

Then try to live, by the help of that Grace, as a member Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven ought to live.

4. Pray to God every night and morning, at least; kneel down and ask for what you want for your body and your soul. And pray for others as well as for yourself.

5. Read every Day a verse or two of the Bible; think over what you read, and try to act up to it.

6. Every night think over what you have done wrong during the day, and pray to God to forgive you, for Jesus' sake, and to keep you from sinning again in the same way.

7. Keep the Lord's day holy. Never miss going to church at least once every Sunday. Go to the Holy Communion whenever you can. Prepare your heart for it beforehand, and make thanksgiving to God for it afterward. When you can, go to church where there are week-day services.

8. Attend services at your own church when you can. Do not be led by idle curiosity to go to different churches. We should go to church to worship God, not to please ourselves, or to be amused.

9. Avoid bad company; and never go to any place where you may be tempted to do wrong.

10. If you have done wrong confess it, and get right as soon as you can. Pray to God for help, and if you want advice do not be afraid to go and ask your own clergyman.

11. Never be out of heart when you have done wrong. The Lord will forgive you, if you are really sorry. Never be over confident when you have done right. You may fall next time.

12. Think sometimes of the four last things—Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. That will help you to be earnest. Think often of God's goodness. That will make you love Him. And if you love Him, you will take delight in His Commandments.

13. Be patient! Be watchful! Persevere!

"He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

AN ASCENSION HYMN.

Arise and shine, our Leader,
In these benighted hearts,
Make clear the future vision,
Thy loveliness imparts.

Shine round us night and morning
And make our thoughts serene,
A golden halo spreading
Round those who on Thee lean!

Thy power is felt in hovels,
In palaces as well,
O'er the wild crag and torrent,
In valley and in dell.

Marvels of marvels! Jesus!
Behind each cloud, the ray,
Shine out, shine out and lead us
Unto Thy perfect day.

—The Churchman, N. Y.

THE INVISIBLE GUEST.

BY HELEN HAYS.

"I don't believe one of those boys knows what it is to have a pain or an ache!" sighed a pale little fellow, whose only practical eyes were a pair of wooden crutches leaning against the window-sill near where he was lying.

It was a warm day and a party of happy school-fellows were on their way to the river for a row. There was Ned Johnson, Will Fair, fax and True Stevens, and so full of nonsense and fun were they, that none of them noticed he wistful gaze of poor little Perry Evans as

he followed them with his brown eyes only, while they went laughing down the lane.

Besides being lame, Perry was lonely, for he had no brothers and sisters, and his mother had to go out to work; so he found the summer days long and wearisome. Fortunately he had some talent for making little toys and trifles, which was an occupation, but often he was not well enough to work, and to-day he was mourning the loss of his only tool of importance, an old knife, which had been so often sharpened that it had at last snapped in two.

Perhaps this was why his eyes were so quick to detect something shining in the road—something that True Stevens had pulled out of his pocket with his handkerchief, as he went laughing along in his careless fashion, and had left it lying there, to be crunched by the first cart-wheel that passed.

Perry reached for his crutches, and hobbled out to where this shining object lay, and his heart gave a bound of delight as he picked up a brand new knife with big and little blades.

"What a beauty!" he said to himself as he turned it over and over, and forthwith drew from his pocket a piece of wood, at which he had been ineffectually hacking. The new knife cut the pine wood as if it had been cheese, and in less than no time Perry had the hulk of a small schooner on the bench beside him.

The morning was gone before he knew it and the bench was full of chips, while a fleet of little boats stood in trim array on the window-sill by the time Perry remembered that his dinner must be eaten.

He thought he was alone as he uncovered the plate of cold meat and bread which his mother had left for him, and so would any one else have thought had that person looked in the neat and tidy place which was parlor, bedroom, and kitchen all in one—but, all the same, he was not alone. Unknown to Perry a strange guest was sitting beside him, one who comes unbidden to many a feast where wine sparkles and fruit and flowers blush and glow. Singular that he should take a poor little cripple for his host when he can have kings and emperors for his choosing.

