

On so deep a mystery our language must necessarily be imperfect, and open to exception; but at any rate, this day may He be present in our hearts! May He consecrate us, young and old, with a new fire of love! May He stir us up to fresh deeds of devotion, fresh triumphs of self-sacrifice and self-control! May He purify and invigorate the souls of those who are preparing to pledge themselves anew to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ! As we kneel around the Holy Table, and like John the Beloved, lean our heads on the bosom of our Master, may the Holy Spirit of Truth consume in us everything that is not of God, and send us forth from this memorial festival of His outpouring clean and strong and rejoicing!—*From the Church Messenger.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

WILL YE GO AWAY?

Stands the priest in vestments spotless
By the altar, meekly spread,
Waite to plead the Body broken,
And the precious Blood outshed.

Waiteth—yes, but ah, how sadly!
For, though few still meekly pray,
From their Saviour's table turning
Haste the multitude away.

"Not in all our sin and sorrow,"
Thus they plead, "'tis better so—
Better leave the feast untasted,
Than to eat and drink our woe."

Feigned excuses all! Nay hearken!
Hear the Blessed Master say:
'This, that every sin shall pardon,
How then can ye go away?'

How my soul the Fiend tormenteth:
'Ah, poor failure darest thou stay?'
Jesus' loving answer pleadeth:
'Wilt thou also go away?'

No, Lord Jesus; sin-stained, weary,
Just because I need Thee so,
Can I, dare I, ever leave Thee—
Whither, Saviour, could I go?

Weary! Yes, but Thou canst rest me;
Weak! In Thee no more I shrink;
Hungry! Now Thy Body feeds me;
Thirsty! From Thy wounds I drink.

Pitying Saviour, make us tarry;
Lest, in that last awful day,
Anguish torn we hear Thee saying,
'Ye have chosen—go away!'

—*Minnesota Missionary and Church Record.*

A BIT OF THE WOODS.

BY MARGARET NANDEGEFT.

'I saw such a pretty thing at Miss Stillman's to day,' said Kate Cameron to her especial friend, Annie Elliot, as they walked slowly home together on the last day of school, 'it was just one of those little affairs that look so easy, when once we have seen them, but which don't occur to everybody.'

'Am I to hear what it was?' inquired Anne, smiling, as her mate stopped speaking and gazed at a steple in the distance.'

'Oh, yes!' said Kate, coming back, 'I was only thinking—it was a contrivance made of birch bark, to hold flowers, and I studied it carefully for future reference. It was a piece of birch-bark, about a quarter of a yard long and nearly as wide; and the two ends were slit for three or four inches into thirds, and then the outside thirds were wrapped over and stuck inside the middle one, and just pinned together with a long, strong twig, and it was filled with earth, and all sorts of pretty little growing things—grasses, and trefoil, and wild strawberry,

and two or three kinds of wild violets, and ferns and the four different clovers, and it looked exactly as if somebody had picked up a little corner of the woods, and put it into the birch-bark—it was too pretty for anything!'

'I don't know what the 'four different clovers' can be,' said Anne, 'I only know of two.'

'Oh, Anne!' and Kate gave an impatient groan; Anne's indifference to flowers was quite a little cross to her. 'Don't you know that lovely pink clover with the queer name, and the bright yellow, with flowers like little button balls, that we found last summer on the Cape? Of course you do! But now, see here—I want you to help me make some of those things to give away. Tom will get me the birch-bark—he's a dear boy, and never happier than when he is climbing—and we'll begin to collect for them the minute we are settled at the Cape, and then, the first day we come into town for anything we can bring three or four, and give them to some of the people who can't get away!'

'Such as?' and Anne finished the question with a dubbing little smile.

'Oh, you needn't look sceptical! I've thought of several, already; one is that little shoe-maker, the humpbacked one you know, who has his shop in a cellar, and never sees anything but feet out of his window; I noticed, the other day, how he hobbled out and picked up a rose somebody threw from an upper window—a poor, half withered affair. And another is our washerwoman: she does love flowers, and she has a yard about as big as a dining table. And another is that cross looking old woman who rents a room in her house—'

'Please translate!'

'In the washerwoman's—Sally Barton's—house, Miss Particular! You know perfectly well what I meant! Anyhow, there are three right away, and I know I shall think of more by the time we've finished those, and it's you that's going to make the baskets, or boxes, or whatever you choose to call them—you know you do that sort of thing particularly neatly.'

