

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever. Though dead leaves are lying
In mournful clusters 'neath your wandering feet;
Though wintry winds through naked boughs are sighing
The flowers are dead; yet is the memory sweet
Of summer winds and countless roses glowing
'Neath the warm kisses of the generous sun.
Hope on, hope ever. Why should tears be flowing?
In every season is some victory won.

Hope on, hope ever, though you deck loved tresses
With trembling fingers for the silent grave,
Though cold the cheek beneath your fond caresses,
Look up, true Christian soul; be calm, be brave!
Hope on, hope ever. Though your hearts be breaking,
Let flowers of resignation wreath your cross,
Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom waking,
For mortal life is full of change and loss.

Hope on, hope ever, for long-vanished faces
Watch for your coming on the golden shore,
E'en while you whisper in their vacant places.
The blessed words, "Not lost, but gone before!"
Hope on, hope ever, let your hearts keep singing,
When low you bend above the churchyard sod,
And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts are winging,
Through sighs and tears, to the bright throne of God!

Hope on, hope ever. Let not toil or sorrow
Still the sweet music of Hope's heavenly voice.
From every dawn some ray of comfort borrow,
That in the evening you may still rejoice.
Hope on, hope ever—words beyond comparing,
Dear to the hearts that nameless woes have riven;
To all that mourn, sweet consolation bearing,
Oh, may they prove the Christian's guide to heaven!

Chambers' Journal.

Sunday Chimes.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "GRACE BUXTON,"
"NOTHING NEW," ETC.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My
brethren, ye did it unto Me."

CHAPTER II.
A HAPPY HOME.

Presently the bells struck out for afternoon
service, and the good mother said:—

"It is my turn for church this afternoon, and I
will take little Mary; then you can have a nice
walk with Willie and Janie, father. It is not so
hot to-day; there's a fine breeze blowing over St.
Thomas's fields."

"Oh, yes, father," said Willie; "you will
come, won't you?"

Tom Bankes yawned and stretched. He felt,
perhaps, a little more disposed, after his good noon
day meal, to take a nap in his chair; but he knew
he should be none the better for that, and a great
deal the better for fresh air, and a quiet walk with
his two elder children; so he told them to run and
get ready; and his wife, having filled the kettle,
and put it on the hob, ready for tea on her return,
went also to prepare for church, taking little Mary
in her arms.

They all left the house together, Mrs. Banks
locking the door, and putting the key in her
pocket. At the end of the bye-road where Salis-
bury Place was built, the father and mother
separated.

"You'll be home by five o'clock, father," were
his wife's parting words, "so there's nice time for
tea before evening service."

"All right," was the answer; "and I asked
Aunt Jane to look in, and go to Church along with
us this evening; but you'll be home, so as to let her
in?"

"Oh yes," was the answer. "Good-bye."

And thus the husband and wife parted.

The afternoon service was short; and a few
simple words spoken by the clergyman on a pas-
sage of holy Scripture, which were easy and plain
to understand, took the place of a sermon. To-
day the words seemed to come home especially to
the heart of the good mother who listened; for
Mary Bankes had her worries and troubles, like all

mothers of families, whether rich or poor. Some-
times she felt oppressed with the struggle of life,
and the effort she made to keep a tidy, inviting
home for her husband. Sometimes, too, a natu-
rally quick temper would give her trouble; and
every repeated failure was a cause of repeated sor-
row. But she had learned to take all her sins and
all her troubles to the cross of Jesus; and the
sound of Sunday chimes always seemed to give her
fresh courage and fresh hope. Mary Bankes
would not have foregone the hours she spent in
God's house for all the excursion trips in crowded
trains in the world.

The clergyman's words to-day were upon the
benediction of the King to those who had served
Him, and that all unconscious of the service
rendered:—

"Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least
of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."

Many had been the little acts of love that Mary
Bankes, in her humble way, had managed to ren-
der; kindness to a sick neighbor—often not more
than the cup of cold water; little helps on the
rough journey of this work-a-day life, which had
been given for love's sake, and would bring their
own reward.

Little Mary, who was but four years old, fell
asleep, and thus her mother was left free to give
her whole attention to the words of the preacher.
As she listened, she did not think that those words
were to fortify her for a deed of love which she
was soon to be called upon to perform,—a deed of
blessed charity to a forlorn outcast, which would
bring forth fruit such as she little dreamed of.

As I have said the whole neighborhood of St.
Thomas's was new, and many of the houses were
yet unfinished, and some were just raised above
the foundations. There was a whole row unfin-
ished opposite Salisbury Place, and the house on the
right-hand side of the Bankes was uninhabited, and
had "To Let" upon the windows, roughly painted
in large white letters.

Mary Bankes was at home before her husband;
but at the little garden gate she saw a trim figure
standing, who she knew at once to be Aunt Jane.

"I hope you have not been waiting long, aunt,"
Mary said, as she came quickly up, and took the
key from her pocket, to fit into the lock of the
door.

