

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

IF I COULD ONLY KNOW.

"Casting all your care upon him; for He careth for you." Peter v, 7.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of Kings;
If He who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That Thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine,
Thy love for me, One crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

Pacific Churchman.

Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEAD.)

CHAPTER X.—[Continued]

"Oh, didn't know it would hurt you, Uncle Ben; that makes an immense difference. But you see, Miss Green has such queer ideas; she's making some of me—not all of me, but some of me—wicked as hard as she can. Now, why doesn't she try to make some things pleasant for me; my poetry, for instance? The only poems I love are Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome' and the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and she will make me stick to that old Wordsworth; she won't even let me say, 'We are Seven,' which I rather like. Well that's one thing. Our poetry doesn't suit; she likes Wordsworth and I like Macaulay, and I'm going to stick to Macaulay always, because he's a grand, warlike poet. Then she's always giving me lessons in deportment; but she has not the most remote idea how to drill; I could teach her a lesson or two, for father put me through all my steps long ago! but of course, she would not like that. Then there's botany; she never sees a dear little flower she doesn't want to pull it to pieces, and call each part of it by a long Latin name. It hurts me to see the dear little flowers torn; I should not be surprised if they felt."

"Botany, deportment, poetry," said Uncle Ben; "these are not such grave matters after all. Come Ronald, you may as well take up Wordsworth with a good grace; you will appreciate him by-and-by; and as to deportment, I have no doubt you are deficient in a lot of things; and botany will take you into natural history, a science this old hulk, as you term him, used to delight in once on a time. I call these things rather trivial, and if I were you I'd give in like a manly boy."

"Oh, I say my Wordsworth," said Ronald, "and I go through my deportment—and—no,

I won't do the horrid botany. But there, that's not the worst, Uncle Ben; the worst is, she's always hinting at the way I was brought up, at what father did—as if she could even dream of understanding a man like my father. But there, even you can't see it; so there's no use talking."

Here Ronald quite gave way to a little choking sob, and before the Major had time to lay his cramped old hand on the boy's little head he was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Uncle Ben was very well satisfied with himself after his talk with Ronald. The next time he met his wife he said to her: "I had it out with the boy, Eleanor. I took him to task, and he behaved very well. I have no doubt Miss Green will see an improvement from this out. After all, my dear, don't you think she might suit her style of teaching to the little fellow's comprehension?—Now, for instance, he might learn some of Macaulay's poetry, or Aytoun's Scotch Lays, instead of Wordsworth's Excursion. Eh, my dear, what do you say? shall we suggest this change and a few similar changes to Miss Green?"

Mrs. Frere favored her husband with a long and comprehensive stare.

"I never did consider Ronald a particularly intelligent boy," she said. "I agree with Miss Green, that in all respects he is backward. I fear, Ben, that we must leave the selection of his lessons to the lady whom I have chosen to instruct him; she will doubtless develop and bring out his peculiar form of mind in the most suitably way. No, my dear, I cannot ask her to change Wordsworth for Macaulay or Aytoun."

"As you please, Eleanor," said the Major; "I only trust that I shall not be worried and my night's rest disturbed with any more stories about Ronald and his governess. What I said before I now repeat—the boy should go to school."

The Major turned on his heel and walked away, and Mrs. Frere entering her very lovely drawing room, sat down by the window.

It was a beautiful day in late October, a day with a last lingering taste of summer about it, and a lovely scene of wood and winding river and gently undulating land lay before the lady. Summerleigh was undoubtedly a beautiful place, and Ronald's patrimony was a goodly one. Mrs. Frere was sincerely anxious to do her best for her brother's child, and so to train and develop him that he might become a worthy owner of these fair lands by and by.

"I know I'm doing the right thing," she said to herself. "Ben, if he had his own way, would ruin the boy; he is in many respects a nice child; certainly he is extremely attractive in appearance, but I don't consider him clever, nor is this feeling strong. I never saw a child grieve less for his father. Yes, I know I'm right. Miss Green is the right person to train and develop Ronald, and if he does not behave better to her after his uncle's conversation with him, I must myself speak most seriously to him."

