

Literary Department.

(For the Church Guardian.)
FATHER IN HEAVEN.

By G. A. H.

FATHER IN HEAVEN! the only good and wise,
To THEE from earth's uncertainty and trial,
A wayward, helpless child, I lift my eyes,
And cry with zeal that can not break denied;
Grant me THY sure, THY covenanted love,
Which will exalt me to THY courts above.

Here brood thick night dejection and dismay,
Sorrow and sighing and affliction sore;
While in THY presence dwell's eternal day,
And care, and sin, and death afflict no more;
No doubts perplex, nor fiery darts concealed,
Startlingly fall from faith's uplifted shield.

O! I entreat THEE, let me ever more
Dwell in the secret place of the Most High,
Beneath the Cross which my REDEEMER bore,
Under the watch of THINE unsleeping eye.
Low at THY feet I cast my soul, my care,
For there is safety no where else but there.

Lord, I have given my worthless self to THEE,
To THEE the SAVIOUR of both body and soul;
To THEE for time and for eternity:
Each thought, each motion, of THY grace control,
Enrich and guard me by THY power divine,
And make me ever and completely THINE.

Kingsclear, N. B.

FROM SHADE INTO SUNSHINE.

(Continued.)

In the little *Salle d'Amanger*, pretty and neat as was everything in and about the cottage, Marie, the old Basque servant, had arranged the evening meal, and they sat down prepared to enjoy it. Even had the two women been inclined to be depressed or silent, the children, with their healthy, happy faces and flow of merry talk, would scarcely have allowed them to do so; but Charlotte's bright, strong nature was not one to be clouded by depression, and her mother's firmer organization seemed to gather strength from her child.

For two years or more, the Power family called this little quiet nook their home, for two years during which Charlotte had entirely supported their small establishment by teaching her own language and German at Bayonne. From the wreck of their fortune, a small, a very small sum, had remained which, but for Charlotte's courage, promptitude and good sense, would have melted away in a few months of hesitation and waiting for help from others, but it was to help herself and those dear to her as her own life that Charlotte's whole heart pointed. Why should they live on the charity of friends or relatives, however kind, while she had the means of self-support? How could she, with open eyes, choose a life of dependence from which her nature revolted, when a life of self-respecting, honest work was open to her. Mrs. Power's health had always been frail since she had lost her husband in the prime of life through a terrible accident; but Charlotte knew that her mother, under all the gentleness of her sweet nature, would have suffered acutely from being dependent upon the generosity of others, though she was physically unequal to the task of forming any decided plan of action. Both ladies had a fondness for this part of France, where, when Charlotte was a child, they had spent some happy winters; its soft, pure air, its simple, yet suggestive scenery, the distant glories of the mountains, the majesty of sea, all drew them towards it. By a fortunate chance, Charlotte discovered that she could find employment at Bayonne, and thus her great object would be accomplished. Her mother's health would benefit by the change, her young brothers would, in time, find the means of education. She saw the matter clearly and acted at once, Mrs. Power, with loving confidence, leaving everything in her daughter's hands, and both praying with simple faith to be guided aright. At this distance from the town it had not been difficult to hire a cottage for a small sum, and there was something in the wildness of the pine-covered knolls and gorse-grown hollows, in the novelty of the whole surroundings which struck Charlotte's fancy and made her prefer this spot to the little villas nearer the city, even could they have afforded to inhabit one of them. She spent as much of their small store as she dared in making the quaint little dwelling as pretty and homelike as possible, and Mrs. Power felt herself surrounded by many comforts which she could never have anticipated.

Then Charlotte began her life of bread-winner to the little family. It was uphill work at first, but she was patient and hopeful. There was drudgery in it which she felt, as only a sensitive, passionate nature can feel, but she had realized before she began it what her task would be, and armed herself with quiet endurance. The number of her pupils increased, and, alas, the precious hours of leisure which she had now for the first time learnt to value rightly, became rare, but work was sweetened by the reflection that it was not for herself alone, but for all that made life worth living. Yet brave and true as she was, I cannot suppose that there were not many hours in which her heart sank with a sense of weariness, moments when there would steal across her memory, to tempt her to discouragement, images of the past, of the "dolce far niente," which tho' so unsatisfactory at the time, yet, in retrospect looked fair, of the country house with its broad lawns and wide-spreading trees and beautiful gardens, of the refinement, ease and comfort which had been the atmosphere in which she lived from infancy until the day when the O. & G. bank had stopped payment, and the Power family, like scores of others, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But against such occasional regrets and discouragements, Charlotte fought bravely, learning to go more and more frequently to the source of all true strength, and as time went on, her mind brightened more and more to the beautiful conviction that in all things there is an underlying good, that to the seeing eye and faithful heart there is nothing "common or unclean," that in self-sacrifice there is a higher happiness than in the fulfilment of the fairest hopes.

