

The Reformation became an historical fact in the reign of King Henry VIII. The Roman Church has often taunted us with the connection between this great religious movement and the rupture of Henry with Rome, arising out of his failure to gain the Pope's consent to his divorce from Catherine of Arragon. But it must be remembered that the Reformation was the result of sentiments which had been growing in the minds of men for several hundreds of years. All that Henry did was to lend his aid to the wide-spread determination of English Churchmen to be rid of the usurped domination of Rome. After all, what was done in Henry's reign was but the beginning of the battle for freedom. The movement has to pass through stormy times in the days of Queen Mary, and was to be threatened again in the times of James II., before it could be said to have gained a permanent hold upon the Church. And so too of the Articles which we accept as an authoritative statement of the Church's belief. They were the outcome of a progressive movement. Under Archbishop Cranmer, in the reign of Henry VIII., thirteen articles were drawn up (1538). In the time of Edward VI., the forty-two "Articles of Religion" were published (1552; the new Service Book appeared in the same year.) The chief authors of these were Cranmer and Ridley, and they formed them largely on the model of the German Articles, known as the "Confession of Augsburg." The persecutions of Mary's reign (1553-1558) only tended to make the English people more determined to throw off the intolerable despotism of Rome. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Parker was chiefly concerned in the revision of the Articles; but when they were finally revised, Bishop Jewell was the editor (1571). They were then reduced to the present number of thirty-nine, and were set forth with the authority of the Queen, Convocation and Parliament. These XXXIX Articles have been subscribed by all the Bishops and clergy of the Church, who are bound by the vows they have taken to maintain the doctrines contained in them. But the wide and tolerant spirit of the Church is shown in the fact that no lay members are required to make any confession of their faith except that contained in the Apostles' Creed. At the same time, every loyal Churchman will surely make them a subject of careful study, together with those arguments drawn from Holy Scripture for their correctness, and which alone can make them binding upon our consciences. It will be the object of the succeeding lessons to give some information about each of the Articles, which will be useful and instructive to all who desire to know what our Church holds upon the subjects with which they deal. Some of those subjects may appear to be dry and unattractive, but most of them will prove excellent material both for the teacher and the class.

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Family Reading.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

NUMBER 8—CONTINUED.

"You are coming in?" said Stella.

"Only to land you safely in the hall. Don't you see my evening attire?"

Stella had not remarked it before; but now she remembered that Lora too had an evening engagement, to the same party doubtless; so she wished Captain Flamank good night, and went up-stairs to her little brother.

Tracy was asleep; so, after one fond look and whispered inquiry of nurse how he had been through the day, Stella retired to her own room.

"Good-night, Clarice: I am going to sit up a little longer," she said, when—the hair-dressing operations being completed to the French-woman's satisfaction—she was waiting to see her young mistress in bed. And Clarice, who never objected to any of Stella's passing caprices as she called them, and who took it for granted that her lessons were behind hand, retired.

As soon as she was gone, Stella locked the door, and, going to a little carved sandal-wood book-

stand, where a few volumes very richly bound were always standing, she selected one, and seated herself on her hassock before the fire to read. The handsome Bible was a gift from Lady Trevannion, and—with the exceptions of Sundays, when with its beautiful companion-prayer-book it was taken to church—was but rarely disturbed from its place in the little bookstand.

Stella hesitated a few moments before opening it. She knew she was going to search for a repetition of those self-condemning words which had so stirred her conscience that afternoon; and, with the real eagerness there was mingled a certain shrinking from the task. But she turned at last, as Mrs. Fleming had directed her, to St. John's first Epistle, and beginning at the commencement, read earnestly, tremblingly, on.

Yes, there were the searching, the testing words, and others which seemed to her so much more impressive, that they were almost terrible to her in their import. "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death;" and, "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." And again: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

And, yet, such was her case. Stella could not, dared not, deny it. Hatred was the very word which she had sometimes bitterly employed when her bosom had swelled with anger against Lora; and the feeling, if not the term, which she had often borne towards her brother. But she had told Mrs. Fleming that she wished to love God; indeed, had she been asked a few hours before, Stella would unquestionably replied that she hoped she did. O this sifting test! How it destroyed and silenced all such vain persuasions! What, what could she do? Could she turn her own heart? Could she, without the slightest change on their part, give love and gentleness in place of long-cherished feelings of malice and rebellion?

Impossible! She clasped her hands together on the open page; and hot tears came to her eyes. But, through the tears, and in the very depth of the conflicting struggle, Stella's eyes fell on the words (which seemed to sparkle and glow, as a sudden fire-blaze fell upon them,) "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

At that moment, more clearly than ever in her life's history before, Stella saw herself a sinner—a sinner that could be forgiven only through the great love of a dying Saviour. And O, with that love in view, how could she refuse forgiveness, nay even love to those around her? The word "impossible" died away upon her lips, and in its stead went up an anxious prayer, "Lord, forgive me as I hope to be forgiven, and help me to love, as Thou hast loved me."

