

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

"They that seek Me early shall find Me."—Prov. viii. 17.

Holy Father! Hear my cry;
Holy Saviour! Bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit! Come Thou nigh—
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear.

Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;
Father, Son and Spirit, save.

Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come, my heart to move;
Father, Son and Spirit, bless.

Father, Son and Spirit,—Thou,
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now—
Be my Father and my God.

H. BONAR, D.D.

COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY.

(The Century for July, 1884.)

Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
Of our scant people mold a mighty state,
To the strong, stern,—to thee in meekness bowed!
Father of unity, make this people one!
Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun
In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

BY HEART.

From the Young Churchman.

Charlie Stanley walked proudly out of the vestry room of St. Peter's Church. He did not even stop to open the beautiful Hymnal and Prayer Book he had earned. One week before, the Rector, Mr. Carter offered those as a reward to any Sunday School scholar who would learn the Church Catechism within a month: the sooner they learned it, and the better it was recited, the better the prize. Charley was the first to recite, and he had not made one failure; he did not miss one word, so the first prize, his handsome case contained a most beautiful Prayer Book and Hymnal, was his. Mr. Carter had commended him, and his name would appear first on the roll of honor. He ran down the broad village street, to his home.

"I've won the best prize mamma," he cried running into the parlor, where she sat reading.

"I am very glad," she returned, with smiling sympathy, laying aside her book.

"It's a beauty too, isn't it?" He took them from their case. "Aren't they pretty though? I haven't looked at them before. Mr. Carter is going to have my name put on in gilt letters outside. Would you have the whole name or just 'Charley'?"

"The whole name, I think; for you will, likely, keep those till you are a man, and only 'Charlie' will not look very dignified then.

"That's so. How the boys will envy me. I had to work for it though. It wasn't an easy thing to learn that Catechism by heart, in a week."

"Did you learn it 'by heart'?" Mrs. Stanley asked.

"Why, certainly. Did you think I read it off to him? Any body could do that."

"No; but I was afraid you repeated it by rote, while the heart stood afar off."

"By rote?"

"Yes; that is, that your brain learned it, while your heart had nothing to do with it."

"Of course the brain does the learning; but you know we always say 'by heart.'"

"But need it be only 'say'?" Why not learn it with the heart as well as with the brain?"

"Why, the brain-always does the learning, mamma."

"It does the learning by rote, but it is the heart which receives the lesson and profits by it. I had rather you knew 'by heart,' a very little of the Catechism, and lived by it, than

know it all only by rote. It is so much easier to learn one's duty by rote than by heart."

Charley never thought about this before, and to-day, he did not want to do so.

"All the boys learn it that way," he said.

"That is no reason you should do no better. You prided yourself on an early and perfect recitation. You did not delay because they did, and yet you want to make them your guide in spiritual matters. Do not do that, dear son. There is but one Guide—He who came to earth to live, that you might have a pattern, and who died for you."

Charlie twirled over the leaves of the new Prayer Book, stopping to look at the Catechism, and did not reply.

"Just think, mamma," he burst out, after a while, "I never missed one word; not a word."

"That was very nice," she returned, with a prayer that the Lord would bless the learning to his soul's good.

The fame of Charlie's early and most perfect recitation was soon spread abroad.

"How did you ever do it in so short a time?" some of the boys asked, and others said they would recite it as well, if they had not been so prompt. Many children came to the house to see the prize.

Charlie was a very proud boy, as he rode his velocipede through the park, the next afternoon, hearing from all the children how very smart he was. Even the girls were stirred to try their powers. Effie Stevens, who never knew her lessons, at day—or Sunday School, announced to him, as he rode up to her, that she was going to try, too. Dora Moore and she were wheeling their dolls down the broad walk.

"I was reading it over, last night," she said, "and I am afraid 'my duty towards my neighbor' will be awful hard."

"Oh, that's easy enough," Charlie cried, and rattled half of it off.

"Oh, my," Effie and Dora both cried, admiringly.

