came from a long line of noble ancestors, and the other was reared in poverty and loneliness? Were they not peers in heart, because both recognized the force of 'Noblesse oblige? Do you see, Alice?' and the aunt pushed aside, with a fond touch, the waving hair, and looked into the earnest, questioning eyes.

'Yes—a little bit—but to me, Aunt Fanny, you said it applied even to me, and I don't seem to have any special gifts'—with a little sigh.

'Well, dear, this is what was in my thoughts. You and I, humble through our station may be, so far as wealth or honors are concerned, are yet members of the highest nobility.'

Alice started, then the light broke over her face as Miss Lee went on:—

'We are Christians, and every Christian, girl or woman, is the daughter of a King, is a princess. If that idea takes possession of you, you will see that in every thought, word and act of life 'Rank imposes obligation;' the obligation to live as benefits our birth, to glorify our kingly Father. I have often thought 'Noblesse oblige' might be the Christian's appropriate motto.'

Alice didn't say much; she never did when she was deeply moved; only, 'Thank you, Aunt Fanny,' as she went quietly to her room.

But in the days which followed, whenever selfishness was to be overcome, or a kind service to be rendered, or the poor or the servants to be considered, or an irritable work to be suppressed, she was accustomed to whisper to herself the words 'Noblesse oblige.'

Who shall determine how great was their power in expanding the younger girl's life into a sweet and gracious Christian womanhood.—*The Silver Cross*

A TOW-BOY ON THE CANAL.

He was a tow-boy, and his name was Tom. He was companion to the four mules that

patiently tugged at the canal boat Dictator, and drew it and its load of grain over the sluggish brown waters. He was very much at home with those four mules. He had confidence in them whether they had in him or not. Sometimes he would take a nap on the second mule, that had the broadest back, resting his head on the crupper of the harness. Perhaps the fact that he was thrown into the society of the mules so much, and had been kept in that society, would explain a certain set, obstinate, mulish disposition characterizing Tom. Any way, he was set against Sunday schools. Will Danning lived in a house at the foot of whose garden of hollyhocks and marigolds the canal stretched its lazy length of water. Will asked Tom to go to Sunday school with him.

'I don't believe in yer Sunday schools,' growled Tom.

'But go with me once, Tom.'

'Well, if you won't tease me, I'll go with you once.'

Will knew it was no use to ask this two-legged mule to give more than one Sunday to this new departure.

Tom, the tow-boy, went to the Sunday school, stared about him in a vacant, listless way—at the superintendent, at the scholars, and then up at the wall.

'What's that,' he said, his eyes halting at a motto on the lavender tinted wall, 'He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' 'Don't believe you can tow that boat along! Too hard for a feller!'

At the close of the school, the teacher said to Tom, 'hope you will come again.'

He shook his head very doubtfully. 'Dunno! I've got to see the good of it before I come again.'

He told 'Old Broadie,' whose broad back was Tom's couch by day, 'Broadie, say! They want me to go to Sunday school again. But what's the use if I don't see the good of it.'

Old Broadie lifted and lowered two long ears, which Tom construed as an assent to his question.

'That school don't amount to much, Broadie,' said Tom. 'What do you think of that sayin' about ruler, your own sperrit? You don't think much of it? You like to rule others, don't ye? Say, old feller, I have a great mind to try it—that—things on the wall.'

The more Tom thought about it, the more he was amused with the idea of making a trial of the worth of that motto from Proverbs.

'I'll try it on Bony, he'll be a-town to-morrow,' said Tom.

Down the canal, on the morrow, came Bony, the tow-boy, a pert, saucy chap, quite sure to say and do something disagreeable. Tom and Bony met at one of the locks, and Bony began by throwing a sneer at Tom.

'Heard ye went to Sunday school, Tom. Spect ye's too pious to swear or fight, or cut up your old capers.'

'O, said Tom, I ain't pious.'

'Then take that for a present,' cried Bony.

Here the latter, flinging forward his whip lash, drew it cutting and tingling across Tom's legs.

The next moment Tom was off his mule and rushing toward Bony, when suddenly he stopped. He seemed to see again on the lavender-tinted wall the motto, 'He that is slow to anger is greater than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Hadn't he told Old Broadie that he would try the worth of this? Could he go back on that any more than a mule change his mind? He looked at Bony, then looked at him some more, and then turned on his heel. Another minute, Old Broadie and his three companions, guided by Tom, the tow-boy, were tugging at the Dictator. Bony, too, was off; but he went off scratching his head.