

ario, Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle, New Westminster, Gibraltar, are now and will be for all time indebted to the Society for much of the endowments which they possess.

H.W.T.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### THE TRINITY.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!  
Perfect Three in One!  
Co-eternal, ever living  
When the ages' course is run.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!  
Blessed One in Three!  
Round Thy Throne shall endless worship  
Evermore be made to Thee.

Glowing seraph lift their voices  
In that grand acclaim:  
White-robed hosts of ransomed spirits  
Magnify Thy name.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!  
Trinity Divine,  
Through the countless years of Heaven  
Shall Thy Glory shine.

—The Pacific Churchman.

## TWO FRIENDS.

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

With this Mr. Lacy had to content himself for the moment, and went to join his wife, who was sitting watching by Reggie's bedside.

The boy awoke not long afterwards, and looked round as if surprised at seeing them there; but then he remembered what had happened.

"Oh mother!" he exclaimed, "I thought I should never see you any more."

Mrs. Lacy had to struggle to command her voice.

"Darling," she said "we must all thank God for His goodness to us."

Reggie lay silent for a few minutes, and then opened his eyes again.

"But where is Nat?" he asked, looking round.

Mrs. Lacy started apprehensively.

"What do you mean Reggie, dear?"

"Good, brave, old Nat. It was he who saved me, you know, mother."

Mrs. Lacy looked anxiously at her husband: she was afraid that Reggie was getting light-headed.

"The boy who saved you has gone away. Reggie," said Mrs. Lacy, "but I think he is sure to come again to-morrow, and if not, I shall easily find him out. You must not talk or think about anything to-night."

Reggie lay quiet, but very happy. Nat was found, he considered, and father and mother were more sure than ever to do all they could to help him.

But the next day and the next passed, and the boy did not return, nor could any one in the neighborhood identify him. Nat had thought over the matter on his way home. His first feeling had been one of rejoicing that he had found Master Reggie. But then he remembered that the acquaintance had brought Reggie into trouble before; and he knew now, as he had not known then, that he ought not to lead him into underhand ways. The very fact of what he had done for him was a hindrance, for he felt as if going would be like asking for a reward. He did not even like to speak to Mrs. Clare about it, kind as she was, because it would sound like boasting. He would wait a bit at least before doing anything, and in the meantime it was pleasant to think that Reggie was so near.

Reggie of course was quite sure that it was Nat whom he had seen, but his parents were by no means equally convinced of the fact. The description did not tally at all with that formerly given, and it seemed so natural to suppose that Reggie, just waking out of a dream as it were, had taken the fancy into his head.

"I think it must only have been a dark-eyed

boy, and that must have made you take up this idea," said his mother.

"But I am sure it was Nat," persisted Reggie, just as sure as that you are you, mother, and I am myself."

"I wish he would come, whoever he is," said Mr. Lacy. "But we shall find him out before long I hope, and then you will be satisfied."

"I am only afraid that they may have tramped off somewhere again, and so we shall not find him. But it is strange his having tidy clothes, mother; I do think it is very puzzling."

"And you must not puzzle your head about it dear, or it will ache again. Lie still and I will read to you a little while."

Though there were no serious results from Reggie's very cold bath, yet he had not taken it quite with impunity, and was obliged to lead an invalid life for some days. So when Miss Everson arrived upon her visit, she found him lying on a sofa, in the drawing-room, comfortably covered up with a fur rug. Reggie rather enjoyed the joke, for sofas and arm-chairs had been alike forbidden ground for him, when he was under her roof.

Miss Everson, however, having washed her hands of responsibility as regarded Reggie, was slightly more amiably disposed towards him. It was a trial to her, perhaps, that his accident was really an accident, and not brought upon him by any disobedience which would have served so beautifully to point a moral. As it was, the fact of his not being well, kept him more quiet than usual, and therefore he suited her better. She was quite ready to admire baby, and the way in which Reggie played with and amused her, she allowed to count in his favour.

"Reginald has certainly improved very much since his father came home," she remarked to Mrs. Lacy at the end of the second day. "I always thought he wanted a tighter hand over him, though I did my best."

Mrs. Lacy smiled, and said nothing. She knew that Miss Everson's opinions were of too old standing to be easily rooted up.

They went into the drawing-room to have tea, and then Miss Everson began to speak of another visit that she had to pay in the neighborhood.

