

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LOOKING.

BY MRS. AGNES HASKELL.

Looking backward—what do I see?
A checkered path fate mapped for me;
Rosy dreamings, that proved but dust;
Gold, that turned in my hands to rust;
An April day of smiles and tears;
False Hope, beckoning up the years.

Looking forward—what do I see?
Thorns and crosses awaiting me;
Care and sorrow on every hand;
Atoms of grain and worlds of sand;
Rugged hills for my feet to climb;
Sickle sharp in the hand of Time.

Looking upward—what do I see?
A crown of glory bought for me;
Fading palms for victories won;
Troubles ended, and joys begun;
River of life by great white throne;
Safe at home with the Risen One!

A CONFIRMATION HYMN.

Holy Spirit, now come down
On the souls upraised toward Thee;
Thy baptismal blessing crown;
Let our hearts Thy temple be:
Make us for Communion meet
With our Lord, blest Paraclete.*

When of old Apostles' hands
Touched the heads in meekness bent,
Thus obeying Christ's commands,
Instant grace from Heaven was sent—
Grace confirming every soul
Yielding to Thy blest control.

To Thy servants now draw nigh
Who their hands upon us lay;
Equal virtue from on high
Through them to our souls convey.
Gracious Spirit, blessings give;
Tis in Thee our spirits live.

Bow of promise span our sky;
Seven-fold grace our path attend;
Comforter, be ever nigh,
From all evil to defend.
Thou to Father, Son and Thee
Glory may forever be.

J. H. A.

* See the Rubric after Communion Office in the Prayer Book.
† St. Matt., last verse.

A GIRL WITHOUT A GIFT.

BY DAISY R. CAMPBELL.—(Continued.)

"I want to ask a great favor of you, Isabel, and I don't know how to begin." Reginald spoke very fast, and the color mounted to his forehead.

"Oh, if I can help you, Reginald, I'm more than willing," said the unsuspecting Isabel.

"Well, the truth is, I'm in a peck of trouble," Reginald said. "I must have some money, and I spent my last allowance before I had it."

"Why don't you go to your mother," the girl asked quickly. It seems to be the simplest, and, indeed, the only thing, to go to one's mother in trouble.

"Mother!" exclaimed Reginald, in a tone of amazement and incredulity. "Why, Isabel, are you crazy? I know the lecture I'd get, and no help either. The fact is, Isabel, mother just expects boys to be like old men and women, and have all the wisdom of Solomon, and she's awful hard on a fellow who does wrong. Oh no, it would never do to go to mother."

"Your father?" suggested the other.

"Father's kind as kind can be, but he'd tell mother, he can't help it. The fact is, Isabel, you're the only one to help me. I wonder—if—if—you couldn't—if you'd just as lief—lend me your money. If you knew the awful pinch I'm in, but I can't tell even you. Of course it's only a loan," he added magnificently.

Isabel hesitated a moment. That precious money which was to give me so much happiness! It was only for a moment. "Certainly," said she, handing it to him. "I'm glad to help you, Reginald, for you've looked so worried lately, it has worried me."

"Isabel!" called Aunt Henrietta, from below, "I want you to do some mending for me; were are you?"

"I can trust you, Isabel," said Reginald, as she left him.

"Certainly," his cousin replied.

Isabel did her mending that morning, in a thoughtful frame of mind. Anything like secrecy was utterly foreign to her nature, and while nothing definite shaped itself in her mind, she felt uneasy. She wished that Reginald had gone to his mother, instead of to her. Perhaps she had done wrong to lend him the money.

The next day, however, drove all troublesome thoughts from Isabel's mind. It was a perfect day, cool, and with roads in fine condition from the rain. A party of ten, five boys and five girls, met at the Kingsleys at an early hour. Ned Peyton rode a fine gray, and was to be Isabel's escort. The latter, thanks to Reginald's teaching rode unusually well. She and Ned took the lead, and when they reached the beautiful country which surrounds Clifton, Isabel's bay gained on Ned's gray, and to her delight, she found herself far ahead. A few moments later, the sound of a horse's hoofs, which she supposed to be Ned's, made Isabel use her whip without turning around, when a familiar voice reached her ears:—"Oh, Isabel, do wait a moment." Looking behind her, she saw Ned Peyton's sister Marian, a few yards off. She was a bright, lively girl, and she and Isabel were already the best of friends.

