

been arduous, but its fruits have been inconsiderable; what was good has been preserved, and what was evil has been rejected."

Others again, from a desire to enlist all the forces of Christendom against the noisy myrmidons of unbelief, would place in abeyance all the distinctive doctrines and disciplines of our church to secure favor with those who are firmly rooted in doctrine and discipline of their own. Soft words it is thought break no bones. But soft words are not solid arguments, and it is very doubtful whether those who charitably and stiffly maintain their own cause are not more respected in heart by their opponents than those who would give to the sturdy oak the suppleness of the willow, and abandon what they have pledged themselves again and again firmly to retain. At present, all that is possible is respect for learning, earnestness and piety, abstinence from all words and deeds embracing the charity of Christians, and mutual prayer that God would heal the divisions of the body of Christ in his own way and at his own time. Such prayers and such conduct are always possible, and must yield good fruit in some way now or hereafter. Our teaching (as has been said) must be the Church's own teaching, no narrower and no broader. Thus only, and not by reducing the area of belief to a minimum, can we be saved from the evils of sectarianism and the curse of irreligion. For the Church has never weathered one storm by throwing overboard her distinctive principles. But may I not say, without fear of contradiction from those who think and pray seriously and charitably over the dangers of the times, and there is a vast difference between schools of thought within the Church, limited and bounded by the sobriety of the Prayer Book, and rival sects absolutely free to choose or to reject all ancient landmarks of the faith?

Such school of thought we have, it is true, but if we consider the subjects on which various minds are exercised, is it any wonder that we have them? Does even inspiration itself entirely exclude them? When we read in the Acts that "certain came from James," and taught a different doctrine from that of St. Paul, may it not have been only an exaggerated impression of what St. James really taught? If it had pleased God that the epistle written by St. James had contained the whole New Testament, would not Christianity have appeared to us in a very different aspect from that which it now assumes, when we add to it the epistle of St. John, St. Paul and St. Peter? Of the four schools of thought now prevailing in the Church of England, perhaps, under present circumstances we could not well spare one. Not the Evangelical, for it originated in a strong sense of the necessity of personal religion and living faith, which all admire. Not the High Church (so-called), for it inculcated the scriptural doctrine of a great spiritual society established everywhere by the Apostles, with certain fixed laws, officers and methods of government, which cannot become obsolete. Not the Ritualistic, for it is the outcome of the theory of the Church as a spiritual society, desiring that its worship should be of the most reverent kind, conducted in the most exact and accurate manner (of which, indeed, some glimpses are given us in the book of the Revelation of St. John), and this school has rescued the Church from the meanness, slovenliness and disorder which the rubrics of our Church are designed to correct.

Not the Broad Church, so termed, crept where it runs to seed in the obliterating creeds of sacrament and explaining away of miracles of the Bible, for it originated in aversion to the terrible decrees of Calvinism and the presumption which consigned to everlasting damnation all but a few of the whole human race.

In every school of thought may be found some narrow, exaggerated or headstrong minds. But these are not the true representatives of the school. They are excrescences, which may be removed, not vital parts of the organization. For who would cut off his right hand because a single wart might, perchance, be found thereon? Christian wisdom and charity will, therefore, strive to make the best even of our divisions; to believe that there is something good in every man, if only we know how to draw it out; to admit even in the instances of what seem to us manifest errors, that they may rise from the intricacy of the subjects with which we have to deal, or from constitutional infirmity, or from want of education, or from an inability to see the question in more than one light; from anything rather than a determined opposition to divine truth, and a headstrong wilfulness in wrong doing. Oh, how many and great are the points on which we all agree! How unwise to be perpetually dwelling on those on which we are sure to differ! How un-Christian to make the color of a stole or the use of a vestment, or the eastward position, or a choral celebration, of as much importance as the inspiration of the Scriptures or as the Divinity of our Lord; and to treat those who use such accessories to their devotion, as if they were heathen men and publicans, formalists without a grain of spirituality, insidious traitors without an element of loyalty, forgetful of St. Paul's large-hearted counsel, "One believeth that he may eat all things; another who is weak eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth; for God hath received him."

We have all the elements of strength in our Church if we wisely use them; an ancient foundation, prescriptive usage, brilliant examples, sanctified learning, capacity for progress, missionary zeal, a providential awakening from a state of indifference, a wonderful eagerness for the right interpretation of Scripture, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge: "We can stretch out our branches to the sea, and our boughs unto the river," and make our Church

known, respected, beloved and progressing, wherever our language is spoken or our empire bears sway.

What hinders us? Not the decree of Providence, but the deceitfulness of riches and the partizan clinging to individual opinion, the love of the world. Three years ago, my brethren, it became my duty to summon you to elect a successor to the Missionary Diocese of Algoma. We met with fearful and uneasy hearts, and some prophesied that nothing would be done. We made the election, and the work was so far accomplished. Tears stood in strong men's eyes as the priest elected announced that your decision was to him the voice of God. Some ventured to believe that your election showed the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit. A venturesome thing it is to say so; a much more awful thing to say and not act upon the saying.

