

quire. If its senselessness were to be shown up rather than its wickedness, there would be more hope for reform among adults in the use of their lips, and the rising generation would improve in the same ratio, for children readily imitate their elders.

## Family Department.

### THE ASCENSION.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is the King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."—Psalms xxiv. 9, 10.

"With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought, they shall enter the King's palace."—Psalms xiv. 15.

"I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also."—John xiv. 2, 3.

Open ye gates, yet once again,  
For coming One with glorious train,  
"The King of glory?" Yea, 'tis He,  
And with Him goodly company.

Open, ye everlasting doors,  
That all may tread Thy heavenly floors.  
"The King of glory!" and His bride,  
Open, ye portals—open wide!

"Lift up your heads" ye heavenly gates,  
The Bridegroom calls, the bridal waits;  
This is "The King of glory"—yes,  
Clothed in His perfect righteousness.

### WINGS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

What matters it tho' life uncertain be  
To all? What tho' its goal  
Be never reached? What tho' it fall and flee  
Have we not each a soul?

A soul that quickly must arise and soar  
To regions far more pure;  
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more  
And every joy is sure.

We like a bird that on a bough too frail  
To bear him, gaily swings;  
He carols tho' the slender branches fail—  
He knows that he has wings.

## "ACROSS THERE."

BY JENNY HARRISON.

"Father, somebody has moved in, across there."

"Well, that's an end of any quiet for me, I suppose! You seem to feel rather pleased over it!" he answered, somewhat fretfully, not even turning to glance "across there."

She who had called him "father," had nothing of the daughter about her. She looked fully as old as he; perhaps even older. Her white hair was smoothed back from a face which bore the stamp of care and trouble—satisfied by divine grace. Her patient eyes dwelt, with a pathetic fondness, upon him whom she had called "father"—a name adopted long ago, when her girlhood's lover and husband had gradually merged into the still dearer "father" of their little ones.

All the tokens of fatherhood were, alas! hidden away under the wind-swept grasses, in that early country home, where such sweet dreams had made day and night glad, only to fade out, forever unrealized!

"Yos, I am pleased, somehow. It was like the glint of a sunbeam, when I turned round from my work, and saw—look, father!" she

ended, in a lower tone, gently pressing her two hands on his head, to incline it in the right direction.

The high tenement houses were built with a "well," for light and ventilation; and upon this "well," the windows opened at angles, first on one side, and then on the other, so that the blinds might not interfere. (Those decorous blinds, which gave the inmates such sweet "privacy!")

Now, looking "across there," the old man saw—"It's one of God's angels, mother!" he said, in an awed whisper, after an interval of astonished silence. And the tears gathered in her eyes, as she watched his face, and began to build up certain vague, sweet hopes, on that frail, angelic vision!

They led a very lonely life, these two; and yet it had always been a great satisfaction to them to know that the small "apartment" across there, was so steadily vacant. Its bowed shutters had given the old man such a sense of freedom, as he leaned against his own window-front, to catch a breath of air, or a glimpse of the stars, on the restless nights.

Now, in that window "across there," with its blinds wide open—lay a child's fair face, smiling and peaceful, the bright hair pushed back, and rumped against the pillow, and the dark eyes roaming about over all the available space.

The face was beautiful enough to over-balance all the rest—the high, humped shoulders, the dwarfed figure, the skeleton-like hands! The old man was not so far wrong; for, indeed, the

"Angels of Jesus,  
Angel of light"

had ministered unto the child daily, until she had caught from them that foreshining of everlasting peace, which spread like a halo about her bed.

"Perhaps she has been sent to cheer us up a bit," the wife whispered, in response to her husband's explanation. And she saw faint glimpses of a long-ago tenderness in his answering smile.

The child did not seem to see them, at first though they were so near. She seemed to be talking with some one in the room, jesting about how they should name the two rooms, of which the "apartment" consisted.

When she finally caught sight of her old neighbor, in his invalid chair by his window, a shy pleased smile came to her lips, and a little flush heightened the fragile beauty of her face.

