

hands into his own, and said with decision. "My poor darling! I swear to you I will marry no other girl, and will hold you to your promise—so there! Never trouble your dear little head about a pedigree. Mine will be sufficient for us both—so marry me in a fortnight."

Whereupon, he felt pleased with himself, with a masterful sense of getting his own way always, as a man does who knows he is doing a right and perhaps fine deed. Joy consented to say no more about giving up Blyth.

The girl's heart was swelled with a strange pride, that kept telling herself she should be judged by her own worth, and not made to bear shame for her father's sins or her mother's misfortunes. Nevertheless, with a newly broken spirit, she was aware that, as this world is ordered, it most often is true!

Yes, she would marry Blyth, because she believed no one else could ever love him with such great love, such devotion, as herself—and that forever. Her loving soul, deep and true, had chosen him as master, and his will was her law. Yet she felt a little chilliness at heart, slight as the first frosts of September nights, aware that Blyth and his father would have smoked their pipes of nights with greater ease and comfort of mind had Gaspar da Silva died unfreed in his prison up yonder, and had not Magdalen's sorrowful affliction been blazoned and magnified by vulgar tongues; though doubtless the Berringtons had borne much willingly for the sake of their duty to God and love of Joy's own self.

That was all! Ah, well, thought the girl: Who is perfectly happy?

But she would by no means consent to be married till September was over, out of respect to her mother's memory. And Rachel, however seldom she spoke, and almost never interfered—being like one whose occupation was to foster the wretched only, and find that gone—gravely blessed her on hearing her resolve, saying she was right.

Joy wanted to pass some time in secret thought, and to try to feel true sorrow for her mother's loss!

Shocked she had been, as the great change to seriousness told, that gave depth to the young girl's expression; most grieved and horror-stricken. But as Magdalen has delegated her own duties to Rachel and Hannah, whom Joy felt with a tightened heart she loved (even the latter far, far better, so the poor girl was repentant of what seemed her own hardheartedness, and strove to feel a rightful daughter's sorrow for the mother Magdalen might have been.

Of her dead father she tried to think less, thinking from the awful questions as to his future fate that must arise at times. And yet there was a germ, a natural instinct, in her heart, though never fostered by circumstances, that made her also sorry not to be more sorry!

So Joy asked to be left to pass the next two months almost in perfect seclusion at the farm; which wish, being fulfilled, it thence followed that for it, any, in the sparsely peopled neighborhood knew of Rachel's presence there, or, if known, it was attributed to Farmer Berrington's goodness of heart, pitying her bereavement. The days passed softly and still, therefore, and the wheat fields ripened in August, and the apples grew red and yellow in September, tickling hung among the leaves in the orchard.

It was a curious time, and yet not without its sweetness.

"In the time of harvest merrily it is enough
To sow and reap a happy song;
The harvest merrily it is home;
In every field ripe is come.
The stars hang on the sky;
See a true love and true."

Of "true love," in spite of her chastened mood and daily hours spent sewing beside Rachel in mostly silent reflection, Joy and Blyth tasted still sweet moments. Many an evening they wandered together across the low meadows to the Chud; and there smelt the creamy, meadow-sweet spires heavy on the air, and watched the kingfisher's blue, quick gleam, or the fish rise.

But Blyth was away several times on business relating to his Australian property, which he thought it well to settle before his honeymoon. And more—there was some talk of old Hawkshaw selling the best portion, far more than half, of his land; which sitting nicely into the Red Farm ground at the fattest part of the Chud valley, would make a fair and pleasant-

lying, if not a fine, estate of the Berrington's freehold, therunto added. The cause was strange enough—as follows:

Steenie Hawkshaw, lying helpless and ill-cared for at the Barton, with only his father for company and their old housekeeper, a cross hag, had besought leave to send for a certain widow to help nurse him and while away the time. She was a handsome woman older than himself, whose society in Moor-town, Steenie (keeping it dark) a good deal affected. As to her character, as Hannah remarked, "There is little call to talk about what there's so little of."

Three weeks later the country-side was ringing with the news that old Hawkshaw himself had taken the widow to wife, in a secret and sudden way. Young Steenie, hardly yet able to use his crutches, found himself duped, deserted, abused for his debts by his old father and stepmother, and likely to be disinherited of what little remained to the Hawkshaws, in favor of the new mistress of the Barton, the old man's doubts being fitting parents to those of the son.