It would be a sore blow to the Church in Canada if a work so begun was not faithfully and liberally and consistently carried out. And I must remind you that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have each, with their accustomed generosity, granted the sum of one thousand pounds towards the endowment of the See of Algoma, the one offering to grant £200 sterling whenever the Canadian Church shall have raised four times that sum, and so on till the remainder is subscribed, and the other offering, £1,000 sterling, whenever we have raised £9,000. Surely, considering the number of wealthy Churchmen who are among us, we ought not to fail in accepting such liberal conditions. Nor would it be right to shut out from our view the mighty prospect opening before us in the sister Ecclesiastical Province? Looking over past years, I thankfully remember that one of their Bishops was a pupil and then a teacher in my own Parish Sunday School more than forty years ago, and that with unflagging holy zeal he has been "in labors abundant" among heathen tribes, and has translated, printed and bound with his own hands the Scriptures of the New Testament for the use of his converts. The schools and colleges established by the Metropolitan have also laid a wide foundation of learning, and are receiving from home, and merit from us, every encouragement that our circumstances admit. What brotherly greetings we have ever met with from our dear sister Church in the United States is well known to us all. No differences in civil government can ever part us. We belong to the same lineage; we are heirs of the same promises; we cherish the same truths; we maintain the same Church government; we are numbered with them in faith, in worship and in love; we joy in their presence among us, and in the words of truth and soberness that flow from their lips, and our hope is (if it be not presumptuous to say it) to be numbered with them in glory everlasting. But bear in mind that we are on our trial. Keen eyes are watching our success or failure, and Canada expects every man to do his duty. And now I must ask your indulgence for having detained you too long. I have spoken from a full heart, with the earnest desire to utter words of truth and soberness, and with the solemn thought before me that, as three years will pass before the ordinary assembly of our next Synod, my days may be numbered, and it may please God that I shall see your faces no more. However, this may be ordered by a gracious Providence, let us all hope that His wisdom may be given to us at our present meeting; that we may be preserved from all forward and rash judgments, all envy, strife, vainglory and unpractical talk, whatsoever else may hinder us from unity and progress; that we may perform a service acceptable in His sight, who is the author of peace, the lover of concord, and whose great intercessory prayer for His Church, was this, "that they all may be one."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER VI.

Dorothy was standing in the porch, as she had stood that day when Rupert Vaughan had first seen her in her childish beauty. Her hands were full of flowers which she had been gathering, and she walked down the broad pathway leading to the gate when she saw the two men standing there.

"Won't you come in and dine with us this evening?" she said to Rupert Vaughan, with more than the wonted kindness in her eyes. "Katy has excelled herself to-day in her preparations, for this is papa's birthday."

"Thank you, not to-night."

"Nonsense man," said Mr. Rivers, "you are in the blues. Insist upon his coming, Dotie; he has worked hard all day and can well spare us this evening."

At another time Dorothy would have said, in her loftiest manner, that Mr. Vaughan must please himself, but this evening, somehow, she was different.

"You must not refuse on a birthday," she said, still looking up at him, "birthdays must not be treated lightly or set aside for some horrid old law-case." And Rupert Vaughan yielded.

A day or two after this Vere Bolden fulfilled his promise of looking Mr. Rivers up at his father's place of business. The elegant young "man of leisure" looked strangely out of place in the business atmosphere which pervaded the not especially cheerful and very unæsthetic room where Mr. Rivers was content to spend a good many hours of each day, as he had spent them for many a long year past, bending his placid face over long arrays of figures and business papers. His employer's private office adjoined that of his "confidential" clerk, and Mr. Bolden was daily in the habit, before leaving town, which he did early in the afternoon, of having an interview with him. To-day Vere Bolden had seen his father as he stepped into a cab on his way to the station and had watched it out of sight before he, in his turn, sought Mr. Rivers. Dogged, as it were, at every step by the secret and terrible anxieties which pursued him, it was with some vague and formless notion that through Mr. Rivers he might possibly acquire some knowledge of his father's affairs which might, in some way, prove of use to him, that the young man determined to ingratiate himself with Dorothy's father. Mixed up with this feeling, there was also the thought of Dorothy herself. To be on friendly terms with Mr. Rivers would be the only means, he felt instinctively, of being on terms of intimacy with his daughter, and not even his terrible perplexities could make him forget the charm of this girl, whose higher nature, in its strength and tenderness, was and would ever be a sealed book to Vere Bolden.

"I hope I shall not be in your way, Mr. Rivers," said the young man with all the easy good nature of manner he could assume, when on Mr. Rivers' invitation to "come in" he entered the office. Mr. Rivers greeted the son of his *chef* politely but not cordially.

"Sit down, Mr. Bolden, I shall be at your service in a very few moments," and he stooped over his desk again, while Vere Bolden amused himself by taking a survey of the rather dingy apartment. O, to have for a day, for an hour, the control of money which this old man possessed in his father's name! The thought, the desire, seized him with such sudden force that the blood rushed to his cheek and forehead and, retreating again, left him paler than his wont. O, that he could put an end to this torment, this feeling of being hedged in without any escape, this almost certainty of exposure and disgrace! The thought of throwing himself upon his father's clemency never came to him, except as a sort of mockery, so thoroughly had Benjamin Bolden succeeded in impressing his son with the belief in his iron determination, and so conscious was Vere that the generous and even lavish allowance which his father had made him left him without a shadow of excuse.

Such situations in the lives of us mortals are truly the devil's opportunities. It is when, through our own wilfulness, we have succeeded in putting away from us the influences for good with which we were surrounded, and in silencing the voice which so persistently has spoken of higher aims and joys than those to which we have surrendered ourselves, when the bitterness of some self-made misery comes to render us doubly helpless, that the Prince of Evil encompasses us with his dark forces and finds an easy entrance through the broken ramparts and ruined gateways into the citadel of our souls.

(To be continued.)

As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and falling leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so men and nations are bettered and improved by trial, and refined out of broken hopes and blighted expectations.