While Mrs. Frere was indulging in these meditations, Uncle Ben was congratulating himself that on the whole he had made an impression, and Ronald would in future endeavor to behave better, the little fellow had quickly dashed the tears from his own eyes, and running with headlong speed down the avenue, had come suddenly in contact with an old man of the name of Solomon, who used to sometimes walk out from the neighboring town of Canton to sell needles and little pincushions and all kinds of small, cheap wares.

Solomon carried his wares in a wide, flat-bottomed basket; and Ronald, who had often met him before, thought him a most interesting person.

"Hallo, Solomon, there you are!" he shouted, running up to him eagerly, and peering into his basket, "and what have you got to sell

to-day, Solomon? I do hope trade is brisk with you to-day?"

"No, no, little master," answered old Solomon, "nobody seems to have nothing at all in their pockets to-day. I've met a many people, and they are all that poor they've nothing to say to Solomon's needles and pins. You might almost suppose they was all every one of them a going to be married, from the way they shirk from old Solomon's needles and pins."

"Going to be married?" echoed Ronald; "don't married people want needles and pins? Father was married, and he always had a few pins, and I once saw a crooked needle in his room."

"Needles and pins, needles and pins, When a man marries his trouble begins," quoted Solomon with gravity. "May I sit down, little master? I'm a bit wheezy and short of breath, and I likes to talk to you uncommon well, Master Ronald."

"And so do I like to talk to you, Solomon," answered Ronald; "it's a great comfort to me to have a man to exchange a word with. I don't see many men, Solomon; I'm altogether thrown with women, and it's an awful change after what I've been accustomed to. Of course, I've got a warrior uncle in the house; if it was not for him I'm afraid I should die. I really like very much indeed talking to you, Solomon."

Old Solomon coughed in a very wheezy manner over the compliment, and raised his watery and dim eyes to the bright boy's glowing face.

"Oh, dear," he said, "if it was you as was carrying the needles and pins about you'd sell 'em fast enough!—No one'd think about the marrying proverb when they see'd your bonny face; but the times are hard for the aged, and in especial is the times hard for old Solomon."

Ronald became immensely interested in these remarks, his little childish brow grew anxious, and he sat down near the old man.

"I am sorry you have got such a wheezy cough," he said, "and that people are getting married so fast they don't care to buy your needles and pins. Do you take a mixture for your cough? The woman at the lodge has a cough, and she takes a mixture; I went into the lodge one day and saw her; she poured out a tablespoonful, and she drank it all, and when I asked her what it was, she said it was cough mixture, and that she took it three times a day regularly. I hope you have got a bottle of mixture, Solomon, and that you take it regularly, for your cough is very wheezy."

Solomon coughed again.

"Mixtures cost money, same as other things," said Solomon; "I ain't got nothing but an empty purse. There, little master, I'll be moving on; there ain't no use in my offering my needles and pins where no one wants them."

"Dear, dear," said Ronald, "I wish people weren't getting married so fast! I'm not going to be married, Solomon, and I'll buy some needles and pins. I've got fourpence in my pocket, and I'll buy twopenn'th of needles and twopenn'th of pins. Oh, I say, there's lady Marjory Fitzhugh driving down the avenue. Give me your basket, Solomon, and I'll run to her and ask her if she wants needles and pins."

I'm almost certain she does, for she's the kind of lady who would be sure to wish to do a lot of sewing. Give me the basket quick, Solomon, and I'll run to her."

"There's bodkins, too, in the basket," wheezed out old Solomon; "bodkins four a penny, and scissors sixpence apiece, and little pincushions fourpence and threepence—you mind the prices, master."

"Yes, yes," shouted Ronald; and holding the basket aloft in his two hands he rushed up to the carriage which stood still at his approach and almost thrust Solomon's wares into old Lady Marjory's face.

"Oh, I trust, I hope you're not going to be married," he said. "Nearly every one is, and it's dreadful for Solomon. He has no money