

God of a-cent, for (I believe) He will demand all that is due Him. God is just.

If possible begin to lay by for Him early in the week (say Monday). If you make a habit of this, I think that you will have more strength to bear with the trials of the week, and this giving will give you more real happiness than any other.

N. SUTHERLAND.

Family Department.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

'Tis a point I long to know,
(Oft it causeth anxious thought!)
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly sure, can they be worse,
Who have never known His name!

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me is it so with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways that I abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou Who art Thy people's sun,
Shine upon Thy work of Grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day!

—Olney Hymns.

"NOT MY WAY."

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

By T. M. B.

[Continued.]

The letter went on to speak of other things which were wont to awaken Sybil's warmest interest, but now, strangely enough, it seemed as though she could not fix her attention upon them; her breath came quickly, she pressed her hand upon her heart, and suddenly the hot tears rushed to her eyes. Why, why did he tell her all this? Hitherto he had spared her,—nay sometimes she had even longed that he should be less reticent, she had yearned to see John's name recur more frequently in her friend's letters, though every mention of him was a pain. Why had Mr. Ray broken through his self-imposed rule of silence? why should her joy at seeing Percy again be thus strangely troubled?

At Cette? So near them? By this same blue water which had so charmed and soothed her. She had a vision of them both—the brother and sister—now in the evening by the shore.

"Sybil, if you have finished your letter," said Mrs. Barrington, as she approached the house, "I want to speak to you about Percy.

"Certainly, dear mother;" and Sybil sprang up and hurriedly folded the letter. Her somewhat agitated manner did not escape Mrs. Barrington, who, however, made it a rule never to refer to Longmoor or its inhabitants; no comment was ever made on Sybil's letters from thence, and all con-

nected with Stephen Ray or John Carruthers was a sealed book between them.

"Percy wrote that note three days ago," said Mrs. Barrington, "and says that they are on their way, so that he may actually have arrived here this evening."

Sybil put her arm tenderly about her mother. "His room is all ready," she said, "if he can stay with us, and probably he will, as all the Acres are coming to Nice." She felt her mother trembling at the thought of the meeting, perhaps so close at hand, and Sybil kissed her gently. There was something in her mother's passionate fondness for Percy that touched Sybil to the heart. The calm, cold nature which even towards her daughter was so undemonstrative, seemed transformed where Percy was concerned. As a child Sybil had sometimes yearned for a like affection, but had learned to be content with a smaller measure, and was none the less devoted to her mother. Mrs. Barrington passed her arm within her daughter's, and together they sauntered to and fro for a while, until the warm sunset had faded out altogether, and the stars began to tremble in the purple Italian sky.

Neither mother nor daughter slept much that night. Mrs. Barrington was too agitated by the thought of Percy's coming; Sybil, mixed with that glad anticipation, had the thought of Mr. Ray's letter to disquiet her. "Good and true as ever, but with the brightness gone out of his life" These were the words which kept recurring to her memory again and again; then John's face as she had seen it last, so pale and sad and steadfast, looked at her out of the darkness, and even shut out for a little space the thought of Percy. "He has never been quite the same since you left Longmoor." O why had her friend written such words to her—he whose words always meant so much! How should he know that in writing them he was disturbing the peace which Sybil had striven so hard to attain.

The next day brought Percy. It was a delightful meeting, with nothing to cloud its happiness. Percy had greatly improved, as even Mrs. Barrington had to acknowledge to herself, though she had never admitted room for any improvement in him, and would not have known how to define the change. To Sybil it was apparent as an increase of manliness and decision. He had seen and learnt so much, was such a charming companion, and, best of all, seemed so unconscious of his own attractions; she could not but look at him and listen to him with loving admiration.

But the great joy of reunion was not to be the only one that day to Mrs. Barrington and Sybil. Percy, as he had written to his mother, was the bringer of good tidings, and as he sat hand-in-hand with her in the portico, Sybil in her favourite place upon the steps below them, he told his news.

