

Family Department.

MORITURUS.

BY THE LATE REV. J. FREDERIC CARR.

It is a little thing to die,
To lose one's breath some morn,
And lay this earthly casket by,
Of all its splendor shorn.

And one with tender hands shall close
With care the vacant eyes,
And one shall plant a simple rose
Where sad remembrance lies.

And one shall raise a marble stone
With letters fair to see,
"Death slew not this true heart alone,
His arrows murdered me."

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued]

Squire Carruthers and Nellie had not been less favourably impressed by Mr. Ray than had been Sybil. The Squire had fully explained the position of affairs and found him perfectly and unreservedly willing to hold the living for Percy Barrington. "The fact is," he had said to Mr. Carruthers, with a smile which wonderfully brightened his face, "it is something to look forward to, to know that a young man, in the strength of his manhood, good and true, will be ready to take up the work which, after all, I should not be able, in all probability, to continue beyond a few years." "I trust you may have many years before you," said the Squire warmly. "Our climate is healthful and mild and may do wonders for you." With regard to the Rectory too, Mr. Ray most gladly acquiesced in the plan that Mrs. Barrington and Sybil should remain in undisturbed possession. "I should be lost in such a large empty house he said, and I have quite fallen in love with the farm house by the yew-trees, where I find they can give me two charming rooms and, judging from what I saw of the bonnie farmer's wife, will take good care of me. I could wish for nothing better." All then was satisfactorily arranged, and Mr. Ray was soon established at "the Yews." Some cases of books and other scanty belongings had arrived from the North and served to remind him of the cheerless home which, notwithstanding, he had so long inhabited and left with such keen regret, but with which his old-fashioned, sunny parlour at the Yews formed a most attractive contrast. His landlady, rosy-faced and kindly Mrs. Perley, could not do enough for her lodger and confidently hoped that the delicious milk, the new-laid eggs, the golden butter and other dainties which she bountifully supplied would in time as she expressed it "fill out the hollows in his cheeks."

In a brief space of time every man, woman and child in the parish of Longmoor were known to the 'new parson,' and the barrier which some had unconsciously raised in their hearts against him had been completely broken down. Even the black sheep, for Longmoor had its black sheep, who would fain have escaped the shepherd's observant eye, soon found that they had been taken note of and that an influence was being brought to bear upon them which even the late Rector with all his patient and kindly efforts for their good had not exerted. For Stephen Ray's whole work hitherto had lain among those who from the nature of the temptations to which they were exposed needed constant, unwearied supervision and control, and besides being remarkable for a strength of purpose equalled only by his devotion to his work, there was something strangely magnetic about this man which it was not easy to resist. Sybil Barrington was not slow in discovering that he who had entered into her father's labours was in no way his inferior in ability or zeal, but even her loving heart could not be wounded by the

consciousness of the gap being filled so soon. It was all as he would have had, she said to herself, and there was no likelihood of that beloved and venerated name being soon forgotten, for Stephen Ray worked, as it were, as the representative of him who, being dead, yet spoke by the lips of his successor. It was well too that when Percy should enter upon the charge of the parish she should be encouraged by finding that it had in no way retrograded since his father's death—he would be the more stimulated in his work. There was a glow of tender pride in Sybil's heart when she thought of Percy. What a noble fellow he was, how generous, how clever, how handsome! None of the young men whom she knew could compare with him, except indeed John Carruthers—in some points. There was no one quite like John, she acknowledged to herself. Had not her father sometimes said he wished Percy resembled him more in strength of character? But it was Percy's high spirits and boyish brightness which he had sometimes perhaps misunderstood. Ah! dear boy, who could doubt his depth of feeling after the intensity of grief he had shown at his father's death! Percy was his mother's idol; she was not a woman of wide affections—her's was a placid, perhaps somewhat selfish, disposition really forming a great contrast, though both were unconscious of it, to the strong and fervid nature of her husband whom Sybil greatly resembled. The real passion of Mrs. Barrington's life was her love for her son in whom she could see no flaw, no weakness. And indeed Percy Barrington was a son of whom any mother would have been proud. Inheriting to the full his mother's remarkable beauty and grace of person, kind-hearted to a fault and possessing all the attractions of manner which tend to make a boy petted and a man popular, Mrs. Barrington's secret ambition for Percy had not lain in the same direction as her husband's, but his stronger will often made her's yield without a struggle, and he had never suspected that a clergyman's life was not what she would have chosen for the son whom she considered worthy to take a leading place among his fellows. She consoled herself however in her day-dreams about her boy by imagining the time when he would have risen to one of the high places in the Church. And now that her husband had been so suddenly removed it seemed providential she thought that Percy should have fallen in with his father's wishes.

