

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

"Darkness and light are both alike to Thee:"
 Oft when I waken in the midnight deep,
 This truth—so grand, so joyful,—comes to me
 With thoughts more soothing than the
 dreams of sleep.

Those myriad stars, brighter than burnished
 gold,

That trace their beauty o'er the purple dome
 In clustered forms, are harmonized, controlled,
 By Him who has amid the Heavens His home.

He calls the stars by name, and yet descends
 To visit man, and succor human need;
 Nay more—He dwells with contrite hearts, and
 bends

A patient ear when for His love they plead.

Sorrow is darkness, but His love can make
 That darkness light about us, if He will;
 And if He wills not, surely for His sake,
 We can bear storms of sorrow, and be still.

And there is heavier, deeper gloom than grief;
 But oh, what light may fall upon its shade,
 When He, who came to save the very chief
 Of guilty sinners, is our Refuge made.

Dangers lie darkly hidden round our path;
 And yet no chilling dread of sudden fright,
 From robbers rude, or elemental wrath,
 Can hurt the soul laid open to God's sight.

For raging blast, and zephyr's breath of balm,
 Are sent, and timed by Him, from hour to
 hour;

The furious winter storm, the summer calm,
 Are both obedient servants to His power.

Death and the grave are dark and cold, but lo!
 A new and wondrous light illumines them;
 It fills death's valley with a sunrise glow,
 The day-dawn of the New Jerusalem.

—Caroline May.

HOW DORA MANAGED.

BY RENA ROMNEY.—A STORY FOR GIRLS.

(Continued)

It also gave Dora a thrill of girlish triumph,
 difficult to repress, when she heard one of her
 girl friends seated behind her whisper wonder-
 ingly, "My! Dorrie Wyman has got one of
 those braided dresses, like Susie Wright's you
 know. Did you ever?"

If our young heroine had expected any re-
 ward for her little sacrifice, however, she would
 not have been surprised, when an expressman
 left a box at the door, New Year's morning,
 directed to herself, and a note in Cousin's
 Maude's dainty handwriting. On opening the
 box, there lay the lovely velvet suit she so well
 remembered admiring, the long plumed hat,
 long-wristed gloves, lace handkerchief, and all;
 and breaking the seal to the note, she read:

DEAR LITTLE DORRIE: You will not be sur-
 prised when you hear I have tired of the ac-
 companying suit, which I fancy never did suit
 me, while it will set off your dark complexion
 to a charm, and I am sure will fit you nicely,
 as we are so nearly of a size. Now you will
 will wear it, won't you dear? It will be doing
 a real favor, to take it off my hands. Love to
 auntie, uncle, and the babies, with a Happy
 New Year.

Yours lovingly,

COUSIN MAUDE.

But I must disappoint you by adding that
 Dora did not wear the dress. Wealthy Cousin
 Maude did not realize what an absurd thing
 she was doing, when she sent the elegant dress to
 simple, innocent little cousin who could have
 no possible use for so costly an article.

So the lovely wonder, scarcely worn, was
 sent to Furor & Furbisher's grand opening,
 and sold for a small fortune, or what seemed
 one to Dora, who now has a bank-book, and a
 snug little nest egg in the City Savings Bank,
 and what is more, wore her braided dress to
 the end of the chapter.

NOT KEEPING THE GOLDEN RULE.

Willy's lips stuck out as if a bumblebee had
 stung them. Think of it! When his own dear-
 est mamma was softly putting him to bed and
 talking to him so sweetly about the naughty
 things he had been doing all day.

"When you spoke so to Robbie, did you
 think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said
 mamma, sadly.

"He says just that way to me always," cried
 Willy, excitedly; "and he's a-bound to break
 all my things, and he deserves to have his
 broke back again."

"But the Golden Rule, Willy!" said mam-
 ma. "My boy musn't break that, if Robbie
 does break playthings."

Willy didn't say, "Don't care," but old Don't
 Care sat on his lips as big as life.

Mamma went away at last and left him.
 She sat down by the window and tried to think
 of some plan to make Willy a better boy.

Next morning Willy came down to break-
 fast when he got ready. Nobody called him.
 They had hot buckwheats and honey for break-
 fast, and usually mamma called him so as to
 have them nice; but this time she said "he
 wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never
 mind him."

When he did get down everything was cold.
 "Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warm-
 ing oven, Katy?" he asked, in angry surprise.
 "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried
 griddles stone cold."

