

'Then, now, you must say that I am right! you hold the fundamental doctrine of the Apostolic Succession. You believe that there must be an orderly and regular succession, and you believe that that succession must begin with the Apostles. And if you search the New Testament, you will find sufficient proof that this method of handing on the original Divine commission was the one established and practiced by the Apostles; and, you cannot find the slightest trace of any other.'

'Stay, stay, you must give me time to think. I am frightened, for if what you say is true, we Dissenters are in the wrong. We have no truly ordained ministry; we have no true Sacraments; our chain has nothing to hang upon.'

'Well, don't be afraid of the truth; follow it wherever it leads you. Never allow yourself to argue from consequences; take more time to think upon it. But of this I am fully persuaded, that you must either believe that all people may ordain one another just as they please—the miller the saddler, or the saddler the miller—or else you must believe in the fundamental doctrine of the Apostolic Succession. There is nothing between the two.'—*From Tracts on Church Principles.*

### FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

#### RITUAL, BY CANON BRIGHT.

When to Thy beloved on Patmos,  
Through the open door in Heaven,  
Visions of the perfect worship,  
Saviour, by Thy love were given—  
Surely there was truth and spirit,  
Surely there a pattern shown,  
How Thy Church should do her service,  
When she comes before Thy Throne.

Oh! the censer-bearing Elders  
Crowned with gold, and robed in white,  
Oh! the living Creatures' anthem,  
Never resting day or night!  
And the thousand choirs of Angels  
With their voices like the sea,  
Singing praise, O God the Father,  
And Oh! Victim Lamb, to Thee!

Lord, bring home the glorious lesson  
To their hearts, who strangely deem  
That an unmajestic worship  
Doth Thy Majesty beseech;  
Show them more of Thy divine Presence  
Let them—let them come to know  
That our King is throned among us,  
And His Church is Heaven below!  
Then shall faith read off the meaning  
Of each stately-ordered Rite,  
Dull surprise and hard resistance  
Turn to awe and full delight.  
Men shall learn how sacred splendor  
Shadows forth the pomp above,  
How the glory of our Altars  
Is the homage of our love.

'Tis for Thee we bid the Frontal  
Its embroidered wealth unfold,  
'Tis for Thee we deck the Reredos  
With the colors and the gold;  
Thine the floral glow and fragrance,  
Thine the vestures' fair array,  
Thine the starry lights that glitter  
Where Thou dost Thy Light display.

'Tis to Thee the chant is lifted,  
'Tis to Thee the heads are bowed:  
Far less deep was Israel's rapture  
When the Glory filled the cloud,  
Oh! our own true God Incarnate—  
What should Christians' Rite be,  
But a voice to utter somewhat  
Of their joy, and pride in Thee!

What but this—yet since corruption  
Mars so oft our Holiest things,  
In the form preserve the Spirit,  
Give the worship Angel wings;

Till we gain Thine own high Temple,  
Where no tainting breath may come,  
And whate'er is good and beautiful  
Finds with Thee a perfect home.

### TWO ENDS OF A MISSION BOX.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUESNEY.

#### PART I—THE EAST END.

'Well, what is the news?' asked Mrs. Weed, as she took her seat in the most comfortable chair in her friend's comfortable parlor. She had been away from Flowerville for three months, and during her absence a new rector had come to the parish. Without waiting for an answer to her question, however, she asked another.

'Why, Charlotte, what in the world are you doing?'

Mrs. Weed's surprise was caused by the nature of her friend's occupation. Mrs. Oaks was one of those women who always seem to have some bit of work in their hands. Just now she and her intimate friend Mrs. Rose were busily employed in setting buttons and strings upon a large pile of children's garments; and as Mrs. Rose was a childless widow, and Mrs. Oaks' boys and girls were all grown up and scattered, their visitor's surprise was not unnatural.

'What are you doing?' repeated Mrs. Weed. 'Have you and Phoebe set up an orphan asylum of your own?'

'Not quite,' answered Mrs. Oaks, smiling. 'These things are for the mission box we are getting ready to send to the Rev. Mr. Root's family in Nebraska.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Weed, in a tone which expressed her opinion of missionary boxes as well as if it had been an inside article in a daily paper. 'I heard Mr. Holly had set up a missionary society among his other enterprises. But we all know that a new broom sweeps clean.'

'Considering that clean sweeping is very desirable at times, may not that be one of the uses of new brooms?' answered Mrs. Oaks, tranquilly. She was not afraid of Mrs. Weed, who was a power in Flowerville society in the same sense that a northeast wind is a power.

