

reformation of character must be at the foundation of all material reform, but then the work is to be done on Salvationist lines, and I for one don't approve of those lines. I don't believe in his theology—I object to the awful irreverence of Salvation Army meetings; and there is one thing I specially object to—that is, the way in which parental authority is set aside. I regard that as a very serious matter. As you know, the General exercises unlimited power, his commands must be rigidly obeyed, and I have known happy homes entirely broken up through this.

The Bishop went on to tell me much that was deeply interesting about the work of our Church in the East end. He is very hopeful about the future. There is in every direction a remarkable movement in the direction of social and aggressive Christianity. It is our supreme duty to support those noble men who, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, are trying to reclaim the outcasts, and by the preaching of the Gospel and by practical kindness to win the people to Christ. What a blessing it would be if someone would send Dr. Billing that £2,000 which he so urgently needs! We can not ignore our brethren in the East end, and 'pass by on the other side.' They have an irresistible claim upon our sympathy. Let us throw ourselves, heart and soul, into the glorious work, and take the Gospel of love into this stronghold of misery and sin.

F. A. A. in Family Churchman.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### A SOLITARY WAY.

There is a mystery in human hearts,  
And though we be encircled by a host  
Of those who love us well and are beloved,  
To every one of us from time to time  
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.  
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,  
And cannot realise our bitterness.

"There is no one who really understands,  
Not one to enter into all I feel."  
Such is the cry of each of us in turn,  
We wander in a solitary way,  
No matter what or where our lot may be;  
Each heart mysterious even to itself  
Must live its inner life in solitude.

And would you know the reason why this is?  
It is because the Lord desires our love,  
In every heart he wishes to be first,  
He therefore keeps the secret key himself,  
To open all its chambers; and to bless  
With perfect sympathy and holy peace  
Each solitary soul which comes to him.

So when we feel this loneliness, it is  
The voice of Jesus saying "Come to me,"  
And everytime we are "not understood"  
It is a call to us to come again:  
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul.  
And those who walk with him from day to day

Can never have a "solitary way,"

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,

And say, "I cannot bear this load alone,"  
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely  
So heavy that you must return to him.  
The bitter grief, which "no one understands,"  
Conveys a secret message from the King,  
Entreating you to come to him again.

The Man of sorrows understands it well,  
In all points tempted he can feel with you.  
You cannot come too often or too near.  
The Son of God is infinite in grace,  
His presence satisfies the longing soul;  
And those who walk with him from day to day

Can never have a "solitary way."

A good word is an easy obligation, and costs us nothing.

## HOW CECIL CROSSED THE CONNECTICUT.

BY MRS. FINDLAY BRADEN.

Cecil Hadley was my brave young brother. Away back in the 'forties' there wasn't a lad in our whole State of Massachusetts more intrepid than he.

Our country home was in the beautiful Connecticut Valley; and there too Cecil lies buried to day. Mother, though a widow, was well to do, for our good father had been one of the Hadley's of Hadley. And they said that hand some brother Cecil was his image. I've got his face still in a locket, just as it was done by a Boston artist the week after he crossed the Connecticut. It's the river I mean, though it's broad and deep enough there at the bend.

I will tell you the whole story, and you'll agree with me that Cecil that day proved himself a brave, true son and brother. It happened in the fall of '42, when the big exchange in Boston was completed. I remember that mother, Cecil and I went to see it together. And how we admired its front of Quincy granite its high iron roof and fire-proof staircase. Yes, yes, I haven't forgotten! And the very next day after our trip to State street Cecil crossed the Connecticut.

The travel and excitement had been too much for mother, and she was suddenly taken ill. It was quite early in the morning, and Cecil and I awakened with many forebodings. Our nearest doctor lived just across the river, but it was six good miles around by the old bridge at Hadley.

Mother lay gasping for breath, and her dear face was white and wan. 'Vinie, Cecil,' she whispered, 'it is my heart! If relief does not come I may go from you suddenly! My son take Gray Pilgrim and ride as fast as you can for Dr. Sprague!'

And Cecil only stopped to kiss her bloodless lips, then he was off to the stable. Something told me to follow, and I crept after him on tiptoe.

Pilgrim was already out of his stall and my brother astride of his back. He just paused for a moment at the gate. 'Vinie,' he cried, 'I can't go by Hadley bridge, I would be precious time wasted! And we have no boat! Pray for me! I am going across the river!'

