

forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God." Those who made that declaration still hold their cures on the faith of it, and cannot, therefore, do what Cardinal Vaughan attributes to them without losing their self-respect and their title to be called honest men. We wish to keep no such persons. For their own sake, and for the Church's sake, and for Christ's sake, we entreat them to forsake so false a position, to abandon their errors and superstitions if it may be so, and, if not, then to go where they can honestly teach and hold them. As for ourselves, we can never call error, truth; or superstition, faith; or usurpation, right.

If, therefore, there can be no present reconciliation with the Church of Rome until we are willing to do these things, we must sorrowfully abandon the hope of any universal reunion of Christendom in our days, and wait until God shall have so ordered the affairs of this world, and the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, that the future may bring us what the present withholds—a union of hearts and minds, so deep and true, so close and evident, that the world, seeing it, may believe.—*Manchester Courier*.

Family Department.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY THE REV. CANON BELL, D. D., RECTOR OF
CHELTENHAM.

O Zion, shout aloud and cry,
To us a Son is giv'n;
Behold the Day-Spring from on high
Descends to earth from heav'n.

The Morning Star breaks on the night,
And ushers in the day,
It dawns in beauty on our sight,
The shadows flee away.

O golden time! O happy morn,
When God's own Son comes down,
For us is of a Virgin born,
For us puts off His crown.

All heav'n throws wide its starry doors,
And angels cleave the skies,
Quitting awhile the crystal floors,
To gladden mortal eyes.

"Glory to God on high" each sings,
Fruit of the Saviour's birth,
"Good will to men" with Hope He brings,
"Peace" to this troubled earth.

Ye heav'ns break forth in praise, and sing,
O earth lift up your voice,
With anthems let creation ring,
And ransom'd men rejoice.

When seraphs sing, shall we be mute,
Who His great mercy prove?
Awake, awake, both harp and lute
Extol His wondrous love.

While angels praise Him in the height,
We at His footstool fall,
Adoring Him, the Light of Light,
Our Christ, our God, our All

—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*)

"THEY SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

"Your glove—here it is right by my pillow. Are you going to get that embroidery silk that you forgot yesterday? I don't think I can get papa's handkerchief done by Christmas if you don't get it for me to-day. I am so sorry to bother you, Victor," and Helen looked up into her brother's handsome face with an odd little

wistful smile, while he tried not to let her see that he was selfish, as he said:

"Well, give me a sample. I lost the one you gave me yesterday: it won't take me long."

As the thin little hands opened the small work basket and selected a thread of silk, the little girls blue eyes were very sad, and when she gave it to Victor, she said:

"If you want to go to the boys now you can get the silk by and by, and I won't work any until after the doctor has been here; perhaps it will be best."

"Would it do just as well later, Nell, 'cause I could easily run around after the fellows come and we begin on that snow giant we are going to make. It wouldn't seem like time lost, you know."

"Yes, that will do; but please don't forget it Victor," and Helen tried to smile as Victor kissed her and ran out of the room.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when Victor burst into the room again shouting:

"O, Nell! Ned Brown is in the yard, and we are making such a splendid snow man," but as he saw the little face was turned to the wall, he said:

"Were you asleep? I'm awful sorry. I didn't think."

"No, I wasn't asleep Victor, I was only thinking," Helen replied.

That was really just the difference between the two children. Victor was a warm-hearted, bright, merry boy, but so full of life he had no time to think, while little Helen's poor back kept her lying day after day on her sofa, and gave her long hours when she could do nothing but think, and so she often did for them both and saw things in an odd old-fashioned way of her own, and helped Victor to see many things that his merry, laughing blue eyes would never have noticed; but to her he was always gentle and loving, though he often caused her pain by his want of thought.

"I really was not asleep, Victor, only lying thinking to the wall; it is one of my intimate friends now, and I don't think it gets tired of me at all, Helen said. Victor came over to the sofa as he said gently:

"Nell, wouldn't you like us to make a girl instead of a man. The snow is so fresh and white, and if mamma would screw your couch you had last summer up by the window you could watch us and we'd do it just the way you wanted it; wouldn't you like that better than looking at the wall?"

