

[Aug. 21, 1879.

man of the Church of
punctual attendance
ne Worship, especially
red being at the Com-
at Easter. They are
behaviour at all parts
at it is seldom known
or sex fails to kneel
ic directs it, though it
y floor, and that often
t scarce a month passes
ried out sick or faint-
y will, be it ever so

on of Bishop Wilson,
ough the Diocese, also

the education of the
d for the support of
e parish churches had
and Hildesley was rais-
good work. Of course,
disturb the harmony
lson and his flock. A
of Norwich desired to
echising in the after-
h, characterises this
ever kneel. "I am not
p Wilson, "to comply
ject;" and he adds,
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ns to serve the neces-
must be allowed to
oing both, after forty
hurch, without being
ed zeal of others, who
r the consequences."

with which the Bis-
cast catechising aside
ere not be a special
e compare the well-
n Man and its well-
e Church in England,
sions, and errors, and
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ed the enthusiasm,
ism which prevailed
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le that the opinion of
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Public catechising,
George the First's
werful means of in-
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ring from the faith.
uth he had been made
and ascend the pulpit
consciousness of this
revival of catechising
is as it may, the firm-

Diocese from these
s life and also that of
opy results Hildesley's
had Hildesley's suc-
e See, when a more
footing in the island

Under date 1775,
ook introduced Metho-
-into Man, which has
ce. Can any rational
oose a host of undis-
ismatics, such as were
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e a beneficial influence
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d error! And mark
thodism, that is true
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t the gospel was al-
ay one suppose that
at moment, the best
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pline to the Primitive
We call attention to
nfident that language
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ters of other parts of
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ons who could thus
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The following picture of a Cornish parish as it existed a hundred years since, drawn by Polwhele, may interest the reader, and there is no reason for supposing the parish to be exceptional. "My rustic congregation, at Lamorran were all respectful and obliging; there was a simplicity in their manners, there was a decency in their behaviour, not at all the feature of the present day, (1825.) They stood up, or knelt, or sat down, according to the rubric. But they had neither Bibles nor Prayer-Books, for they could not read, yet several of the elderly people could repeat the prayers and the psalms more accurately than many who read and write and cypher too, repeat them at this moment." We learn from Polwhele how the fathers worshipped. Mr. Smith, a highly respected Methodist, shall describe the public devotions of the sons:—"We think if a vigilant stranger were to visit a country chapel service he would be struck with two things: firstly, the almost superhuman effort put forth by the officiating minister; and, secondly, the supreme indifference with which the majority of the congregation regard his apparent agony. He would probably observe, further, that these exertions were by no means evenly distributed over the service. In the extempore portion the minister would deem it impossible to employ too much energy; whereas he would appear to regard the portion read as of very minor importance, only serviceable as affording a resting place whereat to recover his voice and thought. Yet perhaps the critic might unkindly think that the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn, the Lesson, were not the least instructive items of the service. Doubtless, it is a fact, Methodist services too much resemble the performance of a minister to an audience rather than the united worship of an assembly. Worship has been reduced to listening; listening often degenerates into listlessness. The change is not a healthy one. Nor is intermittent excitement the healthiest form of Christian life." (3rd Essay, *Essay on Wesleyan Methodism*, by H. A. Smith, Truro, 1874.)

(To be continued.)

Family Reading.

GOLD IN THE SKY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"You think worse of me than I thought you did; I flattered myself I stood well with you."
"So well that I am angry when you disappoint me."

