

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

COME, LABOUR ON!

Come, labour on:

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,
While all around him waves the golden grain,
And every servant hears the Master say,
"Go, work to-day?"

Come, labour on:

The labourers are few, the field is wide;
New stations must be filled and blanks supplied;
From voices distant far, or near at home,
The call is, "Come!"

Come, labour on:

The enemy is watching, night and day,
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away;
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,
He slumbers not.

Come, labour on:

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear!
No arm so weak but may do service here;
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil
His righteous will.

Come, labour on:

No time for rest till glows the western sky,
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,
"Servants, well done!"

Come, labour on:

The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;
Blessed are those who to the end endure;
How full their joy, how deep their zest shall be,
O Lord, with Thee! S.

FRANK'S WORK.

BY MABEL H. DESPARD.

"Good-bye, Frank, my boy. Remember God sends you where you are going. He has work for you to do there. Keep close to Him."

A blur before his eyes and a lump in his throat prevented Frank from making any answer. He grasped his friend's hand in both of his and pressed his cheek against it—the good, kind hand that had led him out of the troubles of his boyhood into a new life of hope and trust. Then the hand was withdrawn, Frank slipped down into his seat, the engine started the long train with own or two impatient jerks, and by the time he had forced down the rising lump in his throat the long depot and the dreary yard were left behind, and marshy grass bordered the road.

Frank was not going away from home, for home he had none: the Newsboy's Lodging House had been his only home for many months, since his father had died, leaving him alone in the great city. Then that friendly hand had lifted him from beside his father's cold body, and led him to comfort and safety. Better yet, it had led him to where he was taught that he was not alone in the dreary world, for he had a Father in heaven—that his father was not dead, but was alive through the power of Jesus Christ, who conquered death for all. It was no wonder that Frank soon learned to love that Name and determined, in his boyish way, to belong to Him all his life.

Now he was on his way to a new home in the West—a home on a farm, where Frank might lead the out-door life which would, his friends hoped, make him into a brown, sturdy country boy. Two nights and three days of travel brought him to a little lonely station which seemed to him to be in the midst of a wilderness. But a man with a kindly face and a cheery voice stepped up to him as he jumped on to the platform and, shaking his hand, said:

"Well, my lad, I'm glad to see you safe.

They tell me there's been an accident down the road."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, following his new friend to the back of the station, where stood the team that was to carry them the twenty milesthat still lay between him and his journey's end. "The car I was in ran off the track, and two or three people were killed."

Frank's tongue and thoughts were kept busy for several miles, telling the farmer all that he knew of the accident.

"Weren't you frightened out of your wits?" asked Mr. Noyes.

"I was frightened—at first. I was pinned in, you know, sir, so that I couldn't do anything but wait for them to come to take me out. It seemed horrible—till I remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"About Easter," said Frank.

"Oh!"

There was silence for a time, then, as Frank gazed wonderingly at the vast stretch of the country before him, with sometimes not a house in sight, and Farmer Noyes looked back over a long stretch of years behind him, which, for him, had held no Easters. He came back to the present with a sigh, and began to question Frank about his life in the city.

"Three miles from home now," he said, at length, "there's your school-house."

"O! isn't it small!" exclaimed Frank, who was used to the great three-storied brick buildings of the city schools.

"There's our house over yonder," said Farmer Noyes, pointing with his whip as they reached the top of a hill.

"And where's the Church?" asked Frank.

"We haven't any."

"Haven't any? Why, what do you do?"

"Do without;" but there was a tone in Farmer Noyes' voice that seemed to say that the doing without was not quite satisfactory. His thoughts about Easter had brought back the old days before he came West, when he had a Church. He had not cared very much for it, then, and had scarcely known till now that he missed it.

Every now and then, Frank wondered what Sunday would be like without any Church, but the next three days were full of new things and gave him plenty to think about. On Friday he went to school that he might be ready for real work on Monday. But it seemed to him that he had never seen so little real work done in any place as in that tiny house with its one teacher and some twenty scholars. The teacher was a young country man, scarcely more than a boy, who tried to force some knowledge into the minds of his unruly flock by a frequent use of a hickory sapling, bringing in a fresh one every day.

