

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## THE REASON WHY.

I love the Church; for she was framed  
By Apostolic hands;  
Her corner-stone is Christ Himself,  
On which she firmly stands;

On Prophets and Apostles too:  
Foundation Broad and deep;  
With warders on her battlements,  
A ceaseless watch to keep.

I love the Church; for hungry souls  
Here eat the bread of Heaven;  
Here, to the thirsty traveler,  
Are purest waters given.

I love the Church; for she is old,  
Her hoary head is wise;  
I ask no infant seat to guide  
My steps to Paradise.

I love her for her Liturgy,  
Her prayers divinely sweet,  
So Scriptural, devotional,  
Time-honored, and complete.

I love the grand old Church, because  
She loves the sacred Word;  
And for her homage to the Book,  
Is honored by her Lord.

I love the Church; for everywhere  
The foot of man hath trod,  
She plants the Cross, and points the way  
To Paradise and God.

I love her for her gifted sons  
Who strike her hallowed lyre;  
And for her martyred saints, gone up  
In chariots of fire!

Why do I love the Church? Because,  
A wise and watchful guide,  
In weal and woe, in life, in death,  
She's ever by my side.

She brings the children to her Lord,  
And lays them on His breast;  
She smooths the pillow of the dead  
In their last place of rest.

And who would not a Churchman be,  
Confest, in heart and life?  
Who would not flee the fevered realms  
Of Scot, and Schism, and Strife?

Then, happy in her folds, may I  
Have grace and wisdom given  
To live in her, to die in her,  
And so ascend to Heaven!

—REV. JOHN MAY.

## THE ROYAL FAIRY.

BY M. E. M.,

Author of 'Little Lady Mildred's Inheritance,'  
'The King's Visit,' etc.

[Continued from number of 25th March.]

## CHAPTER III.

'And now we are going to sea,' said the fairy,  
'as I want to find a ship which is sailing on the  
Indian Ocean, whose name is the Sea-Horse.'

'The Indian Ocean!' cried Jack, 'why it will  
take us a month at least to get there. Won't  
it?'

'Not quite,' was the quick response, 'I think  
we ought to make the trip in fifteen minutes,  
at the very longest, and at the same time we  
are going to skip over nearly two hundred  
years.'

'Oh dear! how you do jump over years, and  
fly about the earth!' said the boy. 'I'd like to  
be a Royal Fairy, I think it's no end of fun.'

'It is not all fun by any means,' answered  
his little friend, 'and I don't think that even  
our journey to-night has been all fun, do you?'

'No, indeed, and I'm sorry I spoke of it in  
that way,' replied Jack, for I have never seen

so much sorrow in all my thirteen years, but  
somehow I'm not sorry I've seen it after all,'  
and there was a very serious look in the boy's  
little face.

'And you never will be sorry, what's more,'  
added the fairy, and as the noise of breakers  
and the roar of the ocean fell on their ears they  
saw below them a light corvette, of twenty  
guns, and on its stern the words 'Sea-Horse' in  
large gilt letters. It was late in the evening,  
and save for an occasional order there was  
almost complete silence on board the ship, and  
as they passed down through the yards and  
sails they saw the figure of a boy leaning over  
the ship's side gazing earnestly into the sea. As  
they watched the lonely figure, the silence was  
broken by these words, which issued from his  
lips: 'What have I to live for? Sick and alone  
in a strange land, with no prospect of future  
glory, no object for my ambition! Better far  
that I should leave this world, and find beneath  
these waves eternal repose,' and he stepped  
backward as if to make the plunge, exclaiming  
as he did so: 'Who will miss the poor sailor  
boy!' When all at once a new light broke  
forth upon his pallid face (which bore so sadly  
the signs of illness and profound melancholy),  
and as he passed his rough sailor's sleeve across  
his eyes he threw back his head and exclaimed:  
'No! there are those who would miss me after  
all, my father, my brothers, and my sisters!  
And if I am to perish, I will not seek this  
refuge of the weak, but die in the service of  
my native land, I will be a hero, and face every  
danger, as with the increase of peril I shall  
rise also in fame and virtue.' And as the words  
of the sailor boy ceased, a voice said softly at  
Jack's elbow, which he knew was the fairy's:

'And he did die for his country in a great  
naval battle with Napoleon Bonaparte, which  
was called the Battle of Trafalgar, for this boy  
is none other than England's great admiral,  
Lord Nelson, who won for her the dominion of  
the seas in this his last grand victory. And he  
was so loved and honored by the entire nation  
that, instead of rejoicing at their triumph, the  
sorrowing people's only acclamations were  
sighs and tears; and weeping millions followed  
his body to its last resting place, and statues  
were erected of him and to his memory, in all  
the principal cities of the Kingdom.'

