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GRIMWOLD

THE BISHOP AND NANNETTE.



Frontispiece.

Griswold, Frances Irene (Burge)
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BISHOP AND NANNETTE.

BY
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 “SISTER ELEANOR’S BROOD,” ETC.

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THE BISHOP AND NANNETTE.

CHAPTER I.

NANNETTE was intently reading from a large square book that lay upon her lap.

She was perched upon the seat of a bay window in her grandfather's study, and was so absorbed that she did not notice the setting of the sun, nor the deepening of the evening shadows.

There was great attraction for her in the volume over which her head was bowed. It filled her mind with holy dreams of the departed; of saints and martyrs, and earnest Christian souls, that had been helped in their earthly pilgrimage, toward the better land, by the very words that now met her eyes and often fell from her lips.

As she mused there in the twilight, the dear old study seemed full of hallowed forms, and she almost fancied living voices saying to her,—

“Cherish this sacred book as a rare treasure, there is but one better in all the world.”

Nannette was an orphan. Her grandfather was a bishop of the Church of the living God. His domestic circle had narrowed down, until only this dear child was left as his chief solicitude and joy, excepting the churches of his love and care. Mrs. Sands the housekeeper, “Phil” the man-servant, and “Nancy” the maid, were the other members of the Episcopal household.

It was a quiet Christian home, yet not cheerless nor gloomy, even to a young heart. There were beautiful memories attached to every room, where a gentle presence had been, and though the mistress of the house was no more seen, her sweet influence was constantly felt by the bishop and the child.

It was a sacred joy to Nannette to go often

to her grandmother's apartment, and, sitting on the low cricket beside the easy chair, to recall the soft caressing hand upon her head, and the prayers for heaven's blessing. The birds still sang their old songs, and the plants were blooming, while she who cherished and petted and nursed them was rejoicing amid the music of Paradise, and the flowers that blossom by the river of the water of life.

But better even than this dear room did Nannette love her grandfather's study, to which she had free access whenever the signal told her that the bishop was at liberty to instruct or entertain her.

This signal was an old-fashioned heart-shaped ventilator in the upper part of the door, and the good man never forgot to open it when he was going out, or when he had leisure, and was alone, for his was the spirit of the Master who was always mindful of “these little ones.”

No wonder Nannette loved the pleasant study. It was a large, square room, looking out in front upon an old park that was green

and shady, and from the side upon a small inclosure that was full of shrubs, and flowers. In the park a fountain made soft music all the day, and groups of people sat under the great elms, or walked and talked together, making just life enough near the otherwise quiet mansion.

There was nothing luxurious in the bishop's study,—nothing that would impress the poor who came to him with the thought, "the bishop takes care of his own ease while we are suffering." It was a comfortable place, however, and had other virtues than gilded furniture to render it attractive. Well filled book-cases lined the walls, and wherever any space permitted, there hung sacred engravings of some scene in our blessed Saviour's life on earth. A large table occupied the centre of the room, and was covered with pamphlets and stationery. A small stand, with Bible and Prayer Book upon it, was near the bay window; and beside it the bishop's chair, the only luxurious article in the place, a gift from a dear friend at the time of his consecration. It

was of black walnut, with purple velvet cushion and back, and a mitre fastened over the top, to symbolize the bishop's sacred office. A white straw matting covered the floor. Green leathern chairs, a hair-cloth sofa, and a tall, old-fashioned desk completed the appointments of the room, excepting that Nannette had hung her canary in the window, with a basket of trailing vines above, "to take away any little stiffness" she said.

She was fifteen years old, and quite companionable to the bishop, whose love of study and whose soberness of mind she had inherited. It was no unusual thing for her grandfather to find her absorbed in reflection.

On this night, as often before, he had entered the study unobserved by her, and stood looking at her for a minute before she perceived him.

"At the book again, my child," he said; "you never grow tired of it."

"It is wonderful!" she returned, rising to greet him. "Tired? no indeed! I love it more and more the older I grow, and the more

I search into the hidden depths. Wont you explain it to me, grandpapa? You can teach me so much that it would be difficult for me to find in commentaries."

"So you want your love for the Prayer Book to be an intelligent, appreciative one, and not a blind, superstitious reverence?"

"I want to understand the whole volume, from beginning to end," said Nannette; "its history, its meaning,—everything."

The bishop was pleased with her enthusiasm.

"I will help you to the utmost of my power," he said; "and will pray Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, to make all the words of this Book a blessing and joy to our souls. They can never be a useless form to any who truly understand and appreciate them. I suppose you want even the preface?"

"If you please, grandpapa."

"You know enough of Latin to give me the meaning of the word," said the bishop.

Nannette thought a minute,—"*Ah*, I have it! '*Prae*, before; and *for fari fatus*, to speak,'" she said.

"The design, then, of a preface is to give us some idea of the nature and contents of the book, and it should always be read when we open a new volume. The substance of our Prayer Book preface is taken from that in the English, which was written by Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, in the English revision of 1661."

