

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

LIGHT, LIFE, LOVE.

'In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.'
'As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.'

Jehovah is the Fount of Light,
No shadow clouds His throne;
Eternal glory, pure and bright,
Is His, and His alone.
Wide as the universe extends,
Goes forth the vivid ray;
Unto the countless world He sends
The light of perfect day.

And He the Fountain is of Life;
His all-pervading breath,
With plentitude of spirit rife,
All creatures quickeneth;
In Him we live, in Him we move,
In Him our being have;
In Him the spirit-life shall prove
Triumphant o'er the grave.
And He of pure and perfect Love
The Fount eternal is;
Angels and archangels above
Know of no love like His!
No love but His had pardon wrought
For Adam's guilty race,
And the rebellious sinner brought
To see the Father's Face.

Light, life, and love—this triple cord,
Which from Heaven's Throne descends,
Doth bind us to our risen Lord,
Chiefest and best of Friends;
Be mine the light, be mine the life,
The pardoning love be mine,
Ending the earthly mortal strife
In rest and peace Divine.

—J. F. in Family Churchman.

From the Parish Visitor, N. Y.

LINES

Suggested by "A Year in Paradise" in December Number.

Do they keep count of time in that fair land,
The Paradise of God?
Ah! long to us that year has been, dear friend,
Under the obdusting red,
But thou, what hast it been to thee, so blest;
A joy—a transport—or a blissful rest?
Perchance it seems but a short day since thou
Did'st bid farewell to earth,
Left all its joys and sorrows, cares and woes,
In thy soul's great new birth?
But not the love thou bore to us, oh, no!
We could not bear to think that that should go.
Surely sometimes thy happy thoughts have
stray'd

To those still here below;
With loving, earnest longings for their weal,
And hope we cannot know.
Such hope as springs from faith already crown'd
And trust in Him whose goodness shows around.
It may be that the time has seem'd to thee.

A century of years—
Not with the weariness we sometimes feel
Within this land of tears,
But from the wondrous knowledge thou'st obtain'd
Which years of mortal life could not have
gain'd.

We know not—sight as yet is faint and dim,
And hearts are all too cold;
Nor do we trust enough for those we love
Within the heav'nly fold;
Let us press onward through the golden gate
And learn the glories which our souls await.

And all the joys which we shall share with those
From whom we parted here;
Then ignorance like morning mists shall flee,
The Day-spring shall appear;
Oh, the blest meetings in that land above!
Oh, the loud means to redeeming love!

—E. G.

THE FAIRY EXPERIENCE.

BY KATHARIN B. FOOT.

[From the Ladies' Home Journal.]

[CONTINUED]

She put her slate away carefully, and went to dinner with a light heart; but alas, she soon began to find out that the fairys Experience is sometimes disagreeable; for her Mother said:

'Have you been studying this morning, Anna? I saw you take your books and slate out to the orchard.'

'Yes'm,' said Anna.

'And did you get any of the sums done?'

'Yes'm, I did,' she said; and at the same time she realized she had told a lie, for she hadn't done a single sum. She blushed and choked over her dinner while she was trying to say to herself, 'It isn't a lie, either. I did get them done. They were done by the slate.'

Poor little Anna! She was doing the hardest kind of lying then—lying to herself.

'Oh!' said her mother, 'I'm glad to hear it.' 'You were an industrious little girl to work so hard all Saturday morning. I think you deserve a treat this afternoon to pay you. How would you like to ride this afternoon and to ask Sally to go with us?'

'I should like it ever so much!' and Anna jumped up. 'Shall I ask her now?'

'Yes, and ask her if she has been studying all the morning as hard as you have.'

As Anna passed out of sight her mother said: 'It's really hard work for me to get off this afternoon; but I shall do it, no matter what I leave, for I want Anna to see that I appreciate her trying so hard to conquer her hatred for arithmetic, for I know how to sympathize with her.'

Her mother praised her, and her father too; even Bob, when he hunted up her slate, because he said 'Anna acted so funny he thought she was fibbing it,' said, 'Well done. I declare you are smart if you are a girl. Some of those sums are just whoppers for fractions.' And everybody looked at the slate and praised her till she was ready to sink with shame. Sally couldn't understand how Anna ever did them when she had been so despairing the day before.

