

seen the risen Lord, a fact, and recorded what they saw, another fact, and had they not been men well known for probity, a further fact, and made the record one of public notoriety—a still further fact, and handed it down as public property, common to all, free to be challenged and courting investigation—a fact like its predecessors; why, it would have been hard to accept such a contradiction of every known experience of mankind.

And so, of all the facts of the Saviour's life and of His Church's earlier days. So long as we can build our faith on the foundation of *living fact*, our house is built on the rock; and the wind may come and the rain descend, and it shall not fall.

Let him who derides the use of a liturgy beware lest he blaspheme; for the *fact* is that his Lord and Master, when on earth, worshipped in the synagogue and temple, each of which had its *form* of prayer and of praise. Let him who refuse the "washing of Regeneration" to the brow of his little one, beware lest he defraud it of its birthright; for there stands the earliest Council after Apostolic days; and the question debated, was (not whether infants should be baptized, but) at what stage of their infancy they might be brought to the Font.

Christ died, rose and ascended, for men. On this, we build the most comfortable doctrine of the Atonement. He came, lived, suffered, died, rose, ascended; links in a burning chain of facts. Ingersoll and Paine and Voltaire, and all the "Thomases" of all the ages must face these facts, before they can move by so much as a line, the Doctrines and the hopes that are based thereon. Wash out these footprints on the sands of time, not all the waves of all the oceans of infidelity ever can; praise ye the Lord!—*Minnesota Missionary and Church Record.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

FAIR EASTER-MORN.

Fair Easter-morn! Fair Easter-morn!
By faith we see thy earliest dawn
Now breaking through the mists of night
To flood Judea's hills with light,
And scatter beams o'er land and sea,
Where'er a child of God may be.

Fair Easter-morn! Fair Easter-morn!
Again we hear the angel throng
Whose Hallelujah's rent the air—
Exultant, ringing, loud and clear—
Filling the courts of heaven above
With songs of Christ's redeeming love.

Fair Easter-morn! Fair Easter-morn!
Through many cycles thou hast gone,
And yet the day grows brighter still—
The light of truth more hearts doth fill;
And resonant from clime to clime
Triumphant rings our Easter chime.

Fair Easter-morn! Fair Easter-morn!
We too would sing our matin song
For blessings rich since life began,
And God's most perfect gift to man.
Our hearts are full of love and praise
On this the Church's "day of days."

—Mrs. D. P. Cotton in *Minn. Record.*

TRUE AS STEEL.

CHAPTER I.

"Come! be off with you now, you young tramps! Haven't I said over and over again that I'll have none of the 'rag-tag and bob-tail' hanging around these doors? As long as I'm here I'll keep the place respectable."

So spake, in angry, querulous tones, the cross old verger of a little wayside chapel, on whose white steps were resting wearily two ragged boys.

Very weary they looked, and very woebegone,

but these angry words caused them to start up hurriedly, and the younger one, a pale, delicate boy, to cling timidly closer to his bigger brother, who, flushing angrily, was about to retort, when a hand was laid on the old verger's arm and a voice from behind said, 'Gently, gently, Robert. I can't say I quite agree with those sentiments.'

'Beg pardon, sir,' said the old man, staring perceptibly, and turning to see the gentle white-haired minister, 'I thought you was gone, sir: no offence meant, sir, I'm sure.'

'And I say again, Robert,' said the minister, gently tapping his arm to enforce his words, 'that I don't agree with your sentiments a bit. Now I do want to see the 'rag-tag and bob-tail,' as you call them, hanging round these doors, and what's more, Robert, I'd like to see them inside the doors, and I'd like to see them with tears streaming down their cheeks, as I told them of One who knew all about their sorrows and trials, their hunger and misery; One who left His radiant home, Robert, that He might dwell among them, and mix with them, and eat with them—a Friend, a loving Friend, Robert, who bore their sickness and carried their sorrows. Ah, Robert! never forget how the Lord loved the poor, and how He died for them as much as the rich. Never mind keeping the chapel respectable, let them all in! And from the bottom of my heart I say, the Lord bless 'rag-tag and bob-tail'!

And, as he uttered the last sentence, in solemn, reverent tones, the gentle white-haired man lifted his hat from his head, and the words sounded very like a prayer.

In a few minutes he had gone on his way. The doors were shut and the little chapel was left to silence.

"Come on, Willie," said the elder of the two boys, lifting a basket of withered flowers from the ground, "we must be getting on; it's beginning to grow dark, 'rag-tag and bob-tail' indeed!" he muttered between his teeth, as he walked along, hurrying his weary little brother after him; "we're as respectable as that old door-keeper, and a good bit more so, I dare say."

