

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

Harmonious Three in One! Who made, redeemed,
 And in Thy fulness, sanctified me—
 And all on whom Thy blessed faith hath gleamed—
 O Love Divine, all-powerful decree
 That in these troublous days when sin is rife,
 And discord reigneth in our midst—Thy life,
 The type of unity on earth, may shed
 Its influence o'er our hearts that seem so dead.
 Thou Who art Ruler over all, and art
 Above and through and in us all below;
 Who hast ordained our being—made the heart,
 Thy Temple, with the Holy Spirit glow,
 Perfect our charity! our souls prepare
 That we may feel Thy Presence everywhere;
 Our Church unite in faith and hope and love,
 That she may train us for our Home above,
 Thou Who hast made us, guide our steps aright,
 And lead them onward with Thy Hand of love!
 Through JESU'S blood, O make us pure and white,
 Spread the sweet Influence of Thy Holy Dove!
 Thou Who alone art worthy to receive
 Glory and honour—we on Thee believe
 And on the Trinity eternal, found
 Our Christian faith on firm, unwavering ground.

—Penny Post.

(From The Church—)

MILDRED'S CONFIRMATION.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Julius was charmed with his valuable gift, and seemed quite reconciled to the loss of his friend, for indeed he had begun to see his very great faults.

Greatly excited, he hurried off to show the gift to brother Fred.

"It is a splendid gift, Julius," he said, "and Mildred is so generous."

When Julius told the whole story of his falling out with Mildred, Fred said:

"I don't think that we can ever find such a sister as ours; I often hear people talk of being like Jesus, but we don't see much of that among Christians, only here in our home, Julius."

"You never find Mildred failing in any of the Christian graces," Julius replied, "always so gentle, so patient, so forgiving; we ought to dovelher, Fred, with all our hearts."

"I know that she has done both of us a heap of good," said Fred, "and even our selfish Emily sometimes seems ashamed if Mildred finds out any of these ugly traits."

"I see all the beautiful graces of the Master in our Mildred," was the answer, "for I do believe that she tries every day to imitate the Lord Jesus; and I guess some of these days she'll lead us all in the narrow way."

"I wonder what's the reason we don't follow her now," answered Fred; "I guess that we ought to know how often Mildred has told us about our sinful hearts, and yet we are not so very wicked, Julius."

"I think that the Bible would bring us all in guilty; for, by nature we love everything better than God."

The girls seemed so pleased with Julius gift that Mildred and Aunt Helen made quite a handsome addition to the library.

There were stories among them, bright, genial, inspiring, but all built upon the one foundation of Bible truth; not one silly novel among them.

Kate Somers, one of their schoolmates, has called to see Mildred. She was one of the recently confirmed, but there are no marks of a really renewed heart about the young girl. She has many amiable traits, but no genuine love for God. She has a great deal to say about the fashions and worldly amusements, and seeing Mildred but little interested in her chat, she said:

"When are you coming out, dear? I was disappointed at not meeting you at Lizzie Hart's party; you must be nearly eighteen now."

"I was invited, Kate, but I do not go to such parties since I was confirmed." Smiling pleasantly, she continued, "What do you mean by coming out?"

"You know very well, Mildred, that it means coming out into society."

"Following the ways of the gay world; I

hope never, Kate; I am trying to follow another sort of coming out. I have left school, and, under Aunt Helen's directions, I hope that I have come out from all the follies of the world, to enter upon a higher and better life of holiness, for I believe that it is the only path to happiness, and I know that it is the path of obedience for all the young disciples of the Master. You know, Kate, that we gave up all the vanities of the world on our confirmation day."

"I don't understand it in that way, Mildred, for I don't believe God would wish us to live like a company of nuns."

"No, indeed," Mildred replied; "for if we only could see it as God does, we should gladly embrace His sweet service as our highest joy; but that can never be without the new heart that Jesus gives."

"Well, dear," she said, as she arose to go, "I know that you are a sincere follower of the Lord, but I don't see exactly as you do."

Mildred's birthday is near, and there is a great deal of whispering and hiding parcels, Aunt Helen being a confident of the secret.

"I am so glad it is a bright day," said Lucy, as they met at the breakfast table, where little parcels were placed at every plate, and the loveliest flowers, gathered by Winnie, in the centre of the table.

Aunt Helen's birthday cake was lovely, papa's watch very handsome, and Lucy's brooch so pretty. But Mildred was especially pleased with Emily's gift, the work of her own hands, a beautifully embroidered tidy, folded and directed "To Sister Mildred."

