

## Family Department.

## AMBITION.

By G. A. HAMMOND.

When wild ambition prompts the heart,  
When earth's delusive fame allures;  
When o'er the soul those raptures start,  
Which time or chance or sin mature;  
Oh, think thou then what best endures  
The still researches of thy heart;  
What lasting, loving peace ensures,  
And from the tempting snare depart.

The calm approval of thy mind,  
Is the sweet potion in that cup,  
Which hath all bitterness combined,  
Which mortals mix, which man must sup.  
O be not thou the willing dupe  
Of cheating sin, whose end is woe!  
Nor to those arts and falsehood stoop  
Which long remorse would well forego.

Ah, think not in thy lighter hour,  
A moment's joy repays the tear,  
Which still must fall, with burning power,  
To make thy heart's young foliage sure.  
Nor deem all bliss who bliss appear:  
The fleeting pleasure of the soul  
Is but a blossom on a bier,  
A gleam on waves that walling roll.

What is a name unto the dead,  
If gained by evil or by shame?  
If sin's bale light be round it shed,  
Unto the soul what is that name?  
The soul that turneth whence it came,  
Abides the audit of its God?  
Oh, is that cheating thing the same  
When Justice lifts his awful rod?

## A HARD LESSON.

## A TALE.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

(Concluded.)

When the little school had been dismissed, one pleasant evening in the early spring, Inez came into the room where her mother was sitting with such a sad, yearning look, that Mrs. Goodwin called her to her and, looking fondly into the girl's face, told her that she was keeping something from her. Then Inez told her trouble: "You know, mother," she said, "that nothing has seemed hard before; I felt, with you, that we had so much to be thankful for, and—and I was content to wait—but if he goes, if we cannot feel that he is near us, if weeks or months must pass before we can have any tidings from him, oh, mother, it will be so different; I fear I shall not bear it as I ought." Mrs. Goodwin was silent for a while. She had not thought of the possibility of Archie's taking such a step as this, and now she realized very fully the blank it would make in her daughter's life, not to speak of her own, the poor return the girl would receive for her noble self-sacrifice and cheerful devotion. "My darling," she said, "Archie must not go; we will think of a plan that will make it unnecessary. Poor Archie! perhaps, I have done wrong in holding out no hopes to him lately that you might be married before long, in spite of what has occurred; after all, we are, none of us, afraid of poverty." Then, after a little further thought, "how would it be, darling, if we let this house? we could certainly get a very fair rent for it, and Archie were to hire a cosy little one near his own office." A happy glow passed over Inez's face for a moment, and then, with a contrite look, she kissed her mother's hand. "No," she said, "you shall not leave this dear home, where you spent all your happy years with papa, for us; don't speak of that." "Yes, Inez, I will speak of it; do you know that in our circumstances a house like this is altogether too expensive? think how much too large it is, and you know houses are always needing money spent on them—of course, while your little school goes on, it is just the thing; but when you are married, darling, you will not touch."

Thus, having accepted the idea that to insure Archie's remaining, and in consequence her daughter's happiness, she must not oppose their marriage, Mrs. Goodwin, gladly and completely putting herself aside, was ready to do anything that could be done to further it.

At Archie's next visit, therefore, she wrought the happy transformation, by which the look of desolation which had of late become almost habitual to his handsome face, was made to give place to one of grateful happiness. The clouds of far-off gold-fields faded away, and in their stead came again the picture of the sweet home-life, of which Inez was to be the light and centre. It was arranged

between them that by next autumn the small house, to which Mrs. Goodwin had referred, might be in readiness, and, in the meantime, a tenant was to be found for their old home.

Through the summer, Inez's school went on; how pleasant all her duties seemed now; the children loved her, and heard, with actual dismay, that they were to lose her in a few months' time, feeling greatly aggrieved that Mr. Lennox was to take her from them. The secret has been disclosed by Trixie, though how she had learned and how imparted it, was a mystery to Inez. The elfin child watched, too, with great interest, the simple preparations which were going on, and always had a long story to tell Archie about Inez's "pretty frocks," as she called them.