"Oh, of course that does not matter," was the
reply. "I have been standing here in the melting
sun for something like a quarter of an hour; but
it's of no consequence; only it's a pity Tom asked
me, if I wasn't wanted."

"We want you very much," Mary said good-
temperedly; "the children always are pleased to
see you. Willie and Janie are out with their
father, but they will be home directly. Do step
in, Aunt Jane, and take off your bonnet."

"But Aunt Jane still paused."

"There's a queer noise out yonder, across the
road, which I can't make out," she said. "It
sounds as if it came from behind that wall, and I
have listened to it till I am quite nervous. There!
now do you hear?"

"Yes," Mary said, "it's like something in pain.
Just take little Mary's hand, Aunt, and I'll go and
look."

"Take care, Mary," was the reply. "A mad
dog may rush out on you, or no one knows what."

But Mary Bankes had crossed the street before
Aunt Jane had time to give vent to any more
spinster-like fears; and, peeping over the line of
bricks which had been raised next the road, she
saw, lying in the trench dug for the cellars, a heap
of rags, from which the sound proceeded.

"Why, it's a child," she said: "it's a child, and
she is hurt," as the groans of pain succeeded again
and again. "What is it?" she asked. "Who is
it? Get up."

Then from the bundle of ragged clothes a head
was raised, with a mass of tangled dark hair tossed
from the forehead; and a pair of piteous dark eyes
were turned up to the kind motherly face bending
over it, while a broken feeble little voice said—

"I've been and broke my leg; I can't move; I
can't get up. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Did you fall over, my dear; and what could

you be doing here on Sunday afternoon? But
there, I won't ask no more questions of the poor
thing," she said, half to herself and half aloud.
"Here comes Tom, he will soon lift her out."

Her husband answered Mary's summons by
striding to the place where she stood, and telling
the children to go along home.

"What is it, Mary?"

"A child has fallen down into the cellars of this
house. Look, Tom."

Tom, looked, and exclaimed, "A child! Why,
it looks like an old sack of 'tatoes."

"Go down and lift her up. She is in dreadful
pain. Hark how she is groaning."

"So she be," said Tom, letting himself down
cautiously to the level of the place where Matsie
lay; for he had his best Sunday suit on, and was
careful not to hurt it by lime or dirt, to which on
other days he was well accustomed.

"Bless me, Mary," he said looking up at his
wife, "I don't feel as if I could touch her, now I
am here; she ain't wholesome."

"Never mind, Tom; she is in awful pain; and
if our Janie had fallen —"

"Janie—yes," her husband whispered; "but
—"

Here, however, Tom paused; and the kindly
spirit asserting itself, he put his great strong arms
beneath the bundle of rags, and in spite of Matsie's
groan's and cries, carried her up through the back
of the half-finished buildings and soon put her
down by his wife's side, who was standing by their
own little garden gate, Aunt Jane and the children
clustering at the door.

"Well," Tom Bankes said, "and what now?"

"Take her into the washhouse, Tom, and I'll
send Janie and Willie to ask Dr. Mansfield to
come and advise us what to do."

All this time Matsie's large wistful eyes were
fixed upon the faces bending over her. As Mary
spoke she said—

"Don'tee send me away, I be so bad, and I've
got nowhere to go; nowhere's;" she repeated in a
piteous tone, which expressed pain and utter deso-
lation.

Tom's heart was touched. He did not say an-
other word, but he went off himself for Dr. Mans-
field, having first taken the child into the out-
house as his wife desired.

"You are never going to keep that dirty, filthy
child about the premises," was Aunt Jane's remark,
as Mary Bankes returned and bid little Janie set
the tea.

"I must keep her till the doctor has seen her
anyhow," was the answer. "I don't think her leg
is broken, it is only a sprain."

"Just as if it mattered whether it was a sprain
or not, bringing the fever and the worst of com-
plaints to your own children. Why them sort of
folks live like dogs, and often die like 'em."

"Oh! Aunt Jane, don't talk so. That poor for-
lorn creature has got a soul like my own little one;
a soul for which Jesus died."

Aunt Jane looked unutterable things, and sat
down to the expectancy of a plate of hot toast and
a comfortable Sunday tea, for which preparations
were made.

"Tom Bankes came back in less than a quarter
of an hour, but he was alone.

"The doctor is out," he said, "but he will be
here before very long. I left word with the servant.
Now then, Mary, I want my tea."

"And what is to be done with this poor miser-
able object?" Aunt Jane inquired, when she had
sipped a cup of good tea.

When you are all gone to Church, I will look
after her," Mary Bankes said.

And when the Sunday chimes were ringing out
from the churches far and near, this good woman,
in her tender motherly way, was bending over poor
Matsie, and speaking to her out of the depths of
her heart, which was full of pity, not only for her
bodily distress and wretchedness, but also for the
darkness of her soul.

(To be continued.)