

of this worthy walking, or if we may so, to stamp a character on the piety which should mark those so privileged as members of a living Body. And his first thought, following the example of the Saviour in the Beatitudes, is to lay extreme emphasis on lowliness and on unity. These he seems to look on as first principles of holiness or worthy walking. This should attract attention.

When you look at a beautifully proportioned building or body, no part seems to command special attention, much less to demand it for itself. Lowly subordination to the whole, complete absence of rivalry, independence, and self-assertion mark each part. We see not a mass of beautiful stones but a beautiful building, not a collection of living members but a living body. The lowly tone of piety, in which the holiness of the Church is made up of many holy members in organic union is the aim of each, begins with penitence and self-abnegation, and never leaves these behind or outgrows them: lowliness of spirit, penitence, a sense of being nothing in ourselves, is never regarded as being but a stepping stone to joyful assurance.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

The fire burns low—the shadows gleam and fade,  
And darkness lingers where the sunset played,  
A hand of silence on my lips is laid,  
I cannot find the light!

One eager longing fills my clouded breast,—  
I wait the coming of a heavenly guest:  
Thou, who of old in Bethany didst rest,  
Tarry with me to-night!

With goodly fare my table is not spread,  
Hot tears have mingled with my wine and bread,  
I cannot pour upon thy blessed head  
The spikenard rare and sweet.

But, if my few poor gifts thou condescend  
To take, thy taking worthiness will lend,  
And I will pour my soul out, O my friend!—  
Like Mary at thy feet!

My soul, consumed by sin's corroding rust,  
My soul, that spurned the stars and loved the dust—  
My soul that longs at last for love and trust—  
Is all I have to bring.

I strain my gaze now for one gleaming star,—  
I sit in darkness with my door ajar,  
That I may hear thy footsteps from afar,  
The footsteps of my King!

And I do hear, though clouds thy visage hide,  
I reach my hand out thro' the shadowy tide  
Of doubts and fears, and on the other side  
Lo, it is clasped in thine!

I shuddering feel the nail prints in the palm,  
But, oh, the wound drops healing, and a balm  
Of tenderness, that blesses with a calm  
Of peace and love divine.  
*New York City.*

## BEN, THE GORDON BOY.

CHAP. X.—CONTINUED.

But with all, the boy had a great longing to see his mother, and when time passed on, and he felt that he had proved himself worthy of confidence, he ventured to ask for a holiday. Suffice it, however, had been heard of his parents to make a holiday anything but desirable, and for a time it was delayed. Ben felt the disappointment keenly, but just then he had a substantial proof of the Commandant's

trust in him that overcame his strong desire to go home.

If a boy proved himself worthy of trust he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and had his part to do in keeping order in his own particular workshop. Ben was overjoyed when he heard of his promotion, and nothing could have helped better in raising the boy's character and strengthening his desire to do right.

Not long after Ben had been made corporal, great excitement was caused among the boys by a rumor that they would probably be taken to Aldershot to take their small part in a field day. The Duke of Cambridge was coming down for the closing review of the season, and he was to be accompanied by Lord Wolseley. The boys were in great spirits when they heard that it was not to end in rumor but in reality.

It was a brilliant September morning, and the inmates of the home were astir early. Dressed in their blue serge jackets, tartan trews of the Gordon plaid, smart Glengarry caps, and carrying Snider carbines, they presented a very soldierly appearance.

The day began with a march of three miles to Brookwood station, headed by the drum and fife band. Every boy held his head erect, as if the success of the day depended mainly on him, and seemed to tell that they were proud of being Gordon boys, and would prove themselves worthy of the name.

The next part of the short journey was performed by rail, and landed them at the North Camp Station, which on that day was full of life and gaiety. No small interest was taken in the lads, but the proud moment of the day was when they were permitted to take their place in the march past. They stepped out well, and were worthy of the commendation they received from the Commander-in-chief.

If Ben had any doubts before as to the path of life he intended to choose, they all vanished after this day at Aldershot. It was a red letter day in the boy's life, and when he found himself back again at the Home at night, tired and weary with the exciting day, it was to dream of camp life, and soldiers, good and noble, like his hero, Gordon. For Ben had learnt to love the brave soldierly face of the great Gordon which looked down upon the boys day after day in the large dining hall, and little by little was growing in the boy's mind the longing to be, like him, a faithful soldier, not only of his Queen, but of the King of kings.