"To submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters," Effie repeated. "Don't you think it is awful hard to do that? Miss Grimes is so cross, sometimes, that I just feel as if I couldn't do as she tells me. I was thinking, last night, when I read it over, that if I could learn it, I couldn't act it. This morning she was crosser than ever."

"Effie," Dora interrupted, gently, isn't there something about 'hurting nobody by word or deed'?"

"To hurt nobody by word or deed," repeated Charley. "To be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart."

"Oh, well," Effie tried to excuse herself, "you see how hard it is."

"It's easy enough to learn," Charlie said as he turned into another path.

"But so hard to obey," Effie called after him.

He rode away very fast. He did not want to hear of his failures; for he had made enough of his own. He had disobeyed his teacher secretly, in school; and then spoke disrespectfully to her; and he did not forgive Andy Hunter for purposely losing his ball; he bore a good deal of malice in his heart towards him. He rode up to a group of boys who were loudly discussing something under a tree. His own enemy, Andy, was the something. Andy he found then; had been serving the boys all alike; he had broken a top, lost a ball or marbles, for almost all of them, and they were planning a revenge. They knew that he had gone up a country road to see an aunt, that afternoon, and was not coming home till near dark. They planned to meet him in a body, near a creek he would have to pass, and give him a beating and then a ducking in that creek, that he would not forget in a hurry. Every one of those boys had malice in their hearts. They

were Sunday School boys, and were studying the Catechism. They knew their duty toward their neighbor, but they were not going to act upon what they knew.

Charley listened, in silence. It was so much easier to learn the "duty" by rote than by heart; so much easier to say off glibly, "to bear no malice," than not to bear it. He thought Andy ought to be paid off: "he ought to be hurt," "by deed." Yet he did not join in their talk. He determined not to be one of them, so he slowly rode away. He would do Andy no harm. Then he remembered, "to love him as myself, to do unto all men as I would they should do unto me." As himself! Love Andy as himself! And if he knew that other boys were plotting to duck "himself," wouldn't he avoid that road, and if some one else knew of it, would he not like to be told of it? "As they should do unto me." So Charlie must do something, but what? He was too honorable to betray his friends, and there was but one thing else he could do, and that was, to meet Andy and entice him to take the other road back.

He went home and told his mother all. He had an early tea, so he could get up the road, and meet Andy beyond the creek. A little after six o'clock he rode out of the village on his velocipede. The creek was a mile beyond, and Charlie soon passed it, waiting where the roads met. The second road was, a long distance through a lonely wood, and as Andy was somewhat of a coward, Charlie was afraid he would have some difficulty in enticing him to take it. There was but one plan, and that was daring him. All boys know how effectual that is. They don't want to be thought cowards. Andy did not either, so the plan worked well.

Andy was on foot as he owned no velocipede and he immediately demanded a ride when they met.

"I'll let you ride turn about all the way home if you're not afraid to go through the woods," said Charley.

"Who's afraid?" cried Andy.

"You are," retorted Charley.

See if I am. Just try me. Let me get on the velocipede." "When we get to the woods," Charlie returned, not trusting him.

"I'm not a coward," Andy cried, and ran ahead of Charlie till they reached the woods.

Charley heard, the next day, that the boys waited till after nine o'clock for Andy, that one of them fell into the water, and that they all got wet helping him out.

It was weeks before it came to Andy's ears how Charlie had saved him, and then he could not understand why Charlie rewarded all the evil he did him, by good. He did not know that Charley was learning the Catechism by heart as well as by rote.

IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

BEFORE COMMUNION.—These Communion seasons are, each, new starting points for us in the divine life. We are then led to realize how little advance we have made; how small the work already done, compared with what we had desired and intended. Yet in spite of this consciousness, they are reasons for new girding of our lions and fresh "looking unto Jesus." With Simon Peter, we are constrained to say, "Master, we have toiled all night, and taken nothing; nevertheless, at Thy word, we will let down the net."

And so our very failures teach us our only strength. We need this constant teaching, this education of failure. Jesus, our teacher, makes use largely of it in His dealing with us. Never do we learn the right source of strength, until we have tried the wrong; never seek the Fountain of Living Waters till forced to realize the emptiness of our broken cisterns.