

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## ADVENT.

By the Rev. John Cullen, M.A., Author of  
"Poems and Idylls."

Thou hast come, O gracious Saviour, once in  
great humility,  
Soon shall we Thy second Advent, with the  
holy angels see.

Lord, come now in love and pity, gather those  
who far may roam,—  
Weary ones who lonely wander,—take them to  
Thy blessed home.

In Thy Word and in Thy servants, who pro-  
claim the way of life,  
Daily now to us Thou comest, giving peace in  
daily strife.

In each prayer and sweet communion, Lord, to  
us Thyself reveal;  
Sanctify us with Thy Spirit, let us all Thy good-  
ness feel.

Come, O Lord, to bless and succour all who  
look to Thee for aid,  
Speak to us Thy word of comfort, lest our  
hearts be sore afraid;

Come to teach us and direct us, come to help  
us and to cheer,  
Come and give bright hope to lead us through  
another holy year.

In the time of woe and sickness let us know  
Thy chastening hand,

And when thus refined and perfect, lead us to  
Thy promised land;

Lead us gently, holy Saviour, in the path  
which Thou hast trod,

To the country where Thou reignest,—to our  
Father and our God.

Bless to us each visitation, when Thou comest  
near, O Lord,

Strengthen us by grace and promise, open for  
us a Thy word;

And when Thou shalt come to judgment,  
crowned with awful majesty,

We shall then in holy gladness lift our hands  
and welcome Thee.

## Gipsy's Baby.

A STORY FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

Continued.

Hurrying up the steps, she went into the  
church, straining Mollie more tightly to her  
heart, that beat so fast she could hardly breathe.

Inside were tall pillars that upheld an arched  
roof, wide aisles, subdued light, a sense of space,  
of quietude—all strange and awe-inspiring to  
the girl, who never had been in a place of wor-  
ship before.

Softly she stole up the aisle, and there, at  
the further end of the church, stood a young  
man with outstretched hands, and what looked  
like the "gown" of the picture in Gipsy's  
eyes. He was talking to and smiling kindly  
on a group of children who sat near, listening to  
him.

A rush of indescribable feelings, came over  
Gipsy's ignorant soul, full of the latent, beauti-  
ful faith of childhood—feelings of mingled awe,  
wonder, and rapture, a strange, sweet certainty  
of help and safety.

She had found Jesus! All was well now.

Right up the aisle she came, looking neither  
to right nor left—up to the very feet of the as-  
tonished minister, and held her baby out to him  
with both arms.

"He said you'd cure people as was sick," she  
cried breathlessly, her eyes like two stars in  
her white face. "He said you loved little child-  
ren, and called 'em to you, and—and—I've been

looking for you—cause my Mollie's sick; and  
oh Jesus! you'll make her well, and 'elp us to  
get away from father, won't yer?"

Some of the young folk congregation began  
to titter, but tears were in the minister's eyes  
as he laid his hand very gently on Gipsy's  
head.

"My dear child," he said; then paused, as if  
there was something in his throat that hindered  
his speaking.

"Oh, sir!" cried Gipsy, breaking into sobs,  
"he said as you was good and kind; and you'll  
cure my baby quick, won't yer?"

"Come with me," said the minister, recover-  
ing his voice, and taking Mollie from her sis-  
ter's arms, he carried her into the vestry, where  
a bright fire was burning. "Sit down my  
child," he went on bringing a comfortable chair  
to the blaze, "and get warm, both of you. When  
I have finished with the children, I will come and  
speak to you."

Very soon he returned, and sitting down by  
Gipsy's side, he told her very simply and ten-  
derly that he was only a servant of the dear  
Lord Jesus, but that Jesus was indeed with  
Gipsy—looking upon her, listening to her—  
though she could not see Him.

At first Gipsy's disappointment was intense,  
but soon she was listening with renewed eager-  
ness to all that Mr. Somers told her. After all,  
it was true that there was such a Man as the  
Lord Jesus who did love and call little children  
to Him, who could cure sick people, and make  
sicked ones good!

Some day she would see Him, Mr. Somers  
said, and live for ever with Him. Meanwhile,  
He would teach her to love and serve Him.

"I do love Him," asserted Gipsy, with con-  
viction, "cause He's so kind. I know He'll  
cure my baby, too."

Mr. Somers thought of those gracious words  
of old—*According to your faith be it unto you*—  
and said "Amen!"

