

(c) British Columbia, with its three Bishops, Dr. Hills of Columbia, Dr. Ridley of Caledonia, and Dr. Sillitoe of New Westminster, is not mentioned.

(d) Newfoundland is also omitted.

On page 79 there is a table, compiled from the U. S. Census Return '81, shewing the number of the clergy and the adherents of the different sects in the United States; but while we are told on page 118 that at the last General Convention the number of clergy registered was 3,355, I have not been able to find the number of adherents of the Church.

Yours,

D. S.

Family Department.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,
Where weeds grow up with the fairest flowers;
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day?

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul,
Wapping thee round in thy selfish stole?
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ, thy Lord, hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" there are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" There are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech?
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimest haunts of sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me in the path I tread,"
Lord, lend Thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry: "So much to do!"

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

Br T. M. B.

[Continued]

The result of a long and very earnest talk to which Ben listened with deep though apparently morose attention, was that he returned to his fellows fully possessed with the belief that the parson meant well by them, and that for his sake this extraordinary innovation might be put up with. So great was the relief to find that the Squire was not about to locate a Keeper (a being against which all their instincts rose in revolt) within a stone's throw of the 'Coomb,' and so harmless seemed this school in comparison, that the scheme met with a certain amount of good humoured toleration, rather than the dogged opposition which even Stephen Ray himself had anticipated. So the good work had gone on, and at length, on a June day of perfect beauty, was completed. From tolerating, the 'Coomb' folk had actually come by imperceptible degrees to take a sort of interest in the little building which, although beyond the actual limits of the 'Coomb,' was yet so near that, on the score of neighbourhood alone, it seemed connected with them. They watched its progress, and felt an unconscious satisfaction in the pretty and well-proportioned, though very modest edifice. Nelly had drawn the plans.—Architecture had always had a fascination for her, and it made her very happy to feel that she was taking part in the work in which those she loved were so warmly interested. A space had been inclosed around the school-house, within which some hardy shrubs had been planted, and Sybil had insisted upon a flower border which, by the time the building was in readiness, was gay with many coloured and sweet scented flowers. The necessary fittings were in place, the workmen had finally departed. Mr. Ray had gone from house to house and obtained the promise of each

dweller in the 'Coomb' to be present at the opening of the building; and when, for the first time on the lonely upland, the bell which hung in the little turret above the porch, rang out with a clear, sweet sound, a strange, but not unpicturesque procession emerged from the ravine, and wended its way towards the little Church-like building with its high-pitched roof and pretty lancet windows.

With the exception of young Squire Carruthers and Sybil, no other parishioners were there. The 'Coomb' folk were to feel that the place was for them, they were to feel the sense of ownership first of all which would stimulate their interest, and incline them to fall in with the plans which loving hearts had formed for them. Sybil could hardly restrain her happy tears, as one after another of these rude, stalwart men and handsome sun-browned women came slowly in with questioning, but not unfriendly eyes, most of them leading by the hand a little child with elfin locks and motley clothing. There was a raised space at the further end, which the conspirators against the 'Coomb' fondly hoped might some day form a chancel, and here Stephen Ray stood, the golden summer sunlight resting on his slender form and calm, watchful faces. When he had bidden them all to be seated, he spoke to them such faithful, earnest words, so simple and so strong that there could scarcely have been one heart amongst those half wild people that was not smitten with a perception of the love of Christ. Sybil and John sitting side by side listened in loving reverence, and both seemed to see that newly awakened light reflected in the faces of the 'Coomb' folk. "And now," said Stephen Ray, at last, "this building where your little ones will be taught, what by God's help will fit them to be useful men and women in this world which He has made and sustains, and where you all by the love of Christ, and by His grace, will learn to know Him and to love Him, must be consecrated by prayer. Kneel." There was just one moment of hesitation. Then, as Stephen Ray, himself kneeling with uplifted hands, looked earnestly upon them, first the little ones fell upon their knees, then the women, some of whose eyes were filled with tears, and lastly all the men, big Ben himself being the foremost, followed their example. Never could Sybil or John forget that moment or the look of joy and thankfulness that brightened the face of Stephen Ray, as his voice, low and clear, yet vibrating with deep emotion, uttered that prayer of all prayers—Our Father which art in Heaven.

