

Family Department.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

"O praise God in His Holiness."—Psalm cl. 1.

O God of Life, whose power benign,  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, all creating Lord,  
Be thou by every tongue implored,  
Be Thou by every heart adored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain  
For us did endless Life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care  
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy Communion share.

O Holy, Blessed Trinity!  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;  
In heaven and earth exalted be.

Amen.

CLAIRE.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

After a brief season of unquestioning trust and affection, the young Countess had awakened to a knowledge of her husband's real character, and with it to the realization that she had sacrificed her young life, her holiest affections and every chance of earthly happiness to a delusion. The man whom she had loved and trusted, did not exist.

"She could not find a solace in the brilliant life of fashion and intrigue, with which some women might successfully have sought to fill the void of an aching heart; hers was too pure and simple a nature. Henceforth, life could hold no sunshine for her; even her babe's birth could not restore her to happiness. The 'amber boudoir,' where Ursule had watched Claire and her little playmates, might have told sad tales. It had seen the roses fading from the young face, whose brightness had given place to a look of settled sadness; it had seen a life full of tender hope and promise, blighted with disappointment, and at last fade out before its prime.

"The Count could not, of course, have been expected to submit to the banishment of Du Plessis, or to deprive the Court of one of its brightest ornaments, in order to indulge the caprice of a sickly wife. He did occasionally pay a very brief visit to the castle, and at these times was full of delicate attentions to the Countess, appearing to be perfectly unconscious that his graceful compliments and smiles distressed and chilled the invalid, who yet, for her little Claire's sake, strove to keep up appearances.

"When, at last, the short but weary pilgrimage was ended; the Countess Gertrude felt but one regret, that of leaving her child. For her sake she would have been willing to live on, to shield her with all her mother's strength from the evil influences which she feared would surround her. To her faithful attendant alone she had breathed her nameless anxieties about Claire, and had implored her continued love and care for the forsaken child; and as her dying lips pressed the baby face, she had whispered, "meet me in heaven my darling." There had been no farewell between husband and wife; Ursule, whose devotion to her mistress had given her an instinctive knowledge of her feelings, had sent no messenger to summon the Count, until her own loving hands had closed the eyes that would never more reproach him with their sadness. The Count came to the funeral, Ursule ushered him into the room where lay the wan and wasted likeness of the sweet young wife whom he had brought to Du Plessis a few short years before,

and without doubt, if there remained one touch of natural feeling in the heart of the corrupt and selfish courtier, he could not have gazed upon that mute face without a pang of keenest self-reproach.

But, if such a feeling had been awakened within him, it was speedily stifled in the dissipations and excitements of the life to which he returned. The existence of his child, he seemed scarcely to realise, so entirely was the little one beyond the circle of his interests and pleasures. It was well for the motherless child that she was left in the care of one so faithful and fond as Ursule, whose love as nearly replaced that of a mother, as it was possible.

"Brief and few had been the Count's visits to Du Plessis, while Claire was living through the years of her childhood and early girlhood, which would have been so unspeakably lonely, but for the bright companionship of the young Duvals. The old priest of Du Plessis had been her only instructor, and indeed his teaching had been of a somewhat desultory sort, but the natural grace and clearness of her mind stood her in good stead of a more systematic education, and the long neglected library of the castle yielded up treasures to the young student's searching among its musty volumes. As time went by, it dawned upon the Count that this little daughter of his, who greeted him with such half shy, half wistful ways, was growing into a beautiful woman, a little too severe in her English style of beauty, perhaps, to please his French fastidiousness, lacking the tender bloom of her girlish mother, but of a correct and noble type. As a matter of course, a marriage must be arranged for her before long, and the Count smiled to himself at the incongruity of his position and his paternal duties. He bore the matter in his mind, however, giving it a place among his secondary plans and objects. He might have brought it before his royal mistress, and have secured her interest in Claire and a position at Court for the young Countess, but that some faint sense of propriety, of which he was himself unconscious, deterred him from introducing his daughter in her innocent girlhood to the scenes of feverish dissipation and restless intrigue, which had formed the atmosphere of his own life. He was not deterred, however, from discussing the subject of his intentions with regard to Claire, with the wealthy Marquis de Sanmar, nor from listening complacently to a proposition from one who, as Claire had said to Marthe, was a very travesty of old age. Marthe's loving anxiety for her friend had not been at fault, when the Count had visited Du Plessis, accompanied by his friend the Marquis, an introduction to Claire had been the real object of the latter. Greatly impressed by her beauty and grace, the old nobleman had been strangely discouraged by the calm simplicity of her manner, which seemed to wither and make impossible his attempts at courtly attention. The Count himself—almost a stranger to his own child—was baffled. There seemed to be a spell about the young recluse, which made her unapproachable. Still, as he said reassuringly to the Marquis, while they rode toward Paris together, the matter was of course in his own hands, he came of a race which had always exacted obedience from their daughters. Claire was still very young; he would undertake, within a year, that she should come to a right understanding of his authority, and that when he expressed his wishes, she would comply without demur. So the cloud that Marthe had seen seemed to pass away, while other and heavier clouds were gathering into an overwhelming darkness. Still the noblesse of France went on, dancing, as it were, on the volcano which was ready to burst forth beneath their feet and consume them, still, in their heedless infatuation ignoring the signs of the times which surrounded them on all sides.