"I recollect your reading to me about him in Walton's Lives," said Nannette.

"That is the same. He was one of the worthies of that difficult time, when the Papists crowded on the one hand, and the irreverent 'Roundheads' on the other. Our preface was drawn up by Bishop White, the second in order of our American bishops. It is a sort of apology for slight alterations from the English Liturgy, which were made necessary by the difference in our political institutions."

"The variations are not very great, are they?"

"No, only here and there a word substituted, as president for king, and now and then

an omission of certain parts which seem mere repetitions," said the bishop.

"Have there not been several revisions of the Prayer Book since the Reformation?" asked Nannette.

"Only so many as would serve to bring back the primitive usage. The Roman Church had so burdened her formularies with superstitions and errors, that it required very great care to sift the wheat from the chaff, but it has been so faithfully done, that, as the preface says, 'there is nothing in our Liturgy contrary to the Word of God, or to sound doctrine,' or 'which a godly man may not with a good conscience use or submit unto, or which is not fairly defensible.'"

"That is saying a great deal; but it is true, and we can prove it, can we not?" said Nannette, who felt strong in her grandfather's ability, which she accounted as her own.

"The compilers were very learned and pious men," responded the bishop; "there are few like them for wisdom in our day; the times were such as to bring out the pure

gold in a man's character and mind, and the Holy Ghost seems to have helped the Reformers to frame this precious form of sound words, so that it is honored by all the Christian world except Papists, whose errors it rejects, and the denominations that are strongly prejudiced, so that they will not see its beauty."

"The Liturgy was in Latin before the Reformation, was it not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, we owe it to the reign of King Henry VIII. that the first 'English Primer' was put forth, with the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the Venite, the Litany, and the *Te Deum*,—some of the sublimest portions of our Prayer Book," said the bishop. "These were taken from the Roman 'Breviary,' a book containing the daily service of the Roman Church."

"Many people would object to them as coming from that source," said Nannette.

"They should hear what good Dean Comber, chaplain to King William, says of the gems taken from Roman breviaries, missals, and sacramentaries."

"What is that?"

"That they were no more depreciated by standing in these books, in the midst of errors and corruptions, than a jewel is by lying on a dunghill."

"The fact is, daughter, these forms were in use long before the idolatrous and profane errors and abuses had crept in and polluted the face of our beautiful Zion, and when they were purged from these impurities, their value was the same as in the early days. I will tell you the origin of every prayer and exhortation and anthem as we proceed, and you will see how little Rome, in her perversion, had to do with them."

"Of course the Church could not be purified all in a moment; people must have clung to their superstitions," said Nannette.

The bishop answered: "It took centuries to perfect the work of renovation, but thanks be to God, the English branch, which includes the American, stands up to-day with a 'washen face.'"

"The first and second books of Edward VI.

were a great advance in reform, and later still, the revision went on, until there was nothing in the Prayer Book to offend an unprejudiced mind."

"There must have been some commotion when the first English Liturgy was read!" said Nannette. "Such a decided change."

"That was on Whitsun-day, the ninth of June, 1549," said her grandfather. "The common people attached great reverence to the Latin service, so long had they been accustomed to it, and on Monday in Whitsun-week, as a priest, in a Devonshire village, was going into the church to read the English service, according to the new law, the people compelled him to put on his cope and vestments, and perform Mass in the unknown tongue. This shows how slow they were to accept this feature of the Reformation, and how the changes that seem now to have reached almost their perfection were necessarily the growth of many, many years."

"Bloody Mary strengthened the Papists did she not?"

"Yes, and put to death those mighty men, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, to whom we are so greatly indebted, not only for the Reformation, but for our beautiful Liturgy itself. This queen burned the English Prayer Book wherever it could be found, and persecuted all who would not accept the Papacy; but Providence cut short her reign, and brought Queen Bess to restore the English service. So the Church had comparative peace, until the Puritan rule, when our Liturgy was once more trampled upon, and its use prohibited for *fourteen years*."

"What a long and sorrowful time!" said Nannette.

"That was a dreadful interval between the martyrdom of King Charles I., and the Restoration," returned the bishop. "So dreadful that all men were glad to accede to the re-establishment of the ancient monarchy, and to have order where confusion had held supreme sway. The Church was the chief sufferer. Her bishops had been put to death or scattered, her priests mar-

tyred, and her altars dishonored; but God be praised! in that trying ordeal lay her future strength, and since then she has gone steadily on in uninterrupted prosperity."

Nannette pressed her grandfather's hand. She was thinking how he had lately preached that "God's people sometimes need the furnace heated with seven-fold heat before the Great Refiner and Purifier can see His face reflected, and His work complete."

"In our own country there was something of this trial, was there not, grandfather?"

"In the early establishment of the Church, yes, daughter, but happily the Prayer Book is fast taking hold of the affections of the people, and it is well to forget the evils of the past in our present blessings."

