

Family Department.

“WHOSE SERVICE IS PERFECT FREEDOM.”

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

How loudly swell, in varied strain,
Life's tones that tell of joy and trust;
But pleasure's towers fall in dust,
And truest faith is given in vain.

There is a nobler, better life,
A worthier aim for heart and hand,
For Ho who "dwelt in Holy Land,"
Calls us from earth's ignoble strife

Into His service pure and sweet,
How blest are they who hear that call,
Like her of old, and humbly fall
Low at the Master's Sacred Feet;

For all about their path on earth,
Dear angel voices softly sound,
Glad airs of Hope breathe gently round,
And flowers of Peace spring forth to birth.

LORNA.

JESUS ONLY.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

When the heart is sad and weary,
And tears have fled,
From the eyes so dry and burning,
And hope seems dead;

When the fevered lips can only
Give forth a groan,
Thou canst give the consolation,
And Thou alone!

Thou alone, O Lord our Saviour,
Canst with Thy might,
In our pain and tribulation,
Show us Thy light.

Thou canst soothe away our sorrow
With words of peace,
And canst to our fevered spirit
Give sure release.

Thou, O Christ, Who took our nature,
With all our woe,
All our pain and all our sorrow,
And Who then rose

To abide in bliss eternal,—
To Thee we cry:
Let us, in our deepest sorrow,
To Thee draw nigh.

And when earthly things are faded,
Oh, take us home,
Where no death, or sin, or sorrow,
Can ever come.

A HARD LESSON.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

(Continued.)

Poor Archie! one of those swift transitions from light to darkness has come to him, and his 'good fortune' has suddenly deserted him. It takes but a moment to make the discovery, which will cost him a sleepless night, and make him look ten years older on the morrow, and the after results of which must leave their impress on his whole life. The pocket-book is gone. It seems impossible, but it is true nevertheless. His coat hangs where he put it on entering the house, but the pocket-book which he had transferred to it is gone. For a moment he is almost stunned; then he searches once more, though he knows that it is hopeless to do so; he looks eagerly round the hall; he opens the house-door and steps out on the verandah into the cold, bright silence of the night. He presses his hands to his throbbing temples in the vain endeavour to realize what has occurred. There are many footprints in the snow, amongst them, he thinks, are those of the feet that must have stealthily followed him, and entered and left the house unheard.

What is to be done? he is not one to shrink from locking any difficulty, any danger in the face; he is prompt and full of energy; but now, no action seems feasible; he seems to be looking into darkness. Mechanically he re-enters the house, closes the door, and with a slow, weary step, quite unlike his own, he mounts the stairs and retires to his room. Nothing could be done that night, and Inez and her mother should sleep in peace.

Christmas morning; a white earth and a cloudless sky, a flood of sunshine, the air full of the voices of the bells, ringing in the birthday of our King. Inez, with a serene gladness in her face, is moving to and fro, putting a sprig of holly here and there; breakfast is waiting for Archie, who has not yet appeared. He may well shrink from meeting them this morning; he knows that their loving eyes will

read the overmastering trouble in his face,—a trouble which he would give the world to hide from them if he could. At last he comes, forcing a momentary smile and a few light words about his late appearance; but his eyes meet those of Inez, one moment full of a glad welcome, and the next of alarmed questioning.

"What has happened, Archie? You are ill! Ah! tell me, dear, what is it?" and she clasps her little hands upon his shoulder.

For a moment he tries to evade her, but Mrs. Goodwin has followed him into the room.

"Archie, something is the matter; why should you hide it from us?"

It is a bitter task, but soon done, and they hear the news, as such women receive evil tidings. A moment's silence, and then Inez, holding tight her lover's hand, lovingly reproaches him for not having told them last night. "We might have talked it over, and thought what was best to be done long before this," she says.

"Yes indeed!" says Mrs. Goodwin, "and no time is to be lost. We will hope for the best, dear children, and trust in God," she adds. "Archie, you know your trouble is ours."

Yes, it was just that which was at the same time his sweetest comfort and his bitterest thought;—his trouble must be theirs. He could not bear it alone, as it should be borne; but these two, to whom he owed all the brightness and blessings of his life, must suffer in any suffering that might come to him.

