

Family Department.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

By ISABELLE DE ST. ANNAUD.

DAILY burning, hourly shining,
So our life must be;
Throwing, in the world of darkness,
Light that all may see.

Ever keen, and ever watchful
Must our vision be,
(Not obscured by pride or glory),
So that we may see
All the light of deeds of others,
As they pass us by,

Ever stands the Church of Jesus,
With its holy light
Cast upon the age's darkness,
As a beacon bright.

When our earthly toil is ended,
May we dwell for aye,
Where each smaller light is blended
Into perfect day.

MARIE'S MONEY-BOX.

From the French of F. Dupin de Saint Andre.
Translated by Edith Kiekwood for the
New York "Churchman."

(Continued.)

II.

Some days later Marie was invited to
breakfast with her godmother. She
started, delighted, beaming. An invita-
tion to go to her godmother's was to
her, of all things, the most agreeable.

On that day Marie's godmother, who
was English, was busy with an employ-
ment much esteemed among her country-
women. She inscribed passages from
Scripture upon white cards in colored
letters, adorned with flowers and arabes-
ques.

"Oh, godmother!" she said at last:
"now that you have painted cards for all
your sick people and all your poor
people, put one for me also—a little
one, pretty, with plenty of flowers."

"And no text!" asked her godmother.
"Oh, yes; but you know I don't need
such serious things, for I am not sick.
And, besides, I want something easy to
understand, because I am so little."

"I think I have found exactly what
you need. But you shake the table so
that I can do nothing well. Run away
for a while and see what Betsy is doing,
and come back in half an hour."

"It is more blessed to give than to re-
ceive," were the words Marie's godmother
had written.

"It is not a bit pretty!" cried Marie,
"and it is very difficult to understand!"
"On the contrary, it seems to me very
easy and true," said the old nurse. "For
my own part, I am never so happy as
when I have been able to give my sister's
children a present."

"But you are not a little girl," replied
Marie, "and so it is very different."

"And Leon? He is not old," returned
Julie. "Have you never seen him when
he carries a roll to old Jean, or when he
has regaled his friends; the chimney-
sweeps? Have you never noticed his
bright eyes and his happy smile? Did
you not see the dear child when he

brought me this pretty black apron,
bought with his Christmas money?"

Marie did not answer. She was re-
flecting seriously, and this is what she
said to herself:

"It is more blessed to give than to
receive." That is from the Holy Bible,
and the Holy Bible is all true.

Besides, her godmother had chosen
those words, and she ought to know, for
she spent her life in giving. Still, the
card said the opposite of what Marie
had always thought.

She had fancied that to be happy it
was necessary to receive plenty of
candies, plenty of playthings, plenty of
fine things of all sorts. But had she
been very happy in receiving her tea-set
the other day? And, on her birthday,
had the beautiful gifts kept her from
grumbling and discontent?

"When I gave the three old dolls to
mamma," she said, to herself, "I was in
very good humor; I was glad to be rid
of them; they were always dragging
about the cupboard. But when mamma
and Leon give it is not only to empty
their closets and be clear of things, and
yet they are pleased to do it. I am not
like that myself: I don't like to give
away things I cared for. And, after all,
if things are good and pretty, one ought
to keep them. And it is very wrong to
waste one's money. Godmother's idea
was not a good one when she chose this
verse for me. I don't understand it,
and it bothers me."

I think myself that Marie did not
wish to understand, or rather that she
understood very well, but did not wish
to conform to the instruction given by
the text. "There are none so deaf as will
not hear."

Marie, on entering, began to learn her
lessons for the next day. In the middle
of her table, or her other tasks, the words
of the little card kept coming to her
mind; but, instead of the pretty blue
garland painted by her godmother, she
saw the great black eyes of the little Pau-
line, and her two hands stretched out to
give her back the doll.

III.

Sometimes Marie went to breakfast
with her godmother; sometimes this lady
came to breakfast with Marie. She
came one morning about eleven o'clock,
and told Marie that she was going to
spend the day.

"How glad I am!" cried the little girl:
"for I want to tell you what I did at Isa-
bell's last evening."

But her godmother did not seem so
disposed as usual to listen to her talk.

