

to be final or exhaustive. But it can go far. It can teach prayer to Almighty God through our Lord Jesus Christ and trust in His daily providence. It can include the fullest course of Scripture history and Bible literature. It can teach and explain the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer and it can accept all the doctrines of the Apostle's Creed. Space prevents my showing how much these points cover, but I would ask, as the question is so important, to be allowed to mention what is taught in my own school and with hearty acceptance by Nonconformists. (1) Simple prayers for opening, and closing school with hymns. (2) Private prayers for morning and evening use. (3) Grace before and after meal. (4) The Ten Commandments with fullest explanation. (5) The Lord's Prayer with explanation. (6) Doctrinal texts (asserting each doctrine of the Apostles' Creed). (7) Additional texts, showing (i.) that we should seek God; that we should serve Him truly and without ostentation; and that we should seek by penitence to avoid estrangement from Him. (ii.) That we should love, help, forgive, and pray for our fellow-creatures. (8) A list of words used in religion, with meaning. (9) A course of Scriptural narrative. This is not a complete religion; it is never taught as a complete religion, but only as an instalment; and when 90 per cent. of the children go to Sunday-schools it forms a valuable foundation, which Sunday-schools, efficiently worked, can find time to complete. Nonconformists with whom I have consulted welcome it as a great relief to their position of apparent hostility, which, they say, has been caused not by opposition to religious teaching, but only through a desire for fairness to others."

Methodist Development.

SIR.—A few years ago, some one, drawing conclusions from the constant change which has been, and is, so marked a feature of Methodism, ventured to forecast that the future of the Methodist body would be a great separation into two parts, one of which would return to the Church, and the other lapse into infidelity. No doubt many believed this to be altogether probable, but it is not likely that anyone supposed it would come to pass until after a long lapse of time. Events in these days, however, come about with amazing rapidity, and though there may not be any signs of the cleavage, or any general movement towards returning to the Church visible, we have been brought with startling suddenness, face to face with the other part of the prophecy, the apostasy, when we have seen leaders among the Methodists, with the seeming acquiescence of their brethren, practically throwing the Bible away as having been "written 2,000 years ago," and unsuited for the "changed circumstances" and great developments of this nineteenth *fin de siècle*. The "Methodist Church," as it is now called, the name "Wesleyan" being no longer used, exists in open defiance of St. Paul's teaching, consequently we are informed that St. Paul "never discussed" the now existing "situation," "because he never foresaw it." In other words the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is set aside and denied because it is not in accordance with the inspiration which is openly claimed for the "saints," as it seems we are now expected to call them, who make Methodism a schism.

M.

Notes and Queries.

SIR.—It is often asserted that in the Holy Eucharist we continually show forth the Death and Resurrection of our Blessed Lord. Now it is very easy to see how we show (forth) the Lord's Death in this holy service. The broken Bread, the outpoured Wine suggest at once the Body and Blood of Christ. But if the Eucharist be the Christian Passover, it must also set forth the Resurrection of Christ of which the Passover was the type and prophecy. But I have never been able to understand distinctly, and in such a manner as to be able to explain to others, how we show forth the Lord's Resurrection in the Blessed Sacrament. Will you be so good as to give some explanation of this in a manner "understood of the people?"

A PUZZLED BERAEAN.

Ans.—The Passover had a twofold aspect, the sprinkling of blood whereby they were delivered from Egypt, and the feast upon the lamb whereby they were to be prepared for the journey in the morning. The same idea runs through the whole of our Lord's instituting the Holy Sacrament and every later celebration. As the memorial of a death, however meritorious, the rite is meaningless, but co-ordinate the second part and it is full of power because it carries us into a new life; it is the commemoration of a death conquered by life, and is the means of conveying to us that same new life. The Christian hope cannot always live in the tomb, but must partake in the resurrection and in the life of

the world to come. It is interesting to follow the current of our Lord's thought of life through death, and construction through dissolution, of pardon through the atoning blood, and of the feeding on the Bread which is His Flesh for the life of the world. Jesus knew that He was approaching to Calvary, yet His exodus was but a going to the Father, to the home of many mansions, and to the place to be prepared for His people. S. Ignatius puts it in few words: "Christ suffered for us that we might be saved," but we are many days in a state of salvation and going on to perfection. If the bread and wine are only to be suggestive of certain facts, it is a mean way of showing forth the Lord's death till He come, and many things would be more realistic, e.g., a highly tintured crucifix.

Family Reading.

Good-by, Old Year, Good-by.

"Good-by, old year, good-by."
We've had good times together;
You gave us many a bright blue sky,
And sometimes stormy weather.

But we've had lots of fun—
We've skated, fished and boated;
And now just as the year is done,
In school we've been promoted.

Old year, be brave and proud;
With banners floating o'er you,
You join the shadowy crowd
Of years that went before you.

