

seats for strangers is a mere trifle, and need not be taken into account. The vast majority of our clergy see before them the same faces Sunday after Sunday, and casual visitors from other denominations or stray sojourners in the villages, if they wish to attend church for a Sunday or so, will always be accommodated.

12. In a pew-rental church every one has his proper place, and this is a great advantage—an advantage to the clergyman; he knows where to look for individual members of his congregation. It gives the Church that appearance of staidness and permanence which is in keeping with her character. It is an advantage to the worshippers. We are all creatures of habit. If I were a layman I should not care to be tossed about from pillar to post. I should feel far more at home worshipping with my family Sunday after Sunday in the accustomed place.

13. Even if it were deemed advisable that people should constantly shift about, and weekly assume these kaleidoscopic aspects, it will never be done. The force of habit is too strong. People will sit in the accustomed places if possible, and they do so even in "free" churches, only there they acquire the right by "squatting" and not by paying for it.

14. The evil of pew rents is that people obtain the "chief seats in the synagogues" by paying for them. The evil of the "free" system is that they obtain those chief seats *without* paying for them.

15. The pew rent system teaches all such "mean" people to act honestly, by bringing them "up to time," and thus it discharges an important moral function.

Yours,

L.

## Family Department.

### "THE MASTER IS ON BOARD."

Near nineteen hundred years ago  
A little ship did sail  
Across the sea of Galilee;  
With light and pleasant gale.

The Master and twelve seamen brave  
Were all on board that night;  
The sea was calm, the sky was clear,  
It was a pleasant sight.

For "Gadara" this ship was bound,  
Obedient to His word;  
They were all happy now because  
Their Master was on board.

But suddenly a storm arose,  
And waves did o'er them sweep;  
The water flowed into the ship—  
Their Master lay asleep.

These men, although well trained at sea,  
Yet now were sore afraid;  
And to their Master they did go,  
And unto Him they said:

"Lord, save us, or we perish all,  
The ship does quickly fill."  
He first reproached their want of faith,  
And then said, "Peace, be still!"

The winds did cease, the sea was calm.  
His servants then did say:  
"What manner of a Man is this,  
The winds do Him obey?"

These men need not have been afraid,  
Though on the raging deep;  
For He that keepeth Israel  
Doth slumber not, nor sleep.

The ship's an emblem of the Church,  
Which He on earth does guide;  
The waves of schism may assail  
And form on every side,

But He will still protect His Church,  
As promised in His Word;  
The wicked one shall not prevail—  
The Master is on board.

To us a lesson this should be,  
While on the sea of life—  
When we are tossed by worldly waves,  
By selfishness or strife,

Then let us to the Master go,  
As these men did before;  
May He subdue our stormy hearts,  
And lead us safe on shore.

—J. G. R., Rothwell's Corners.

### "NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued.]

Some weeks went by, in which the happy familiarity of daily intercourse brought brother and sister nearer to each other, and Sybil learned more and more of her brother's character while he described to herself and his mother the life he had led since they had parted. Upon his college life he touched but rarely, and of Longmoor mention was seldom made between them. The name of John Carruthers Percy had never uttered since his arrival, and Sybil, as time went on, began to feel a strong desire to remove the bitterness of feeling which seemed so foreign to Percy's nature, and which, she thought, could alone account for his persistent silence. But it was in truth not so much bitterness towards John as a sense of having, thro' his own folly and weakness, merited what had then befallen him which kept Percy silent; a sense, too, of his own injustice towards a friend who, in his deepest need, had shown himself so true and generous a helper, and who, Percy knew in his heart of hearts, would have made any sacrifice for him short of his sense of right. The debt which he had never been able to defray was a secret burden to Percy, and the hope of now being able to repay John at least his money obligation was one of the brightest features in his changed circumstances.

One glorious evening, when Percy had already been at Nice for three or four weeks, the brother and sister found themselves, after a long ramble, in one of the exquisite little bays with which the coast between Nice and Villafranca is indented. The crimson and gold of the sunset was reflected by the glassy water, or rather seemed to have colored it to its depths, while in the shadow of the rocks wondrous shades of green and opal charmed the eye. The faint whisper of the waves as they lapped the tiny pebbles of the beach made the sweetest music and the only sound which broke the dream-like stillness.

"Can anything in the world be more lovely!" exclaimed Sybil, while even as she spoke a fishing boat with its snowy, wing-like sail came slowly into sight, adding one more beauty to the scene.

