

religious privileges, the weekly paper comes like a letter from the editor, telling him that at least one institution in the Church has not forgotten him, and will seek him out all the year round for a welcome and the cost of a night's lodging.

When the length and breadth of the Church is gradually unfolded the reader begins to feel that, however depressing the circumstance of his local Church, he nevertheless belongs to a glorious Church, holding "the faith once delivered to the saints." Support the journals of the Church and you do as much to help her work as in any possible way. Every pastor knows that his sermons cannot possibly tell the half of what is to be told, that his people seem illiberal, not from a mean spirit, but because the great needs of Christ's work are not clear to them. Why, then, such half heartedness in calling these valuable allies to your aid? Help the cheap paper, because every one can take it, help the plain popular paper for the sake of those who ask for easy reading. Send in your own name and the names of every one you can think of. Circulation helps the advertising, and advertising pays for the paper, and with the paper paid for the editor's good humor will be so enlarged that he will always say pleasant things of everybody, and thus keep and promote the peace.—*Church Times*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE TRINITY.

Could we pierce the veil that hides us
From the Triune Deity;
Could we join the white-robed angels
Chanting by the crystal sea;
Could we, with those dazzling myriads,
Bow before the sapphire throne,
Crying Holy, Holy, Holy,
Homage be to God alone;
Then, that great, mysterious Godhead,
We would fully comprehend,
And our voices, loud and joyous,
With the angelic choirs blend.
Not until that mighty vision
Is outspread before our eyes,
Can we ever, poor blind mortals,
This great Godhead realize.
They who believe, yet have not seen,
Are blessed. Give us grace, oh Lord!
In faith to live, in faith to die,
Trusting in Thy most holy word.
May our songs and prayers upraising,
Blend with angels voices there,
Wafted through the heavenly gates,
Mingling with the listening air.
May the Holy, Holy, Holy,
Wreath Thy sapphire throne on high,
Earthly prayers, and earthly praises,
Mingling with the heavenly cry.
Take them all, Thou Godhead mighty,
Bless us, give us grace that we
May with those, so long departed,
Praise the Triune, One in Three.

KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEADE.)

CHAPTER IX.—[Continued]

"Oh, I wasn't whispering the verses," said Ronald; I nearly know them. They're about 'A violet by a mossy stone.' They are rather pretty, only I don't think they are particularly true. That line, 'Fair as a star,' has a pretty sound, but do you think it's the case, Miss Green? Women aren't beautiful; at least I don't think so. There was only one beautiful

woman that I ever heard of, and that was my own mother, and Wordsworth didn't know her, so it was great nonsense for him to write like that."

"The nonsense happens to be in what you are saying, Sir Ronald; the most exquisite creature in all the world is a lovely young woman. I wish," continued Miss Green, with quite a little spark of enthusiasm in her faded brown eyes, "that you had seen my late pupil, Lady Philippa Musgrave, on the day of her presentation. Ah, Wordsworth could have written verses about her!"

"Tell me about her, do," said Ronald; "I should love to hear, and it would do my fidgets good. I didn't know until this minute that all women are beautiful when they are young. How awfully they change when they grow old! It's a great pity, for men don't. Father was three-and-thirty; rather old, you know; and he was just splendid. But do tell me about Lady Philippa Musgrave. Was she 'fair as a star' when only one is shining in the sky?"

"Ronald" said his governess, "I am tired of repeating what a queer little boy I consider you. But, as Violet is not here, and we are all alone, I will after you have repeated your lines about Lucy without a mistake, tell you some thing about my dear pupil Philippa. I must first of all, however, exact a promise from you."

"Oh, I'll promise anything!" answered Ronald; "I mean anything that is in reason, you know. Now what do you want me to do for you? Is it a secret? You need not whisper, for there is no one here to listen; but, if you'd rather, you may pop it into my left ear. I'll hold it up for you with my hands round it. There now, pop away. What do you want me to do for you, Miss Green?"

"First of all, stand upright, put your hands behind your back, and recite your poem, Sir Ronald."

Ronald did so, getting through the verses without faltering, and with considerable speed.

"Now the secret," he said, "I'd like greatly to do something for you. I would really, though you may not think it. I was wondering what you could want when I was going through my verses; that was why I gabbled them, because all the time I was thinking of you."

