

able industry. It tempts to dishonesty. It is a social curse.

So, then, gambling is sinful. The "royal law" condemns it. The tenth commandment forbids it. Its own fruits bear witness against it, as an evil thing.

Hence, therefore, I entreat young men, and boys in particular, to have nothing to do with any form of gambling. Make up your minds once for all. Do not play for money! Do not bet! Earn what you can honourably! Excel, if you can, in every manly sport! But do not listen to the voice of that covetousness which thus tempts you under the cloak of a false manliness! Keep your honour bright! Keep your money, and do not throw good money after bad! Above all, keep your conscience clear. Keep the peace of your soul; for be sure there is no serving Christ and covetousness! There is no agreement between gambling and Christian life. I never knew a declared gambler to come to the Lord's Table! I will quote to you the words of a true Englishman—of one who was a man in the highest sense—"Recollect always that the old argument for gambling is worthless. It is this:—'My friend would win from me if he could: therefore I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense; the same argument would prove that I have a right to kill a man, if only I give him leave to kill me if he can," the argument of the duellist. So writes Charles Kingsley to his eldest son at school. (The boy had told his father that he had put into a sweepstakes for a race). So strong was Kingsley's feeling of the dangers connected with a taste for gambling that, though he frequently played cards with his children in the evening to rest his brain, he would never allow any play for money in his own house. No one can call Kingsley a narrow-minded man! Surely the words and example of such a man are not to be lightly regarded!—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE SWALLOWS.

Hark! 'tis the time of swallows:
Hither they come
Across the foaming billows,
Seeking a home.
Welcome, thrice welcome are ye,
Heralds of springs,
Come to us over the sea
On powerful wing.
Come without compass to guide,
Yet steering true;
Winging o'er continents wide,
God guideth you.
God pilots you as ye seek
A warmer land,
Leaving the shores that are bleak
For summer strand.
Guideth all safely and true
Your myraid hosts,
Guideth through heaven's deep blue
To genial coasts.
Then, suffering Christian, behold
This miracle vast;
Trust in your God and be bold,
Be not downcast.
God is your pilot in storm,
He holds the helm,
The blackest of clouds that form
Will not overwhelm.
He will guide to the heavenly land,
Where soft winds blow;
He holdeth you in His hand
Wherever you go.
Then trust Him with all your heart,
He'll steer aright;
Strength to your wings He'll impart,
Till heaven's in sight.

HIBERNIOUS.

"NAN;" OR, THE STORY OF AN EASTER CARD.

By MARY A. GILMORE.

(Continued.)

She saw, as plainly as if it were before her, the long slant of hillside, "and down here," she said to herself excitedly, pointing to a corner of the card, "was the house and window where mother sat watching us. Who painted that card? who else could it be but one of the two sisters who ran up the hill together? she must remember me," thought Nan, "she must have kept a little corner of her heart for me in spite of everything. Oh, if I could think that there was one of my kin who still loved me, who would forgive and let me begin over again, I'd go to her on my bended knee; it's too late for that, however; I'd like the card, though," and, forgetting her appearance and lack of harmony with the surroundings, Nan impulsively went into the store and demanded the price of the card, before she remembered her almost penniless condition. "One dollar," said the clerk, carelessly. Nan turned away trying to hide her disappointment in her usual reckless stare; the card lay before her, however, and for her life she could not resist one last look at it, and as she gazed, heard a gentle voice beside her, saying "Do you like it so much? It is pretty, and I had selected it myself among a lot of others, but I have more than enough already, and you will really do me a favor if you will accept it."

The speaker was a gray-haired motherly woman. Nan knew her by sight; one of those angels in disguise who walk the earth, giving up time, money and talent for the help of the needy.

She softened in spite of herself. "Thank you," she said; "it reminded me of—of something."

"Now, wouldn't you like to come with me into the church near by? one of the Lenten services is being held; they are very pleasant, not long either."

"I don't care if I do," Nan answered, rather rudely, but these curiously softening influences had to be resisted; it would not do to be too gracious, even in gratitude; but before she knew it she found herself in the corner of a big pew wisely left to herself by the kindly woman who knew when not to do, as well as when to do.

