

tian duty at home, conscientiously giving himself to God and the ministry of Christ in College, resisting temptation for Christ's sake in Georgia, and while seeking for further light from Moravians and others, was either quite unacceptable to God, or was in a position of which nothing definite as to his acceptability can be asserted. On Dr. Burwash's theory it was only on May 24th, 1738, when Wesley heard one reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, that he became, for the first time, a member of God's household. Now, is that according to Wesley's own testimony? In his Journals, Feb. 29th, 1738, he writes of his life prior to that date as "alienated from the life of God;" of himself as "a child of wrath, an heir of hell;" and of his faith as such "sort of faith" as devils have. On Dr. Burwash's theory all this is correct. But in Wesley's foot-notes, subsequently inserted in the Journal, he says of his condemnation of himself, "I am not sure of this." Of his being a "child of wrath," while trying to do God's will, he says, "I believe not." Of his want of faith, he says he "had even then the faith of a servant, though not that of a son." He thus shows that what took place on May 24th, 1738, was a most important and vital step, but only one step in his religious progress. If he believed, on mature reflection, that prior to that date he was not "a child of wrath," he must have regarded himself as, even then, a child of grace. When did that relation begin? When Mr. Wesley first consciously began to reverence God? That will not meet even Dr. B's. theory, which demands such consciousness of sin and such faith in Christ as Wesley then had not. It cannot be dated later than his introduction into the Christian Church by baptism.

To those who study Methodism from outside, it is evident that one of the deepest needs of that system is this very doctrine of the Church, that her baptized children have not to seek but to retain the favor of God. God has not left this unrevealed. Romans v. 8-10, shows that a real unconditional gift of reconciliation has been given to us, in order that, by a recognition of this fact of love, we may become righteous in life, and that this gift is as wide as humanity, thus including infants. The parable of the Prodigal Son shows that those who, on the whole, though with some defects, are ever faithful, and the prodigals who return, or who by not returning would perish, are from the beginning of their introduction into the family of God, equally sons of one common Father, but sons whose continuance in the household depends on their fidelity to the responsibilities of sonship that came to them before consciousness.

Notwithstanding minor points open to criticism, Dr. B's pamphlet, as one would naturally expect from a scholarly follower of Wesley such as he, in spirit, is, is not disrespectful to the Church as a whole, and evidently aims at the promotion of genuine spiritual life. Cannot the Church, in some way, promote a better understanding with such men as Dr. Burwash and those who think with him—men who, amidst all differences of thought and expression, fear only what injures spiritual life, and love only what promotes it?

RELIGIOUS literature is largely, very largely, indebted to our Prayer-book; and not only so, but the cause of Christianity is indebted, under God, for a great proportion of its best works, expository, historical and devotional, to clergymen of the Church of England.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### DOROTHY.

#### A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.

#### CHAPTER II.—RETROSPECT.

(Continued).

Day by day their different avocations took Mr. Rivers and his neighbour into the city, and it had grown long since to be one of the habits of their lives to take their little journey to and fro together. After a while Dorothy had lost her shyness with the somewhat stern looking acquaintance, whose tall figure, in its careless dress, had come to be a familiar sight at the cottage. The young man came in for a share of the sweet, gay welcome that always greeted Mr. Rivers at his return, and this student of dry and ponderous law books, who had imagined that personal affections and interests were not for him, had soon learned to look for the little figure in the porch or among the flower-beds on the lawn, and to feel as if his old boyish dream of a sweet sister was in some mysterious way going to be fulfilled.

As the years had gone by, changing the tender grace of early girlhood with that of womanhood, bringing out into ever greater distinctness the beauty of Dorothy's character as well as person, and, for we must be impartial historians, bringing out, too, the faults, not grievous, though sometimes puzzling ones, which marred it, Rupert Vaughan had become a student of human nature outside of law books and law courts, but his studies of the former kind were chiefly, if not altogether, confined to the person in whom centred all the deep and strong affections of his nature, who had become entwined, little as she suspected it, with his very heart-strings, sweet, vain, wayward loving and noble-hearted Dorothy Rivers.

