

as we have reason to believe, without any necessary recognition of Ministry, Creed or Sacraments, and furnishing no evidence of responsibility anywhere, save to popular acceptance and satisfaction, would tend to show the multitudes of our people that their little traditions and notions are no part of the Catholic faith or order, and should not be allowed to disturb the peace of Christendom and dissipate its strength, and if they might learn, by the occasional dropping of their little peculiarities, to drop them altogether, and to sink forever the spirit of the sect, we would see many a bright spot amid the present chaos of religious thought and action.

But if on the other hand, the movement means—and there is cause to fear it—that men are coming into power and influence, and controlling the public mind, who have no established doctrine, to which they have subscribed; who ignore a ministry, and an educated ministry; who, practically, do away with the Sacraments of Christ's ordination in their efforts to bring men to Christ; who give to the winds all that the Church of God hath revered and established; and if they then cry "Peace on Earth" and unity in the Church; imposing upon themselves and upon the multitudes, who ever echo back the last pleasing popular cry; and if the Christian heart, in its yearning for a lost unity and charity, is to be made satisfied with this huge agglomeration of discordant mutually repellant atoms—"Monstrum ingens et horrendum, cui lumen ademptum"—then a long farewell to that day to which all Christian hearts should be looking—the day of peace within the borders of Jerusalem. There may still remain something of faith, and hope will not altogether desert us—though "a long deferred hope maketh the heart sick"—but the greatest of all—charity—where will be the charity which rejoiceth in the truth?

In conclusion, therefore, I feel warranted to say, that the attitude of this Church to-day, towards all these popular union movements is not only not uncharitable, but, on the contrary, that the highest and most far reaching charity demands us to maintain the position which we occupy. We are set for the maintenance of a great truth. Our numbers are not great—and the raillery which amuses itself with our want of numbers, as if truth and right were to be determined by a plurality of votes, is altogether out of place, both impertinent and irrelevant—but our position is one of incalculable importance. We hold to that which was "always, is now, and ever shall be." Were we to abandon it, or compromise it, we should surrender the point, round which Christendom must at last rally. All the indications of movement, home and abroad, point to our position as the only possible centre of gravitation; a logical necessity demands it. Amid the surgings of the conflict and the swaying to and fro of the armies of the Church Militant, she holds unswervingly this position against all the assaults of error and infidelity. She it is that has unlocked the word of God and pours forth its treasures before the world.

Wherever she is planted, she becomes the centre of order, civilization and refinement. Not uncharitably, but most charitably, she utters her protest against all new dogmas—come they whence they may—and invites all Christian people to walk in ancient paths of primitive truth and Apostolic order. It is this her position that compels her to stand aloof from all abortive and delusive compromises—not from a spirit of separation, or unsympathizing indifference, God forbid! but with the purpose to hold the ancient truth as settled and received from Holy Scriptures, and thus to furnish the only possible centre of peace and union for all Christian people. In this her charity rejoiceth, yea, and will rejoice.

Perhaps I can bring out the point, which I have made, more clearly, by an illustration drawn from an incident in my own life; I was sitting one day in my study, when the servant

ushered in a committee of ministers of several Christian communions. After an interchange of the usual courtesies, one of the committee, who acted as spokesman, said, "We have called to see if you would join us in a union prayer meeting." I replied that "it would give me very great pleasure to do so." He said "it gratified him very much to hear me speak that way, for he had feared, from what he had heard of my general views, that I would not feel free to engage in a meeting of that description." I replied, that "the great desire of my heart was to unite with all Christian people, in the worship of God." But, I went on to say, "I am not contented to meet with you for an hour, a day, or a week. I have too great a regard for you to rest satisfied with this brief suspension of hostilities. I would fain dwell together with you in a lasting unity. Suppose we take the worship, faith and order of The Church for the first three centuries, and base our union upon the unquestionable facts of that era. I pledge myself to unite with you on that basis."

After some hesitation and some confusion, he replied, "No, sir; we do not feel ourselves prepared for such a programme," and rose to take his leave, the others rising with him. "Now," said I, as they were departing, "don't say that I declined to join you in worship, but that I proposed an intimacy and duration of worship with you for which you did not feel yourself prepared."