They went through the form of breakfast, a silent meal enough, for each was busy with his own or her thoughts, and trying to plan some way out of the present difficulty, till Trixie appeared upon the scene, fresh from her morning bath, and lovely as a rose bud on a June morning. Little did the saddened and preoccupied elders dream that this sunshiny elf, whom they all loved so tenderly, had noted the part of a very bad fairy indeed, and was the direct cause of all their trouble, while on the other hand, the three years old mind is not apt to dwell upon the thoughts or actions of the past twenty-four hours, and Trixie had found a new doll beside her pillow, whose eyes, which opened and shut in a fascinating manner, had eclipsed every other interest in life. Thanks to this doll upon which her conversation was lavished the victims of her last evening's work, were left undisturbed.

To Archie, two courses equally unsatisfactory were open—he must see Mr. Mr. Dryson, tell him of the unfortunate circumstance due, and this was the hardest part of all, to his own failure in carrying out what he had undertaken, and confer with him as to what was to be done, or he must first see Miss Culpepper, and prepare her for a delay in receiving the money due her. She of course, must be no loser, though the money should never be recovered. Steps must of course immediately be taken to recover it, but unhappily a day would be lost, for this being Christmas day, it would be hard to see the proper authorities, or to get them to move promptly in the matter. Archie's own position was a most painful and perplexing one, look at it from whatever point of view he would; it was not strange that there should be a drawn, hard look about his pleasant mouth, and a dark shadow round his eyes.

Inez and her mother meanwhile had both arrived at one and the same conclusion. They could not separate Archie's interests from their own; his trouble was indeed theirs; to them, therefore, there was no conscious self-sacrifice in using the only means in their power to free him from it. A look and a whispered word from one to the other and the matter was settled between them; and then Inez spoke: "Archie, we have a plan which will make it all right for Miss Culpepper, and indeed for all of us." "What plan, darling?" and there was a momentary flash of relief and expectation in his eyes, passing as quickly as it came, for what plan could be suggested which would avail him? "You know that we have quite a large sum in the bank which we can get any time. I will see the manager, Mr. Alleyne, to day; he is most kind, and will do anything to oblige us; and you must take the money, as you intended, to Miss Culpepper to-morrow." A dark flush crept over Archie Lennox's face while the girl spoke. "Inez," he said, in a husky voice, "I can understand your self-sacrifice, but I fear you misunderstand me; can you think me capable of sacrificing you to my own interests?"

"Listen, Archie"—and she lifted her hand with a gesture that was half command and half entreaty—"please God, I am to be your wife some day, and I have a right to speak in this matter. It is quite possible that the money will be recovered, so we need not speak of sacrifice at all; but, in the meantime, your future—and, remember, ours with yours—requires that neither Miss Culpepper nor Mr. Dryson should suffer any loss through you. Mother and I feel that there is nothing else to be done; for our sakes as well as yours, you will do all that can be done to trace the money, and if you fail, why, we can bear it—can we not, mother? We should only have to do as thousands of others are doing every day, and we shall still be so far better off than many, many others."

"Yes, it all sounds very plausible," said Archie bitterly, "but the plain truth, after all, is, that I, who am bound to you, not only by love, but by every tie of gratitude—I, who would have been nothing but for you, and who hoped, God knows, to do you no discredit, to save myself from a misfortune which I brought upon myself, am to rob you of your support. No," he said, "as Mrs. Goodwin would have interrupted him, "you can put it in no other light. You forget that I know your circumstances as well as yourselves." "Put it as you choose, Archie, we must accept what cannot be avoided," said Mrs. Goodwin calmly, "you know that to me you are as a son, and that to Inez you stand in a closer relation than a brother—we can not unmake our lives, or loosen the ties between us, and as Inez says, you must do this as much for our sakes as your own."

"And, after all," she went on cheerfully, "it is absurd to speak as if the money were irretrievably gone; who knows how soon we may look back on this morning's worry as a thing of the past."

Lennox made no reply; he sat with his face in his hands, beginning to realize that this hard way was the only one out of the dilemma in which he found himself.