As he finished they lost sight of the sailor  
boy who was to become so famous in after years,  
as the Sea Horse sailed away on her course.  
And they rose swiftly and proceeded on their  
journey.

'I think I should like to be a sailor,' said  
Jack; 'it must be a jolly kind of a life, though  
a very hard one.'

'Well,' answered his companion, 'of course  
there are men and boys who prefer it to any  
other, and it is very fortunate that it is so, but  
the truth of it all is this, that happiness may  
be found in any occupation, if we only make  
the best of what we have, and are not always  
wishing to be someone else. And for that  
reason, whenever I send a gift to a new-born  
baby, it is always the same one: the gift of  
contentment, and I think it stands only second  
to one other, the gift of the dear Lord Christ  
(and once more the old fairy's gray head was  
bared), which is always that of 'holiness,' in  
the few minutes' silence that followed the small  
purple caps were put on again, and Jack  
wondered whether these two great presents had  
been given to him at his birth. He was just  
about to ask the question, when his friend  
added gently: 'I know what you're thinking  
about, my dear boy, and I can assure you that  
you were not forgotten although I did not send  
you my gift then, as I was only a common  
fairy when you were born. But three gifts  
were surely sent you by the Royal Fairies, and  
one of them was that of 'holiness' (as it is always  
the first), and I have found out another since  
we started on our journey, which is the twin  
sister, I think, of contentment, can you guess  
what it is?'

'No, indeed,' he answered, 'please tell me, for  
I shall never find out for myself,' and to his  
great surprise the fairy put his rosy cheek  
against his plump one and whispered, softly:  
A very lovely gift, and one whose power is  
almost boundless, the 'gift of sympathy': be  
very careful how you use it, and be very thank-  
ful for it.'

'Thank you,' answered Jack, 'I'll try to,' and  
they were both very quiet for a few minutes.

'And now,' said the little old man, 'we have  
only two more visits to pay, one in England  
and one in America, so we have turned our  
faces homeward and are making straight for  
Windsor Forest which we will reach in a  
moment.'

At his last words their lightning pace  
through the clouds grew much slower, and  
they soon found themselves in the midst of a  
lovely park, through which a broad road [over  
which the great trees made a leafy arch] wound  
upward, from the high gates, to a large stone  
house on a low hill beyond. It was during the  
lovely month of June, and the fragrance of the  
roses entered the dwelling through the windows  
which stood wide open on both piazza and  
terrace. The fairy hesitated an instant and  
then passed through the one nearest to them,  
when they found themselves in a great library,  
lined with bookshelves and furnished with  
heavy dark furniture. The only occupant of  
the room was what at first sight appeared to be  
a child, not more than four or five years old,  
sitting in a child's high-chair at the square oak  
table. But as they drew nearer they saw that  
the little figure in a loose black velvet suit was  
no baby, and that the little body was deformed  
and misshapen, while the delicate boy's face  
was that of a youth fully fifteen years of age.  
Jack's face grew very serious as he watched  
the thin white hands push back the truant locks  
impatiently from the high brow, on which the  
blue veins showed so plainly, and he watched  
with deep interest as the boy seized a pen and  
hastily wrote line after line with almost feverish  
haste. And then, as he finished, and the pen  
was tossed aside, he exclaimed in angry tones:  
'What matters it if I am a poet, and destined to  
fame; if I must carry with me ever these  
meagre limbs and this suffering frame? They  
do not know how tired I am of life; better far  
the health of a farmer's son, than wealth and  
genius without it!' and the poor little fellow  
climbed down from his high seat, and threw  
himself into a small cushioned chair with a deep  
sigh.

'Poor little chap, what a dreadful thing it  
would be to be like him!' cried Jack, 'won't he  
ever be any bigger than that?'

'Not very much,' answered his companion,  
'but he became very famous before he died, for  
his name, Alexander Pope, is classed with those  
of the greatest poets that have ever lived. He  
lived in the days of Queen Anne, and is con-  
sidered the most brilliant writer of his period,  
and has even been called the 'prince of the  
artificial school of English poetry'.' As they  
left the home of this boy poet, Jack said:

'Well, I quite agree with him, and I would  
rather be strong and well than be the most  
famous poet that every lived in the world with-  
out my health. Do you know I think I'm a  
pretty lucky chap anyway, even if I do have to  
study horrid old mental arithmetic and gram-  
mar.'

'I'm glad you're commencing to think so,'  
replied the fairy, 'for you are really a very  
fortunate boy, indeed. It does us all good to  
see how much worse off a great many other  
people are than we have ever imagined our-  
selves to be, and I'll tell you a very good way  
to keep yourself contented with your lot in life.  
Whenever you find yourself thinking of the few  
hard things you have to do or bear, stop right  
where you are, and count at once on the ends  
of your fingers and thumbs the many blessings  
you enjoy. Believe me, you will soon become  
so ashamed of your ingratitude, that you will