

Family Department.

O JESU SOURCE OF LIGHT DIVINE.

(Written for the Church Guardian).

O Jesu source of light divine,
Cause Thy bright beams on us to shine,
That so our hearts and lives may be
Yielded without reserve to Thee.

Whereby life's cares and toils oppress
By suffering or by sin distress,
Let the sweet thought that Thou art near
Assuage our grief, dispel our fear.

When we engage in deadly strife
Against the foes that seek our life,
Strong in Thy strength, armed with Thy might
Beneath Thy banner—let us fight.

And when, alas, from Thee we stray,
Forgetful of the narrow way,
Then with a word, a look recall,
Lest we from Thee forever fall.

When loved companions leave our side,
Borne hence by death's resistless tide,
Guide Thou our thoughts to that bright shore
Where loved ones meet to part no more.

And when at length the hour shall come
Which gives our bodies to the tomb,
Grant us with Thy dear saints to rest,
To be with them forever blest.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

Sybil's first impulse was to hurry to her own room that she might be freed from the torturing restraint she had put upon herself: her next however was to be present at John's interview with her mother. Hard and cold as she had herself been to him there was a passionate instinct within her to take his part with Mrs. Barrington. It was an unreasoning, unconscious instinct but she followed it, and accompanied him into the drawing room where her mother lay on a couch reading. At sight of John she rose quickly and held out her hand. "You have been to Oxford, John, and seen my boy," she said eagerly and in her most gracious manner. "How good of you to humour the fancies of two silly women." Still holding his hand she drew him down upon the sofa beside her. "And how is he?" she asked, only noticing then how pale John was. It seemed indeed the climax of his trial to tell Mrs. Barrington in her daughter's presence of his unlooked for and what must appear to her his cruel decision, but John had passed through so much within the last three days that he was prepared to face even this most painful interview. He told her that Percy was well, and answered, as best he could, her kind if somewhat hurried enquiries about himself—he was not looking well—he was taking too much care upon himself, not enjoying his youth as he should—and what about Percy? "I have come specially to talk to you about him," said John—and for the third time went through the ordeal which he had taken upon himself to endure. I need not say in what spirit his announcement was received, or speak of the agony of wounded pride and the burning indignation of a mother to whom her son was as the apple of her eye, who had never been able to perceive a blemish in her darling. Bitter and cruel indeed were the reproaches which while never departing from the bearing and tone of a gentle woman she heaped upon John, and which, pitying her from his heart of hearts, he bore without an attempt either to justify himself or to retaliate. But in Sybil he had an unlooked for defender. "Mother," she said, "you must at least give John credit for singleness of purpose, you cannot believe that he is acting otherwise than from a sense of duty." "True," said Mrs. Barrington, glancing contemptuously at her daughter as she spoke. "I had forgotten that you both had enjoyed so constantly the instruction and advice of one so admirably qualified to be your spiritual guide that such exalted

ideas of duty might well be expected in you both. And doubtless Longmoor will long continue to benefit by his instructions. It is a pity Sybil, that you will be removed from them. But it is a matter of course that our residence here must at once come to an end." "Let me entreat you," said John, who now rose to depart, "not to think of leaving, at least until you have well weighed such a step. The Rectory is your own as long as you will live in it, and whoever should be the future incumbent of Longmoor." "You are very good," replied Mrs. Barrington, "but our motive for remaining here ceases with our connection with the parish, and neither my daughter nor myself could, under the present circumstances, increase our obligations to you." "At least, do not act hastily," said John; he would fain have added more, but words failed him, as he glanced from mother to daughter, and the change in their relation to himself smote him with a sudden and most miserable sense of loss. "Mrs. Barrington, may we not part as friends?" he said, holding out his hand to her. "I trust that I feel no ill will to any one," she answered coldly, and touched it with her slender fingers—"and Sybil"—he turned towards her as she stood, her eyes dim with hushed tears still mechanically clasping in her hand a tendril of clematis which she had gathered on the verandah—"and Sybil?" the girl's heart could not resist the tone of imploring sadness in poor John's voice.—The tears brimmed over as she looked at him, and of herself she reached out her hand in farewell. It was the one drop of sweetness in John's bitter cup.

CHAPTER XI.