Good-by, old year, good-by;
With "finis" to your story.
The stars shine out on high
To light your way with glory.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

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"And stranger still that the little lady should remain, through it all, so perfectly child-like and unspoiled!" mused the rector, as, after bestowing on the man the gratuity Stella had not forgotten to administer, he returned his parting salutation, and pursued his walk homeward.

He smiled at himself that he, the least interested, the most unmoved individual in the parish as regarded the coming of the great "family," should have been the first to break the ice with respect to any one member of it. In walking up the gravel drive towards his house he overtook Miss Fridell.

She had been spending her afternoon at the Sunday-school with the smaller children, who were considered too young to attend a second public service, and, as her custom had always been, had now come to the rectory for the remainder of the day.

"You have been preaching too long, doctor; for I am late," was her first greeting.

Dr. Lyon looked at his watch, but said nothing in excuse.

"The afternoons draw in, and remind us that we are nearing the shortest day," was his reply.

"The shorter day, the harder work," remarked the lady.

"And the sweeter home," Dr. Lyon continued, as he ran up the steps, and gave the long low rap; for which Mary, within, had been some time waiting. Her over-anxious father had adjudged her to the house for that one more Sunday, though in reality there was but little the matter with her now.

"And how about 'the family'?" Mary asked, when satisfactory accounts of school-work and humble friends had been duly rendered; and they were sitting, the three together, round the tea-table. "As it was you who excited my curiosity, dear friend, it is only fit that you should satisfy it."

"I daresay your papa has told you all about them," Miss Fridell replied, but with the tone of one who would be quite willing to communicate additional information, were such desired.

"I daresay no such thing. Papa never sees or notices any one. He said they were at church, and that was all; and, though it is Sunday, and I really do not wish to be over-curious, yet I should like to hear just a little about them—if it is not

wrong, dear," Mary continued, apologetically, to her father.

"O no, darling, not wrong." Dr. Lyon was thinking of Stella, her sweet mournful face and hidden sorrows, wondering what they might be, and whether Mary might not help some day to soothe them. "Tell her, please, all you can about them."

And, not altogether unwillingly, Miss Fridell began:

"Well, dear Mary, there was one lady who appeared to be the mother, or at any rate the head of the family, for there was no father; a handsome woman of fifty or thereabout, rather stately, very splendid in dress, but affable and pleasant enough, I daresay. Whether she may be the mother of the bride or bridegroom, I cannot say; but she was not much like either. The bride (I am going on the latest Croombe theory, remember, Mary) was the most beautiful creature I ever saw—far more beautiful than you, my dear—a kind of face you could look upon all day, and never tire. But, if I mistake not, she has the pride and self-consciousness of her ancestor Lady Lora."

The bridegroom was, as is often the case, somewhat like his lady-love in countenance, but intensely haughty and indifferent. I do not think his eyes moved from the four evangelists (I mean, of course, those on the east window) during the whole of the lessons or sermon. This it was impossible for me to help observing, as his profile was exactly before me the whole time, and that compartment of the window straight before him, only one would think too lofty for the gaze of most. His features appeared to me to be faultless; and yet I could not altogether say I admired the young man. He must, however, possess admirable qualities to have won the love of so fair a creature. I only hope he will make her happy."

"I am sure I hope he will. But those were not all?" said Mary; for Miss Fridell paused a moment, after giving utterance to the last benevolent sentiment.

"No, not all. There were two others. A gentleman, something of the height and bearing of the bridegroom, only more approachable."

"Perhaps—I almost hope he was the bridegroom," again interrupted Mary; for I do not like your description of the first."

"No such thing, my love. He was less conspicuous and marked in his attentions; no lover air at all about him. I saw it all very clearly, even as they came up the aisle; for I did not think much about them afterwards; and I could understand and personate them all pretty distinctly even in that short time. You can judge a great deal from a little, occasionally, you know, Mary."

Dr. Lyon smiled. Miss Fridell was sufficiently quick-sighted ordinarily; but report had led her sadly astray this time. Besides, Dr. Lyon knew quite well that she spoke truthfully when she said that the family had occupied but little of her attention after the commencement of the service. Miss Fridell could control her thoughts, if not always the expression of them. "And the other?" continued Mary, "there was one more in the family, you said."

"Yes, a young girl, younger than you. She looked pale, I fancy, and downcast, but beautiful. I imagined her the bridegroom's sister."

"Then for once the Croombe folks have been correct in their surmises," said Mary, who had listened to her friend's recital with considerable interest.

"Or, rather, for the twentieth time they have been incorrect," replied her father gravely. "It seems almost unkind to mar by counter-evidence the effect of your well-told story, my friend; but I am sorry to say you have set out under false premises altogether. There is no bride, no bridegroom. The 'family' consists of an aunt, two sisters, and a brother, with a friend (Captain Flamank is the name, I think), who is visiting them."

"Papa!" interrupted Mary, credulously. "But who told you?"

"I have it from very good authority, the younger of the two sisters herself. And I suppose she knows."

"But have you spoken to her? She did not go through it all like that, did she, papa?"

"Not exactly, darling. Only from what she did say, I gathered it. But I suppose you will

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