

Family Department.

RISEN.

Rises with glory beaming round His forehead,
Damp with the dews of death and desolation,
Crowned with the thorny garland of His Passion,
The Lord is risen!

King of the purple robe He comes in triumph,
With the red sceptre never to be broken;
Bearing the smoking flux of His Anointment,
The Lord is risen!

Crowned with the deathless diadem of Glory,
Which the forces of Adonai weave to crown Him
On the earthly taken name of Coronation;
The Lord is risen!

Hark! His returning footsteps! Alleluia!
Light from the tomb is beaming! Alleluia!
Adam who took the garden! Alleluia!
The Lord is risen!

Earth's myriad voices thunder "Alleluia!"
Heaven's choir responsive echoes "Alleluia!"
Death is defeated! God reigns, "Alleluia!"
The Lord is risen!

S. J. J.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

Soon the teacher was installed in the little mission house, and thus the second important step taken in the subjugation of the Coomb folk. Slowly, it might be, but surely his presence among them would work as heaven. He represented the great forces which little by little have transformed the world, knowledge and faith. The time had arrived now for Mr. Ray to inaugurate a Sunday Service for the Coomb, and to this all the children, a few of the young ladies and lasses, and some of the men and women came. How happy would Sybil have been had she been there to witness that Service, when for the first time the grand old Liturgy of our Church was heard by these poor people whom she with loving arms was gathering into her fold. John Carruthers, of course, was there; the Coomb folks had become so used to seeing him amongst them that the feeling of mistrust which they had entertained for the Squires of Longmoor, father and son, had given place to an unwilling admiration with which was mixed a dawning feeling of loyalty. With a bitter pang of regret John recalled the day, now long months ago, when Sybil sat beside him as the Coomb people for the first time entered the building. She had been watching them with such a glad, sweet face, and he had seen the tears in her eyes. Where was she now?

"We must not mistake the beginning for the end," Stephen Ray had said to Sybil on that day, and even now, but a few steps had been taken towards the aim in view, but they were important steps, and what had seemed almost visionary was becoming real and tangible.

CHAPTER XIV.

Villa *Palace* was the name painted in tarnished gilt letters over a gateway led into one of the high stone walls which shut off the vineyards and olive gardens with their scattered villas on the hill-slopes behind Nice, from a steep and narrow road leading up into the mountains beyond. The further from the city the smaller and less pretentious are these villas, and amongst the most modest was the one with the name aforesaid. Villa *Palace* was a square, flat-roofed house, of grey stone, with a wide portico of time-stained marble, a very common building material in Savoy as throughout Italy. It stood in a semi-circle of tall black-green cypresses which would have given a most funereal aspect to the place had not an orange grove, with its golden spheres among the glistening leaves, contrasted deliciously with the sombre, stately trees, while nearer the house luxuriant rose trees climbing at their own sweet will, and flaming geraniums were set in the somewhat neglected looking lawn. Over all, the glorious Italian sky shed its "sweet influences," and made it a spot to linger in and love.

The day had been a very warm one, although the actual summer was past, but it was getting towards evening; the shadows of the cypresses lay in dark bands across the lawn, a soft breeze was stirring the orange grove, and scattering delicious perfumes.

Sitting on the steps of the portico, her head leaning against one of the pillars which supported it, was Sybil Barrington, little changed, although some years have passed since the day on which she sat awaiting John Carruthers under the verandah of the Rectory at Longmoor. True, it had never been quite the same face since that day; there was just a touch of sadness about the sweet mouth and a wistful look in the clear eyes that had not been there before. "Come out mother," she called presently, "you can just as well wait for the postman here, and it is getting delightfully cool," and presently Mrs. Barrington joined her daughter. The elder lady, save that her dark, glossy hair was touched with silver, was unchanged; her delicate, handsome face, with its calm and somewhat cold expression looked not an hour older. She seated herself in a garden-chair and drew out her watch. "It is almost his time now," she said, "since we saw in the paper that Sir Arthur and his family were coming here for the winter; of course I have felt doubly anxious to hear from Percy."

"It may take for granted that we have seen it, or may want to surprise us," said Sybil. "Oh mother, it seems almost too good to be true, that we should have him so near all the winter."

