

The Family Circle.

HELPING OTHERS.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee:
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

AN "OUT OF DATE" COUPLE.

We are "so out of date," they say,
Ned and I;
We love in an old-fashioned way,
Long since gone by.
He says I am his helpmate true
In everything;
And I—well, I will own to you
He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
'Twixt "glow and gloom";
He wooed me on a winter day,
And in—a room;
Yet, through life's hours of stress and storm,
When griefs befell,
Love kept our small home corner warm
And all was well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife—
But let that pass;
Perhaps we view the dual life
Through roseate glass;
Even if the prospects be not bright,
We hold it true
That heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.

Upon the gilded scroll of fame,
Emblazoned fair,
I can not hope to read the name
I proudly bear;
But, happy in their even flow,
The years glide by;
We are behind the times, we know—
Ned and I.

—E. Matheson, in *Chambers's Journal*.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

'The end was not long delayed. It was the middle of October, when the forest was all glowing with the rich autumn hues. The evening after the prisoners had been brought into the Mohawk town, a "brave" entered the lodge where the bruised and lacerated missionaries were waiting their fate, and invited Jogues to a feast. The father rose and followed the Indian to the lodge of the chief of the Bear clan. As he stooped to enter, a blow from the tomahawk of a savage concealed in the entrance pierced his brain and gave him the martyr's death he had so often looked for. A friendly Iroquois, one of the prisoners whose humane treatment by the French had led to the proposals for a treaty, held out his arm to shield the missionary's head, but the tomahawk cleft its way through it in its descent. Jogues' companion in a few hours shared his fate, and the barbarians set up the heads of the martyrs as trophies on their wall of palisades.

'So you see, Miss Marjorie, that the story of Isaac Jogues belongs equally to our country and to yours. It was New York soil that was stained, and I think hallowed by the brave martyr's blood, as it was also the scene of his year of captivity among the savages. And now, do you think there could be a braver man or a truer hero and martyr than this simple, humble, unpretending Isaac Jogues?'

'No, indeed! I had no idea there were such Jesuits as that!' exclaimed Marjorie, who, like the others, had been absorbed in the long and pathetic tale, told in Professor Duncan's low, earnest tones, as if he were telling the story of an intimate friend to a single auditor.

'I think he was the bravest man I ever heard of. Just as brave as Regulus or any of those old fellows in our Roman history,' said Gerald, *sotto voce*, to Alan.

'I think he was braver, even,' said Alan, 'for he did it for love to those wretched savages, and Regulus did it for the sake of his country.'

"The love of Christ constraineth us," said the professor. 'That was the secret of Jogues' courage, as it was of St. Paul's, a braver man even than Jogues, for the Master he served was "despised and rejected" by the whole cultured world, when he staked all to follow Him. But it was the same spirit, and one hardly cares to make comparisons when the faith and love are the same.'

Marjorie felt as if she had got a good deal to think about, and she was not sorry when Dr. Ramsay proposed some music by way of relieving the depressing effect of the professor's story. Marion opened the piano, and they all sang together, some of their favorite hymns, with great spirit and sweetness. It was a new Sunday pleasure to Marjorie. As they sang, by Dr. Ramsay's request, the beautiful hymn, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' the tears came to Marjorie's eyes as she thought how truly the story they had just heard had illustrated its spirit. She wished she herself could only feel it as fully.

After tea she went with Gerald to the Cathedral. As they walked, they talked a little about the story of Jogues, and Gerald seemed quite to drop the cynical and sarcastic manner he wore at home. She could not help thinking vaguely that he had aspirations for something better than the low ideal of life that was so presented to him there, so that he was dissatisfied with that, without having as yet grasped anything better. He seemed honestly puzzled to account for the tenacity with which the heroic missionary had pursued his mission to 'such a wretched lot of savages.' Marjorie referred to the allegory of the Northern Lights, but he said, 'That was only poetry, and did not explain it all!'

To Marjorie's surprise and delight, the evening sermon was on the text her father had quoted in his letter: 'I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' It was an earnest appeal to walk by that true and only Light, and it was followed by her father's favorite hymn, exquisitely rendered:

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!

