

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

"And one cried unto another and said: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts: the whole earth is full of His Glory."—ISA. vi. 3.

Father of heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days;
Light unapproachable,
Love inexhaustible,
Thee, the Invisible
Laud we, and praise.

Christ, the Eternal Word,
Christ, the Incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all;
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, Infinite

On Thee we call.

O God, the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost,
Burn evermore;
In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless;
Thee we love, Thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

Strike your harps, heavenly powers,
With your glad chant shall ours
Trembling ascend;
All praise, O God, to Thee
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly
World without end.

—Bickersteth.

THE GOOD OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

'The good old Church of England:
A thousand years have fled,
Since first upon our island home
Thy lamp its lustre shed.
Whatever adverse wind might blow,
'Twas lit by holy men,
And God has kept alive till now
The flame they kindled then.

The good old Church of England:
Beneath the sway of time,
Thy roots have reached to many a land,
And spread in every clime;
Till, far around as eye can see
A goodly grove appears,
Where high the patriarchal tree,
Its stately crown uprears.

The good old Church of England:
No wave shall thee o'erwhelm,
We trust a mightier Hand than ours,
Is laid upon thy helm.
That safely steered through storm and tide
The foaming breakers past,
Thy weather-beaten hull shall ride
Within the port at last!

The good old Church of England:
A faithful guide be thou,
Amid the dangers and the doubt
That crowd around us now.
True to the simple Gospel word,
Lead on thy pilgrim band,
Till their glad eyes behold their Lord,
And greet the promised land.

The good old Church of England:
Founded upon a Rock,
May strength Divine preserve thy fold,
Secure from every shock.
Till the Great Shepherd of the sheep,
In clouds of glory come,
His flock on earth to take and keep,
In one Eternal Home!"

BEN, THE GORDON BOY.

(Continued)

CHAP. V. YMS OR NO.

Not many days passed before Miss Carew was

told that Ben Collins would like to see her, and in another minute the boy was ushered into the room. There he stood a forlorn looking figure, a fair specimen of a drunkard's child. His boots were one, if not two sizes too large for him, and it seemed as if his toes were already peeping out at more than one corner. His jacket, on the other hand, was decidedly too small, and the elbows were more ragged than when he first appeared at Allan Lodge. But he had one redeeming feature, a clean face and a pair of honest eyes, which looked straight at Miss Carew.

'Well, Ben,' she said brightly; have you come to tell me your decision?' 'Yes ma'am.'

'Well, what is it?' 'Please ma'am, I'd like to go.'

'That's right; well, I will do my best to get you to the Home; but you must understand, Ben, that you on your side will also do your best. Life at the Home will be very different to life in Rengate. The boys are trained much like young soldiers, though they are quite free to choose what they will be when they grow into manhood. Some choose to be soldiers, some sailors, others prefer to be carpenters or tailors. There is one thing absolutely necessary in a soldier. I wonder if you can tell me what it is?' Ben stood twisting his cap with his eyes bent on the carpet, as if he were counting the threads, then said in a low voice.

'A soldier must be brave.'

'Yes, that is true Ben. We expect a soldier to be full of courage, and able and willing to bear a great deal of hardship; but there is something more important still, and that is obedience. On the field of battle courage is a great thing, but if each soldier showed his courage just in the way he thought best, the day would surely go against us. No, beyond all else he must unquestionably obey the orders of his commanding officer. This is what you must do at the Home. If you want to be like Gordon you must learn to obey now. I think it was this that made his life so beautiful. It was this rule of his life that helped him to obey his Lord so fully. He knew that Christ had said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' I suppose you have told your parents of your wish to leave Rengate and go to the Home.'

'I told them as I'd seen a lady who would help to get me away, but they don't take much count of me.'

'Yes; but we must have their consent.'

At this Ben's countenance fell considerably.

'Well, I will go and see them, and tell them all about it.'