Thus Mrs. Power was comforted by the sight of her daughter's unflinching cheerfulness, for any shadow that fell upon her was dispelled by the determination not to let her mother suspect it. Truly, there was a beauty in their life which some who have never known adversity, whose lives have flowed on in one smooth current, only agitated by the troubles which people make for themselves, will hardly understand.

It was some hours later in the evening on which we saw Charlotte for the first time. The inhabitants of the cottage had gone to their respective rooms, doors were fastened, and Pedro, the great Pyrenean wolf-hound, lying in the shadow of the porch, for he was not a lover of moonlight, kept watch and ward. The sky stretched one vast purple dome over the sleeping earth and sea; only a few of the largest stars were visible, for the moon, at the full, shone like a silver shield high in the heavens, and quenched the lesser lights. Black as ink lay the shadows on the whitened ground; the sea seemed charmed into utter stillness, and the mountain looked full of mystery. Charlotte, leaning from her window, looked with the eye of an artist and poet, at the indescribable beauty of the scene, the majestic serenity of the night penetrated her, and lifted her utterly beyond herself; and unconsciously she clasped her hands in adoration of the Divine author of so much loveliness. It seemed as though she had been gathering strength and inspiration for the task which she had set herself—a task only in the sense of work, for it was at the same time the highest pleasure of her life. Closing the window, as if to shut out the temptation of looking longer at the night, she seated herself at a small table covered with manuscript and writing material, and in a few moments was writing rapidly. Her face seemed changed, while she was thus engaged, there was a concentration, an earnestness of thought and purpose in every feature, in her whole attitude and gesture that spoke well for the matter which grew and grew beneath her slender fingers. Surely, what she was thinking out and putting into words must be more than the more graceful fancies of clever, novel-writing ladies; surely there was something looking through those earnest eyes, at work behind that fair, broad forehead, which must appeal to noble hearts and thinking heads.

Still she wrote on, motionless almost as a statue, save for the little hand that was doing its work so bravely. Sheet after sheet became the expression of her thought, her deepest feeling, of all that was best and noblest in her nature; would it meet a seeing eye, a helping hand, prepared to bring it forward into the world, into contact with sympathetic minds who would receive what it was meant to convey, or was it one of those flowers of the human soul, "born to blush unseen"? Was it to be only a source of disappointment to the earnest writer who

was putting her whole strength into it? Surely not this, for the activity of mind which produced such work is the purest source of human gratification, and brings its own reward. The little clock standing near her struck twelve, and she ceased writing, refraining even from glancing at her last words. She methodically arranged her manuscript and prepared to go to rest. Glad and faithful were the prayers she uttered, and sweet the sleep that fell upon her that night.

And so time went on; the gorgeous summer gave place to soft autumn weather which brought new beauties to this pleasant land, but little change in the life of the inhabitants of the cottage. Mrs. Power's health was too frail to have admitted of anything but the perfectly restful life which she led, and society in their present circumstances, even had she desired it, would have been unattainable. But she was more than content in this peaceful existence which had no drawback in her eyes, save that it was obtained only by the unremitting exertions of her daughter. A drive into Biarritz, some miles distant, to attend the English service, was the one expense, which she allowed Charlotte to incur on her account. The only visits they received were from the English Chaplain at that watering place, and more frequently from the curé of a neighboring village, a kind old man who felt a warm interest in the gentle invalid and her daughter. It was through his instrumentality that Charlotte had so largely increased the number of her pupils at Bayonne, and his constant kindness and readiness to help them by any means in his power, gave them a sense of protection which they learned to value more and more. Still Charlotte continued her daily work, and still evening after evening, when her mother and her young brothers had gone to rest, after devoting herself to them from the time of her return from the city, she continued her labour of love, the work which was now drawing near its termination. This constant activity of mind and body, however, began to tell upon her. Her mother remarked with anxiety the extreme brightness of her eyes and the deep flush which often rose upon her usually faintly-coloured cheek, "My child, you are not well," she would say, passing her hand over Charlotte's forehead, "for my sake give yourself a little rest." Charlotte, however, insisted that she had never been stronger in her life, and besides in a few weeks she would have a fortnight's holidays, complete idleness, in which she promised to be as obedient as possible, and simply to vegetate. By that time, nay, long before, her work would be finished. "Then, why not put off finishing till then?" her mother asked; must she speak to her practical daughter as if she were a child? But Charlotte, with an eagerness of manner which was new in her, replied that she could not. "Darling mother, don't ask me to do so! a few days more and it will be done, and I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I have finished, at least, one task in life." "Dear child, your whole life is one task," said the mother fondly, "if I could but lighten it."

