

by Christian ministers from sources outside the Scriptures, and how many things are taught out of the Scriptures themselves that are not considered "necessary" to salvation; but the liberty to teach in our Church is strictly guarded by this condition, viz., whatever you teach, you are to "teach nothing as required of necessity to eternal salvation," but what you are persuaded may be "concluded" by a fair and religious logical process from Scripture.

S. Athanasias, in his Orations against the Arians, III. 28, having spoken of the scope or aim of our Christian faith as to the Son, says, "Employing this as a 'Canon' or rule, let us, as said the Apostle, 'attend to the reading of the inspired Scripture.'"

(To be continued.)

Te Decet Hymnus.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness and Thy clouds drop fatness."

LORD of the harvest! from Whose hand,
In bounty royally outpoured,
Plenty hath flowed o'er all the land,
And all our garners full are stored,
To Thee we raise
Our song of praise,
To Thee in Heaven and Earth adored.

Thy care preserved the precious seed,
Nursed tender shoot and bud and blade,
'Till in the time by Thee decreed,
Summer her glories bright displayed;
And Nature's voice
Bade Man rejoice
In Thee Who Heaven and Earth hast made.

The early and the latter rain
Gladdened green fields and teeming grounds;
And mellow fruits and golden grain
Sweet ripeness in Thy sunshine found;
By genial showers,
By glowing hours,
The year is with Thy goodness crowned.

Nor for Earth's kindly fruits alone
In grateful hymns Thy praise we tell,
We who, kept as Thy very own
From war and strife, from sickness fell
And pestilence
By Thy defence,
In Freedom, Peace and Safety dwell.

Lord of our life! Whose open hand
Good on all living things doth pour,
For all rich blessings on our land,
For all the Harvest's happy store,
Our hearts shall be
Lift up to Thee,
To Thee Whom Heaven and Earth adore!

W. P. D.

DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER X.—TRUE COLOURS.

(Continued.)

"Upon my word," said Mr. Bolden, "you are showing an amount of determination that I did not give you credit for; however, the time you have chosen for this step is somewhat inopportune, at least from my point of view, with regard to this cheque business. Your leaving until the matter is cleared up would be, to say the least, ill-timed—would it not?"

"I cannot believe," replied the other, "that after your knowledge of me for all these years you can seriously suppose that I have wilfully defrauded you, but happily I shall be able to clear myself and indemnify you should it turn out that the cheque has been presented by the wrong person. My salary for the last half year is due me,

it is very nearly equal to the amount of the cheque, and I now relinquish all claim to it until the matter is satisfactorily explained. I am aware," he went on after a pause, in which Mr. Bolden had made no reply, none having presented itself to his mind for the moment, "I am aware that to leave you without due notice is very irregular, but the circumstances which force me to this step were unforeseen. You will find my books, I believe, in perfect order, in fact you know their condition."

He cast a swift glance round the office. He had but to reach down his overcoat and hat and he was ready to take a final leave of the scene of his long, patient drudgery, for such, in most men's eyes, it would have seemed. He detached the key of his desk from those which he carried with him, and laid it down before Mr. Bolden.

"I leave you with no ill feeling, Mr. Bolden," he said, "and without any forgetfulness that the comfort and ease of mind which I have long enjoyed are due to your having given me employment, nor am I unmindful of the good-will you have shown me. Your conduct to-day has been due to the fact that you have misunderstood my character. Henceforth, however, our ways, for the remainder of our lives, will lie far apart. I wish you well."

His hand resting upon the handle of the door, he stood for a moment, then bowing his white head, quietly passed out.

CHAPTER XI.—DOROTHY IS TOLD.

"Are you not well, dear father?" asked Dorothy. Mr. Rivers had come home earlier than his wont, although not immediately after his interview with Mr. Bolden, for he had spent some hours at a quiet, old-fashioned city coffee house, where he had been in the habit for many years past of taking an hour's rest and luncheon in the middle of the day. He had wanted a little time for thought before seeing Dorothy—a little time to realize the consequences of the step he had taken, before telling her of this unforeseen change. The girl's clear, loving eyes speedily detected that something was amiss. He kissed her even with more than his wonted fondness, then holding her at arm's length, looked at her as though to read in her face how she would bear the news he had to tell.

"I am not unwell, Dotie, only somewhat agitated by something which occurred this morning. My little girl shall hear everything—she is made of good mettle, I know, and is not afraid of facing trouble."