"I am very anxious to see your
mamma," she said. "Take me to her
room."

"Well, dear friend," she said as she
opened the door, "I have succeeded well.
I have walked a great deal, tackled a great
deal, written a crowd of letters, but see
how well I am rewarded." And she
laid several pieces of gold on the table.

Madame Deville counted them.
"It is perfect," she said; "with what
I have collected there is enough to pay
the child's board for two years. After
that we shall find what is necessary."

"But there is still the outfit," said the
godmother.

"I have that almost ready," replied
Madame Deville. "Marie's old dresses
fit the little one nicely. With what the
grandmother gives I shall have enough.
It is the journey that troubles me."

"The journey shall be my affair," said
the godmother. "I intended to go
south. I shall start a little sooner than
I had planned, and by going a little out
of my way I can take Pauline to Saint-
Hippolyte. The expense shall be my
personal contribution to do this good
work."

Marie had listened in silence to this con-
versation without at first understanding
what it was all about. The word Saint-
Hippolyte explained all. She had often
heard her mamma and her godmother
speak of an institution where deaf-mutes
were instructed and taught to understand,
from the movement of the lips, all that
was said before them, and where they
even learned to pronounce words. Al-
though she had not had a perfectly clear
idea of the state of deaf-mutes, and of
the difficulty they find in learning, she
had felt interested in what they said.
She now suddenly felt a desire to do
something herself for little Pauline; the
idea that this child was going away with
a bad memory of her was painful to
Marie.

"Here," she said to her godmother,
holding out a two-sou piece, which had
just been given her, and which she had

not yet had time to put into her money-
box, "buy a cake for Pauline to eat on
the journey, and tell her I sent it."

"Certainly," answered her godmother,
a little surprised, but pleased with the
evidence of interest.

"But, little daughter," said her mam-
ma, the poor child could not understand
that you sent the cake if your godmother
gave it to her.

"Godmother will explain it to her."
"You forget that Pauline cannot hear
a word that is said to her."

"Not even when one talks very loud,
ouder than to grandpapa?"

"Not even then."

"She could once hear a little?"
"She has never been able to hear at
all. Her mamma may often have told
her she loved her, may often have called
her darling, but poor Pauline never
heard it."

"Ah! dear, dear!" cried Marie, upset
at the idea of a misfortune the like of
which had never entered her mind.

"At Saint Hippolyte," said Madame
Deville, "she will be taught many
things, and they will tell her of the good
God, Who has cared for her, Who has
left her a kind grandmother, and friends
who love her."

"Well," said Marie, "I also wish to
help to pay for her journey; so they may
tell her I am among those who love her,"
and she ran out of the room. She did
not stop until she reached her drawer—
the drawer where lay her dearest treasures,
and among them her money box.

She shook it, and shook it again, to
make the money come out, but nothing
would pass except a little ten-sou piece.
Julie, whom Marie called to her aid, suc-
ceeded no better; the miserly money box
did not want to give anything.

"Those machines have to be broken
when you want to get the money out,"
said Julie. "Have you quite decided
that it must come?"

Marie hesitated a moment. The little
china cask was pretty, and had cost her
five sous! But the idea of Pauline and
the recollection that she must be told of
those who had loved her, of those who
now loved her, and of the good God, sur-
mounted the desire she felt to keep her
money-box, and she had the courage to
break it. It held all her fortune—five
francs and ten sous; she did not wish to
keep back any, and bravely carried it all
to her mother.

Her heart had never felt so satisfied.
This first joy, which was not for herself
only, gave her a pleasure she had never
before tasted. It then was true that it
was better to give than to receive.

The next morning Marie went with
her mother to Pavement street; but this
time her step was light, although she
now carried a parcel much heavier than
the old doll. They had decided that the
five francs and ten sous of the money-box
should not be spent for the journey, but
should buy a beautiful book full of
colored pictures of natural history, which
should amuse Pauline, be useful to her
and should offset from her mind the
memory of Marie's first visit.

Marie's mamma had had a good idea.
She had fastened Marie's photograph
upon the white fly-leaf. It followed
that Pauline understood perfectly that
the pretty book was from her and was
given willingly; the smile and the
amiable air of the little girl spoke a
language that the deafest might grasp.
It was with real delight that Pauline
turned the pages and recognized objects
or familiar animals in the pictures.