"Deed, and I shouldn't think so," said Katy.
 "But a body can't be always doing to other
 folks as ye'd like them to do to yerself."

This was Willy's own idea, but it wasn't
 pleasant to take with cold griddles.

"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked
 after a while.

"Gone for a sleigh ride," said Katy.

"Without me?" cried Willy choking.

"Sure, yis," said Katy, cheerfully. "They
 said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for
 you. You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not
 if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone,
 mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that!
 He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in
 the closet and cried an hour or less.

The sound of sleigh bells made him come out.
 In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her
 hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her
 arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning
 one in her collar and putting the rest in a sil-
 ver vase.

"I want one in my buttonhole," said Willy,
 wistfully, eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds.

"Yes," said mamma, sweetly: "It would be
 pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with
 great enjoyment.

Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him
 now and then, carelessly. It didn't seem that
 any one was displeased with him. Only no-
 body cared for him. Oh! the misery of that
 little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking
 to-day: "I wonder what my little Willy would
 like!"

After dinner mamma sat down and read.
 "What will he do with it?" Willy knew
 what he would do with it. He would take that
 book and pitch it "clear way down to the bot-
 tomost place in the well." Read and eat cara-
 mels!

Why, most always mamma read to him.

And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice
 things to eat alone?

All at once mamma heard a great sob. She
 laid down her book and looked at Willy
 sorrowfully.

"Does he want to come to sit in mamma's
 ap a minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only Willy, but people who
 aren't used to boys might have thought it was
 a cannon ball struck them, or something.

"O mamma!" cried Willy, squeezing her
 tight. "I wish I was your mother and you
 were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she
 was almost crying. "What for?"

Oh! because I'd stop showing you how hor-
 rid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint and gave him some
 candy with two of her best kisses.

"O, mamma," sobbed Willy on her neck,
 "wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house
 where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—*Well
 Spring.*

NEW BOOKS.

THE BEST MODE OF WORKING A PARISH.—By
 the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding; (Young
 Churchman Co., Milwaukee).

This volume embraces a course of Lectures
 delivered in Denver Cathedral, in the early
 part of this year by the Bishop of Colorado;
 and in placing them before the public in at-
 tractive book form this enterprising Company
 has done another service to the Church. Of
 the lectures themselves it can truly be said
 they are admirable; thoroughly practical, and
 full of useful suggestions based upon a wide
 experience. We have no hesitation in saying
 that the book is one of the most useful that we
 have met with for many a day; that it well de-
 serves wide circulation and will repay careful
 perusal, that the hope expressed by the author
 in dedicating it to his diocese, that large por-
 tions of it may be profitably used in Lay read-
 ing, and that the principles it inculcates may
 be duly enforced in preaching, to the intent
 that all the members of the Church may be-
 come intelligent and earnest workers for Christ
 and that through their efforts the GOSPEL OF
 THE KINGDOM may the better fulfil its great
 mission towards the masses of the people,
 ought, in so far as the contents of the book are
 concerned, to be realized; and that they may
 be we strongly commend clergy and laity alike
 to secure a copy and read it. The Bishop
 treats his subjects under the following heads:
 Part I. The Best mode of Working a Parish—:
 The true motive of the work; Lay
 work in Religious teaching, in the Sunday-
 school; in training the People to intelligent
 worship; in cultivating a missionary spirit; in
 promoting Christian fellowship; in relation to
 Pastoral care and visitations. Part II. Princi-
 ples of Church life and work—the Mission of
 the Church; the use of Grace a means of
 Grace; God's gifts to givers; the Aggressive-
 ness of Christianity; Young men and their
 work in the Church; the Church's work for
 women; the Working of the Parish; the
 strength of the Church in Unity and co-oper-
 ation.

A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY.—By A. C.
 Jennings, M.A., author of Ecclesia Angli-
 cana—(Thos. Whittaker, Bible House,
 N.Y.; cloth 75c. net) 2 vols.

The first volume of this work—one of the
 Theological educator series—is before us. The
 author aims at presenting the prominent in-
 cidents of Church History in terse and concise
 language, treating them from an ethical rather
 than a religious standpoint and excluding all
 theological proclivities. It is intended as an
 introduction to more severe historical study, and
 will be found very useful to students in prepa-
 ration for examinations.