

consecration for himself and Asbury; this proving unsuccessful, he applied to Lord Liverpool; then Prime Minister, and to Wilberforce, father of the late Bishop of Winchester, to have him nominated to the Crown for a bishopric in India; but this, too, failed. And yet from these two men, SHAM BISHOPS by their own confession, is derived whatever ministerial character may now be possessed by the "Methodist-Episcopal Church." This is the fountain-head of their episcopate, Query: Can a stream rise higher than its fountain?

As a fitting climax to the whole affair, Lord King, whose book had led Wesley astray, was so convinced by a pamphlet written by a clergyman of the Church of England, named Selater, of the utter fallacy of all his arguments about bishops and priests being one and the same order, that he *withdrew and repudiated his own book*, and offered Selater a living which happened to be in his gift. (*Vide White's Memoirs of the Episcopal Church in the United States*, and *Thomas Jackson's Recollections of my own Life and Times*, p. 318.)

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE CHURCH'S DEPARTED.

"The dead alone are great.
When heavenly plants abide on earth
Their soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a morning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet though late.

"The dead alone are dear.
When they are here strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

"The dead alone are blest.
When they are here clouds mar their day,
And bitter snow falls nip their May:
But when their tempest time is done
The light and heart of Heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest."

—The Church Eclectic.

For the Church Eclectic.

Jesus said unto them, verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you. St. John VI, 53.

Father, forgive Thy people,
They know not what they do
In turning from Thy Altar,
They crucify anew
Thy Blessed Son, our Saviour,
And put to open shame
The Brightness of Thy Glory,
The Power of Thy Name.

They only see the outward signs,
They do not look within
To see the Perfect Offering,
The Sacrifice for sin;
The pierced Flesh of Jesus.
The Blood for all outpoured,
The Price of man's redemption,
The spotless Lamb of God.

Teach them, O loving Father,
And lead them to Thy Word:
For Thou in love hast promised
All shall be taught of God.
No man may come to Jesus
Except first drawn by Thee,
O Father lead them to Him
And give them Faith to see.

* * * * *

Come to each heart, Lord Jesu,
Give us repentance true,
Grant us Thy absolution,
Make in us, all things new,
Led by the Holy Spirit,

Filled with Thy strength Divine,
May we be faithful children
Knowing no will but Thine.

A.C.

'WHOLESOME GRAIN AND PURE.'

FROM THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN.

Over the quiet fields the sun was sending out its rosy evening glow, and smiting the windows of the village houses into fierce glory, as Doctor Fairchild and his little daughter jogged homeward behind gray Nancy, at the gentle trot which suited that faithful dame after a good day's work.

'You don't think there's the least little chance of rain to-morrow, do you, papa?' asked Ruth, eagerly, searching the heavens for the tiniest cloud.

'Not the smallest probability, daughter. I think you may sleep soundly in the hope of a day just suited for Harvest Home.'

'Oh! don't those windows in Mr. Hawkins' barn look as if they were on fire? Papa, couldn't we stop just for a few minutes and see how the school children have fixed the big floor and all for the festival to-morrow night?'

'Well, yes,' answered the Doctor, 'I think we can spare the time if Mr. Hawkins is not too busy to show it to us. Ah! there's Jim. Good evening, Jim. Is your father very busy?'

'Good evening, doctor. Good evening, Miss Ruth,' replied Jim, coming up to the buggy, 'father isn't home yet, sir.'

'Well, do you think he would allow us a peep at the ball in the new barn? Is it all ready for the festival?'

'Come in and welcome, sir; though we've got to put more greens and flowers around before to-morrow night.'

Jim was proud to show the fine new barn to the doctor, who was his great admiration, and whom he counted himself happy in having as a teacher in Sunday school, and as a real friend. Miss Ruth, too! It was an honor indeed, to entertain the little lady whom every one in the near Brookside knew and loved for being so like her father, and for her own sweet sake, besides.

Ruth was much impressed by the size of the floor and the height of the walls, and more particularly by the number of lanterns which hung from roof and walls.

'What a blaze you will have, Jim!' she exclaimed.