Never had a summer passed so quickly, Inez thought; the long days went by, bringing her nearer and nearer to the one which was to unite for ever her fate with that of Archie. With loving confidence she looked forward to it. If she had always loved and trusted him, she seemed now to have a deeper love and trust than ever. She was right in thinking she saw in him some quality which had been lacking formerly; there was less self-confidence, and a humility or modesty which sat well on one with such good gifts of mind and person. Yes, Archie had had a lesson, bitter but wholesome, and one which was to leave its impress for good on his whole character.

A tenant had been found for Dr. Goodwin's house, as it was still called in the neighbourhood; the family would not reside in it till Christmas; so there was ample time to make all arrangements. Mrs. Goodwin would not allow herself to realize the grief of parting from the house she loved so well. She spoke cheerily about furnishing the small house that Archie was in quest of with the familiar "household gods," and planned how the different rooms were to be arranged.

On a warm, still autumn evening Archie came to tell them of a cottage he had seen that day. It was small, of course, and would contrast strangely with this, but its situation was not bad; it had a tiny-walled garden, and so on; he did not wish to say too much in its praise, but would they come and look at it to-morrow? Mrs. Goodwin, not to speak of Inez, was quite bright and interested. "By-the-bye, Archie," she said, they were sitting at tea in the pleasant dining-room, with its windows opening on the verandah, and the scent of jessamine stealing in; "by-the-bye, Archie," I want you to exercise your carpenter's skill and move that secretary for me, and she pointed to the old-fashioned piece of furniture, behind which Trixie, on Christmas Eve, had thrown the pocket-book. "You see," continued Mrs. Goodwin, "these new people will not care for such a quaint old thing, and we value it so much." "You remember," and there was a little tremble in her voice, "how constantly the doctor used it, and, if you don't think it will be in the way, I should like to move it to the cottage, or wherever we may go."

So after tea Archie armed himself with a screw-driver and chisel and set to work to move the curiously-carved and, truth to tell, somewhat ungainly piece of furniture. Trixie was playing on the verandah. Mrs. Goodwin, her sewing in her hand, looked up every now and then at the progress Archie was making, while Inez helped, or was supposed to be helping, by receiving the extracted screws, of which Archie declared that there seemed to be no limit. At last, nothing but its own weight kept it in place, and Archie, with a firm grip, moved it forward into the room. At the same moment, something which had lodged between it and the wall fell at Inez's feet. "O, look mother!" she said, picking up a dusty pocket-book, "this must have been something of papa's," and then, as she wiped the dust from it, something strangely familiar in its appearance struck her suddenly. "What is it?" said Archie, who had been engaged in propping the doctor's desk against the wall, and he held out his hand. But Inez did not answer for a moment. Then, with a glad, little cry, she threw her arms about his neck.

We need not speak of the heart-felt thankfulness and gladness experienced by Archie Lennox at the recovery of the money. The mystery of its disappearance was never positively solved, though of course it was attributed to Trixie, who, however, on being questioned and shown

the note-book, expressed the most complete ignorance, which, at her tender age, we may well believe to have been genuine.

The cottage was not hired after all, and Doctor Goodwin's pretty, spacious house continued to be the residence of his family, the old desk being reinstated in its former place, and always serving as a reminder of the mutability of earthly affairs.

Archie recovered his position in the good graces of the firm of Dryson & Pickett, which, by-the-bye, now has changed its name to Pickett & Lennox, the junior partner, long since a family man, possessed of a fair share of wealth and holding a high position for talent and integrity in the good city of Brantford.

THE END.

## A POLITE LITTLE BOY.

Sixty or seventy years ago children were trained both at home and at school to be far more mannerly than they are now. No little boy ever thought of going into a neighbor's house without pulling off his hat, tucking it under his arm, and making a bow. "Making your manners," they called it.

Little Calvin had been thus trained and though only three or four years old, always did so when he went anywhere.

He had never been to church, and as his mother was making him a suit of clothes that he might go, a puzzling question came into his little head: "Ought he to make his manners when he went into church?"

He wanted to ask some one, but, like many other people, he was ashamed to ask what seemed so simple a question.

The Sunday morning came, and still he had not found out what to do.

"I'll be on the safe side, anyhow," he thought to himself. "It can't do any harm."