"Oh, Isabel," she said, panting and breathless, "I want to see you, I've sent Ned back. Do you see that cross-road? Follow me, and we'll join the party further up." Wondering at her earnestness, Isabel complied, and the two were soon cantering off on the road indicated by Marian, before the party behind them saw where they went. Suddenly, Marian drew rein, and leaning forward, said hurriedly: "Oh, Isabel, I'm so troubled about Ned. He's just the best boy, but lately he's acted so strangely. He's been away from the house so much, and Reginald is with him. I can see that Mama is troubled, and she'd be more so if she knew what I do. Yesterday, as I turned Franklin street corner, I saw just ahead of me, Reginald and Ned with a stranger—a tall man and real stylish, but rather common looking. I happened to look away to see a fast horse that was coming, and when I looked back, they were gone. Then Ned asked me for money lately, and it wasn't only that, but he acted so strangely when I gave him the little I had—wouldn't tell me a thing, and he's generally so different from that. Ned's awfully straightforward, and I'm so proud of him. Oh, perhaps you can't understand, but if Ned goes wrong, it would just break my heart."

Marian stopped suddenly, with a little suspicious click in her throat, and then winked the tears resolutely away, and went on: "You're so much with Reginald, I wondered if you knew anything. I can't bear to speak of it to anyone—Ned's such a good fellow—but I'm so worried and you seem the kind to trust, so I've told you."

"Just right, too," said Isabel warmly. "There's no telling what girls can do, even if the boys do pretend to snub us." Yet Isabel's heart sank as she spoke. She remembered the borrowed money, and Reginald's confusion. Had he fallen into bad company? What would Uncle Albert say if Reginald should go wrong? Aunt Henrietta, cold as she was, all her hopes and ambitions were centered upon her eldest son.

The girls rode on, talking earnestly. They decided on nothing yet, except to try and be as bright and agreeable as possible, and especially to make the evenings attractive, and keep the boys at home.

Many were the exclamations of wonder over their absence, when the two overtook the party later, but all was easily forgotten in the excitement of a race. Isabel astonished herself that morning. She joked, revived old conundrums, and even made up new ones, and was the life of the party. Ned Peyton, who had always liked her because she was so lively, and "no nonsense about her," now thought her the best

of companions, and the moments flew. When they returned to town, Ned and Isabel, Reginald and Marian rode together.

"What shall we do to-night?" Marion asked, as they halted before their own door.

"We've an—" Reginald began, when he was interrupted by Isabel. I know what we're to do. You're to bring Maud Symond's new game over to our house to-night, Marian. You know she said she'd lend it to us any time. And Reginald is to play on his guitar, and we can try his college songs. I've found out since I've been here that I've an alto voice; and you, Marian, have a good contralto, and Ned has a tenor, and Reginald sings bass. We'll have lots of fun," Isabel concluded, with enthusiasm, "and when we've learned a good many songs, we'll make up a serenade party some night."

Reginald was exceptionally fond of music, and wise Isabel knew it.

"And I'll bring some fresh taffy and chocolate creams Carrie and I made yesterday, and we'll have a real treat," promised Marian.

"But really, girls,"—Ned began, when Isabel said, "Now you needn't make us believe you're so backward about eating good things, for we girls know better than that."

"We can not come early," said Reginald, quickly and decidedly, "but we'll come later."

"Oh, if you do, you won't find us,"—this from Isabel. "Come now, boys, there aren't such attractions elsewhere as we can offer you, and besides, you couldn't have the heart to let us make other plans." Never had Isabel looked so attractive as she did at that moment. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes darker than usual, and a womanly look came into them as she talked, far more becoming than her usual careless, merry expression.

(To be continued.)

FOUL WORDS.

The first time that Eric heard indecent words in the dormitory he was shocked beyond bound or measure. Dark though it was he felt himself blushing scarlet to the roots of his hair, and then growing pale again, while a hot dew was left upon his forehead. Ball was the speaker; but this time there was a silence, and the subject instantly dropped. The others felt that there was a new boy in the room; they did not know how he would take it; they were unconsciously abashed. Besides though they had themselves joined in such conversation before, they did not love it, and on the contrary felt ashamed of yielding to it.

Now, Eric, now or never! Life and death, ruin and salvation, corruption and purity, are perhaps in the balance together, and the scale of your destiny may hang on a single word of yours. Speak out, boy!—Tell these fellows that unseemly words wound your conscience; tell them that they are ruinous, sinful, damnable; speak out, and save yourself and the rest. Virtue is strong and beautiful, Eric, and vice is downcast in her awful presence. Lose your purity of heart, Eric, and you have lost a jewel which the world cannot replace.

Good spirits, guard that young boy, and give him grace in this hour of trial. Open his eyes that he may see the fiery horses and the fiery chariots of the angels who defend him, and the dark array of spiritual foes who throng around his bed,—Point a pitying finger to the yawning abyss of shame, ruin and despair that even now is being cleft beneath his feet. . . In pity show him the canker which he is introducing into the sap of the tree of life, which shall cause its root to be hereafter as bitterness, and its blossoms to go up as dust.—Archdeacon Farrar.

Consideration of peculiarities must be made even in very young children. Seldom two children can be governed in the same way; and it is a duty of parents to study their individualities, otherwise there is no discipline.