

THE GLAD HEART.

In one of the fashionable squares at the West-end of London, there is a house which a short time ago required certain slight alterations in the interior. The owner, a wealthy and titled lady, was living in the house at the time when the workmen were engaged in their task, and one day the master carpenter had occasion to consult with her about the work to be done. He was shown into the room where the lady was sitting among her dainty and luxurious surroundings—costly draperies, rich furniture, rare works of art, books and flowers. But the lady herself looked listless and weary as she leaned back in her lounging chair and gave her orders.

"Stay a moment, Mr. Rowe," she said, as with a respectful bow, he was preparing to leave the room after learning her wish on the matter in question.

Mr. Rowe paused, and waited to hear what the lady had to say.

She did not speak for a minute, and then the words came with a strange hesitancy, as though she almost repented of uttering them.

"Perhaps you can help me," she said, "to solve a problem which has been in my mind all day." Then she paused again.

"I could not sleep last night," she said, presently. "I am troubled with sleeplessness, and sometimes I cannot rest at all. This morning I was looking out of my window at early dawn, and almost before it was properly light your workmen came along the square to this house. I heard their voices and their laughter—for they were actually laughing! What have they to be happy about? In this house we never laugh. Tell me what it is which makes the difference?"

Mr. Rowe thought it was the hardest question he had ever had to answer. "They are good honest men, my lady," he said, "and I suppose they are contented."

"Yes, that is it," replied my lady; "but content with what? They have no luxuries, no refinements; life for them is a mere drudgery—they have to work from dawn till dark to earn a bare subsistence. I have not a want ungratified which money can satisfy; I having nothing to do but to enjoy myself, yet they laugh and are happy, and I—I tell you I never laugh. I find life dull and monotonous and weary. What is the reason of this difference when things ought to be exactly the other way?"

"I cannot tell you, my lady," replied Mr. Rowe, "more than this: so long as he has work to do, and health to do it, a good workingman is as content and happy as a man can be. He asks no more than regular work and fair wages."

"I don't understand it," said my lady. Then, as she appeared to have more to say, Mr. Rowe bowed respectfully and left the room.

And my lady was left to her meditations. Where did her thoughts lead? Clearly happiness did not come from wealth or from position, from birth or education. That they should be happy, these poor workmen—wanting nothing but "regular work and fair wages"—was a puzzle to this lady on whom fortune had heaped her gifts, and who was not happy. She was realising for the first time that it is not the gifts of this finite world which bring content or satisfaction, but that amid hard work and poverty the glad heart and cheerful countenance may testify to their presence.

Do we understand what makes life happy? Do we realise that to work honestly, patiently, and bravely day after day, at the work which is given us to do, following the example of Him who sanctified work, to do all to the glory of God, and by His grace to give our lives to Him—that this is happiness and peace—the joy which the world cannot give nor take away? E. D.

THE COASTGUARD'S WIFE.

When Hal married me in London, mother was caretaker of a house set apart for offices, and Hal first saw us when he came on business to a ship-owner's. Our life was restricted, as we lived underground, and only appeared upstairs after

office hours. You can fancy what a change I found it when he took me away to his seaside home at Morthoe, in North Devon, where he was coastguard. I first saw the sea in September, when a gale blew. I shall never forget what I felt when Hal put his arm round my waist and led me along a jagged path to a point where we overlooked the Mort Rock. The waves were rolling landwards like heaving mountains, which tried their strength against the rock of death, and then gathered themselves together again to break on the shore in a voice of thunder.

Was this the sea of which Hal had said that it laughed in the sunshine, and sang soft melodies when the moon lit a track of light to the heavens above? He had spoken of the joy of a fresh breeze and a full sail when the *Petrel* skimmed the waters more lightly than its namesake; and now he showed me this—this awful seething deep, where brave men perished and left their wives to weep.

"Oh, Hal!" I cried, "I shall never dare to let you set sail on that dreadful sea. I shall not know a happy moment while you are abroad in such danger."

Experience, however, made me brave. Many times Hal faced the terrors of the deep in his performance of duty, and God gave him back to me unharmed. I grew to love the sea, and our babies knew no sweeter lullaby than its song; for, like their father, they were born sailors—yes, every one of them, for they were all boys.

The September gales had not harmed me during twelve years. Other wives on that dangerous coast had cause to remember them with grief, but God permitted us to tread a prosperous path heavenwards, and our earthly home was unbroken while we together strove to prepare for a more abiding one, where "there shall be no more sea."