"Now," said Charlotte, I shall have to scold you again, why, what a thankless mother it is! Am I not resting now! What have I to do for the next hour but to sit here on this stool with my head on your knees, and to look at the fire, which is very pleasant this chilly evening. Now, stroke my hair for me," and she kissed her mother's hand, and nestled beside her. The clear flame of the wood fire shone on the two faces, the mother's almost ethereal in its delicate tenderness, the daughter with those earnest eyes looking at the glowing brands. But though in an attitude of such complete repose, Charlotte's busy mind was at work, and though it was delightful to feel herself surrounded by her mother's love, and resting in its embrace, yet she wished the evening to be over that she might resume her work. Another fortnight and it was done.

[To be Continued.]

The closer union we have with the world, the less is our union with God. A Christian, therefore, who strives after devotion should taste sensual pleasures very sparingly, should make necessity, not bodily delight, his rule.

In order to dispose our hearts to devotion, the active life is to be preferred to the contemplative.

To be doing good to mankind, disposes the soul most powerfully to devotion. And, indeed, we are surrounded with

motives to piety and devotion, if we would but mind them. The poor are designed to excite our liberality; the miserable, our pity; the sick, our assistance; the ignorant, our instruction; those that are fallen, our helping hand. In those that are vain, we see the vanity of this world. In these that are wicked, our own frailty. When we see good men rewarded, it confirms our hope; and when evil men are punished, it excites us to fear.

I AM TOO YOUNG.

A FEW WORDS TO THE NEWLY-CONFIRMED.

DIED AGED FIFTEEN. Such is the record that meets my eye. As I read it, I wonder whether that young soul, when in the body, said I am too young to receive the Holy Communion?

I wonder whether, if that young boy or girl did say so, they will be glad or sorry when they see Jesus at the Day of Judgment?

But why should I wonder when I know what Jesus has said? What is that? Listen to His voice speaking to you—

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you" [John vi. 53] No real life; life enough to be cast away as bad, but not life enough to enjoy the presence of God in Heaven.

But you may say, Does not that apply to old people only? No, why should it? Besides, while there is no special mention of old people seeking Him, listen to what is said to the young—

"I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." Prov. viii, 17.

Here is a distinct promise to those that seek Jesus early—that is in youth; and where shall you seek for Him with greater certainty of finding Him than at His Altar in that Blessed Sacrament through which He will evermore dwell in you, and you in Him?

Young soul, for whom Jesus died, would you say you were too young now to fulfil the last request of a dying father or mother? No, you would not say this. When then His Priests invite you to join, by communicating, in that great act which He through the Apostles has bidden them do in remembrance of Him, how do you dare say, "I am too young?"

If by too young you mean, I am too wicked, and intend to remain so, I will not indeed, urge you more; only read once again, DIED AGED FIFTEEN, and ask yourself this question—Where is that boy or girl now?

If by too young you mean, I am afraid I do not know my sins, do not know if I love Jesus, then, as your prayer Book directs, go to your Clergyman, who is here on purpose to help you.

And let me tell you this: children are not only not unfit to be communicants, they are most fit, since every year of life adds to their sinfulness, and therefore unworthiness.

But if too young you mean; it is not the custom—other young persons do not receive the Communion, why should I?—there is I am afraid, no other answer than this: it is not the custom for young people now to love the Lord, and so of course they do not hasten to answer the call of Him they do not really love.