"O, I should like it so much, Victor, do ask mamma. I think I hear her coming now," Helen said, eagerly, and Victor bounded to the head of the basement stairs up which his mother was coming and returned in half a minute. Putting his head in the door of Helen's room he called out:

"The doctor is here. When he goes, mamma says she'll try to manage it somehow. Never mind if the old fellow hurts you, Nell, the snow girl will look at you with snow tears in her white eyes," and Victor was gone, but not so the doctor, who worked for more than half an hour, and then said, "Helen was the bravest little woman he ever knew."

Very soon after this the summer couch was brought in and little Helen laid on it, quite worn out; but she could not help smiling with pleasure as she saw the white figure rising in the tiny square yard behind the house. Helen's room was at the back of the house so that it might always be quiet, and the view from the window was generally gloomy enough; but to-day even the high brick wall at the side and the smoky house at the back had a certain refreshing suggestion of purity as the clear white snow clung to them, as if it would like to hide their dingy greyness and let them see how it felt to be beautiful for once.

The yard, too, usually so dreary, was piled with soft, white fleecy snow, so pure and spark-

ling, it looked as if it might have fallen from the angels' wings when they were hurrying on the little Christ-child's messages for Christmas, Helen thought, as she fell asleep, tired after the pain and the effort of being moved.

The idea of the angels and the snow twined together in her sleep into a dream, and when Victor knocked on the window pane ten minutes later, wakening her, she was astonished to see the snow image was only a beautiful girl, and not an angel as she had fancied.

The boys wanted to know if there was anything else she would like them to do to the snow child.

Helen raised her head and was surprised to see how beautiful the boys had made the snow face. It was as Victor called through the window, "just fit to be Helen's sister;" but she shook her head, and as a faint color came into her face, she said, "Mamma, ask Victor to put wings on the snow child and make it a Christmas angel, please."

It was odd indeed, to see the boys try to carry out her wishes. At first it seemed impossible for the clumsy boys' hands to ever form the angel's wings; but they worked patiently and Helen was satisfied, so they felt paid for their trouble.

The snow began to fall afresh, and the boys went away to join a snowball fight in an empty lot.

Helen lay watching the snow as it came down so softly as if to purify the evil world and make it ready for the Holy Christ child on His birthday. She soon fell asleep again as she did many times a day from sheer weakness.

The storm had ceased and the sun was again shining when next she opened her eyes. As she was alone no one heard the little cry of delight that she gave as she saw the snow angel so changed and so beautiful. The fall of snow had clung to the figure, smoothing and rounding every rough or angular feature, and now the sunbeams were clinging about the white drapery and wings, and rested lovingly on the waving hair until it seemed to be golden, as the great snow eyes looked in the window at Helen; but not sadly only as if she understood all about her pain and knew it was best, and as the hours sped quickly by through that afternoon born on the wings of ministering angels, as I am sure the hours of every Christmas Eve must be, Helen lay alone. Everyone else in the house was busy preparing something to make the great festival more bright and beautiful, only the little invalid was unable to take any part in the gladdest and happiest work of the whole year. Her poor back seemed unusually bad. As mamma hurried through the room her arms full of holly boughs, she bent over the little couch lovingly and kissed the white wan little face, as she whispered, "Remember, darling, 'They serve who only stand and wait.'"

As the slow ticking of the clock was the only sound to break the monotonous stillness and prove that time was not really standing still, that seconds were really slipping into minutes, that were carrying the hours away, and that time would at last bring some change, good or bad, to the little girl who lay quite still bearing pain, listening to the old clock tick, and watching the snow angel outside the window.

If it is the work of angels to gladden, brighten and raise our lives, surely this snow child which the clumsy boys fingers had made out of the pure fresh snow had won for itself a right to the name; just when the whole world was hurrying about busy with works of kindness and love to each other. Christmas love, which comes fresh every year from the manger through the open stable door, the snow angel standing in the back yard between the two rows of city houses was carrying little Helen away from her suffering out of her own life far off into the past. She was thinking and wondering what the world must have been before the first Christmas had changed everything and