Naomi's mouth was the best part of her face; it was firmly and beautifully drawn, and now and then gave an expression which was both sweet and powerful to her face. Now she smiled, and added, "Well, we all disappoint one another at times; do not they sometimes disappoint you too—Gwendoline, and—?" She paused, suddenly checking herself as she was about to add Mrs. Majendie's name, but her eyes met Dr. Majendie's, as he at once answered, "Expect not too much; it is the better way to avoid disappointment. When those we have most believed in fail us, then indeed we learn what disappointment means. I do not know that Gwendoline exactly disappoints, for she is very unformed yet. I cannot tell whether others find her young of her age, but to me she seems at times to be almost a child; yet perhaps she might have been more formed by this time if her mother—if—." Here his voice faltered slightly, and, after some hesitation, he continued, "Her mother was scarcely intended by nature to be a mother, and to have children to bring up;" then, in a firm tone, he continued, "you see, it is a most difficult task to train up a child, and requires a person especially fitted for it."

It was always his way to make the best of the circumstances of his life, and to close eyes and ears to what was so palpable to those around him.

Naomi greatly respected him for this; and feeling all that the falter in his tone had told, as well as the effort of the excuse, she quickly sustained him by adding, "It does, indeed! see what a good woman Mrs. Elliott is, and yet how unfortunately all her children have turned out!" No sooner had she said this than she recollected it was a most unfortunate illustration.

"No wonder that the children turned out badly," he said, in a low voice; "when there was no hap-

piness, no companionship, no peace, between the father and mother, how could there be an atmosphere in the house which children should breathe."

"Yes, there is a mistake somewhere," she said, hurriedly, "Mrs. Elliott is older than her husband, and that is all wrong to begin with."

They were by this time back at the drawing-room window, and as she paused on the threshold of it, he said, "Now, Naomi, you will write that song, will you not?"

"Nonsense!" she replied, with a very small smile.

"Yes, but promise me—say you will do so."

"Very well, if you make such a point of it."

"And you will sing it to me, so that I may know for certain you have done it?"

"Yes, I will."

"You are a good girl after all: in with you."

CHAPTER V.—GREY DAYS.

Without the drawing-room windows were the two figures under the light of the young moon: the one with a life's experience trying to teach patience, the hardest of all lessons to those on the threshold of life.

Within the room, under the pretty glimmer of wax-candles, was playing that game of cross-purposes, which makes up the sum of our earthly life.

The group round Mrs. Majendie had somewhat broken up and dispersed. Bessie and Cyril were at the piano singing, playing, laughing—beginning many things and ending each in turn, either with laughter or a quarrel. In each was the same light merry joyous nature; and they had always been such good friends that it was now impossible for lookers-on to decide whether their manner testified more than the antics of two merry mischievous children, of which they reminded people more than anything else, or whether there was a vein of something more earnest under it all.

Basil Crawford, in the circle round Mrs. Majendie, placed himself so as to command a good view of that part of the room where Gwendoline and Claude Egerton were together. Gwendoline looked excessively pretty, and her manner was so entirely natural and pleasant, that Basil Crawford could not but compare it with her manner to him; and the conviction came over him that Mrs. Majendie had been right in all she had said during that morning's conversation—that this would be a match, not only to be desired for her by all her friends, but the happy choice of her own heart.

The fact was, Gwendoline acted her part too well. She completely deceived Basil Crawford, and she almost deceived herself. More than this, she deceived Claude Egerton; and Claude, as his spirits rose in consequence, became brilliantly amusing and entertaining; and whilst their merry voices came across the room to him, Basil Crawford was saying to himself, "How I have deceived myself! But better that my eyes should be opened now, than that I should dream false dreams any longer. I see it all in the true light now; he will give her all those things she should have, whereas it is as likely as not I shall be poor for years. Shadows should not mar the sunshine; I only stand between her and the light. I shall go back with a fresh burden to bear, for the gold has faded out of the sky. It is fit that shadows be lost in the mist."

The next morning Basil Crawford left Atherton. No persuasions, no inducements, would prevail on him to remain for the length of his promised visit. The leviathan "business" had recalled him, and he, the most earnest of her slaves, was bound to obey.

