

Family Department.

ALL SAINTS.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

ON angel-lips is borne a rapture-strain,
When wandering souls to home turn back again,
The realms celestial ring with holy glee
When Christ's sworn servants quit them manfully,
But God's own smile, that smile no words can paint,
Beams forth in Heaven, when some glorious Saint
Passes from Cross to Crown.

The Father's "very good" the Saint enfolds,
The Son in him His travail sore beholds,
The Holy Dove darts near with wings outspread,
And, Comforter, Himself is comforted ;
While seraph nations bend in reverence deep
That lower-born than they, up higher sweep
To Jesus' awful Throne.

And all along the ages they have gone
From every race, in every clime and zone,
Set free perchance by deed of wrath and blood,
Or swept through peace to Peace's fuller flood.
The potent strain scarce rests—"Eternal gates
Up lift your deathless heads, behold there waits
The King of Glory's train."

And we who live in these last faithless days—
When love burns low, and trust so blindly strays,
And learning, falsely wise, with harlot shame
Fails from her first pure use, her honoured name,—
Know *one*,* whose hand dropped staff and gathered
palm,

And in full harvest saw the golden calm
Of harvest never past,

Great Doctor and Confessor ! It was his
To give his Lord in ceaseless sacrifice
His heart, his voice, his great mind's subtle flame;
Hope of high place, man's envied praise, earth's fame.
He "kept the Faith," and fought the Holy fight,
'Mid hate and scorn, and saw his robes grow white
In the great cleansing flood.

Thank God for him ! for all who so outshine
All that the world calls worthy, counts divine,
And pray that we, in emulation moved,
May fight as they fought, love as they have loved,
Till sharers in their rest and victory
We may His face in unveiled glory see
Who is the King of Saints,

The Holy Saints ! in raiment white and fine
Beneath the shadow of the glory-shrine
They dwell. The incense drops its spicy fold
Upon their sense, their blissful eyes behold
Sweet mystic glimpses of the Five great wounds,
While to their ears are borne the thrilling sounds
Of Christ's own Eucharist.

They 'neath the Altar; we without; above,
The vision fair of majesty and love.
When shall the veil between be rent away?
O Lord of all ! thy servants ever pray
'Of Thine eternal years, make up the span,
And give to garnered Saint, and waiting man,
Thine own Eternal Rest !

LORENA.

Halifax, Oct. 20th.

* E. B. Pusey, entered into rest Sep., 1882.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. R.

[Continued]

But now the first great break had come, unlooked for as it was most keenly felt. The wife had lost the best and most tender of husbands, the children the truest and noblest of earthly guides, and Squire Carruthers a friend well nigh dearer than a brother and one whom he would never be able to replace. The latter felt the rector's death

all the more painfully because he had been himself for some time past conscious of failing health and had looked forward to the loving ministrations of his friend at the close of his life as well as to the guidance and support which the young heir and his sister, an invalid from childhood, might receive from Mr. Barrington, when he himself should be removed. By the death of the rector of Longmoor fresh cares and responsibilities had also devolved upon the Squire, for as the patron of the living he must look for a worthy successor to the late incumbent, and here arose the difficulty, that his tenure must be only for the time being, for Percy would of course succeed to the incumbency. It had been as Mr. Carruthers knew, the strongest desire of Hugh Barrington's heart that his son should enter the ministry. This was with no thought however of his succeeding him at Longmoor, for he had himself apparently every prospect of a long life, indeed no worldly object was in any way connected with his plans for his son's future. His one ambition respecting him was that he should grow up a strong and faithful servant of the Master whom he himself had served so zealously.

Percy was now at Oxford with John Carruthers, who was his senior by a year or two. The young men had received an unlooked-for summons to their home, and had arrived at Longmoor only in time to receive the parting blessing from lips which from their childhood had ever given them sweet and holy counsels. To John Carruthers the loss was scarcely less heavy than to Percy Barrington. The former had ever felt an enthusiastic admiration and a devoted affection for the Rector, who, in his turn had loved the noble-spirited but somewhat reserved and self-contained lad, as though he had been his own son. Percy for a time seemed almost stunned by the greatness of the blow, the first that had ever befallen him, and his utter dejection was the more painful to witness because his spirits were usually to the highest degree buoyant.

Yet when the last rites were over, and a sad, quiet week or two had passed away, the young man's grief seemed to assume the form of a certain impatience. His mother's white face and Sybil's tear-dimmed eyes seemed an added weight, from which, dearly though he loved them, he almost wanted to escape. It was in vain that Mrs. Barrington urged him not to hurry back.—"You know as well as I do, mother," he said, "that I ought to set to work, and I have to make up for some lost time, too," he added ruefully. "If I had dreamed of anything like this, I should have put my time to better use than I have."

