

stant aid of the Holy Spirit, the Guide and Protector of the faithful, is increasingly realized, the ordinance of Confirmation is proportionately valued.

Through such considerations as these there came with fresh force before the mind of the Anglican Church those Sacramental doctrines, upon which renewed stress had been laid by the leaders of the second revival.

And a realization of Sacramental grace led to a due estimate of the Christian priesthood, and of the office of those who are chosen to be the Ministers and Stewards of the mysteries of God. And further, from faith in Jesus Christ as Incarnate God, there arose a higher estimate of Christian worship, and little by little, that holiest of all services, in which He as the Propitiation for our sins is specially present, began once more to take its ancient and rightful place as the central act of Christian worship.

Mark then the privilege of our present position, living as we do in this period of the history of Anglican Christianity. We have been freed from manifold corruptions, and we also inherit the fruits of two great religious movements. But with regard to these two revivals let us see to it, that we do not separate their blessed results. For, as I ventured to remind you last year, all Sacramental teaching must be based upon the Gospel—that is, upon the setting forth of the Person and Work of our Incarnate God, Jesus Christ.

Let us then shun that popular but mistaken use of the word "Evangelical" which would identify it with an erroneous, or, at any rate, with a defective system of theology. To be "Evangelical" is one thing: to be "Protestant" is another. The two attitudes of mind denoted by these two words, are not only dissimilar, they are frequently opposed. Evangelicalism is that which we have heard from the beginning; Protestantism is a religion of yesterday. Only those whose teaching is based upon the truths defined in the Catholic Creeds can be Evangelical: anyone can be a Protestant so long as he is loud enough in his condemnation of the Catholic Church as a whole, or of any branch of it in particular.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A STRAY LAMB.

"O, tender Shepherd, gather my lamb
Into Thy fold!
How can I sleep while he is astray
On the mountain cold?
Behold, I watch through the perilous night
With dreary fears;
Seeking my lamb with longing eyes
That are dim with tears.

O, Infinite Heart! that for such as he
Bore mortal woe,
Is he not dearer to Thee than to me,
Though I love him so?
Seeking my lamb on the mountain side
And wastes forlorn,
I need Thee, Shepherd, with bleeding feet
And crown of thorn.

And while thus watching, I hope and pray
The long night through—
It is comfort and rest to feel and know
Thou art watching too.
And surely thou, with Thy rod and staff,
Wilt fold him in—
Safe, safe at last from the snares of the foe,
And the wiles of sin.

Oh, if he came not, my soul would stand
At the pearly gate—
Missing my lamb from the heavenly fold
And weep and wait.
Speak to me, comfort me, Lord of life!
Make me sure of this—
That he will be with me before Thy throne
In the world of bliss."

Taking the Tide.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

By Sarah Pitt, Author of "The way to Paradise," &c.—Part 2.—(From the Quiver).

(CONTINUED.)

Saturday morning Tom was sauntering soberly down the street, broom trailing behind him: the broom was a kind of barometer of the mental condition. When things were going well he flourished briskly over his shoulder, like a musket; when they didn't, it trailed dejectedly behind, as at present. He had to pass the boarding where the excursion train had been illustrated, and stopped to see if there was anything fresh to look at.

Pictures there were none this time: plenty of red and blue bills and printed notices, but nothing more.

"They might have left the train up a bit longer: there was plenty of other room," he remarked to himself as he proceeded on his way. He had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a sudden brilliant idea flashed into his mind. He went back to the boarding at a bound.

There they were! the very same letters he got in the book on Sundays. He recognized some that had given him a particular amount of trouble; and to think that they had been close at hand all the time, and he had never thought of it till now! Tom pounded the pavement with his broom-handle, in mingled joy at the discovery and exasperation at himself for not making it sooner.

The crossing was very little the better for any attention it received that day. The sweeper was engaged in improving his mind for the morrow. Some of the letters he failed quite to recall, but he made out sufficient to call forth an approving comment from his teacher.

"You have remembered what you were taught very much better this time," he said. "Persevere, and in time you will find you are making headway."

