

propounded by A. Jukes in his work "The Second Death and the Restitution of all Things."

I wrote, subject to correction, that "G. J. L." held the theory of "Conditional Immortality." He is rather a "Restorationist," and that of the most avowed type. He is of a sister school of thought to that of the Annihilationist, but equally heterodox from the standpoint of a loyal Churchman. No wonder that he abhors "A Break in the Ocean Cable" and "A Life in a Look."

R.

## Family Department.

### WAITING FOR CHRIST.

We wait for Thee, all glorious One!  
We look for Thine appearing,  
We hear Thy name, and on the throne  
We see Thy presence cheering.  
Faith even now  
Uplifts its brow  
And sees the Lord descending  
And with Him bliss unending.

We wait for Thee through days forlorn.  
In patient self-denial;  
We know that Thou our guilt hast borne  
Upon Thy cross of trial,  
And well may we  
Submit to Thee  
To bear the cross and love it,  
Until Thy head remove it.

We wait for Thee; already Thou  
Hast all our hearts submission;  
And though the Spirit sees Thee now,  
We long for op'n vision;  
When ours shall be  
Sweet rest with Thee.  
And pure un fading pleasure,  
And life in end less measure.

We wait for Thee with certain hope—  
The time will soon be over  
With child-like longing we look up  
Thy glory to discover.  
O bliss to share  
Thy triumph there,  
When home, with joy and singing  
The Lord His Saints is bringing.

—From the German of Hiller.

### "NOT MY WAY."

#### A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued.]

On the following day Stephen Ray and John Carruthers met for the first time, little realizing that their lives were to be for the future intimately associated with each other, and that a lifelong friendship was to date from that day. John, by his father's desire, had walked over in the morning to see a tenant, who, from one cause and another, had been very unfortunate, and was now seriously ill. The Squire feared that his agent had perhaps dealt too harshly with the poor fellow, whose rent had remained unpaid for a considerable time, and John was to see for himself how matters stood and to assure him of every indulgence. By the sick man's bedside John found Mr. Ray speaking words of tender kindness. The young Squire was joyfully welcomed by the farmer's wife. "It will be all right now, sir," she said tearfully; my poor man has been most fretting himself to death because he couldn't see the Squire and explain things to him, and the Squire not being well, I didn't like to intrude myself, but the parson, God bless him, has been speaking for us, and now that you have come, we needn't be afraid of Mr. Speers." "You know that my father has never yet treated a tenant with harshness," replied John, "and he certainly would not begin with you, such old and trusty friends." "And this is Mr. Ray," he said, as the woman ushered him into the bedroom.—"I am John Carruthers," and the two men shook hands warmly. "Why, Martin," and he stooped over the sick man and pressed the poor toil-roughened hand which had striven honestly to "keep things square;" cheer up man, you don't suppose that my father has turned a hard task-master all at once,"

"Lord bless you, Master John," said the poor fellow, going back to the name by which John had been called by all the country folk in his boyish days, "the sight of you, so unlooked for like, has done me good already, and here's the Parson telling me I shall soon be about again, and, please God, things will go better with me after a while, and I ought never to have doubted the Squire, only Mr. Speers; he were so desperate sharp-like, and told me I were defrauding my landlord." "I shall see Speers before I go back to-night," said John; "make yourself perfectly easy, Martin I shall be down again before Christmas, and hope to find you quite yourself again." There was a cheery strength about John Carruthers which seemed to diffuse an invigorating atmosphere. Stephen Ray, a student of mankind, felt that he was one worthy of trust and affection.

They left the farm-house together and together walked over the breezy upland which formed part of the Carruthers' estate. There were many topics which naturally suggested themselves, and a long and animated conversation took place between them. John found that the accounts he had received of the new parson, whether from Nellie or Sybil, had been far from exaggerated. He could not remember ever having been impressed quite in the same way, and, in reflecting afterwards upon his new acquaintance, he came to the conclusion that it was the utter effacement of self which distinguished him from other people. He seemed to live, as it were, outside himself; he was full of wide, warm sympathies, of almost passionate pity for the class among whom he had so long laboured, of profound interest in the spiritual life of those committed to his care, of love for everything that was good and great, but of purely personal feeling, personal ambition, he seemed entirely destitute. They spoke of the late Rector whom Stephen Ray appeared to regard as a beloved friend, they spoke of the Squire and Nellie and Sybil, and it seemed as though each had been made a subject of thought and study, of the Longmoor villagers, of the inhabitants of the 'Coomb', with their rough lives and poaching proclivities, and every moment John wondered more and more how this man, who was but a new-comer, should have identified himself so completely with the inhabitants and interests of the place.

