

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God, the Almighty.
Rev. 4: 8.

Ever blessed Trinity,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Prayer and praise we give to Thee,
Lord of Life and Death!

Thou of all art God and King,
Distant stars their tribute bring,
Creatures of the dust, we sing
With our fleeting breath.

Where the living creatures beam,
Where the swift winged seraphs gleam,
Where Heaven's radiant glories stream,
Stands thy Throne on high,

Where no mortal foot hath trod,
Save of Jesse's root the Rod,
'Holy, Holy, Holy, God!'
All, adoring, cry.

We, who toil and strive below,
Crushed by sin, and care, and woe,
To the Fount, whence blessings flow,
Now our voices raise!

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Three in One; from every coast,
Earth, and Heaven's adoring host,
Thy true Godhead praise!

—From Hymns for the Christian Year, by Rev.
John Anketell, A. M.

TWO ENDS OF A MISSION BOX.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

PART I—THE EAST END.—(Continued)

'I don't see any shoes among the things,' said Miss Lilly.

'We have none as yet, but I hope they will come,' answered Mrs. Oaks. 'Mr. Tyng used to say that the difference between two or four button gloves in his congregation would build a mission chapel a year. I am sure the price of half a dozen of the murdered birds with which people dress their bonnets, as my Seneca great grandfather used to adorn his leggings with scalplocks, would keep three or four minister's families in shoes the year round.'

'Don't be sharp, Lottie,' said Mrs. Rose gently. 'We must not judge, you know.'

'I have never had any fancy for birds, so you do not hit me,' said Miss Lilly, smiling. 'I read a horrid story about men twisting the wings off wounded birds and then leaving them to perish, which has rather spoiled my enjoyment of them.'

'I could tell you a worse story even than that about the poor children who make artificial flowers and leaves.'

'But, Charlotte, we ought to encourage trade. Are not all these expensive ornaments good for business?' asked Mrs. Weed, in a somewhat subdued tone.

'No better for trade than merino and flannel. What difference does it make to the merchant whether he sells two yards of Irish point lace for seventeen dollars or three good warm dresses for the same money?'

Miss Lilly colored a little. She had just made up her mind to buying a good deal more than two yards of that same Irish point. 'I really must go,' said she, rising; you have beguiled me for more than two hours of valuable time. Will you lend me that letter, please? I should like to look it over. I cannot make any promise just now, but I will try to send something. Good bye.'

'Did you ever see such a fuss about nothing?' said Mrs. Weed, as they walked away together.

It is just so all over the parish. Even Linda Birch, who used to care for nothing but dress and dancing, is running about the parish collecting for the missionaries.'

'That is an improvement, certainly.' 'Well, I don't know. It is love of excitement, all the same, in another shape. What made you borrow that letter? I should think you had heard enough of it.'

'I wanted to read it all,' answered Miss Lilly. 'Good bye.'

'Now I do hope she is not going into it,' said Mrs. Weed to herself again. 'Because if she does, I must.'

When she retired to her room for the night, Miss Lilly took the letter from her pocket, and read it more than once, and there was something suspiciously bright hanging on her dark eye-lashes as she put it away.

The next day she made preparations for a shopping expedition. She had intended to buy herself a new winter suit and a cloak, and as she had considered the matter, looking over her accounts meantime, she had decided that she could afford two hundred dollars for her new fur circular, and sixty for her velvet dress, and yet be able to buy the Irish point, on which she had set her heart. Miss Lilly was rich—independently so for a single woman—and it cannot be denied that she was fond of dress; but then, as she said to herself, she never bought trumpery. 'Lace like that is an investment. It is not like trimming which goes out of fashion next year.' So she had reasoned with herself, but somehow the reasoning did not seem quite as satisfactory now.

Before she went out she set down on her elegant tablets all the things she intended to buy, and counted their cost. Then she went to her wardrobe and took down her last winter's street suit. It was very handsome, as good as new, and having been plainly made was not out of fashion.

'It will do very well,' said Miss Lilly, with decision, and her pencil went through one item of her list.—When she had finished all her other purchases—and there were a great many of them—at the grand shopping places in Fowerville, she could not resist taking a look at the Irish lace. It was very beautiful, and cheap at the price. She almost thought she would treat herself. 'It is an investment!' she said to herself. Just then something seemed to whisper in her ear, 'For sixty dollars a year one of those Indian girls could be kept in school, and educated for Christian work among her own people. Which investment will pay best a hundred years from now?'