"There are the bells for service," said Inez, rising, "come," and she laid her hand lightly on the young man's head; "we shall all feel better and brighter at church, come Archie"; and she stooped and touched his clasped hands with her lips. "My own love," he said, looking up at her, "I wonder are there two other women in the world like you and your mother?"

The little suburban church, where Inez and her mother worshipped, was decked by loving hands for the Festival, and the sunlight added its brightening touches to it all; sweet childish voices sang the old glad hymns, and the organ pealed forth the tunes to which, as children, Archie and the doctor's dark-eyed little maiden had loved to listen. The familiar service and surroundings, so connected with their happy past, had a tender, soothing influence upon them; and when all was over, and they had passed out together, Inez saw that the hard, drawn look had passed away from Archie's face. "I want you to go home with mother," she said to him; "I shall be back again in less than an hour," and before he could reply she was gone.

(To be continued.)

SOME GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

FIRST SET.

- To avoid excessive novel reading.
To give up such a person.
To avoid idleness.
To give up thinking about dress.
And to take this for my motto: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'

SECOND SET.

- 1. To do without superfluities, if I cannot without necessities.
2. To examine whether I cannot do with less—as to dress, luxuries, &c., and so have more to give away.
3. To set apart more time for prayer.

THIRD SET.

- I will refrain from such a pursuit.
I will dedicate this study.
I will give away this precious thing.
I will leave off this engrossing pleasure.
I will seek no more the company of such a person.
I will help in such a holy work.

FOURTH SET.

- To suffer gladly such a pain, weakness, or trial.
To bear such an affront calmly.
To be patient with such a person.

And, O my Saviour! I will listen to Thy voice, which says to me, 'Take up thy cross and follow Me.'

Our London Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

"Deliberate well, then act with vigor," appears to be the motto of the Government in their Irish policy. The Chief Secretary has at length addressed a Memorandum to the Irish magistrates, reminding them of their powers and duties under certain Acts of Parliament which he enumerates, and which are actually in force.

These powers appear to reach every phase of the disorder under which Ireland is labouring, and to be quite strong enough to cope with the varieties of ruffianism that have brought a reign of terror over Irish life. They give the local authorities of needful latitude for the subjection of the lawlessness that Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, and their confederates have created. As set forth serially by Mr. Forster they are, indeed, formidable; and leave one wondering why with such authority in hand, the Government should debate for an hour the necessity of asking for fresh coercive measures. One is surprised that such a Memorandum as the Chief Secretary has now put forth was not issued early in the autumn. The energetic use of all the powers permanently vested in the magistrates would assuredly have gone far towards the prevention of outrages, and the growth of Boycottism.

There is one person in England who at all events has no idea that coercion is necessary for Ireland. He is a clergyman, a baronet, an absentee Irish landlord, and an Englishman—about as hopeless a combination as a Parnellite could desire for denunciation. He is Sir Cavendish Hervey Foster, rector of Theydon Gamon, in the lovely wilds of Epping, in Essex. This reverend baronet has an estate in Louth, one of the counties supposed to be the worst in Ireland. When the day came, not long ago, for the collection of his rents, he sent instructions to his agents to deduct 10 per cent. The tenants unanimously refused to accept it. "Nothing new in that," perhaps you say. Patience! They refused to accept it because they declared that their rents were low enough already, their landlord a good and considerate one, and the harvest sufficient to cover his rightful demand. They therefore insisted upon the agent taking their rents in full. A finer testimonial to a landlord has never been presented in our day; and the story deserves telling with full emphasis at a time when the papers are full of stories which imply that the Irish peasantry have lost all sense, not only of generosity, but even of justice.

You will have heard before this, by telegraph, of the result of the appeal to the Court of Queen's Bench on behalf of Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght. Mr. Dale was freed from prison and was out on bail for a day or two, but on the decision of the court being given in favor of the Prosecution and Lord Penzance, he was again locked up.

Whatever the causes may be, none of which have been ever given on any absolute authority, Mr. Green the rector of St. John's, Miles Platting, is still at liberty. Though various conjectures have been rife as to the staying of the proceedings, it is noteworthy that the person most concerned in the matter, is as completely in the dark regarding the non-execution of the writ, as the veriest stranger, Mr. Green never having received any notification concerning the proceedings.

