

they will be raised by Him from the dead, and, that according as they have been used by us in this world, so will they be either miserable and shameful, or happy and glorious, for evermore."

THE SITUATION.—The following extract from an excellent letter in the *Guardian* of Feby. 7, from "An Aggrieved Parishioner," is worthy of the attention of all parties among ourselves: "Under present circumstances, our efforts to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom are a perfect mockery. Oh, what an inconsistency the work done in our churches on Sunday, and in our parishes during the week, becomes while there is this endless discord and sickening rivalry going on between those who are repeatedly praying—at any rate uttering words of prayer—that they may hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace! Alas, what mockery." I ask then, are we as Churchmen of all shades of opinion simply to look on at our leaders parrying blows? Let us for the sake of God's glory and the salvation of immortal souls, draw nearer one to another. What can be done? Partisan organisation will, I am convinced, not mend matters—they are rather doing the country grievous harm. Is our church organisation a nonentity? Will not our bishops come forth with one voice and one mind, and endeavour to heal the breaches?"

WOLVERHAMPTON.—One of the beauties of the working of the Public Worship Regulation Act, may be seen in the case of the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Wolverhampton. The Vicar is complained of to his Bishop. The Bishop refuses to see or hold any interview with the Vicar in order to give him any counsel or direction. The law, because the Bishop is patron of the living, has stepped in between the vicar and his bishop. The case is taken out of his own bishop's hands who is perfectly conversant with it, and placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who communicates in no other way with the Vicar than by means of legal papers issued against him from the Court of Lord Penzance. The vicar concludes a letter to the *Post* thus: "It is unjust for the Bishops to expect obedience from the clergy to judgments which they do not regard as binding on their own consciences. I have always obeyed my Bishop, but I owe no canonical obedience to Lord Penzance, and, come what may, cannot recognise his court as having any spiritual authority over me whatever." The cope, which the Privy Council ordered, when they condemned other vestments, has never been worn either in the Dioceses of Canterbury or Lichfield. Episcopal authority is nearly at an end in England. Lord Penzance has become primate of all England, and the Bishops have become his instruments for inflicting torture on those of the clergy who, whether right or wrong in their practices, conscientiously refuse to acknowledge the authority of his Court in matters spiritual.

Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Sir,—While agreeing in the main with the position of your valuable journal on Ecclesiastical questions, I should be obliged if you would kindly afford me space for a few remarks on an editorial article in your issue of Feb. 22nd, on the case of Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham.

I agree with you in thinking undesirable either a repetition of such a case, or that a clergyman should be considered a martyr when called upon to undergo punishment for wilfully breaking the law of the Church. Such a man is no more a martyr than a thief is, (to take a forcible illustration), when convicted and punished for his crime; and a few repetitions of the defiant action of Mr. Tooth and others will do an injury to the Church (that it will be very difficult to repair. The spirit of lawlessness is sufficiently rampant without receiving encouragement from the example of the clergy.

As regards Mr. Tooth's imprisonment in Horsephonger Lane Gaol, I do not see why pity should be wasted upon him, because his own deliberate act has brought him there. He has deliberately

broken the law, and therefore he must be content to suffer the punishment inflicted upon lawbreakers. His duty was to submit in the meantime, and if he felt aggrieved to appeal to a higher tribunal.

I must beg also to differ from you on the subject of the Public Worship Act. That Act, as I understand it, made no change in the Ecclesiastical Law; it merely provided a more summary and less costly means of deciding any cases that might arise. It was passed to repress this very spirit of lawlessness of which you so justly complain; and the very opposition to it, maintained by Mr. Tooth and men of like opinions, is conclusive in favour of its necessity. They profess to be willing to submit to Episcopal authority; but they repudiate even such authority when it is exercised against them. Witness the case of Mr. Tooth. If Mr. Tooth and his fellow-thinkers were true to the Church, then they would be willing to make a sacrifice in such small matters for the peace of the Church; if, however, it is but part of a Jesuitical scheme to Romanise the Church, the sooner we get rid of such men the better. Let all true Churchmen unite against Jesuit attacks upon the Church, whether from the so-called High or Low Church side; for I am convinced that we are in danger in this respect on both hands, feeling sure that some of the most prominent amongst the Low as well as the High Church are but Jesuits in disguise. To abuse the Pope, and thereby encourage dissent from the Church, is an old trick of the Church of Rome. To this trick we owe the rise of Puritanism, the real parent of all modern dissent.

Yours, &c.,
"CHURCHMAN."

Family Reading.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Una had listened to Atherstone, with varying expressions of hope and fear and disquietude chasing each other over her mobile face, and when he paused and seemed to devour her with his eyes in breathless anxiety for her answer, she turned to him with an almost piteous look of distress. "I still can hardly understand what it is you mean me to do; surely you do not ask me to pronounce on a question of right and wrong without knowing to what it refers."

