

Home and School.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou would'st take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet—
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though
heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou should'st
shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of Peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my Cross to understand,
Thy way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but Peace Divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect Day shall
shine,
Through Peace to Light.

A. A. PROCTER.

TRUST.

I have no rule, O Saviour but Thy will;
I have no chart but Thine unerring Word;
I have no guide but thy clear whisper,
heard
Above, behind, around, within me still.
I cannot trust my reason; questions fill
My mind, if e'er I seek to walk alone.
I cannot trust my heart; 'tis only known
To Thee, who searchest all its depths of ill.
I cannot trust my fellows; weak like me,
They have no strength nor skill which is
not Thine;
Lo! in Thy light, O Lord, true light I see;
Behold, I lean on Thy dear arm Divine.
All my fresh springs, Redeemer, are in
Thee:
So life, love, joy, and Heaven itself, are
mine!

SCOLDING AT THE TABLE.

I do not wish to hold up my brother's
family as a model, and you must not
think me merely partial because I talk

sometimes about it. I see more of it
than of other families. I come and go
in it as I please, having a sort of nonde-
script relation there. They do not con-
sider me "company" and so are not on
their good behaviour. At the same
time I am not so intimately connected
with them as to feel that I am talking
about myself, when I am speaking about
the way things are done there.

I like to be at their table. It is a good
and cheery place. I do not pretend to
say that it is never anything else, but
I am pretty sure that their meals at
either breakfast, dinner or supper are
unusually pleasant occasions. I suspect
—indeed my brother and his wife have
said so, that they made it a direct object
at which they aimed. It did not come
of itself. In some families the meal-
time is the occasion for settling up the
scores for the previous six hours. A
boy has been a delinquent, forgotten
some errand; a girl has been careless,
and the garment she was to look after
lies just as mother left it in her room;
a brother has been teasing his sister,
and she has been "taking his things
and breaking them." The meal time
brings the parties face to face, and gives
a capital opportunity to make and answer
accusations. So the father hauls the boy
over the coals, and the mother the
daughter. The faulty ones cannot
escape, but must sit and hear. Harry
has his tale of wrong to tell as soon as
his father and mother have paused, and
Carrie must take this opportunity of
unfolding her grievance, and tell how
"mean" Tom has been, while Tom
stands on his defence, and tells what a
scurvy trick Carrie played on him.
And the mutual attacks and defences
are not left to separate parties; the cur-
rent sweeps in the whole circle. Have
you never seen how it works? Father
finds fault, and from the other end of
the table mother moves up a battalion
in aid of the attack. Ida makes a flank
movement, and opens with a volley,
while small Charley, catching the enthu-
siasm of the moment, comes in on the