(To be Continued.)

SELF-RESPECT.—One of the greatest virtues boys and girls can have is self-respect. This is the feeling that lifts them above resenting petty affronts, that keeps them proudly aloof from low company, and that preserves them from dealing in flattery and toadyism. It is not very common among the young, but wherever it is found, it is a sign of solidity of character, and an omen of success in life.

"YES, YES, MY LITTLE FRAULEIN."

A letter from Berlin, speaking of the celebration of the Emperor William's eighty-fifth birthday, says: One hears at such a time as this many interesting anecdotes of his majesty, and I was much pleased with one told by an American friend to-day, who was at Ems a few weeks since, at the same time the Emperor was there to drink the waters. During his stay at the fashionable watering place, he paid a visit to a large orphan asylum and school that was under Government patronage. Of course, the presence of so distinguished a personage, as might be expected, created quite a sensation in the establishment. After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the classes, His Majesty called to him a bright, flaxen haired little girl of five or six years of age, and, lifting her into his lap, said to her: "Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?" and, taking out of his pocket an orange, he held it up to her. The little girl hesitated a moment; and looking timidly up in the Emperor's face, replied: "To the vegetable kingdom."

"Very good, and, now, to what kingdom does this belong?" and he drew out of his pocket a gold piece, and placed it on the orange. Again the little girl hesitated, but soon replied: "To the mineral kingdom." "Better and better," said the Emperor. "Look at me, and say to what kingdom I belong."

At this question there was an ominous silence among the teachers and visitors, who were listening with much interest to the royal catechism. Could she make any other reply than "To the animal kingdom." The little one hesitated as if perplexed what answer she should give. Was the Emperor an animal? Her eyes sought those of her teachers and her schoolmates. Then she looked up into the eyes of the aged Emperor, and with a half startled, frightened look—as if she was evading the question—replied: "To the kingdom of heaven." The unexpected answer drew tears from the Emperor. "Yes, yes, my little fraulein, I trust I do belong to God's kingdom, and you think it is time I was there now, do you not? And the day is not far distant." *Courier-Journal.*

SLEEP IN JESUS.

Is not that one thought, that our beloved ones sleep in Jesus, enough? They sleep in Jesus, and, therefore, in infinite tenderness, sympathy, care and love. They sleep in Jesus; and He is the Life, and, therefore, they sleep in Life. They sleep in Jesus; and He is the Light, and, therefore, they sleep in Light. They sleep in Jesus; and He is Love, and, therefore, they sleep in Love. And what better? This is better—that they who sleep in Jesus must surely awaken. For, as it is written, His is a quickening, awakening, life-giving Spirit, and so to sleep in Him is to sleep in the very fount and core of life and power. If from Jesus all our powers and talents come here on earth, sure He will give us more and nobler when we sleep in Him, and wake in Him to a risen and eternal life. And more: it is written that them that sleep in Jesus will He bring with Him.—At the last day we shall see, face to face, those we loved—and before that—oh, doubt it not! Oftentimes when Christ draws near our spirits He comes not alone, but loving souls—souls whom we knew in the flesh on earth—bear up His train, and hover near our hearts, and join their whispers to the voice and inspiration of Him who loved us, and who will guide us with counsel here, and after that receive us into glory, where we shall meet those beloved ones—not as our forefathers dreamed, as meagre shadows, flitting through dreary and formless chaos, but as we knew them once—the body of the flesh alone put off, but the real body, the spiritual body, to which flesh and blood was but a husk and shell, living and loving more fully, more utterly, than ever before; because it is in Christ, who is the fount of life, and freed in Him forever from hell and death. And if you wish for a sign that this is so, come to the holy communion, and take the bread and wine as a sign that your bodies and theirs, your souls and theirs, are fed from the same fount of everlasting life—the dead and risen and everlasting body of Christ Jesus, which He has given to be the life of the world.—*Charles Kingsley.*