

Family Department.

LYRA MISSIONARIA.

THE CALL.

"Speak, Lords, for thy servant heareth."

Sweet Child! and wouldst thou choose indeed
The thorniest path of human care?
Without the garland wouldst thou bleed,

Long may it glow the flame that now
Burns with a faint and flickering light
Warning thy breast thou knowest not how;

The heavens are gray with gathering snow,
Loud in the white and sobbing main,
And Winter peals his blast of woe

Oh list! and on their labours look
To share whose labours Thou wouldst come
Mid thy gloom, in pastoral nook,

Where shalt thou find on earth below
The settled reign of love and power
The mingling Twelve had hoped to know

Thou canst not see the tears that flow
O'er the bleak toil of discontent:
The mystic Urim lose its glow;

Alas to many a herald's ear
Must pierce his own prophetic strain
Ere the fierce world be won to hear,

O turn thee to the hermit cell
Where Wisdom's smile and Wisdom's ray
Have hid the young disciple dwell:

O mark him when his latest year
Finds shelter in some soft retreat,
Where memory feeds without a fear

When rises with the cheering song
The anchor of the homeward ship
Who fears to join the happy throng

The sacred round from Yule to Yule,
That sees the young Timotheus grow
More steadfast in love's lowly role,

THE STAR RAINS ITS FIRE,
And the beautiful sing,
In the manger of Bethlehem,

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

Through the years that intervene,
O'er the ocean wide between,
I can hear this Christmas Eve,

Through the years that intervene,
In this far off, alien scene,
I can see, this Christmas Eve,

Kinging in the happy time,
With a glad sonorous chime,
I can hear this Christmas Eve,

They are telling what of old
Through the ages past they told,
Each succeeding Christmas Eve,

And the people, passing by,
Hear the voices from on high,
Each succeeding Christmas Eve,

Needs must hear a note of sadness
Underlying all the gladness—
How the world did Him receive.

Through the years that intervene
And the distance wide between,
Comes the solemn minister-chime,

A HARD LESSON.
A TALE.
(Written for the Church Guardian.)

The office of Dryson, Pickett & Co.,
solicitors, was as dingy and unattractive
a place as a lawyer's office need be.

It was early in the afternoon of a
bright, frosty, glorious Christmas Eve,
some ten or twelve years ago;

This other person formed a very striking
contrast to the old lawyer, who, from
life long association, had become, at least

Archie Lennox was five or six-and-
twenty, and looked as if care and he had
yet to make acquaintances.

The shadows were lengthening on the
snowy ground when Archie, after getting
through a little necessary business,
and having received from Mr. Dryson,
and placed in his pocket-book, an envelope

Archie, meant the greatest happiness
that life could hold, and it was no wonder
that that adventurous sun-beam spoke
to him of a world apart from these dusty
parlaments.

Having no son of his own, the doctor
would have been well pleased had Archie
adopted his own profession, but, as he
showed no preference for it, and inclined

Great had been the rejoicing in the
Goodwin's household over Archie's school
triumphs and subsequent success; but
this last good news could no longer be

The doctor's death had occurred about
two years previous to the commencement
of my story, and Mrs. Goodwin,
with her daughter Inez, and Beatrice—

"Lennox," said Mr. Dryson, in his
driest and most business-like voice,
"you remember about the disposition of Mr.
Culpepper's property?"

"His niece, Miss Culpepper, who, you
will recollect, was to receive her legacy
within three months of his death, has

And charity, that more excellent way,
is a tender affection for the whole crea-
tion of God.

O God, Almighty and Merciful, let
thy fatherly kindness be upon all whom
Thou hast made; hear the prayers of all

Preserve this land from the miseries of
war; this Church from all wild and dan-
gerous errors; this people from forgetting

"In everything give thanks; for this is
the will of God in Christ Jesus concern-
ing you."

Cause us, O God, to profit by all the
visitations of Thy grace and mercy.
It becometh well the just to be thank-
ful.

For all the known and unob-

containing the notes for the legatee, left
the office. His lodgings were near at
hand, and thither he went and hastily
dressed himself for his journey.

It was a glorious evening; the streets
were full of people, with the brightness
of the morrow in their faces; shops were
already lighting up, though the sun had

At right angles from the street along
which he was walking, ran another
which led to the pleasant suburb where
the Goodwins lived, and, when Archie
Lennox reached the crossing, he paused

(To be Continued.)
SACRA PRIVATA.

"I exhort that, first of all, supplica-
tions, prayers, intercessions, and giving
of thanks be made for all men."

"For ye are all of one blood."—Acts
xvii. 26.

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gerous errors; this people from forgetting

"In everything give thanks; for this is
the will of God in Christ Jesus concern-
ing you."

For all the known and unob-

served favors, deliverances, merciful ap-
pointments, visitations, opportunities of
doing good, chastisements, and graces of
Thy Holy Spirit, vouchsafed to me, I
bless Thy good providence; beseeching

THE FOLLOWING CAROL IS FROM THE PEN OF
THE LATE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW, DEV. R.
S. HAWKER:—

MODRYB MARYA—AUNT MARY.

[An old and simple-hearted Cornwall
household name, "Uncle" and "Aunt," were
used as they are to this day in many counties

Now of all the trees by the King's highway
Which do you love the best?
Oh! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's Name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor,
Summer and winter it sheds the same,

'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave,
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all, upon Christmas Eve,

So of all that grow by the King's highway,
I love that tree the best:
'Tis a hower for the birds upon Christmas Day,

THE CHARGE
DELIVERED BY THE
LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA
To the Clergy, July 1880, is now
published.
For sale at the Store of
W. COSSIP,
Granville St., Halifax.

Births.

MORFAT.—On the 14th inst., the wife of W. I.
Moffat, Esq., Amherst, of a daughter.

Baptisms.

MORGAN.—At Greenwich, on the 12th inst., by
Rev. D. W. Pickett, Lydia Jane, daughter
of William and Agnes Morgan.

Marriages.

BAILEY McLEAN.—On the 23rd inst., at St.
Luke's Church, Hubbard's Cove, by the Rev.
the Rector, James Wellington Bailey, of
Calais, State of Maine, to Annie Sophia
McLean, of Hubbard's Cove.

BLISS.—Borsford.—At Trinity Church, Dor-
chester, 15th inst., by the Rev. R. S. B.
Courtney Bliss, M. D., of Amherst, to Desie,
daughter of Blair Borsford, Esq.

Deaths.

KERR.—At Port Greville, Parramora, on Wed-
nesday, Dec. 8th, Mrs. Henry Kerr, aged 33,
leaving a widower and seven small children to
mourn their loss.

WETMORE.—At Bloomfield, King's Co., N. B.,
on the 11th, Esther Susannah, widow of the
late Henry S. Wetmore, in her 62nd year.

McALLISTER.—At Gettewtown, N. B., November
19th, Charles McAllister, aged 75 years, leaving
a widow and seven children, and a large
circle of friends to mourn their loss. The
deceased was a native of Loughaber, near
the Giant's Causeway, County Antrim, Ire-
land. [St. John Telegraph and Fredericton
Reporter please copy.]

LADIES, DELICATE AND FEEBLE

Those languid tiresome sensation, causing
you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet;
that constant drain that, taking from your
system all its former elasticity; arising the
uloom from your cheeks; that continual strain
upon your vital forces, rendered you irritable
and fretful, can easily be removed by the use
of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bit-ers. Irregu-
larities and obstructions of your system are
relieved at once, while the special cause of
periodical pain are permanently removed.
Will you heed this? See "Truths."