And then she knelt down and repeated her long-accustomed prayer, pausing when, at its close, she came to that solemn clause, "as we forgive them that trespass against us," and marvelling at her oft-repeated inconsistency of utterance with practice.

Poor Stella! The struggle in store for her, the determination which that night she came to, to seek to show love and affection where none would be rendered back in return, would be harder than even she, in her conscious weakness, apprehended. How hard the task, none but those who have gone through and conquered can fully appreciate. But, although in great doubt and feebleness, Stella had commenced the work aright. That afternoon was to prove a crisis in her life's history—a turning-point, to which in after-days she might look back and give thanks, as the dawning of better days upon her soul. For, as she had confessed to the Captain, things had long been going on unsatisfactorily with Stella, inwardly as well as outwardly. Conscience told her that her course of action was often far from justifiable—pride and anger ever aroused, and rarely repented of; and, with that great sense of injustice always before her mind, a constant resentment and struggle to retaliate and avenge her wrongs.

And the "mystery of life," as she had called it, for ever enveloping her path, perplexing and bewildering onward progress, the long affliction of her little suffering patient brother, her own shadowed life, which up to the time of her mother's ill-

ness had been so bright and sunshiny, the coolness and indifference of those most closely connected with her, the endless round of lessons, which, though by no means distasteful in themselves, yet were rendered well-nigh unendurable by the constant thwarting of her only enjoyment—all these things united to depress and embitter the young life, conscious of its own needs and failings, and yet without a single being to direct and control it rightly.

On that day, for the first time, Stella had been led thoroughly out of herself, away from her own circumscribed limit of sorrow and grievance, and had taken one short glimpse into the great world of weeping and suffering around her; and that glimpse, though painful, had been good and salutary. This, together with the wise and loving counsels of the friend who had prayed for her, and who seemed to be just the one to meet her need, had been blessed by God in calling forth those first rays of heavenly light and comfort which were dawning on her soul. Dawning only; for the long-indulged shades of pride and wrath and uncharitableness are hard to dissipate.

She slept; but her slumber was disturbed and broken. Dreams of pining children, heart-broken women, and desolate households strangely blended with visions of Blanch Cathcart and herself, arrayed in jewels, stretching out hands towards their relief, and anon turning shuddering and effortless away. While countenance which bore the features of her brother and sister looked coldly and scornfully on, as though mocking at her pitiful and fruitless endeavour.

The following morning, as Somerset was crossing the hall, after breakfast, Stella detained him.

"Will you, please, give me a little money Somerset?" she asked. His fingers slid carelessly into his waistcoat pocket, and extended her a sovereign. "Is that enough? You can have more if you want it."

"Thank you," replied Stella, rather hesitatingly.

The asking for money, though it was always freely and lavishly given, was a thing she very much objected to, as forcing her to accept obligation from her brother; and this she would never willingly have incurred on her own account. But there were often things to be desired for Tracy which could not be purchased without a little more money than her weekly allowance permitted; and, rather than that he should be disappointed of the smallest fancy, Stella would sacrifice pride, and make the unwelcome request. But now a new interest had arisen in her mind. She had learned that there were those who needed the sacrifice far more than Tracy; and she very well knew how willingly he, sweet child, would forgo any additional luxury or gratification on their behalf.

A second sovereign and some loose silver, of which Somerset seemed quite willing to rid himself, were therefore gratefully received; and then Stella hastened up-stairs to Tracy's room.

She seated herself on the bed by his side, and, after loving embraces and fond enquiries as to how he had been since last she saw him, Stella emptied the money on her lap, and proceeded to count it. "There, darling!" she exclaimed. "Now I have a long sad story to tell you; and when you have heard it all, you and nurse shall advise me what to do."

Stella then proceeded to relate all that she had heard from Marian's lips on the previous day; to the recital of which Tracy listened with anxious interest, and, when it came to the story of the sick boy, with tearful eyes.

"O Stella, darling, let me send him some of my nice things—my grapes and flowers and nice warm clothes—mayn't I, nurse?"

"I sent him something, darling, by that good kind person last night, so that, perhaps, he is a little more comfortable now. And, you see, with this money Somerset has given me—two pounds nine shillings and sixpence—I shall be able to get more for him, and for that poor poor woman who has no blanket, not one, and a little young baby and sick husband. Only, nurse, I want you to tell me what it will be best to have. And I thought, too, that perhaps you would buy the things for me when you go out; I know you go shopping on Saturdays."

Nurse who had come up to the bed-side, and was