### CHAP. XI.—BEN'S FIRST HOLIDAY.

Time rolls on quickly at the Gordon Home as in other places of her Majesty's dominions, and Christmas was drawing near once more. The joyous happy season of reunion, when families separated at other times love to meet and join in the peace and good will which is the special gift of our Lord and Saviour. Ben like others, had strong longings for those he dearly loved in spite of all their failings, and once more he put in a request for a holiday. His conduct had been so good that the Commandant felt that this time he could not refuse the boy, and Ben, wild with delight at the thought of going to Rengate and seeing all his old friends, wrote home to his mother to tell her of his coming. His memory had faded from baby Nell's mind, but the news was received with joy by the other children.

It was the last day of the old year when Ben found himself leaving the Home on his way to Rengate. As he took his ticket for London he felt himself a man outright, and a feeling of independence stole over him, very different to his sensations on the night of the running away. As he looked down at his uniform, and remembered that he was a 'Gordon Boy,' he determined to do nothing unworthy of it.

With Ben was another boy, Moore, the one that had entered the home with him, and had told the sad story of his lonely life. It was

Moore's first holiday also, but then he had no home to which to go. Not a friend in the world except the kind-hearted policeman who had been the means of rescuing him. It was to this policeman's home that Moore was now bending his steps. The man, with a fatherly feeling warm in his heart, had felt sorry for the boy, and so had sent an invitation for him to spend his few days' leave with him. Moore had gladly accepted, and the two boys were to travel together as far as Waterloo.

No father could have looked at the boy more proudly than did police constable No. 20 when Moore arrived. He looked at the boy from top to toe, and surveyed his improved condition with the greatest satisfaction.

'Why they've made a man of you, that they have, he said, giving Moore a vigorous slap on his shoulder. 'Come here, wife, and see if you recognize the lad.'

Poor Moore had not felt so happy since he lost his mother, and seemed to wear a perpetual grin of pleasure all through that joyous evening.

'I must go to the Mansion House to-morrow,' said Moore, 'and thank the gentlemen that sent me to the Home; maybe it will encourage them to send others; there's plenty more lads about, just as miserable as I was.'

So Moore, true to his word, presented himself at the Mansion House the next day, and having told his errand, was ushered into the presence of the Lord Mayor. It had never struck him that Lord Mayors did not go on for ever, and he saw with disappointment that it was not the same Lord Mayor that he remembered with so much gratitude.

'I am not the one you expected to see,' said his lordship, quickly comprehending from the expression on the boy's face what was passing in his mind.

'No, your honor; you're not the gent as sent me to the Gordon Home.'

'No, but I expect it was my predecessor. Was there something you wished to tell him?'

'I just thought as I'd like to thank him. He did me a real good turn when he sent me there. Oh, sir, do send more of the lads to these homes and have 'em taught how to grow up good, and then you won't have so many of us poor fellows to send to prison.'

Moore seemed thoroughly in earnest and the Lord Mayor felt that the once lonely waif had touched the right chord, when he said that there would be fewer to send to prison.

'The boy is right, Benson,' his lordship said, turning to his colleague. 'Would that such Homes were multiplied all over the kingdom.'

After hearing a little more of Moore's life and future prospects, the Lord Mayor handed him a present, and promising to convey his thanks to his predecessor, Moore departed, feeling that he was the happiest boy in London.

In the meantime Ben had crossed London and at last Rengate station was reached. There around him he saw once more all the old familiar objects. The station master had known him well, for sometimes in the old days he had loitered about to see if he could carry parcels or bags belonging to some tired traveller. He now looked steadily at the boy as he passed the wicket and gave up his ticket.

'Good evening, sir,' said Ben, glad to recognize a well known face.

'Good evening, my boy,' answered the station master. 'I have been looking at you as you came down the stairs, and know your face, but I cannot recall your name.'

'I'm Ben Collins, sir,' said Ben with a smile. 'Ben Collins' but how changed; where in the wide world have you been to look like this?'

'I've been at the Gordon Home,' said Ben proudly. 'and I'm just off on a few days' leave.'

'Well, wherever you have been they've turned you out a smart young fellow,' said the station master. 'Take care of yourself while you're on leave, and don't get into mischief.'