

their contributions and by their patronage, thereby not only bringing up their children in the nurture and love of the Church, but also extending the influence of the Church and making it more widely known.

Resolved, That for the purpose of sustaining institutions of higher learning, it seems desirable for dioceses to act in groups, as provinces, in order to give greater dignity, stability, and independence to such institutions, and to avoid waste of money and effort in multiplying diocesan colleges and seminaries.

LAND AND WATER.—The "Gospel Barge" of Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, whose car Cathedral has been at work for some years, soon to be launched at Bismark, will be called the *Missouri Missioner*, and will be used for Christians work in town and camps along the Missouri for a distance of more than five hundred miles. The Bishop hopes with this barge Church to reach many people who could not otherwise attend divine service, and it is to be used for general Christian work of every kind that the region calls for.

OUR HOME.—"This is our home," said two young men from Persia as they—having entered the open doorway of old Trinity on Broadway—realized that the service was essentially the same as that of the great historical churches of their own fatherland. They heard the almost forgotten echoes of the ancient Liturgy. This story was told by Bishop Potter at the meeting of the Assyrian mission in London.

Family Department.

There Is a Country.

BY DOROTHY DEANE.

(Continued.)

"Would you like it, mother?" he asked.

She lifted her face to his wistfully. "Yes," she answered softly, "let us keep her for her father, for little Ellie's sake."

Bess wondered sometimes if, after all, this happy place were not the country the boy had meant. Surely she was cold and hungry no more. Day by day her face lost its old wan look, her eyes lost their half-frightened, half-sad expression, and she grew dimpled and rosy. Gradually the memory of the old life faded.

Spring came across field and hill. The snow-bank changed into brooks that sang; the birds mated in field and forest; the trees hung out banners of rejoicing; the skies grew tender and blossomed, blue as a violet; soft air drifted up from the river-ways, sweet with the breathing of a thousand woodland flowers. And the child's nature blossomed with the blossoming of the year. Every morning came like a revelation; every day was a new glory.

And she grew, as the other flowers grew. The years passed over, and the dawn of womanhood was upon her. A grave sweetness was in her brown eyes, the look of her face was like the look of a flower that has come up under tender skies and through sunny weather. And the child was a woman.

The farmer's wife looked up from the letter

she was reading one day, with a light in her dear old eyes.

"Our boy is coming to-morrow," she said, "our boy Ralph. He's our grand-son, you know, Bess dear, such a bright, manly little fellow."

But when young Ralph stepped over the threshold next day, Bess saw a tall, bearded young fellow. The dear heart had forgotten how the years slipped by.

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It was on a morning in June that Bess stood at the window listening. A robin sat on the topmost branch of the old maple. All the joy of the morning was in his song. The girl's face caught the light of his gladness, and her eyes shone with the joy of life.

Ralph Kennedy passed through the sitting room with the words of a half-forgotten song upon his lips:

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more."

Bess caught her breath. The singer paused, he was busy over some books. Then he took up the thread of song again, absently:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

The girl put out her hands gropingly, she was blind with tears. The robin's song sounded far away. She only heard a voice, a boy's voice, singing: "There is a country—"

Ralph Kennedy turned and saw her. "What is it?" he asked, springing to her side. "You are ill!"

Bess smiled faintly. "No," she said, "it was the song you sang. I heard it once before. It changed my whole life. God knows what or where I should be now, if it had not been for that song. It was in a church somewhere," she continued, "I waited in a little passage and listened while a boy sang those words."

An odd expression drifted across Ralph's face.

"Where was it?" he asked.

"I can't tell just where I heard him sing," she said. "Afterward he came out alone, and I asked him to tell me where to find the country he sang about. He told me it was my father's country, and that, if I was a good child, my father would send for me some day. He has not sent for me yet, but I am waiting for him."

Ralph Kennedy's eyes were wet. He looked down at the flower face, that was drooped a little, thoughtfully.

"I remember it," he said quietly, smiling a little.

She looked up with a quick gladness in her face and eyes.

"Oh, was it you?" she said. "I wish I knew how to thank you!"

She put out her hand with quick, innocent impulsiveness, and he took it in both his; something in his gaze made her drop her eyes, a soft flush rose quickly in her face.

"Shall I tell you how?" he asked gently. Her fingers trembled a little in his hold. The song of the robin dropped down in the little pauses; it was glad, glad.

"Shall we not go the rest of the way together—to our Father's country?"

A light shone in the girl's face. She lifted her eyes to his bravely; they were deep, luminous, tender; he bent and kissed her lips.

And the robin sang on to the glad spring world, to the trees, to the flowers, to the skies.

THOSE TROUBLESOME "IFS."

BY S' JENNIE SMITH.

It was a discouraging time for Louise, and her usually light heart grew very heavy. Her mother's protracted illness had compelled her to give up an excellent position as teacher which she held in a city school, for there was no one but herself to act the part of nurse and house-keeper; the other children were small and the proper kind of help not to be obtained.

Louise brooded over the situation a great deal when she was alone; in her mother's presence she tried to appear contented.

"You seem to be sad," a friend remarked to her one evening; "is your mother worse?"

"Oh, no, she keeps about the same," replied the girl, but I can't help feeling worried about things. I often wonder what we would do if father should be taken sick. Then I'd be doubly tied to home, and couldn't go out to earn any money, and what would support us?"

"Doesn't your father seem well?" was the next question put to Louise.

"Yes, I don't know that his health was ever better than it is at the present, but if he should—"

"My dear child," said the friend, gently interrupting her, "don't trouble yourself about it. It doesn't seem worth while to worry about events that may never come to pass. Some one has said, 'How much pain the evils that never happened have cost us!' God has placed you in this situation, my dear, giving you no chance to improve matters, and you may depend upon it, He will carry you through."

"But the next worry isn't an if," argued Louise. "Here am I without a cent. The probability is I shall not be able to earn any for months, perhaps years. Of course, I have a home and plenty to eat. But what am I going to do about clothes? I have sufficient at present, but the time will come when I shall need more. Father can't buy me anything, for he has all he can do to meet the regular expenses of the family and clothe the others."

Before her friend had an opportunity to reply, the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of some of the children, and a short time thereafter Louise was in her own room wrapt in serious contemplation. The question of clothing, especially clothing for the coming winter, bothered her exceedingly. For five years she had earned enough money to buy herself all she required in that line, and now that her salary was gone, she feared that she would be compelled to go without many necessary things.

While still engaged with these thoughts, she picked up her Bible which was lying near her on a stand. Feeling too tired and too much discouraged to hunt up the regular reading for that evening, she opened the Bible at random. The first verse her eyes rested upon was this:

"If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"