

aged without your help : there is no need at all for you to speak, and you know you have made up your mind to show your displeasure by silence."

So I was silent.

I don't know how it all happened—it was the work of a moment. I only know I felt myself suddenly falling, and heard father cry out "Bessie!" in a tone of sharp pain and bewilderment. Then all was dark.

When I saw him again he was lying ready for his last resting place, with his hands folded upon his breast.

It was mother who came to fetch me to him, and there was that in her poor white, quivering face which I dared not resist, though my heart failed me, and my knees trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

But when we reached the room where he lay, she left me alone with him—alone with that still pale form, my own heart, and God, and kneeling there beside the bed in that hour of scorching anguish, I was cured of my sulky temper.—*Margaret Alice Day.*

"Whatever may be said of the persecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, one cannot doubt but that there was great truth in what Sir Walter Phillimore urged at the close of his speech on Friday last. "A quarter of a century hence," he said, "those of us who may be alive will smile at this trial. Every restoration from the slumber of the eighteenth century has been in its turn treated as Popish, even if it were in compliance with the plain terms of the rubrics. The Church militant prayer, surplices in the pulpit, surplined choirs, week-day services, saints' day servi-

ces, early communions, frequent communions, credence tables, coloured altar-cloths, reredoses—all alike have been treated for a time as rags of Popery : all alike are now admitted to the light of popular favor ; though the skirts of the cloud of disapproval still rest upon the last." This is not the rhetorical peroration of a practised advocate : it is the plain statement of facts, as any of us who have reached middle age know of our experience. Into few decently ordered churches can one go nowadays without coming across many ornaments and customs which nobody feels the slightest astonishment at; but which thirty years ago caused heart-searchings and riots. But narrowness of sympathy, and unreasonableness of intellect, die hard. Thirty or fifty years are not, after all, long in the history of a Church's existence ; and perhaps the wonder is, not that the Church Association should be to-day prosecuting the Bishop of Lincoln, but that so many bitterly denounced things should have come so readily to be accepted by us. Before the candle goes out there is often a brilliant flicker. Let us hope that this trial is the brilliant but last flicker of the persecuting party in our Church, before it dies down into darkness and oblivion.—*Church Bells.*

How brave, how patient, how willing should we be in bearing our Cross ; how trustful that all is for the best, that all will end well, that perfect love and perfect wisdom will magnify itself, even the more signal-ly and the more triumphantly because of the passing clouds of trial which for a while have been permitted to perplex and test the faith of God's elect !—*Rev. T. T. Carter.*