

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

MY CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

What! leave my Church of England,
My fathers' and my own,
What! set the viper, stinging the breast
Whereon my strength has grown?

Oh! bid me leave all else on earth,
The near and dear I've known,
But not my Church of England,
My fathers' and my own.

What! leave my Church of England,
My glory and my pride,
Abjure the faith that Jesus taught—
She holds no faith beside;

Upon the Rock secure she stands,
The gates of Hell assail,
For Truth eternal spake the word,
"They never shall prevail."

My dear old Church of England—
I love her ancient name,
And God forbid this heart should feel
One throb to do her shame.

A mother she has been to me,
A mother's love has shewn,
And shall I spurn a parent's arm,
A stranger's call my own?

My dear old Church of England,
The blood has not run cold
That coursed like streams of liquid fire
In martyrs' veins of old.

The cruel blaze their bodies fed
Hath lit another flame,
That warms the blood in every heart
Of those who love her name.

I love my Church of England,
For she doth love my Lord,
She speaks not, breathes not, teaches not
But from His written Word.

Her voice is like my Saviour's voice,
Compassionate and kind,
She echoes all His precepts pure,
She tells me all His mind.

I love my Church of England,
For she doth lead me on
To Zion's city fair and bright,
Where Christ my Lord is gone.

She follows in the steps of Him,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The Morning Star to light my path,
From darkness unto day.

Then, here my Church of England,
Thy child proclaims a vow,
God grant His grace to keep the pledge
Which God doth witness now.

Let others leave thine arms of love,
To build their pride a throne,
My Church shall yet be dear to me,
My fathers' and my own.

—Selected.

THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.

BY JENNIE CHAPPELL,

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

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE "KING CHARLIE."

TEDDIE TYRREL lay awake nearly all that night, and in the morning had such a splitting headache that he was not fit to go to school, of which circumstances he was positively glad.

Alice was red-eyed and "sniffy" when she brought him up his breakfast, and her manner was anything but gracious, thus adding to the depression which already seemed weighing him to the earth. They had forgotten to put any sugar in his cocoa, but he felt too humble and

miserable to ask for it. There certainly had never been a boy so hardly done by as he! He had wanted so much to help his family, and instead had been the means of bringing them all into terrible trouble and disgrace. The sky hung black and lowering over all his spirit-world, and he even found it hard to pray.

Sybil and Dora, however, seemed to find in their new playfellow ample compensation for the untoward events with which its advent into the house had been accompanied. Little "King Charlie," as they decided to name the stray dog, filled all the children's thoughts, and brought a balm for every woe.

It was an affectionate creature, and appeared to take so great a fancy to Sybil that its first friend soon occupied a position of inferior importance in the canine mind. With joy the little girl made discovery after discovery concerning the virtues and accomplishments of her latest pet. King Charlie could stand on his hind legs and beg, sham dead, play at "trust" and "paid for," and perform various other clever feats, while such beautiful, speaking brown eyes, and long, silky, dark ears and tail neither Sybil nor Dora had ever beheld before.

"You may depend it has been somebody's pet," said Mrs. Tyrrel. "Perhaps the property of a little girl like you, Sybbie, which may be the reason it has so readily taken to you."

"Oh, dear," said Sybbie, pressing the dog's smooth, warm head against her face, "I do hope she won't advertise to get him back. You wouldn't go away from me, would you, King Charlie, darling?"

The spaniel's pink tongue immediately encircled Sybbie's small nose, causing her to draw back with a half-frightened scream.

"You had better be prepared to give doggie up, I think, Sybil dear," observed her mother. "The owners are almost certain to make their loss known as soon as possible."

"Oh, Alice," cried Sybil, as the elder girl came into the room, ready dressed to go out, "don't look in any of the shop windows to-day, there's a dear."

"Why not?" asked Alice.

"'Cause I'm so dreadfully afraid you'd see something about my beautiful, dear King Charlie. And if we don't see it we needn't take him back, need we, mamma?"

"Suppose he had been your own dog ever since he was born until now, and you had just lost him?" suggested Mrs. Tyrrel.

"I should cry," owned Sybil. But the words had scarcely left her lips when she saw the drift of her mother's question, and with another deep drawn "Oh, dear!" hid a rather ashamed little countenance in the soft hair on the spaniel's breast.

