

TWO EPITAPHS.

["Memento mori." "Gedenke zu Leben."]

"Think of Death!" the gravestones say, —
"Peace to Life's mad striving!"
But the churchyard daisies—"Nay,
Think of Living."

"Think of Life!" the sunbeams say,
O'er the dial flying;
But the slanting shadows—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the night-birds say,
On the storm-blast driving;
But the building swallows—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

"Think of Life!" the broad winds say,
Through the old trees sighing;
But the whirling leaf-dance—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the sad bells say,
Fateful record giving;
Clash the merry Yule-peal—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

Dying, Living, glad or loth,
On God's Rood relying;
Pray He fit us all for both,—
Living, Dying!

—Charles W. Stubbs.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued]

Before Percy could make any answer a heavy hand descended on his shoulder, and a rich voice, with the slightest touch of brogue in it, exclaimed: "You're a fine fellow, Barrington! Here am I for the last half hour hunting for you. Have you forgotten your engagement to the Vizards? How do Carruthers?" John nodded carelessly, and with a farewell word or two to Percy, strode off, leaving the new comer to pass his arm within young Barrington's and lead him away in the opposite direction. A handsome giant was Sir Michael Stanton, good natured, self-indulgent, reckless and hot-tempered as a typical Irishman. He was the last man whom John Carruthers would have selected as a constant companion for Percy. But such, nevertheless, he was. They had entered college about the same time, whereas John was their senior by a couple of years. The young Baronet had taken a violent fancy to Percy, and the latter had been attracted to him, though in a less degree. There were certain points of resemblance between them, but the character of the one seemed an exaggeration of the other. Sir Michael or, as he was familiarly called by his associates, "Mike," was the possessor of a large income which he lavishly expended, adding greatly thereby to his popularity amongst a certain set of his fellow students, of whom he was the leader. His position secured him the entrée into the "best society" of the county, and Percy, as being his chosen friend, as well as on his own merits, was everywhere made welcome. This evening the two young men were engaged to dine at a country house some three miles out of Oxford: Sir Michael had been to Percy's rooms in quest of him, and not finding him there, had turned into the Lime-walk where he had so unceremoniously interrupted John Carruthers. Somehow John's last words were still ringing in Percy's ears, as his friend hurried him along. "Noblesse oblige, old fellow; the son of Hugh Barrington ought to aim high." "That fellow Carruthers looked as if he was laying down the law to you," said Sir Michael, and he has made you as solemn as a Methodist preacher or an old Jackdaw. Come, I think you might express some little sense of my good-nature in looking you up, when you deserved that I should drive over to the Vizards alone." "Very good of you, Mike," said Percy, half absently, "but do you know, I think I shall let you go alone after all;

you can easily make some excuse for me; and I—well I really must keep some evenings for work." But Sir Michael expressed such righteous indignation at the bad treatment which he was receiving and the impossibility of explaining things to the satisfaction of the "Vizards," that Percy yielded, as indeed his friend fully expected he would.

The drive behind Sir Michael's quick and mettlesome "Spanker," of whom his owner was both proud and fond, speedily brought Percy to what his friend called "a better frame of mind," and the flattering welcome which he received from the Vizard family, which included some very charming daughters, made him agree that it would have been both discourteous and absurd to have let his companion come alone.

"If I were not the most unselfish fellow alive," observed Sir Michael as they sped back to Oxford along the moonlit road that night, "I shouldn't take you with me to these places to cut me out."

"All very fine," laughed Percy; "you know that I am only welcomed as the shadow of your very substantial substance. Poor Percy Barrington would not stand much chance beside Sir Michael Stanton of Castle Stanton, Sandy Mount, Herons Lake, and all the rest of it."

"Yes, and you think that the same Sir Michael would be nowhere if the two men were judged on their merits. Ah, you're a conceited dog, Mr. Percy Barrington, though you seem so mighty modest"; and the Baronet, feeling somewhat injured, gave Spanker a touch with the whip, which he resented by dashing along at a speed which was not far from being dangerous and which it took all his master's nerve and strength to control.

It will be seen that John Carruthers and Percy Barrington did not belong to the same set. The former, while far from being straitlaced, and enjoying to the full many of the pleasures of his fellow-students, he stood in the first rank as regards athletic sports, had no tendency towards dissipation of any kind. There were two ruling motives in his life which made him steer wide of the rocks on which so many young men at our Universities make shipwreck—the one was his deeply rooted love for Sybil Barrington, the other and higher a sense of his duty to God and his responsibility as a member of Christ's Church. Added to this was a righteous pride in the honourable stock from which he sprung and upon which it was his firm resolve to bring no discredit.

