

the sacerdotalist does, "that the minister (I suppose he means priest) is the essence of the Sacrament," but I do believe him to be indispensable to a valid Communion. I ask Mr. D. if I am not correct in what I have stated.

Lastly Mr. D. speaks of "persons coming to the Episcopal Church." In the Prayer Book the clergy are directed to lead the people in saying "I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church;" and in the preface the Church of England is spoken of as a part of the Catholic Church of Christ. May I ask him, then, how many Churches there are, and what body of Christians in Canada bears the name "Episcopal Church?"

Mr. D. thinks he has shown his view to be in harmony with standard divines of our Church, yet he has only quoted one who would be universally acknowledged "standard," and none of his quotations go to shew that any Anglican divine of any consequence ever held that any one but a Bishop or Priest could celebrate the Eucharist.

Thanking you for so much space in your widely circulated paper,

I remain, S.

Family Department.

"I AM."

In silent, wondering awe I stand
Before this matchless proof of God,
None else than the Eternal mind
Could utter forth this mighty word.

Thou art—o'er shifting waves of doubt,
And through the dark, tempestuous night
Shines forth this truth, serene and clear,
To every storm-tossed soul a light.

Thou art—O Rock of living strength,
Why do the restless wanderers rove,
Seeking in vain a place of rest?
Their only rest is in thy love.

Thou art—of all that's noblest, best,
Of what we see but here a part,
Of truth, of love, of holiness,
The full eternity thou art—

But we are not—our longings still
Tell of a weary void within,
Were all is dark—the spark divine
Of God's own nature quenched by sin.

Yet peace is still our heavenly guest;
Our longings rise, not to return
As birds to this their earthly lot—
They rise to God, their endless home. A.C.

CLAIRE.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

Truly, if Felix's letters were an index of his character, Marthe might well rejoice in the thought of his return. In those days letters were rare events and long and valued in proportion. How had those few packages, from distant Leyden, been studied and cherished by Marthe and not less by Claire. Each one had shown a marked progress in knowledge and manliness, and yet, with all the mental advancement, as Marthe had said, "Felix was the old Felix still," unchanged in tender affection. His last letters, however, had been very brief ones with a new tone about them, which had puzzled both the girls; there were in them allusions to the great thoughts and desires which were moving the world, and to his own passionate hopes for the future of his own country. But in the last he had said that he was coming home, as soon as he had taken the degree for which he had studied so earnestly and faithfully for the past four years.

Fortune had favoured the youth, on his arrival at the famous city, he had sought out his mother's cousin "Van Traagt," of whom she had spoken on

her dying bed, and had been welcomed with grave kindness, by the somewhat austere and profoundly studious Doctor, who, having no children of his own, had received Felix into his house, and strongly seconded his plan of studying at the University, famous then as now, as a seat of learning.

What a new world of thought and knowledge had unfolded itself to the mind of the young student; what noble ambitions had stirred within him, as he saw himself surrounded by the sources of the mental light and culture for which he craved. Truly there were forces awakened within him, which had little in common with the base ambitions of the intendant Duval, though the intensity of purpose which Felix possessed, might have been derived from his father. Everything seemed to favor his efforts; his uncle's learning, the dignified quiet of his home, no less than the influences of the the University, all tended to concentrate his mind upon the one aim of self-improvement. Added to this, his unflagging perseverance and clear intelligence, soon rendered him a personal favourite with one or two of the celebrated men, then occupying chairs at Leyden.