So, when fairly inside the church door, he tucked his hat under his arm, squared up and made his manners.

I dare to say there were some to smile at the odd sight; but I think the good Father, to whose worship the church was dedicated, was pleased with the act of politeness in the innocent little boy.—*Standard of the Cross.*

## THE HABIT OF SELF-CONTROL.

If there is one habit which above all others is deserving of cultivation, it is that of self-control. In fact, it includes so much that is of value and importance in life that it may almost be said that, in proportion to its power, does the man obtain his manhood and the woman her womanhood. The ability to identify self with the highest parts of our nature, and to bring all the lower parts into subjection, or rather to draw them all upwards into harmony with the best that we know, is the one central power which supplies vitality to all the rest. How to develop this in the child may well absorb the energy of every parent; how to cultivate it in himself may well employ the wisdom and enthusiasm of every youth.

Yet it is no mysterious or complicated path that leads to this goal. The habit of self-control is but the accumulation of continued acts of self-denial for a worthy object; it is but the repeated authority of the reason over the impulses, of the judgment over the inclinations, of the sense of duty over the desires.

He who has acquired this habit, who can govern himself intelligently, without effort, and without any fear of revolt from his appetite and passions, has within him the source of all real power and of all true happiness. The force and energy which he has put forth day by day and hour by hour is not exhausted, nor even diminished; on the contrary, it has increased by use, and has become stronger and keener by exercise; and, though it has already completed its work in the past, it is still his well-trying, true and powerful weapon for future conflicts in higher regions.

"HOLINESS does not consist in doing uncommon things, but in doing everything with purity of heart."—*Manning's (Archdeacon) Sermons.*

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.—*Eduard Bickersteth.*

## Our London Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

It is a sad thing to think that our Christmas present to Ireland should be a force of soldiers. The public are appealed to by Liberal leaders not to give way to a feeling of panic in considering the growing state of anarchy which exists in Ireland. Certainly it is desirable to retain a cool head in dealing with a subject of such vast importance. But even worse than giving way to panic is the deliberate closing of their eyes to the actual progress of rebellion in Ireland of which many leading Liberals seem guilty. It is time that English people began to realise the serious fact that so strong is the hold which "Parnellism" has obtained in Ireland, that not only are many people of the middle and lower classes led through fear to support it, but many respectable agriculturists, Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, have their selfish interests so powerfully appealed to by the prospect of acquiring, through the instrumentality of the Land League, the virtual ownership of property which they know is not theirs, that they are giving a more or less willing support to the movement. It is the simple truth that the Land League is a greater power amongst the Irish people than Her Majesty's "Government" at the present time, and that hopes have been excited and resolutions have been formed which not even Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, and Chamberlain will wish or dare to acquiesce in. The certain and inevitable result of this is, that even if Ministers were able to agree upon a Land Bill and to pass it intact, it would but give an impetus to, and not arrest, the agitation which Mr. Parnell so triumphantly leads. Mr. Gladstone's Irish legislation is doomed beforehand to utter failure. The Government, by their deliberate and wicked neglect of reasonable precautions and of palpable obligations, are causing the loyal and orderly portion of the population of Ireland to despair of the ability of the will of their nominal rulers to give them the protection they require, and to put down treason and rebellion as they ought to do. Truly there is one Compensation or Disturbance Bill which ought to be passed next session; a bill to compel the members of the Government, out of their own private resources, to compensate, as far as possible, the loyal landlords and honest farmers and labourers, the well-disposed professional men and tradespeople, and others, whom Mr. Gladstone and his Colleagues are allowing to be ruined because Ministerial pride and overweening partisanship will not allow them to confess that they have made a huge and terrible mistake, and have subordinated the interests of the empire to the necessities of party. Things have come to a pretty pass when the *Times*, after supporting Mr. Gladstone very cordially as long as possible, finds itself compelled to speak of the Ministerial proceedings with impatience and contempt. Speaking of the members of the Cabinet, the leading journal says:—"Speech in their case would, indeed, be difficult, and we scarcely desire it of them." Of course not. People do not care to listen to statesmen whose weakness and selfishness and ruinous irresolution can only be regarded with loathing and abhorrence. A popular air which helped to drive James II from his throne commenced—

There was an old prophecy found in a bog,  
Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog.