The next day Miss Carew, true to her word, set out to find Ben's home. As she feared, neither of the parents were at home when she arrived, but at Ben's request she consented to wait while he went to seek his mother.

In the meantime Miss Carew had time to look around, and accustomed as she was to cottage homes, she felt she had never looked upon one so wretched as Ben's. It seemed as if every particle of furniture that could possibly be parted with had already found its way to the neighboring pawnshop, and the children were unwashed, uncared for. Presently the mother appeared followed by Ben, who was evidently ashamed of all his belongings.

'Good morning, Mrs Collins,' said Miss Carew; 'I have come to talk to you about Ben.'

'Yes, so he says,' said Mrs. Collins, ungraciously.

'I should like to help the boy to a good start in life if possible, and I have come to ask if you and his father would consent to his going away from Rengate to the Gordon Boys' Home.'

'I don't know what his father would say; you see he's getting a big boy now, and ought to be earning something.'

Yes; and I want to help him to earn good

money by placing him where he will be taught a trade, or prepared for a soldier's or sailor's life if he should wish it.'

Mrs. Collins sat silent, a hard-set look upon her face, as if she thought Miss Carew were doing her some ill turn.

It was not difficult to see that even then she was scarcely sober, and was certainly in no state to think of her boy's future. In her arms she held her baby, Baby Nell that evidently was so precious to Ben, but to any one else looked such a feeble specimen of humanity.

While Miss Carew was thinking how best to touch this poor lost woman, a heavy step was heard outside, and one of the children said in a half-frightened voice—

'There's father,' and in another moment Ben's other parent stood before her. It was hard to believe that he had once been tall and erect as any man in her Majesty's army. Now his walk was shuffling, his shoulders round, and his bleared eyes looked defiant, but not intelligent. Miss Carew felt she had no easy task before her, and yet as she saw more of Ben's home, she felt more resolute in saving the lad if she could. If only he could be taken away from such associations, what might not be possible for him in the future.

Little by little she tried to make these unworthy parents see that it would be good to send their boy away, but strong within them was the conviction that he ought to work for them. At that moment they seemed utterly incapable of caring for the lad's moral good. She was getting almost weary of persuasions when at last she produced the Form that required their signatures.

'This Form needs to be signed by you both,' she said, holding up the paper. Can you not see what a benefit it would be to you at once if Ben were gone. He is a stout, hungry boy, and you would have one mouth less to fill.'

'That's true, wife, ain't it?' said Collins, rubbing his head as if to gather his thoughts together; 'we've got a long winter before us, maybe he'd better go, as the lady says.'

'Just as yer like, I don't care,' was the mother's answer; and so Ben's future life was settled.

Miss Carew lost no time in taking the necessary steps for Ben to become a candidate for the Home, and before long she had the pleasure of knowing that he was considered eligible for admission. Nothing remained now to be arranged except the naming of the day on which he was to travel down.

Two or three weeks passed in waiting, while Ben, ragged and hungry, often appeared at Miss Carew's back door. Sometimes she feared that the boy would change his mind, and be unwilling to place himself under restraint after his free roving life. He was often to be seen wandering about with a group of other boys, Ned Willet being one of the number, and more than once she feared lest poor Ben should be led into real crime before he could be safely sheltered. Ned bore more than a doubtful character, and Ben was not long in finding out that some of his tricks, as he called them, were more than likely to land him in prison before he was many months older.

CHAP. VI.—BEN MAKES A START.

But the summons came at last, and Ben had orders to appear at the London office of the Gordon home early on the following Tuesday, so that he might travel down with one or two other boys to their new home. It was not till the last day had come that Ben seemed to have any misgivings about leaving Rengate. In spite of all her shortcomings, Ben dearly loved his mother, and when he felt the baby arms of Nell clinging round his neck, the boy felt for the first time that it was hard to leave everything he loved behind him. On the last evening he went to see Miss Carew, and she noticed in a moment that the usually bright face was some what clouded.