The old man was bashful, too, and so neither of them spoke; yet each felt an instant thrill of sympathy for the other, these two—one at life's beginning, and one near its end—the little child and the man of years; both of whom God had had set aside from active life to await His good pleasure.

"Now, darling, I must be off," a man's voice said; and a tall, dark-haired young fellow bent tenderly over to kiss the little one.

"Is there anything you want before I go, Bess?"

"No thank you, Joe. Oh, it is so nice here! Why, I feel at home already."

He laughed.

"I suppose if they reduced us to one room, you'd be satisfied and happy!"

"I guess I should, dear Joe. But they won't do that."

"Won't they?" He laughed harshly; but his embrace was very gentle and fond as he bade his little sister good-by. Then he caught sight of the occupant of the window "across there," and started, smiled, and bowed pleasantly.

"You are sure you feel quite comfortable, after moving, dear?" he asked. "I will hurry home as quickly as I can. Good-by."

"Good-by, Joe; and be good," she added, with peculiar emphasis.

"Oh, you little St. Elizabeth! Yes, I'll be as good as—as—they'll let me!"

He laughed gaily, looking back at her, but when the door had closed his face changed, instantly. It was fierce, defiant, bitter!

He went his way. And meanwhile the little helpless sister lay back upon her pillow, with her young face full of sober thought.

"Poor thing! poor little dear!" reiterated Mrs. Goff, taking furtive peeps at the new neighbor "across there"; and running into the next room to wipe her eyes.

"Do you suppose they leave her alone, mother?"

"I take it so from the way he spoke. It don't seem right, does it?"

"No! Speak to her, mother!" he demanded, after a minute's reflection.

With a slight flush on her worn old cheek, Mrs. Goff showed herself, leaning a little from her own window toward that where the small dainty bed stood, with its young occupant.

"I beg your pardon, dearie, but aren't you lonely? Isn't there anybody to keep you company?"

The bright eyes were raised quickly, and a childish voice replied—"No, ma'am, there's only Joe and me; and I always have to be left alone all day. But I don't mind that a bit! It's very kind of you to ask ma'am." Then her eyes rested on the old man's face, with a timid, wondering look. He was saying something softly to himself; and a shadow had come across his face.

"Joe! his name is Joe, mother; that brother's name!"

"Yes, father; I noticed it."

"I hope you will let us be friends," she added, again leaning towards the child's window.

"Oh, I'll be so glad! It will be nice for Joe, too; poor Joe! He's lonelier than I am. I've got such lots of company, all the time! See?"

She held up, first a little Prayer Book and Hymnal, then some magazines, and said, "I have a little table on this side, full of books and papers; and they're almost like people to me. You won't mind if you hear me talking and singing to myself, will you? Maybe it will trouble the gentleman, though."

"The gentleman" laughed, and said "No"; then added more gravely, "I'm a prisoner here, too, all day; though I'm not always alone. So maybe we can keep one another company. I rather guess I'd be pleased to hear you at your singing."

And so they made acquaintance.

Before many days Bess knew all about Mr. Goff's partial paralysis, and how he could not help himself much, but had to live almost entirely in his wheeled chair; how the sons and daughters who could have been a help had all been taken from them; how the last one (the only one who had lived to manhood) had been a Joe; and in what manner he had died—that they did not speak of at first. It was too sacred, too sad, for words. It must wait till God's own good time for the telling.

Brother Joe's introduction to the old neighbors was given in a very informal way.

All day there had been sweet peace away up there, at the roof of the tenement; and the child's little hymns had floated softly across to the tired old people, causing them to turn their heads, to hide the tears. But later, at sunset, as they ate their frugal meal, they heard the child exclaim in frightened tones: "Oh, Joey! what is the matter? Don't look like that!"

They listened, of course; who would not?

His hard tones came distinctly across to them. Didn't I tell you they'd reduce us to one room? One? Heaven knows if they'll leave us that much space to live in: curse them! Yes, they are talking of reducing our wages, again." And so on. He seemed half beside himself. They could hear him stamping up and down the little room, and the child's eager voice breaking in, pleadingly: