

like this if we teach men to think they are doing a favour when, perhaps, they do not half fulfil their duty. People do not, as a rule, object to being told plainly and candidly what they ought to do, and if the rightful claims of King's College upon Church people generally, and Kingsmen in particular, were boldly and clearly stated, it could not fail that the response would be a hearty one.

Feb. 28, 1883.

EUSEBIUS.

## Family Department.

### THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

By R. M. OFFORD.

Jesus, see me, lost and dying,  
Unto Thee for shelter flying;  
Hear, O hear, my heart's sore crying:  
Hood me, Jesus, or I die!

All my sin and sorrow feeling,  
Come I as the leper, kneeling;  
Come to Thee for help and healing;  
Heal me, Jesus, or I die!

Nought have I to plead of merit,  
Nought but curse do I inherit;  
By Thy gracious, quick'ning Spirit,  
Save me, Jesus, or I die!

Not my tears of deep contrition  
Can secure one sin's remission,  
Helpless, hopeless my condition:  
Help me, Jesus, or I die!

Far away my dead works flinging,  
Nothing owning, nothing bringing,  
Only to Thy mercy clinging:  
Bless me, Jesus, or I die!

Nothing but Thy mercy pleading,  
Pardon, cleansing, shelter needing,  
In Thy side, once pierced and bleeding,  
Hide me, Jesus, or I die!

Sin cursed! in Thy grace, Lord bless me,  
Naked! in Thy beauty dress me,  
Prodigal! in love caress me:  
Take me, Jesus, or I die!

By Thy cross, where hope is beaming,  
By its crimson fountain streaming,  
Flowing for the world's redeeming:  
Cleanse me, Jesus, or I die!

Save me, and I'll praise Thee ever,  
For the love which changes never,  
From which not e'en death can sever:  
In a land where none can die!

—N. Y. Observer.

### "NOT MY WAY."

#### A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

To Stephen Ray it had been a keen and unmixed sorrow to learn from John Carruthers what had occurred. That he himself was placed as regards the Barringtons in a false position, was the least part of it, for self played ever a minor part in his reflections, but the knowledge that Percy, in whom he felt a strong and affectionate interest, had fallen so far short of his hopes respecting him; the knowledge that John's own happiness was sacrificed (for Mr. Ray had long since read his secret); the loss of Sybil to himself and those to whom she was becoming of more and more usefulness, all combined to form a heavy trial to Stephen Ray. But his life had been one of trial, and he was ready to take up this new burden. He had striven to comfort John by the assurance of his heartfelt sympathy, and had given him the promise, eagerly sought, that he would continue the work which he was to have laid down had Percy fulfilled the hopes which both had entertained respecting him.

And Nelly, poor Nelly, needed comfort too, patiently and sweetly as she bore her trials, this grievous one of losing the friends whose lives from earliest childhood had been so intimately interwoven with her own, was almost too hard for her tender heart. It needed all John's courage to tell her and Stephen Ray's wise and loving guidance to help her face the truth. Day after day had passed and Sybil's familiar step and voice were not heard at Carruthers' Hall. At last there

came a letter to Nelly. It ran thus:—"Dearest Nell,—How I have longed to see you, and at least have the comfort of a word of farewell from you, you cannot know! But I have thought it best for both of us to refrain from seeing you. God bless my own darling Nell. Remember me always in your prayers, as I shall ever think of you. Say 'good-bye' to John for me, and tell him that I leave papa's grave in his special care. Ever in fondest love, your own Sybil!" The Rectory, Longmoor.

John found Nelly sobbing over Sybil's letter, which she handed him without a word.

"Will you let me keep it, Nell?" he asked, when he had read it.

"Yes, Jack."

And John still treasures that little blotted note. He did not seek to see Sybil again before her departure; if even her love for Nelly had not prevailed with her to come to the Hall, he might well suppose that she wished to avoid him. Had he but known how she yearned for a sight of him, how her heart beat at every footfall, and how the sound of the closing garden gate sent the blood to her pale cheeks, he would have risked her displeasure!

Sybil could never afterwards remember how those last days in her old home were spent. Mechanically she helped her mother in the preparations for their departure; then escaping from the house would wander about the grounds or sit beside her father's grave, her hand resting on the turf, and gathering now and then one of the tiny daisies that grew upon it. She had never fully known what deep affection bound her to Longmoor until now, when it seemed as though to leave it were leaving part of her very life behind. No Zwitzer pining for his native hills could feel the wretchedness of home-sickness more acutely than did Sybil already in anticipation. She did not know to what extent the thought of John added intensity to her sorrow, and the days passed without any attempt to unravel the confusion and distress which made her so utterly unlike her old bright self.