Every moment she turned from the book
to smile at Marie and to cover her hands
with caresses. Marie also understood
this language, and it made her happy—
happy with a joy all new to her; a peace-
ful joy that was very real, though she
did not feel like expressing it.

That evening, when Leon had time,
Marie begged him to nail up her god-
mother's card. She no longer found
the beautiful words hard to understand,
since she had herself proven the truth of
them; she wished to see and read them
over often.

When the card was nailed Leon offer-
ed to mend the little cask which Julie
had told him was broken. It had broken
in two pieces, so it might be joined. But
Marie refused; she wished this to be a
final ruin, like that of her darling avarice
destroyed with the same stroke. For
the future she used her portemonnaie.
The chimney-sweeps and old Jean count-
ed her among their most generous
friends.

But it was always for Pauline, to help
to pay her board, or to send her little
gifts, that she devoted her favorite coin-

omies. And Pauline became one of the
best pupils at the institution, and made
good progress. At the end of two years
she sent nicely-written letters to her
friend Marie, and after that pieces of em-
brodery, crochet-lace, and all sorts of
fancy work, so neatly done that it was a
marvel how she ever accomplished them.
And later, when Pauline returned to her
grandmother, it was Marie now grown
up, who raised money to buy a sewing-
machine for her, which enabled the young
girl thenceforth to support herself.

THE POWER OF SUFFERING.

If we try to think what part of our
Lord's life it is that has influenced us, and
influenced the future of His Church the
most, we shall find that it is not so much
what He did, as what He suffered.

From the pierced Side came the Blood
and Water, for the healing of Humanity.
When He was well and strong, in the
human sense, He healed the sick and
worked miracles; but the power of His
Life was in His suffering and dying.

One new thought which Christianity
has brought into the world is this:—the
strange power that there is in suffering—
(Wilkinson.)

THE EDITORS' BOX.

[Questions to be addressed to CHURCH
GUARDIAN, Box 120, Montreal, N.B.]

7. I would like to ask a question:—1. A priest
or deacon baptizing a person uses correctly the
words of the Office and the water; but believing
in the doctrine of Intention decides that he will
not effect the baptism. 2. A Bishop administer-
ing Orders, intends to obtain a deacon, but by an
inadvertence uses the words for conferring priest-
hood.—Now, denying the doctrine of Intention,
the baptism in case one must be valid; and if so
why should not the ordination in case two be
valid also? (I do not ask this for the sake of
asking, but really desire information upon what
to me is a difficult question.)

CANDIDATE FOR HOLY ORDERS.

March 9th, 1881.

A.—Let it be taken for granted that
the Trentine doctrine of "intention" is
unsound, or as Hook puts it is a "mon-
strous and fearful assertion." In case
one, it is clear that the validity of the
act of Baptism is indisputable. The real
difficulty in the mind of our correspon-
dent lies in case two. Let us state this
case more definitely.

1. A man who is duly qualified by ex-
amination and testimonials, presents him-
self by appointment to be ordained
Deacon.

2. The first part of the Service is duly
said. He is presented to the bishop "to
be ordained Deacon." The Collect and
Epistle refer to Deacon. The Bishop
describes the duties of a Deacon, and
asks the candidate: "Will you do this
willingly and gladly?" To which he
answers: "I will so do by the help of
God." The duties of a Deacon having
been explained, the necessary questions
put, and the answers given, the Bishop
proceeds with the intonation of ordaining
the person to the Deaconship. But he
inadvertently uses the words in the Or-
daining of Priests. Now, says our cor-
respondent, "why should not the Ordi-
nation be valid also?" That is, if the in-
tention did not affect the Baptism, why
should it affect the Ordination? The
Bishop intended to give him authority
as a Deacon, but he has used the formula
for conveying "the office and work of a
Priest." The question is: Is he a Priest?
Our view of the point is this: If the
candidate were eligible to receive either
office, undoubtedly he would be admit-
ted to the Priesthood, for whatever the
intention was, the Bishop as the source
of authority conferred on him a certain
office, and the power to exercise certain
official functions, which cannot be re-
called on account of a mistake. But the
case before us is somewhat different. A
Bishop is limited by law. He cannot
confer an office illegally. The ecclesi-
astical law provides that a man must be
ordained Deacon before he can enter the
Priesthood. No Bishop by virtue of any
authority inherent in him can advance a
layman to the Priesthood. Consequently
the man himself is ineligible for the
office, and the Bishop, though he may use
the words, has no power to transmit the
authority. The ordination is null and
void.