"I heard about you," whispered Frank's desk-mate, Benson Chase, a boy whose thick brown hair, brown eyes, brown hands and feet, were a startling contrast to Frank's fair hair and skin. "You come from the city, didn't you?"

Frank put his finger on his lips, and kept his eyes steadily on his book.

Benson peeped cautiously between the shoulders of the two boys in front.

"He ain't looking," he whispered; "you was on a car that was smashed, wasn't you?"

No answer.

The city boy went down several pegs in the country boy's estimation.

"Are you afraid of him?" he asked contemptuously: "pshaw! we ain't."

Frank's face flushed. If he could only tell this boy that he was not afraid, and that he would tell him at recess all about the railroad accident.

He raised his hand.

"May I speak?" he asked.

"No, you may not," was the prompt answer; "It is rather soon for you to begin talking. If there is anything you want to know you may ask me."

Frank said no more, and the teacher breathed more freely; he was afraid of trouble from this city boy. Benson, since Frank would not talk, studied his spelling lesson and knew it for once.

"He's going to tell on me for whispering," he had thought when Frank raised his hand; "won't I pummel him at recess!" And then, when he found he was mistaken, he made up his mind he wouldn't be too sure, even that the new boy was a baby—just yet.

When recess came, Frank followed Benson out-of-doors, and said:

"Will you let me answer your questions now? I don't want you to think I'm huffy, you know."

"I didn't think that," said Benson. "I thought you was afraid. Why wouldn't you speak?"

"I didn't want to," Frank was on the point of answering carelessly—it was so much easier than to tell the whole reason. "He had been called 'Goody-goody' more than 'once in the city, and he did not know whether these country boys—these boys who had no Church—would sneer and laugh if he confessed that he was a Christian boy. Then the parting words of his friend flashed through his mind: 'Remember, God sends you where you are going. He has a work for you to do here.' Keep close to Him."

"Because I am trying to obey Jesus Christ," he said, in a low voice.

There was no laugh. The nine or ten bare-footed, sun-browned boys of the school gathered around the stranger, anxious to see how a city boy looked and behaved. The words fell oddly on their ears. The Name he spoke was merely that to them—a name; they had a vague idea that it had something to do with God; one or two had been taught by their mothers, before those mothers had grown quite careless and forgetful, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the World. But to hear this boy speak of Him as if he knew Him was something they could not at all understand. So they only stared in silence.

"How long a recess do we have?" Frank asked, to break the silence.

Questions began then to pour in upon him, mainly from Benson, and recess was too short to tell all that the boys wanted to hear, first about the railroad accident, then about the great city. There was less talking than usual in school the rest of that day, mainly because the boys found occupation for their thoughts in wondering what kind of a boy this new-comer was. Benson did not try again to make him talk till noon, when Frank was again surrounded by a throng eager to hear more about city life.

Benson and Willy Chase and Johnny Partridge lived in the same direction with Frank, so they made the homeward journey together. It was Frank's turn now to ask questions, and the country boys, who had been looking up to him all along, began to feel a comforting pride in their superior knowledge of squirrels, horses, birds and fishes. They insisted on Frank's taking off his shoes—he'd feel ever so much more comfortable, they said. He took them off, accordingly, and manfully bore the cuts and bruises that followed. When he parted from them at Farmer Noyes' lane, they were firm friends, and he was to go fishing with them the next afternoon if he could gain permission.

That Saturday Frank had his first real taste of farm work. He was up early, dressed himself in proper country costume—trousers, shirt, and no shoes or stockings—and worked with a will until Mr. Noyes himself bade him rest. The fishing excursion in the afternoon seemed to Frank the very greatest piece of fun he had ever had. He dreamed it all over, catching many more fish in his sleep than he had in reality.

He woke with a start. It was Sunday morning.