

CONTEMPORARY CHURCH OPINION.

THE LIVING CHURCH (Chicago)

What is the purpose of the theological school? It would seem quite clear that that purpose is, primarily, a very direct and practical one. It is to prepare candidates in the best manner to fulfil the examinations prescribed by the Church and fit them as thoroughly as possible for the ordinary practical duties of the ministry. This is, or ought to be, the mission of such a school for all its members. The first requisite for the good of the Church is that all the clergy should be fitted to discharge efficiently the constant practical duties of their office. They are to be teachers, they ought, therefore, to be thoroughly instructed in the system which they are to teach; they are to be preachers, they need, therefore, careful training in sacred rhetoric; they are charged with the conduct of public worship and the administration of sacraments, they must be instructed in the principles of worship and drilled in the details which belong to its proper discharge; they are to be heads of parochial corporations, they must understand the administrative duties which will devolve upon them in that capacity. These and similar functions belong to all who seek the ministry. They are very direct and practical. The proper training for these ends, we say, ought to be kept always in the foreground and made the principal work of every seminary which is destined to be of real use to the Church. The purpose should be to make the candidates keen and well-tempered instruments for the work they have to do.

THE ROCK.—(London England)

In a leader, has made the following reference to "The Forgotten Truth":—"Some years ago there appeared a remarkable sermon on 'The Forgotten Truth,' by which the preacher meant the doctrine of the necessity for the Holy Spirit's power and personal presence in the souls of men. Possibly the title of that sermon would be less appropriate now than it was then. There has been of late a very general awakening amongst both Churchmen and Nonconformists to the vital importance of meditating upon the work of the Holy Spirit, and much greater prominence is given to it than formerly. Still, it is very far from being universally recognised. There is, in too many places, a lack of power and of real blessing on the means employed; and, like a dry and thirsty land, the Church is languishing and sighing for want of the latter rain."

THE NEWS (London Eng.)

The real question at issue in the coming election is not Liberalism or Conservatism, but *Nationalism*. Are we to be true to our country, and to the *whole* of our country? Dr. Brown, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, has spoken out plainly, and his words will meet with a response from patriotic Englishmen, whether Conservatives or Liberals.

The Moderator affirms that he himself has been a "Liberal" all his life, and has fought for equal rights and privileges for all denominations, and he adds, that his Church—consisting of half a million of staid, sober, intelligent, prosperous, and loyal people—are chiefly Liberals, and followed Mr. Gladstone, "until he surrendered to the revolutionary faction that have been long identified with intimidation, rapine, and murder." But national liberty is more than "Liberalism"; and national liberty, Dr. Brown holds, is imper-

illed by Mr. Gladstone's "Home Rule" scheme—so far as he has told us what it really is. "Home Rule," says Dr. Brown, "means *Rome Rule* in the estimation of everyone who has even a rudimentary knowledge of Irish politics." It would introduce, he tells us, ecclesiastical tyranny. "The Romish Bishops, wherever they have the power, never stop short of supremacy in all things, civil and ecclesiastical, and, under such a Government, we—the Protestants—could never hope to live." "Therefore, say we, the Protestant minority in Ireland, let the shield of local protection ever remain between us and the danger of priestly ascendancy, for the day it is withdrawn we must either fight or fly."

Family Department.

"ANOTHER COMFORTER."

BY THE RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever."—*St. John* xiv. 16.

Creator Spirit, make Thy throne
The hearts which Thou hast seal'd Thine own;
With grace celestial fill and warm
The bosoms Thou hast deign'd to form.

To Thee, Great Comforter, we cry,
O highest gift of God most High.
O fount of life, O fire, O love.
Baptize, anoint us from above.

Us with Thy sevenfold gifts endow,
Of God's right Hand the Finger Thou;
And from His pledged munificence
Enrich our lips with utterance.

Enflame, enlighten all our powers:
Breathe love into these hearts of ours;
Our body, strengthless for the fight,
Strengthen with Thy perpetual might.

Keep far aloof our ghostly foe,
And ever during peace bestow:
With Thee our Guardian, Thee our Guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

With heavenly joys our service crown;
On earth pour heavenly graces down;
From chains of strife Thy saints release,
And knit them in the bonds of peace.

Vouchsafe us in Thy light to see
The Father and the Son and Thee,
Our God from all the ages past,
Our God while endless ages last.

Be glory to the Father, Son,
And blessed Comforter, in One.
Grant we may through the Christ inherit
Thy grace and glory, Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

Poor Miss Carolina.

BY L. T. MEADE.

CHAPTER VII.

In a tumult of hope and fear Helen Graham had dressed her little son, had fetched the old doll from under its forgotten bed of leaves, and jumping into a cab, had driven off to Annette's luxurious home. During that short drive she forgot about her pride, she forgot the old quarrel, she remembered nothing but her love.

Annette's only child was dying; it might be possible that she and Kenneth could save her. Helen thought of nothing else as the cabby drove rapidly to the rich home, which she had vowed never to enter.

There was a refrain of the dear familiar anthem she had listened to in church that morning, sounding in her ears:

'Peace and good will—peace and good will.'

There was a passionate longing in her heart. She would see the little child—she would save the baby if she could.

When she entered that darkened room, and saw the white face of the dying child, she even forgot Annette in the intense interest of the moment.

'Hush!' she said, taking the mother's trembling hand in her strong ones. But when little Marjory dropped asleep, she went softly up to the bed and laid a warm shawl over her own little son. 'Go to sleep my darling—don't move from where you are,' she said; then she turned to the mother.

'Annette, I think, I feel that God will spare the child.'

'O Helen, this sleep is what we have been praying for. Do you notice the rest on the little face.'

'Her heart is satisfied,' said Helen. 'See how tightly she clasps the old doll.'

'And you, Helen! you have come back to me?'

It is Christmas day, and I have come back to you—let us forget the past.'

Helen had said, 'Let us be friends again, let us forget the past.' When she said this, she broke down the thin wall of pride which had separated two hearts. She was willing to go back to Annette, even though that past, which had accused her of a wrong of which she was innocent, was never cleared up.

'Peace and good will,' she kept repeating to herself—'Yes, another—the Prince of Peace Himself—had once been falsely accused. On Christmas night it was not difficult to follow his priceless example.'

As she thought this, Annette ran to her with streaming eyes and outstretched hands.

'O Helen, my darling, my dear, wronged darling, see! see! she has confessed it all. This letter, which came this morning, and which I was too miserable to open, is from Mary Arundale; she has been ill, at death's door; her conscience gave her no peace, and on Christmas Eve she wrote this; she has confessed all. She was false; you always were as true as steel. See, you can read her letter.'

'I don't need to, Annette; let us burn it! Again I say, let us quite forget the past, and take up the old love with thankful hearts.'

'But how shall I ever forgive myself for having wronged you?'

Strange as it may seem, little Marjory did get better. She had been truly at death's door, but the satisfied heart acted so favorably on the weak little body, that it began slowly to mend. An hour of every day Kenneth spent with his little playmate, and the rest of the time Miss Carolina—now considered the most valuable doll in the world—was clasped in her arms.

Early in the spring Marjory was pronounced well enough to be moved to a warm climate, and in the sunny and beautiful South of France the little precious life quite recovered.

The time for toys in the old nursery in Queen's Gate has gone by, for Marjory is a tall girl now. She has sent her toys, dolls, and all to more than one children's hospital. 'But she must not go,' she says with her sweet smile, and the old baby love still shining in her dark eyes, for no one understands her as I do; and she puts poor Miss Carolina carefully back on the nursery shelf.