"It is to a niece of mine, my only sister's child. She is married to a clergyman. I had not seen her for a long time until last year, when she paid me a visit. And now I am going to her for a few days. I don't know if you have heard of them, their name is Clare?"

"I know the name," said Mrs. Lacy. "And they are really not beyond visiting distance, but we have so many people near us, and our market town is in a different direction from theirs, so we have never made their acquaintance. I shall be very happy to drive you over, though, when you are obliged to leave us."

Miss Everson bowed her thanks. Then turning to Reggie, she said,

"Mrs. Clare told me such an interesting story of a boy in their village, when she came to see me. Such a good, well-behaved boy." This with very decided emphasis. "It seems his mother had not been at all kind to him, but when she was dying he nursed her most devotedly. And he is so industrious and anxious to learn. They found him at first practising reading on the tombstones. But since then he has been taught properly, and has got on so very well, I hear. Most studious and attentive, Reginald,"—this again pointedly. "And Mr. Clare thinks he has decided talent. Besides this, he has a very good voice and great taste for music, so that it seems likely that he may rise to a higher position than he is now in."

Miss Everson did not think it necessary to mention that she was giving help to enable the boy to devote more time to study.

"What is his name?" asked Reggie, who was interested.

"Ashman," replied Miss Everson.

"And his Christian name?"

"I don't remember. Samuel, I think, or Jacob. I know it was a Bible name."

"And did he teach himself to read off tombstones? How curious. How did he learn the letters?"

"He only practised reading there. He had learned a little before. Some good, kind little boy, younger than himself, only think of that, Reginald, had taught him. They used to sit under a hedge and learn, he said."

Reggie jumped to his feet.

"Oh mother, mother, mother," he exclaimed. "It is Nat, it is my Nat. Let us go and find him at once!"

"What does the boy mean?" enquired Miss Everson.

"It is my Nat, Miss Everson, that you found me with; don't you remember? I know I ought not to have gone outside when I was forbidden, and it was being deceitful, and I am sorry. But I was not doing any harm with the boy. I was only teaching him to read, because he wanted so much to learn. It must be Nat. His name is Nathaniel, is it not, Miss Everson?"

Miss Everson looked a good deal puzzled, and a little put out. She drew her cap-strings through her fingers several times, and then she said, "I am not sure but it is, Reginald."

"And it was he who saved me from being downed, the other day. Oh mother, can we go now?"

"I am afraid it is too late to-night, Reggie. You certainly could not go. But we will do so to-morrow morning."

"And you see it was Nat, mother. It wasn't my fancy."

"I don't see it yet, Reggie, but it seems most likely. I am very glad to hope that we shall find the boy to whom we owe so much, and that he should prove to be your old friend."

Reggie could hardly contain himself for delight. He jumped about the room and sang and whistled in a way not at all accordant with Miss Everson's ideas of proper behaviour. But her ideas had met with a great shock. She could not be quite sure of course, but still it seemed extremely probable that this exceedingly good little boy whom she had imagined as spending his playhours in teaching Ashman to read, was one and the same with the Reginald whom she had thought so naughty as to be almost a hopeless character.

It was a considerable exercise of patience to Reggie to wait until after breakfast the next morning, but the carriage was ordered at a very early hour, and the whole party set off for Lawton Vicarage. It seemed quite evident that Nathaniel Ashman was Reggie's Nat, but Mrs. Clare had not heard of his adventure at the pond. However, the school was close at hand, and he was sent for at once. He seemed as ashamed face and blushing as if he had been found out in something wrong, and Reggie looked nearly as shy.

After the facts of the case were ascertained the two boys were sent away together, to renew their friendship more satisfactorily than under so many pairs of grown up eyes.

Reggie felt as if he scarcely knew this Nat, so neat and tidy, and speaking so differently from the one of old. But he had the same kind eyes and the same tastes too, apparently, for he very soon began to offer various pets.

"Oh, Nat, I shall have something to give you now, I hope. For mother said before that she would do something for you. And of course they will do it more than ever now you have saved my life."

"That was nothing, Master Reggie," said Nat; "I didn't even know it was you. If it had been anything to do, I was quite paid back when I found who it was I had got out."

"You dear old Nat!" said Reggie.

"You were the first that was good to me, you were," continued Nat, "and it was the be-