

as in town. The glib teachers of to-day, whose aim is popularity, not influence, fame, and not the rescue of souls, must take a look into the history of the early Church, and the corruptions from which it emerged, after fearful combat, in the name of Christ. Unless the clergy vindicate and maintain their character as instructors and guides in morality we fear their power for good over mankind will diminish before the advancing tide of spurious sentimentalism which, under the pretence of sweetening human life, is turning the hearts of the people to worldly enjoyment rather than to means of escape from the world.—*The Family Churchman.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

For this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even* unto death.—*Psalms* xlviii, 14.

Be the pathway smooth or thorny
Dark with storms or bright,
All along life's changeful journey
Day and night:

Through the desert, wending lonely
Or with loved ones nigh;
Bread to spare, or given only
As we cry:

Way-worn in its weary stages;
Or by crystal springs,
Where the Smitten Rock of Ages
Comfort brings:

Onward still; come joy or sorrow,
Blossom or decay;
Knowing nothing of to-morrow,
Calm to Day:

God will be our guide forever,
To our latest breath,
Through the depths of Jordan's river
Over death:

Over death, among the meadows
Where His own are led,
And in perfect day the shadows,
All have fled.

Over death; all told the story
Of our earthly strife.
Heirs of everlasting glory
Endless life.

—*Bickersteth's Year to Year.*

* Or rather over death. The learned Dr. Kay translates the last clause, "He Himself will guide us over death," and says: "Hebrew *almuth*, across the gulf of death as He led Israel of old across the Red Sea and Jordan to the land of everlasting peace."

Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEADE.)

CHAPTER V.—[Continued]

The Major was anything but softened when he discovered who was the author of all that mischief in the avenue. He came into the house panting with feebleness and anger.—In truth, the poor Major, who was the reverse of all that Ronald had pictured him and had never won any particular honor or glory, was far too broken in health to bear the least perturbation. He was very tired after a long journey, and was so crippled by rheumatism that each step was torture to him. During his painful walk down the avenue his naturally fiery temper had full time to take possession of him, and when he met his wife he was in no mood to be smoothed by any of her judicious words.

"Your nephew, you say, Eleanor; why, what a dirty, smoke-begrimed little chap he was. You don't mean to tell me, my dear Eleanor, that your nephew lit a bonfire right

under the horses' noses! The flames were half across the road, I assure you, and two dirty little chaps were jumping about and screaming at the pitch of their voices. I never was more dumbfounded in my life. If that's your brother's boy, he must be a perfect imp of mischief. I always did doubt the judiciousness of coming to live at Summerleigh, and now I doubt it more than ever."

"He's a very queer boy," said Mrs. Frere, sadly, "a very queer and incomprehensible boy; but, my dear Ben, I feel it for that reason all the more necessary to stand by my brother's son. He has been given to me as a sacred charge, Ben, and no trouble can be too great which is directed to soften his affections and to train him to be a worthy son of my beloved brother."

"He had better go to school," said the Major; "that's the place for him, Eleanor. We had better look out for a good preparatory school instantly. How old is the lad?"

"Just eight," replied Mrs. Frere; then she added, after a pause during which she was sedulously attending to her husband's comforts, "my ideas quite differ from yours, Ben. I think I know the reason the boy has been so spoilt. You know his mother died when he was only two, and since her death poor Ronald, who always had most peculiar ideas, brought the boy up entirely. From what I gather he had him with him morning, noon and night; he actually let him sit up for late dinner. He took him out for long rides; he had a small fishing rod for him. The whole system which poor Ronald adopted was really most injudicious, most foolish. I have made careful inquiries, and I find that the only women the boy ever had a chance of associating with were that silly nurse of his, Dorothy, and old Mrs. Benson, the housekeeper. Ronald filled the boy's head with nonsense, and evidently failed to draw out his affections, or he would feel his father's death more. What is the matter, Ben?"

"I beg your pardon, Eleanor, you are always so prosy and full of theories; my leg is intensely painful.—Have the goodness to hand me the foot-rest. Ah, thanks; that's better. Well, my dear, what are you driving at? I should have imagined that the constant society of such a first-rate fellow as your brother would have been the making of any boy. Your brother Ronald, however, is now in his grave, and here is an end of that. I say, send the boy to school and have done with it."