'I think this Missionary Society is one of the best of Mr. Holly's new brooms,' remarked Mrs. Rose. 'It has always been a grief to me that we had no such organization at St. Anne's.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Weed again.—'And pray what special good is to result to the parish from the sending of flannel petticoats to the little negroes, or warming pans to South America? I believe that is the usual style of mission work.'

'Do you?' asked Mrs. Oaks. 'Pray how many missionary societies were you ever acquainted with, Maria?'

'Not one, thank goodness. I always had enough to do to attend to my own business.'

'Well, how many missionary papers or reports did you ever read?'

Mrs. Weed began to see that she was not getting the best of the discussion, and she was not sorry to have the conversation interrupted by another caller. Miss Lilly was also a power in Flowerville society, but in quite a different way from Mrs. Weed. She was a woman between thirty and forty, very handsome, and with a gracious, friendly manner, which came into the room like a ray of sunshine or a breath of sweet, fresh air. Every one liked her, and wished to be her friend. Moreover, she went to church every pleasant Sunday, and to communion three or four times a year; and at such times never forgot to put at least a quarter in her pocket for the offering. She was just as much a woman of the world as Mrs. Weed, though in a pleasanter way, and there was a kind of rivalry between them, if

that can be called so, which was all on the side of the married lady.

'Pray don't let me interrupt you,' said Miss Lilly, after the usual greetings were exchanged. 'You seem very busy.'

'Charlotte and Phoebe are deep in mission boxes,' said Mrs. Weed. Miss Lilly smiled. 'I have heard something of this wonderful box,' said she. 'Do tell me about it.'

'The matter is very simple,' said Mrs. Rose. 'You know Mr. Holly gave notice some time ago of the formation of a missionary society in the parish.'

'I remember. Well, what then?'

'Well, the society was formed, with officers and other needful machinery, and I wrote to our general secretary for a letter. That may require some explanation. You know that beside our foreign workers, the Church has a large number of missionaries in our States and Territories in the West and South. Most of these men have the care of two or three stations, often many miles apart. Their salaries are necessarily small, and it is the custom of those who are needy to send to our general secretary letters containing lists of their most pressing wants. These letters are again sent out to the different auxiliary societies, that the members may choose the case best suited to their means. Thus we chose the family of the Rev. Charles Root, of Cottonwood Valley, Nebraska. I wrote at once to Mrs. Charles Root and obtained from her a list of measurements and other needful particulars. Perhaps, Rosamond, you would like to hear a part of the letter I received from Mrs. Root?'

'I should, indeed,' said Miss Lilly. 'I am very much interested, I assure you.' Mrs. Weed leaned back in her chair with the expression of one who resigns herself to being bored.

Mrs. Oaks drew from her pocket a letter which was beginning to show signs of wear in the raggedness of its yellow envelope and read as follows:

'I shall be glad of anything in the shape of warm clothing. I have not bought a yard of new flannel in eight years—not since my youngest child was born. I think the death of my oldest daughter, at nineteen, was owing in a great degree to insufficient clothing. She taught a small school about a mile from home, and was obliged to walk backward and forward in all weathers. I cut up my mother's old flannel sheets into underwear for her and Mr. Root, but they were old and not very warm, and her water-proof ulster was pretty well worn before she had it.'

Miss Lilly thought of the piles of silk and woolen underwear lying in her drawers, and somehow the image of the delicate, thinly-clad girl made her shiver.

'My second daughter, aged sixteen, has taken Lucy's place in the Indian school; she would be glad of some sort of warm wrap and a woolen dress.'

'She ought to have a gossamer, too,' said Miss Lilly. 'Excuse me, Phoebe, I did not mean to interrupt.'

'Mr. Root very much needs woolen underwear and an overcoat,' continued Mrs. Rose. 'He has the care of two stations, and goes about among the Indians a great deal, besides being called upon for funeral and wedding services far and near.'

'I need not read you the rest of it,' said Mrs. Rose; 'but here is an interesting bit: 'We have two Indian girls whom we are very anxious to send to St. Mary's school, that they may be trained for work among their own people. They are bright and faithful—thorough Christian girls. Sixty dollars a year, with a simple outfit of clothing, would cover the whole expense, and the money thus laid out would be a paying investment; but, alas! sixty dollars are as much out of our reach as a thousand.'

'What a very nice letter,' said Miss Lilly.