It was particularly noticed, for it had exercised Emily's patience for many hours, and she did not really like the work. This was so different from Emily's general style of gifts, which only cost money, but none of her precious time. There were many tokens observed by the family that Emily was beginning to think less of herself, and working silently for others.

Precious Winnie had brought a purse knit by her own little hands, and the boys, too, had their gifts—Julius a writing-desk and Fred a work-box.

It was a happy day, for love had prompted all these gifts.

EASTER MORNING.

But Emily does not seem well, her symptoms of illness increasing, and, confined to her bed at last, the doctor pronounced her case typhoid fever.

Mildred is most devoted, for the disease is running on, and she is in a dangerous condition. The ninth day was pronounced a critical period, and when it arrived the whole family were painfully anxious.

Emily slept quietly for twelve hours, and the doctor stayed with them; when, at the close of day, she awoke she seemed quite conscious, and, looking around, she asked:

"Where is sister?"

Mildred came quickly forward.

"Be composed," said the doctor, "for there must be perfect quiet for the next twelve hours."

But at last the great anxiety was relieved, and although very weak, Emily could speak to all of them, who were allowed to kiss the dear, pale face.

"God be praised," she whispered, for the doctor had ordered wine, given in small quantities, and pronounced her slowly recovering.

After a few days Lucy took her place by her side, reading to her and singing sweet hymns of praise, but she always found that those full of love to Jesus were Emily's favorites.

Winnie had regularly brought her flowers every day, and was always ready to run on errands for her sister. The boys, too, remember the invalid, and many a little delicacy found its way thus into Emily's room.

One day, when talking over the past, she said to Lucy:

"I have been very ill, sister."

"Yes, dear," was the reply; "there was a time when we had no hope."

"I have been thinking of it ever since the disease yielded; but when I felt that I had been on the borders of eternity, I have been asking where should I be now if I had been called away? God has been very merciful, Lucy, and with His help I trust that my heart shall be given to Him in deepest gratitude and love."

"Do not say 'shall be given,' why not now, dear Emily?"

"I hope that my peace is made with God, but I do not speak too confidently, for I know what a weak and wandering heart I have."

"But Jesus is ever ready to help the soul that trusts in Him," said Lucy, whose child-like faith was so simple, so confiding.

Emily is to lose her beautiful hair, for it is falling out so rapidly. So we find Aunt Helen ready with her scissors.

"You had a fine head of hair," said Aunt Helen.

Emily looked upon the locks seriously, but not sadly, as she replied:

"I was very proud of it, Auntie, when I was such a vain, selfish girl, and once I would have shed floods of tears over such a loss; but now I can say sincerely that I am so thankful for my recovery that I can look upon my loss with very quiet submission."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Emily; it indicates a change, my dear niece."

"Yes, auntie, there is a great change in my heart, and now it is my most earnest prayer that the rest of my life may all be spent for Jesus. I often think how it has been wasted, but I trust that I have truly repented, and that my whole trust is in my Saviour."

When quite restored to her place in the family, the boys were struck with the change so manifest in Emily's whole deportment, and Julius said one day to his brother:

"The girls are leaving us all behind, Fred; Mr. Cunningham had a serious talk with me the other day when he came to see Emily, and I sometimes think that it is time we were looking heavenward too."

It was manifest that Julius was becoming much more serious, very regular in his attendance upon Church services, fond of reading the Bible, and often asks Aunt Helen to explain passages. But most frequently he sought Mildred, in whom he found such sweet sympathy, for she was just the friend he needed. He often said:

"You had no idea how many serious thoughts I have had, Mildred, for ever since your confirmation there has been a silent preacher following my steps."

Mr. Cunningham was deeply touched by Emily's account of her change, telling such sweet stories of Mildred's cheerful piety.

"I often look at her," she said, "with a little wonder, for there really seem to be two characters in sister: such a true Christian woman, and when with us such a playful child."

She is a candidate for the next confirmation, and Julius is thinking, too, most seriously of the call, for the good Rector preached such a solemn sermon from the text, "Quench not the Spirit," awakening most anxious thought, for Julius was well aware that for many months the Spirit had been most deeply striving with his heart. He spoke of the sermon to Mildred, who saw many encouraging signs in his daily walk.

(To be continued.)

FREE CIVILIZATION.—Civilization with me shall mean—not more wealth, more finery, more self-indulgence, even more æsthetic and artistic luxury, but more virtue, more knowledge, more self-control, even though I earn scanty bread by heavy toil.—Kingsley.