Poor Steenie! His retribution had come sharp and swift. Blyth felt even sorry for him; if better brought-up he might have been a gay and pleasant-tempered fellow enough. As soon as he could well move he left Barton, pale and miserable-looking, and went to Bristol to a cousin for a while, finding home unendurable.

So all things had regained serenity and a regular swing once more of duties to do, and duties done at the Red House. The weather was pleasant, some plentiful showers calling out the dried sweetness of the earth too. And all were fairly well again in health, which means so much of happiness in the daily reckoning. Only old Dick was ill, and that in a strange way, which now requires being told.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Edward Irving and the Catholic Apostolic Church.

DR. C. P. MULVANY.

Most of us who have visited Ottawa or Toronto are aware of the existence of a religious body, generally consisting of the more educated and cultured class, and worshipping in a church second to none for architectural beauty, with a ritual somewhat after what is considered the High Church and Ritualistic patterns, very elaborate, very pronounced, and as to its scenic effects, ambitious beyond its resources. The prayers are intoned; the mystic light burns day and night before an elaborately decorated altar; the silver veil of the incense rises as the gold vested celebrant swings the censer before the shrine. All this arose before the Ritualistic or High Church revival had begun, and it originated in the ministrations of one of the most fervent champions of the strictly Protestant Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Edward Irving, assistant-minister to no less a personage than Dr. Chalmers, the pulpit orator par excellence of the church founded by John Knox.

The attention of the readers of TRUTH has already been called to that most graphic picture of a noble literary career, Froude's Life of Thomas Carlyle. In the first volume of that work Edward Irving fills a prominent place as the friend of Carlyle's youth, whose influence had no slight share in determining his career; who first, and before all others, recognized Carlyle's literary genius, whose introduction gained Carlyle access to his social superiors, the family of his future wife.

The writer of this paper is in possession of a photograph taken from a picture of Edward Irving during the period of his London pastorate. It represents a tall, soldier-like figure, noble and commanding; high, but narrow forehead, eagle eyes, aquiline nose, the type of a martyr erect among the lions of the coliseum; of a corregidor crucifying human weakness at the bidding of God and Torquemada; of a covenant ready to be justified at the grass-market or to cut the throat of whatever prelato might intrude on Presbyterian Scotland.

Irving's family, though of respectable

descent, belonged to the lower middle class of the Scottish Lowlands, but to a grade superior to that of the parents of Thomas Carlyle. From his earliest boyhood he was destined to the Kirk, to which ministry those who, like himself, felt a thorough vocation, were trained as were the ministers of no other Christian church, with the exception of that of Rome. In England the church was an aristocratic profession, a provision for the younger sons of good families; a lottery, whereof the prizes might well fall to any young man known at Eton and Oxford for good scholarship, good manners, and outwardly at least, for good conduct. "Above all things, no enthusiasm," was the watchword of the rich, comfortable, and supremely respectable Church of England in the eighteenth century. But the Kirk of Scotland was still a missionary church, and the spirit of her teaching moulded the mind and aspirations of young Irving through life. To the Kirk, and to the intense and thorough study of the English Bible, which formed part of her daily discipline, English literature owes much of what is most striking in the style of Scott, Macaulay, and Carlyle.

On the latter acute and puissant thinker, Irving's influence in the days of their almost boyish friendship, excited a stimulating, though not a plastic or formative influence. Irving, from the first, appreciated his friend's great intellectual promise, both shared the vague longings of adolescence to look beyond the horizon, to seek for new things, to hope in Carlyle's case, for a political Utopia, in Irving's for the City of God established among men. Irving began his ministerial work among the Glasgow poor, and was successful as a pastor and preacher. In one of the most remarkable of his published sermons, his "farewell address to his Glasgow hearers," he tells of his daily labors in that poorest of poor Scottish cities, as, "journeying from house to house, he upheld as far as in him lay, 'the unpopular cause of God!'" The last phrase, which I have italicized, is an instance of Irving's gift for original turns of expression; nay, more, it expresses that sense of antagonism between religion and the world, that other-worldliness which was a leading factor in his view of human life.

Irving's life at Glasgow had been one of practical religious work, that of a pastor rather than a preacher. We read in his correspondence with Carlyle, the evidence of his unusually active powers of sympathizing with one of character and convictions diametrically opposite to his own. Of his personal attractions the present writer has heard abundant evidence from those who have been under his influence in the latter portion of his career. By the Glasgow congregation his ministrations were received, as what he believed them to be, a service offered to man in the name and under the immediate benediction of God.