"Nothing that I have met in my travels can surpass it," said Percy, as they seated themselves upon a fragment of rock close to the water, "I have seen what might be called more sublime scenery, but none that more fully satisfies one's sense of the beautiful."

"And yet," said Sybil, after they had sat silent for a little while—"and yet, lovely as it is, it cannot make up to me for dear Longmoor."

A little shadow crossed Percy's face at this sudden mention of the once familiar name.

"Ah, poor, old Longmoor," he said, half carelessly, and bending forward gathered some of the shining pebbles and threw them one by one into the water. "Percy." "Sybil." "I do so long to talk to you about it sometimes, it seems almost as though there were a shadow between us, while I cannot speak freely to you of what is in my heart."

Percy was so taken by surprise that for the moment he could make no reply.

"You can imagine, Sybil, that Longmoor is not one of the topics which I should be apt to choose, although I am not without attachment for our old home, but I certainly don't want to be any restraint upon you. I know it is very dear to you."

"It is not Longmoor only," said Sybil, falteringly, "but it is those with whom our whole lives were associated—Nellie and John Carruthers. It is a pain to me, dear Percy, that you should have any bitterness of feeling against John. It is not that I have any thought of our intimacy being renewed—that cannot be—but I do want to feel that my brother, whom I love so well, is not unjust to one who, though he may have given us all deep pain, is, I believe, from my very heart our friend."

Percy made no reply, but Sybil having made the plunge, found it easier to proceed than to be silent.

"Only think, Percy, how true a friend he always showed himself; think how he loved papa, and how papa loved and trusted him. I want you, for Nellie's sake, for my sake, Percy, not to think hardly of him—to forgive him for what he must have done with pain and grief to himself."

"I don't think, Sybil, that my not speaking of John Carruthers warrants you in supposing that I bear him any ill will, but since it will add to your happiness I can give you the assurance that I do not; more than that, I believe him anxious to serve me, though I am bound to say that he would be the last man to whom I would wish to put myself under any further obligations."

More than this, Percy could not bring himself to say; he could not degrade himself in his sister's eyes by telling her how very heavy were the obligations under which John had already placed him. Sybil, too, could say nothing further; a vague feeling of disappointment chilled her, and she sat gazing out to sea-ward until the bright tints had faded from the water.

Neither of them were sorry when a party of fishermen came round the edge of the little bay, drawing their boat through the shallows. Their shrill, yet not unmelodious voices, broke the silence, while their vehement gesticulations as they made preparations for their departure, transformed the scene from deepest peace to one of business and hurry.

"Mother will be on the look out for us," said Sybil, when they had watched the fishers for a while, and they turned their faces homeward.

Had not Stephen Ray in his last letter to Sybil spoken so freely of John Carruthers, she would probably have lacked courage to make her appeal to Percy; as it was that letter seemed suddenly to have drawn him near her, to have bridged over a gulf which had separated his life from hers, and though, as she said to Percy, she had no thought of a renewal of their intimacy—no thought that they should meet again, yet a feeling akin to tender pity had been stirred within her, and it seemed to her fond woman's heart as though she must champion him. She had not much hope of penetrating her mother's gentle, disclaiming coldness, but Percy, her own warm-hearted, generous Percy, surely she might awaken in him a feeling of compunction for his want of forgiveness. But with Percy there was something to be overcome, the existence of which she did not suspect, and she was surprised as well as disappointed at her own failure.

"You will have the opportunity of seeing and thanking my patron yourself, mother," said Percy one morning, entering the room where Mrs. Barrington was sitting engaged in correspondence which had acquired a new charm since she could write of Percy's changed prospects. "Lord Northburn will be at Nice in a day or two. I have had a telegram from him from Cete. He may wish me to return to London with him, in which case I shall come back for you when you are ready to leave."

Mrs. Barrington was naturally delighted and a little perturbed at the thought of meeting the great man who had shown himself so true a friend to Percy, and Sybil was scarcely less interested; the latter had not chanced to hear whence Percy had received the telegram, or the thought of John Carruthers and his sister might have had a disturbing influence upon her pleasure.

To be continued.

### THOUGHTS FOR FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above."

To forget the giver in the gift seems indeed a poor return for benefits received, even from an earthly benefactor, but to enjoy, as we do every day and hour of our lives, the innumerable blessings bestowed upon us by our Father in Heaven, by Him in Whom we live and move and have our being, and yet to be forgetful of their source, is an ingratitude to make the angels weep. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above." He Who so loved us, fallen as we were from the likeness in which we had been made, that He gave His own Son to be the price of our redemption,