'Did you dream of them, Anna?' she asked.

'Yes, I did; and all night long.' Anna was thankful to tell the honest truth.

'That's it,' said Sally, triumphantly. 'They came to you in your sleep. I've read of people who couldn't do things before they went to bed, but got right up in the morning and did them just as nice as could be.' And poor, miserable Anna couldn't say a word. But if Saturday was dreadful, Monday was worse; for Anna had to show her sums all done and all right, and how Miss Jones praised her, and scolded too.

'There,' she said, 'I've always said you were bright enough, and you only need application. Now you see it for yourself.'

Before the end of the week came, Anna was just about the most miserable little girl that ever was born. Even if the fairy had not made her promise not to tell of the wonderful power of her slate, she would not have spoken of it, for how could she endure to have every one know that she had taken all the praise, knowing that she didn't deserve it. She was so wretched that she couldn't study; and Miss Jones scolded her a little, for she said, 'It is so strange that you do all your sums this week, and don't know any of your other lessons. It used to be just the other way; but still I can't say much to you, for I know you must have given almost all your time to your arithmetic for the last few days, and you deserve praise for that at any rate.'

'Oh!' thought Anna, 'I believe I'll tell Mother, and then I can't cheat any more!' But examination day was coming, and she couldn't bear to fail before all the strangers that would be there, so she decided to keep the secret until the day was over. 'And after that I will never cheat again just as long as I live,' she thought.

When examination day came Anna was nearly sick, for she couldn't sleep at night, and her conscience gave her no rest by day, and looked pale and worn as she took her seat in the morning.

One haunting fear possessed her. 'Just suppose she calls me up to the board! What shall I do?' She sat trembling in her seat, but comforted herself with the hope that she had so much to do in other ways that Miss Jones wouldn't think of asking her to do any more. But alas, the dreadful moment came when Miss Jones said, 'Anna Hill may come to the board.'

How Anna got out of her seat and in front of the board she never knew, but she stood there, knowing that all eyes in the school-room were fixed upon her.

Then her teacher said, 'You may take example twenty-two. Do it as quickly as possible.'

She opened her book. It was a sum that that her slate had done a day or two before. She had no excuse, and yet she hadn't the faintest idea how to begin her work even. She put the sum on the board, made one or two feeble and uncertain figures, and then, to the great astonishment of every one, she burst out crying, and ran straight out the school-room door, which was directly opposite the black-board. She ran out to some woods behind the school-house, and then threw herself under a tree and cried till she was dizzy.

After a while she sat up and peeped out, and saw all of the people and the children going away, and soon after Sally appeared, calling softly, 'Anna, Anna, where are you?'

'Here!' said Anna, getting up. 'Is Miss Jones awfully angry?'

'No, she isn't. She sent me to look for you and she told all the people after you ran out that they must excuse you, but that you were one of her best scholars, and that you were completely tired out from studying so hard, and that she knew you perfectly understood the sum she gave you. Wasn't she real good? Why, I was just surprised to hear her! But what did you do so for, Anna?'

'Oh, dear! I don't know,' bursting out crying again, and thinking. 'Oh! I've told so many lies, it don't matter how many more I tell.'

Then Miss Jones met her as she reached the school-house door, and spoke a few comforting words, saying she knew she wasn't well, and that she had been studying too hard, and kissed her, and told her to go home and enjoy her vacation. But as Anna wended home she felt as if she should never enjoy anything any more. She tried to make up her mind to tell her mother all about the matter, but she couldn't bear to let her know how she had deceived them all, so she went to bed more wretched than ever. She tossed and tossed and couldn't sleep, and by and by a long ray of moonlight came into her room and fell across her bed, and then she was broad awake, and thought she would get up and shut it out. Just as she sat up, she noticed a little figure floating down on the long shaft of light. She knew it was the fairy Experience.

'Here I am,' she said. 'I'm sorry that this experience hasn't been a pleasant one; but you know I told you that I can hardly tell how things are going to turn out. But, after all, my lesson hasn't done you any harm, but ever so much good, for I'm sure you've found out now that good, honest, faithful work in whatever we have to do is just the one thing that will keep us good and happy. For no one can do good, honest, faithful work without being