'I don't think I will have any at present,' said Miss Lilly. 'I will take half a dozen of those pretty linen collars, and I will look at some gentlemen's handkerchiefs.'

I have said before that Miss Lilly had a grave in her heart of which no one knew but herself. 'That was one comfort,' she said to herself, and I fear she had never shown it even to her Lord. Indeed, she never looked as if she could help it, but had always tried to forget its existence, without success. *Forgetting* is a thing which cannot be done on purpose. This night, however, she sat down and regarded it steadfastly. "He would have liked it," she said to herself. "Perhaps he may know some day." She opened her desk and wrote a letter before she slept, and for the first time she felt comforted concerning her dead. Comfort and forgetfulness are two very different things.

'Why, Miss Lilly, I thought you had made up your mind to a cloak like mine,' said Mrs. Weed, meeting Miss Lilly in the street a few days after. Rosamond had on a new cloak which Mrs. Weed decided could not have cost more than fifty dollars at the outside.

'I changed my mind,' said Miss Lilly, simply.

'What does that mean?' thought Mrs.

Weed, as she rang at Mrs. Oaks' door. She found herself in the midst of a busy scene. A dozen or two of maids and matrons were in lively conclave over a barrel, in which Mrs. Oaks and Mrs. Rose were very carefully packing all kinds of miscellaneous articles. Floor and chairs were covered with garments of all sorts. A row of new shoes stood on the table, and might have been a row of household gods, from the loving looks directed toward them. Mrs. Weed was greeted with effusion.

'Oh, Mrs. Weed, do see the lovely new shoes!' exclaimed Linda Birch.

'Miss Lilly sent them. Wa-n't it nice?' added Bessie Bush; 'and she has given a nice new dress with all the trimmings, for Mrs. Root and each of her daughters.'

'And Mrs. Berry has sent five handkerchiefs apiece all round!' chimed in another voice. 'And Miss Thorn, the lame dressmaker, has sent four nice aprons and two jackets, made out of her poor sister's clothes. That was almost as much for her as Miss Lilly's dresses.'

'More, I think,' said Linda Birch. 'Now if we only had a warm wrap for Mrs. Root!'

'Don't be discontented, child! There is always something wanting,' said Mrs. Oaks. 'We need not close the barrel till next week, and perhaps some one may send a shawl.'

'I will see what I can do for you,' said Mrs. Weed. 'Perhaps I can find a wrap of some kind.'

Mrs. Rose cast a loving glance at her old schoolmate. She thought her heart had been troubled by that letter.

Mrs. Weed's heart was indeed moved, not by charity, but by a very different feeling. She divined at once that the new shoes and dresses had come out of Rosamond Lilly's cloak. Should Rosamond's praises be in every one's mouth, and she have no credit at all? She did not know what to do, for she had no notion of sacrificing her velvet suit, and she was short of money. Suddenly an idea flashed across her.

'There is the gray beaver shawl I bought to send Mother Weed. She knows nothing about it, so she won't be disappointed, and after New Year's, when things are cheap, I can buy her a cloak or something. The shawl will be worth as much as all Rosamond Lilly's things put together.'

When Mrs. Weed reached her own house it was almost dark. She sat down by the bright fire to rest a little before going upstairs, and while resting she fell asleep and dreamed a dream. She thought she was sitting in Mrs. Oaks' parlor, and that all the articles destined for the box were piled in one corner. She had a strange feeling of awe and uneasiness, and would have liked to go home. In a moment she was conscious of a soft, winnowing sound like that of a dove's wings, and she beheld two angels standing in the room, one of whom carried a lamp. They seemed unconscious of her presence, but she heard and understood all they said.

'We must be at work,' said the angel with the lamp. 'We have no time to lose.'

They moved to the heap in the corner, and one held the light while the other raised the garments one by one, and held them before it. The first happened to be one of a parcel of things which a lady had sent to get them out of her way. As the light of the lamp shone through the rents and moth-holes, it dropped into black ashes with a disagreeable odor. Some things showed a spot here and there, which, however, faded out in the light of the lamp. Miss Thorn's aprons and jackets and the poor widow's stockings were mixed with threads of gold. One or two articles were quite opaque.

'These are the world's,' said the angel with the lamp. 'Throw them aside. What have we here?' They were the clothes of the dead children, shining with innumerable jewels, which flashed with a soft yet splendid light. Somehow or other Mrs. Weed knew that those jewels were the tears which the bereaved