Gwendoline, when she realized that he was really going, tried to make up for her past coldness by a full return of kindness and friendliness; but to no purpose. He was magnanimous and self-denying, with a politeness that was highly aggravating; and when she found that he was even sternly resolved not to miss a train, she felt that such behaviour was beyond explanation, and that he deserved to be left to follow his own devices. She refused to accompany her mother in the carriage which was to drive him to the station, would not see him off, which had been an established custom since the days when he came as a school-boy to spend his holidays at his god-father's house. And yet it would be hard to say whether he or Gwendoline suffered most as they bade one another good-bye in the hall in outward coldness.

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Time passed on. Spring gave way to summer,

and summer faded into autumn. Basil Crawford had not since been seen in Atherton. Once he had written to Dr. Majendie, once to Mrs. Majendie, each time sending kindly messages to Gwendoline, and inquiries after the Vernons and the Egertons; and that was all that had been heard of him.

Atherton life wagged on in its own humdrum fashion. Gwendoline and Naomi were oftener together than ever, somewhat to the exclusion of Bessie. Naomi had been giving much time and attention to music lately, somewhat to Gwendoline's surprise; but she had composed one or two songs which were the wonder and admiration of society in Atherton, Dr. Majendie being perhaps more enthusiastic on the subject than any one, and energetically encouraging her by all the persuasions in his power to continue to improve herself in this charming accomplishment.

Claude Egerton had all the summer been drifting nearer and nearer to Gwendoline Majendie, and although there had always been something in her manner which prevented him from speaking, his meaning had by this time become sufficiently plain for those nearest to her to understand fully what it was; and, strange to say, one of the results of this was that Cyril was injured.

It had always been a matter of doubt to this gentleman whom he most preferred, Gwendoline or Bessie, and, indeed, whether he entertained very serious feelings with regard to either; but as time went on, and Claude's visits to Birdshill became more frequent, Cyril began by noticing that it was a matter of indifference to his brother that he should accompany him on these visits, and later, that Claude certainly preferred his absence. Cyril then entertained a sense of neglect and of being left out, and, not having too much to do with his time, he followed the example set him by others in like situations—he made up and invented a grievance.

After this, it took him but a comparatively short time to assure himself that he, too, was in love with Gwendoline, that he had been in love with her all his life, and that his brother was behaving towards him in a way which was not strictly honourable. He began to visit Birdshill on his own account; and Claude seldom went out alone that Cyril did not suspect he had been to Birdshill. Bessie Vernon was quite neglected; all the singing duets and pleasant companionship was thrown on one side, till Bessie, in her turn, and with better reason, felt injured and ill-treated. By the time, therefore, that autumn was over at Atherton, it will be seen that there were wheels within wheels.

All this while, as the autumn dragged wearily along for him, Basil Crawford had been hard at work in London. The conversation he had with Mrs. Majendie had fully convinced him that he would be doing wrong to stand in Gwendoline's light, when such a far more brilliant destiny than any he could give her awaited her. And his principles were strong and of earnest, good stuff; when once he was convinced of what was right, he strove to act up to his standard according to his lights. He told himself that Gwendoline Majendie was not for him, that his former ideas had been but idle dreams, and that for his own sake he must keep away from her until he heard that all was settled between her and Claude Egerton. They were destined for one another, for ease and luxury and all the pleasures of life, whilst his ways led him through the busy work-a-day thoroughfares, his occupation was real and earnest, and he himself a worker for his daily bread.

Perhaps there was a certain amount of pride with it, which caused him so resolutely to close the doors of his heart. His love was all there, but he would not ponder on it till a more convenient season; so he shut his eyes on the fair visions with all the strength he could muster, and took up his work.

In the end of September, an impulse which he could not conquer came over him to hear something of Gwendoline, to approach her in some way—at any rate, to hear something of what was going on. All at once a happy thought crossed his mind; she had a quaint old oak case of curiosities, things which were old and out of date, and any addition to its contents pleased her as a new toy pleases a child. One day, when she had been exhibiting her treasures to him, he had told her of an antique ring which he had come across whilst travelling in Hungary, and as there was no doubt