

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

The following Ode was composed by the Poet Laureate of England, Baron Tennyson, in honor of the Colonial-Indian Exhibition, and was set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and sung as part of the opening ceremonies. Her Majesty the Queen seemed greatly pleased and tremendous applause was given by the audience:—

I.

Welcome! welcome! with one voice
In your welfare we rejoice,
Sons and brothers, that have sent
From isle and cape and continent,
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine and primal wood;
Works of subtle brain and hand,
And splendors of the morning land—
Gifts from every British zone;—
Britons! hold your own!

II.

May we find, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son,
And may yours for ever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your father's great,
In our ancient island state;
And where'er her flag may fly
Glorying between sea and sky,
Make the might of Britain known;—
Britons! hold your own!

III.

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed; and never more,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our father's sin—
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the west,
To forage for herself alone;—
Britons! hold your own!

IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers must we part at last;
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call;
Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole—
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own!
And God guard all.

As will be noticed, the first verse is a welcome from those at home to their colonist visitors; the second, a wish for the prosperity of the colonies; the third an allusion to the unfortunate War of Independence; and the last, an appeal for Imperial union. The second verse has been translated into Sanscrit, by Professor Max Müller, as a compliment to India, but the other verses were sung in English.

BOTTLING A SERMON.

There they sat, Ora and Otta, curled up on the hassocks in one of the front pews—one of the very first pews in the middle block—a position not in general favor; consequently they were beyond the range of any gaze which, if not actually offended by their untidiness, would at least have scrutinized them curiously and critically. Nobody saw them but the minister, who could only look and wonder at his odd little hearers, then wait until the sermon was over for the purpose of speaking with them. It would not be difficult to guess how they got there. The honey bee, the brown wasp and blue-bottle come to church in the summer weather, when doors and widows stand wide open,—just so these waifs from the street strayed in.

There they sat, bare-headed, bare-footed, with dirty little hands folded in their laps, hair like brush-heaps, and eyes more like coal-bins than anything else under the sun or earth.

The pastor soon discovered that, spite of the intense heat, the passing flash of the lightning, the thunder pulses throbbing in the distance, he had two hearers whose attention never wavered in the least.

Once the lights flared, then almost went out. Next some one with squeaking boots left the place. Again, a hymn-book fell with a loud crash, yet these bundles of rags, with black sparks for eyes, neither lifted nor stirred. He was real sorry, this good, kind man, when, the service over, he looked and they were gone

—had vanished like two little bats that belonged to the darkness and loved it. He had not gone far, however, on his homeward journey, when a shadow within a shadow stirred; a thin, dirty little hand reached out and touched him.

"O sir, please give me some for my sick mother."

"Give you what, child?"

"Wine and milk," replied the eager young voice. "We've nothing to buy them with, and the doctor wants her to have them. You said come without money, you know, and I'm here. Oh's brought the kettle, and I've got a bottle."

"That was my text this evening," remarked the minister to a friend who had just joined him. "Come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." These children were my most attentive hearers. The girl, you perceive, has applied it to the one great need she is conscious of. What can I do?"

"We'll go with them to their home, and see what is required of us," replied the gentleman. If this story is true, neither kettle nor bottle shall remain empty."

Up a narrow court in the Church's rear, they found a woman far advanced in consumption, who had evidently seen better days. Worse ones, too, because love of wealth and pleasure had led her down to the horrible pit, and into the miry clay the Bible tells us about. Her husband was in the grave: wealth and station had vanished like a dream, and now as the waters of a dark valley crept chillily about her feet, she looked and longed for an upward ray to pierce her spirit's gloom. The Rev. Mr. R—, while ministering to her bodily needs, lost no time in pointing to her the Sun of Righteousness; and as he talked fear and agony faded out of the woman's face, and the light of a great hope dawned in her beautiful eyes. Those two little bundles of rags, Ora and Otta, sat curled up in one corner listening just, as they had listened from the pew, with hands folded in their laps, lips apart, and a deep, dead shining in the orbs that never for an instant left the speaker's face. Ora met him on the stairs as he was going out.

