

by means of the Church's second great sacrament, preserves our membership in Him.

This fact needs particular emphasis in this age of self-choice and self-pleasing; and the little ones, whom God has entrusted to our care, need to be guarded from the heresy which makes a mere convenience of the Church, and not a heaven-ordained necessity.

In short, IT IS GOSPEL TRUTH that to reject the Church's ministrations of Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Communion, is to reject the Lord Himself. — *The American Church Times.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

GOD'S LOVE AND MINE.

BY WILLIAM HALE, M.D.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,
My love is like the sea;
By day, by night, that faithful tower
Looks patiently down on me.

By day the stately shaft looms high,
By night its strong lights burn
To warn, to comfort, and to tell
The way that I should turn.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,
My love is like the sea;
He, strong, unshaken as the rock—
I, chafing restlessly.

God's love and my love, O, how sweet
That such should be my joy!
God's love and mine are one to-day;
No longer doubts annoy.

By day or night the gazer on
My bitter, brackish sea,
For ever tends it with his grace,
Tho' smooth or rough it be.

So, singing at its base it rolls
And leaps toward that tower
That all my life illuminates,
And brightens every hour.

God's love is like a lighthouse tower,
My love is like the sea;
I, peevish, changeable, moaning much,
Steadfast—eternal He.

—*Morning Star.*

Daddy's Boy.

(BY L. T. MEADE.)

CHAPTER VI.—[Continued]

"I'm glad you like this summer house Uncle Ben," said Ronald.—"Daddy and I did not often sit here; we found it too hot except on snowy days. Those glass walls were put in for mother, you know; mother used to feel the cold dreadfully the year before she went to God, father said. She has not felt the cold for a long time now, and that's a great comfort. I never thought that men could feel cold, but I'm beginning to see that there are two sorts of men in the world. Oh, you said you wanted your foot rest. I'll run and fetch it for you if you like."

"Thank you, Ronald," said the Major, "you may bring it, and my plaid rug as well; and hark you, boy," as the little boy was darting away, "you tell your Aunt Eleanor that I am resting comfortably here, and she need not trouble her head about me. I'm all right; see you tell her so, Ronald."

The Major's intention was to have a comfortable nap in the summer house, with his swollen leg supported on the foot rest, and his large, thick travelling rug thrown over him. Ronald,

with his eyes shining and bright, came back in an incredibly short space of time with the foot rest and the rug.

"I met Aunt Eleanor," he exclaimed, "and she's not coming; so you won't have any woman about you for a little, and that will be a comfort. Now let me fix your foot rest so, and I'll put the rug over you as gently as possible. No, I won't hurt your swollen leg. I know at last what it means."

Uncle Ben, who earnestly desired to succumb to the sweet influences of slumber, thanked Ronald for his attentions in a less gruff voice than usual; but his irascible old face darkened when he saw that the boy had no intention of going away, but had seated himself on the edge of the rustic table, with his legs in dangerous proximity to the Major's swollen limb.

"Sit a little further off, boy, if you must stay," said Major Frere. "Ah, thanks, that's better. Young boys are so abominably careless, and a kick from that boot of yours would put me to torture. Now, you have made me very comfortable, and I'm obliged to you; you can run and have a game of ball if you fancy it. I expect Violet is wanting a game of ball and you had better find her."

"I want to have a little talk with you first, Uncle Ben," said Ronald. "I think when a man is as feeble as you are it is not right to leave him alone, and I made up my mind when you sent that message to Aunt Eleanor that I'd stay with you. Of course you must want me, for I never saw any one so feeble and shaky as you are. I was dreadfully puzzled for a long time; I could not account for it, nor make out what it meant, but I think I know now. I respect you, Uncle Ben, immensely, for I am sure I have found out what is the matter with you."

"There are lots of gnats about," said the Major, "but the place—yes, the place is comfortable. What were you saying, boy? I'm a bit drowsy and not inclined to conversation."

"I was only saying, Uncle Ben, that I've found out what is the matter with you."

"Well, you must be a smart little chap, for I believe I've baffled the doctors. Let's hear your opinion, sir, and then you may be off."