"Perhaps you better look out for 'Dog Lost,' Alice," she presently said, following her sister to the door. "That other little girl might be awfully miserable if she couldn't find him any more."

So Alice kept her eyes open for any printed announcements of the "Lost or Missing" kind that might be about, with the result that, on her return, she brought the information that a brown and black spaniel, answering to the name of "Floss," had strayed, two or three days before, from the possession of Mr. Thornton, of Woodside Lodge.

"Oh, dear, King Charlie! Your name isn't Floss, is it?" asked Sybbie, anxiously. "Say it isn't!"

The spaniel wagged its tail, and said nothing.

"Floss! Floss!" called Teddie, in quick, imperative tones, and in an instant the little creature had bounded joyfully to his side, and was leaping up at him in ready recognition of the familiar word.

And Sybbie burst into tears.

But it was no use to repine, Floss must be restored to her rightful owners without delay; and the thought of how glad it would make them to receive their lost pet back again went

far, in the end, to reconcile the little girl to her own disappointment.

"I don't half like taking her back," said Teddie, though his headache was by this time nearly gone, "for I do believe Woodside Lodge is one of those houses close by where I found the purse. Suppose anybody was to see me! Can't Alice take her instead?"

But Alice had been for a very long walk already, and was quite tired. Besides, a reward was promised to any one who should return the dog, which the Tyrrels, in their present circumstances, could not afford to despise, and Mrs. Tyrrel thought that the actual finder was the only proper person to take Floss back.

In much fear and trembling, therefore, Ted once more approached the scene of his late panic! discovering to his dismay, as he proceeded, that the house he sought was, as he had feared, almost opposite that well remembered spot! He recognised it, moreover, as the residence of that pretty, passionate child who had driven him so imperiously from the door. Perhaps she was the spaniel's mistress.

For just a moment, recollecting her rudeness, Ted thought it would serve her right not to give Floss up to her at all, and felt inclined to walk home again with the dog under his arm. But honesty and generosity soon got the better of so unworthy an impulse; and with the swift, silent prayer of conscious helplessness that his enemy, the servant over the way, might not espy and pounce upon him, Teddie marched boldly up the steps and knocked at the door.

The instant it was opened, Floss, heedless of her 'bad' paw, leaped from his arms and bounded, joyously barking into the hall. There was no need for Ted to explain his errand after that!

Almost as soon as a glad, excited young voice was heard on an upper floor, and Elsie Thornton came flying eagerly down the stairs.

"Oh, Floss, Floss! Oh, my dear, darling doggie, where have you been?" she cried, smothering with caresses the little creature, who seemed no less delighted at the reunion than herself. Then she looked up at Teddie, stood quite still and silent for a minute, while a flush like a poppy deepened over brow and cheeks, and, in sudden shame and shyness, ran inside the parlour.

Mrs. Thornton came out, and in a very pleasant manner asked Ted to go in, which he did; and, hat in hand, he recited briefly an account of his discovery of poor Flossie in the vermin trap, and his sister's successful doctoring of the injured leg. Mrs. Thornton thanked and praised him cordially, and, after a slight pause, added, "This is not the first time you have met my little daughter, I think?"

"I—I—no'm!" mumbled Teddie, in his turn blushing furiously.

Then Elsie, with downcast eyes, came forward and said, in a very wee voice, "I'm sorry for having been so rude to you on Saturday. Please forgive me!"

"Elsie was almost beside herself at the time with anxiety about her dog," supplemented Mrs. Thornton, "or I trust she would not so have forgotten herself. She has been grieved about her conduct ever since. It is most remarkable that she should thus be afforded an opportunity of expressing her regret; but I am very glad."

"On, that don't matter!" returned Ted, rather awkwardly, and meanwhile earnestly scrutinizing the inside of his cap. The situation was embarrassing, and he did not know what to say.

"Now tell me," continued Mrs. Thornton, "what it was you wished to dispose of. Forgive me for making the remark, but you know you don't look quite like any ordinary vendor of articles in the street!"

"They were some lace collars my sister made," replied Ted. "We wanted to earn some money to send Sybbie to the seaside:—Sybbie is little, she's only seven, and she has been very bad with bronchitis and inflammation. The