

this Province cannot narrow the broad bounds of the Church of England without violating the Constitution by virtue of which we exist in this country (to use Cavour's famous words) as 'a free Church in a free State.'

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

TRANSFORMATION.

[IN ILLNESS.]

BY G. A. L.

"That it may be fashioned like unto His glorious Body."

The glorious Body of my risen Lord:

Can it be like to that,—this frail abode
Of weakness? Yea, 'tis the unerring Word
Of Him Who lives to-day Incarnate God,—
Flesh of my flesh in all save want and sin
Then since 'tis Thou, availing Christ, that
saith

It may be thus, the promise wrapt therein
For such, e'en such, I take in simple faith.
No claim have I but that I need Thee much;
The hem of Thy bright garment passing by
With outstretched hand, and hungered heart
I touch,—

Thou Who dost bring Thy strength and
beauty nigh!

* * * * *
Lo, here and now this weary frame hath
known

Uplifting power!—it shall be as His own.

GETTING ON.

Think not success alone is found

In noise and pomp and outward show,
Or think that they alone are crowned
To whom men's willing praises flow;
Too oft the veriest friends of God

Have lived uncheered and weak and poor
Or weary and heart-broken trod
A pathway rocky and obscure.

For them no stately ships divide,
With lusty prow, the weltering main;
They not in gilded chariots ride,
They gather not the golden grain,
No! what ambitious children name
Success is not for such as they;
Neglected, poor and dead to fame,
They fall and perish by the way.

Their glory is a galling cross
That goes like fire into the soul,
Their greatest gain is certain loss,
The floods around them break and roll;
But heartsick, weary and forlorn,
They hear the whispered comfort come,
"God's brightest crown is sharpest thorn,
His grandest prize is martyrdom."

—Selected—Rev. T. Hempstead.

TRUE AS STEEL.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Willie did not seem to notice that he had gone; he was either asleep or unconscious, and he did not notice when after a time, a footfall sounded on the stairs and a step, not at all like Bobby's, but slow and deliberate, approached his room; he did not notice, either, when the door opened and a sweetfaced old woman entered, who, after gazing round a moment with an air of deep pity, came and stood beside the lonely little figure on the bundle of straw.

What was there in that still white face round which the soft fair hair hung all tangled and neglected now, alas! that moved her so strangely, and brought up thoughts of long ago, when a little one with a sweet fair face, so like to this, oh, so like! was nestled in her arms and called her mother? Gently she

pushed back the drooping hair and gazed long into the little countenance. 'Oh, Mary,' she said softly to herself, 'how like he is to you!' Just then Willie moved restlessly, and from under the bundle of old clothes that formed his pillow fell out a Bible. With hands all trembling now with excitement the stranger opened it, and read on the fly-leaf, 'To Mary Clay, given to her on her marriage day, with her mother's love.' Great drops were stealing slowly down the woman's cheek as she saw these words, written by her own hand on a happy morning long ago, and deep painful sobs shook her frame as she sank on her knees and said, 'Found at last! My poor lost Mary's child! O my God, I thank Thee!'

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But we must go back now to poor Bobby, who, wild with grief, but yet with trust in his heart, had rushed out to try and earn something for Willie. It mattered not to him that the wind was blowing furiously, and that the driving rain soon soaked him to the skin; hour after hour he stood beside his crossing, industriously sweeping away the dirt and keeping it as clean as he could for passers by, who, thankful for this one oasis in the desert of mud, greatly patronized his crossing; but, although they passed him by the dozen, not one stopped in the dashing rain to throw a penny to poor Bobby.

'O Lord Jesus, I know you love me and poor Willie; send me a few coppers to-day, that I may get food for him.' So he prayed, with increasing earnestness, as the hours rolled by. He thought not of himself though he was faint and hungry. It was for Willie, poor sick Willie, lying cold and famished, dying, (perhaps dead!) that he thought and for whom he prayed. But for a time the Lord 'answered him never a word.'

But now the night was drawing on, and gradually the number of passers-by grew less; only a straggler came now and then, hurrying and never heeding the white, drawn, agonized face, that hopelessly now, pleaded for a half-penny. The street had grown strangely quiet after the noise and bustle of the day, and Bobby was leaning wearily against the wall. He must go back to Willie now, he thought, whether dead or alive! If alive, with nothing for him! If dead!—

And now the Devil came and tempted him: 'How much does God love you?' he said; 'He won't even give you a penny, and your brother is dying for food!'

