

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A CERTAIN SOUND.

BY F. BURGE GRISWOLD.

Suggested by General Convention, Chicago.

"Whether pipe, or harp, except they give a distinction of sounds, how shall it be known, what is piped or harped?"
"So many kinds of voices in the world"—1 Cor. 14.

A strain of sweetest music,
Perfect, distinct, and clear,
From far-off western lakeside,
Comes floating to my ear.

"The angels of the churches"
With reverend hand and bold
Upon the Harp of Ages,
Are touching strings of gold.

Amid the many voices,
That jangle all round,
My grateful sense rejoices
In that most certain sound.

It is the blessed echo
Of Eden's holy song,
Blending with sacred anthems
The centuries along.

Jerusalem's Mount Zion
Has heard the dulcet strain,
And island peaks of Britain
Have caught the glad refrain.

Onward, and ever onward,
There swells across the sea,
To our beloved country,
The welcome harmony.

"Angels," sing on, but never
Let one uncertain note
Join with the "many voices"
(That now discordant float.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 24, 1886.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUDED.

(Continued.)

Much to their dismay, mother decided that the little ones were to go home; they were too large a party to trespass upon Mr. Johnson's hospitality so long. It was no use grumbling, it had to be done. But they still had another day in which to enjoy themselves, and part of this they spent with Mr. Johnson in a long walk. While they were out, Rebecca asked Dawes to give her out some apples for an apple-tart for the evening dinner. "The children are out," she said, with a laugh; "you needn't be afraid of going up."

To Dawes' surprise the door was found to be unlocked. He was quite sure he had locked it, and the key had been in his pocket ever since. The moment he went in and looked around, he saw the vacant space, where his best and sweetest apples had been when last he had been in the room.

"It's them children, I'll be bound, the young rascals! That comes of master harbouring strange children."

As he spoke his brow darkened; he was a quick-tempered man at the best of times, and he had already been ruffled by Rebecca's speech downstairs. She had all along taken the part of the children against him, and in consequence Dawes was annoyed.

"I'll be even with them yet, the nasty, greedy little things! I wonder how many they've been and ate? My very best ones, too; if it had been the cooking ones, I shouldn't have cared so much," he grumbled, as he collected the number he thought sufficient for Rebecca's use. He closed the door and locked it, and then stood and surveyed the door, wondering how they could have found an entrance; then he went down and unfolded his grievance to Rebecca.

"It's them children; they've been and eaten them."

"Never! they'd have been ill, if they had."

"They've stowed them away in their boxes to eat at their leisure. Bless you, I know children and their ways."

Rebecca was puzzled. How had the apples gone unless some one had taken them, and that some one must be in the house? "They couldn't have gone by themselves," she said at last.

"They haven't walked down and asked to be

eaten," he answered satirically. "At least, I've never known apples to do like that before, and I've worked among them a good many years."

At that moment Mrs. Maynard's voice was heard out side of the door asking for Rebecca, making for the door: but Dawes got in front of her.

"That's their ma. I'll just tell her of their doings;" and he went out and begged her to step in for a minute, as he had something to tell her.

"The children steal your best apples. Impossible!" she said, as he ended his story.

"It's the truth, ma'am. Who else can it be?"

"I am sure they would not do such a thing."

"What business had you to go and leave the door open, and put temptation in their way?" said Rebecca.

"I didn't. They unlocked it themselves."

"Then you shouldn't have left the key."

"I didn't. The key never left my pocket."

"That proves the children could not have done it. How could they get in, if you had the key?" said Mrs. Maynard, with a look of relief.

"That beats me, ma'am. But its them as has took it, I'll be bound, and eaten the best of them too, four as nice rows as you would have wished to see."

"They couldn't have eaten four rows."

"What they have left you will find in their boxes, ma'am, if you'll be so kind as to look."

"No, I cannot do that. When they come in I will ask them. They may be naughty and mischievous, but, thank God, my children always tell the truth."

Ah, what happiness to a mother to be able to say that of her little ones, when she feels sure that the eye will never fall before her gaze, or the dear lip utter words of falsehood or deceit!

"I'll wait about till they come in, ma'am," he answered; and if they have taken them I may depend upon you to punish them."

"Certainly, they would deserve punishment."

