

the traditions of the early Church" which Prof. Beyschlag sees and vindicates and longs for in the patient and heroic reformers of his own land.

Can the denominational Protestantism of our time be "the ideal form of that Christian Church which all the people of the earth are both enabled and called upon to accept?" If not, and there be such a form extant, thoughtful men who have missed it should be candidly asking themselves which it is. Christianity owes Christ the pledge to do all things according to the pattern shown in His teachings and His Apostles. Its redemption will vindicate the truth that the *old is better than the new.*—*Church Messenger.*

Family Department.

AT LAST.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold!
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill-unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy shades of healing,
The life for which I long.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued.]

When Percy had left them London became very dreary to mother and daughter in the shortening autumn days, and they decided to go abroad before winter set in. Mrs. Barrington in her youth had spent some seasons at Nice, of which place she had always a delightful remembrance. It was possible, too, that at such a favorite health resort she might have more frequent opportunities of seeing Percy, since young Acres had been forbidden to spend the winter in England. To Sybil all places seemed alike, and, with assumed cheerfulness, she acquiesced in any suggestion of her mother.

To Nice, then, they went, and after some patient searching discovered a home suited to their limited means as well as to their tastes. Villa Balzac had been for years the home of an English recluse who had died a few months previous to the Barringtons' arrival. It was too far from the fashionable quarter of the city and altogether too unpretentious to have been much in request, but it suited Sybil and her mother perfectly and possessed for them all the requisites of the home they needed. The beauty and novelty of their surroundings after a while began to act like a soothing spell on Sybil. The glorious mountains, the blue "midland sea," with its ever varying and ceaseless charm, the grey-green of the olives, the solemn cypresses, the delicious orange groves, the dark-eyed peasantry living on the hill-slopes, even the begging friars with their hempen girdles and shaven crowns, who came down from their convents at St. Cimie's and meekly solicited aid from the signorina—everything was new or quaint or lovely to the English girl, who had

never before seen the south of Europe. By degrees, as she had said to Stephen Ray, she began to look for the life-work which is ever ready to our hand if we will but look for it. There were olive-cheeked children, reminding her so strongly of her little gipsy-like scholars, with whom she made acquaintance and through them came to know their families, some sick folk, all poor and needing such a gentle friend as Sybil. Among the English residents, too, were some far from the charmed circle of wealth and fashion, leading cheerless lives, poor and lonely, to whom Sybil became a blessed, brightening influence. And in proportion to the growing interest in her new sphere, Sybil's happiness returned to her—not indeed the happiness of her unclouded youth, still less the short-lived joy which the certainty of John's love had given her, but such happiness as Stephen Ray asked in his prayers for her, something of that peace which passeth understanding, a foretaste of that joy which endureth for ever. She had written brief letters more than once to Mr. Ray, while still weighed down with her burden, and had received such answers as only such a heart as his could dictate, full of strength and comfort, but not until that *peace* had come to her could she write to Nelly. At last a letter, with the old, familiar handwriting, reached Carruthers' Hall. They knew of her well-being through Stephen Ray, but oh the gladness to Nelly, the mingled sorrow and joy to John once more to have direct tidings of her. It was a sweet, natural letter, telling her friend about her new life, describing the lovely scenes now grown so familiar, telling, too, of some of her new friends and interests. Not much was said of Longmoor, for the writer could not trust herself to dwell upon the past, yet there was loving mention made of it, and loving greetings to old friends, and there was a little message to John with affectionate remembrances to him and Mr. Ray. "Write me soon, my dearest, and believe me ever unchanged, your Sybil."

Since that first letter there had been a regular though not very frequent correspondence between the girls, and Sybil was kept informed by both Nelly and Stephen Ray of all the Longmoor doings, of the happy progress of the "Coomb," and of the various events in her native county; of John not much was said—both Sybil's correspondents instinctively refrained from a frequent mention of him.

