

FAMILY DEPARTMENT

NOT LOST.

"They are not lost whom we lose in Him
Whom we cannot lose."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

"They are not lost,"

Who, faithful to the Lord,
Have trod the narrow path
That leads to heaven;
In perfect peace
Awaiting their reward,
They "sleep in Jesus,"
All their sins forgiven.

"They are not lost,"

Whose lives so full of sin
Were like "the troubled sea,"
And found no rest:
These, by His love,
Our saviour seeks to win,
Who trusting come,
To be for ever blest.

"They are not lost,"

All those who strive to live
The "life in Christ."
Why do we therefore grieve,
And call them "lost,"
Whom God Himself will give
To us again,
If we in faith believe?

Not lost—

But in our loving Father's care,
Are those who rest
And wait the life to come;
Jesus the lambs
Will in His bosom bear,
And tenderly
Will lead each wanderer Home.

L. S. PATTISON.

Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEADR.)

CHAPTER III.—[Continued]

Mrs Frere arrived at Summerleigh on the day of her brother's funeral. The children came a fortnight later, but three months passed after the baronet's death before Major Frere put in appearance on the scene.

Major Frere had long retired from active service, and was quite prepared to enjoy the good things of life at Summerleigh during little Ronald's minority.

Ronald was deeply excited about the Major; he was never weary of asking his aunt questions on this interesting subject; he reckoned the days and counted the hours for the Major's arrival, and to all appearance seemed far more interested in this gallant officer than were his own wife and children. The two Frere boys, who had condescended to play cricket with Ronald, had now returned to Eton, but as the Major was to come to Summerleigh a week after their departure, Ronald did not feel any particular regret when he bade them good bye. At last the welcome day arrived, when, as Ronald expressed it, "a real man" would once more be in the house.—He confided his delight most fully to Dorothy when she helped him to dress that morning.

"Is Aunt Eleanor very tired, Dorothy?" he began.

"Now, Master Ronald, what a queer, queer question to ask me.—How can I answer it? Mrs. Frere is in bed still, and I know nothing about her, sir."

"Dear, dear," said Ronald, as he allowed Dorothy to brush his curly hair, "how very strange! I wonder she can sleep—I wonder she

is not much too excited; you know her husband is coming back to-night, Dorothy; he really is; he'll be back at seven o'clock to-night precisely."

"Well, sir," replied Dorothy, "and it's only seven o'clock in the morning now; I don't see but that Mrs. Frere may lie in bed another half-hour, even though the Major is coming to-night."

"Poor Uncle Ben!" sighed Ronald. "I don't expect Aunt Eleanor makes much of a wife for him. I expect he'll get a great deal of comfort out of me, because I know what brave men like. I'm accustomed to father, you know."

"I think Miss Violet must be ready for her breakfast now, Master Ronald, if you'll come."

"What a hurry you are in, Dodo!" said Ronald, putting up his lips to kiss his nurse. "I want to talk about Uncle Ben. 'I've been picturing what he's like to myself. What do you think he's like, Dorothy?'"

"Dear, dear, Master Ronald, how can I tell? you are sure a queer boy."

"Perhaps you can't make up pictures in your head, Dorothy; Daddy and I used to do it lots of times, and of course I go on doing it still. Now I'll tell you what I picture Uncle Ben to be like."

"Well, sir, go on, say it out, quick, for breakfast must be getting cold."

"What a fidget you are, Dorothy! Now listen to me, and I'll just tell you. Uncle Ben is tall and upright; he's perfectly straight, like one of the poplar trees; that's because he has been drilled so much. He keeps his head back and his shoulders square, and he never thinks of bending his knees (I hope you don't bend your knees when you walk, Dorothy; but I suppose you do, as you have not been drilled); then he's dark, and his eyes, his eyes flash like flames of fire, that's because he's accustomed to saying to his men, 'Forward! this way.' He has been in heaps of battles, he has gone across drawbridges all by himself with the white flag of truce in his hand, and he has been directly exposed to the fire of about five hundred guns, but he has never flinched nor turned aside; and the enemies have said, 'It's him, it's Major Frere; he speaks the truth, he's the bravest of the brave; we would scorn to shoot down such a hero!' That's what Uncle Ben is. He has a long, sweeping moustache, and his lips shut tight, because he's so firm and so noble. I shall see him to-night, Dorothy. It is a great, great honor to have such a man coming to the house, and I can't make out why Aunt Eleanor isn't up."

