

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

God be merciful to me, a sinner.—*Gospel.*

Light of the World ! to Thee I come;
All dark with sin am I;
Yet is Thy light my childhood's home,
Long lost; now through the earth I roam
A stranger, wearily.

Though I am dark, Thou seest me,
And knowest all my sin;
I cannot hide one thought from Thee—
Nor would I, Lord! O search, and see
All that lies hid within!

Unless I know my Father knows
The worst that I have done,
How can I hear the love he shows?
How take the gift that love bestows
On such a guilty one?

My Father, lo, all doubting dies!
I know that Thou canst see,
Outspread before Thy glorious eyes
My present, past and future lies;
And yet Thou lovest me!

HOW DANNY BECAME DANIEL.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

(From the Parish Visitor.)

I.

(Continued.)

George pushed his glass away with a shamefaced look; Bill began to bluster; he had been drinking pretty freely. How dare you do it after my orders? But, pledge or no pledge, drink this you shall, if I pour it down your throat.

Oh, don't, Bill, Danny pleaded; beat me if you want, but don't make me taste that stuff. I won't touch it. I'll die first. Let him alone, Bill, George said, starting up violently; I'm not going to stand by and see the little fellow bullied. You're another of the mission-school psalm-singers, Bill sneered. I'll show you what I'm made of as soon as I've finished this one. George was tall for his age, but the slight figure was no match for the big, burly fellow who measured him so contemptuously. Giving himself, however, no time for thought, he threw his arms about Bill, striking the glass from his hand, which shivered upon the floor. Run, Danny, run, he called, breathlessly. I'll hold him until you're off. Danny started out of the door and down the dark stairway with its broken, crazy railing. He knew that if he could escape and hide until Bill was sober, the danger would be over, and yet before he was half way down, the thought of having left George alone to hear the battle came to him. He turned suddenly, his foot slipped, and just as Bill with clenched fist turned to strike a cruel blow at the boy who held him so desperately, the sound of a terrified cry, then a dull, heavy fall, and more dreadful silence, startled them. Bill's hand dropped; his face blanched; the anger died out of it. George, he said, with trembling lips, you go and see; I can't. Take the candle. Then George with the other man went slowly down and came more slowly back, bearing a helpless form from which all life seemed to have gone. Don't tell me he's dead, Bill said, wildly. Danny, dear little kid, I never meant to hurt you like this! Go for the doctor, George; he can't be dead!

In the gray of a winter's afternoon, Miss Nancy was startled by a loud ring at the bell, and an agitated voice speaking her name. Hurrying out into the hall, she found George. Miss Nancy, he said, Danny's been hurt. The doctor says he's going to die. He's been kind of heavy-like all day, and now he's waked up and been asking for you; just saying your name over and over. Bill didn't want me to come, so I just started without telling him. I'll go with you at once, George. But, Miss Nancy, it ain't a nice place. Never mind, you shall take care of me.

As they went through the streets she heard the whole dreadful story, and her heart glowed for the brave spirit in that frail body. She

shuddered as George pointed out to her the place where the child had fallen. The door was opened to her gentle knock, and she found herself face to face with Bill; but such a changed face, so haggard, with a frightened, uneasy look in his eyes. Upon the bed lay Danny, and a young man sat beside him, with his fingers upon the child's thin wrist. Saying simply, I am Danny's Sunday-school teacher, Miss Nancy went to the bedside, and stood looking down at the motionless figure.

May I speak to him? she asked. It can do him no harm, was the reply. Nothing can harm him now. Danny, she said, very gently. The heavy eyes opened, showing no surprise at her being there. He said slowly, with gasps between the words, There was another name you said you'd call me. For a moment Miss Nancy forgot; then as quickly, Yes, I know; Daniel, you are my brave Daniel. I will not call you Danny any more. Miss Nancy, Bill did not hurt me, remember that. I fell down the stairs myself, and Miss Nancy, George says he's never going to drink any liquor again. Ain't that good? He's like another of those Jew men. I wish there could be three besides me. Don't you remember Daniel had three friends, and only one's joined me. I want Bill. Oh, Bill, won't you be one? Don't you know the story I told you that Sunday? I don't dare promise, Danny, Bill said, brokenly. I'm not Danny any more. Miss Nancy said I was to be called Daniel. I'm so sleepy. I believe I'll go to sleep now. Good-night.