So time had gone on and now three years have passed since Percy parted from his mother and Sybil. His travels had been far more extensive and prolonged than he had contemplated. He had even crossed the Atlantic and spent one winter on the shores of the Pacific, where his young charge had really acquired new vigor among the odorous pine groves and stimulating airs of California. Never was tutor more popular with his pupils and consequently found his labours less irksome than Percy. His knowledge of men and manners, joined to his natural kindness and cleverness, made him a more and more agreeable companion, and as he jestingly wrote to his mother he must count his friends by the legion. Surely, thought Mrs. Barrington, he must ere long, if only his ambition were proportioned to his deserts, occupy a position far beyond his present one. She had often passed her own friends in review, in search of one possessing sufficient influence to be of real benefit to Percy, but with the exception of some who resided in Westshire she could think of none of sufficient weight in the social scale—and to those her pride forbade her to turn. They all had known of Percy's former prospects and probably entertained some unjust and unfounded prejudice against her son. No she would as soon have thought of Percy being indebted to John Carruthers himself.

"I hope he will like our home here," said Sybil; they had been sitting in silence for some time, each thinking of Percy. "I have grown very fond of it mother, it has become so familiar, and yet its beauty is always new to me; just look at that purple light between the shadows."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrington, absently, "it is very beautiful; and I have reason to be thankful that you can find your happiness as you do and that you do not crave after the pleasures which I cannot give you."

Sybil smiled a strange little smile. "No dear mother, if you mean, the pleasures of society, I certainly do not crave for them, you know they were never much in my way." She was interrupted by the opening of the garden gate and the appearance of the old postman who always had a pleasant smile and word from the signorina. She sprang up now and ran to meet him. "Two letters to-day," he said, as he touched his cap and with a friendly gesture held them out to her. Two letters, one from Percy, the other from Mr. Ray.

The first written from Paris was briefer than even Percy's letters usually were. "On our way to Nice, dearest mother, where I shall hope to find you and Sybil all right. I have good news for you when we meet. PERCY." That was all, but enough to make Mrs. Barrington look brighter than she had for many a day. Having read and re-read it and commented upon it with her mother, Sybil opened the other letter, but in this Mrs. Barrington felt and professed little interest. It was not likely that her heart should have warmed to Stephen Ray, whom she had always regarded as the cause, direct or indirect, of John's treatment of her son. Still holding Percy's treasured missive clasped in her hand, she strolled off among the orange trees, leaving her daughter to peruse her letter. I was a longer one than usual and Sybil bending over it in the fading light seemed to hear the voice of the writer, and to see around her, instead of the orange groves and cypresses of the South, the wide speaking oaks and beeches of Carruthers Park and its lovely, tender vistas growing dim in the soft English twilight. "You will be surprised to hear," he wrote, "that Carruthers Hall is at present without its master and its dear mistress—and you will judge from this that Miss Carruthers is better than she has ever been, though still, and always to be, I fear, a very frail and helpless being. Do I not miss them? I hear you ask;—of course I do, but have chiefly myself to thank for their absence! Long ago I suggested that a complete change of surroundings would probably be of great benefit to Miss Carruthers, and I might have added to her brother also, who has never been quite the man he was before you went away. Good and true as ever, but with some of the brightness gone out of his life. Well, they are gone—in the first instance to Cete I think, from whence I am daily hoping to hear from them. Miss Carruthers' only real objection to the plan was her dread of being what she terms a drag upon her brother, but this objection, as you may well believe, was not entertained. Never do I expect to see a better brother than John Carruthers."

To be continued.

THOUGHTS FOR SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"But if when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

How unattainable the Christian life often appears to us, yet how distinctly are we told that such a life only is acceptable with God. Well may we tremble when we compare our actual existence with His requirements, and measure our puny efforts after good by the standard set before us. To "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," does not our whole nature revolt at this? To be treated with injustice awakens our keenest indignation—a righteous indignation we tell ourselves—yet what says the Apostle? "if when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable to God." A hard lesson to be learned, yet we *must* learn it, if we would be called followers of Him "Who bare our sins in His own body on the tree," the Just for the unjust—of Him who did indeed do well and suffer for it in matchless patience on the bitter cross. A hard lesson, "yet even thereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps"—and we *must* follow them; we must honestly endeavour to take up the cross and bear it after Him in meekness and patience if we would be His. He, to Whom all hearts are open, and from Whom no secrets are hid, knows better than we ourselves can know the difficulties in the way of our obedience, knows the unruly temper so