

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

*"Eye hath nor seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that Love him."*

How beautiful the earth!  
Its woods and fields how fair!  
Its sunny hills and smiling vales  
Bright streams and balmy air.  
What then is Heaven?  
Brighter than eye e'er saw,  
Nought can on earth compare,  
With that glad land, all bathed in light,  
All glorious, passing fair.

How happy is our home,  
How sweet the loving care  
Which compasseth each one around;  
All in home's gladness share.  
What then is Heaven?  
Each heart with joy o'er flows;  
Filled with the Father's love;  
The brightest home faint image gives  
Of that dear home above;  
Our home in Heaven.

—Selected.

## FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

[From the Young Churchman.]

'I can't stretch it another inch, Margaret.'

There was no answer from the slender girl standing by the window, gazing absently down into the throng of the street below, and there came again, in the fresh, sweet voice: 'Margaret, dear, I cannot well make half a yard of cloth do duty for a yard, can I?'

Margaret Breeze brought her mind down to the realities of every-day life, and turned her earnest, brown eyes towards where her younger sister was kneeling, as she answered gently:

'No, dear, you can hardly do that. But I really believed that we had bought enough stuff to last, and stepping across the little faded room, the speaker surveyed with careful eye, the lounge and the amount of chintz designed to cover it.

'You see, there isn't enough stuff to cover it, put it which way we will.'

'I don't know about that. Have you tried it lengthwise? No, I do believe you have not, for see, it will just reach.'

'You always could manage a thing better than I, Magg,' said the younger girl, in tones full of admiration, 'there doesn't seem to be anything that you haven't the courage to undertake and do.'

'Where there's a will, there's generally a way' as father used to say, and a tender, wistful look flashed over the older girl's delicate face, as she knelt to adjust the chintz on the dingy lounge.

It had been with this saying of her father's in her mind, that Margaret Breeze had had the courage and determination to leave their rectory-home among the heather-clad moors of England, and accept the offer of an elderly cousin to make her home and her sister's with himself in America, after their only remaining parent—their father—had been taken from them.

'Yes, I know it seems a very formidable undertaking, especially for an English girl,' Margaret had said, when being counselled by her uncle and aunt to renounce leaving England, 'but with my Cousin Will Larcom to meet us in New York, and faith in Him, Who has promised to 'protect the fatherless,' I shall hope only for the best.'

'But it is ridiculous for a girl of twenty one to go on such a wild-goose chase,' her Aunt Polly had exclaimed, 'I wonder if you expect your cousin Will Larcom to keep your bread buttered for you over there?'

'No, Aunt Polly,' Margaret had answered with womanly dignity, 'our bread will be all the sweeter for our having earned it, and life will be fuller and nobler than if we remained at home to be a burden on our relations. I have read and heard that in America young girls are independent and not ashamed to earn their own living; there are but very few of our friends here who would not think Bessie and I had descended in the social scale, if we went out as working girls.'

Thus it was that six months after the death of their father Margaret and Bessie Breeze found themselves in New York, one sultry June day, after a not unpleasant voyage across the Atlantic; and a few days later at the boarding house, wherein their Cousin Will made his home, in one of the middle states.

'You are right welcome, girls,' had been his greeting, 'I don't know that you will feel much at home at first in the little room I've got for you, but it's the best I could do. This is a grand country, a grand country—plenty to eat, to drink and to spare—if one goes the right way about getting it.'

And for a month the two modest English girls had lived what seemed to them a fairy-like existence, after the quiet and retirement of of their English home. Everything was so new to them—so wonderfully different from our old home, as Bessie put it, while Margaret, living in daily companionship with the Creator of all, added gravely, 'there is One who is just the same, dear.'

Two months had passed since the arrival of the girls, and Margaret awakened one morning with the determination to confer with her Cousin Will in regard to some kind of employment for herself; Bessie she wished to attend school. But when questioned upon the subject of so much importance in Margaret's life, William Larcom had replied very gently:

'My dear, as long as I have two strong, willing hands to work for Bessie and you, they're yours. Keep the sitting-room looking spick and span, if you like, or do a little fancy work for the stores, but don't talk of going out to work just yet,' and with that he had walked away, leaving no chance for reply.

