

12. Join in public worship. (Eccles. v, 6; 1 Cor. xi, 10).
 13. Watch over dying bed. (S. Luke xvi, 22).
 14. Carry departed spirits to Hades. (S. Luke xvi, 22).
 15. Reap soul harvest at last. (S. Matt. xiii, 39).

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

HYMN.

When 'ere I view the etherial sky,
 Bedecked with jewels bright,
 My thoughts are turned to Thee, Most High
 Who caused such wondrous light.

When I behold the ocean's rage,
 In tempest, storm and blast;
 The power its fury to assuage,
 Omnipotent and best!

The flowers in all their bright array,
 The stream that ripples by,
 The birds that warble day by day,
 Extol thy name, Most High.

In tune with these, my voice I'll raise
 In notes both loud and clear;
 To God above be all the praise,
 Whose love is ever near.

—H. J. Du Vernet.

A BAPTISM.

In the little church, the morning sun shone brightly,

Filling with a soft radiance the sacred place;
 A tiny sunbeam through the chancel window
 Played o'er our darling's sweet uplifted face.
 The wee lips parted, and the baby fingers
 Were folded as in prayer: We present felt,
 Although unseen, a loving form beside us,
 As at His altar reverently we knelt.
 The unseen Christ with heavenly benediction
 His hands hath placed upon our darling's head,
 Now, though the unknown future lies before her,
 The promised Presence leaves us nought to dread.

Ho who on earth said, "Suffer little children,"
 Will shield His child 'mid earthly care and strife,
 And, at the last, open to her the portals
 That lead to realms of everlasting life.

—F. E. S.

Point Edward, Ont.

A SWISS STORY.

A group of young men were standing one morning in April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was John Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and half a dozen others, with their sisters and sweethearts. Bund, as usual was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls, to see the effect.

"What do you say to a race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, Leid?"

Leid nodded, threw off his coat, and was beaten in both race and wrestle. He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeannette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, undersized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books.

I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeannette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come girls!" cried Bund. The girls drew nearer, shy but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss; but it wouldn't be fair for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color. He played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew that it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength; but it was hard to be told it—before little Jeannette too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I."

"What is it?" cried Nicholas, eagerly.

"You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me and see which of us can reach the other shore!"

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crushed and tore each other as they went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed!" they said, looking admirably at Bund. Jeannette looked and turned away with a shudder.

"Well done, Bund," said the other lads. "There's no cowardice in Bund that's certain."

Bund tore off his woolen jacket and boots, straightened himself and clapped his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat. You're a famous swimmer, and Jeannette is looking" under his breath, with an angry flash in his eyes.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting, and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the icy river. He did not trust himself to look at Jeannette. In summer he had often swam the Aar at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness, perhaps death, and for no other purpose than to gratify the pride of a vaporing, idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund.—"Afraid eh?"

The lads and the girls looked at Voss. Even Jeannette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim," he said.

If he had bluffed it out in a strident, jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter 'turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to hear him.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his father in that mood. He went to the bear pits. Now everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese; and Nicholas, like his neighbors, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in the pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travellers and Americans. Their children were climbing upon the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngsters," cried a workman. "They are fierce—those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring; and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murderer," cried a woman

All the people stretched their neck to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse made, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean farther over. There was a push, a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone."

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death, people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below. Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were snuffing curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his four legs, and dragging himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There was a wild cry from the crowd. A boy had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with a sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes, but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him."

"The others are coming on him."

"Ach, What blows."

"Well struck. Again, again."

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces."

"O, the poor boy."

"See, the bear has torn his flesh."

"He has the child! He has the child! A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting, sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The boy, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the center of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then with a mighty bound he reached it, and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The rope was brought and flung towards him.

"He has it. He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put the babe in her arms. When he had taken the rope and tied it about him a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help pull him in. As he swung across the chasm, going half way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but its hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety.—Everybody talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the government council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. Mothers held their babies closer to their breast that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile Nicholas lay in his cot, tended by