

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## THE IN-COMING CHRIST.

"When Jesus came to the place . . . and saw him, He said, . . . make haste and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. "And he made haste, . . . and received Him joyfully."

Yea, Lord, to-day! I am so poor  
In all that can be worthy Thee,  
I had not thought beside my door.  
Such Guest would pause, to sup with me.

Yea, Lord, to-day; I am so weak,  
And Thou art strong! the time speeds fast;  
To-day Thy word of mercy speak,—  
The blessings that for me Thou hast.

Yea, Lord, to-day; for never more  
Have I so needed friend like Thee;  
I pray Thee now as ne'er before,  
Thou gracious One, draw near to me.

So near—so near—a yearning heart  
Deign Thy abiding place to make:  
Bid every hindering thing depart;  
Enter, and full possession take.

Enter, and bid unhallowed aim,  
Passion and pride alike begone;  
From lower loves I turn with shame.  
Waiting, to welcome Thee alone.

Nay, I no longer e'en may wait;  
To-day, He hastes to this abode;  
Fling wide, O soul, each lowly gate;  
Enter, my Jesus, and my God!

—C. A. L.

Advent, 1888.

## EPIPHANY.

In the green fields of Palestine,  
And by its winding rille,  
Along the Jordan's sacred stream,  
And o'er the vine clad hills—

Once lived and roved the fairest Child  
That ever blest the earth,  
The holiest, the happiest,  
And yet of humblest birth.

Kindly in all His deeds and words,  
And gentle as a dove;  
Obedient, affectionate,  
His very soul was love.

How beautiful His childhood was,  
Harmless and undefiled;  
Q is it not a blessed thought  
That Christ was once a Child?

## MISTRESS CICELY.

## A STORY OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[Continued]

"Yet you admit he is flying from the pursuit of justice."

Her eyes flashed then.

"I admit no such thing. If justice were all he had to look for, he would not need to hide."

Colonel Widdrington smiled ironically.

"Thank you, Mistress Cicely—that is quite enough; not but what I knew it before. He was here this morning; he fled this afternoon. It is all very plain; and the best thing that you can do for yourself and him now is quietly to reveal the nature of his hiding-place."

Cicely was very pale, but her young face put on a look of resolution beyond her years. She gazed with unutterable scorn into the face of her father's foe.

"You will not? Then it will be my duty to prosecute a search. I have a warrant for doing so, if you care to see it. He cannot be far

away. Most likely he will feel safest amongst his own people, and an old house like this will be full of hiding-places. I am sorry to give you this annoyance; but it is your own obstinacy that obliges me to do so. I and my men do not quit this house till the fugitive is found."

Cicely rose and faced him without flinching. How insolate and lonely she looked in her youth, her innocence, and her sorrow so bravely borne!

"Do your worst," she said, in a low voice that did not tremble; "God will protect the innocent."

Colonel Widdrington turned on his heel with a smothered exclamation, and strode from the room.

Captain Lorimer lingered a moment longer, yielding at last to feelings that had been rising within him for many hours, but had become well-nigh irresistible since he had first met the clear, sweet glance of Cicely's deep grey eyes.

"Mistress Cicely," he said, in low tones that bespoke his sincerity better than any words could do, "believe me, I hate this errand as much as man can do, and I give you my word of honour as a soldier and a gentleman that I will be your friend, and stand by you and your father to the last."

## III.

Four long, anxious days of werying suspense passed by, during which Cicely felt she had grown years older. Colonel Widdrington and his troopers were in and about the house the whole time, and the movements of all the servants as well as her own were closely watched, and it seemed impossible that any secret could long be kept from the eyes of so many spies. Cicely did not know the exact whereabouts of her father's hiding-place, though she was aware it was not far away. Old Jakes would give her a reassuring word or look every now and then, but he had to be very cautious, and she could not but see that his face grew haggard and anxious as days passed by, and still those hostile soldiers hung about, watching every movement on the part of the household as a cat watches a mouse's hole.