I sprang forward, but Cecil dashed by me down to the Connecticut's edge. He did not even glance backward, but boldly plunged into the water.

I fell on my knees then and prayed as I never had before. 'O my God, spare brother Cecil, that he may safely reach the opposite shore. Spare him. Spare him for his mother's sake and mine. Do not give him death for his bravery. Let him bring Dr. Sprague in time, that he may save our mother's priceless life.'

And I looked out on the river just as the last words left my lips. Cecil was half way over, for Pilgrim was doing nobly. I remember too that it wasn't his first plunge into the water. But would he carry my venturesome brother safely across? Ah, yes, that was the question. Even yet both might be lost in the mad endeavor. I could only wring my hands and pray again and again. Dr. Sprague's tall white house, on the opposite shore, seemed very far distant. But on and on Cecil went, his head and shoulders, and Pilgrim's long neck and mane, outlined against the eastern sky. The sun was just rising, and both horse and rider seemed surrounded by a halo of golden light. At last I saw them struggle up the river bank.

And again I fell on my knees. But this time it was with a prayer of heartfelt thankfulness to the Great Preserver.

When I looked across the river again Cecil and Dr. Sprague himself were dashing down the long road which led to Hadley.

And then I once more breathed freely. Cecil would not return by the river, as I had feared. So still praying in my heart, I returned to poor mother's bedside. Her breath came in quick gasps, and a single glance from her dark eyes asked me where I had been.

'I was seeing Cecil off,' I said simply. And mother sighed. 'He will have a long ride and a hard one, but I fear that Dr. Sprague will come too late. He cannot be here in less than an hour, and by that time—'

Mother fell back among the pillows then, and did not speak again for moments. How I longed to tell her of brother Cecil's brave deed—how that good Dr. Sprague was even then on his way to her relief! But I dared not whisper a syllable. The least excitement might terminate fatally! And so thankful but silent, I waited the coming of hoofs adown the long lane.

They did come at last after another half hour of suspense. I met Dr. Sprague at the outer door. 'You are in time,' I cried, while some hot, pent-up tears fell upon his outstretched hand.

He stooped and kissed me, as my own father had done many a time and oft. 'You must not cry,' he said gravely. 'Save your strength for nursing my patient above stairs. Cecil is a brave lad, and he has given you good cause to be proud of him. But his mother does not know?'

'No,' I answered, 'she shall not know for days yet. And Cecil—how is he?'

'Wet to the skin, of course. Give him some dry clothing and a cup of steaming coffee. I will attend to Mother Hadley.'

And with that he hurried up the stair, while I went in search of brother Cecil.

I found him in the stable rubbing down Gray Pilgrim. And I drew him to my breast, wet as he was, while I spoke his dear name again and again.

'Vinie,' he said, 'you prayed for me all the way over! I felt it! And God took care of Pilgrim and me! I have been thanking Him all the way home. I tell you, Vinie, I had some queer thoughts out there in the middle of the river. But mother's white face spurred me on, and before I knew it I was at the foot of Dr. Sprague's lawn. He will soon have mother up and about, and then we will all be happy again.'

I kissed Cecil's hands and face, and at last drew him into the house. He did not go to mother until after breakfast. Dr. Sprague was still with her. 'I was just in time, my boy,' he said at leaving. 'A few minutes more and it would have been too late. Your brave deed was not done in vain. But you must not repeat it. Should your mother suddenly grow worse we will agree upon a signal. You need only hoist the red flag your grandfather Hadley carried in the war of 1812.'

'Capital!' cried Cecil, 'Vinie and I would never have thought of that. But you will be sure to see it?'

'My office windows face the river, and your mother will constantly be in my thoughts.'

And then he left us with a smiling 'Good-day!'

When Cecil bent over mother she kissed him tenderly. 'You were a speedy messenger,' she whispered.

'We will thank Pilgrim,' my brother answered, a merry twinkle in his hazel eyes.

And then, unknowing the danger he had passed, our mother fell asleep, his hand clasped in hers.

Recovery was slow and tedious, and seven times was grandfather's battle torn flag unfurled there on the river bank. 'It's better than crossing the bend,' Cecil would say with a droll face. And I certainly agreed with him.

Mother did not learn of what he had done that autumn morning for weeks after.

She was then visiting in Hadley, and the