Then came a call to London, to minister to the congregation of Scottish Presbyterians in Newman Street, who maintained the kirk-observances each Sabbath day in the midst of the alien and prelatial Babylon. It was to all appearance no great preference, although Irving's spirit kindled within him at the thought of living in London, the centre of the realm's intelligence and wealth. But "to awake and become famous" came sooner than he could have anticipated. The essayist and statesman, Sir James Macintosh, stated one evening in the House of Commons that the truest eloquence he had ever heard was in a sermon at a humble Presbyterian church in Newman Street. One phrase had struck him particularly. The preacher spoke of an orphan child whose dying parents had committed him to the Fatherhood of God.

Next Sabbath a line of fashionable carriages was drawn up in that dingy street off the western part of Oxford Street. In a few weeks more Irving's preaching had become the fashion, the drawing-rooms, the opera-houses, and Vanity Fair in general emptied themselves into that unpretentious meeting house. Then came inevitable reaction, the tide of fashionable folly set also with it.

We cannot wonder at this. A preacher like Newman or Dean Stanley will always have an audience, though the many depart from who a Plato stays. But with Irving it was otherwise. As we read his sermons, apart from the charm of their utterance, and now and then a striking phrase or two, there is no attraction such as meets us in every page of Newman. The sermons are in truth long-winded to weariness, and

deal over much with a conventional pulpit phraseology now extinct, such as "the cup that is offered by the siren daughters of Pleasure," or "the tears trembling in the eyes of some aged sinner." While the novelty lasted, the charm of Irving's intense boldness in his message had told; the effect was increased by the tall soldier-like figure and flashing, eagle eyes of the speaker.

Deserted by the world, Edward Irving turned with added fervor to the Church. He threw himself into the study, so often proved perilous to enthusiastic natures, of unfulfilled prophecy. In his passionate desire for a deliverance from the evils of the world around him, he read in the august imagery of the Book of Revelation, that the Second Advent of the One Deliverer was at hand. He carried his congregation with him, and many outside its fold; among others, one of the founders of the Plymouth Brethren, one of the leading infidel writers of the present day, and John Henry Newman!

Strange were the developments in Irving's congregation. Certain men and women were moved to "prophecy" and "speak with tongues." Meanwhile Irving had been, most unjustly as it appears to the writer, accused of semi-arian heresy, and expelled from the Scottish Kirk. His congregation built another chapel, and the prophet announced the restoration of the Apostolic constitution of the primitive church. Twelve apostles were nominated and proceeded to construct the ritual and worship of the new church. Irving himself had to be reordained in obedience to the word of the Apostles. For a time he continued his labors, then, worn out with a life of excessive labor and excitement died, believing and hoping to the end.

The Apostles were men of remarkable character. The leading spirit among them was the late Mr. Drummond, long noted as the most common-sense, hard-headed member of the House of Commons. The movement, which was by no means aggressive, and shunned rather than courted proselytes, quickly drew within its fold several of the wealthiest merchants, and one of the richest Dukes in England. The Apostles perfected a Ritual taken from that of the English, Roman and Greek churches, of great intrinsic beauty, with the accession of chanting, intoning, rich vestments, and incense. Such is the church which, long before High Church or Ritualism had been heard of, came from the austere bosom of Scotch Presbyterianism.

In the Province of Ontario there are two principal churches of what now takes the name of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," at Ottawa and in Toronto. The Church in Toronto is situated at the corner of Gould and Victoria streets; daily service through the year is held at six in the morning, even on the coldest week days. The Sunday service will well repay a visit.

When Plants are Wholesome in a Bed-Room.

The controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on with vigor and acrimony, although most people have probably supposed that it was long since set at rest. At a medical conference recently held in France it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the servants there present that plants, as long as they are plants only, may safely, and even with advantage, be admitted to the bedroom from which they have so often been excluded. These pretty ornaments, as a learned writer now declares, "far from being harmful, are beneficial, inasmuch as they exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintain a healthy dampness in the air, and, besides that, are destructive of the microbes which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings. It is only flowers, and not the plants which bear them, that do the damage. Ferns are innocuous, roses and sunflowers are pernicious, at least when they are in bloom."

Find us a better answer to the question of our spirits than Christ has furnished. Show us a better ideal of manhood than He has given! Bring us a better testimony to the life beyond the grave than He has borne! Ah! for four thousand years the world tried in vain to return to God, and now that He has come Himself to be the way, we will not give Him up for any other way.