

Family Department.

"MINISTERING SPIRITS."

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?—Hebrews i. 14.

Descend from Heavenly regions, spirits bright, And guide the thoughts of poor humanity: Surround us in our every walk of life, And whisper to our souls sweet words of love. When Satan, ever ready to beseege Our unprotected citadels of Faith, With bell-born arguments of erring doubt, Defend our wav'ring hearts with holy text, And guard our souls with righteousness and grace.

When captive Israel moaned 'neath Pharaoh's rod, And Egypt's king with stony-hearted scorn Oppressed the chosen race of God, and he Who did the priestly office fill, became God's messenger, ye then upheld the hearts Of Israel's souls, with hopes of Canaan bright. So enter in our hearts, and guide our souls Through rising storms of infidelity. Reclaim our mortal minds from wand'ring thoughts, Which lead to error, mystery, and sin. So let us feel Thy presence in our hearts; To point the way to immortality. B.W.H.T.

King's College, Windsor, N. S.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

(Concluded.)

The tables seemed so full of people that Bonny had to walk up the room to find a place. A queer hush fell on the chatter and chatter. People dropped their forks. They watched this little figure with the sunny hair, the happy face, the shabby shoes, the tumbled cheek apron, that dragged after it the well nigh forgotten red cape, and at last mounting into an empty chair, said, with a sigh of satisfaction, and in a very clear voice; "I want dinner, please."

Bonny glanced round him. He thought everybody looked pleased, and catching the eye of a lady who bent toward him, he smiled back a shy, friendly smile.

This lady was the first to speak to him. She crossed eagerly over and said, "May I sit beside you, dear? I know a little boy once with yellow hair like yours."

Bonny never noticed that she had tears in her soft eyes now.

"I like your hair best," he answered, half shyly, half frankly. The lady's hair was very dark, and she wore it in a splendid yellow flower.

"But, please, I am so hungry! May I have dinner?"

Before the lady could answer, a stout gentleman came hurrying up.

"Well, well, let's see about this," he began, in a rollicking tone. "Shake hands, little stranger. So you come to my dinner, did you?"

Bonny dropped his head. He was rather afraid of the loud voiced man; but the lady whom he was not afraid of said, reassuringly, "this is the man who gives the dinner, little one; this is his house; he'll be very good to you, never fear."

So Bonny looked up then, and replied, simply, "I came; I was hungry, and I came."

The host cleared his throat, and said heartily, while he patted Bonny's curls, "Well, I didn't expect you, that's a fact; but we'll give you just as good a dinner for all that, a dinner?—I'll warrant you we will; and upon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I rather think the Metropolis Hotel is honored to have the chance."

Never, never had Bonny imagined such a dinner as he ate that day. The lady who sat by his side cut up the chicken, and helped him choose among the lavish dainties that the host kept insisting on having brought for him to taste.

Hungry? It seemed to Bonny that he never in this world could be hungry again.

His innocent heart ran over, and he told his new friend, the lady, all she asked him about his sick father, his tired mother, the torment that was like the kettle that all boiled away, and the big family that crammed it so full when gathered together.

But one thing neither the lady nor her husband, who filled Bonny's pocket with pennies, nor the host could succeed in finding out from him.

This was where the little fellow belonged, and how to return him to his home.

Street and number he knew naught about. What was his name? "Bonny Laddie." His father's name? "Oh, John." What kind of work did his

father do? "Oh, nothing; his father is sick." He had no clear ideas associated with any calling except with Nickie's, as they found by questioning.

That Nickie peddled papers, and that Bonny would when he was bigger, he was very positive about.

"Well, then," suggested the host, we'll try the news-boys. We'll just have Laddie standing by the door when they go past, and maybe he can pick out this brother of his from the lot.

The company sat for a long time round the tables. Bonny kept still, listening and wondering, though he understood little of the speeches and the toasts. Once all eyes were again turned towards Bonny.

A gentleman rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to propose the health of the first guest of the Metropolis Hotel; who, though uninvited, has given the patriarch of this palace the privilege of entertaining an angel unawares."