The only ray of comfort that gilded the darkness just now was the courteous friendliness of Captain Lorimer, who seemed to do all in his power to save her from annoyance, and to keep his men as quiet and orderly as possible. Cicely was grateful to him, and ceased to shrink from his approach, but she was very much surprised when, on the evening of the fourth day, he requested the favour of a private interview with her, and only granted it out of a sort of terror lest a refusal should somehow hurt her father.

"Mistress Cicely," he said, in low rapid tones, "believe me, I have not asked this favour without sufficient reason. I hardly know how to communicate the plan I have laid for your father's escape, lest you should fear treachery or a trap, yet I pledge you my honour as a soldier that I will keep faith with you even till death."

Cicely clasped her hands closely together. She was young, and true to the heart's core, and truth can recognise its like when the heart is unseared by sin and shame.

"My father's escape! Did you say my father's escape?"

"I did, and I mean it. I have all my plans laid and matured. If you and he will trust me he may be free to-night. Listen, Mistress Cicely, for time is short. I know he lies in concealment somewhere near. We all know it, though thus far the secret spot has eluded search. But if you will have me conducted thither after dark by some trustworthy messenger, he shall quit his hiding-place disguised in my clothes, my two servants shall attend him (they are faithful to the death in my service entrusted to them by me), and mounted on my strongest charger he will reach the coast ere day has fully dawned, and there you can join him and proceed to France, and remain there in safety till the storm has swept by. Believe me, sweet

lady, that, hastily as I speak, I have not been hasty in action. All has been arranged most carefully, even to the fishing smack that will bear you across to France. All is in readiness, all now lies with you. Will you trust me enough to reveal to me the secret of your father's hiding-place?"

Quivering in every fibre of her being, Cicely stood like a marble image; what would she say to this supreme question involving the issues of life and death? Yet one question sprang to her lips before she found an answer.

"And you! What will become of you?"

He smiled tranquilly.

"Have no fears for me. I am a favourite with the King, Heaven prosper him! I shall have no trouble in gaining his pardon, nor, unless I greatly err, that of your father likewise. I have no belief in his guilt. I believe his innocence can be proved, and I will be the man to prove it. Mistress Cicely, will you trust me?"

She looked long and earnestly at him, and then held out her hand.

"I do trust you sir," she said, in tones of deep feeling. "May God deal with you as you deal with the helpless man to be placed now at your mercy."

Fifteen months later, in the golden autumn days, Mistress Cicely Deloraine and her father stood once again beneath the loved roof of their old ancestral home, which they had quitted in trembling stealth, fearing never to see it again.

They were not alone; a young soldier was with them, in the gay uniform of His Majesty's favourite regiment. He held Cicely's hand in his, and looked into her fair face with glances of loving pride.

"Home again at last, sweet Mistress Cicely!" he said with playful fondness, "and the threatening clouds all rolled away. When am I to be rewarded? Have I waited long enough yet?"

She looked at him with grave, sweet confidence.

"I think I trusted you from the first time I saw you. You know that I love you. You are our truest, best friend, and I am yours for life and death."

"My blessing on you both, my children," said the old father, his voice trembling with emotion. "I thank God that I have lived to see this day."

## OUR DAUGHTERS.

THE Rev. Dr. Hills, a short time ago, preached on "Jairus' Daughter," and, making a plea for young girls, used these stirring words:

"There is a more dreadful thing than death for a girl of twelve. She has reached a critical age. If possible, she needs more care, more consideration, more tenderness, more advice, more restraints, more prayers than ever. 'Is the child well?' is not half so important a question as 'Is it well with the child?' What is her disposition? What are her tastes? What are her associations? Where does she go to school? Whose shop is she in? What are the books she reads? Does she attend church? Does she read the Bible? Does she say her prayers? Is she growing better? Or, is she growing worse? What is her reputation? Is she allowed to walk the streets all the evening without a protector? Mothers! the generation which succeeds us will be as you guide and govern the girls who are now but twelve years old. Moral and spiritual death really comes without premonitory symptoms. Even when the symptoms are seen, when they are alarming, when they are desperate, the case is not to be despaired of. Jairus applied to Christ when his daughter was dying. Christ raised her from the dead. Your child has gone wrong has been corrupted, and is now corrupting others, but she is not beyond reach, nor beyond prayer. This is a vital fact. Never forget it."