"You are a little boy with a great many words," said Miss Green; "a very queer little spoiled boy. I have no wish to be hard on you, for I make all due allowance for your peculiar bringing up, but there are some things which I cannot pass over, things which I feel it my duty for Violet's sake to impress upon you."

"I like those words about duty," said Ronald; "they remind me of what Nelson said on the eve of the great fight. Well, Miss Green, you won't find me flinching. Don't shirk it, Miss Green. If it's your duty to speak, it's my duty to listen. I can't make out what I've done; but you are quite right to speak of it, and I don't mind even if it does hurt."

"It is this, Ronald; once for all I forbid you fix your eyes on me in the rude manner you are always doing. Whenever I look up I find you gazing at me. Now, there are several reasons why I wish you to break yourself of this most unpleasant habit. In the first place, you cannot attend to your lessons when you are thinking about me; in the second place, you set Violet a very bad example; in the third place, you are guilty of most ungentlemanly conduct. It is very rude for a gentleman to stare at a lady in the way you gaze at me."

"But I'm studying you," said Ronald.

"You are what?"

"I am studying you; can't you understand? I am trying to find out what kind of a woman you are. I really don't know a bit yet, so I am afraid I shall have to stare a little longer."

You are not consumptive, and you are not headachy, and I suppose you must be old, because you have quite lost your—oh, perhaps it is rude to say that! I only mean that you are not like a star, you know, when there is only one in the sky.—The moment I know about you I'll promise to leave off staring. Perhaps you could help me by telling me about yourself now. It would be much better for a boy to understand his governess. I understand Uncle Ben at last, and I get on splendidly with him. I don't understand Aunt Eleanor, and I don't get on with her. I don't understand you, and I don't get on with you. Now wouldn't it be better if you confided your real self to me and I confide my real self to you? You see we are as unlike as possible. You never have fidgets, do you? And I never, never, never could sit like a frozen statue. Oh, you're not angry with me, are you? I'm over so sorry—I—I—didn't mean to offend you. Don't you really think it would be better if we tried to understand each other?"

Many, many times in after years did the governess look back on this little scene, and see, the boy's eager, pleading face, and wish that she had answered him differently. It was too true, however, now that she was very, very angry. She rose to her feet and took Ronald's hand in hers.

"You are a most impertinent little boy, and I must punish you severely. You shall not ride on Bob this afternoon, and you are to stay in your own room for the remainder of the morning. You are a very naughty little boy indeed."

CHAPTER X.

There were no traces whatever of tears on Ronald's face when he came out of his room after that punishment. He was not accustomed to being punished; he had never stood in the corner like other little boys; he had never been slapped; his father had brought a strong moral influence to bear on the little lad, and during his lifetime his influence had abundantly effected its purpose. A grave glance, from his father's eye had been his worst reproof—a smile around his father's lips had been his greatest reward. Now Miss Green was using other methods of correction, and their effects were not good. It would have been better for Ronald had he cried during those dismal hours when he sat with his little face pressed against the window-pane, and his eyes fixed now on the falling leaves as they fluttered to the ground, now on the rather sad little birds as they tried to twitter some late songs; it had been much better for Ronald to have cried like another child and half-broken his heart, for then it would have been grown hard. When he came out of his room and joined the nursery tea, he was to all appearance just the same Ronald as ever, but there was a change in him which the quick eye of a mother would have detected, which indeed any woman with a very large and sympathizing mother's heart might have noticed. Ronald had now quite made up his mind that Miss Green was his natural enemy, and he determined to treat her accordingly; he quite forgot, as far as Miss Green was concerned, his father's motto that no boy should hurt a woman. From this moment came a time of considerable unhappiness both for Ronald and his governess. He learned his lessons, but without spirit or interest. Miss Green was no longer troubled by his staring at her, for he scarcely troubled himself to look at her at all. Instead of exalting Miss Green into a heroine she was now degraded in Ronald's estimation into a most wicked woman. Whenever he read of a woman, either in his Bible or in his secular history books, doing a cowardly or a wicked thing, he said to himself, "How very like Miss Green!" The governess had certainly failed in all sympathy with him, but at this time he was as naughty as possible with regard to her. For the first time in her life Miss Green was