But here he was, close beside Perry, whispering in the child's ear, and this was what he said:—

"That knife is yours—it is just what you need—it might have been twisted into uselessness or rusted and broken before any one saw it, had you not been at the window. It was just a chance that made you aware who dropped it, and that careless boy can buy as many as he wants, while you suffer for the need of one. How foolish you are to think for a moment of returning it! Take my advice, keep it—say nothing to anybody about it, and no one will be the wiser!"

Perry pushed his plate away, saying to himself: "I'm not a bit hungry—guess I've worked too hard."

Just then a small brown wren began twittering on the maple tree, and a sweet scent of honeysuckle was wafted in from the vine outside. Perry loved birds and flowers more than most boys—perhaps because he was so much alone that he had observed them more closely—but to-day the burden of the wren's song seemed to be:

"Don't!—don't do it! You know why, you know why!"

The tired little fellow curled himself up on his bed and went to sleep. The strange invisible dinner guest went away. The wren flew to her nest. Late that afternoon Ned and Will and True, who had not only rowed, but swam and fished for hours on the river, were sauntering home in the tired, listful way that boys fall into, when their day's sport is over, when they heard some one hallooing to them.

"Who's that?" said Ned, shifting the oar he was carrying from one shoulder to the other.

"Only one of those little pests of Mickietown," answered Will,—"come on, boys, don't

notice him,—look out for your fish, True, or before you know it the scamp will cut your string!"

Just as he spoke, there, sure enough, stood a little chap with a knife in his hand!

True turned and would have struck him had he not seen that the child was lame—as it was he said crossly;

"Be off with you, and let my fish alone!"

"I don't want your fish," was the reply in a quiet, hurt tone—"I only want to give you a knife you dropped this morning and to tell you I used it."

"What business had you to do that?" began True,—but his tone suddenly changed. "I beg your pardon," said he—"how did you know the knife was mine?" and he rummaged his pockets for a penny, which, not finding, he drew forth instead a lump of putty. "Here," said he—"don't you want this?"

"No," said Perry, but his eyes seemed to contradict his word.

"Yes, you do," said True, now good naturedly, "and I am much obliged to you; the knife is new and I've lost about a dozen in a year. What did you do with it?"

"I made some boats—I'll give you one for the putty, for I believe I can use that."

"Certainly you can—come on boys, let's go see the little chap's boats?" I don't believe they are good for anything, but it may please him," he added in an undertone, conscious that he had been too hasty and cross in his first suspicion.

Perry led the way to his house followed by the three others, and when they saw his day's work they were both astonished and ashamed.

"To think that a little lame chap could do all this while we were lazying about, whispered Ned,—and "you don't mean to say you can carve like that," said Will, as he took up something that looked like a puzzle of balls—one within the other.

"I can't do much," said Perry modestly, "cause I haven't good tools—that's the reason I used your knife," turning to True, "I hope I haven't dulled it, and I'm sorry."

"You may keep it a week, a month—you may have it out and out," said the impulsive True.

"No, I won't," replied Perry, coloring hotly. "Why not?"

"Because—oh, no matter—only I'm glad you came back this way from the river, for I don't know where you live, and if I had gone on using it, I might have broken it on something."

"Now, see here," said True, taking up a boat and squinting at it; "I'm going to the seashore, and I want half a dozen boats just like this, I can't make them myself, so if you can, let's call it an order and you take half your pay out in the use of the knife."

"That's fair," said the other boys, so Perry yielded, and True, who had a turn for business, drew up a contract on a piece of brown paper, in lead pencil, and made every one sign it. The boats were to be done in a week, and were to cost twenty-five cents.

The bargain, however, did not end there. True went to the seashore and showed his boats to every one, telling all he knew about Perry. The boat trade became so brisk that the lame boy could hardly work fast enough, and he has been able to buy a very good knife for himself. When True came home from his summer jaunt and found Perry looking pale and thin he did something else in which Ned and Will joined. They rowed him out on the river once a day steadily, and had the satisfaction of seeing him get a nice healthy color in his cheeks.

Perry never told anyone but his mother the whole history of that summer morning—but now that he cuts chessman and sells enough to buy books as well as knives, he often thinks how different his life would have been had he yielded to that subtle temptation of his invisible guest!—The N. Y. Churchman.