But who can tell what a day may bring forth? William Larcom had gone forth in the morning in the strength of his manhood. At night he was brought home, maimed for life—his left hand taken off, and his side injured by a street car almost passing over him.

What the weeks of nursing and care taking were that followed, to the tenderly nurtured girls, no one knew but themselves, and perhaps the kind motherly landlady who rented them rooms.

'There, that looks decidedly better,' said Bessie, as Margaret put the finishing touches to the once uninviting, but now cheery looking lounge, 'I do hope Cousin Will will notice it.'

Four long weeks had the sufferer been confined to his bed. But at last the doctor had given permission for his removal to another room, and it was for this the sisters had purchased the chintz, that they might enliven the room for their cousin.

Before his affliction William Larcom had been an easy going, good-natured man, taking life as it came, with no thought for the here after. But with his deprivation of freedom, there came a hard, resentful feeling in him toward God and man.

'A useless log,' he said bitterly, as having been helped to the lounge, he looked with stern-set face into the tender ones of his cousins as they hovered about him, 'what is the use of a broken-up fellow like me living? Better be dead and done with it.'

'You have Bessie and me, you know, Cousin Will,' came in soothing tones from Margaret's lips, while Bessie pressed a cool, soft hand upon his forehead.

'Yes, and much use I'll be to you, now—and I'd planned so much.'

'And you have done much for us. We shall be only too glad to do our share now,' said Margaret brightly. 'You have no idea, Cousin Will, what a smart hand I am at trimming hats—Bessie can tell you—and I am going to see if I can't get a place where I can earn money in that way. Bessie shall stay at home with you, and care for the rooms, you know.'

'I don't see how I can stand it, cooped up in these four walls,' groaned the sick man rebelliously, 'it's so different from what I thought of—but who'll care for a useless log like me? what's the use of living, anyhow?'

'There is a use for you, else God had not left you here, Cousin Will,' said Margaret, tenderly, and then, as though the spirit within her were too large for its bounds, she burst forth impulsively: 'Oh, if you only would lay your burden on God, He will help you as no one else can,' and with a sympathetic pressure of the thin nerveless remaining hand and a beckoning nod to Bessie, William Larcom was alone in the room—with his thoughts,

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'I have had no experience, Madame, but I am very willing to try and please you.'

It was Margaret Breeze who was thus speaking to Madame Granot, the most fashionable milliner in the city, and to whom the landlady had recommended Margaret's applying for work.

Madame Granot scanned the fair face and mourning clad figure of the slim English girl keenly—she had at once noticed her clear, soft voice—and said abruptly:

'You don't look very fitted for work—close work as millinery is.'

'I have never been very sick, Madame, and will be such a helper, you know,' said Margaret earnestly.

Madame Granot was called away at this point, and when she returned she said not ungraciously:

'If you want to come on a week's trial, you may. But I warn you, it will be steady work from morning till night, no play about it.'

'I do not expect it to be other than steady work,' and there was a proud intonation to her clear voice as she added: 'good morning, Madame, I will be here punctually to-morrow.'

Margaret succeeded so well during her week of trial that she was regularly employed. The first days had been very drear to the delicate girl, had it not been for the helping hands and kindly thoughtfulness her courteous ways won from her fellow working girls. But there were times when her heart seemed to die within her with sheer longing, as she thought of the parsonage on the moors, and of the dear father and mother who had helped to make it home for Bessie and her. 'Mother, darling,' the girl would murmur at such times, 'how I wish I had you now.'

But if Margaret had her days of bitterness and longing, they were as nothing to the miserable, purposeless days that William Larcom spent upon the chintz covered lounge—days when he wished himself dead, and when he believed himself forgotten of God and man. The bright faces which Margaret and Bessie tried to keep up in front of him, while they in a measure seemed to lend comfort, yet seemed to fret and chafe him. He received a weekly indemnity from the Insurance Company in which he carried a policy, therefore he felt no anxiety as regarded money while that lasted, but after that was stopped, what was to become of him and the two girls, for Margaret could no more than keep herself with her small earnings? It was this thought that continually pressed upon his spirits and increased his fretfulness.

Thus the long weary days for the cousins passed on.

Coming home from her work one evening, tired with the cares of the day, Margaret found her cousin will appearing more wretched than usual.

'You can talk to me about being patient, but