Dorothy, who was accustomed to Ronald's rhapsodies, made the solitary remark, "Well, I never! and it ain't a bit like his portrait," then she took her little charge's hand and led him into the room where Violet was patiently waiting for her breakfast.

"Uncle Ben is coming to-night, Violet," said Ronald.

"Papa," said Violet in a tone of more or less indifference. "I hope he'll bring me some of those brown sweeties that I like so much!"

Ronald looked at her with supreme contempt.

"Well," he said, "you girls are a poor lot. When a man has gone through what Uncle Ben has it isn't to be supposed that he'd think about trifling things like sweeties."

"But his gout is better," said Violet. "I hope he won't forget about the sweeties, because he knows I'm so fond of them!"

Ronald took no further notice of Violet, but ate up his own breakfast with remarkable celerity; he wanted to go round to the stables to see Bob, and also whether a loose box was ready for his uncle's charger, for he had not the smallest doubt that the gallant officer would arrive accompanied by his steed which had endured the smoke of many battles. He managed to slip out of the house without any one noticing him, for certainly Aunt Eleanor would have forbidden the little boy to go near

the stables. He found Jim, one of the grooms, who was delighted to see his little master, and brought out the late Sir Ronald's hunter for little Ronald to inspect.

"Hallo, Bal Drumie, old fellow," said Ronald, patting the noble animal's shining coat. "I am glad to see you again. You may mount me if you like, Jim. I'll stick on. Jim," continued Ronald from his seat on the tall horse's back, "do you really think that father misses Bal Drumie?"

"Well, sir," answered Jim, "it ain't for me to say. There's nothing in Scripture to denote that animals takes a part in the New Jerusalem."

"I don't agree with you at all, Jim," said Ronald. "There's plenty of horses in the old Jerusalem; but I expect you can't understand. Now let me get down. Jim, have you got the loose box ready?"

"What loose box, sir?"

"For Major Frere's charger; a battle horse will arrive in your stables to-night, Jim."

"Well, sir," answered Jim, "I has got no orders to that effect from Mrs. Frere. Only Duncan is particularly desired to take the brougham to meet the 6:40 train to-night; and Mrs. Frere's instructions was that we were to see that the windows fitted up tight, for the Major he can't stand no draughts, he can't."

Ronald slowly left the yard, and with his hands in his pockets sauntered round to the front of the house.

"He must have been wounded," he said to himself. "He has got a dangerous wound, and is coming back covered with glory. I love him better than ever for it. He was on the drawbridge, and one of the onemies who leveled the gun was a sneak and a coward, and he fired at him. He received a wound which might have been deadly; dear, brave Uncle Ben!"

All day Ronald was excited and restless, although every one else in the house seemed particularly calm and indifferent. Ronald watched them all with extreme disgust, and even turned away from his favorite Mary when he perceived that the mention of her father's name roused her to no special enthusiasm. Ronald had now quite made up his mind that his uncle was seriously ill from the effects of his deadly wounds, and he began to consider all possible means of adding to his comfort. His father had often described to him the terrible thirst that wounded soldiers endure on the field of battle; and he reflected, with great satisfaction, that the grapes were ripe in the vineyard, and that Uncle Ben could also have peaches and nectarines to quench his abnormal thirst.

"We must be careful about the fruit," he said to his Aunt Eleanor, as he followed her round to watch her final preparations for the arrival of the hero. "I'm quite willing not to eat any more grapes, and I shall speak to Violet on the subject."

"What do you mean, Ronald?" said Aunt Eleanor; "there are far more grapes at Summerleigh than we can possibly dispose of. Indeed, I'm sure uncle will order some to be sold."

Ronald looked at his aunt in a puzzled way, but then she was always an enigma to him.

"I thought," he began, "I thought Uncle Ben would be so thirsty. I would not eat that large peach at dinner because I wanted him to have it. Oh, is that the carriage going off? I do hope the windows are properly stuffed."

Ronald flew from his aunt's side, who said to herself: "He certainly is the most incomprehensible child I ever came across."

(To be continued.)

You have a disagreeable duty to do at twelve o'clock. Do not blacken nine and ten and eleven and all between with the color of twelve. Do the work of each, and reap your reward in peace.

Prosperity's right hand is industry, and her left hand is frugality.