So completely had Mrs. Barrington's whole nature been aroused by the vehemence of her indignation that Sybil herself might scarcely have recognized her mother, usually so placid and almost indifferent, in the energetic woman, now so prompt in decision and action. Before she went to rest that night, she had written letters to Percy and to her Solicitor, who was also a friend of old standing. The first was an outpouring of her passionate love for her son, and of her bitter sense of the wrong and injustice done him, telling him at the same time of her determination, of which she felt sure he must approve, to leave Longmoor without delay. "We shall be very poor, of course, my darling," she wrote, "but, as you know, a small income remains to me, and we must select some place, the continent would probably be best, where we can live cheaply. I do not fear for your future, my son—you have gifts and qualities which must bring success." Mrs. Barrington's letter to her Solicitor, briefly mentioned the change in Percy's prospects, and her own intention of leaving Longmoor at once. She wished to see or consult with him immediately. While Mrs. Barrington was finding relief to her feelings in the consciousness of taking some active measures, Sybil seemed as if under a spell of utter loneliness and dejection. How bright her life had been, how full of hope and promise, and now how all the sunshine had gone out of it! Even her pride could not sustain her in her trouble. The ring of unspeakable sadness in John's voice, as he had bidden her good-bye, had gone to her very heart, and softened, in spite of herself, the feeling of bitterness which had braced even while it tortured her. Then as she yielded to the conviction that John had sacrificed his warmest feelings and dearest hopes to his sense of duty, the remembrance of her own coldness and almost cruelty smote her with self-reproach which was almost unendurable. Her unquestioning faith in Percy too had received a shock which she only gradually realized. The more she instinctively sought to justify John, the less could she believe that Percy was free from blame, and thus while Mrs. Barrington was sustained by righteous indignation, Sybil was a prey to conflicting and miserable feelings.

Within a week from the time of John Carruther's last visit to the Rectory, a strange stir was observable about the spot which was the only home that Sybil had ever known. The villagers had told each other in sorrowing amazement that Mrs. Barrington and Miss Sybil were going away. The first rumour had been scouted as an impossibility, but when old Biglow, the Sexton, who had had it

from the lips of Mrs. Barrington herself, was the authority, it could be no longer doubted. "Yes," said the old man, shaking his head solemnly, "we may all look our last on Miss Sybil's face, God bless her, for her ma told me with her own lips that they was going away before next Sunday, not to come back no more." "Not to come back no more," was echoed among the group that had gathered in Biglow's cottage—for the most part old folks who had known Sybil from a tiny baby, and who loved her with a loyal tenderness, for her own and her father's sake, and many of the old eyes filled with tears.

"And Master Percy, he beant comin at all," continued old Biglow, not without the conscious importance of a bearer of startling intelligence. "And Master Percy, he beant comin at all," once more the echo passing round, and there was a little pause of wonder which was broken by the entrance of Mr. Ray. Reading at a glance the sad, old faces, he shook hands with all, and took the proffered seat amongst them. "This is sad news I hear, and which I can see you have heard too, that we are to lose Mrs. Barrington and Miss Sybil, and if it is a grief to me who have known them but a short while, what must it be to you who have known Miss Sybil all her life."

"Aye, aye, parson, that we have," said an old labourer, with snow-white locks falling round a rosy, kindly face. "My old woman she were her nurse, and many's the time I carried the pretty thing in my arms myself—aye, she be a sweet young maid, and as kind a soul as ever lived, and it do grieve us sorely to think of loosing her."

"How could it be otherwise," said Stephen Ray. "Thank God for the love and kindness and fellow-feelings which He has planted in our hearts and—yes, even for the sorrow which they sometimes bring us! We must learn to thank Him even for the partings which so wound our hearts, for in every parting there is a promise of that most perfect joy when we shall meet our loved ones where partings are no more." The old weather-beaten, time-worn faces brightened as he spoke with a reflection of the serene light of love and faith which shone in his. "But, he went on presently, "I think I may prophecy that you will meet your dear Miss Sybil on earth again. I cannot believe that we shall not have her here in our midst some day, and when we do, you will own that I have been a true prophet."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR 5TH SUNDAY IN LENT.

"CHRIST being come an High Priest of good things to come."

Christ our High Priest! Jesus in the Holy of Holies, pleading there for us His own most precious blood. "Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest." Unworthy and miserable sinners as we are, how shall we grasp the glorious truth that "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous! and He is the propitiation for our sins." In our selfishness, in our lovelessness, how is it possible that we can realize the Eternal Love that as man suffered and died, yea, rather that is risen again, and ever liveth to make intercession for us. God's Grace alone can help us to lay hold of the blessed fact that in our behalf forever and forever our Redeemer and Intercessor pleads the One Sacrifice sufficient to atone for the sins of the whole world.

What greater proof can there be of the hardness of our hearts, of the crying need of that ceaseless Intercession than this—that there is so little response to that wondrous, that infinite Love of Christ. Well for us that the Church bids us pause, that she, almost by force as it were, draws us aside from the pleasures and business of life which so fully occupy our thoughts and hearts, and holds up before our eyes the man Christ Jesus, that she bids us behold, and see *whether there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow*—that she cries: "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?" That step by step she leads us on through the scenes of His Suffering, Humiliation, Death, and repeats again and again: All this was borne for you! Well for us that she bids us look deep into our hearts and lives, and see our need of a Saviour! Then having aroused the consciousness of sin, and