Isaac patiently obeyed God when he was bidden to give up his youth to Him, and God saved his young servant because he trusted in Him.

Joseph while yet a youth was strongly tempted to impurity, but resisted; and see the result—God prospered him in every way.

Samuel abode in the Tabernacle and the Lord called the child and talked to him.

Obadiah was able to say "I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."

Josiah when young had so great a desire for the Holy Scriptures, that on hearing them read he trembled, and became at once obedient.

S. John the Baptist, when a child, spent his time for God in the wilderness, in solitude, self-denial, and prayer.

S. Timothy, from a child was versed in the Scriptures.

And you may read in early Church history of many children who, in times of persecution, gave up their lives rather than deny their Lord and Saviour.

"So, after all, the old custom was early to love Him who first loved us. Why should not you?—Selected.

Children's Department.

CONNIE AND HER CAT.

(FOR THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.)

Poor little Connie Grey had lost her cat, and no one, but a little girl who loves cats as Connie did, can understand her feelings.

She hunted everywhere for it, from her mother's bonnet box to the coal bin, and then night came and no pussy to cuddle down in her little bed with her, to help her go to sleep, for Connie was just learning to go to sleep alone with out a light and found it lonely sometimes. At first she had been a little frightened, but she knew that was very silly and that, as she was nearly four years old, she ought to be wiser; so she used to take pussy to bed and when it looked very dark, she would say, "We won't be frightened, will we Pussy? We're big girls." And pussy would purr and wink. So now when night came and Connie had to go to bed all alone, the loss of her darling seemed more dreadful than ever, and when her mother came upstairs a little while after to tuck her little girl in nicely and make her comfortable, instead of finding the blue eyes with their "doors shut" as Connie called it, she found the little head buried in the pillow and she thought she heard two or three quick little sobs. She immediately lifted her out on her lap.

"What is the matter with my Connie?" she said "tell mother all about it." But Connie could only sob out "Oh, my little soft pussy is all losted and I want her." Then her mother said "Is that what makes my little girl cry? Now don't fret any more about it dear, and to-morrow we will try and find her. Mother will hunt too." So of course Connie thought if her mother hunted she would be sure to find it and she soon went to sleep with her head on mother's arm, and then mother put her in bed again, kissed her and went down stairs.

In the morning Connie woke earlier than usual, and after Mary had dressed her and tied up her curls, and she had said the little morning prayer her mother had taught her, she ran down stairs; and then she opened the front door and stood on the steps in the sun, so that the soft fresh air would take "the sleepy" from her eyes.

She was standing, watching a big bee swinging on a clover blossom, when a little black hen ran past in such a hurry with something in its mouth, and Connie saw it disappear in the barn. "I wonder what makes that hen hurry so much," thought she; "I'm going to see what is the matter;" and she ran quickly after the hen into the barn, where she had seen her disappear; but when she got there, no hen could she see. "Perhaps she is playing hide in the hay, but I'll find her; and so saying, she climbed up into the hay, where she hunted until she came to a dark hole, which she knew to be "the tunnel" which the boys had made through the hay the Saturday before, and which was a grand place for hide and seek. Connie was beginning to feel hungry, but she thought she could not resist creeping through the tunnel just once before going in to breakfast. So she poked in her head, and then crept slowly through.

It was great fun, Connie thought, to watch the ray of light grow bigger and bigger, far away at the end, until at last she tumbled out into broad daylight, with little bits of hay standing straight up on her head like little quills on a porcupine. But what was that funny little noise? It seemed quite near her, and sounded like a funny little purr at first. Connie looked hastily around, and here, almost in front of the tunnel, was her lost pussy, curled up in a little nest, and close beside her four little kittens, such dear little things, Connie thought. One was black, and one yellow, and one grey, and one with a white star on its forehead, just like its mother. Oh! how she laughed and hugged her pussy. "Oh! my dear old pussy," said she, when she could speak; "I wanted you so. Why didn't you bring them in to show me? I love little kitties just as well as you. Did you fink I didn't?" But pussy only purred. Connie ran as fast as she could to tell the joyful news to her mother, who fixed up a nice little bed for puss in an old basket, and placed it where Connie could often run and watch them play; and some of her happiest moments that summer were spent with her kitties.