

of lectures, speeches and conversation, and thus overshadows historical truth. It was my privilege lately to attend a very excellent lecture on Westminster Abbey. The lecturer made use of the words "when St. Augustine brought Christianity to England," leaving the impression that then and there under Pope Gregory, British Christianity commenced. In duty bound, I had to ask the lecturer to qualify this statement, which he readily did and acknowledged that Christianity existed in Britain before St. Augustine's time, a correction which would prove useful to a mixed audience. Similar circumstances occur every day. In the face of these erroneous impressions, with which the minds of the people are influenced, the appointment of a committee by the Synod, to secure a supply of the Anglo-Continental Society's publications was a well-timed measure, and I trust it may to some degree meet the existing want. The only fear I have is that these publications are too voluminous, erudite and prosy for the general reader. What we require are plain, terse, simple truths, to the point; facts impressed by our reading; printed on the heart at sight; and while I am much interested in the movement inaugurated by Mr. Hamilton, (Rev. C.), I should like to call the attention of your readers to such aids as we possess among our own efforts to supply the need complained of. I now refer to "Church Work" a small publication allowed on all hands to be doing its work wherever it is circulated. All the clergy to whom I have recommended it speak highly of it, still it does not receive that amount of circulation it deserves.

HODGINS.

Family Department.

HERE IS MY HEART.

Here is my heart—my God, I give it to Thee:
I heard Thee call and say—

"Not to the world, my child, but unto Me."
I heard and will obey;

Here is love's offering to my King,
Which in glad sacrifice I bring—
Here is my heart.

Here is my heart—surely the gift, though poor,
My God will not despise;
Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,
To meet Thy searching eyes;
Corrupted first in Adam's fall
The stain of sin pollutes it all—
My guilty heart.

Here is my heart—my heart so bad before,
Now by Thy grace made meet,
Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour
Its anguish at Thy feet;
It groans beneath the weight of sin,
It sighs salvation's joys to win—
My mourning heart.

Here is my heart—in Christ my longings end,
Near to His cross it draws;
It says: Thou art my portion, O my Friend,
Thy blood my ransom was;
And in the Saviour it has found
What blessedness and peace abound—
My trusting heart.

Here is my heart—O Holy Spirit, come,
Its nature to renew,
And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,
A temple fair and true;
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,
To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore—
My cleansed heart.

Here is my heart—it trembles to draw near
The glory of Thy throne;
Give it the shining robes Thy servants wear,
Of righteousness Thine own;
Its pride and folly chase away,
And all its vanity, I pray—
My humbled heart.

Here is my heart—teach it, O Lord, to cling
In gladness unto Thee;

And in the day of sorrow still to sing—
Welcome, my God's decree;
Believing all its journey through
That thou art wise, and just and true—
My waiting heart.

Here is my heart—O Friend of friends, be near
To make each tempter fly;
And when my latest foe I meet with fear,
Give me the victory;
Gladly on Thy love reposing
Let me say, when life is closing—
"Here is my heart!"

E. LIEBIG.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

The mid-summer vacation was at hand, and Sybil, who had spent her morning with the Coomb children, and driven leisurely homeward through the golden stillness of the June day, had stopped at the little Post Office in the village to enquire for letters. She hoped for one from Percy which should tell them to expect him in a few days.

The letter was there, and Sybil, when she had left the village, walked her pony up a green lane while she read it. It was but a few hurried lines, like most of Percy's letters, and, like others, contained a disappointment for the loving, anxious reader. Percy was going up to London for a few days to his future Rector, Sybil concluded, and had promised to make one or two short visits besides before coming to Longmoor, but he hoped to be with them soon. A thousand loves to the dear Mater and herself. Sybil knew from experience what these brief visits meant, and how short a portion, if any, of the vacation would probably fall to their share; and she thought of her mother's disappointed look and silence when she should show her the letter. Holding the reins loosely in one hand, she leant back a little wearily, while the pony, lazy from the heat, was well content to walk his slowest, even pausing now and then to crop the sweet fresh grass growing under the shadow of the tall hedges with their wealth of wild honey-suckle and roses. The chance of meeting Sybil had brought John Carruthers considerably out of his way from the Hall to Fernwood, the house of a county neighbour, where he was expected to join a garden party. His pulses quickened as he espied lazy Bob pursuing his leisurely way towards him. Almost before Sybil had looked up from a second perusal of Percy's letter, his horse was beside the carriage, and he had sprung down and was holding out his hand. Then Bob sagaciously came to a full stop, and John's horse, his master slipping the bridle over his arm, stooped to taste the tempting wayside herbage.

