

Family Department.

"THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE."

I stood by a couch of woe and pain,
Where a martyr Christian lay;
Yet still from his lips there rose this strain,
"Lord, give me strength to say—
Thy will, not mine, be done."

And still, though the slow-winged moments brought
No rest to his tortured frame,
This whisper of faith and trust I caught—
Its burden was aye the same—
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

Then, methought the room with joy was filled,
As a thorn-crowned Being bent
O'er the couch of pain. His accents thrilled
The spirit by suffering spent:
He said, "My will is done."

Then gently he touched the anguished brow,
And said, "Oh! My child, arise!
Nobly thy cross hast thou borne till now,
Thy reward is in the skies,
For thou My will hast done."

And e'en as He spoke the pain seemed gone,
And a radiance filled the room,
While angel voice and seraph song
Re-echoed through the midnight's gloom
These words; "Thy will be done."

And I seemed to see the martyr stand
A spirit as bright as they,
While he joined in the song of the angel-band,
As he left his lifeless clay.
"Thy will, not ours, be done."

C. M. C.

There Is a Country.

BY DOROTHY DEANE.

Bess wandered wearily down the dim lit street with her last unsold papers under her arm. It was late and the wind was growing cold, but she did not mind it much, she only shivered and kept close to the wall.

A glimmer of light shone at the windows of the great church; she heard a sound of singing—the choir was practising for the Sunday services. A little door stood open close by, and she stole inside. It was warmer there, the wind did not blow, and she crouched down in the dark to listen.

The voices kept on in splendid chorus, full and mighty. Bess nodded drowsily in her sheltered corner. All at once a single voice sang out alone—a boy's voice—sweet, oh sweet! Bess caught her breathe with a little sob. Then she leaned forward and listened eagerly. What were those words, those wonderful words, the voice was singing?

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more."

Oh, what did it mean?

The voice stopped and then began again.

"There is a country which is an heavenly."

Bess clasped her hands in the dark, and the voice went on, low, sweet, thrilled with hope, exultant, glad, yes she was sure of it this time.

"They shall hunger no more."

Oh, if she could only find it! She sobbed softly to herself in the darkness, and the voice took up the words again, infinitely sweet and tender.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A door opened suddenly at the end of the passage; they were coming out, they would not sing any more to-night. She crept back into the shadow, and they passed her by. Then one came out alone; she heard him say good-night to the choir-master, who still lingered. He came down the dim passage, singing softly to himself the words of his solo:

"They shall hunger no more."

Now was the time, she would ask him. He knew about it. She put out her hand and touched his sleeve.

"Please tell me where to find it?"

He was startled, he had not seen her, coming out of the bright choir-room. He answered a little gruffly:

"What is it you have lost?"

"No, no, the country! Oh, I thought you knew, I thought you knew!" and Bess cast herself away in sudden, sobbing despair.

The boy whistled softly to himself.

"Oh!" he said gently, after a minute. "Come, don't cry, I'll tell you, I do know."

Bess hushed herself and listened eagerly.

"It is God's country. If you will be good and love him, he will come and take you to it some day, and you'll never be cold or hungry any more. He is your father."

"My father," questioned the child, wonderingly, "oh tell me where to find him!"

"But maybe he isn't ready for you yet," said the boy, "you must wait till he sends for you."

"But I want to go now," said the child, sobbing again pitifully. "I'm hungry now."

The boy whistled softly for a minute or two. He put his hand in his pocket. He knew there was just a nickle there. If he gave her that it meant a long two mile trudge for him.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The song drifted tenderly through his mind. Perhaps, might it not be helping Him? He thrust the money into the child's hand, and left comforted.

The sun came splendidly in through the gates in the morning. Snow had fallen; it had drifted into every corner of the dreary old court. It lay, white as a flower, on the very threshold of vice and misery, as if with its pure touch it would blot out and cleanse away the crime and sorrow and despair that lurked there.

Bess was astir in the early brightness. She shivered in the nipping air, and drew her old shawl closer about her. She went away down the court, and threaded the narrow streets, on and on. She came into broader ways, where there were beautiful homes. And still she trudged on. Somewhere lay the country; she had heard of it, a beautiful place where trees and flowers grew, and it was warm, and birds sang. She would try to find it. Perhaps she could find the other country too, that the boy sang about. It was her father's country. She would find him. Maybe, the boy had said, maybe he was not ready for her to come yet, but she would tell him how cold and hungry she was, and he surely would let her stay.

So she walked on. The sun mounted higher in the winter sky. He looked down and watched the child as she journeyed. There were trees by the wayside, gaunt and bare in the sunlight; they looked as if they too might be cold. She wondered when she should come to

green fields. She was growing very tired and cold and hungry.

She had passed out into the open country. The wide fields were hushed and white in their folding of snow. She saw now and then a country house, with curls of smoke winding away from its chimney top. She caught glimpses of firelight at the windows.

A great despair fell upon her at last. She was numb with the cold. Would she never find the country? Perhaps she had not come the right way. The tears dropped slowly down her face, and she was too cold to brush them away.

She stopped at the gate of the next house. A man went whistling across the yard. She would go in and ask him. Maybe he could tell her which way to go.

A minute later the farmer felt a timid touch on his arm. He turned and saw her, a pitiful little waif, tear-stained and blue with the cold.

Well, bless my soul!" he cried, turning his broad, kindly face full upon her.

"I want to find my father," said Bess, with a sob in her voice.

"Bless my soul!" said the man again, "Come straight to the fire and get warm."

He picked up the miserable little bundle and carried her into the sitting room.

"Here, mother, come quick and tend to this little snow-bird I found out in the yard just now. It's starved and frozen!"

A motherly woman came bustling in from the kitchen. Her face grew soft and tender, and her eyes were very pitiful as she knelt and undid the old shawl and chafed the poor, half-frozen hands.

The child was warmed and fed. She spread her thin hands to the dancing blaze with a great content in her face.

"You say you are looking for your father?" the farmer asked.

The child's lips trembled. "I wanted to find him, and the country," she said, vaguely. "The boy said I would never be cold or hungry any more, and that my father was there."

The farmer scratched his head in a puzzled way.

"He said maybe my father wasn't ready for me to come yet, but if I was good, sometime he would send for me."

The woman's cheeks were wet with sudden tears. "Father," she said, with a quiver in her voice, "I do believe she means heaven!"

The farmer's lips twitched a little. "Where did you come from?" he asked gently.

The child looked puzzled. Then she pointed, half uncertain. "That way, I guess—oh, a long, long way!"

The farmer and his wife looked at one another. The tears gathered slowly in the woman's eyes.

"Little Ellie was just that tall," she said softly.

The farmer walked away and looked out at the white-folded hills. The memory of a little face rose before him, the flash of blue eyes, the gleam of gold hair, the music of a child's voice.

When he turned back to his wife she had clasped the little waif to her hungry heart; then she crooned softly to it till it fell asleep. The farmer watched her as she brooded above the child. The same thought was in their hearts.

TO BE CONTINUED.