But Bonny answered nothing to the looks bent upon him. With one hand full of nuts and bonbons, the other in his heavy pocket, and a face of perfect peace, the little guest of the Metropolis Hotel lay fast asleep in his chair.

He was rosy awake again by the time the newsboys were crying their evening papers.

Come and watch for Nickie, coaxed the host, and with Bonny's small, warm hand in his own, he stepped out on the granite slab in front of the hotel.

"That isn't Nickie—nor that—nor that," Bonny kept on saying at first. "Oh, Nickie!" he shouted, suddenly, and plunged forth into the street, tumbled against a small boy in big trousers and an overgrown cap, whose bundle of papers looked much larger than he did.

Astonished Nickie, who had not been home since morning, could scarcely believe his senses at first, as he stared at his little brother through the dusk, the fog, and the rain-drops that now began to fall. However, he could answer all the questions that Laddie had been unable to satisfy, and in a very short interval a carriage had been summoned, the host had stowed away in it a capacious basket hastily filled with choice romances from the feast, and Bonny Laddie was rolling toward his home in charge of the gentle stranger lady and her husband.

Was there ever in the most agitated of kettles such bubbling and boiling as took place inside the crowd of excitement that night? Had not they all been breaking their loving, anxious hearts about Bonny Laddie, lo! here he was, safe in the old red cape, smiling and shining as usual, and rather mystified at having such a fuss made over him. The stranger lady, promising Bonny to come again, made haste to go away, but not before she had time to wonder at something she saw. Why did Bonny's tired, but blithe-looking mother give the lady's husband such a sad, almost fearful, look. Why did he seem confused, and going over to the sick man, say, "I will reconsider that matter, John. You may rest easy?"

Afterwards, she understood. When John's master had that afternoon curiously refused Mr. Donald's petition, and let her go away disappointed and distressed, her patient waiting and her earnest pleading having been in vain, he had considered himself right, from the stand-point of his own interest. But then he had known nothing of the clean, crowded household, and nothing of this yellow-haired Laddie who reminded him of another little yellow-haired Laddie who had been taken from him.—Harper's Young People.

CHRIST OUR LORD.

JESUS CHRIST is the most certain, the most sacred, the most glorious, of all facts; arrayed in a beauty and majesty which throws the "starry heavens above us and the normal law within us" into obscurity, and fills us truly with ever-growing reverence and awe. He shines forth with the self-evidencing light of the noonday sun. He is too great, too pure, too perfect, to have been invented by any sinful and erring man. His character and claims are confirmed by the sublimest doctrine, the purest ethics, the mightiest miracles, the grandest spiritual kingdom, and are daily and hourly exhibited in the virtues and graces of all who yield to the regenerating and sanctifying power of his spirit and example. The historical Christ meets and satisfies all our intellectual and moral wants. The soul, if left to its noblest impulses and aspirations, instinctively turns to Him,

as the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the panting hart to the fresh fountain. We are made for Him, and "our heart is without rest until it rests in Him." He commands our assent, He wins our admiration, He overwhelms us with adoring wonder. We cannot look upon Him without spiritual benefit. We cannot think of Him without being elevated above all that is low and mean, and encouraged to all that is good and noble. The very hem of His garment is healing to the touch. One hour spent in His communion outweighs all the pleasures of sin. He is the most precious and indispensable gift of a merciful God to a fallen world. In Him are the treasures of true wisdom, in Him the fountain of pardon and peace, in Him the only substantial hope and comfort in this world and that which is to come. Mankind could better afford to lose the whole literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America, than the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Without Him history is a dreary waste, an inextricable enigma, a chaos of facts without a meaning, connection and aim; with Him it is a beautiful, harmonious revelation of God, the slow but sure unfolding of a plan of infinite wisdom and love.—Frances R. Hawergal.

AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE.

The Parish Visitor, under the head of "An Inspiring Example," says: "The habit of determined cheerfulness against sorrow and hopeless trouble" has rarely been more beautifully illustrated than by this outline sketch of two lives.

