

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

GRATITUDE IN OLD AGE.

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;
Thy love, with all a mother's care
Sustained my childhood days;
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,
And formed my heart to love thy truth,
And filled my lips with praise.

And now, in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my faltering knees.
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This drooping heart and trembling lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee.

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,
This voice, transported, shall record
Thy goodness, tried so long.
Till sinking slow in calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph song.

A GIRL WITHOUT A GIFT.

BY DAISY B. CAMPBELL.—(Continued.)

Ned looked anxiously at Reginald. "We may as well break our engagement," he said.

"Then it's settled," Isabel said, gayly. Once she would have resented the boys' reluctance, but now she hastened to say, "Come Reginald, Prince positively won't stand another minute."

The boys were on time. Aunt Henrietta, in a sudden burst of indulgence, had Lucy and Harriet make ice cream, and a merry evening followed. Half past nine was Aunt Henrietta's hour for the house to be closed, but Isabel begged for a half hour later "this once."

"Well," said Reginald, after the guests had gone, "I believe you can do anything with mother, Isabel. I never had such a good time at home, in my life, before."

His cousin looked surprised—"Isn't she always this way?" she asked.

"Not much," Reginald said. "It's because you're a girl, I believe—she has always wanted a girl, and father too. I wish you lived here all the time," Reginald said unexpectedly.

Something made Isabel stop on the stairs, and say: "Why don't you try your mother, Reginald? I don't believe she'd be so hard on you as you think."

"You don't know her," was all Reginald's reply, as they separated for the night.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Kingsley, who never could keep anything, said, "Well, Isabel, what are you going to do with your money?"

"I have'n't decided yet, Uncle," Isabel said, coloring.

Aunt Henrietta looked keenly at the young girl. "Get your money, Isabel," she said in her decided voice, "I want to see if this purse I have will hold it."

There was an awkward pause. In vain Isabel tried to think of some excuse. Tom looked at her in astonishment. Then to everybody's surprise, Reginald sprang from the table, and burst forth in a most unexpected manner—

"I borrowed the money, mother, of Isabel. I ran into debt at college. I got in with a man, who seemed all right—he was lots older than I—and before I knew it, I gambled. Then I borrowed of him, and came off owing him some. Then he followed me here, and threatened me until I didn't know what to do. Ned's been awful good, and lent me all he could, and with Isabel's money, I paid him off day before yesterday. He left town night before last, but made us boys promise to meet him first, but thanks to the girls, we didn't go. I'm just sick of the whole business, and never want to think of betting again, as long as I live. The way that man led me around—I just wonder now that I could let him."

Reginald, the reserved, had probably never made such a long speech before in his life.

"Well, well," said Uncle Albert, clearing his throat, "my boy you should have come to me."

"And how did you expect to repay Isabel, and Ned?" asked his mother.

"Oh, from my allowance," said Reginald, in some confusion. "Of course they'd have to wait, but there both so kind and generous."

"And would you go to your cousin before you'd come to me?" asked Aunt Henrietta, reproachfully.

"Isabel wanted me to go to you," said her son, "but you know, mother, you're—I've always known how you hated gambling and everything like that, and I couldn't face the music."

"Well," his mother replied, with unwonted moderation, "I believe I am hard, but I don't mean to be. After this, Reginald, do confide in me. I shudder when I think of your danger, but I don't believe you'll ever gamble again."

This was all that was said at the time. Later, as they stood on the veranda, Isabel said, "It was real brave of you, Reginald, to do that."

"Pshaw!" said the boy, carelessly. "I wasn't going to have you blamed. But wasn't mother just wonderful? I never dreamed she'd be like that."

And Isabel carried home her presents, after all, and when the time came for her to leave, even Aunt Henrietta said at parting, "How we shall miss you, Isabel! I don't know what we shall do without you!"

Great were the lamentations from high and low, when the stage finally carried the young girl off. Marian's face was just like Aunt Henrietta's new scarlet pony, Ned said, she had cried so hard. The boys, of course, were outwardly composed, but were heard to declare that "take a lively girl like Isabel from Clifton, the town didn't amount to much"—a slight which Marian bore with unusual meekness. And as Isabel's sweet face disappeared in the distance, Aunt Henrietta was heard to say to her sorrowing partner, "Well, Albert, for a girl who has'n't any particular gift, Isabel is really a very nice girl, after all.—*Standard of the Cross.*"

HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Craigie, have you seen little Jean to-day? asked Davy. Craigie was an old sailor, and a funny looking man.