The Liberation Society has issued a placard on the imprisonment of Mr. Dale and Mr. Enraght, which says that these gentlemen, when they became clergymen, knew that the laws for regulating the worship of the Church were made by Parliament, could be altered by Parliament, and would be administered by courts constituted by Parliament. They now want "to have the privileges of an establishment without its disadvantages—to be free from legislation control as Non-conformist ministers, but, at the same time, to have the benefit of State patronage and national endowments." Is it not time, the placard asks, "to put an end to all this strife, and litigation, to Public Worship Regulation Acts, and to clerical imprisonments, in the only effectual way, which is by disestablishing the church? That would give to Churchmen the liberty proposed by nonconformists, would re-

lieve the State from embarrassment, and put an end to scandals which disturb the peace of the community, and inflict injury on religion."

A largely-attended meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, Manchester, on Thursday evening, to express sympathy with the Revs. T. P. Dale, S. F. Green, and R. W. Enraght. Mr. Alderman Bennet presided, and among the gentlemen present were the Rev. Arthur Tooth and the son of Mr. Dale. Letters of sympathy were received from many clergymen, including the Rev. the Earl of Mulgrave. In his opening address the chairman said he regretted that the Bishop of Manchester had permitted the prosecution of Mr. Green, which was a blot upon his episcopate. He ridiculed the idea that Lord Penzance's significance had to pass through the hands of a Jew (Sir George Jessel) and a Quaker, though he approved of the Right Hon. John Bright's conduct in refusing to commit Mr. Green to prison until he was satisfied that the proceedings were legal. It was a pretty state of affairs that in the nineteenth century, and in the realm of Queen Victoria, a clergyman owed his liberty to a Jew and a Quaker.

What is the meaning of Lord Beaconsfield's visit to Windsor? To receive Her Majesty's congratulations on the success of Endymion or what? It is a very unusual thing for any one, on visiting Windsor Castle, to stay at all, and the most distinguished honour you can receive is to be asked to stay the night, unless, of course, you are asked, as Lord Beaconsfield was, to stay a couple of days; and that is the point which puzzles people. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were invited last week to spend a day at the Castle, and asked to be excused, and a few days after Lord Beaconsfield goes for a couple of days. It is said that Lord Beaconsfield presented Her Majesty with a handsomely bound copy of Endymion "from the author" and that he paid a similar compliment to two or three Royal and illustrious personages across the channel, but that the presentation copies, with these exceptions, have been so scarce as to make the compliment, where it was paid, a rare and distinguished one.

Things are quieting down at Guy's Hospital. The medicine men no longer threaten to resign. The nurse training establishment has placed itself above successful assault. The students are gradually coming round to the nurses, and the nurses are working better with the doctors. The closing of the wards, it seems, is still necessary, but it has nothing to do with the feud Doctors vs. Nurses. The truth is that Guy's is maintained to a large extent upon landed property. Owing to the agricultural depression, several of its farms in the county of Essex alone are vacant. Upon some others there are tenants whose rent has remained unpaid for two years. This loss has amounted altogether to £10,000 on the year. It is necessary, therefore, to close the wards. Of course, had there been no squabble, public subscription might have made up the loss; but the loss as it stands was the fault of nobody.

I saw, the other day, a copy of your monthly Church Work. It is an excellent little magazine and eminently calculated to be useful. The idea of localising it is a capital one, and, I should think, will be readily seized upon by the clergy of the Dominion. We have nothing exactly like it here, and I think that, with a few slight changes in the form of it, you might publish Church Work on this side of the Atlantic, with some profit to yourselves, and a great amount of usefulness to the Church.

THE CHARGE

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NEVER RETURN.

It is said that one out of every four real invalids who go to Denver, Col., so recover health, never return to the East or South except as a corpse. The undertakers, next to the hotel keepers, have the most profitable business. This excessive mortality may be prevented and patients saved and cured under the care of friends and loved ones; home, if they will but use Hop Bitters in time. This we know. See other column.