"I have so wanted to tell you both," he said, "but refrained until I could have the double pleasure of seeing you. I told you, mother, that I had made hosts of friends, but I must honestly say none of them seemed likely to advance my worldly interests, and not being, as you know, very actively ambitious, I was growing so accustomed to my lot in life that I began to lose the thought of any other. Well, little mother," and he kissed the delicate hand clasping his own, "shortly after arriving in London, after our return from the West, whom should I meet one evening at Sir Arthur's but Lord Northburne. He was very civil, questioned me about our travels, and we had some conversation together, though I confess he being a Westshire man made me less desirous of cultivating his acquaintance than I might otherwise have been. When, however, he invited me to call upon him, I could not refuse, and found him exceedingly and markedly kind. Through him and being endorsed by him, I was introduced to some of the leading people in diplomatic circles, and everywhere well treated. It became very evident to me that Lord Northburne had cordially taken me up, and was desirous of being my friend, but I was not prepared for the proof of this which he has given me. What do you say, mother, to my being offered the Consulship of V——?"

For a moment mother and daughter were silent with delighted surprise. Then Sybil, who had drawn quite near to hear Percy's tidings, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, while Mrs.

Barrington exclaimed: "My darling, this is indeed good news."

"Yes," said Percy, deeply moved by their happiness at his good fortune, "it means that I shall have a home for my beautiful mother and for the best sister that ever man had. You will both be delighted with V——," he went on brightly, to hide his emotion; "it is one of the most charming cities in Europe; we spent some months there, as you know, last year. I am to assume my duties by Christmas, but before that must go through some preparatory work in London. Sir Arthur and my boys are, I think, really sorry to lose me, and I could not refuse to come here with them for a while, even had I not intended doing so on your account."

Good news indeed! so good that Mrs. Barrington could at first scarcely make it real to herself. Was she to have the happiness, which she had feared might never be hers again, of living with her son? and under circumstances so exceptionally agreeable? Were the narrow circumstances, to which she had less readily adapted herself than had her daughter, to be exchanged for easy ones? best of all, was Percy, her best beloved, to occupy a position worthy his talents and graces?

Truly a happy woman was Mrs. Barrington, and compensated for much of the disappointment and unsatisfied desires of the past. To Sybil, too, it gave unqualified pleasure, that Percy should have met with this good fortune. She loved him with the same deep affection as of old, though in some respects her feelings had undergone a gradual change. She no longer considered that Percy had been treated with injustice by John Carruthers; she had learned to think calmly and dispassionately of the latter's conduct with respect to her brother, and to believe that causes of which she knew nothing had influenced him. Nay more; she had learned to think that Percy could never have filled his father's place as did Stephen Ray. It was all for the best she had learned to say,—all for the best, although the earthly happiness of two lives had been sacrificed! She had learned to see that the best, the purest is all too poor an offering to Him Who is the Source of Good.—that His priests should indeed be clothed with righteousness, and shine as lights in the world. She had long since understood how John Carruthers, with his keen sense of responsibility, must have felt compelled, in spite of his personal affection for Percy and his love for herself, to act as he had done, if her brother's life had not been in accordance with his intended avocation. The thought of Stephen Ray had always been a comfort to her; her affection and profound admiration for his character and perfect devotion had reconciled her, above everything else, to the loss of her hope of seeing Percy Rector of Longmoor. Yes, she loved her brother fondly as ever, but no longer blindly; and what rejoiced her more than his fair prospects was the belief that he had gained in strength of character and purpose.

To be continued.

THOUGHTS FOR THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

"For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

THE Church of the living God, for ever glorious and filled with Divine life, because she is the Body of Christ, has stood and will forever stand the assaults of the unbelieving, the scoffs and sneers of the ignorant, but we her members should labour to "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." It is not enough to believe that the Church is indestructible, but we must, each of us, if we would be worthy of the name whereby we are called, show forth the life which we possess, let our "light so shine before men, that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in Heaven." For how else shall the ignorant be brought to see that this Church, in which we rightly glory, is indeed the Church of the Living God? "Ye are the salt of the world," said the Lord to His servants; but unless the salt penetrates the mass with which it is mingled, must it not be that the salt has lost its savour? As living members we must each one be a witness to the truth and the power of Christ's religion, for by their fruits ye shall know them."