"My darling," he said eagerly, "the matter is so simple that I am sure you need not hesitate to decide upon it, merely to relieve me from the responsibility of seeking my own happiness at the cost of ever so fanciful an idea of almost impossible honour, for since I have learned to love you so utterly, so wildly as I now do, I have lost the power of being a law to myself, or seeing clearly where the line of justice may be drawn. Therefore it is that I have staked the whole issue on your decision, and if you will but say to me that your own precious life would be saddened by our separation, I should feel amply satisfied, that I am not bound to strain after the romantic chivalry of less enlightened days at such a cost."

Still the large eyes looked wistfully in his face and the sweet lips trembled, but were silent.

He caught her hands in his. "My darling Una! it would be for your happiness as for mine that you should come to me, would it not? say only that I have not deceived myself in this?—you do love me?"

"Oh yes," she whispered softly.

"Then come to me," he said, drawing her closer to him, "let us for ever forget all doubts and obstacles. I do not now ask of you any decision as to right or wrong, I only beseech of you to let me love you all my life, to come home to my heart for ever!"

She had been confused and bewildered by his ambiguous words, by his half-defined hints of some deviation from truth and justice which would be involved in a union with him whom she loved with the whole power of her being, but there was no mistaking the meaning of the last earnest prayer—he was but asking her to crown herself no less than him with uttermost joy; to receive,

at the same moment that she gave, the highest happiness she could imagine on this earth; to secure herself for evermore from the dreary, hopeless wretchedness of life apart from him, and she all but yielded. The longing to chase away all clouds of sadness from that beloved face impelled her irresistibly to utter the glad consent already trembling on her lips; but suddenly, at this crisis of her fate, the strange sentence of warning once spoken to her and half forgotten, came echoing back upon her inner sense: "Remember, you have *one life only*, for good or ill," and with the words came the recollection of her own bold, confident assertion, that she would make this one life noble, whether happy or not—that it should be great and pure at any cost. And was she now about to decide for herself and another, that they should tamper with justice in any shape or way to gratify themselves? was she going to drag this man down from his own high standard as well as from hers? At the bitter thought her heart stood still, a struggle rose within her which was almost unbearable, and faintly she gasped out, "My happiness is bound up in yours, I do not deny it; but did you not say that until now you have believed the highest honour held you to your resolution?"

"Oh, Una, let it go! it was but a visionary fancy, it can weigh nothing against your life and mine; do you think I can endure to lose you now?"

"I cannot lead you to fall from principle," she said; "you yourself would one day hate me for it."

"Never, darling—never!" he exclaimed, clasping her hands almost fiercely in his own. "Let me but have you, and the whole world, with all that men deem best and greatest in it, were well lost to me!"

"Not honour—not honour," she said, "keep honour and let me go. Yes! if need be let me die! but never let me be to you a source of wrong or failure;" and with violent effort she tore herself out of his grasp and rushed from the room.

Whatever might have been the obligations by which Humphrey Atherstone believed himself to be bound previous to this last interview with Una Dysart, they were now all swept away, as though they had never been, by the fierce tide of feeling which had completely overwhelmed him, and drowned all thought or care for anything on earth, but to win her swiftly and surely as his wife, from whom nothing in the whole wide universe should separate him more.

He was too completely overwhelmed by her sudden disappearance when she struggled out of his grasp and fled away, to give a moment's consideration to the motives which impelled her thus to do violence to the love she had confessed; he only knew that he would not give her up—that she was and ever should be his, by all the strength of his will, and he could not even bring himself to leave the house until he had seen her once again, and forced from her lips the promise that she would fling aside all scruples as completely as he had done himself. He sent message after message to entreat that she would come and speak to him for but one moment; and at last when the astonished servants quite failed to satisfy him with the answers they conveyed, Una's own maid brought him a note, which contained these words: "Do not ask to see me again—at least to-day; I cannot bear it." Then slowly and reluctantly he left the house, but it was with the indomitable resolution that the obstacle he himself had been mad enough, as he now thought, to raise in her mind, should not have the power to separate them ultimately, happen what might.

Meanwhile Una, flung across her bed with her face buried on the pillows, was giving way to a passionate agony, which was making her feel, almost with despair, the great power of the love which had taken possession of her whole being. By a desperate struggle in that last critical moment of their interview, she had retained her hold of the nobleness and rectitude which she had resolved should at least glorify the only life she had to spend, by whatever else of joy or sorrow it might be marked; but now she felt like one who comes out of a great battle wounded and bruised, and knows that all strength is gone to carry on the fight, or even almost to retain the victory won; it was nothing to her comparatively that she had bound her own self to desolate wretchedness for

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