"I know what it means now," she whispered. "Maybe I wouldn't if you'd brought the words without the wine and milk."

THE YOUNG MAN'S QUEST.

BY D. B. C.

The halls of the grand palace were filled with guests; music and feasting were the order of the hour, when from one of the massive entrances, a slight figure emerged.

It was that of a man, young, and to judge from his rich dress, wealthy. But his face looked old; in truth, he was disappointed, restless, discontented. He cared neither where he went nor what he did. Tired of his empty, frivolous life, he asked for something better, and started on the impulse of the moment for a city not far away, there he stayed for several days. Then, on through the villages and towns, never stopping at one place, never tiring, he continued on his way.

The children looked at him in wonder—the old women stopped their spinning long enough to answer his questions, but in their own minds, voted him "an imbecile." They could not understand him, and his ways were cold and haughty. "Good hard work is what that man needs," said the hard-working peasants.

At last he reached a certain small village, on the outskirts of which were beautiful forests of elm trees.

Underneath one stood a woman tall and stately. Drawn towards her by an irresistible impulse, he saw that her face was unlike that of any of the woman he had ever seen. No longer young, it yet shone with a pure radiance not of earth. Her dark hair was pushed

back from her broad forehead, her eyes were clear and penetrating. She seemed to look into the very heart of things.

And now her eyes were turned towards the youth, and he shrunk before the look. "Tell me who thou art," he cried in a voice of wonder and awe.

"I am truth," she answered, calm and low.

"Then I am thy servant," the other exclaimed joyfully. "Truth is what I seek."

"It takes time and patience to be my pupil," Truth said, warningly. "Perhaps thou wilt tire."

"Never," replied the youth; and he stayed with her and learned her lessons, hard though they were.

His heart grew lighter. "Now, indeed, I am content," he cried. But to his surprise as time went on a great longing sprang up in his heart. The wonderful truths he had searched for and found, he longed for others to know. He determined again to wander forth—this time to proclaim the glad tidings to all who would listen. He thought that all he had to do was to thunder forth his message and that the waiting people would respond joyfully, forsake their errors and follow him. But to his amazement, people resented his plain language, his abrupt manner. He was first amazed, then indignant, then discouraged and out of patience.

When in the depths of his despair, his eyes were dazzled by a vision—a vision of such beauty and loveliness that a painter would sigh in vain to reproduce it on canvass. This bright, radiant creature, with eyes overflowing with love, her tender mouth like a child's spoke softly to him. "Oh, mortal! thy mistake has been that thou hast discarded me, who am Charity—Love. Even truth cannot conquer without me for her companion. The merciful Father does not mean His creatures to be forced to love truth. For this reason He sent His Son—His Only Son—to die for men—Love's sacrifice. Try once more—let love overflow thy heart; then the people's hearts will be reached." The vision disappeared, but the words spoken sunk deep into the heart of him who listened.

He fell on his knees and prayed: "Oh, dear Father, send that love for my fellow-beings into my heart, for I have so little," and as he arose, even the world around him, so commonplace and ordinary, looked different. The little children at play appealed to him as never before. He had thought of them heretofore as atoms of a great universe, born in sin, and likely to continue in it. Now he felt surprised that he longed to speak to them, to take them in his arms; and instead of running away they gathered about him while he talked. (He did not know that his face was transfigured.) And the first truth that suggested itself to his mind in view of their innocent child-faces, was to talk of the Child in the manger. They listened, interested and full of wonder, and ran off finally to their play with hearts full of the Christ-Child. But the man doubted about the grown people. They were so narrow, so prejudiced, so full of that stubborn conservatism which forms a wall around the heart as hard to penetrate as adamant.

Yet he tried, and lo! the people heard him gladly. Where before they walked away in anger, they now listened with faces softened and full of eager interest. Some were touched to tears; for not visible to their eyes, but plainly seen and felt by the preacher, stood Love, whose strength is mighty, whose power is unlimited.

"But there is a story of the Middle Ages and has nothing to do with us," Louise says, as she lays it down.

And this assertion the writer repeats in the form of a question: *Has this little allegory anything to do with us?—Parish Visitor.*