She listened to the music that seemed to come right out of heaven, and to the words of the prayers that comforted unconsciously. It was all so strange! it was years and years since Nan had been in a church; it all came back to her as she listened—her troubled life that seemed so long. She thought of her mother, the proud, high-spirited woman with the queenly step, of the young lady she had seen that day. She thought of her father, the studious, stern and awe-inspiring man, the little sister whom she had so dearly loved; then the events of her life came before her: her wilful disregard of parental love and wisdom, her stolen flight and marriage to the man who had thrown such a fascination over her; her horror when she discovered that her marriage, as she had considered it, was not one at all, and then the awful time of desertion, loneliness and despair, when pride was too strong to return to her father's house, and too blind to turn aside from the pitfalls that are ever open when no friendly hand is stretched out to draw one back. Her life had been hard; it had made her, as she herself would have expressed it, a "hard lot;" but the heart's soil was not yet so stony that a little seed could not take root, provided it were sown in time.

She was aroused from her painful reverie by

the sight of a little golden head bobbing up and down before her. There sat the lady and the little child.

"I can't get away from her," thought Nan, "but never mind, if she were my sister and wanted to find me, she would never recognize me now." The child's head danced before Nan's eyes; the low sweet chanting of the choir produced a quieting effect. She was getting drowsy, poor thing, when the minister's words awakened her.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" the words on the card that Nan held clasped tightly in her hand.

She listened while he tried to explain in a simple kindly manner (he was a simple, kindly man), the application of the words to the resurrection of the soul from sin.

"Not one of us," he said, "is so steeped in sin that he can be dead to every good influence; but even if he were, even if his spiritual self seem deaf to all calls, blind to all mercies, dumb to all entreaties, yet if he come to feel once in his career of sin that God is, that God lives, there is hope for that man. You may ask how the consciousness of God's existence can come to him; he is dead, you say; yes, but Christ brought the resurrection of the dead; as His hand lay on Lazarus, brought him forth bound hand and foot, so his touch, laid upon the worn and weary man, brings him forth, bound indeed in sin, but casting off his fetters as a garment. This touch can come in many ways; a kind word unexpectedly received, a brotherly grasp of the hand, a strain of long-forgotten music, a memory of home and childhood—these all are the fingers of God, this is the resurrection of the soul."

Nan listened with rapt interest, fearing to breathe, lest she lose a word.

"Though he were dead;" yes, she surely was dead in sin, buried so deep that she could never get up in this world. "He may say what he likes," she said to herself, bitterly, "The fingers of God! there isn't a woman here that would let her dress touch me if she knew me as I am; no, he means well, but if these people can only look at me with a sneer, surely God would do it too."

II.

The service was over, and Nan hurried out; not that she was eager to reach any place, but she did not desire to meet anyone.

The church had been very warm and it was bitterly cold outside. Nan had not eaten a remarkable large meal that whole day. Indeed, an orange and an exceedingly dry sandwich are not especially hearty at any time, let alone a day in February. The thoughts new and unaccustomed to her had tired her head strangely. She staggered as she passed out of the porch. A policeman standing by looked at her suspiciously; in her eagerness to pass him, she did not see the pole of a heavy carriage beside her and as she turned sharply into the street, ran upon it and fell beneath the feet of the startled horses. There was a little cry, a slight disturbance in the crowd that parted curiously for a moment and then swept on as before. "A woman knocked down, not killed, she'll be all right," were the voices heard, but Mrs. Van Antwerp, coming out to her carriage with her little daughter, stopped in horror at the first glance of the havoc her horses had wrought, and getting down beside the girl, said quickly to the policeman:

"Put her into my carriage at once."

"I'm afraid it's a case for the ambulance, ma'am," he replied; "she couldn't sit up nor lie down either in your carriage."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" Mrs. Van Antwerp said leaning over her; then as she saw the white face: "Why it's the girl who picked my Daisy up!"

The ambulance had arrived, she was lifted in and driven away, in response to Mrs. Van Antwerp's desire that she should be taken to the