Mr. R. J. Burdette, the humorist of the Burlington (In.) Hawkeye, in a letter from Nantucket, declining an invitation to attend a college society reunion, says:

"Mrs. Burdette's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this seagirt island to see if old ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. 'Her little serene highness, in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches, day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days."

"No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me, I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In her long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long, I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips, while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never questioning, and never doubting the wisdom and the goodness of the Father whose hand has been laid upon her so heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believed the love that knows no fear, and the faith that 'knows no doubt.'"

THE BESETTING SIN.

Flee from that sin! You are now in the greatest danger. The snare is about your feet. A "besetting sin," a base passion, or evil habit, craves to be gratified. Whatever the temptation may be, you must not parley nor yield for a moment, for the sake of your priceless soul. Your eternal state may be decided by such a moment as this. Heaven or hell is the issue.

Perhaps you have yielded so often as to be ready to despair, and to think your case hopeless? But do not be disheartened. Call up all your strength against this present assault. Cry to God through Jesus Christ for help. Pray earnestly that you may conquer it now. If you succeed, it will be easier to conquer again, and you may, with God's blessing escape entirely from your bondage. As the soldier grasps his weapon when attacked, so do you take the "sword of the Spirit," which is the work of God. "Thou God seeest me. How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

"Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

But you say: "Oh, the past!" Yet do you not know, whatever that past may be, that there is mercy, if you turn in faith and with a contrite heart to the Saviour? "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin"; this is your hope for the past. "My grace is sufficient for thee"; this is your encouragement for the future."

DEEDS DONE AND DUTIES LEFT UNDONE.

It is not what we know simply, but what we do, that will tell in the Judgment. Not simply what we do, but also what we fail to do. "Inasmuch as ye did it not."

How will it be with you when you are subpoenaed to that awful Bar of Judgment? There you will stand as you are—your character fixed forever. You will bring with you a book which shall then be "opened," that book which you are now slowly writing, its pages glittering with the record of almsdeeds and golden virtues, or blurred with selfishness and sin—the book of your own judgment! This is the Judge's record of evidence. And how will it be with you, despite your piety, your morality, your prayers, your zeal, if in that book is found not a single deed of charity, not a kindly word spoken to the suffering brethren of Jesus, the Judge? For, depend upon it, you will be questioned about the poor—about your lifelong treatment of the poor! What a thrill of horror will shoot through the veins of millions of pious people when they hear that question, and see its significance for the first time! "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God"—all in new garments of flesh. The Chambers of Hades, and the dust of the earth, and the caves of the sea, shall give up their dead. "There shall be the little children and meek confessors and spotless virgins and all the old soldier saints of God; the noble army of martyrs; the glorious company of the Apostles; the goodly fellowship of the prophets—there to be judged, and to see and hear what you had done for the poor brethren of Christ, who have longed for the crumbs that fall from the table of affluence. There, too, shall be the old antagonists and persecutors of the faithful; "all who laughed a lifelong laugh at Christ; the hardened sinners of all ages; the "Nimrods and Lucifers of the world;" these who split asunder the rations? and those at whose coming hell was moved, and stirred up her dead—waiting to read your doom in what you had done or not done for Christ's poor each one standing in his lot, hoping or trembling; trumpet roaring; the heavens rushing away affrighted; the earth in flames; kings and peasants huddled and crouching together before 'the Carpenter' of Nazareth—each hearkening in amazement to the then terrible words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these?" "Inasmuch as ye did it not!" —The Rev. J. May.

DOING GOOD.

