

breaches in Zion shall be healed. When we find such an eminent divine of the Presbyterian body as Dr. Schaff asserting that 'it cannot be denied that Episcopacy was the order of the early Christian Church within fifty years of the death of the last Apostle,'—we may well entertain the charitable hope that the vexed question of 'The Historic Episcopate' will ere long be conceded as necessary to the full fruition of Catholic unity. C.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE TRULY BRAVE.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy with self-control,
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,
And though he may be big and strong,
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who can forgive,
And look as though he had not heard
The mocking jest, the angry word,
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy whose daily walk
Is always honest, pure and bright,
Who cannot lie, who will not fight,
But stands up boldly for the right,
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who fears to sin,
Who knows no other sort of fear,
But strives to keep his conscience clear,
Nor heeds his comrade's taunt or jeer,
If he hath peace within.

Who is the truly brave?

The boy who dares to pray,
And humbly kneeling, seeks the face
Of God, and asks supplies of grace
To help him run the Christian race,
And walk in wisdom's way.

—Church Year.

THE FROLIC WITH THE LONG NAME.

'There's no fun like a picnic!' declared Alice.

'No, indeed,' agreed her friend, Lulu; 'there's nothing in the world like being out under the green trees, and picking wild flowers, and hearing the birds sing.'

'Where are you going, little girls?' some one asked the six little lassies who came in a group, each one wearing a big shade hat and a very bright smile, and carrying a basket.

'O, we're going on a picnic!'

'Just a little bit of a picnic!'

'Just we six!'

'And we've got lunches in our baskets—'

'And a little bit of sewing for our dolls, to do when we're tired, and all sit down together.'

They passed a poor-looking little house, and saw a poor-looking little girl, who gazed wistfully at them as they went on.

'Let's ask Nanny to go—couldn't we?' whispered Lulu in a rather doubtful tone, as if she hardly dared to propose it.

'Oh! I think it would be nicer to be by ourselves,' said Hatty. 'She isn't used to going with us.'

'She isn't used to going with anybody, she or Bessie, and I guess it's because they're poor,' said Allie. 'And I think it's too bad. I wouldn't like to be left out of things if I was poor.'

'We've got enough lunch to give her some,' said Elsy.

'Plenty!' said Allie. 'Nanny,' she cried, running back to her, 'wouldn't you like to come over to the woods to our picnic?'

'Yes, I'd like to,' said Nanny, 'but I can't leave Bessie.'

'Can't Bessie come too?'

'No; she can't walk. She fell down a week ago, when she was carrying some hot water, and scalded her foot, and she has to sit still all the time.'

'That's too bad,' said Allie.

'It's very nice of you to ask me,' said Nanny as the girls walked on.

'O, dear!' said Lulu, 'how dreadful it must be to have to keep still on such a fine day.'

'Let's go in and see Bessie for just a few minutes,' said Amy.

There was a little discussion about it, but they finally turned back towards the poor little house.

'I tell you what let's do,' said Allie, 's'p'osen we go and have our picnic with Bessie!'

'A picnic in a house!' exclaimed Hatty.

'Yes; why not? Just think how glad it would make Bessie!'

'And we could have our lunch for supper, and play it was a party,' said Amy.

'So we could,' said Lulu, 'Do let's do it, girls.'

A picnic in a poor-looking little house did not seem half so pleasant as one out in the woods, but no one had the heart to say so when they came in sight of Bessie's window, and saw her pale little face looking out. She could scarcely believe they really meant to come in, and she and Nanny were in a delightful little flutter about there being chairs enough for them all.

But they were soon seated, and they began plenty of merry little chat as the pretty doll work was taken from the baskets.

'Let's all make something for Bessie's doll,' whispered Allie to her next neighbor.

The word went around, and was answered with little nods and winks of agreement. After an hour of sewing, the work was set aside, and they played games in which Bessie could take part, until the poor little room rang with shouts and laughter as it surely had never rung before. It was surprising how fast that afternoon flew away. Every one was astonished when six o'clock came.

'Time for supper!' said Lulu.

And then each little girl went to where they had left their baskets in the little entry.

If Bessie had felt surprised at the arrival of such a bevy of bright-faced little visitors, what did she feel when those baskets were unpacked?