The tears rushed irrepressibly to her eyes as the soft, sweet, pleading music carried her thoughts back to her father's story of the experience of his own life; and her prayer went up to the Light that 'shineth in darkness,' to lead both of them—far from each other and the earthly home—as only that Light can lead any of us through the wilderness of this world.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

The next few days seemed full of the stir of Christmas preparations, both indoors and out. The coming Christmas holidays were eagerly expected by the children as times of unlimited out-door fun, and nearly every member of the family had some important secret of his or her own; some urgent business to be transacted in private, or at most with a single confidant. Marjorie, as being a sort of neutral party, was in everybody's confidence, and was appealed to half a dozen times a day by Millie, Jack and Norman, as to which of half a dozen possible gifts would be nicest for each member of the family, from Dr. Ramsay down to Effie. Mrs. Ramsay, too, had a number of Christmas gifts and Christmas surprises on hand for several of the poor families in which she took a motherly interest, and Marion and Marjorie had plenty of occupation for their mornings, in making up various warm garments, dressing some cheap dolls, and preparing candy-bags to be ready before the more immediate Christmas preparations claimed their attention.

Mrs. Ramsay greatly approved of Ada's suggestion about the photograph of Marjorie to be taken for her father. She knew that no gift could possibly please him as much, and as there was no time to be lost, she arranged for an early appointment for the sitting. Marion went with Marjorie to the beautiful studio of the photographer, where Ada met them by arrangement, so that she might exercise her taste in suggesting positions which

she considered effective. They amused themselves while waiting for their turn, by inspecting the winter photographs of all kinds and sizes; toboggan parties, snow-shoe clubs and skaters in masquerade. Ada showed Marjorie a photograph of the last ice palace, and the plan of the one in progress, which they could now see beginning to rise like a fairy palace from its foundations on Dominion Square.

At last the photographer was ready, and the important process began. Robin was to be in the picture—Marjorie had quite decided on that, for the photograph was to be to her father a real bit of home, and Robin was part of that. This complicated matters a little, for several of the fanciful positions Ada had suggested would not suit Robin's presence at all. At last Marjorie, tired of trying various positions, subsided into her old favorite one, half-curling up in a large easy-chair, where Robin sprang to his place at her side, and the photographer, catching the happy effect and the right moment, took the photograph before either of the sitters realized that it was being tried. The result was so good that he declared there was no use in trying again, as he was not likely to get a better picture. Robin had not stirred, and Marjorie's position was excellent, and the picture would be all that could be desired.

Ada was rather disappointed, but consoled herself by persuading Marjorie to try a sitting once more along with herself, both in their out-door dress, and as Marjorie had worn her new blanket ulster and *tugue*, which was very becoming to her clear, pale complexion, gray eyes and dark curling locks, the two girls made a pretty contrast. This picture was to be Ada's property, but she generously offered Marjorie some copies of it for Christmas presents. And Marjorie thought it would be lovely to send a copy of it to Nettie Lane and Rebecca—and to Aunt Millie, too, and then her father would see both.

As they walked up Bleury Street, Ada proposed that they should go in to look at the Jesuits' Church, which Marjorie, remembering the story which had so interested her, was very willing to do. This church possesses no external beauty, being heavy and clumsy in appearance; but its interior is gorgeous with rich tones of color, and its ceiling is charmingly painted in frescoes of a soft tint of brown. Each compartment, into which the ceiling is divided, contains a separate subject, most of them being from the life of Christ. Marjorie was attracted at once by the pathetic picture of the Good Shepherd; but by and by Marion, who had a very appreciative eye for art, drew her attention to a quaint, realistic representation of Jesus as a boy, employed in Joseph's workshop, while his mother with her distaff was close by. It was a very unconventional "Holy Family," and it touched Marjorie with its simple sweetness; the humble surroundings, the unconscious purity and earnestness of the face of the boy, occupied with the work he had then to do, yet with the presage in his eyes of other work beyond. It brought back to her mind the "loving obedience," of which her father had spoken. As she was standing absorbed in contemplating it, she was startled by hearing Ada's laugh, and tones, only very slightly subdued, of gay chatter near the door. She looked round, rather startled at this sudden intrusion on the solemn quiet that had reigned in the church, where a few silent worshippers were kneeling in prayer, and where the stillness seemed to breathe the spirit of worship. She saw that Ada's eldest brother had just come in, and with him a young man somewhat older than himself, whose appearance and expression distinctly repelled her at first sight. They were talking to Ada, and Dick was evidently anxious to talk to Marion, too, but she distinctly let him see that she would not talk there.

