

man 'prayer' will hold an important place. 'Nothing without prayer.' He will pray to be guided as to what to preach about. His sermons will be composed in the spirit of prayer and they will be preached, accompanied by a prayer that the seed sown may bring forth fruit, to the honour and glory of God.

Such a man will seek to develop to the full the talents entrusted to his care by an almighty Providence. He will 'stir up the gift' that is in him. And such a man will succeed in bringing many sons to glory, and will endure to the end.

He will labour more abundantly than they all, 'yet not he, but the grace of God in him.'

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

(For the Church Guardian.)

Is this poor beggar man my dearest Lord?
Are these his hands stretched out in sorest need?

Shines there His glory round this wretched head?

Was it for such a one His Holy side did bleed?

Is this man, "one of these my brethren"?
To whom my Saviour bade me give my love.
In serving him, shall I serve Jesus Christ?
Oh! can I thus my true obedience prove?

And, if I kindness show to him who asks,
Will Jesus Christ my deed of mercy see?
And when I trembling stand before His Throne,

Will He say "Ye have done it unto me"?

Oh! what a thought, to minister to Christ,
To soothe His bed of sickness, Him to tend,
To hold His dying head upon my breast,
To be to Jesus Christ a tender friend.

To feel that He depends upon my care,
And trusts in me, because He is so weak,
And listens patiently to what I say,
And gently smiles, when holy words I speak,

And tell of all God's wondrous love to men,
And what Christ bore our ransom price to pay,

If each poor sufferer is, indeed, my Lord,
How shall I dare from one to turn away.

Oh! Father! fill my heart with loving zeal,
That I may hear my Saviour's gracious word,
"As ye have done it, ye have done it unto me
Come ye blessed of my Father, to the Kingdom
of your Lord."

—DOROTHY FORSTER

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

BY R. S. B.

When in death and sin I wandered
Far away from Jesus' care,
All his gifts and mercies squandered,
More than my desert or share;
Then no peace or consolation
Gathered round my aching heart,
Till I found his great salvation
Was for me, the better part.

Then I came, sin-stained and bleeding
To His cross, His cross of shame;
Saw Him, wounded, interceding,
Pleading for my soiled name.
Saw my Life, my Lord, my Saviour
Pleading at the throne, for me
Needing grace for good behaviour,
Daily grace to keep me free.

Yes, I came without delaying,
Told my wretchedness to Him
All confessed, with trembling, praying
Further grace, for further sin;
For I read in the Evangelists
How the foe surrounds us still
With his hosts of legion angels,
Leading captive soul and will.

Weak I am and prone to languish,
Even in His courts I fall,
Tossed with doubts and fears and anguish,
Even while His name I call.
Jesus! hear my piteous wailing;
From the dust I cry to Thee;
Send Thy grace, that, never failing,
Bids the sin-bound soul be free.

—The Churchman.

THE ROYAL FAIRY.

BY M. M. M.

Author of 'Little Lady Mildred's Inheritance,'
'The King's Visit,' etc.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

He was a tall, good-looking lad, a little older than Jack, and as he turned to watch him at the fairy's bidding, he found that instead of singing as the others were doing, he was standing with the music in his hands but with closed lips, through which came not even the words of the solemn chant. At first Jack felt rising within him a feeling of indignation at what he saw, for he naturally thought the boy was not doing his duty; but a second after a feeling of deepest sympathy took its place, for he saw that the white-robed chorister was in great distress, and that his chest rose and fell more rapidly than even the tones of the organ, and that the lips were pressed so tightly, not in obstinacy (as he had imagined), but to silence the deep sobs which made his whole body tremble. Now and then, as the service proceeded, Jack saw him hastily brush away a tear, and once he heard him murmur: 'The last time, and I cannot even sing one note in good by to the place that has been so dear to me for nearly seven long years.' It was then that his old friend beckoned with his small hand, and with a last look at the sorrowing chorister Jack followed him through the great rose-window and out into the cathedral close.

'What was the matter with the poor fellow, and where and why was he going?' cried the boy, when they were once more on their way again, and the last strains of music had faded away in the distance.

