

Family Department.

PROMISES OF HEAVEN.

O how Thy promises exceed  
All that we can desire,  
All that our deepest sense of need  
Could of Thy love require!

They are not merely for this life,  
Thy beautiful supplies  
Of light for darkness, peace for strife,  
And joy for long-drawn sighs.

Though they who love Thee even here  
Amid the shades of sin,  
Oft see Thy heavenly smiles appear,  
Shining their souls within.

But in the other life beyond  
The boundaries of time,  
No poet's dream, no fancy fond,  
No intellect sublime,

Has ever reached the height of joy  
Prepared, dear Lord, by Thee,  
The blessedness without alloy,  
The undimmed purity!

No summer's heat shall ever burn,  
No withered fields be there;  
No furious winds, or winter's storm,  
Shall ruffle the calm air.

No hope shall die, no fear be born,  
No sorrow overwhelm,  
No patient heart by pain be torn,  
In that celestial realm.

And this, Thy promises declare,  
Our future home shall be,  
Ours, free from toil, and sin, and care,  
Ours, just for loving Thee.

O without this, beloved Lord,  
We love Thee, and adore,  
Yet do Thou Thy rich grace afford,  
And we shall love Thee more.

To love Thee is our heaven below;  
What will it be above?  
Thee, face to face, to see and know,  
And love as Thou dost love!

—Selected.

CLAIRE.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian).

By T. M. B.

(Continued.)

And hitherto Claire had drifted on from day to day with but little time to commune with herself, still less with an opportunity of coming to an understanding with her father. A round of trifling amusements, new faces on all sides, a life so different in all its aspects from what her's had been—she had found herself in a sort of maze from which it required effort and determination to escape, even for an hour's solitude and introspection. To-day there had been a boating party on the river, and Claire, at the very last, had begged to be excused, she was not well, and a little quiet was what she needed. The Marquis with every expression of unwillingness was perforce obliged to accede to her request. With a long drawn breath of satisfaction she had watched the party descend the sloping lawn towards the river and had heard the distant stroke of the oars, and then, surrounded by the calm beauty and serenity of this autumn day, she had looked into her own heart, she had prayed for strength, she had formed the determination which her conscience as well as her heart approved. Though her knowledge of her father's character was of the slightest, she felt that in opposing his will she would bring down upon herself a very storm of wrath and indignation, but though she shrank from this and still more from the thought of his disappointment, she did not for a moment waver. Felix himself, with all his firmness, was not capable of a more fixed purpose than the slender girl, standing like a flower, in the soft light of the western sun. That evening, on the plea of indisposition, she remained in her own room. It was a

true plea, for her temples throbbed painfully with the excitement of anticipation. She had determined to seek an interview with her father in the morning. Very pale was Claire, with tall-tale shadows, speaking of a sleepless night round her eyes, as she approached her father. The Count was leaning back in a luxurious chair, playing a game of *ecarte* with the Marquis, to while away a tedious hour before the arrival of some other guests. A little inlaid table stood between them, on which the elder nobleman's lean but jewelled fingers rested, as Claire came up. Never before had she interrupted one of their *te te a te te*, or indeed approached the Marquis at her own free will, and he started up at the sound of her voice with almost grotesque pleasure, and offered her his seat. Claire courteously declined, saying that she had ventured to interrupt them as she wished for a short interview with her father. The Count with some surprise, but graciously enough, prepared to follow her, while the Marquis detained him for an instant to assure him that any request of Claire he should himself esteem it a delight and honour to gratify. Doubtless he said to himself the *belle enfant* wished for something which money was needed to procure, and poor Du Plessis, he added with a shrug, would find it pretty hard just now to gratify a woman's fancies. In silence Claire led the way through some stately rooms, out into the hall and portico. "You will not mind coming out into the garden, *mon pere*? I want to feel sure that we are quite alone."

The Count looked puzzled, but still good naturedly consented, and so they traversed the broad drive and the western garden, until they reached a little secluded arbour, formed of some dense yew trees which had been clipped and trimmed into a groon chamber with a vaulted roof. Through the entrance there was a peep of the pleasant landscape and the glistening river. Seats were placed here, and the Count and his daughter sat down, facing each other. "Eh bien!" said the Count with a shade of impatience in his tone, "here we are then, now for your weighty secret *mademoiselle ma fille*, you have certainly chosen a spot where we are secure from eaves droppers, but make haste, for we are scarcely courteous to the Marquis."

Claire however remained long enough silent for her father to look at her with some vexation and to tap with his heel the pebbles with which the floor of the little arbour was inlaid. "Father," her voice was low with emotion; there was something in the tone that made the Count look at her again with a sudden angry suspicion.

