

settled truth, and are proud to confess themselves among those whom St. Paul condemned, "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Such then is the true witness of St. Irenæus who sat at the feet of Polycarp, the disciple of St. John.—*The Living Church.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A PRAYER.

(Suggested by first Collect in 'Communion Office')

BY I. M. C.

Thou to Whom all thoughts are known,
Thou from Whom no sin is hid,
Bless us from Thy Heavenly Throne
While we do as Thou hast bid.

Sanctify this "Bread and Wine"
For our souls' refreshment given,
Fill us, Lord, with grace divine,
Feed us with the Bread of Heaven.

Cleanse our hearts with holy fire,
Grant us peace which shall endure,
Banish every vain desire,
Make each thought, each action pure.

"THE DAISIES' WATCHWORD.

BY P.

One Summer's day, 'neath skies of blue,
I came upon a meadow fair,
And paused with glad and wond'ring eyes,
To see the daisies growing there;
For they were strangers then to me:
And quite unknown the lovely scene
Of meadows sparkling thus with gold,
Set 'round with pearls amid the green.

And as I gazed upon them there,
I thought there must indeed be trace
Of God's own Spirit in these hearts
Turned ever upward to His Face.
May not to each fair bud of earth
Some precious word of truth be given,
Embodied thus and ever clear
To ears that list for words from heaven.

"Oh daisies, white with heart of gold,
With ever trustful star-like eyes,
What is it that you ponder so
With gaze turned upward to the skies?"

"What is it that we ponder so?"
The daisies answered, soft and low,
"Why think you we could ever tell
The half we flowers dream and know!
But would you hear the germ of truth,
The watchword true, to daisies given,
To muse upon and breathe anew
Whene'er we lift our eyes to heaven?
Then close your ear to earthly sound,
Bend closer to our bed of sod
And hear the word we daisies sing—
'The pure in heart they shall see God.'"

Oh, watchword true, graven thus in gold,
And set in stainless pearls so fair;
Shall we not find indeed the trace
Of God's own Spirit written there?
Oh, human hearts, to us it speaks;
To us this message pure is given,
To bid us turn our thoughts from earth,
And lift our eyes and souls to heaven.

And so, of all the flowers that bloom
And glad us with their presence blest,
I think, with memories of that day,
I'll always love the daisies best.
And making now their word my own,
May I not hope, when 'neath the sod,
To hear the daisies sing—"Here sleeps
A heart so pure, it shall see God?"

THE labor of the body relieves us from the fatigues of the mind; and this it is which forms the happiness of the poor.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL,

Author of "Oughts and Crosses," "Wait till it Blooms," etc.

CHAPTER III.

'STOP THIEF!'

'I found a purse just outside the gate,' said Ted, suddenly remembering that which for the moment he had forgotten. 'If it is yours, you are welcome to it, but you'd better not dare tell me again that I'm a thief.'

'Yes, it is mine!' replied Susan, snatching at the purse which he held out to her. 'Found it, indeed! That's an easy story. Where's that half-sovereign, I say?'

'There was no half-sovereign,' returned Ted. 'There wasn't anything but what is in it now I'll declare there wasn't! and I don't tell lies.'

'Turn your pockets inside out, then!' insisted the wrathful Susan.

Teddie readily did so, when, from among a jumble of pencils, string, buttons, and bits of chalk, a small gold coin fell upon the floor with a spin and a chink!

Susan pounced upon it like a hawk upon its prey, and held it up with malicious triumph.

'Oh, you wicked boy!' she said, while Lucy looked on in thunderstruck silence. 'You don't tell lies, do you? You found the purse, didn't you? And there was nothing in it, was there? You young sinner, I'll send for a policeman this moment, and have you looked up.'

'What's the row? What's all this about?' asked a boyish voice, as a lad a few years older than Ted came bounding down the kitchen stairs.

'Oh, Master Walter, would you please to fetch a policeman?' said Susan. 'This boy here has been picking my pocket.'

'I didn't! It's all false!' protested poor Teddie, on the verge of tears. 'I don't know how it came there no more than nothing at all. I never saw it!'

'Never saw what?' queried Walter.

'The half-sovereign. I found it just outside the gate,' said Ted, growing in his confusion somewhat incoherent. 'I'm positive I never knew it was there.'