'Indeed we shall, Miss Ruth. We'll have more lanterns yet, to-morrow night. What do you think of our wheat, doctor?' asked Jim, glancing proudly at the lofts above them on all sides, packed tight with fair, golden grain.

'As fine as I ever saw, Jim!' the doctor answered enthusiastically.

'No blight or mildew or smut on that, sir,' Jim added, meeting the doctor's eye with a smile. He was thinking of the doctor's talk in Sunday school last Sunday.

'These boys do remember things!' Doctor Fairchild said to himself, and, taking Jim's hand to bid him good-bye, he added aloud, 'A noble symbol of a pure, true Christian character, Jim!'

'What is smut, papa?' asked Ruth, as they drove on; 'it's an ugly word.'

'And it's an ugly thing. It's a disease to which wheat is liable; the grains, instead of filling out properly, become full of a dark brown powder, and the whole ear turns black.'

'When it was meant to be golden!' exclaimed Ruth. 'That wheat in Mr. Hawkins' barn did look almost like gold when the sun struck it didn't it?'

Trusting to her father's predictions as to weather, Ruth did sleep soundly that night.

She dreamed that she was at the festival, joining in the games and dances, and bewildered by the noise of so many feet upon the boards, and the sound of so many voices. Suddenly, just as her father threw in their midst a handful of wheat of real gold to be scrambled for, there was a cry of 'Fire!' Ruth looked up where many hands were pointing, and saw that a lantern had set fire to some wheat projecting from a loft.

'Fire! Fire!'

Ruth woke with a start. Was that cry in her dream or out of it?

'Fire! Fire!'

She darted from her bed to the window, and there there met her eyes a blaze of light. Oh! what was it? It all looked strange at night. Was it near or far? There, as that great flame shot up, she could see the outline of Mr. Hawkins' house. It must be his new barn! Would they have no festival then? Ashamed of her selfish thought, Ruth began to wonder if the house itself must burn. People from the village, and from the farms around were streaming to their help—and she could do nothing! Yes; one thing she could do—she could pray. Perhaps no one else had time for that. So she knelt by her bed and said, she hardly knew what in her confusion and alarm.

'Bless Jim,' she said, 'and don't let the beautiful wheat be all black, like smut! And don't let the house burn down, dear God! And take care of Jim.'

It was a very foolish prayer, she feared; but she couldn't think well. She wished she was not all alone. And in a minute the little girl had her wish, for 'every wish is a prayer with God,' we are told. Old Hannah came in and held the little frightened, motherless girl, in her arms. Her father, she said, had gone to the fire, and she didn't think the house would burn.

Meanwhile, where was Jim?

Like Ruth, he had been awakened from a sound sleep by the cry of 'Fire!' Dazed and trembling, he saw their own new barn wrapped in flames and then, as if in a picture, he saw himself lighting the lanterns, with the help of the farm-hands, as he had been this very evening. He had carefully had every light put out before he left the barn—but what had he done with the box of matches?

'Remember, Jim, never take a box of matches into the barn. I could trust you to be careful, but the men might not be.' His father's words!

'Oh God! Oh God!' he said, in a terrified whisper; 'don't let it all burn down! Don't let it be the matches—let it be something else!'

Ah! Jim, the careless things we do, God does not undo. If you left the matches there, and they are the cause of the fire, God will 'let it be the matches,' though He feels for you in your terror, and lovingly heeds your prayer.

'The lad worked like a hero!'

'That horse wouldn't have been saved if it hadn't been for Jim.'

Jim, white and trembling, and sick at heart, found himself a hero, as he stood at daybreak leaning against the stone wall near the smoking ruins, and surrounded by a group of the men who had been working desperately to save his father's property.

The question was discussed at length, and a dozen different answers suggested; but most agreed that it must have been caused by one of the farm hands having carelessly smoked in the barn. The men stoutly denied it, but Jim could see that suspicion rested on them. Relieved, but unable to listen longer, he stole off to the house, and in the kitchen door way stumbled into his father's arms.

'Jim, my boy,' his father exclaimed, 'you are done out! Sit down here till I get you some coffee. I'm proud of you my son. I'd have been worse off this morning if it hadn't been for you.'