"I have just heard from Percy," said Sybil, after shaking hands. She, for her part, was conscious that her heart had begun to beat quicker, and that a sudden glow had come to her cheeks.

"You can read what he says if you will, John." John took the note from her hand and then returned it to her without speaking for a moment.

"Too bad, is it not?" said Sybil, trying to speak lightly. "Mother will be so disappointed; it is so many months now since she has seen him."

"Sybil, it just occurs to me that I might run up to Oxford to-morrow. Would you like me to go and see Percy? You know your mother always thought it the next best thing to seeing himself when I came to report."

"How good you are, John," said Sybil, looking up into his face with such bright, grateful eyes that John's heart gave a sudden bound of gladness.

"You call me good, Sybil, because I am willing to do you this little service! Do you not know that my greatest happiness is to serve you? Do you not know that for your happiness I should be willing to make any sacrifice? Sybil, my whole life is bound up in you!" The flush had faded

from Sybil's cheeks as he spoke, and into her eyes came a look that was half fear, half joy. She could make no response.

"It is of no use, Sybil, to battle with myself any longer; one thing only has restrained me from telling you this long ago—the dread that you could not respond to my feelings. I know, I have always known that you were my friend, but I wanted more. I have loved you too long, too well, to be able to keep silence any longer." Still no answer came from Sybil. With half averted face and hand unconsciously grasping the loose reins, she sat there, while John bent towards her.

"Do not tell me that there is no hope for me, Sybil; you will be taking all the brightness out of my life."

So humble in the depth and fulness of his love was John Carruthers that it seemed to him he was all unworthy of the love he craved. He gave not a thought to the wealth and position which he could lay at Sybil's feet, nor did he realize for a moment that his personal qualities were such as might well awaken admiration and affection.

"You have spoken of this too suddenly, John," Sybil faltered at last; "I—I was unprepared—" she stopped, then looked for one little moment into the white face bending towards her. What a noble face it was; what tenderness, what truth and strength were in it.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, "I know that I have been too sudden, too abrupt; but think, oh think, how long I have kept my secret; tell me, at least, that you are not angry with me, Sybil."

Sybil was too true a woman not to feel moved to her heart's depths, and the affection for John which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength, though she was herself unconscious of its extent, made the thought of grieving him insupportable to her, and yet she could not so quickly yield herself captive.

"Indeed," she said, smiling a little tremulous smile, "I am not worth your making yourself unhappy about me."

"You are no judge of that," he said eagerly; "I can but tell you that I shall never be happy if you refuse me. You are too good, too honest to trifle with me, Sybil."

With a pleading gesture he held out his hand, and Sybil was irresistibly impelled to place her own within it.

"I could not trifle with you," she said, and the eyes she raised to his were full of sudden tears. "But leave me now," she added, while John clasped the little gloved hand as if he could never let it go. "I must have time to think; I—I do not know myself." But even while she spoke the flush returned to her face and her eyes fell. "Good-bye, then, and God bless you, Sybil." He released her hand, sprang upon his horse, and before Sybil had regained sufficient self-command to recall Bob to his duty, was almost out of sight.

The guests at Fernwood might well wonder at young Squire Carruthers that evening, so absent minded, so unlike himself was he that the young ladies, who, one and all, were well disposed towards him, felt themselves much aggrieved.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Carruthers?" said one pretty girl, who had determined to make John captive to her bow and spear. "You seem to be in dreamland. Don't you know that we have been depending upon you to make up our tennis party, and that we have had to put up with a bad player in your place, and the worst of it is that you don't seem to be sorry for your shortcomings."

John laughed as she stood before him in a pretty threatening attitude.

"My dear Miss Norellie, I must only plead guilty and throw myself on your mercy. I am conscious of being more than usually tiresome to-day, and for that reason shall not bore you with my presence much longer. Indeed I should not have come at all but for my promise to Sir Edward."

"Worse and worse," said the young lady, now really piqued; "I should advise you another time not to come at all, except in the proper frame of mind," and she turned away disdainfully, while John, scarcely conscious of her disapproval, never thought of following to make peace.

(To be continued.)