"Persevere!" It seemed to Tom that persevering was just the most difficult point in the whole affair. The first few letters he could manage easily, but there were twenty-six of them, and, as he feelingly expressed it, "they took an awful lot of remembering."

Behind the boarding a big warehouse was in progress of construction. Tom found time during his studies to keep an eye upon its progress; when that was finished he would probably lose his spelling-book. A gang of workmen were constantly employed about it: one of them, a stonemason, had his dinner brought to him every day by his daughter—a bright little lassie she was.

Tom watched her one muggy day picking her steps across the piles of loose bricks and mortar, and gallantly went to the rescue, and delivered her basket for her. They were on speaking terms after that, and she often stopped to look at the bareheaded boy who seemed to have nothing to do but stand there learning off the bills by heart.

"Are you put there to keep people from tearing them down?" she asked him one day.

"No; I'm only looking at them."

"But you're always looking at them."

"I say, do you know how to read?" demanded Tom abruptly.

"Of course, I do."

"Could you read all that bill?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well I can't; I'm only learning, and some of the letters I always go and forget. Look here, I'll carry your basket over all the dirty places every day if you'll tell me what they are when I don't remember."

"Oh, I'll do that easily."

Tom looked at her with profound respect as

she glibly read off the words he had been laboriously spelling out for an hour past.

"I'll learn in no time now," he cried. "I believe you're right. I never thought girls were clever before. You'll be sure and not miss coming, though? I might forget something any day?"

She laughed. "And father would want his dinner, whether you wanted a lesson or not."

Tom found his education progressing famously after that, and won golden opinions at the school in consequence, but he also found time was progressing likewise; he was a long way yet from the stage of proficiency, and the year was fast wearing away. He consulted with his small teacher about it often, but she always declined to commit herself to any decided opinion.

"You'll just have to go on practising and practising all you can, and then some day, when you aren't thinking about it, you'll find out all at once that you can do it easy."

But the blissful some day seemed very far off to the pupil who was only just into the practising department yet, and saw no end to it. The year had nearly come to an end: it was less than a week to Christmas, Tom discovered one day in conversation with Bob Somers.

"What with school on Sundays, the practising, the bridge, and the crossing all the week, I never get time to think of anything," he declared. "I was to have been in the station by this time almost, and here I'm not half read yet."

"Perhaps you may by the end of next year," suggested Bob consolingly; "but I don't think you will much before."

"You're a cheerful sort of person to have for a friend," retorted Tom indignantly. "I tell you what it is, Bob: you're getting tired of lending your cap, and want to back out, but I'll just go on wearing it till there's not a bit of it left, if I haven't learnt sooner: so you needn't try to turn me against the station."

Quitting his friend in high dudgeon, Tom went away to his perch on the parapet. It was a wild, stormy evening, and he was nearly blown over two or three times by the strong gusts that swept up from the sea behind. The lights flickered feebly down below; some went out entirely; the trains were late, and altogether there seemed no dependence on anything that night. Tom was obliged to descend from his perch at last. It took all his strength to keep his balance. On the other side of the bridge the lines wound away across some of the poorer streets, and away into the open country, flat and level along the coast edge.

Tom took a short cut he knew very well, to where the embankment began, and set off for a solitary prow in place of going home. Bob's suggestions was still rankling in his mind, and the solitary darkness and howling wind suited him far better than the busy lighted streets. The broom would have trailed very far behind indeed if he had had it with him then.

For over a mile he marched along gloomily, and then, exhausted and quite out of breath, he crept down the bank to a sheltered spot behind a wooden shed, for a rest before he went back again.

The shed was in its place, safe enough, but to Tom's great astonishment, when he clambered down, the roof had disappeared entirely. He peered up and down the bank in search of it, then down at the railway track. He was a boy of quick imagination in some things, and the thought of any danger to his beloved trains stirred all of his pulses. He groped his way between the tracks, keeping a sharp look-out behind and before for approaching trains.

Twenty or thirty yards down the line he found it, a mass of broken timber, tightly wedged in between the rails. Tom tried his hardest to raise it, but it needed stronger hands than his; it did not take him many seconds to realise that, and the necessity of getting help as quickly as possible.