The present condition of Ireland is too grave to be regarded in a purely facetious aspect. The mildest thing that can be said, however, about the State Government of Ireland in the present day is, that it appears to have fallen into the hands of old women.

An application was made on Saturday at the Court of Appeal to accelerate the hearing of appeals in the cases of the Rev. T. P. Dale and the Rev. W. R. Enright, it being urged that, as they were in prison, the matter admitted of no delay. It was arranged that the appeals should be taken on the first day of the next sittings, and meanwhile the prisoners were offered their discharge, on their undertaking to do nothing in the meantime in disobedience of the monition. In fact, they were not to go near their churches, under any pretence whatever.

As Mr. Dale's Church is closed, and he himself, even if it were open, is from ill health unable to officiate, he accepted the bail, and is now enjoying his freedom with his friends. Mr. Enright's position being quite different, he refused to avail himself of his liberty on the terms offered, and is still in prison. How the trouble is to end, who can predict? As at present constituted, there is no Ecclesiastical Court that a really conscientious clergyman can submit to. The Church of England maintains her alliance with the State on certain conditions. The supremacy of the Crown is not absolute, but limited, as in every other department of the State. It is limited by the implied understanding, as distinct as if it had been written down, that the State will govern the Church as the Crown governs the State—on constitutional principles; and when the concordat was entered into it was understood that Convocation should be recognized as an actual power in matters ecclesiastical. The Church never surrendered herself unconditionally into the hands of the State. She made her terms; and whatever portion of her freedom she surrendered, she surrendered only into the hands of men who belonged to her own communion, and were really sincere believers in the religion which she professed. But how stands the matter now? The Privy Council was substituted for the Court of Delegates without the consent of Convocation; and the Court of Lord Penance, so say the Ritualists, was substituted for the Court of Arches without the consent of Convocation. This last contention is negatived, of course, by the judgement of the Court of Queen's Bench. But should that judgement be reversed, and upon this ground, the Ritualists would have a case which would probably give a good deal of trouble to the constituted authorities. We should then be confronted with a question in which the letter of the law was on one side and the spirit of the age upon the other; and all the world knows what protracted and vexatious contests arise out of such circumstances.

The death of George Eliot (Mrs. Cross) has created a profound sensation amongst the reading public everywhere. "We shall not look upon her like again" is the sentiment which is expressed universally throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her acknowledged supremacy of intellect reflected a borrowed glory on the sex to which she belonged. Who is not grateful for being beguiled through the weary hours of mental or physical pain by the perusal of George Eliot's wonderful mind creations; and who, too, has not been more than satisfied at other times, when, free from themselves as it were, the brain and the heart have been better capable of receiving and admiring her marvellous conceptions of male character and her keen insight into the intricate workings of the female heart in all situations and under all circumstances. Women novelists, as a rule, make their heroes utterly feeble or else depict them as demons. George Eliot wrote of men as they are, and created possible people. Women have understood themselves and their natures better after reading the works which from time to time were written both as a surprise and delight to us. Still one is obliged to add that while her writings have the unquestionable stamp of genius, yet they leave on the mind the sense of a painful want, a certain dreariness of the whole conception of life. What this want is we are at no loss to discover from her writings themselves, and it is illustrated afresh in the story of her life. It is simply the want of the recognition of having religious faith as the guiding star of life. A novel, of course, is not a sermon; and indeed, "George Eliot's" recent novels were spoilt by too much lay sermonising of a metaphysical and abstract kind. But it professes to depict life; and to ignore religion as the dominant force of life is virtually to preach atheism of the fashionable Agnostic type. It is notable that the two great humorists who have passed away in our own generation—Dickens and Thackeray—whatever their religious creed may have been, were both men of strong religious feeling and reverence for the Great Master. In their works there certainly was the something which George Eliot, with not inferior genius, lacks. For her works—her later works at any rate—may make us, perhaps, wiser, certainly sadder, but hardly better men. Mrs. Cross was one of those who find few, if any, companions for her own sex. And it is certain she felt at times that loneliness which is one of the bitterest drops that poison the cup of genius.