

what he was delivering were not God's Word, but his own? It seems to me, that when reading that word in public, humility ought to bind us to just read it *as well as we can*, but with an awful sense of whose word it is, and with a full conviction of His power to make it effectual without any looks or gestures of ours.

2nd. The officiant at Evensong reading the offertory sentences at the collection?

3rd. The Minister of the Holy Eucharist putting the Bread and Cup into the hands of the Communicants when he has already repeated half the sentence?

The significance of the ministerial act seems to me to be grievously impaired by a custom which has, I think, no authority in any of our Formularies, and seems to fasten on the Church of England the Zwinglian idea of the Blessed Sacrament.

Yours truly,

E. W. B.

Ottawa, 19th Feb. 1883.

## Family Department.

### "HOW WONDERFUL!"

He answered all my prayer abundantly,  
And crowned the work that to his feet I brought,  
With blessing more than I had asked or thought,  
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.  
I stood amazed, and whispered, "Can it be  
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?  
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!  
How wonderful that He hath answered me!"  
O faithless heart! He said that He would hear  
And answer Thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard  
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?  
Why marvel that Thy Lord hath kept His word?  
More wonderful if He should fail to bless  
Expectant faith and prayer with good success.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

### "NOT MY WAY."

#### A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

"Percy," he said presently, "will you answer me one question, as in the sight of God; would you, without any reference to the expectation of succeeding to the benefice of Longmoor, have decided to enter the ministry of the Church?" "I do not see," replied Percy with a certain dogged coldness, "by what authority you ask me that question. You are no longer my future patron, which alone could justify such a question on your part." "I asked it simply that we might come to a right understanding. It would be an infinite comfort to me if I could prevail on you still to trust me as your friend and to rely upon my unflinching efforts to promote your welfare. I know what your answer must be were you true to yourself." From earliest boyhood John Carruthers from his superior force of will and strength of character had possessed a power over Percy, of which both were perhaps unconscious. But now, for the time being, Percy's passionate pride upheld him. "I can receive no further benefits at your hands," he replied, his lip quivering, and turning resolutely away from John's pleading look. "I am already under too heavy an obligation to you,—yet one, be well assured, which I shall strive to pay to the uttermost farthing. And now, do not let me detain you any longer. It can be but painful to us both to prolong this interview." Slowly John Carruthers rose from his seat, and Percy rising also, the two young men stood for a moment in silence. "Barrington, whether you acknowledge it or not, I am your friend, now and always. When you have had time for reflection I trust you will think differently of what has occurred between us. Whatever I possess, whether of means or influence, is at your service, and I am ready, at all times, to further any plan which you may form for the future. You are and ever will be to me as a

brother." He did not proffer his hand to Percy, feeling intuitively that the latter would shrink from accepting it, and slowly and sadly turned away, without a farewell being spoken.

### CHAPTER X.

The day after John Carruthers' return from Oxford, Sybil, half shrouded from view by the waving tendrils of clematis and wild vine which covered the verandah of the Rectory, sat waiting for his coming, half longing, half dreading to hear his step upon the drive. She had shown her mother Percy's letter and had softened her disappointment by telling her that John was going to Oxford, but she could not yet speak of his conversation with herself. Mrs. Barrington had wondered at her daughter's subdued and absent manner and would have wondered more had she seen her sitting half through the summer night at the open window of her bed-room communing with herself. Did she love John well enough to give him the first place in her heart and in her life? could she do to him all that he deserved? To the first question the feeling of joy that thrilled her, in spite of herself, as she thought of John's confession, might have been sufficient answer, while to the last in her humility she could but answer in the negative. She was indeed not worthy to be his wife, but then who was worthy of him? So the hours had gone by and grown into three days, days on which Sybil afterwards looked back as a dream.

And now she sat waiting, her eyes bright with expectation and a lovely flush upon her cheeks. The black birds and thrushes sang new songs to her from the wych elms on the lawn, and the soft summer wind kissed her with a wondrous tenderness. Why did the sunlight look more golden and the familiar flowers breathe out a sweeter fragrance? Alas poor Sybil, your dream is almost at an end!

