

ing must be the result of compromises. He cannot say anything of infant baptism. Not against, for most Christians believe in it. Not for it, for the Baptists are opposed to it. And then if baptism were to be insisted upon, questions of the mode would come up. Therefore the matter is put aside. So also of the Lord's Supper which was once the great festival celebrated as the chief act of worship, on all important occasions. It is now classed with baptism. They are "very well in their way." It may not be fully appreciated even by ourselves, but it is no doubt well even for those Christian brethren who differ from us, that there is one Protestant Evangelical Church to which the religion of Christ as enunciated by his inspired apostle with all its sharp lines and angels, is still a living reality.

Mr. Moody no doubt is a wonderful man, and is, we trust, an instrument for good to many souls. Still we think the gospel according to S. Peter is decidedly preferable to the gospel according to Mr. Moody.—*E. B. in Pacific Churchman.*

ONE LIFE ONLY.

CHAPTER XXV.

The gloom of a starless winter's night had fallen over Valehead like a funeral pall, and the chill wind went moaning through the leafless trees with a sound so mournful, that it would have required all the sunshine of hope, or the still gayer brightness of present joy, to have enabled anyone to resist its depressing influence. Neither of these were with Humphrey Atherstone, as he stood on the bridge which spanned the river just below Vale House, and watched the dark waters rushing on ceaselessly to their grave in the depths of the sea. He leant his folded arms on the parapet, and tried from time to time ineffectually to distinguish the dim outline of Una's deserted home, and then, as again and again he failed, and felt as if the darkness had blotted it off the very face of the earth, he turned back with a look of utter despondency to gaze down once more on the cold flowing river, while the shadows that lay within his deep sad eyes were gloomier far than any which the leaden-hued sky could cast around.

Life seemed now at its lowest ebb to this man of dauntless resolution, for even his own strong will had been beaten down to passive endurance, by the strong power of a destiny which offered him no scope for resistance. Just when, at the cost of his own self-respect and the final sacrifice of his stainless honor, he had destroyed the barrier between them, Una Dysart had been snatched out of his grasp and hidden away, to be found perhaps by him no more. In the hour that he sinned for her, he seemed to have finally lost her; for although he knew that there was a probability of her returning to Vale House in the spring, it was his greatest fear that his enemies would have worked upon her by that time with such persistence, as to make her give him up altogether. She had never in words reversed her refusal to marry him, even while she loved him, if it compromised his honour, and although he felt sure on the night of her father's death that the resolution would soon be overthrown by the deep affection she evidently bore him, it seemed to him but too likely that it might be strengthened now into an immovable determination, by the representations of her friends. As the days and weeks rolled on, and he never so much as heard the sound of her name, while in the complete solitude he had created for himself at Atherstone Abbey he could not escape the uneasy humiliation caused by the remembrance of that which he had done to win her, a hopeless depression fell upon him, with which he had ceased even to struggle. Beyond this life he had never yet looked, and within its compass there shone not a ray of light for him. There were times when the gloom and loneliness of his own old halls became intolerable to him, haunted as they were by the memory of the sweet face that perhaps would never brighten them more, and then he would rush out into the darkness of the night, and wander ever in the same direction, to be at least near the house that might one day receive her within its walls again. At least half an hour that evening he had stood there on the bridge, writhing under thoughts of exceeding bitterness, sometimes thinking of her with a longing which was quite unendurable, sometimes

remembering with a shudder the unhappy man whom he had driven out for Una's sake over the waste of waters, never perhaps to be heard of more. And now, as with a groan he laid his head down on his folded arms, there arose upon the dim cold air the sound of softly-chiming bells. Sweet and musical they rang out through the silence, and Humphrey looked up surprised, for it was nearly midnight, and he could not imagine what bells could have been awakened at such an hour, or for what purpose. He glanced towards the church, and saw that it was lighted up, and that the dark figures of numbers of persons were passing through the open door; then he suddenly recollected that it was the last night of the old year, and that he had heard some rumour of a midnight service which the new rector intended to hold at that hour, in order that his people might pass on the wings of prayer from one step to another on their road to death.