For the first years of his sojourn in the ancient city, study, and study only, had occupied the activities of Felix's mind, but then, having gradually, for he was not one who readily formed friendships, become connected with one of the numerous clubs or societies existing among the students, he found himself awakening to the fact that he was living in an age great with portentous events, an age in which some of the great problems of life and society were being worked out, an age in which a ferment, mysterious and almost universal, was taking place in the minds of men. The associates of Felix were young enthusiasts, for the most part possessed with noble and elevated conceptions of the proper destiny of man, with an ideal of freedom, and a burning indignation at the wrongs of the oppressed. The very air of Leyden seemed full of high suggestions of liberty; the place was eloquent of the glorious struggle which had been maintained against tyranny and wrong. Beside a number of young Hollanders, the club with which Felix was connected embraced not a few from other countries, two or three English, some Germans, and quite a large proportion of French students. Amongst these latter in particular, there was at this time a feeling of passionate excitement. Events in France were rapidly coming to a crisis, to which these youths looked forward as to the dawn of a bright and glorious day for their beloved country. Little did they dream of the frightful chaos of crime and ocean of blood from which the "new day" was to emerge. Possessed with lofty ideals, they had no conception of the seething fires of ferocity and scarcely human wickedness which underlay the movement towards liberty in France, or of the deeds which were to be done in that sacred name. Felix, like many another of his associates, felt that, at a time like this, he could not prolong his absence from his country, and had it not been for his fixedness of purpose and self-control, so strong was his yearning to return, that he might have done so without bringing his course of studies to a close and securing the end for which he had worked so zealously. The last term, however, was nearing its close, and Felix, with unflagging determination, devoted his days to the solemn halls of the University, though his evenings were spent in glowing patriotic discussions and passionate harangues on Liberty, the universal birthright and the brotherhood of all men. At last the day came on which he entered the ranks of those whom the famous University has honored with her rewards, and the young doctor, after bidding his uncle an affectionate and grateful farewell, took his leave of the ancient city which had given him so friendly a shelter and the University to which he owed so much.

Along one of the dusty high-roads, leading southward from Paris, on a sultry, breathless evening in the month of August, Felix Duval was walking firmly, albeit somewhat wearily. Not many miles now from his home, the home to which, during his four years' absence, his thoughts had so often and so fondly turned. He had but to gain the summit of yonder slope, and the broad and smiling valley of DuPlessis would expand before him. But the young man's face wore an expression of any thing

rather than glad expectancy. A look, at once stern and dejected, made him appear years older than he really was, added to which his travel-stained garments, his bronzed face and the heavy brown beard which partially concealed it, would have made it hard, at the first glance, to recognize in this stalwart way-farer the handsome, beardless youth of four years ago. But the real change that had been wrought in Felix was one which it had sufficed a few days to bring about. Years of tumultuous experience seemed to lie between the day of his departure from Leyden and this evening, and yet a few weeks only had intervened. But they were weeks in which he had gained his first actual knowledge of the condition of his country, in which his passionate hopes and illusions had been rudely dispelled by contact with terrible reality. The last week he had spent in Paris. He had gone down, as it were, into the dark whirlpool of popular excitement; he had mingled with the rabble which seemed fairly craving for the blood of those whom fortune had placed above them. He had heard hideous execrations poured forth upon names which he, with all his ardour for Liberty and belief in universal brotherhood, had always thought of with affectionate respect. He had seen those who were trying to stem the tide of ruin, who urged moderation, reason, humanity, regarded with suspicion and hatred and in hourly peril of their lives. He had witnessed scenes which made his blood run cold with horror, and to prevent which he would a hundred times have laid down his life. What an awaking! What a hideous contrast was this reality to the theories in which the young enthusiasts in Leyden had delighted!

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS ON FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."

What wonderful words are these. So few, and yet containing the very sum and substance of Christian faith and life. To receive them, to believe them in their fulness, and to act upon them, is to know all we need to know—is to know God Himself. Comprehended in this one brief saying is the whole mystery of Godliness, for to love one another, with that perfect charity which proceeds from the love of God, is to have a foretaste and a certainty of Heaven. Best and greatest gift of the Divine Comforter, who came that He might abide with us forever. Well may we pray for His aid against the coldness and lovelessness of our own hearts; well may we covet that most excellent gift, 'the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead' before Him who is the source and centre of life and love.

This grace bestowed upon and nurtured in our hearts by His gracious influence must transform our whole existence; the divine glow kindled there will burn up our bitternesses, our meannesses, envy, malice and all uncharitableness. We shall no longer in our miserable selfishness be, as it were, the centre of a little world, but we shall realize that we are, each one, members of a vast family, the children of a Common Father, whose First Begotten, in the fulness of His Divine Compassion, left the Eternal Glory and clothed Himself with our humanity, binding us to Himself with chords of human sympathy. It is a spark of that same love, implanted by the Holy Spirit in our hearts, which will alone enable us to approach the thought of that immeasurable pity which drew the Son of God down to this sin-stricken earth, of that Awful Sacrifice which made Him lay down His life for His friends.

"Beloved, let us love one another," so pleads the Apostle of Love, he who appears to have drunk most deeply of that fountain which will quench forever the thirst of the soul that no human source can ever satisfy. Let us love one another, for in so doing we shall be obeying the command of our Lord, and thus proving our love to Himself, for He has said: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him and will manifest Myself to him."