But there came a day when my first dread of it returned, reinforced by a mother's fears as well as a wife's. Hal had started out betimes, taking our eldest boy with him in his own boat. They had put off from a creek close by, crept round the point, and made towards Rockham, where they had set their lobster pots, and then intended to put in to Lea, where they hoped to sell their lobsters to the visitors who crowd that little place during the autumn season.

I was busy at home all day. The wind blew fresh and the waves broke heavily, though I did not heed them. Evening closed in, but father and the child did not come. The wind rose to a gale, and the waves broke like turbulent giants. Later on the neighbors came in and asked whether Hal had returned, and one went in to Lea, but came back without tidings.

Oh, that weary night when I waited and watched alone!

At the first streak of dawn I woke Dick, my second boy, and together we braved the gale and fought our way to Lea—the only place where it would be possible for a boat to run in. How quiet the little harbor looked! How safely anchored the one ship which lay in port!

Not a soul was astir but Dick and me. We stood in the shelter of the trader and looked yearningly for those whom we waited. The sun rose, and still we waited. The village awakened, and kindly faces gathered round us, but our watch was unended. Gentle hands tried to lead us home, but Dick and I were not to be moved. We waited.

It was again evening when at last a hand—the hand I had despaired of ever clasping again—took mine firmly, and my husband said, in strangely altered tones, "Come home, wife. Come home, Dick."

Hal, thank God, was safe! But where was my boy?

In the darkness and storm God had called a little child unto Himself. The *Petrel* had gone down, and father and son were lost to each other in the shock of striking the rocks. Hal was saved by a fishing smack which safely outrode the storm, but we all, father, mother, and boys, wait till the sea gives up its dead "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

But out in that fierce storm "Christ walked upon the waters," and when death seized our darling his clear, childish faith would exclaim with the sailors of old, "Save, Lord, or I perish!"

We know he did not perish, so we still wait. Yes, we wait for the dawn of the eternal day, for we sorrow not as those without hope. And yet—oh! tears are bitter, and mine are a mother's tears!—*Edith Cornforth.*

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

The *Church Times* puts a point in reference to the relative positions of the British and Romish Churches in early days very forcibly as follows:—

"The fact is as alleged, that the decrees of the Council of Arles, in which British Bishops sat were sent to the Pope for confirmation; but those who urge that as a proof that Papal supremacy then prevailed, and that the British Church in the fourth century was subject to the Pope in the sense that the Anglo-Roman body is now, suppress, in their usual fashion, several other facts of the highest importance, which entirely change the aspect of the matter. First, it was the invariable custom of every Council which was more than local (and Arles was intended to be a General Council, barely missed being so, and is actually called so by St. Augustine) was to send its decrees not to the Pope only, but to every Bishop who, not having been present and consenting, was to be affected thereby, and chiefly to all the Patriarchs, to secure their adhesion; since no canons began to bind anywhere till they had been first accepted and published by the Bishop of the place, and it is plain that the dissent of any powerful Metropolitan, and still more that of a Patriarch, would seriously interfere with the authority and credit of a new canon. But the Churches of Gaul did not send their local canons, passed in their own diocesan and provincial Councils, to the Pope for his approval till the end of the ninth century, after the issue of the False Decretals, which, amongst many other forgeries, contained one pretending to be an official letter of Pope St. Marcellus, at the beginning of the fourth century, ruling that decrees of all Councils require the Pope's sanction to make them valid. And, finally, the Council of Arles itself was summoned to try over again a question which the Pope himself had decided in a Council at Rome only the year before. The business at Arles was an appeal from his judgment, and the Fathers of Arles did not say, "Rome has spoken, the cause is ended," but re-opened the whole matter, and took no more account of the Pope's ruling than if he had been a petty rural Bishop. These are the plain facts of the case; and you can see what a different story they tell. To this day the disciplinary Canons of the Council of Trent itself are no part of French ecclesiastical law, because the French Church refused to publish them, though it accepted the doctrinal decrees, but stood out against all the pressure of Rome on the matter."

HOW TO RUN A PARISH DOWN

This is easy. Almost any one who chooses can do valiant work in this line.

1. It can be done by being irregular at divine service, thus letting people see how little you think of the worship of God.
2. By sitting bolt upright during the prayers, so as to advertise to others the fact that anyhow you are not a sinner, and have no faults to confess.
3. By snubbing strangers—this plan always works admirably.
4. By differing from everybody else in the parish, on every conceivable point, and holding on to your preference in spite of everything.
5. By never doing any church work and by always finding fault when you are asked to help.
6. By never contributing one dollar, and by saying the rector is always begging—this succeeds invariably, even when every other effort may fail.—*Ch. News., Miss.*