The shadows had begun to lengthen and a little wandering impatience to stir in Sybil's heart before John appeared. He had walked rapidly from the Hall, but, as he neared the Rectory, brave and steadfast as he was, his heart failed him. He had walked up and down the lane leading past the churchyard and passed again and again the spot where he had met Sybil three days before, and the remembrance of that meeting which had been at first so unutterably sweet to him, now only added to the bitter pain which wrung his heart. Truly a man must be something of a hero who can deliberately put from him, even from the noblest motives, the cup of purest earthly joy. At last with an unspoken prayer, which in itself strengthened him, he opened the garden gate and walked across the lawn to the Rectory. The gleam of a white dress on the verandah, the touch of Sybil's little hand, the sweet, shy smile which greeted him—never never to be forgotten in the lonely aftertime. "You have been waiting for me?" he said, scarcely knowing what he had spoken, and then she saw the change in his look. It was no longer the face that had kindled into such gladness when she said: "I could not trifle with you," no it was a sad, stern face with a yearning look that moved Sybil's heart with pity and foreboding. "How is Percy?" she asked hurriedly. "He was better—well, I should say, when I left him," he replied, and then, as he glanced towards the drawing-room windows he added, "will you take a turn with me in the garden Sybil, before I see your mother?" Without a word she rose and in silence they turned towards the filbert alley. Both thought of the evening when they had walked home together from the hall and had strolled to and fro under the quaint shadows of the leafless filberts. "Sybil," he said at last, not trusting himself to look at her as he spoke, "do you believe that I love you?" "I do," she answered; there was something in his tone which compelled a direct reply. "Do you believe that to give you pain is to inflict a far greater pain upon myself?" "How can I doubt it?" she said. "Then you will understand how I must suffer in saying what I am about to tell you. Promise me, if you can, to judge me fairly." "I promise." "Sybil—I have thought it right, as patron of Longmoor, to withdraw the promise made to Percy that he should succeed to the living." Sybil like Percy,

when John had first made the announcement to him, was at first incapable of realising its meaning. Slowly the truth seemed to dawn upon her, even while she fixed her eyes on John's face, and with an unconscious movement, which he felt, rather than saw, drew herself a little further from him—although in the ground work of their character much unlike each other, yet in some points between the brother and sister there was a strong resemblance, and it was noticeable here. "That is indeed what we should not have expected," she said, and her voice shook, "but you have of course a perfect right to your decision. I should merely like to ask you on what grounds your father's promise is not to be fulfilled?" "Sybil, when you speak to me in that tone you pierce my heart," said John, "yet of course it is too much to expect that you should enter into my motives." "I can hardly do so till you have explained them," rejoined Sybil. "I conclude that Percy has in some manner forfeited your esteem or come short of your ideal of what a parish priest should be. I grant you that he has neither the peculiar gifts nor the experience of Mr. Ray, though *he* would be the last to depreciate Percy." And here Sybil clasped her hands together in her passionate effort to master the agitation which had almost overcome her. The revulsion of feeling was too great for the tender-hearted and high-spirited girl. She had been so happy, oh so happy but a little while since, and *now*—"And have I ever undervalued Percy? Has it not been ever since your father's death one of my warmest hopes to see him nobly filling his place? Oh, Sybil, am I not at least in *your* eyes proving that personal feeling is not actuating me now? Can *you* not, at least, pity me for being compelled to do what will pain you?" To this Sybil vouchsafed no reply, only the flush deepened on her cheek, and a cruel, incredulous little smile curved her lips for a moment. "Will you enlighten me as to what Percy has been guilty of?" she asked. "Remember that it is your own assumption that he has been *guilty* of anything," said John, and now there was in his tone likewise a touch of pride; "it is enough that since the responsibility of filling the living of Longmoor now rests with me. I do not feel, in spite of my warm personal affection for Percy and other feelings to which I would sacrifice everything except my sense of right, that I can place your brother in the position of Rector." How differently, how tenderly he would, if he could, have spoken. If she could but have trusted him, if she had not seemed to have put the memory of what had passed between them but three days before so utterly away from her. But there was a proud, almost hard look in Sybil's face which John had never seen there before and which indeed cut him to the quick. She listened to his reply with hurried breathing and another passionate clasping of her hands. "It rests, of course, altogether with you," she said coldly. "Percy has, I suppose, been informed of this change in his prospects." "Yes, I have spoken with Percy,"—he paused a moment and continued. "I have told him, what I now repeat to you, that I am, and will be to the end of my life, his friend, and that I would do anything to serve him; that any influence which I possess would be gladly used to promote his welfare." "I do not doubt your kind intentions, but it is not probable that Percy will avail himself of them." Could it be Sybil who was speaking thus? John sighed, a deep, long sigh, which rebuked Sybil more than any speech could have done, but made no answer. Unconsciously they walked a little further, then John turned towards the Rectory. "I will see your mother now," he said, and in silence they crossed the lawn and entered the house.

(To be continued.)

### THOUGHTS FOR 4TH SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Jerusalem which is above is free."

OURS is the glorious liberty of the sons of God. The yoke of Christ frees from an infinite servitude, from the servitude of the world, of self, from the thralldom of the Prince of darkness. Christ's easy yoke is but the badge of that most glorious freedom which we possess as citizens of the Eternal Kingdom of our Father!

Shall we then rebel against that light burden?