

work wherever it may be, so as to prove the earnestness of our desire for it. Let us now begin with, I do not say consent, to tolerate men who will thus give themselves up to Brotherhood life in the Mission field, but beg for their aid, and hold out a hearty welcome to all who may dare, by God's grace to make trial of the same, and let us now say by our vote, in the words of my motion, that "this Provincial Synod is prepared to encourage by all means in its power, the formation of Missionary Brotherhoods for the pioneer work of the Church in Canada."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST."

O Father-eye, that hath so truly watched,
O Father-hand, that hath so gently led;
O Father-heart, that by my prayer is touched,
That loved me first when it was cold and dead—
Still do Thou lead me on with faithful care
The narrow path to heaven where I would go,
And train me for the life that waits me there,
Alike through love and loss, through weal and woe.

Oh my Redeemer, who for me was slain,
Who bringest me forgiveness and release;
Whose death has ransomed me to God again,
That now my heart can rest in perfect peace;
Still more and more do Thou my soul redeem,
From every bondage set me wholly free;
Though evil oft the mightiest power may seem,
Yet make me more than conqueror, Lord, in Thee.

O Holy Spirit, who with gentlest breath,
Dost teach us pray, dost comfort or reprove;
Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
Through whom we live at peace with God in love;
Still do Thou shed Thine influence abroad,
Let me the Father's Image ever wear,
Make me a holy temple of Thy God,
Where dwells forever calm adoring prayer.

—Selection.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.

CHAPTER II—A WARM WELCOME.

(Continued.)

Mr. Johnson a tall old gentleman with white hair and kindly face, surveyed his visitors with a puzzled expression. Behind her master stood a woman-servant. She also was old, and had gray hair. The only things noticeable about her were the length of her nose, and the old-fashioned, tight fitting cap of muslin that she wore tied under her chin.

Roy could not speak for a moment, so Lily said, "Sit down, Roy," and pushed him towards a chair: then walking up to Mr. Johnson she said, "How do you do, Mr. Johnson? Our train was stopped, that's why we are so late." She put out her little hand and looked up at him half-shyly. Her poor little face was running down with the fast melting snow, and her long fair hair, blown all over her shoulders and forehead by the wind, was rough and disordered.

"Poor children, poor children! There must be some mistake. What has brought you here?"

"Why, you invited us; at least Mrs. Johnson did—your wife you know."

At this the porter went off into a loud laugh. "He ain't got no wife, missie—at least that we knows of."

Roy had by this time recovered his voice, and said, "I am afraid, sir, there must be some mistake. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of the Grange, Whichcote, invited us down to stay with them."

"I see—I see, my boy. I am a Mr. Johnson, too. But you got out at the wrong station. This is not Whichcote."

"The porter said it; I heard him."

"I called out Idgecote, sir. Why, Whichcote is farther on the line."

Roy's face of blank despair was too much for Lily and Joe; they bursted into tears of disappointment and weariness.

"Our station is Idgecote. I can quite understand your mistaking our provincial pronunciation; but now you are here, you are my guests.—Rebecca!"

But Lily's tears were too much for him. He stooped down and lifted her in his arms.

"Don't cry, my dear—don't cry."

Lily put her cold, wet cheek against his, and, winding her arms round his neck, sobbed out, "You won't send us out in the snow and dark, will you? Oh I want mother and home!"

"Poor lamb, poor lamb! Give her to me, master: I'll see to her, and the little gentleman, too. Take off your great coat, my dear, and come with me." And as she spoke she took Lily into her own kind, motherly arms, and marched off to the kitchen, followed by Leo.

As she went, a young girl, who had been eagerly listening, and watching everything in the background, darted off.

"Now, Sarah, make haste and get hot water, the poor dear lost lambs are starved with cold and hunger." Without another word she popped Lily into one chair, and, turning to Leo, popped him on another. "Take off his wet boots, Sarah; and then run and light fires in the best room and dressing rooms."

She took complete possession of the children and they were only to glad to find themselves in warmth and comfort to do anything, but submit gratefully and smile benignly on all her proceedings.

In the meantime, Mr. Johnson took Roy to his study, where a bright fire was burning; and an easy chair drawn up before it showed that Mr. Johnson had been sitting there when the ring at the bell had called him out. An open book was on the chair, and round three sides of the room were well-filled book-shelves.

The porter had decided that there was no use his getting dry and warm; he would be wet through again on his way home. He must hurry back, "his missus would be anxious."

An hour afterwards, Roy, attired in a suit of Mr. Johnson's clothes lay back in an arm-chair, resting quietly after the adventures he had gone through. His face was very pale, and he looked exhausted, so much so that his host cast many an anxious glance towards him.