"Vouons," he said, "you are too dramatic. I did not come here for a *scene de theatre*, say what you have to say without loss of time."

"I hesitate," said Claire, "because I must begin with a question, which I am ashamed to ask you, for it seems like an insult to yourself and me. Father, if I have wronged you I will ask your pardon on my knees—have you any thought of giving me in marriage to the Marquis de Saumar?"

The Count broke into an angry laugh, while at the same time a slight flush mounted to his cheek. "You speak in riddles, *mademoiselle*," he replied with an ominous flash in his handsome eyes, "you speak in one breath of insult and in the next of the possible honour of your becoming *La Marquise de Saumar*—one thing at a time if you please."

"Nay, this is one and the same thing," said Claire, and she looked straight into her father's eyes—"to give me in marriage to the Marquis would be as degrading to yourself as to me. Hear me, *mon pere*," she continued, stretching out her hand with a passionate gesture, as the Count, beside himself with surprise and anger, burst forth with a furious exclamation. "I am a woman and your only child, at least suffer me to speak—if indeed you have purposed this, it is best that we should understand each other now. The Marquis is your friend, he has received us with generous hospitality, we owe him a debt of gratitude which I should gladly repay, yet so far it has only been what an old friend in misfortune might accept from one more fortunate, without feeling himself oppressed by obligation, but to increase this debt would be unworthy of us, and you must not remain under the false impression that you can cancel it by making me the wife of the Marquis. I am no longer a child, I understand myself and my right—and I

tell you father that I will never be the wife of the Marquis de Saumar!"

It would be impossible to describe the wrath of the Count as he listened to his daughter. "Ha!" he said, after a few moments of speechless rage, "I congratulate you, *Mademoiselle*, you are a bright example of filial duty, the line of Du Plessis culminates nobly in such a daughter, it is well seen that you have imbibed the spirit of the age. Was it from your friend the young doctor of Leyden or his honoured father that you learned this admirable contempt for the traditions of your class? and amongst them for the common respect due from a daughter to her father? What!" and he struck with his clenched hand a rustic table, "are you insane enough to suppose that you can interfere with any plan I may have formed for your future? In a month from this date you will be the wife of the Marquis of Saumar. Do you think that a nobleman will break his word for the whim of a brain-sick girl? do you think," and he lowered his voice to a whisper of intense passion, "that I will consent to be a beggar for your sake?"

(To be continued.)

THE Rev. John C. Hill says in the *Evangelist* (Presbyterian): "The older generations of ministers and elders may inveigh against the idea of re-introducing an optional liturgy into our own Church as much as they choose, but the fact remains there is a growing demand for a liturgy on the part of the people and the younger ministry, that must in time be met."

SERMON BY THE REV'D. PRINCIPAL LOBLEY.

A Sermon preached in Bishop's College Chapel, Lennoxville, at the Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, July 5, 1882, by the Rev. J. Lobley, M.A., D.C.L., Principal of Bishop's College, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—*Psalms* cl. 6.

THE argument for that fundamental truth of all religion, natural or revealed, the existence of a Supreme Creative Power and Intelligence, which is derived from the marks and traces of design to be found in nature, has suffered greatly in the minds of many from the discoveries of modern science, and the conclusions of that physical philosophy which may almost be said to be the creation of our own age. And, if we are to believe the Materialist School, no man has done more to damage this argument than that eminent physiologist, so remarkable for patient investigation, for comprehensive synthesis, and for bold yet sagacious induction, who has lately been taken from us—Charles Darwin. They tell us that he has established two facts which completely and satisfactorily account for all the phenomena which formerly seemed to require the hypothesis of an Intelligent Author of Nature; the one that, in the great conflict for existence among the multitudes of living creatures, there is and must be a natural tendency to the continuation and development of such details of organism as are more useful to the life of the individual, and therefore of the species; the other, that in the same great conflict such details of organism as are less useful, or which might be in any way prejudicial to the life of the individual and of the species, must of necessity, in the course of many generations, be utterly or to a very great extent crushed out of existence. Thus, they say, if we find a set of creatures whose organic structure and instincts are just what we can feel to be most desirable for their particular place and functions in the world of being, we are to explain this phenomenon to ourselves not by supposing that a Supreme Intelligence by some exercise of will and power moulded these creatures in their present state, or with the capacity of attaining to that state; but by remembering that, through a long line of ancestors, organs and properties which were useless have been of necessity gradually dropping off, and those that were useful have been gradually developed and strengthened. Now, without stopping to enquire how far the eminent investigator himself (who was never very explicit on this matter) would have accepted these conclusions, it may be well to point out, as it has often been pointed