Mrs. Barrington gave a little impatient sigh. Sybil with all her tender affection for Percy could not know how the mother had been yearning for a sight of her son's face. It was now nearly three years since they had met. Shortly after his last interview with John Carruthers at Oxford, an interview so grave in its consequences to them both, Percy had accepted the position of tutor to the sons of Sir Arthur Barrington, whom he had a short time previously met at the house of an acquaintance near Oxford. John had been right in saying that Percy had received a lesson which could not soon be forgotten. The disgrace from which John's timely aid had rescued him and the severe but most just decision which had deprived him of the prospect of succeeding to the rich living of Longmoor had made as deep an impression upon him as a nature so volatile and elastic could receive. Reviewing his own life more soberly now, thinking more deeply of its duties than ever before, he had seen come to the conclusion that he was in no way really adapted for a life even as a priest of the Church, worthy of his vocation, should lead. Yet never perhaps had he approached nearer to that standard than when he resolved to abandon his intended calling, and never had it appeared to him a more noble ambition than when in the consciousness of his unworthiness he put it from him. The reality of his self-searching and the distinctness with which the higher view of life presented itself to him, would make him henceforth a man more earnest in his aims, more capable of self-control and self-denial. Meanwhile the career as well as the duties of life presented themselves to his view. His mother's income was very limited; the fund which his father long since had set aside for his education at Oxford was well nigh exhausted, and he had to face the fact that he must in one way or another labour for his daily bread. Though he acknowledged the justice of John's course of action, yet the feeling that it was his "own familiar friend" who had deliberately dealt this blow to his self-esteem and worldly prospects had wounded his pride far too deeply to have permitted him to avail himself of John's generous and heartfelt offers to use his influence in his behalf. While he was anxiously considering what course to pursue a casual mention that Sir Arthur Acton was in quest of a tutor for his sons, suggested the thought that no Percy might be as well qualified for that position as for any other. The Baronet had been very favourably impressed by young Barrington, and when the latter's friend at his request mentioned him as likely to accept the position of travelling tutor, had offered him a liberal salary should he undertake the education of his sons. And this offer Percy, after a struggle between his pride and common sense, in which

the latter was victorious, accepted, and Mrs. Barrington shed bitter tears over the letter which told her that her son had taken the first step in the new life so different from what her passionate love and pride in her only son had painted for him.

Before entering upon his new avocations Percy had joined his mother and Sybil in London, whither after their departure from Longmoor they had gone for a month or two before deciding as to their future course. It was at least a comfort to Mrs. Barrington to have her son with her, and as he had in a great measure regained his ordinary brightness of manner she could not but feel cheered and more hopeful. After all what might not the future have in store for one so calculated to gain the affections of those with whom he came in contact and so deserving of fortune's favours? While Percy sanguine and buoyant discovered each day some fresh favourable feature in his new prospects. Before winter set in he was to set forth on his travels with his young charges, one of whom was in delicate health and had been ordered by his physician to spend the winter in the valley of the Nile.

"Depend upon it mother," said Percy, "there is no education like that of travel, and none that suits a man for making his way in the world; if you consider the matter you will feel with me that this is really quite providential."

Sybil of the three was the slowest to recover her wonted cheerfulness, but of this neither Mrs. Barrington nor Percy suspected the cause. They attributed her persistent dejection, which she vainly endeavoured to overcome, to her regret at leaving Longmoor and the natural disappointment with regard to Percy, and Sybil would fain have persuaded herself into a like belief, but this was not possible. Those three days which John had spent at Oxford, after their interview, had laid poor Sybil's heart bare to herself. Her heart alone knew its own bitterness and the struggle through which she had passed and in which strength and courage must have failed her, had she not been aided from above. Percy was often deeply touched by her dejection, and keen was at times his compunction when he considered that had he fulfilled the hopes which his sister had entertained respecting him he should not have had to witness this change in one whose bright sweet nature seemed to have been made for happiness.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

Unlike any other narrative of great events ever penned, the Sacred Record tells of that marvellous life whose actions and whose sorrows are unparalleled in the whole history of the world, without one word to heighten their effect upon the reader. But it is this very meagreness of description and absence of all rhetoric which stamps with the seal of absolute truth the Inspired History. What need to paint in glowing language events which stand uplifted at an immeasurable distance from any other human experience?

Jesus came, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst of the disciples. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." What must have been their gladness!—ah, what words could tell the joy of again beholding Him whom they had mourned as lost! Truly "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" was theirs when their Master, their Beloved, was restored to them.

And the Lord of Love had no words save those of love for His poor weak followers. He read their hearts and knew the self-reproach which must have consumed them, the sorrow which had mourned Him, the boundless joy that welcomed His return. "Peace be unto you," He said, as He beheld them. O words of sweetest comfort which healed their aching hearts, and filled them with the fulness of blessing.

And when we read this story of the disciples' gladness when they saw the Lord, does not the thought arise within us that we, even we ourselves, shall behold the King in His beauty, shall see Him face to face—our Redeemer, our Mediator, our Lord and our God!