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Gipsy is a grown-up woman now, with little  
children of her own, who are never weary of  
hearing how mother went to look for Jesus and  
found Him. They like to hear how Gipsy went  
back to the old attic full of joy, to find her  
father—alas!—laid dying on the bed, and Jim-  
my playing his drum as if it were quite a festive  
occasion; they never can be persuaded to feel  
any sorrow for the man who kicked poor Mol-  
lie! They like to hear how Mr. Somers found  
the orphans a happy home with a kind old  
widow, who cared for them as if they had been  
her own children; how Gipsy and Jimmy went  
to school, and learned to be useful, industrious  
members of society; but most of all, they like  
to hear how the Lord Jesus cured Gipsy's baby,  
through the instrumentality of a skilful doctor,  
a friend of Mr. Somers', who worked amongst  
the poor in the same loving self-sacrificing  
spirit.

"Ah! that was a blessed day for me, when I  
found the Lord, and asked Him to cure my Mol-  
lie!"

This is always the way Gipsy finished her  
story, and as surely as she does this, her young-  
est child turns gravely to the plump, merry-faced  
auntie whom they all love so dearly, and says,  
with ever-renewed wonder—

"So, you were mother's baby once!"  
"Yes!" says Aunt Mollie, with a fond smile  
at Gipsy.

## A Christmas Sacrifice.

By PAULINE.

Hurrah! a letter from home at last? It was  
dinner hour at the Longly Boy's School, and  
Ernest Kingdon was one of the last of the group  
that was dispersing after the distribution of the  
daily mail, which always took place at this  
time.

Some say boys do not care for letters nor let-

ter writing, but anyone watching Ernest's  
bright face at this moment would have been of  
a different opinion. "I wonder why Murray  
did not wait," he said, as he sprang up-stairs  
two steps at a time, whistling to himself in a  
way that would certainly have drawn down  
upon his head a reprimand had he been over-  
heard by any of the teachers. Up two flights  
of stairs, to his dormitory, where a number of  
boys were preparing themselves for dinner.  
Ernest took a seat on the edge of his bed and  
began tearing open the envelope. "Home for  
Christmas at last," was the happy thought  
which the sight of the handwriting brought to  
him. This letter was to bring the money for  
the journey.

"Yes, there were the bills, but — why,  
what could it mean; one glance showed him  
there was only half the amount he had ex-  
pected.

He crushed the notes into his pocket and be-  
gan to read.

All round the boys were joking and laugh-  
ing as they washed their hands and related to  
one another stories of their morning's experi-  
ence, and the time was passing, but still Ernest  
sat on the bed without stirring or hearing a y-  
thing.

"Hello! look at Kingdon, he's going to have  
a fit or something!"

"What's the matter, old boy?" from another,  
"just let me clap you on the back."

"You'd better hurry up about it too! The  
bell will ring in half a minute."

The boys clustered round with their different  
comments, wondering what made Ernest look  
as if he was going to choke.

It was true he was very red about the face,  
but none of them guessed that it was with the  
effort to keep back something very like sobs.  
He was horribly afraid he was going to cry,  
and would willingly have choked rather than  
be seen doing such a thing—"All those fellows  
watching too!" Where could he go?

He shook off the detaining hands of his com-  
panions, and rushed out of the room.

Down stairs again, even faster than he had  
come up, only this time he chose the back stair-  
way, never pausing till he was safe in a far  
away class-room, where he knew no one would  
come at that time—and then he gave way to  
the tears which would be kept back no longer.

Do not laugh boys, I daresay there have been  
times when you have looked for a place to shed  
a few tears too. Ernest was almost fourteen  
and quite a manly boy, but he could not help  
it now, he had had such a disappointment. Af-  
ter a while he recovered himself, and lifted his  
head from the table.

"What a baby I am," he said thinking at the  
same time what a good thing he had opened  
the letter before his brother had seen it. He  
spread the offending missive before him, and  
read it again. It was from his mother. She  
generally addressed her letters to them both,  
but this was only to him, and ran thus:

*My Dearest Ernest.*—I am afraid you will  
feel badly when you hear what I have to tell  
you, but my boy, it cannot be harder to you  
than it is to me. One of you will have to re-  
main at school during the Christmas vacation.  
It will have to be so, Ernest; I cannot possibly  
spare the money to have both of you come and  
return, though you may feel sure I have tried  
in every way to do so before writing. I ad-  
dress myself to you because you are older than  
Murray, and will. I hope be able to make him  
understand that this is unavoidable. To keep  
you at Longly another year, as I wish to do, it  
will be necessary to exercise the strictest econ-  
omy, and I know your great desire is to help  
me, as you will by bearing this bravely. One  
of you must come in order to take back the  
things I have prepared for you. I do not say  
which it is to be, for I long so much to see  
both my sons that I cannot decide. You must  
settle it between you. Murray is quite as able