We have but to speak briefly of some things connected with the life of Mr. Rivers, and our story can run its course without any further retrospect. It sometimes happens that we see men occupying in the "many-niched" temple of human affairs a place for which we feel that Nature had not intended them, a parson whom we could much sooner have imagined in the army, a doctor whom we might have supposed a parson, a tradesman who suggested the idea of a student. Mr. Rivers was an instance of this apparent incongruity between an individual and his calling. Business in any shape was what one could have least imagined as his occupation. His calm, reflective, somewhat dreamy face possessed none of the appearance we are accustomed to associate with those business qualifications to which a certain amount of keenness or hard-headedness is supposed to belong. The large and full eyes might, however, to a phrenologist, have suggested arithmetical powers, and it was to this capacity to deal with figures, though apart from the slightest business bias, that Mr. Rivers owed the modest though sufficient income which enabled him to inhabit the pretty country home in which his daughter and himself had found hitherto every requisite for happiness. More than twenty years ago, in the early days of his married life, Mr. Rivers had cast about for means to increase his very small income, which indeed then almost altogether consisted of the pay which he had received since being disabled in some fray in India before he had attained his captaincy. Mrs. Rivers was more than content, was perfectly happy in the modest little lodging where her husband's love more than compensated for the loss of the material comforts and luxuries which in her uncle's loveless home had always surrounded her, but to Mr. Rivers it was very bitter to see his cherished wife in sordid surroundings, and it was his thought

night and day to find some means of adding to her comforts. After many fruitless efforts to find employment of some kind—he cared not what so long as he was capable of it—Providence brought him in the way of an old acquaintance through whom he readily obtained what he sought.

Benjamin Bolden long years before had been the 'fag' at Eton of Arthur Rivers—a fortunate little fag he was in possessing so kind a master, and the envy of many a luckless wight ruled with a rod of iron by their tyrants. In those days young Rivers had fair prospects in life, and a wealthy father who gratified every wish of his son, but within a short time after his leaving Eton his father's fortune was wrecked in some commercial crisis, and soon after the son was left an orphan with little but his commission to depend upon.

Since those days the worldly circumstances of Arthur Rivers and his former fag had been widely different. Benjamin Bolden had succeeded to a fortune so large as to have satisfied even the most covetous but also to a private banking business which laid fair to nurse it to far larger proportions. He had succeeded also to a business talent so far beyond the ordinary as to have been best accounted for by the fact of some slight admixture of Israelitish blood with that of the plain English Boldens. When Arthur Rivers chanced to meet his old friend the latter had been married for some years and was the father of a handsome, dark-eyed boy of some six or seven years. His place of business was in the city of course, his private residence, quite a palatial one, was on the Surrey Side, near classic Twickenham. It was here, as the two gentlemen sat over their wine, after a sumptuous dinner, in which there had been perhaps a shade too much display, that Mr. Bolden to whom his visitor had candidly and unreservedly spoken of his circumstances, made him an offer which was eagerly accepted. Mr. Bolden had just lost a confidential clerk, whose place, with the keenness of perception in which he prided himself, he felt would be well-filled by Arthur Rivers. The term *confidential* was perhaps scarcely a correct one, for Benjamin Bolden, beyond a certain limit, had absolutely no confidant, nor did he feel in any sense the need of one. A large number of his business transactions were known to himself only, but yet the man whom he had lost had been very necessary to him beyond that limit, and occupied a position altogether apart from his ordinary clerks. Perfect integrity, coupled with arithmetical ability and without inconvenient business acumen or ambition made a combination invaluable in such an *employee* and these qualities, positive and negative, the astute dealer in money discovered in his quondam school-fellow. Added to this there lingered somewhere in the banker's composition a feeling or rather a reminiscence of affection or gratitude to the man who as a youth had been a gentle and brave protector instead of the tyrant he might have been to the frightened 'fag.'

That evening Arthur Rivers returned to the shabby lodgings, where his little wife anxiously awaited him, radiant with the good news he brought. Mr. Bolden had offered him what seemed a most liberal salary, and he was to enter upon his duties the following week.

Over twenty years had passed since then, and Mr. Rivers still occupied the position of confidential clerk, (so-called) to Mr. Benjamin Bolden. But few of them had been spent in the sweet companionship of the wife whose place had never been filled. Dorothy was but five or six when her mother had been taken from her, since then she had been her father's solace, his joy, the first earthly object of his love. Twenty years, so uneventful, since that almost overwhelming sorrow, so calm and even in their occupations, their interests, their quiet happiness, that Mr. Rivers had unconsciously come to feel that it must go on so to the end. Rupert Vaughan had of late years become a part of that pleasant unchanging existence, his life seemed to run quietly parallel with theirs, and Mr. Rivers in his own dreamy content never suspected that under the still surface of the younger man's life there were troubled depths.

(To be Continued.)