"Not afraid of sharing anything with you, dear," replied Dorothy, looking at him with steadfast eyes, though the pretty colour faded from her face. "It is not bad news about Mr. Vaughan, is it, father—or—?"

"No, child no, thank God, no bad news about Vaughan, but something which makes me doubly wish that he were home again to advise and help us. I miss him sorely now."

"What is it, papa? don't keep me in suspense; I am sure nothing can be as bad as that."

She drew him down beside her upon a seat in the porch, and laid her head against his arm.

"I am ready, dear," she said softly, and then he told her.

He thought it best to keep nothing from her of what had passed between Mr. Bolden and himself with reference to Vere; if, as he had that morning feared might be possible, she had begun to entertain a feeling beyond ordinary liking for him, she should be spared the humiliation of even her father reading her secret, but oh! how passionately he hoped that it might be otherwise. As he went on she neither spoke nor moved, only the little hand resting on her knee clenched itself with an involuntary motion. The face, which he did not see, had grown pale as ashes. Then he told her of his resolution, of throwing up his position as clerk to Mr. Bolden.

"I felt," he said, "that my daughter would be at one with me in that, that we both owed it to our self-respect, whatever may be the result, was I not right, Dotie?"

She nodded, not daring to speak, lest her voice

should betray the passionate agitation which she was so valiantly striving to subdue.

"But we must face the consequences, Dotie—from being in comfortable circumstances—almost rich for our simple tastes and needs—we have become poor, so poor, my darling, that it will be an impossibility that we should remain in this home we both love so well. We must go away, and I must try to find some other means of support, which, of course, at my age, will not be an easy matter. I have enough to keep us from absolute want and that is all." He paused, and Dorothy still being silent, continued: "I have been thinking, Dotie, that after all, had I accepted your grand-uncle's offer I should be happier about you now."

But now Dorothy threw her arms about him, and her pent up misery found a natural vent.

"Do you want to break my heart?" she sobbed; "do you think that I could live in luxury and know that you were poor and lonely? father, how can you be so cruel to me?"

She clung to him, weeping passionate tears and trembling, and he bent his head on hers and kissed the soft brown tresses and comforted her, calling her by every endearing name, and promising that the subject of her leaving him should never be mentioned again between them.

Dinner at the Cottage that day was a very different meal from any that had preceded it. Dorothy struggled hard to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness before the observant little hand-maid who waited upon them, but, as Seely afterwards remarked to Katy, the real authority in domestic matters, who had lived with Mr. Rivers since Dorothy was a baby, "there was something wrong, sure, for the young lady was as white as a sheet and didn't touch a mouthful, and the master, he were quite different from his self."

"And just you mind your own affairs, Seely," Katy had responded, "and don't trouble yourself about your betters. Do your duty and you'll have your hands full attending to yourself," which rebuke Seely, who was well trained, took with due meekness, but nevertheless kept her eyes open.

"Go and lie down, child," said Mr. Rivers. They were sitting in the drawing-room after dinner, and Dorothy had taken up her work, then laid it down, and opened a book, turning the pages over and over with her cold fingers. The wan, wistful face, so different from that of his bright Dorothy, wrung her father's heart.

"You have been upset, and very naturally so, by my news, but you are my brave girl and are not afraid to face poverty with your old father. Go, dear child, don't stay up on my account. You will be better in the morning."

So Dorothy kissed him and went to her own room. A brave girl indeed! a true heart, but sorely wounded just now. The waning moon, the same that, at its full, had shone down upon Richmond Hill as they sat under the beech-tree, looked in, late in the night, through the windows of Dorothy's room and found her on her knees. She had learnt to pray that night as never before, for it is our need alone that gives reality to our prayers, and Dorothy had prayed for strength to do the right.

On the morrow she came down to breakfast, looking pale indeed, but very calm, and it was an infinite relief to her father to see how cheerfully she acquiesced in his proposition that they should consider what steps should be taken with regard to the immediate future. The term of their lease of the cottage had almost expired, and Mr. Rivers had been about to renew it. It was fortunate that he had not done so. He wrote now to the landlord, telling him that he might seek for another tenant immediately. Then there was the furniture, that could be readily disposed of, and the proceeds would help to smooth the way for them for a while.

Then there was Katy, and this was a serious difficulty. She had been with them so long, and they were so strongly attached to her, and she to them.

"Poor Katy," said Dorothy, "I fear I have not the courage to tell her, papa, it will almost break her heart."