Have you seen little Jean?—Davy repeated.

Yes, said Craigie.

Please where?

I had just run my boat into the cove there, where I saw little Jean coming along the sands, I think it was rather risky, knowing the tide would soon turn; but I thought of the 'stairs' yonder, and concluded it would be all right.

The stairs! involuntarily exclaimed Davy.

The stairs were constructed in the side of the cliff, partly of wood, but in places the ascent was helped by the outline of the rock. It was at the worst part of the beach, though, that one took the 'stairs' into which the waves came foaming and rushing like wild animals all let loose at once. Davy ran with all his might for the 'stairs,' and looked down. Did he see her?

Where was little Jean this rough October day?

Little Jean had been to the red school house at the corner of the roads that afternoon.

And shall I tie the strings of my little Jean's hat? asked the school mistress; and shall I pin your shawl, dearie? It is time now to go.

If you please, teacher.

And which way will you go home to-night—over the pasture, or across the sands?

Across the sands. It is much the shorter way.

But don't the tide turn?

Oh, I think not. I can run quick to the 'stairs.' Mother is sick, and needs me to help Davie.

You help Davy? You are a smart girl. Let me give you a kiss, dear.

Little Jean followed the path winding through a ravine down to the sea, and then trotted along the sands.

How high the rocks are! she said, watching the seabirds flying about the cliffs. And the sea—how ugly it is!

But what makes the little figure in the red shawl hurry faster along the narrow sands between the sea and the cliffs.

I believe the tide has turned?—She looked anxiously out to sea.

She saw the water frothing about Wreckers' Ledge, and well understood what the sign meant. The tide had turned and was angrily foaming about the first obstacle.

Now, little one, hurry! Hurry, hurry! The tide is coming!

Where are the stairs?

Little Jean looked and saw their well worn line mounting the cliff. If she could only reach them?

The water rolled within six feet of her—four feet, three feet. Quick, quick, little one!

It seemed as if the waters knew that the little girl was on the sands, and strove hard to overtake her.

Two feet! One foot! And now as she stood on the lowest step of the stairs, one bold wave washed the fringes of her red shawl. She mounted the second, the third also, but the waves were pressing hard after her. A huge billow came rathful and rushing. It almost touched her. There was a broad shelf of rock above her, and there the cliff receded, making a sheltering hollow. Could she reach it? She would try. Up, up, up she climbed and gained the place of safety. No wave would reach her there. She threw herself down on the large step, and crept into the hollow; safe, safe at last. She would rest a while, she said. And in the ears of the tired child, the noise of the sea became a monotonous music, hushing her to drowsiness, then to sleep.

She fancied that an angel came to her.

Then the angel seemed to change, and on to his locks went a sailor's cap. He seemed to lose his wings, and put on a fisherman's rough jacket. Then he spoke with Davey's voice, and called to her, "Little Jean! Little Jean! Darling, what are you doing there?"

"Oh, Davey, is this you? Only hiding; only hiding in the rock."

Then this good human angel took her in his arms, and carried her up the stairs, across the pasture, and so home.

"My little girl had a narrow escape. I wouldn't go across the sands again," said the mother, stroking Jean's soft hair.

"But I wanted to help you the sooner. I won't go again. I am sorry to worry you, mother."

"And Davy said that you were hiding in the rock, dear. The SAVIOUR is the precious refuge to his children—a Rock of Safety. Don't forget it. Always be found hiding in the rock."

Little Jean did not forget it. Through life, and when death's wave came rolling towards her, she was found hiding, hiding in the rock.—*Exchange.*

THE LATE PROFESSOR MICHELIS.—One of the greatest of the old Catholic leaders has been removed by a sudden death. Friedrich Michelis was born at Munster in 1815. In 1864 he was appointed Professor of Philosophy in the Lyceum of Braunsberg. He attacked the Jesuits, and the new dogmas of Papal Infallibility in 1869-70, though also resisting Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy in the Prussian Diet. He denounced Pious IX. for heresy and apostasy from the "Old Catholic Church," and was among the signers of the Nuremberg protest in 1871. On the completion of the schism he took a leading part on the orthodox side, and till his death none have labored more busily and bravely, confident that the divine "truth is great, and shall prevail," eventually, whatever be the present odds.