So, on the following morning, John Carruthers had driven over in his dog-cart to call for Percy on his way to the Station. Before driving up to the Rectory, he had fastened his horse by the Churchyard gate, and had gone to take another farewell of the new-made grave.

He was not ashamed of the tears which fell upon the snowy cross of freshly gathered roses laid there by Sybil Barrington an hour before and from which he gathered a bud and put it in his bosom. Kneeling there the young man prayed to lead a life like that of Hugh Barrington, upright and steadfast, that he too might die the death of the righteous, and that his last end might be like his. "I need not ask you to be more than ever Percy's friend," said Mrs. Barrington with a pleading look in her dark eyes, while Sybil stood clasping her arms about her brother's neck. For answer John raised the widow's hand tenderly and reverently to his lips. "Good-bye, Sybil," he said. "We shall be down again before Christmas. You'll look after Nell and the Governor as often as you can, won't you? They are pining for a sight of your face." Sybil answered with a little nod and a faint, tearful smile which went like a ray of sunshine to John Carruthers' heart.

It was the afternoon of the same day that Mrs. Barrington and her daughter, sitting by the open window of their pretty and tasteful drawing-room, were speaking of the future which lay before them, and especially in reference to Percy. Sybil soon restrained her sorrow. "Come, mother," she said, as she stroked the soft, shining hair, which scarcely yet showed a thread of silver, from her mother's forehead. "The day is so lovely; let us walk over to the Hall; it will do us all good to meet, and

John seemed anxious about his father." But Mrs. Barrington did not feel equal to the exertion. "Go, dear child," she said; "my head aches, and I shall take a little sleep while you are gone," and Sybil knowing that her mother did not require her, set out alone.

We may search the world over and find no scenes more lovely, more full of tender grace, than those which England offers. They need but such a perfect day of mellow sunshine as that on which Sybil set forth upon her walk to Carruthers' Hall to make them seem almost glimpses of paradise. The glow of summer was past and the first soft touches of autumnal color had stolen upon the woods and fields. The clusters of berries were reddening in the hedgerows, the threads of the gossamer were glistening among the grass. Leaving the high-road which passed through the village, Sybil followed a footpath through the meadows, where the first autumn crocusses were showing their delicate faces, until she reached the wall surrounding the park, into which a turn-stile admitted her.

Never had the young girl felt more strongly the serene beauty of the really noble domain. The groups of magnificent trees, dear to the heart of their owner, the vistas of green slopes, where the dappled deer were feeding, the effects of sunlight and shadow, the deep and tender blue of the sky over head,—how lovely it was, yet how interwoven with it all was the thought of him who had ever delighted in its beauty, and how keen was the pang in the consciousness that he would never more behold it. Very slowly Sybil walked on until reaching the avenue of majestic beeches, at the end of which stood the gray, stately house which for centuries had been the home of a Carruthers.

(To be continued.)

A CHOIR AS IT SHOULD BE.

I shall not attempt to describe the majestic beauty of this service. I really do not think there is a more beautiful or reverent service in Christendom. The charm to me has always been that it is real. The boys are our own boys, the men are our own men; they all come for love and not for money. It always stirred my heart to look down the ranks of noble and serious-faced men who sing before the Lord in the choir of St. Peter's.

We knew that the words came really from their hearts, and that their daily lives were in harmony with their sacred office. It makes all the difference in the spiritual life of a parish when the choir, who stand nearest the Lord's altar throne, and speak to Him the devotions of the congregation, are worthy to be the bodyguard of Christ, and are as pure in heart as the white surplice they assume.—*Biography of Charles Lowder.*

It is said that whenever Hannah Moor was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was "Come, we will go and ask if that be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was then taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable—off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalised, to make inquiry and compare accounts. How much mischief similar conduct would prevent here, where we know just too much and too little of one another!

MISSION WORK IN AFRICA.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE as to the work among the heathen of the Niger country in Africa has come to hand. Asaba, a station on this river, is settled by a very amiable and quiet sort of natives. The writer says: They do not move about armed to the teeth; they do not brawl. One can walk their streets in peace and without fear. Their town is a beautiful place, regularly laid out and well kept, while Onitsha is allowed to run wild with weeds. Mission work in Asaba was begun about eight years ago. There was one terrible custom which formerly prevailed, and which the missionaries and British consuls have tried in vain to have abolished—that is, human sacrifice.

Whenever a king dies (and there are five hundred kings in Asaba), or is crowned, human beings are sacrificed. It is believed, however, that the custom