Now, these men were earnest and good men. Do you suppose it would not have gladdened my heart to have compassed with them the altar of God? But to what end? The closer you bring heterogeneous and discordant elements, the greater the ultimate repulsion.

One of these men believed that I had never received Christian baptism, and consequently, that I was not a member of the Church of Christ, and he believed this sincerely, and I had respect for his sincerity. After laboring and praying together we could not break bread "together." What sort of a union could we make together, when we could not unite in the highest act of Christian worship? Are our people prepared to be satisfied with such a sham union as this? If so, oh! how far off is the day, the promised and blessed day, when "there shall be one fold and one shepherd," when charity which shall have swallowed up faith, and become the fruition of hope, shall rejoice in the triumph of all truth. God speed the day! Amen.—Church Year, Fla.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

I know not in my ignorance

What I should ask, or plead;

But God looks over all the day,
And knows what I shall need.

He knows;—and knowing, he provides,

As doth a parent kind,

For every want, and every state
Of body, heart, and mind.

There will not be a single task,

But He will help me do;

Nor can one sore temptation come,
But He will bear me through.

The coming, as the present want,

He will not fail to see;

Nor can I be in any place
Where He is not with me.

And so I leave all things to Him,

Fully assured that He,

In love and wisdom infinite,
Will plan and think for me.

He to Himself my heart, my thoughts,

My smallest task doth raise;

And sends me cheerful to the work
Of new and untried days.

—F. H. MARR, in Parish Visitor.

Daddy's Boy.

(By L. T. MEADE.)

CHAPTER XII.—[Continued]

Their strenuous effort found the object of their search at last. Solomon was discovered in one of the poorest lodgings which the village contained, and Ronald's worst fears were realized, the old man was very ill and almost starving.

When the little boy found the object of his search, he sent his numerous retainers away and entered the sick room alone. No one could have a tenderer or sweeter manner than little Ronald when he chases, and he now bent down over the dying old man and spoke to him in his sweetest tones.

"Solomon, I know you are starving, and you've wanted your cough mixture dreadfully, and your two shillings have been spent long ago. Oh, I could cry about it, for I should have asked you your address, and then I'd have come to you ages and ages ago. I have not got any money myself, for my half crown that I get every Saturday was forfeited on account of bad marks, and this is only Wednesday, and my pockets are quite empty, but I am going at once with the basket, Solomon, and I'll do all I can to sell your little pincushions and your needles and pins and your bodkins for you. We have not been in the village yet together, have we? but I'm going there now because it's so close, and I'll soon come back with lots of money."

When old Solomon first heard the sweet little voice he made an effort to speak, and his glazing eyes opened wide and fixed themselves with a look of pleasure on the child. No audible words, however, would come, and before Ronald had done speaking the old man's eyes had closed again.

Ronald laid his small hand on old Solomon's brow.

"Dear, dear," he said to himself, "why, he's quite cold; he wants food, and he wants coal, and he wants all kinds of warm, nice things. I must be very quick indeed selling the contents of the basket."

Ronald poked about the room and soon discovered the flat basket, which contained, alas, but a scanty supply of pincushions and needles and pins.

The little boy arranged them as tastefully as he could, and calling out again to Solomon that he would soon be back, ran quickly downstairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

It so happened that Uncle Ben was taking a drive alone that afternoon. He had made up his mind with great reluctance to return the call of an old fellow officer, who happened to live in the neighborhood. Aunt Eleanor had intended accompanying him, but unforeseen business had detained her at Summerleigh, and in consequence the Major had stepped into the comfortably-padded brougham alone, and driven by a pair of spirited horses, had quickly reached his destination.

He had made his call and was returning with the carriage windows shut, and all draughts carefully excluded, when the coachman suddenly pulled his horses up short and Uncle Ben was forced to put his head out of one of the windows to inquire what was the matter. A number of boys and girls, headed by a little figure with bright hair and a large basket held aloft in both hands, were running to meet them, and all in one breath, headed by the bright-haired boy, were shouting to Andrews, the Summerleigh coachman, to stop.—Andrews knew that his horses were fresh and spirited, and he accordingly thought discretion the best part of valor—he drew up at one side of the road and waited in some amazement for the