'You see,' answered the fairy, 'that boy (like most choir boys) has lost his voice, and as he can't sing, his work in the choir must come to an end. But don't feel so sadly about him, Jack, my boy, for his name is Joseph Haydyn, and he is destined to be one of the greatest musicians the world has ever produced; and although he is only the son of a poor wheelwright and must work hard for some years for his daily bread, he comes out all right in good time. You must go and hear his Oratorio of the 'Creation' some day, and then you will understand why his name became so celebrated before he died in May, in the year 1809. And now we are going to a place called Utrecht, in the Netherlands, to see a royal boy, whose name you have often heard. I wish we had time to see more of the quaint old houses, but we must hurry on to this one a little apart from the others, you see it is larger than most of them and is surrounded by a good-sized flower garden,' and he drew Jack after him through a large iron gate and up a wide road to the great front door. Just as they reached it, the sound of a boy's voice from within checked their speed, and an instant later through an open window floated out to them these words: 'Why, my friend Adrian, must I pore, week after week, over these dry books? I have no love for them, except when they tell me of war and politics, and I am so tired of the dull monotony of their contents. Give me a position as the meanest soldier, and I will be as happy as the day is long!' and as the doors were thrown open, a man and youth appeared

to the listeners without, the latter gesticulating in an excited manner, which tallied well with his flushed and heated face. As they reached the wide stone steps a spirited horse was brought forward by a groom, who bowed low and stood cap in hand while he held the stirrup for his young master to mount. With one bound the boy was in the saddle, and in every line of his expressive face could be traced his delight and pride in this occupation, and as he rode away he waved his hat to his preceptor and cried, 'Freedom at last, and happiness!' and with a merry laugh passed out of sight.

'He is just the sort of boy I like best,' exclaimed Jack, as horse and rider disappeared from their view, 'I wish I knew him for we both love to ride and hate to study, so we would be friends at once, you see!'

The little old man laughed gaily as he answered: 'Well, I own that you would have 'loves' and 'hates' in common, but you see you never can see this boy again very well in this world, as he died in the year 1558. And then you must remember that this boy is a royal son of a royal house, for his name is one of the greatest names in history, Charles V., of Germany, King of Spain, King of Lombardy, Governor of the Netherlands, the mightiest monarch in all Europe since the days of Charlemagne.'

'Oh, of course!' exclaimed Jack, as the fairy paused for breath after his long list of titles, 'of course I know about him. Why, he was the great emperor who died in a monastery, and who, before his death, placed himself in a coffin and had his own funeral gone through with by the monks, wasn't he?'

'The very identical man,' answered his old friend, 'it was certainly a very strange thing for such a great monarch and wise statesman to do; and we are told that the excitement caused by the weird ceremony brought on a violent fever, which was the final cause of his death, a few days later on. But come, we must hasten, as our journey is but half over, and the quaint house and garden soon faded from their sight, as Jack and his friend sped forward on their way.

[To be continued.]

GRANDMA'S STORY.

'O dear I'm just as tired as I can be, watching for that old postman, and he won't be here in a whole hour yet. He might come a little earlier Valentine's day, I should think,' fretfully said Angie Snow.

'Let's play something to pass away the time,' cried little Pearle.

'Yes, let's,' shouted a dozen voices in chorus. It was a merry party of cousins all at grandpa's to stay a month, and Pearle was a favorite.

'What will we play? I'm tired to death of blind man's buff, forfeits, and the whole of them. Let's try something new.'

'Yes, but what?'

'Here comes grandma; she'll tell us.'

'Would you like a story?' asked grandma.

'Oh, yes! one about a valentine, said Angie.

'Well, all sit down, then, and I will tell you a true story. It was the spring I was twelve years old, and all my schoolmates were expecting valentines. But I had none to send and expected none. I begged mamma for money to buy one, but she said she could not spare it.

'After a while a new plan came into my head. I would go to Mr. Spencer and get a valentine, and tell him I did not want mother to know for a few days. Meanwhile Cousin Fred was coming to pay us a visit the last of the week, and he always brought a present from his father. Of course he would send money; he always had. I could pay for the valentine, and no one would ever know it. I carried out my plan, buying an exquisite one, and feeling rather scared when he told me it