

PROTECTION.

BY M. ALLYNE.

WHEN the bright morn I see,
My soul uplifts to Thee,
Jesus, my King,
E'er in my heart abide,
Each day till eventide,
With comforting.

In the night's lonely hour,
Be my protecting Power,
On Thee I lean.

Tune my heart to Thy praise,
E'en through life's troubled ways,
And sorrows keen.

Thus by no ill beguiled,
O Father! keep Thy child,
Thy Spirit pour;
That to the weary heart
Thy love I may impart,
Thine aid implore.

Gladness doth lend me wings,
Teaching of holy things,
To soar above.

Grant me Thy grace to win
Many a soul from sin
To Jesu's love.

—Churchman.

OTTO'S CHRISTMAS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

(Written for the Church Guardian).

BY T. M. B.

(Continued).

Trudchen gazed and gazed at the lovely little face which speedily lost its scared and sad expression, and Otto in turn, wearied out as he was, watched the little girl with wondering interest. When he had finished his supper Fritz told him that his bed was ready, and Otto knelt down beside the strange, yet very delightful looking couch which had been prepared for him, and said the prayer which he was accustomed to say by his mother's knee. It seemed to bring her dear face so plainly before him, and the child's heart swelled with grief at the thought of her. "My mamma," he faltered and covered his face with his hands. Then Trudchen, with gentle pity, put her arms about him and said softly, "It will be all right to-morrow; grandfather will take you home. Let us thank the Christ-kind for bringing you safe through the forest." So the two little ones knelt side by side, and Trudchen said: "Liebes Christ-kind, we thank Thee for saving this little boy from the bears and wild cats and bringing him safe to us."

Then Otto lay down upon the bear skin and Trudchen drew it round him, and after one more grateful, sleepy look at her he fell asleep. What a deep, blessed sleep it was, untroubled with any dreams of his lonely wandering through the dark forest. It lasted on long after old Fritz and his grand-child were up and busy, Trudchen in preparing their simple breakfast, Fritz in getting ready for his tramp to the Castle, full seven long miles away. Snow had fallen in the night and then a sharp frost had set in, and the world looked like a new world altogether. Glistening and purely white and over-canopied with a deep blue sky. It seemed like a vast temple wherein to offer worship to the New Bern King. Fritz had come to the conclusion that he would go alone to the Castle; the child would be utterly worn out with a seven miles' tramp through the snow, and he himself was too old to carry him. He would go alone and take the good news that the child was safe and the Baron would send for him. "Let him sleep as long as he will," said the old man to Trudchen, "and when he awakes tell him that I have gone for his father." "The good God keep my darling; I shall be back as soon as possible," and after kissing the little face that had a motherly look of care on it this morning, he set forth on his errand.

When he was gone, Trudchen moved about softly, stopping every now and then to stoop, ever so cautiously, over the sleeping boy and gaze into

the sweet face that looked so rosy in the morning light, and even to touch the golden curls that spread over the bear skin. How beautiful he was; it was not wonderful, she thought, that she should have believed just for one little awe-struck moment that it was the Christ-kind Himself.

The sun had risen quite high over the forest before Otto stretched his hands above his head and opened his eyes upon his strange surroundings. For a moment he thought he must be dreaming, then Trudchen's face, looking down upon him with tender kindness, brought everything back. "Where is the old man?" he asked, sitting up, "is he going to take me home? I like you very much, but my mamma will be grieving for me." "He is gone to tell them you are safe," said Trudchen, "gone long ago and they will soon be here." Yes, they would soon be here, she said to herself, and would take him away, and she would never see his face again. Still she would have it to remember, and even that she would not have given in exchange for all the beautiful Christ geschenke that could have been given her. Otto was not so hungry this morning, but he ate a little of the black bread and courteously refrained from expressing his surprise at its appearance. And then they talked together, as only children can, with sweet and perfect frankness, and all unconscious of the wide gulf which separated their two lives. To them it didn't exist. Otto was as much interested in this little forest maiden and her doings as she was in the wonderful castle, where he lived, and which she had heard her grandfather speak of, but had never seen. So the time wore by all too quickly for Trudchen, and quickly enough, even to Otto, who had never met a companion who had been pleasanter than this one. At last there was a sound of voices and a tramping of horses, and in another moment the door was flung open, and a tall and noble looking man, clothed in costly furs, stepped eagerly into the cottage, and clasped Otto to his bosom. For a moment neither spoke, the Baron's face was white with emotion, and the child clasped his arms about his neck, and laid his rosy cheek beside his father's bearded face—"Is mamma well?" he asked.