CHAPTER II.

Along the glorious 'lime walk' of Trinity on one of the last evenings in October Percy Barrington and John Carruthers were pacing side by side. The sun had just set, and a crimson glow lingered round the great gnarled trunks of the trees and deepened the colour of the dead leaves which yet clung to the branches. In the distance of the noble vista, a few other strollers in cap and gown might have been seen.

"I had a letter from Nell to-day," said John Carruthers, "and, by the bye, there was a message for you. Old Flo, her gray-hound, is dead and Nell is mourning over her, and wants you to try and find her another that we can take down with us at Christmas." "Poor Nell," said Percy sympathetically, "she was so fond of Flo,—tell her of course I shall hunt one up for her and begin to train it at once. How is the Squire and had they seen Sybil or the mater lately?" "My father's health is a good deal shaken I fear," replied John gravely. "I have been thinking of running down for a day or two; I don't like what Nell says about him, although she seems to feel no alarm herself. Your mother and Sybil had both been over the day before." "I should run down in your place, Carruthers, it will cheer the old gentleman up to see you. My love to all remember, and tell Nell I shall be sure to bring her a dog at Christmas." "And shall I tell Sybil you are hard at work?" asked John carelessly, but with a quick, questioning glance. "I have seen so little of you lately that I cannot make any personal report." "O certainly," laughed Percy, "tell her I am qualifying as rapidly as possible to be her father confessor, but seriously Carruthers, I have done more this term than in any previous one." "I am glad

to hear it," said John, "*noblesse oblige*, old fellow, and the son of Hugh Barrington ought to aim high."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

XXIV.

"Daughter be of good comfort."

Every saying which fell from the lips of Jesus was spoken for all time, for human nature is the same now as when He walked among men, and will be till the end. Now, as then, there are meek souls timidly yearning but to touch the hem of His garment among the throng and press of this crowded life. Among the many who seem to follow Him, who are called by His Name, but whose hearts are so full of engrossing cares and pleasures that there is little room for Him, there are some who, like the woman in this Gospel, conscious of the disease of sin which is sapping their life, conscious that this world can never satisfy their heart's hunger, are longing with an unspeakable longing to be near Him, to feel His Presence. To such, He says, as to the poor distressed being who humbly followed Him and touched the hem of His garment, "Be of good comfort." She had said, "If I may but touch His garment I shall be whole." And oh how wondrous was the power of that touch; it was the touch of faith; faith the same in its effects for ever. It was the touch of faith which Jesus discerned and acknowledged; that compelling power, if we may so speak, which brings Him to the souls of men. But Jesus turned Him about, and when He saw her He said, "Daughter be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." So does He now; the yearning soul craves but to touch His garment, and He bestows the fulness of His grace. From the Heaven of Heavens He bends down, and the voice of His Spirit speaks, "Be of good comfort." What glorious words to be spoken to the soul! they mean that the power of sin is broken, that the pains and pleasures of life can no longer sway us this way and that, fretting away our better selves; they mean that peace and harmony shall take the place of disquiet and discord; that a foretaste of Heaven shall be ours here and the REALITY ours hereafter.

And there are none whose hearts vainly seek Him. The more conscious of their own unworthiness, their own bitter need of Him, the more certain are they of a response. They put forth trembling hands to touch but the hem of His garment, and He turns the blessed brightness of His face upon them, saying, "Be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

EARLY PIETY.

A very large proportion of the children and youth of the Church do not give decided evidence of piety. Notwithstanding the special agencies for their instruction, a painfully large number do not make a confession of Christ when they come to the age at which we expect them to do so. This is largely due to their constant contact with the deadening influences of a busy secular life, and the positively irreligious forces which enter so much into social life. But it must be confessed that it is often due, in no inconsiderable degree, to the indifference of parents and even of ministers. Regarding the religious life too much from the intellectual standpoint, looking at it too much as a doctrinal faith rather than a life growing out of faith in the Lord Jesus, there is not the proper attention to mould the life in a deep religious experience. There is a failure to comprehend the relation of this early experience to later life, and its supreme importance as giving character to it. There is indeed a strong latent prejudice against early piety, as giving a sobriety unbecoming the freedom of youthful life, and as inconsistent with the development of a strong, independent, manly character. Under this feeling, and a general con-