She left the room, a worried anxious look on her face. She had gone but a little way when Rebecca overtook her.

"Don't take on about it ma'am; they are full of fun, but they wouldn't mean to do harm."

"I should be so grieved if they had done this thing, after all Mr. Johnson's kindness; it would be adding ingratitude to the wrong." Then she asked, "Can you remember what they were doing all yesterday?"

"They were out almost all day. No, they did not do it since you have been here."

"But the day Mr. Johnson was in London, what did they do then?"

"Well, ma'am, they were alone some part of the afternoon. I remarked how quiet and good they were all by themselves." Rebecca spoke with reluctance.

"Where were they? I must know the truth Rebecca."

"Sarah did say ma'am, they came from upstairs when she called them to tea."

"Thank you, Rebecca. Let me know when they come in. I will go back to Master Roy now."

She waited anxiously for them to come in, and tell her all the truth. And downstairs sat Dawes, who waited for their arrival also; but I am afraid his heart was not filled with the loving, anxious thoughts that filled the heart of the mother, and also of the kindly old woman who went about her work, shaking her head and muttering, "I don't believe they meant any harm."

CHAPTER VI. CONCLUSION.

Leo returned in a bad humor. Mr. Johnson had let the fact escape him, that he had per-

sued Mrs. Maynard to allow Lily to remain as long as she and Roy were with him.

"One was enough to remain," she said; "and she would like to have Lily under her own care, instead of being at home alone with the boys."

Leo chose to feel himself aggrieved; and even Mr. Johnson's promise, that he would ask him down during the summer holidays, did not quite restore his good humor. He kicked the snow about with his feet, and was silent as they walked up the path.

"There's mother at the window!" Lily cried out. "Look, Leo, she sees us!"

Mrs. Maynard disappeared, and they found her in the hall ready to receive them when they entered.

"I want to speak to the children, Mr. Johnson. May we go into the dining-room?" Mrs. Maynard's grave face alarmed Lily. Leo was too full of his own particular wrong to remark it. "I suppose it is to tell us that Lily is to stop on," he said crossly, as he followed her in to the room.

"Please come too, Mr. Johnson," she said.

"What is it, mother?" asked Lily. Mr. Johnson looked the same question.

The door opened, and Dawes stood at the threshold. At the sight of him, the children guessed what was coming, and nearly burst out laughing.

"Children," said their mother gravely, "Dawes tells me that some one has been into the room where the apples are kept, and taken away the best ones. I needn't say, speak the truth, for I know that my children will do that."

"Yes, mother, of course we will," said Lily. But Leo interrupted—he was in rather a cross mood, and therefor glad to be disagreeable to somebody. Dawes was a capital person, for this purpose, he thought.

"I am the oldest, Lily," he interrupted. "All right, mother.—What apples are gone, Dawes?"

"The four rows of the best eating ones,—the very pick of the whole orchard, sir," turning to his master.

"Perhaps it was the robber the other night."

"Perhaps it was not. No nonsense, Master Leo. You know quite well it was you, and your sister. Tell us where you have put those you have not eaten."

"We haven't eaten one," they both said at once, in eager tones.

"You'd like us to believe that," he answered angrily, losing his temper completely at Leo's saucy look.

"Dawes, you have no right to speak it that way," said his master, sternly. "Tell me what has happened?"

"Some one has been and opened the door of the apple-room and took my best apples, and they can't deny it's them."

"Tell him, Leo," whispered Lily, legerly.

"We haven't eaten one, mother; indeed we haven't. You believe me, don't you?"

"If you had looked, you'd have found them in the apple-room."

"They are nowhere in the room."

"Oh, what a story! They all are but fifteen, and those Mr. Johnson has in his bedroom."

"In my bedroom, Leo! What do you mean?" and he looked from one to another in surprise.

The children laughed at his puzzled looks.

"Make him go and look for them, Mr. Johnson; they are in the room, really. He's had the key in his pocket, because he couldn't trust us not to eat them."

"Leo, I must insist on you telling me all you know about it," said his mother.

So he gave a full and true account of what they had done, adding, "He deserved to be paid out for what he said—now, didn't he?"

"And, mamma, we left the door unlocked to show that we had been in; so we weren't sneaky—were we?"