"Yes, my treasure, good old Fritz has made her well with his blessed news that you were safe."

He did not sadden the child by telling him of the dreadful, agonized hours both had spent since his absence had been discovered.

"And who is this little maiden?" asked the Baron, as he met Trudchen's dark, wistful eyes fixed upon his face—your grandchild, Fritz?" It is Trudchen, said Otto, and she is nice and very good, and I want her for a friend."

"And you shall have her for a friend, my darling," said his father. "We will try to make her very happy for her kindness to my lost little son."

The Baron was eager to take the child back to his mother as speedily as possible, so after a hurried, but affectionate farewell between the children, he sprang upon his horse, and Fritz lifted Otto up before him.

"You will hear from me soon again," said the Baron, waving his hand with a kind and gracious farewell—"God keep you both."

The old man and his grandchild watched the horses out of sight, and Otto turned again and again to nod to Trudchen.

I need not tell you of the speechless joy with which the mother embraced her child, and how she afterwards questioned him again and again about his wanderings, and the kind hosts who had received him.

That Christmas Eve began a new epoch in the lives of old Fritz and Trudchen, who ever after were the objects of the affectionate care of the Countess.

Otto's Christmas tree was not lighted until the little maiden had been sent for to share his pleasure, and to be introduced to what seemed to her a very fairy land of delight and beauty.

Old Fritz had never again cause to feel bowed down with care in his old age, and when at last God took him to his rest, he knew that he left his beloved grandchild with generous and faithful friends. Indeed, the Countess had learned to love the little dark eyes of Trudchen, with her model ways and her loving heart; and after the old man's death, she took her to live at the Castle

of Rothenstein, where she grew up to be a fair and godly maiden, repaying by her loving devotion the kindness of her benefactors.

SPIDERS.

SPIDERS in many respects are just like other animals, and can be tamed and petted and taught a great many lessons which they will learn as readily as a dog or cat. But you must take the trouble to study their ways and get on the good side of them.

One day I had been reading in a book how spiders managed to get their webs across streams and roads, and from the top of one tall tree to another. I went out and caught a large garden spider, one of those blue-gray sprawling fellows, and fixed him up for my experiment.

I took a stick about eighteen inches in length and fastened a piece of iron to one end of it so that the stick would stand up on that end of itself. Then I put this stick in the centre of a large tub of water, and placed the spider on top of the stick. I wanted to see if he could get to the "land," which was the edge of the tub, without any hold. He ran down first one side of the stick and then the other; at each he would stop when he touched the water, and shaking his foot as the cat does he would run up again. At last he came to the conclusion that he was entirely surrounded by water—in fact, an island. After remaining perfectly quiet for a long time while, during which I have no doubt he was arranging his plans, he began running around the top of the stick, and throwing out great coils of web with his hind feet. In a few minutes little fine strings of web were floating away in the slight breeze that was blowing. After a little one of these threads touched the edge of the tub, and stuck fast, as all spider webs will do.

This was just what Mr. Spider was looking for, and the next minute he took hold of this web and gave it a jerk, as a sailor does with a rope when he wishes to see how strong it is or make it fast. Having satisfied himself that it was fast at the other end, he gathered it in till it was tight and straight, and then ran on it quickly to the shore; a rescued castaway saved by his own ingenuity.

Spiders are not fools, if they are ugly, and He Who made all things has a thought and care for all. The earth is full of the knowledge of God.—*The Advance*.

REV. DR. S. I. PRIME says:—"There should be a collection at every religious Service for public worship always and everywhere. It ought to be felt by every Christian to be his privilege, as well as his duty, to lay on the altar of sacrifice every time he comes with his sins or his prayers, an expression of the fact that he is not his own; all that he is and has is the Lord's."

"Say to thy gifted servants, 'Speed!

Behold the world your field';

"Say to the gold, 'The Lord hath need,'

Till hoarded treasures yield."

DURING the past year we have received a letter from a young man who has fallen into dreadful sin and misery. He writes that on New Year's day he was tempted by a lady to drink wine, and under its influence he lost self-control, went on from bad to worse, till ruin came. It is doubtless true that many young men are able to date the beginning of their downfall from the first day of January. On that day they drank wine with their lady friends and enjoyed themselves so much that they continued to use intoxicating drinks until they became dissipated young men. We trust there is not a family into which our paper goes, where such temptations will be held out to friends. It was a woman who tempted the first man to his fall. God forbid that there be any more such tempters now.—*N. Y. Observer*.

MR. FAWCETT, the British Postmaster-General, states that in exact proportion as the Government has lost revenue from the tax on drink, it has been gained in the Postal Savings Bank.

WHEREFORE thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.