"I'm afraid we are rather ragged, Bobby," said little Willie, looking at their poor worn garments.

"Well we does the best we can, and we pays our way," said Bobby rather proudly, "and that's more'n some folks can say as dresses a deal better; and we wouldn't be ragged neither if mother was alive, Willie, I can tell you; she'd keep us tidy. But what's poor little chaps like us to do without a mother?" And the words ended with something like a sob.

"Oh, Bobby, tell me about mother!" said little Willie, creeping closer to his brother, and looking wistfully into his face. "I'm so tired, and it sort o' rests me."

"It makes me think of mother," Willie said Bobby, "when I look at you, you are so like her; her eyes were big and blue like yours, and her hair sheeny and golden, but her cheeks were rosy before she was took ill, not white and thin like yours," and the strong rough looking boy looked tenderly down at his delicate little brother.

"We wer'n't poor little ragged boys then, were we, Bobby?"

"No, that we wasn't; we'd a pretty little home, and plenty to eat, and mother was as happy as the day, except when the wind blew strong."

"And why wasn't she happy then?"

"Because father was always at sea, and mother was afraid for him."

"I never saw father," said little Willie.

"No, you was born just after he had gone on his last voyage. How proud mother was of you, to be sure; went on Bobby; 'and you was a pretty baby, too, and when the news came to say that father's ship would be home that very day, how mother dressed you up

smart to make you look as handsome as she could for father to see!'

'And didn't she make you look nice, too?'

'Oh, yes,' said Bobby, carelessly, 'but I was always a big ugly fellow, not a bit like you.'

Willie looked into the good natured honest face, surmounted by a shock of red hair, and, if hadn't say so, he thought it the dearest face in the world. 'Tell me some more, Bobby,' he said at last, as his brother relapsed into silence.

'Well,' said Bobby, rousing himself with a sigh, for his thoughts were sad ones, 'that day mother made the house all spick and span, and then putting on our best things, she took us down to the dock to meet father. All the way she kept making you say, 'Dada,' so as to surprise father when he saw you. It was the only word mother had taught you to say. Just as we came to the docks we saw a great ship coming in, and people said it was the 'Mary Ann.' 'Look out for father, Bobby,' mother kept crying out 'he's sure to be on deck waving his handkerchief at us; but I can't see anything, my eyes will get so full.'

'And did you see him?' eagerly asked Willie.

'No; 'I can't see him, mother,' I kept on saying. 'Never mind, Bobby,' said mother, 'just stand here by me, and father'll come soon.' Well, we waited and waited; all the men were coming off, but still father didn't come. Just then mother started forward and catching hold of one of the men's arms she said, 'Jem, Jem, you are my man's mate, why doesn't he come?' The man seemed all taken aback when he saw mother standing there, all bright and rosy with her baby in her arms. 'Why Mrs. Clay, he says, 'is that you?' 'Of course it's me, says mother, laughing out; 'and here's baby too, come to see his father for the first time. Why is he so long a coming, Jem?' Jem didn't speak but looked about in a helpless sort of a way. A lot of men had gathered round us by this time, Willie, and Jem says at last quite desperate like, 'Some o' you fellows tell her, won't you, for I can't.' Mother didn't speak, only looked around in a wondering sort o' way, for they were all looking at her so sorrowful like. Then a big, kind-faced sailor came to her and said, Mrs. Clay, he says, 'we've got bad news for you, and then, Willie, he broke it gently to her that father was dead. Mother never screamed or cried, only she seemed to wither up and grow whiter and whiter, just like that, said Bobby, lifting a pale drooping flower from the basket.

Poor mother, poor mother! said little Willie, who was crying to himself.

Well, the man thought she was going to faint, went on Bobby, and perhaps she would have done, only just then you called, Dada! Dada! and stroked her face with your little hand; and she began to cry, and the man said, Perhaps it will save the poor heart from breaking. But oh! Willie, it didn't, her heart was broken all the same, and she died a few months after.

(To be Continued.)

MANNERS AND HABITS.

Be respectful to older people; when they come into the room, always rise and offer them a seat.

There is a story told of two boys, both of whom wanted a place in a lawyer's office. They came in together; one with cap on, gave a careless nod to the gentleman sitting at the desk, and sat down, while waiting for the gentleman to address him. The other boy took off his cap, advanced in a respectful manner and stood quietly on one side.

This may seem to you of little importance, but the gentleman did not think so; he turned to his clerk and said, That boy will not suit me; he need not wait.