

that has neither sense or grace, bawl out something about Christ, or His Blood, or justification by Faith, and his hearers cry out, "What a fine Gospel Sermon!" Surely, the Methodists have not so learned Christ. (Works, vol. vii., p. 242.)

We remind our Contemporary, that "*Evangelical Truth*," and "*Apostolic Order*" are linked together inseparably; and that what God has joined together, it is not for man to put asunder.

Before closing our notice of the Article in the *Evangelical Churchman*, there is a historical statement in it, to which we must ask the Editor's special attention. It is as to the Divine Origin and Institution, of a Three-fold Ministry. He ventures to call such a claim, Unscriptural, Hierarchical, and pretentious.

He says, that such a Doctrine as to the origin of a Three-fold Ministry, was "first openly proclaimed in the Church of England, by Bancroft and Laud, and revived in the present century, by the Tractarians.

Now there is nothing new in such an assertion as this. It has been made over and over again. It has not, however, been so often done by Churchmen; and never, we believe by Churchmen who have given their attention to the subject. The question is one simply of fact, not of opinion; and is to be settled like all other points of history, by an appeal to authentic testimony.

We assure our respected Contemporary, that its statement upon this point will not bear such a reference as that. And we, furthermore, promise to present those historic facts in the *Guardian* in the briefest space possible, on the condition that it will reprint our Article in its columns.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

DOROTHY.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.*

CHAPTER I.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Never!" cried Dorothy, and she threw down, with unnecessary vehemence, the letter which she had been reading with flushed cheeks and tears of vexation in her eyes. "Why, what do they think we are both made of papa? It is neither more nor less than an insult!"

"Papa" was an elderly gentleman, with snow-white hair, rather dreamy, but very kind, blue eyes and shapely features, betokening gentleness and refinement. He was leaning back in a comfortable easy chair, his finger-tips joined together, as his elbows rested on the arms of his seat, and looking tenderly and reflectively at his daughter.

"I thought you would look upon it in that light, Dotie, but it is scarcely fair."

"Scarcely fair!" echoed Dorothy, "and pray in what light do you look at it, papa? Perhaps you think that we ought to be very greatly, very humbly obliged to these people for proposing to take me away from you, and make our two lives utterly wretched! or would you really be able to get on without me?" and she flashed a look of sudden indignant suspicion at her father, and the next moment had her arms about his neck.

"Tell me, *could* you do without me?" she said, with loving imperiousness; "perhaps I have been making a mistake all this time in thinking that I was necessary in this establishment."

Mr. Rivers laughed, as he put his hand under his daughter's chin and looked into the sweet, indignant face. "Honestly I think I should miss you a little, Dotie. But yet your grand-uncle's proposition is worthy of being considered. Now, just curb your indignation for a few moments and listen to me." Dorothy stepped back with the air of a martyr, and seating herself at some distance, listened under protest.

"In the first place, remember that your father is not very far from being an old man." "Which, of course," burst out, Dorothy, "would be the best of all reasons for leaving him."

Mr. Rivers motioned silence and went on, "and though now able to provide his little ter-magent of a daughter with a pleasant home and the pretty dresses in which her heart delights, yet, unhappily, he has made little or no provision for her future, and this thought has often worried him of late. Now your grand-uncle is a wealthy man, a very wealthy man, and with a stroke of his pen could set my little girl for her whole life long far above the cares and pressure of poverty, and give her a position in the world which would satisfy a very ambitious person. Don't spoil your forehead with that frown, Dotie, but hear me patiently. Your grand-uncle has no cause to love me, though I grant you that he has not shown a very generous spirit in keeping up his animosity against me for all these years; still your dear mother married me against his wish, and by so doing forfeited her inheritance. The heiress of Clyffe should have married a very different person from a retired army fellow, with one arm nearly disabled. However, we could neither of us help ourselves, I suppose, and I have the comfort of knowing that she never regretted it. She was very happy—very happy in her short married life, poor child!" and Mr. Rivers paused and sighed gently. "Her uncle never saw her again, and you see how long he has outlived her. It is full fifteen years since I have had any tidings of him; and now this letter has come, making Miss Dorothy Rivers a brilliant offer with, when you come to consider it, a not unreasonable condition. He offers you the place your mother occupied in his home and the inheritance which she forfeited by disobeying him, and in return requires, a very natural thing on his part, that I should not visit Clyffe, and that you should spend but one month in the year with your father. I knew when first I read this missive how you would receive it, but the matter is too important to be dismissed without reflection. I, for my part, am ready, quite ready," he repeated in a somewhat unnatural voice, "to make any personal sacrifice for my little girl. What do you say, Dotie? Try to think it over dispassionately, and remembering that your father cannot but long that your future should be secured against poverty and all its attendant ills when he can no longer ward them from you."