"I cannot agree with you, Ben. It is more than palpable what the boy needs; he needs the refining influence of a ladylike woman. I propose that we get Miss Green here for a year."

The Major made a funny face.—"Faugh!" he said, "she is an old maid; she won't suit the boy a bit."

"Ben," said his wife, "I wonder at you. Miss Green is one of the excellent of the earth, and it is low and vulgar to allude to her not having chosen to marry. You know what wonders she effected with Mary. She is a strict disciplinarian, and just the person to mould and develop Ronald. I shall write to her to-morrow."

"By all means, my dear; anything to stop this discussion."

About a week after the above conversation Ronald's aunt sent for him. He was playing a very wild and excited game with Violet in the garden, and he rushed in hastily just as he was, with a splendid color in his cheeks and his eyes glowing.

"What is it, Aunt Eleanor?" he exclaimed in a noisy fashion. "Violet, you look sharp, I'll be back with you in a moment. Violet caught that ball nine times running, Aunt Eleanor. She plays splendidly for a girl. Oh, do you want me? I'm in such a hurry back."

"Have the goodness to shut that door, sir," said the Major; "you are sending an abominable draught through the room."

Ronald favored the irascible old gentleman with a look of sovereign contempt; but he shut the door quietly and waited for his aunt to speak.

"Come here, Ronnie," said Aunt Eleanor. "I've got a good deal to say to you, my dear little boy, and you must listen patiently, and not think about your game of ball."

Ronald hated being called a dear little boy. This petting way was not a bit in Daddy's style. He approached his aunt unwillingly, shuffling his feet about and fixing his blue eyes on her face.

"Ronald," said Mrs. Frere, "I have been considering the subject of your education; I find it has been—h'm—neglected."

"No, it hasn't," said Ronald.—"Dad said I knew a lot of things. You're all out there, Aunt Eleanor. I can fish, and I can dig, and I can ride; I can play cricket, too, and I can very nearly fire a gun, but not quite."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mrs. Frere, as soothingly as she could speak, "we will grant that you know these things as well as a little boy of eight years can be expected to know them: but they are not education."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Eleanor; I know it's rude to contradict you, but you are quite mistaken. They are."

Mrs. Frere got very red; but she had an excellent temper, and never allowed herself to speak angry words. The Major, however, who had been sitting by the fire half asleep, now roused himself, and began to watch the two with some interest.

"I'm really sorry to contradict you," pursued Ronald, "but fishing and shooting and riding are the right education for a boy who means to be a brave man by and by. You see, Aunt Eleanor, Daddy has often told me, so I know. Suppose now, Aunt Eleanor, I wanted to become a pioneer, such as Speke, you know, who followed the windings of the Nile; or Franklin, or Livingstone; or suppose I wanted to be a grand naval officer, or a general—I should never go into the army unless I meant to become a general at least. Well, you see, I've got to be educated for that sort of life, and father was doing it as hard as he could.—I've got to go on by my self now, and that makes it much more difficult.—You see, Aunt Eleanor, it was ignorant of you to speak as you did, and I was surprised, for I thought you knew better."

"Well, Ronnie," said Aunt Eleanor, continuing her conversation in her calm voice, "as at present you have neither got to be a pioneer nor an admiral we will leave these subjects alone. There are other things you must know—some old-fashioned things about which, I grieve to say, you are sadly ignorant. One of these things is, that a little boy should be seen and not heard; another of them is, that a little boy should never, under any circumstances, contradict his elders, nor set up his opinion against theirs. Were one of my own children to speak to me as you have just done I should punish that child severely; but I am not inclined to be hard on you, for in this respect you have not had advantages. I have sent for you to tell you that a most excellent lady, a Miss Green, a friend of mine, is coming in a day or two to undertake that portion of your education in which, I have just pointed out to you, you are deficient. The room next your bedroom is to be turned into a schoolroom, and you and Violet will do your lessons there. You are to obey Miss Green in all particulars, and I hope and expect soon to learn that you are becoming a really good little boy.—You may go now, Ronald; that is all I have got to say."

Ronald, who had been turning from pink to white during the end of his aunt's speech, now gave one despairing glance at the Major, who neither looked up nor responded, and walked slowly towards the door.

"The window is open, Ronald," said Mrs. Frere, "and I see Violet waiting for you. You