Of Percy not much was said, although his name had been many times introduced by Mr. Ray. Warmly as John loved him he found it impossible to enter into the subject of his aptitude for the work which this man was carrying on with such devotion and unconsciousness of self. He could but speak of Percy's kindly, generous nature, of the affection which he inspired, and of his (John's) own earnest wish that he might be a worthy successor of Hugh Barrington. They had reached the park wall before they parted. "Will you not come on to the Hall?" said John. "No, since I have been so fortunate as to meet you, I will leave your father in undisturbed possession of you to-day—but you may rely upon my seeing him and your sister very often, and should I note any change for the worse in your father, you can depend upon my writing." They parted almost like old friends, each afterwards continuing in thought with his late companion. John Carruthers was conscious of having more freely expressed his thoughts and feelings than was his custom even with those with whom he had long associated. Sybil Barrington might well say that John's presence would cheer and revive his father. The Squire lived in his son and seemed unconscious of his own failing powers while seeing the manly energy and mental vigor of his young heir. "Yes, dear boy," he said when John had related his visit to poor Martin and the condition in which he had found him, "you are wanted here. There is no doubt that Speers has of late been stretching his authority and in some instances acting the tyrant, though I cannot doubt his attachment and loyalty to us. But the master's head and hand should be felt everywhere and, I can truthfully say, were so until of late. Things will have to drift for a little while longer, until you come home to take possession." "Not to take possession, dear sir," exclaimed John, with a sudden sharp pang at his father's words, "only to act as regent, if you will, or rather to keep you posted

about matters in general." "Ah well, God knows, my boy, it may be that I shall be left a little longer to watch you at your work,—if not I shall at any rate have the happiness of knowing that I leave Carruthers in worthy hands, faithful and strong." Never before had the Squire spoken directly to John of his failing health and probable departure, and the young man's heart swelled with an intensity of grief at the thought. "Father," he said, "if you really feel that you may be removed from us before long, will you not suffer me to remain with you altogether? Indeed I shall have no heart to return to Oxford." But the Squire insisted, with something of his old energy, that this was not to be thought of. "I am no worse than I have been for weeks past," he said, "in fact to-day I feel very much more myself. You will run down to see me now and then, and in a few months you will have completed the course which you laid out for yourself, and then you will come home to us." "It is a comfort to me," said John presently, "that Mr. Ray is what he is. You will see him often, and he will report to me about you both." "Yes, he is a remarkable man," said the Squire gravely; "Hugh Barrington himself could scarcely have been a greater support to me or to Nell than he is now."

(To be Continued.)

### THOUGHTS FOR 3D SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

"Therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the heart."

Of all the sins to which the human heart is prone there is not one against which we must be more constantly upon the watch than that of rash judgment. Yet what am I that I should judge my brother? So deceitful is the human heart that we cannot even judge ourselves (though in our own case we err upon the side of mercy). St. Paul himself exclaimed, "Yea, I judge not my own self, for I know nothing of myself, yet am I not hereby justified; but he that judgeth me is the Lord." There is a thought which should check forever the presumption of rash judgment—THERE IS ONE THAT JUDGETH—THE MASTER, to Whom each one of us shall stand or fall, and in the Day in which He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsels of the heart, it will be well for us if we, during our brief life of folly and ignorance, have not dared to assume His office, and set ourselves up as readers of [the thoughts and intents of men? As we ourselves shall most surely need mercy in that Day, we should not now presume to judge, to condemn another. In the sight of the Searcher of hearts those whom we condemn may have a better record than ourselves; in our own deceitful hearts there may be more of the hidden things of darkness than in some whom even the whole world agrees in condemning. "Where are those thine accusers?" may be said to some who will stand before the Judge in utter self-abasement and contrition, yet not in despair, while the accuser self-condemned and speechless will go out from His presence. Let us refrain now from what will then be a source of shame utterable, hard words, hard thoughts, as well as hard deeds to others. The uncharitable thought that rises in the heart is almost sure to find expression, for the tongue is an unruly member, and if the thought be not checked it will be far harder to check the words. Our hearts must be turned to that true wisdom which is from above, and will bring forth in us fruits of love and peace, that at His coming we may be found an acceptable people in his sight. A loving spirit must be ours, pitiful to those who are weak and erring where we may stand firm and be strong, because we may never have been tempted in like manner, as were they. We must be striving, day by day, to attain more of that perfect gift of charity which covers instead of relentlessly exposing the sins of others, following from afar, but faithfully, that blessed guide who was the Friend of sinners, who taught us that if we would receive mercy we must be merciful, who said "condemn not and ye shall not be condemned." Living in patience, humility and hope, as we refrain from judging others, so may we be fearless of the world's judgment of ourselves. "Who is he that condemneth?" we may cry joyfully. God is the Judge! And shall not the Judge of all the world do right?"