"You are spent with many battles," said Ronald, speaking very earnestly. "I have studied the subject, and I'm sure of it. You are so old that you must have been in many great fights. I should not be surprised if you carried the colors at Waterloo, and got your first wound there; and then afterwards, when you were in full command of a regiment, you were shot at and injured badly at Sebastopol, and no doubt took a turn in India—that time the great mutiny was. That's many, many years ago, and you were quite strong still, and most likely it was there you stood on the drawbridge. I am sure you did stand on the drawbridge, and it was very grand of you and I love to think of it; and afterwards you went to Egypt and fought against the Zulus in Africa. You were wounded many times, and no wonder you are spent now. I'm not a bit surprised. The only thing that puzzles me is why you stopped short at being a major; why, such a man as you should, of course, have been a full general, if not a commander-in-chief. I suppose it is a little ambitious to expect to be a commander-in-chief; but at least they might have made you a full general."

"What are you driving at?" said Major Frere; you're the queerest boy I ever heard of. Sebastopol—Waterloo! Bless me, what are you dreaming about, sir?—and I a full general! Why, I left the army between twenty and thirty years ago."

Ronald sighed, but would not quite relinquish his castle in the air.

"Then you were very, very badly wounded on the drawbridge in India," he said, "and ever since you have suffered. I understand; you have not been like other men since. But never mind; you did a splendid deed on the

drawbridge—it's most likely in the new history books.—And oh, Uncle Ben, you are so brave, and I know you'll understand me, and I do want to ask you a great favor."

It was impossible for the Major not to be more or less amused, and even gratified by these constant allusions to his heroic exploits. A dim sort of wish even began to arise in his crabbed and withered old heart that he had stood on a drawbridge and faced enemies, and been, in any sense of the word, the hero the boy represented him. He was still earnestly desiring his nap; but he could not quite resist the shining blue eyes nor the earnest words nor the eager, speaking, beautiful little face; so he roused himself and pushed back his soft hat, and said, still very gruffly, but not quite so gruffly as he spoke to most people:

"I'll grant you a favor if I can, little chap, for though I don't at all take to boys, even my own worry me immensely, yet I'd a great respect for that good father of yours, and now that you are clean and not covered with smoke, as you were the night you played me that nasty trick with the bonfire, you have a great look of him: 'pon my word, you have a wonderful look of him. You are talking a lot of rubbish about me, you know, ridiculous rubbish, not worth answering; but if I can grant you a favor, why I will, so there."

The Major had worked himself into quite a good humor, and Ronald regarded him with delight. "He's as humble as he's brave," he said to himself. "He does not like to talk about his exploits; that's always the way with real heroes. How silly of me to think that heroes must be tall and have flashing eyes and commanding figures! Uncle Ben's a hero, and he does not belong to the other sort of men. It's great comfort to me to know that after all there is a hero, a spent soldier, living at Summerleigh."

"Uncle Ben," said the quick childish voice, "you know what Aunt Eleanor said the other day about a woman coming to teach me. The woman is coming to-morrow, and—and—I'm very low about it; but I'm trying to be brave. It's a great degradation to me, you know, Uncle Ben, to be put under a woman when I was accustomed to a man like father. Aunt Eleanor won't see it, because she's a woman herself; but I have come to you about it."

"No, no," said the Major, shuffling on his seat uneasily, "if that's your request, I can't grant it; no interfering in your Aunt Eleanor's arrangements. She's absolute in her department, sir, absolute in her department. I recommended school, but she said a maiden lady would be best, and she must have her way, Ronald; so there's an end to that."

"Yes," said Ronald, rather sadly, "I didn't suppose Miss Green could be put off now, for perhaps she's poor and wants her salary; and maybe, she's very poor and wants nice things to eat, and, of course, it would be a great disappointment to her after she thought she was coming to Summerleigh to find she was not wanted there. I would not disappoint a woman for the world; it would be most cowardly, and, of course, when she comes, I'll take the greatest care of her. But what puzzles me is why she should have to take care of me. She can't teach me about guns, nor about cricket, nor about fishing. She can't show me how to build huts; I'd want to know that if I was a pioneer. And she can't put me through sword exercise; I'd want that in the army, wouldn't I, Uncle Ben? Now what puzzles me is why Miss Green is coming, unless it is because she is poor and wants a salary."

"Oh, there are lots of other things you must learn," said the Major, who was really aroused at last, and was not nearly so sleepy as he had been ten minutes ago. "You are a queer little chap, and no mistake.—You are not in the least like my two lads, Guy and Walter, and I am always told by their mother that they are uncommonly fine boys; but as I was saying,