When the 'Coomb' folk had returned to their homes to ponder more or less over the new impressions they had received, Mr. Ray, with John and Sybil had strolled over the upland, before returning to the Hall. Sybil's pony carriage was awaiting her at the foot of the slope, but the deep beauty and peace of the late afternoon tempted them all to linger for a while upon the breezy plateau, where it was delicious to walk upon the fine short turf, over which every now and then a silvery grey rabbit, with long waving ears and tail fled at their approach to one of the innumerable burrows with which the ground was honeycombed, "So far, we have indeed been gloriously successful," said Mr. Ray, brightly, in reply to Sybil's congratulations, "but we must not mistake the beginning for the end! Remember, my dear Miss Barrington, all the *real* work is yet to come." "But you have made it possible," cried Sybil—you have opened the way!" "Well, since we *must* be praising one another," said Mr. Ray, laughing—"let me ask how I could have opened the way unless Squire Carruthers had provided it!" "True, said Sybil," giving a sweet, half shy glance at John. "I am quite willing to let him halve the credit with you, Mr. Ray." "And I am ready to lay my laurels at Sybil's feet," said John, "for she has been not a whit behind us in her devotion to the cause." "I am untried yet," said Sybil, "but I do mean to do my best for these poor people." It had been arranged in the first instance that Sybil should devote two mornings in the week to the 'Coomb' children, and that Mr. Ray and John Carruthers should do the same until the children were so far broken in and accustomed to regular training and teaching that a regular and competent school teacher could be provided for them, who should live at the little

mission house, and by his constant presence still further influence the people. Sybil, no less than her companions, knew that it would be up-hill work, but she longed to enter upon it, for the scheme had grown to be very near and dear to her heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

Percy had at last graduated, and was now supposed to be devoting himself to the studies preparatory to his ordination, which was to take place, as Mrs. Barrington and Sybil fondly hoped, very shortly. An old friend of his father, the Incumbent of a West-end Church, had offered him a curacy until, as priest, he should succeed to the living of Longmoor, one which might well seem a prize to so young a man. Mrs. Barrington rejoiced in the thought of the fair prospect before her son. True, it was but his due, she thought, but then in this crooked world, how many did not receive their due. She longed with an intense desire to see Percy in his father's place; she wanted his presence, without which her life seemed cold and incomplete. Sybil's constant affection could not compensate for the absence of Percy, in whom all her deepest affections centred. Beyond the natural affection of mother and daughter, there could not be any very warm sympathy between Mrs. Barrington and Sybil. The former had never fully shared the admiration and affection which Sybil, John Carruthers, and Nellie, felt for Stephen Ray, indeed far down in Mrs. Barrington's heart there was a jealous instinct which made her averse to hear the cordial praise which the young people so frequently bestowed upon him. She did not believe, and she did not wish him to be all they described him. It seemed a sort of wrong done to her son that his predecessor should be held up as a model of all Christian virtues, of unselfishness, courage and godliness. Yet none perceived, except Stephen Ray himself, in her gentle, courteous manner the underlying distrustful coldness which had gained a settled foothold within her. She had, however, thrown no obstacle in the way of Sybil's assisting in any parish work, or in the schemes which were carried out with reference to the 'Coomb.' She would assist her brother hereafter, and would be all the more fitted for doing so by Mr. Ray's influence now.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR QUINQUAGESIMA.

CHARITY.

WHAT is Charity? The wonderful Epistle for the "Sunday called Quinquagesima" answers the question so fully, that, even if no other passages in the Holy Scriptures pointed out the nature of this chief of Christian graces, we should be without excuse were we to pretend ignorance of what God requires of us in respect to it. And in truth, there is no portion of the inspired writings better known than this—its fervour, its eloquence, its directness, have impressed it more, perhaps, than any other upon the memory, if not upon the heart of multitudes of Christians. What is Charity? St. Paul tells us it is that without which those virtues to which we are accustomed to give the highest place are absolutely worthless in the sight of God. Faith that could remove mountains, courage and constancy, and generosity and self-denial—all these which ennoble human life, and to which we look up with a glow of admiration and respect are without charity *NOTHING* in the sight of God.

It is well that this Epistle should stand as it were at the entrance of the solemn season which we as Christians are bidden to spend in humble self-examination, in contrite self-abasement, at the foot of Jesus's Cross. It is well that we should ask ourselves, faithfully and without self-deception, the question whether we possess *this* without which we must not dare to hope for the favour of God. *Charity suffereth long and is kind.*—Am I gentle and long suffering and kind, kind in the Apostle's sense of the word? *Charity envieth not*—do I envy those who are happier than I? richer in this world's goods, in friends, in favours? *Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly*—am I humble, modest, pure? *seeketh not her own*—do I put self aside? And so on through the whole searching catalogue. What