

the good child falls, and gets better; the bad man, the bad youth, the bad child, falls and gets worse. let your mind, dear children, be set upon doing the things that are right; you cannot discover them for yourselves; seek the advice of those who are set over you in the Lord, as did Charlie Tristam; then be pure, be noble, be brave, honest, truthful, obedient, innocent and guileless to the glory of God, and to the benefit of your own souls.

CHAPTER V.

"Why, Charlie dear, whatever can have put such ideas in your head?" exclaimed Mrs. Tristam to her son when upon the following morning he informed her of the object and result of his interview with the vicar. "You, our only son, our only comfort, going to leave us! It cannot be!" "No mother, it cannot be," returned Charlie repeating her words "for at least five years," alluding to the course of study he would have to undergo preparatory to his being ordained. This, however, did not comfort his anxious mother; she did not appear to have paid the least attention to what he said, for she looked reproachfully at him and murmured, "How can you think of treating us so unkindly?" "Mother, dear," quickly interrupted her son, "I cannot bear to hear you talk so; and please do not say that I am lacking in consideration for you or that I treat you undutifully. The whole matter is simply this, if you will be kind enough to listen for a moment. God has called me to the missionary work of His Church, and"—but here his mother broke in upon his explanation and spoke with evident haste: "Excuse me, Charlie, but pray have the goodness to inform me how you know that God has called you to the work you speak of? I prefer to think that Mr. Maitland is at the bottom of all this trouble and that you have become infatuated by him and his high church notions." These words were spoken with much warmth as well as haste. Before replying to them Charlie paused a moment, during which he uttered an ejaculatory prayer for wisdom; he then spoke quietly and deliberately, "My dear mother, I really cannot quite tell you how I am conscious of being called to serve God in the ministry of His Church, any more than I can tell how the infant is made regenerate in Holy Baptism, or how Jesus Christ gives us Himself to eat and drink in the Holy Communion, both of which, as we know, are Christian verities, depending for their virtue and efficacy on the influence of God the Holy Spirit who has also moved me to offer myself to God the Father as I have told you." Charlie paused respectfully in order that his mother might have an opportunity of replying to his words. But as she shewed no inclination to do so he continued: "Our Lord, when referring on one occasion (in his conversation with Nicodemus) to the work of the Holy Ghost within the souls of men, made use of these very striking words, which, of course, you remember dear mother, 'The wind bloweth

where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit,' thus shewing us that the work of this Holy Spirit is a great mystery and far beyond the grasp of human power." Charlie here began to fear that his mother would resent his thus preaching to her, and therefore he pleaded her forbearance and begged that he might be allowed to say just one word more. Mrs. Tristam sat silent and stolid, but by no means heedless of her boy's pleadings, and so she nodded an assent to him to continue, and he thus concluded, "Then there is another passage in one of St. Paul's epistles, which speaks of the Holy Spirit as 'bearing witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,' but here again, although the Holy Spirit witnesses to the fact that we are so, yet we cannot tell how we become the children of God." Charlie wisely refrained from alluding to his mother's somewhat unkind reference to Mr. Maitland, because it was unnecessary, and it had grieved him. Mrs. Tristam was weeping. Charlie feeling himself to be the cause, reproached himself bitterly. At length, however, she put forth her hand and drawing him closer to her said, "My dear child, all this is very hard to bear, and I don't know what your father will say. We had both hoped that things would have been so different; that you would never leave us, at least for such a purpose as that upon which you have evidently set your heart. But the worst of all is that you should think of going to such a place as Central Africa, where Englishmen cannot live long, where so many have died; and you know you are not very strong. If you felt yourself called on to be a missionary, why *did* you think of going to Africa above all places in the world? I confess I cannot understand it!" There was much passionate grief in the poor lady's words, and they smote the tender heart of her sorely tried son; but he again replied, "Neither can I explain this to you dear mother, it is as mysterious as the call itself; both came together. Who of us can tell what it all means? Many poor creatures perhaps are now living in that land of slavery and darkness, who are waiting to hear the Gospel of light and liberty from my lips, which otherwise they might never hear, for He who createth the potter, prepareth also the clay."

(To be continued.)

Who is on the Lord's side,
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers
Other lives to bring?

Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will go?

By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.