'No; you're not to bother getting plates and things, Nanny!' insisted Alice. 'This is a picnic, and they never have things proper and regular at a picnic. We're going to put things on our basket covers, and gather close around Bessie's cot.'

Lulu took from her basket some gayly colored Japanese napkins, and then the feast was passed around—sandwiches and jelly and gingerbread and sweet crackers and bananas, and little round cakes with frosting on them, and plenty for the two who had not been expected to share in them, and enough left over for Bessie's breakfast the next morning.

'I don't know what made you so kind, coming to see me,' said Bessie when they wished her good-bye.

'I guess it was because Allie remembered about little children loving one another,' said Hatty in half a whisper.

'Wait! wait!' cried Nanny, running after them after they had left the house. 'You all have forgotten your work!'

'No, we didn't forget it,' said Lulu, 'we left it for Bessie.'

'Some of it isn't finished,' explained Amy, 'but it will be fun for Bessie to finish it when she is all alone.'

'I'm glad we did it,' said Hatty as they walked on.

'So am I,' said Lulu: 'it's the best picnic I ever was at.'

'Picnic?' said Hatty.

I think it was more like a sewing society,' said Amy.

'What can we call it, any way?' asked Lulu. 'I believe it was a sewing-surprise picnic society party,' said Allie.

'O, what a long name!' laughed the others. 'Whatever we call it,' said Hatty, 'I think it was nice to do it, and I wish more little girls would try to have one.'

I wish so too—don't you? Perhaps you are acquainted with some little girl to whom you could make just such a visit, carrying with you gladness and sweetness and loving goodness, which may produce a bright spot in some poor room which was not bright before.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

When Mr. Landis, the Sunday School Superintendent, gave Harry Martin a seat in Mr. Davis' class, Ned Harrington moved to the other end of the seat in such a marked manner that the new scholar's cheeks flushed crimson, and he looked very much as if he was disposed to leave. If Mr. Davis had not taken pains to make him feel that he was a welcome addition to the class he would have carried out his first resolution never to go to Sunday school again.

After the school had been dismissed, Mr. Davis detained Ned, and said:

'I want you to tell me, my boy, why you showed your dislike to Harry Martin in such a marked manner. What has he ever done to you that you should treat him so?'

'I don't like to associate with thieves,' Ned answered, 'and I don't want to have anything to do with Harry Martin in Sunday school or anywhere else.'

'You are not sure that Harry is a thief,' answered Mr. Davis gravely. 'I know him well enough to believe that he is innocent of the charge which was made against him, and I believe he will be cleared yet. At any rate, even if he should be guilty, treating him in such a rude manner as to drive him away from Sunday school will not be the best way to make him a better boy and help him to lead an honest life. I shall insist upon his being treated with courtesy while he is in the class.'

Ned was ill pleased at his teacher's words, but he loved and respected him too much to wish to incur his displeasure, so he reluctantly promised not to be rude to Harry again.

Ned was employed as an errand boy by a large store in the town, and a few days later he was on his way to deliver an order, when he passed some friends who were engaged in a game of marbles. Ned stopped to look, and in a few moments became so interested that he put down his parcels and joined in the game.

He had been indulging in this amusement for some time, when he glanced up to meet the eye of his teacher, who was passing, and there was an expression of grave reproof that made him suddenly bring his game to a conclusion and go on his way.

The next Sunday Mr. Davis asked Ned if he would walk part of the way home with him, and the boy gladly consented. The conversation turned upon Harry Martin, and Mr. Davis took occasion to tell Ned that he had been fully exonerated from the charge of theft.

'Then I don't mind being friends with him,' said Ned, 'but I don't want to have anything to do with a boy that steals.'

'From what I saw of you the other day I should not have thought that you had so much consideration for the eighth commandment,' Mr. Davis remarked.

Ned flushed with indignant surprise. 'Why, Mr. Davis, what do you mean? You never saw me take anything that was not my own.'

'Yes, my boy, I have.'

'When? What?' queried Ned eagerly.

'To whom does your time between 8 and 6 o'clock belong on week days?'

'To Mr. Armstrong,' replied Ned wonderingly.

'Then, if you use their time, when they com-