Anne was quite willing. She was less observant and less talkative than her friend, but quietly persistent in what she undertook, and it was she who proposed a walk in search of the birch-bark, the day after their arrival at the pleasant seaside farmhouse where they were to spend their summer. Tom—Kate's younger brother—entered into the quest with cheerful alacrity.

'I'll fetch you something every time I go to the woods for a fish pole,' he said, 'I suppose they must be little, pretty things, that sort of hide themselves; I often find such things, but I never thought before that anybody would care for them. And I should think you might twist the birch bark up into different shapes—canoes, and baskets, and such things.' He was pleased that they applauded and adopted this suggestion, and proved better than his word about contributing. Some of the prettiest flowers and mosses were those which he brought home. The work was so fascinating, and the transplanted roots, well watered and cared for, so soon looked at home in their new quarters, that the girls went on until six pretty miniature gardens were finished. No two were alike, except in their prettiness, and, on the first occasion when a small shopping expedition made a legitimate excuse for a day in town, they carried the little gardens with them for distribution.

Tom's help was valuable here again; he placed the bark boxes, in threes, on a small, thin board, which just held them, and latted stout twine about them, finishing with a convenient handle at the top, so that they were really very little trouble in the carrying.

More than one subdued exclamation of 'Oh, how pretty!' gratified Kate and Anne on the way into town, and amusement was added to their gratification when a benevolent looking old lady, seated just behind them in the car,

asked if their 'pretty burden' was for sale. They checked their inclination to laugh, and Anne quietly replied that it was not; then, struck by the look of keen disappointment which flitted across the motherly face, she surprised herself by obeying an impulse. Turning that she might face her listener, she said—

'We made them to give away, only for that, I assure you, madam; and if you will allow me to give one of mine to you, I shall be very glad.'

'But I am afraid I should be robbing some one else,' replied the old lady, flushing like a girl, and pausing with half outstretched hand.

'It would be only an indefinite and potential someone else,' and Anne smiled brightly, loosening the twine as she spoke, and handing one of the pretty things across the back of the seat.

'My dear child, I will take your gift in the spirit in which it is given!' said the old lady, speaking as impulsively as Anne had spoken, 'but it is but fair that you should know why I so coveted it. It is not for myself; I have a young grand-daughter who has been shut in her room for weeks, suffering in mind as well as in body, for she is completely discouraged about herself. She used to spend half her time in the summer walking and riding through the woods and fields, and now that summer has come, she seems more heartbroken than ever, and in the saddest way; she is sullen, almost vindictive, and her one thought seems to be that she is being punished beyond her deserts. I have taken flowers to her, again and again, but she seems perfectly indifferent to them, and I thought perhaps the sight of these lovely wild things, growing as they grow in the haunts she loved so well, might touch her heart with a better feeling.'

The speaker had been led on, by the look of respectful sympathy in the bright faces before her, to speak much more fully and freely than she had intended to do when she began, and she ended with an apology for obtruding her affairs in such a manner upon strangers.

'Though somehow,' she said simply, you don't seem like strangers, my dears, and so I am going to ask you to tell me about what you mean to do with the rest of your pretty gardens.'

It was Kate who told, but both girls shared in the warm, comprehending sympathy of their new friend and all were sorry when they came to the end of their journey, and were obliged to separate. Kate gave an exulting little chuckle as they seated themselves in the street car.

'To think,' she said, gleefully, 'that it was you, Miss Propriety, who responded to a perfect stranger before I had the ghost of a chance!'

'She didn't seem like a stranger at all,' replied Anne, 'she had a sort of 'everybody's mother' look about her that made me feel as if I had known her for years. Look!' she added, lowering her voice, and guiding Kate's eyes with her own. A boy whose twisted foot and leg accounted for the crutch beside him, sat opposite, holding on his knee a heavy looking basket. His face was so pale and thin that his dark eyes looked unnaturally large, and they were fixed, with hopeless longing, on the little gardens which Kate carried. 'It's my turn this time,' she whispered, as they rose to leave the car, hurriedly detaching a basket as she spoke, and as she passed the boy, she laid the gift on the ugly burden he was carrying. The look in his eyes, as he raised them, brought a rush of tears to her own. 'Oh,' she exclaimed, after a few minutes silence, 'why haven't we ever thought of this before?' Anne's answer was an indirect one. She stopped at the door of a shabby little trimming-shop, saying,

'I can get the cotton and needles just as well here as anywhere. They're sure to have them.'

It was pretty to see the face of the pale, tired-looking woman behind the counter, when Anne, handing her a dainty canoe filled with