"Papa," said Dorothy, and her face had now grown quite pale in its eagerness, "is it possible that you can be in earnest? I feel as if I were dreaming. If I thought this matter over for ten years do you suppose that I could ever see it differently? You are cruel papa!"

"Cruel!" said a voice which expressed some amusement as well as astonishment.

"Why Mr. Rivers, what is this accusation which Miss Dorothy is bringing against you? You are evidently coming out in a new character."

The speaker had walked in from the garden through the French window which stood wide open, and had announced himself with a little familiar tap upon the glass, which, however, neither Dorothy nor her father had noted. "Yes," said Dorothy, turning to greet the new arrival with a glance which was far from being the most gracious, "you may laugh at me as usual, Mr. Vaughan, and of course you will side with papa, but both of you together will not make me change my opinion." "Come Dotie," said Mr. Rivers with a deprecatory look, "it is not fair to visit my offences on Vaughan. Sit down, he went on to the latter, pointing to a seat near his own, "and I will tell you all about it, if my daughter will let me, or, stay, you can read for yourself the occasion of our difference of opinion," and he handed him the letter which Dorothy had so indignantly thrown from her. "Does Miss Dorothy give me permission?" And Rupert Vaughan cast an enquiring glance from a pair of dark grey eyes under somewhat heavy lids at the young girl who only answered by a careless gesture and passed out into the garden.

The letter was read and re-read without comment, but with a closeness of attention which betrayed a very lively interest. Then, still holding it in his hand, Rupert Vaughan seemed to be reflecting even more deeply than its contents seemed to warrant. "Well?" said Mr. Rivers at

last, and there was a shade of surprise in his tone. "Well, I think I know all about it. You suppose that you could make even the sacrifice of giving up your daughter for the sake of knowing that her future was assured, while she, of course, is keenly alive to the pain of being separated from you, and indignant at the thought of your being capable of harbouring such a plan for a moment. Poor child!" and Rupert Vaughan smiled, a very loving, tender smile which gave an altogether agreeable expression to his somewhat stern face, a face which without the smile looked older than it really was, being that of a man on the sunny side of thirty. "And what do you advise Vaughan?" "Knowing you both as I do, unhesitatingly I advise you not to send her from you. Your life would lose all that makes it worth living, and, as for her, she is no longer a child, she is able to weigh the chances of happiness, and you see that every instinct of her nature revolts at sacrificing her affections to her worldly prospects. You and I both know that she is right."

(To be Continued.)

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

"For which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren."

The thought which above all others should enable us to lead holy lives, lives worthy of our vocation, lives of true service to our God, is that Jesus the Pure and Holy is not ashamed to call us brethren. Our ascended Lord, returned to the glory in which He dwelt from all Eternity, God of God, Light of Light, One with the Father, is yet man, and "not ashamed to call us brethren," "for it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest." Are we not bound to Him by cords of love? Has not His LOVE knit us to Him? Do we not shrink from the thought of persisting in what in spite of all that He has done for us, must separate us from Him? Does not the remembrance of that Divine yet human tenderness which owns us, sinners, as His *brethren*, pierce even the hardened and impenitent heart, and kindle in it the desire to be less unworthy of that wondrous relationship? Were we to say to ourselves every morning—"He is not ashamed to call us brethren"—to say it, dwelling on its marvellous meaning, the length and breadth and depth and height of mercy and condescension conveyed in it, dwelling upon His Majesty, our nothingness, His Holiness, our sin, must not our meditation end in a passionate prayer for the help of His Holy Spirit that our lives might be more conformed to His? Which of us would not shrink from having our inmost thoughts, our whole lives laid bare to the gaze of men. Might we not have reason to fear that some who seek us now, would be ashamed to call us *brethren*? but He who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity is not ashamed to call us by that name! "Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto," crowned with glory and honor, he pleads for us with the Father as one who can be touched by our infirmities, our Elder Brother and our great High Priest! and He pleads *with* us in our own behalf, pleads the great love wherewith he loved us, pleads His humility, his life of man on earth, His awful suffering in our stead, pleads His brotherhood with us. He, God the Son, is not ashamed to call us brethren, but we, poor sinners, how often are we ashamed of Christ! ashamed to own Him in our lives, to confess Him before the World! What a dreadful contrast is this. Not He, but we for whom He lived and died and ever intercedes in Heaven, we are ashamed to own Him as our Brother. If he were not infinite in His Compassion, would He not long since have cast us off in our ingratitude and our folly? But He can still be touched by our infirmities, and "He is able to succour them that are tempted." We have but to cry unto Him, Lord save me from myself, help Thou mine unbelief, make me to feel my own unworthiness, and Thy Thy great Love, that Thy long-suffering may not have been in vain!