Sybil's father had been right in his estimate of John Carruthers, and Mrs. Barrington had instinctively felt that in him Percy would have not only a devoted friend but one whose influence over her son must be for good. There was no need or the words she had spoken to John when the young men had parted from her after her husband's death "be more than ever Percy's friend!" spoken not with any doubt of Percy, but in her passionate fondness for her son. John Carruthers desired beyond anything to be indeed Percy's friend. He was bound to him by every tie of endearing association—had they not been almost brothers from their earliest youth? And was he not Sybil's brother? That alone, had there existed no other bond between them, would have made Percy Barrington occupy in John's regard a place apart from all other men. The warm affection with which he regarded him did not however blind him to the imperfections of his friend's character, while it was the very fact of a certain anxiety being so frequently mingled with his thoughts of him which gave a peculiar tenderness, on John Carruthers' part, to the relation between them. Since the unlooked for death of the rector of Longmoor other and graver thoughts had frequently arisen in the young man's mind in connection with Percy; he was to succeed his father; he was to occupy a place which had been for a quarter of a century filled by one of a most blameless and nobly devoted life. Was Percy qualifying himself for the life before him?

John was neither a pedant nor a puritan; he entertained no exaggerated notions of the life which those devoting themselves to the ministry of the church should lead. He had hitherto formed no higher ideal of the life of a servant of Christ than that of Hugh Barrington—that was his standard however, and he shrank from the

thought that the son of him whom he held in such loving reverence should fall below it. "Noblesse oblige," he had said to Percy at the very moment when the influences which were leading him away from that ideal had obtruded themselves in the person of Sir Michael Stanton.

It was impossible that John should act the part of mentor to Percy. The younger man would have resented such an attempt as an interference which the closest intimacy did not justify, besides exposing him to what collegians, for the most part, hold in unspeakable dread, the sneers of his companions. On the other hand Percy had been guilty of no act which could fairly have subjected him to censure. Had he not been the son of Hugh Barrington and the brother of Sybil, John felt constrained to own to himself that he would have seen nothing amiss in him. He was not more fond of pleasure, less devoted to study than scores of other young men who would doubtless turn out good men and true in their several places in life, and yet, John would sum up his reflections, "things were not as they should be with Percy."

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

XXV.

"Gather up the fragments that remain."

These words, contained in the last Gospel for the Church's Year, come to us with an added solemnity. The Gospel, Sunday after Sunday, has told us of the words and works of Christ—glorious and wondrous works and words done and spoken for us, that we might be of those who believe to the saving of the soul. Lesson by lesson has been taught us, but it has rested with ourselves whether we have learned them. God will not force us to become His. The invitation is sounded in our ears; the way is shown us so plainly that there can be no mistake, but we must choose for ourselves whether or not we follow it. No less, but rather more, solemn than the close of the secular year is the ending of the Year of the Church, for it has been a year of direct, unwearied, unfailing teaching of the things of God. Christ has been held up to us, the story of His Life on earth has been recited in our ears, His warnings constantly repeated, His promises proclaimed, His love shown forth, and He Himself offered to our acceptance, whether we have accepted or rejected Him! And now the year is at its close. It may be that nevermore for us the Church will complete her round of sacred services and sacred teaching; it may be but a little while longer that we shall hear the faithful voice of Christ's Witness in the world utter her message. Let us then GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN—the fragments of our dispersed energies and good intentions, (if indeed we be conscious of a wasted past) and make a faithful use of what remains to us.

The Creator of the Universe, who, at His will, could infinitely increase the little store of food, making it more than suffice a MULTITUDE, yet commanded his disciples to gather up the fragments that remained that nothing might be lost. Is it not certain then that we, created in His Image, the children of His Love, must be so precious in His sight that He would not have one life wasted among the countless millions of men. He willeth not that any should perish, but would have us gather up the fragments even of our misspent lives and use them for His service.

The Church's New Year lies before us, beginning with its note of awful warning, to which may we listen with wholesome fear, resolved that nevermore shall it be uttered to us in vain.

ENDEAVOR to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others; for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou are not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mould another in conformity to thy will.—Thomas a Kempis.