Stephen Ray, though intuitively knowing Mrs. Barrington's prejudice against him, was not like John to be deterred from seeking an interview with mother and daughter. He was informed that Mrs. Barrington regretted that she was engaged. Miss Barrington was not within. Turning from the house he sought her in the grounds and church-yard, where, as he expected, he soon discovered her. As he approached Sybil looked up with a startled gesture; then perceiving who it was, she walked to meet him and held out her hand.

"Dear Mr. Ray," she said, "I have been wanting to see you, and might have known that you would not let us go without coming to us."

"Your mother will not see me," he replied, while his very look of heartfelt kindness gave Sybil a little thrill of comfort. "I confess that I did not think she would, although I need not tell you, Miss Sybil, that she wrongs me in supposing that I have had any hand in what has occurred."

"Who could suppose it?" exclaimed Sybil, with a little impatient wave of the hand. "Mr. Ray, I have always recognized you as a true friend, and I want to tell you that I am very, very grateful to you. You have taught me much that I hope never to forget, and though now"—her lips quivered and the pale cheek grew paler still—"though now in this trial that has come upon me I may have lost heart for a while, yet I trust, by God's help, I shall be stronger soon and able to take up elsewhere some of life's duties which I must lay down here."

"God bless and strengthen you indeed, dear child, your loss is no light one to me, but still you know the great bond by which we are bound together, and which no earthly circumstances, no time, no distance can sever—all *one* in Him, remember—*one* here—*one* hereafter." He pointed to her father's grave while he spoke, and Sybil did not seek to check the tears which seemed to relieve the weight of sadness that oppressed her. "You will let me write to you and I shall hear from you," he went on; "we need some visible token from those near and dear to us, and you

will want to know how all our little plans and projects are taking shape."

"I shall indeed," said Sybil. "You will give my love to all my 'Coomb' children, and tell them I shall never forget them, and to all my dear old people. Good-bye, Mr. Ray. God bless you."

Sybil felt less unhappy after her brief interview with her friend. It was a comfort to her to know that he and not another would occupy the place in which she had so fondly hoped to see Percy. No soreness of heart with regard to her brother could make her unjust to one whom she regarded with feelings of veneration and sincere affection.

A day or two after this one of the old servants who had lived with the Barringtons almost since John could remember handed over the keys of the Rectory to the butler at the Hall. The two had a little melancholy chat together over the unexpected departure of Mrs. Barrington and her daughter.

"A world of change, a world of change, Mrs. Davy," said old Dixon solemnly. "I warrant you we shall all miss the dear young lady's face here at the Hall."

The old housekeeper shook her head and sighed. "You may well speak of change, Mr. Dixon; everything is sadly changed to me. It's true that I've got a comfortable little home of my own, but it seems as if I couldn't enjoy nothing since our dear Miss Sybil is gone. Only those as lived with her knew what she was."

"I think, Mrs. Davy, that it might be a comfort to our young lady to see you and have a chat about Miss Sybil," said Dixon, who, finding upon enquiry that Miss Carruthers would see her at once, ushered the old woman into Nelly's room. It was indeed a comfort to them both to have a long talk together. Poor Nelly wanted to hear so much about her friend, and the old servant needed no encouragement to speak of her dear young mistress.

"You must come and see me sometimes," said Nelly, as she shook hands. "You can understand better than most people how I miss her, and I shall always be so glad to see you. You seem to belong to them, Mrs. Davy."

On her way home through the park the old woman met John Carruthers himself, and was passing with a courtesy when he stopped her.

"They are gone?" he asked, and she said afterwards that the Squire looked as white as ashes. "Yes, sir, they left two days ago, and I have just taken up the keys to the Hall. Mrs. Barrington gave me orders to do so."

"All right, all right, Mrs. Davy."

John nodded and rode on, but not towards home. He traversed the park and the upland and mile after mile of country, and at such a speed that his good horse, Brownie, must have thought his master possessed by a new spirit. The moon was up before, on his return, John reached the Rectory gate, and here Brownie was suddenly brought to a standstill, and John alighted, and fastening his horse to the gate, which was locked, sprang over it. O! how unspeakably lonely looked the familiar spot! how desolate! John traversed the moonlit garden and seated himself where he had found Sybil awaiting him on the day when they had last met. The flutter of her white dress, the touch of her hand, the sweet, shy smile that greeted him, and now she was gone, he had lost her, he had put her away from him when she was his. It seemed as though he had come here to drink the cup of bitterness to the dregs. The night wind whispering in the clematis and wild vine spoke to him of his lost love and his lost hopes. The past unrolled itself before him; he saw himself a child with the young Barringtons; he saw Sybil, the merry school girl, the maiden, half girl, half woman, with her sweet, winning ways; he saw her as he had known her of late, as she was to him "a perfect woman, nobly planned," the wife he had pictured to himself, cheered by whose sweet presence and elevated by whose pure companionship his life was to have tended upward more and more.

Then in his great loneliness he asked himself had he done right in taking the step which had sundered him from Sybil? Was he justified in acting as a judge in the matter of Percy, in in-