We would advise our correspondent to
procure, if he can, Bishop Sanderson's
"Cases of Conscience," which he will find
most valuable in questions of casuistry.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)
SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS TO
THE GIRLS.

By MARY STERLING.

LENT.

Almost all of us have commenced Lent
with earnest desires to improve, and
resolutions to practice self-denial, but to
a great many of us the benefit derived
from strictly keeping Lent does not seem
very clear. The worldly pleasures are
given up reluctantly and fasting and
self-denial seem irksome; we hardly
want to admit it, yet we feel it so. Then
we do not find that we derive any par-
ticular good from it, and in fact hardly
look for any. Let us apply the test of
God's Word to this: "When ye fasted
and mourned . . . did ye at all fast
unto Me, even to Me?" Zech. vii. 5.
Are we doing to-day what "we find to
do" only because it is proper to do so,
and other Church people do, or because
we know our Saviour expects us to be
declared in His "When ye fast" and so we
do know it is for our good, and we can be
sure of the fulfilment of His promise—
"Your Father . . . shall reward you
openly." The daily practice of self-denial
even in little things helps us to grow
above self and gain greater command over
ourselves, and we will find it still more
helpful if our sacrifices are made for the
sake of being more able to help the poor
and those who need it. Which of our
enemies do we find it most difficult to
gain the victory over in our every-day
fighting? Is it not self? We find self-
ishness, indolence, love of the praise and
good opinion of others and distrust of
God's love and care intruding in even
our best actions, words and thoughts, and
we can easily trace all these to love of
self and trust in ourselves. And do you
think this self is worth living for? We
cannot think so for one moment; we are
to "walk not after the flesh, but after the
spirit," and must, if we would follow the
example given us, daily, hourly try to
live for God and others in every little
thing. "We are not our own, but are
bought with a price;" and we are also
commanded to "love one another as He
has loved us," and the "one another"
grows wider and dearer the more we
think of "as He loved us" and how much
it means. When we have the highest
love in our hearts there is no room for
love of self abiding there, though it may
always intrude to the end of our lives,
but we are promised victory.

We read of how our Saviour, wanting
to give another proof to His children of
His power and love, invited His disciples
to "come into a desert place apart and
rest awhile," and they went with Him.
When they reached it, do you think it
was a "desert place" to them and to the
multitudes who so willingly followed?
Do you think they sighed for the noisy,
lively cities they had left? We can
picture the poor, heavy laden, sorrowful
ones eagerly listening to the only word-
able to comfort and guide them and lift
the heavy burden from their souls. How
they must have loved Him as "He taught
them," and led them to look higher than
the life around them, even to Himself,
for rest, and told them of "how their
Father loved them and He loved." Not
only were their souls fed, but their bodily
wants were cared for by Him. What
must the thoughts of that desert place
have been to those people ever after.
And now we, His children, to whom He
need not be a stranger as He was to some
of the multitude, are called "into a desert
place apart" for a little while, and can
we, would we be unwilling to give up
the pleasures of the world and give as
much time as we can to His service?
We have His own words yet not as an
echo of words spoken long ago, but as
loving and powerful and true now to us
as to the multitudes then; and the more
we search and study His Word, with the
help of His Spirit, the more we will love
Him and grow in strength and grace.
We will find this surely true, for Jesus
Himself says "the words which I speak
unto you, they are spirit and they are
life."

Let us spend the rest of this Lent as
He would have us do, rousing ourselves
up to heartily fight against self and the
sins which so easily beset us, bringing
them all the time to Him, asking Him to
conquer them in us, and that in us may
be fulfilled His word—"My strength is
made perfect in weakness," and according
to our weakness so will He give us
strength. "We can do all things through
Christ which strengtheneth us," though
"without Him we can do nothing."