"You don't look fit for walking in the snow, my boy, or for a journey either."

"Mother hoped the snow would keep off until we arrived. It was all my stupidity, this mistake. Our train was delayed by some accident on the line, and we all fell asleep, I suppose, for I know I was surprised to hear the porter call out 'Whichcote,'—at least, I thought he did; and then when I asked if Mr. Johnson had sent for us, they said, 'His man had been down,' so of course I thought it was all right. If we had stopped at the station all night, what would we have done? And we should if I had found out our mistake."

Roy had told Mr. Johnson who they were, and all about themselves and belongings before this. As he ceased speaking, the door opened, and in walked Lily and Leo. Fortunately, their thick jackets had kept their clothes dry; so only stockings and shoes were required, and these were discovered in the bag. Nurse had placed them there, "to be handy on arrival."

Rebecca followed them with a tray. "I think it's best they should have their tea in here, sir, if you have no objection; it's warmer than the dining room."

Mr. Johnson looked at Rebecca in astonishment. She always professed to think children a great nuisance, and to congratulate herself that there was not much chance of being bothered by any in her master's house. "He's got no children belonging to him; that's a good thing," she had been heard to say. Now here she was upsetting all their arrangements,—for even Mr. Johnson never took meals in the study—and for the sake of those two young people.

Leo insisted upon helping her to lay the cloth, "to hurry the tea," he called it. "Come and help us, Lily!"

Lily shook her head; she was beside Mr. Johnson, looking at him gravely.

Mr. Johnson always wore spectacles, and often when he was not doing anything, he had a habit of pushing them up on his forehead, and he had done so now.

Roy was afraid she was going to make some remark on his manner of wearing them; to his relief she only said—

"Aren't you the real Mr. Johnson?"

"I am a real Mr. Johnson, but not the one you were going to see."

Isn't it funny that mother and the other boys don't know where we are?"

"Mother will know very soon, for Mr. Johnson has sent a telegram to her to say that we are all right, and one to the other Mr. Johnson. Isn't it very kind of him?" said Roy.

"Very. I think he's a very kind man indeed, and I am glad we came here."

"Tea's ready," announced Leo.

Lily quietly walked to the end of the table where the teacups were placed.

"I'd better make the tea, because I'm the only lady," she remarked, as she drew up her chair.

Before tea was ended, the two small children had quite recovered their spirits and fatigue, and talked and laughed away to their hearts' content.

Mr. Johnson said very little, he was not accustomed to children and their ways, but he watched them with an amused and kindly air. The way the bread and jam disappeared was astonishing to one unaccustomed to youthful appetites.

Roy began to apologize for them. "It was the cold air that made them hungry," he said.

"Indeed it isn't," said Leo. "We always eat as much as this."

"Not always, Leo," corrected Lily—"not when we don't have a jam we like."

"Oh. I told Rebecca what we liked, and asked her whether we might not have butter and jam together!"

"Oh," said Lily, and she leant forward and said sweetly, "are you sure you can afford it, Mr. Johnson, because if you can't I won't eat it? We cannot afford it at home, both together, but, when, you know, there are so many of us."

"Lily!" said Roy, in a tone of remonstrance.

"It's quite true, Roy, you know it is, and—"

"Let her speak out what she thinks, Roy; she means kindly. Eat as much butter, and jam, too, as you like. I can afford it quite well."

"I am so glad! Of course you can't be so poor as we are, because you haven't all those boys." After a moment's pause, she said, "May Roy go and sit in the arm-chair, Mr. Johnson? he looks so tired, and I promised mother to take care of him."

"Always keep your promise, Lily dear."

"I always mean to try; besides, I have turned over a new leaf to-day, I am not going to get into mischief any more."

"You are always turning over new leaves, Lily, nurse says," began Leo.

"No, I am not, Leo. I must peep back sometimes, just to see what went before."

Roy was put into his arm-chair. Mr. Johnson proposed his going off to bed as he looked so tired, but Roy preferred remaining where he was, he was so comfortable.

"We have quite done now, Mr. Johnson. Shall Leo say grace, as a treat, because I made the tea?" she exclaimed amiably.

Their host watched the proceedings of his young guests with puzzled amusement; the calm way they took everything, and their friendly manner towards himself, as if they had been friends for years, tickled him. They were not the least boisterous or forward, only perfectly at home.

Roy felt rather nervous. "Perhaps Mr. Johnson may not like it," he thought; and calling Lily to him, said in a low voice, "You and Leo must be quiet; he may not like your talking so much, he's not accustomed to children."