EACH MAN is his brother's keeper. The law of selfishness is not the royal law of love. Most of us are too self-contained; we live within and for ourselves, and forget the world of sin and sorrow beyond us. Yet it is not far from us. At our doors, under our daily vision, are scenes of misery and vice of the most distressing character. Surely we should think about them, and try to transform them into scenes of peaceful plenty and blessed joy. We often sing—

"When the Saviour dwelt below, Pity in His bosom reign'd; Sympathy He loved to show, Nor the meanest suit disdain'd. "Round Him throng'd the blind, the lame, Deaf and dumb, diseas'd, possess'd; None in vain for healing came, All the Saviour freely blest. "He could make the leper whole; Thousands at a meal He fed; Winds and waves He could control, By a word He raised the dead," and then we pray— "Lord, to me Thy blessing give, Hung'ring, sick, and faint I come; Let me in Thy presence live, Lead me to my heavenly home." But we must learn to diffuse blessing as

well as receive it. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and happy are they who delight in doing good.

TRIBULATION may come as a flood into the Church; we may be disappointed even in the brethren; but those who have the eye fixed on Christ "hold on their way"; the word which they have heard, and which they keep, is a strong link binding them to Him, who is more than all else to them.

MANY people offer their prayers just as poor shipwrecked voyagers send off their messages. They never look for an answer. They are in great doubt whether they will ever be received. And it would seem a wonderful thing, indeed, if such prayers were answered.

God is to be feared if we are sinful, not man. We are not to be judged by a man, except it be the man, Christ Jesus. Fear God enough to do right, and be not too sensitive or abject as to public opinion, unless the opinion is a righteous one.

ONE act of charity is worth a century of eloquence.

BOOK NOTICES.

DANGERS AND DUTIES. Talks to Men and Women, by Dudley Ward Rhodes, Rector of Church of Our Saviour, Cincinnati, Ohio, author of "Creed and Creed," etc. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., 12mo., pp. 267. 1880.

The subjects discussed cover a wide field, and yet are of just such a practical character as the preface would lead us to expect. There is a great deal in each lecture calculated to benefit the reader, to stir up noble feelings, and to lead to sober thoughts and holy lives. It is a book which we feel sure will prove of practical usefulness, and be productive of positive good, and we therefore warmly recommend it.

We have received the December number of OUR LITTLE ONES, a beautifully illustrated children's Monthly, published by the Russell Publishing Co., 149 Tremont St., Boston. We cordially advise all who have "little ones," to subscribe to this charming little Magazine; the stories, in rhyme and prose, are among the most attractive we have ever read, thoroughly calculated to delight children, and all with a wholesome moral. The price is only \$1.50 a year.

We call attention to the new advertisement of Mr. John C. Spence, Glass Stainer, Montreal. His work is found in many of our Churches in the Maritime Provinces, and commends itself to good judges as correct, well executed, and at reasonable prices.

CLERICAL COLLARS, from best English pattern, \$3.00 per dozen. Fine Linen Surplices, circular shape, \$6.00. Stoles at reasonable prices. All kinds of Plain and Fancy Sewing done. The "Willing Workers," of St. George's Church, Moncton, N. B. Apply to Mrs. P. King, Moncton. 4ins-31

LADIES BEAUTIFIERS. LADIES you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

Marriages.

GREENCORN—HEFFERNAN.—At Crow Harbour, Nov. 17, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, William Greencorn, to Maria Heffernan, all of Whitehead. CONROD—MUNRO.—At Cole Harbour, Nov. 17, by the Rev. W. J. Arnold, Edward Conrod, of Ship Harbour, to Hannah Munro, of Whitehead.

Births.

WARNER.—At Pugwash, 15th inst., the wife of J. E. Warner, of a daughter.

Deaths.

ALMON.—On Wednesday, 24th November, at the residence of the Rev. John Abbott, Halifax, the Rev. H. Pryor Almon, of Fairfield, Windsor, Hants Co., N. S. ALWRIGHT.—At Weymouth, on the 19th November, Rachel, widow of the late Mr. John Alwright, of New Tuxet, Clare, aged 73 years. KILBURN.—Entered into rest, at 10 o'clock on Wednesday evening of November 17th, Maud E., aged 19 years, daughter of Ivory Kilburn, Esq., of Richmond, N. B. PEARCE.—At Government House, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 12th inst., of diphtheria, James Edward Leigh, second son of James and Edith Pearce, and grandson of Lieut. Governor Haviland, aged 12 years.