Wild bitter thoughts came surging through Bobby's mind, but only for a moment. As he stood leaning against the wall with closed eyes, he seemed to see a cross, uplifted, and One with tender loving eyes, upraised thereon; the eyes, so sad and tender, were looking at him; and a voice, oh, so loving, seemed to say, 'Do I not love you, Bobby, when I died for you? Can you not trust Me?' And the wild bitter thoughts all flew away, and Bobby answered, very humbly—

'I do trust thee, Lord Jesus. I do not understand, but I will trust!' And then he turned and went home to Willie.

CHAPTER V.

Slowly and wearily Bobby toiled up the steep stairs, longing and yet dreading to see his little brother again. How should he meet those patient eyes and tell him he had brought him nothing? or perhaps the eyes would be closed, never to open with love on him again! The thought was too much for Bobby, and sitting down on the dark stairs he cried bitterly.

But what sound was that Bobby listened. It was Willie's voice, Bobby was sure, speaking to someone; and yet it didn't sound like Willie's voice; it was so much stronger, and had a ring in it that he had never heard before. Filled with astonishment, Bobby crept up the

stairs and peeped through the crack of the door that was a little open. He looked, and rubbed his eyes and looked again; then he pinched himself, feeling sure he was asleep, and would wake directly, and the beautiful picture would go.

What do you think he saw? Well, first he saw Willie—not on a heap of straw as he had left him, but sitting upon a cosy little bed, leaning against soft white pillows, while a bright crimson shawl snugly wrapped him round. He was beautifully clean too, and his pretty hair was combed out smooth and fell in little curls around his face. He was laughing, too; just think, Willie laughing! a soft little laugh of delight, as he looked up into the face of a sweet old lady who was feeding him with the tenderest care, and with something that must be good, from the way in which Willie smacked his lips after every spoonful.

'Just another spoonful, Willie,' she was saying anxiously, as he began to show signs of having had enough.

'Why, I've been eating all day,' Willie said, with his low, soft little laugh; 'I can't eat a bit more.'

Here Bobby still peeping through the crack, gave himself another awful pinch and nearly screamed with the pain in his attempt to wake himself up; then he turned his wondering eyes, which were as big as saucers by this time, around the room, which he had left so cold and desolate.

'Could it possibly be the same room?'

Well might he ask; a big fire was blazing and leaping in the grate, which was as bright as hands could make it; a little kettle, very bright, too, was singing contentedly on the hob; a strip of warm crimson carpet, which made a pleasing contrast with the white boards around, was stretched before the spotless hearth. A little table covered with a snow white cloth was drawn before the glowing fire, and on it were cups and saucers, and everything needful for a cozy little meal. Still Bobby stood and watched and listened as though he were in a dream.

'Don't you think I'd better make the tea, Willie?' the old lady was saying, as she bustled about in such a comfortable sort of a way. 'I hope Bobby won't be long; the stew's just done to a turn.' And Bobby saw her lift the lid of a saucepan on the fire, and stir something inside that smelt uncommonly good. 'I do wish the dear boy would come.'

'Oh, he'll come directly, grandmother,' said Willie; 'and, oh, won't it be a beautiful surprise for him! Oh, grandmother, you can never know, for I can never tell you, what Bobby has been to me, and how he has cared for me, and worked for me since mother died.'

'God bless him! God bless him! Oh, how I do long to see him. Dear, brave Bobby,' said the grandmother, wiping her eyes. 'But, dear, oh, dear, Willie, what a time it is, and the boy not at home!'

Home! home! how the word thrilled the poor, cold, hungry boy to the heart. Was it home at last? The first time he had a home since mother died, and they were left desolate. Grandmother had come! Bobby understood now, and with a great cry of joy, and dazed and blinked with happiness, Bobby staggered into the room with the cry, 'Oh, grandmother, grandmother, why have you been so long a coming?'

Well, it would take too long to tell you of the joy of Bobby and Willie and the grandmother that night, and how, after kissing and hugging him, she refused to tell him a word until he had eaten largely of the savory contents of the saucepan, and drank copiously of her fragrant tea. Then, with Willie cosily against the motherly breast, and Bobby's hand clasped closely in hers, she told them how she had never got the letter telling of their mother's illness and their father's death until long after it was sent, owing to her being away