The spell of the beautiful quiet church was broken for Marjorie, and she was quite ready to go, and as her companions had been waiting for her, they all left the church.

'I didn't know you were so "high church," Miss Ramsay,' said Dick, who kept his place beside Marion and Marjorie, while his friend walked on with Ada, who seemed to find him most entertaining, to judge by the frequency of her merry laugh. 'I thought you were a

good Presbyterian, and didn't believe in paying respect to Roman Catholic churches.'

'I was brought up to respect all churches Mr. West,' responded Marion, 'not for the sake of the church itself, but of its associations. And as for Presbyterians, if you had ever learned the "Shorter Catechism," you would know that we are well taught to respect everything connected with the worship of God.'

'Well, I stand corrected,' said Dick. 'But you see I didn't think you would allow that that was worship.'

'I'm sure I saw true worshippers in there,' Marion replied. 'And I think it's a great shame for Protestants to disturb people who are worshipping in their own way, and to think they may behave just as they like, because it doesn't happen to be their church!'

'That's just what I've heard my father say so often,' exclaimed Marjorie. 'He says he used often to feel ashamed of the way tourists behave in churches abroad.'

'Well, when I'm a tourist, as I hope to be soon, I'll try to be on my good behavior,' responded Dick, good-naturedly. 'But you know it was really Hayward there who was the worst of us, and you see he doesn't believe in anything, except—and he laughed—'well, yes, I do think he believes in himself.'

'Is he an agnostic, then?' asked Marjorie, with great interest.

Dick stared, then laughed a little. 'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'But I don't think Hayward's anything so deep as that! He just thinks it's no use bothering about things that nobody can ever understand, and he likes to have a jolly good time wherever he is. That's why he's here this winter. He's English, you know, and he's just travelling about to amuse himself. He's a first-rate fellow, though, awfully entertaining.'

That Ada found him so, there could be no doubt. They were evidently on most friendly terms, and the coquetry of Ada's manner was not lost on Marjorie, to whom it was a new development in her friend. She instinctively disliked the idea of Ada's intimacy with a man of Mr. Hayward's too evident type, and Marion strongly shared her feeling. Dick suggested that they should all continue their walk along Sherbrook Street, to see how the new Lansdowne Slide was progressing; but Marion decidedly declined, as she had a great deal to do at home. So Ada walked on with the two young men, while Marion and Marjorie hastened home, agreeing as they did so, that it was a great pity that Ada should see so much of her brother's fast friends.

'And I know that young man is a very bad companion for poor Dick,' added Marion. 'He used to be quite a nice fellow—though he was always very fond of pleasure—till he got so intimate with young men who drink and gamble and all that. Because his father's so rich, they do all they can to get round him and make him like themselves. I fancy his mother would be shocked if she could have seen him as my father has seen him—and brought him home, too, at night when he couldn't walk!'

'O, Marion, how dreadful!' exclaimed Marjorie. 'But doesn't she know at all, then?'

'I fancy she must know something about it; but she has the idea that all young men of spirit are so, some time or other, and she thinks he'll settle down by and by. I believe his father is very much put out about his extravagance and idleness, for I fancy he doesn't do much in the office. But he is so engrossed with business himself, that he has hardly time to see much of his family, or even think much about them.'

'Well, I'm glad my father's not like that, if it was to get all the money in America!' exclaimed Marjorie, and Marion warmly re-echoed the sentiment.

When they reached the house, an unexpected misfortune awaited them. From the study came sounds of pitiful sobbing, and when the girls entered it, they found little Effie sitting on the floor in a tempest of sobs and tears, and beside her the fragments of the china cup which Marion had been so carefully painting for her mother, while Norman was trying to console the mourner, and endeavoring to fit together the broken bits.

(To be continued.)