Atherstone had never seen Mr. Trafford, he had not crossed the church threshold since his uncle's death, for he always fled to the "Eagle's Nest" when the instinct of his immortality drove him to thoughts of the Unseen, as if the ashes of his dead ancestor contained some virtue which could soothe his soul to peace. But it was rarely that the impulse seized him to do even this much. Although he was no sceptic, the inner sanctuary of his being was yet untouched by the Divine Fire, which alone could have lit up the flame of a pure sacrifice to the one true God on the altar of his soul, and it was honour only that he had worshipped, till human love usurped its place, and won him to that deeper idolatry which absorbed him now. But although he had in no way sought the new Rector of Valehead, he had heard of him far and near, and had seen with wonder the power over the souls of others, which one man may have who believes with all sincerity that he has a true message to deliver, and rests not day or night till he has caused it to be heard by all whom he can reach by any means. Amongst his own tenants Atherstone could trace Trafford's working everywhere; men whom he had always known hardened and indifferent became as little children in their humility and faith; the poor and sorrowful, weighed down by heavy troubles, lifted up their heads with joy, as those who had learnt that their redemption was drawing nigh; and many a weary sufferer smiled pain and grief away because of the consolation the clergyman had poured into their aching hearts. But for his own burthen Atherstone sought no comforter, he wrapped himself up in his proud misery, and moodily repelled all the attempts Trafford made to become acquainted with him. On this night, however, he had reached a depth of despondency which it was almost beyond human nature to endure alone, and it seemed to him as if there was a thrill of loving tenderness in the soft calling of the gently-pealing bells, which drew him on irresistibly towards their sweet pathetic sounds. Mechanically he began to walk in the direction of the church, the only spot in all that night of gloom, and he felt as if its pure radiance shone even into his own heart with a faint glow of hope. The door was wide open, and the light streamed out over the churchyard, seemed to sign the quiet graves with the shadow of the cross, which stood at the head of each as memorial of the hope of those who slept beneath; and Atherstone, stealing in, took his place in a dark corner behind a pillar, where he could see without being seen. The church was thronged, but the first part of the service was already over, and the preacher had just finished his brief private prayer in the pulpit and stood up now to address the people. Atherstone looked keenly at the man whose influence he had discerned so clearly on the souls of others without ever having seen his face, and his eyes became riveted upon him with mingled astonishment and admiration. He saw a man of splendid physique, tall and finely proportioned, with a grand head, which would have suited well as a study for one of the warrior angels of the old masters, for it is seldom, indeed, that so pure and noble a soul as his is seen to shine through lineaments of mortal clay. His rich brown hair waved back from his broad forehead without a touch of age in its warm colouring, though he had lived and toiled for nearly fifty years; his face was pale, but the somewhat severe beauty of his strongly-marked fea-

tures was redeemed by the singular sweetness of his expression, while his large eyes glowed with so vivid a fire that it was impossible to discern of what shade they were. It was an essentially spiritual countenance, and there was an intensity of conscious power in the look with which he slowly scanned his audience before he opened his lips to speak; his glance noted every individual in that crowded assembly, not excepting Atherstone in his fancied concealment, and when he had thoroughly mastered the details of the throng before him, he gave one rapid upward look of powerful appeal, and then stretching out his hand he spoke in tones clear and ringing as those of a silver trumpet: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth, lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are, and the earth and the things that therein are, and the sea and the things that are therein, that there should be time no longer."

If Mr. Trafford had said no other words than these he would have strongly impressed his hearers, for there was an indescribable power in his utterance of the text, which seemed to bring before each person present there, the awful vision of the mighty white-winged angel standing on the reeling earth and sea beneath the shattered heavens, and proclaiming through all the shuddering universe that time should be no longer, and only eternity—immutable, unchanging—remain for the risen dead. But it would be impossible in written sentences to give any true idea of the burst of living eloquence which swept with irresistible might over the very souls of the hearers, as the preacher took up the magnificent theme, and compelled every living being there present to realize the awful truths it involved. "Time should be no longer," he said. "Yes! and in the hour when that proclamation was made from the Eternal all things that belong to time would perish also, blown away by the thunder-voice of the angel, like withered leaves before the blast. All that men had lived for, all they had desired, all they had sinned for, all they had hoped or feared or adored; their living idols of flesh and blood, their gods of dust and clay, their gold, their lands, their ambition, their pride, the passions of their lower nature, the affections of their hearts—all these things would perish in the wreck of time, and be as though they had never been, save in the stains they might leave on the souls that had loved them. Not these alone would dissolve in vapour and crumble into dust, but whatsoever earthly thing lay nearest to the hearts of those who heard him, the secret treasure known to themselves alone, which they cherished more than life, and worshipped more than God, that too would be whirled away by the breath of the mighty angel-words, and all that would remain for the resurrection souls in the whole vast universe would be that eternal Love which they had bartered haply for the mocking ashes that would so utterly fail them in their hour of need." With words keen and incisive as a knife the preacher cut into the very souls of the people, as he dissected their lives with an instinctive knowledge of their motives and temptations, which made each one feel as if he had read the innermost secrets of their hearts, and was addressing themselves alone, in all that crowded church. "If now," he said, "while time yet existed, there was any one single thing which stood between them and their own highest standard of holiness, then so surely as time would perish at the sound of the angel's fiat, they would find that it had stood between them and their God;—that gone, perished as it was, its brief possession was all they had in exchange for that love which could alone be life to them in the dread eternity."

"The love of God!"—the preacher's voice changed and faltered when he uttered those words; he paused as if some whispered sound arrested his attention, and he stood with abstracted eyes, gazing into vacancy, while a tremulous smile rose to his lips, and a light passed over his face like the sunny joy that brightens the countenance of one who listens to a voice beloved. For a few minutes he was quite silent, but it was perfectly evident to the congregation that he was so, unconsciously; and when at length he spoke again, his tones, low and tender, had a strange sweetness, as if they