They stood in silence around the bed. For a while his breathing came slowly and regularly, then quietly and gently ceased. Turning to them, the young doctor said, Where Danny has gone, there shall be no more night. Bill fell on his knees by the bedside; his frame was shaken with convulsive sobs; he seemed deaf to any words of comfort; so they left him with George, who promised to look after him through the night.

Several weeks passed. Miss Nancy had followed her little scholar to his quiet resting-place, and, with tears in her eyes, had told his story to her class. One boy had gained courage, by his example, to join George in his determination never to touch drink again, and Miss Nancy was praying earnestly for the third, just as little Danny had longed upon his dying bed. She scarcely dared to hope, and yet Bill's name was daily on her lips, and it was for him she pleaded. Then one day the answer came, wonderful in its completeness. As she was entering the mission school, George stopped her at the door. Miss Nancy, he said, and his whole face seemed one smile, here's Bill! And, oh, Miss Nancy, he's took the pledge, and he wants to know if he's too big to come to your class in the Sunday-school.

FAMILY PRAYER.

There is one mark of a household, in which God is known and loved, which is too often wanting in our day—I mean the practice of family prayer. Depend upon it, the worth of a practice of that kind can only be measured by its effects during a long period of time; and family prayers, though occupying only a few minutes, do make a great difference to any household at the end of a year. How, indeed, can it be otherwise, when each morning, and perhaps each evening too, all the members of the family, the old and the young, the parents and the children, the master and the servants, meet on a footing of perfect equality before the eternal, in whose presence each is as nothing, or less than nothing; yet to whom each is so infinitely dear that He has redeemed by his blood each and all of them? How must not the bad spirits that are the enemies of pure and bright family life flee away—the spirits of envy and pride, and untruthfulness and sloth, and the whole tribe of evil thoughts, and make

way for His gracious presence in the hearts of old and young alike, who, as He brings us one by one nearer to the true end of our existence, so does He, and He alone, make us to be "of one mind in a house," here within the narrow presence of each home circle, and hereafter in that countless family of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, which shall dwell with Him, the universal Parent of all eternity.—*Canon Liddon.*

DIOCESE OF NIAGARA.

The much esteemed Bishop of this diocese has been presented with a handsome pectoral cross and chain by a few of his personal friends in different parts of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. The cross is of the shape of the *crux immissa*, or Latin form. It is from the establishment of Messrs. Cox, Sons, Buckley & Co., of London, and has been admirably executed from a beautiful design by the Rev. E. Geldert, of England. The front is elegantly chased, and relieved at the apices with foliate emblems, nicely gilt. The chain is of strands of silver, tastefully disposed. The cross and chain are contained in a neat, suitable case. The gift was accompanied by the following letter from the Most Reverend the Metropolitan:—

My dear Bishop of Niagara,—

Some of your friends wish that I, as Metropolitan, should send you in their names a present of a pectoral cross, as emblematic of your Episcopal office, and of your relation to the Great Shepherd who laid down His life for the sheep, and who has commanded you earnestly to feed His flock, following His blessed example, Who went about doing good and healing all who were oppressed of the devil.

They also send it in recognition of your earnest work, and of your fervent love for the souls for whom Christ died.

I feel the greatest pleasure in complying with the express wishes of the donors, and join in the hope that you will be pleased to accept this offering of their esteem and affection, and that you will wear it for their sakes.

I remain, with all Christian regard,
Affectionately yours,

JOHN FREDERICTON,
Metropolitan.

The Bishop of Niagara has written a letter of acknowledgment to the secretary, from which we extract the following:—

It is a small thing to say that I thank you one and all. I do this very heartily, and I would assure you that the esteem and loving confidence of which your beautiful and appropriate gift assures me are to me most precious possessions.

It will be a joy to me to wear this cross during the years that I may be permitted to work for the Church of God, purchased with the Cross of our Blessed Redeemer.

My successors shall receive it in due course, according to your wishes, and they will prize it highly; although it cannot speak to them, as it will always tell to me, of so many loving friends, with the good wishes and high hopes which they encourage for me in my holy and most responsible office.

Begging that all may be assured of my appreciation of their kindness to me, and of their very beautiful gift,

I am, yours very faithfully,
CHARLES NIAGARA.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

TORONTO.—The Rev. E. S. Ellerby, of Toronto, has been appointed Secretary for Canada for the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, in place of Rev. Johnston Vicars, deceased.