'This sort of talk won't go down here, you know,' returned Walter, with judicial dignity. 'You eat your own words too fast, young fellow. Now then, Susan,' he added, turning to the maid, 'let us have your version of the affair.'

So the girl told her story, with many indignant, but sadly ineffective contradictions from poor helpless Teddie, who felt as if he were in a frightful dream. He could not but see that the case was looking bad against him, especially the finding of the gold piece after he had so strenuously denied all knowledge of it. The fact was, it had worked its way under the worn lining of the purse and so escaped his notice, though it slipped through and got loose in his pocket almost immediately after.

Walter listened attentively, leaning against the wall, with his thumbs tucked into the armholes of his vest meanwhile, an attitude, he flattered himself, of almost magisterial coolness and ease.

'It seems to me that appearances are very much against you,' he said, addressing Teddie in a severe tone when she had finished.

Teddie could not but repeat with trembling and tears that could no longer be repressed, that he had found the purse out in the street, not two minutes before he came to the door with his laces.

'You must have seen Susan come in, then,' said Lucy, herself in great doubt of the veracity of his story. 'Why didn't you ask if she had lost anything?'

Teddie didn't know. He had never thought of it.

'And then his artfulness in managing to shuffle the half-sovereign out before he gave up the purse, observed Susan. 'He's a bad un, he is, you may take my word, Master Walter. A boy as'll tell wicked stories like he's done'll do anything.'

'I never told a falsehood in my life,' sobbed Teddie. 'You ask mother—ask anybody who knows me!'

'That's all very fine, I daresay,' observed Walter, who rather relished the exciting notion of fetching a policeman and giving the young pick-pocket in charge. 'If you can clear yourself you'll have to do it before a magistrate. Keep him safe here, Susan,' he added, going up the stairs two steps at a time. 'I'll be back with a constable in five minutes.'

'Constable—magistrate—keep safe!' Was it possible that such words were used in connection with him? Teddie stood as if petrified. What was going to happen to him? What did it all mean? The walls seemed revolving about his swimming head.

A bell rang from one of the rooms above, and Susan had to answer it. 'If he turns restive, Lucy,' she said, 'look him up in the coal cellar.'

'All right,' returned the other. But Ted appeared so thoroughly stupefied by the charge that had been brought against him as not even to think of attempting to make his escape.

'Poor little chap,' thought Lucy; 'he looks quiet struck, to be sure. It is hard of Susan to want to give him up. Perhaps he has told the truth, after all. He hasn't got the face of a bad boy, anyhow.'

But Ted, driven almost to distraction by the remembrance of his mother and sisters, and what their honor would be to learn that he had been dragged off to the police station as a common thief, was actually at that very instant meditating a rush for his liberty.

'I'll give him a chance,' said Lucy to herself, and became very busy at the farthest corner of the pantry.

Ted saw his chance, and made a dash at the area door. Out he flew, up the steps, and into the open road. He turned to the right, towards home; if he had gone the other way he would have run straight into the arms of the police-officer, who, with Walter and two or three other boys—among them, though Ted did not at that time know it, one of his own school-fellows—was just appearing round the nearest corner.

But they saw the fugitive, and with a yell of 'Stop thief!' instantly gave chase.

Ted raced like the wind, making now for the woods, which lay just off the road, and an everaugmenting crowd of men and boys tore wildly after him, rending the quiet summer afternoon stillness with the horrible cry of 'Stop thief! Stop thief!'

They were gaining upon him every moment, but still he ran.

CHAPTER IV.

ELSIE.

The nursery at Woodside Lodge was one of the prettiest rooms you could wish to see. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton possessed excellent taste and ample means, and it was their chief delight to make use of both, with much thought and care, for the benefit of the little daughter and son who were so dear to them.

The nursery floor was covered with a neat matting that no one need be afraid to spoil; the walls decorated with a pretty, tinted paper on which was depicted, in a series of well-designed scenes, the pathetic history of two chubby-faced and large-eyed Babes in the Wood, while the colored tiles round the fireplace similarly illustrated the more fortunate career of Whittington and his cat, though a high wire guard prevented in the latter case a too close inspection of the same. Rich-looking oleo-