While the bishop and Nannette had been talking, the darkness had imperceptibly settled over all the room,—yet they sat quietly, until a low rap at the door disturbed them, and Phil appeared with a wax taper to light the gas, and drop the curtains.

Then Mrs. Sands made her obeisance at

the other entrance, and summoned them to tea, and the pleasant interview was over for that evening.

"But," said Nannette exultantly, to her grandfather, as they left the study, "there is all this week, and the next without visitations, and we can do a great deal in that time.

The bishop, with his true Christian courtesy, was as polite and deferential to Mrs. Sands as if she had been a queen, and she treated him with a beautiful reverence, which enhanced her own womanly dignity in the same proportion as it proved her pious humility. She presided at table, and made tea for the bishop and Nannette, and joined in the sprightly conversation with which the meals were generally interspersed, and in the evening she always made one of the family circle, as she had been wont to do when the mistress of the house was there.

She was a comfortable old lady, and made a cosy atmosphere wherever she went, with her serene face, and her drab silk gown, and the snowy cap tied closely under her chin.

Altogether matronly, and worthy every attention and respect was the bishop's housekeeper, and Nannette loved her almost as well as if she were related by stronger ties.

The tea-room was octagonal, and furnished with blue and brown, and brightened by choice copies, from Raphael,—the "Madonna and Child," "Christ praying in the Garden," and the "Transfiguration."

These were presents from abroad to the good bishop, and were valued by him as sacred teachers, from which he received daily lessons in humility, resignation, and heavenly aspirations, and Nannette also felt their influence, and was elevated by it above groveling thoughts and aims.

CHAPTER II.

“**W**HAT a noble-looking gentleman grand-papa is!” said the young girl to herself, the next evening, as she saw the bishop coming across the park. She had been watching for him with some impatience; but she knew that only higher duties would keep him from his appointment with her, and, therefore, she tried to check the feeling of sadness as the hour for their meeting pealed from the tower of the clock near by, and he was nowhere to be seen. Presently the tall figure came in view, and Nannette’s heart expressed its pride and joy.

The day had been very warm, and the bishop walked slowly, as if oppressed by the heat. He held his hat in his hand, and his gray hair was pushed back from his forehead, which the evening breezes gently fanned.

Nannette smiled as she perceived him stooping to notice two little children who were playing on the grass, and the moment after, bending to kiss an infant that held out its arms to go from the nurse to him. “Just like grandpapa!” said she; “he always stops to impart his blessing!” Emerging from the park gate, opposite his house, the bishop observed the wistful face at the window, and hastened his steps.

Nannette had his seat ready for him, and, with only the preliminary of an affectionate greeting, they were engaged with the book again.

“I will skip the order for scriptural reading, and the calendar, and the tables and rules, until by-and-bye, when we shall necessarily be referred to them,” said the teacher. “We will begin to-night with the opening sentences.”

“Those which the minister reads, and at which the people arise from their seats at the commencement of the service; they are so impressive, I never hear them but a thrill

runs through my whole frame," said Nannette.

"These are called '*capitula*,' or 'little heads,' returned the bishop. "Before rosaries were adopted by the Romanists, these short sentences of Scripture were used by them to mark certain pauses in their devotions; but they were placed in our Liturgy as subjects of meditation, to prepare our minds for the glorious worship in which we are soon to be engaged."

"I think you told me once, grandfather, that the first book of King Edward began with the Lord's Prayer, as the Romish book, and the Greek Liturgy?"

"That is true, my child; but at a subsequent review, this commencement was thought too abrupt, and these sentences were prefixed, as were also the exhortation, confession, and absolution, which brought back the Liturgy more to a primitive model. We are miserable sinners; recreant children, and it seems scarcely suitable to venture before God with the endearing and familiar words, 'Our

Father,' before we have acknowledged our transgressions, and been assured of the forgiveness of our sins."

Nannette was evidently meditating. By and bye she said: "Those who come late to church, then, lose the benefit of this preparation?"

"Yes, my child," replied her grandfather. "If people felt the full import of these prefatory sentences, and the confession and absolution, they would make every effort to be in church in due season; but the fact is, too many join in our solemn service whose hearts are far from comprehending the invaluable meaning that attaches to every word."

"The English book begins at the fourth sentence, 'When the wicked man,'" said Nannette.

"The three preceding were introduced by our American revisers, as impressive and appropriate," said the bishop; "but the minister generally uses with these one or two of a penitential, character, and always begins with such in Lent, and other peculiarly solemn seasons."

"I like the first very much," said Nannette, "and am glad we have it. It often startles me from my thoughtlessness, and recalls me to a sense of God's holy presence."

"The sentences are all most fitly chosen," remarked her grandfather. "There is something to meet every case. There is instruction to the ignorant in 'When the wicked man,' and 'If we say that we have no sin;' there is admonition to the negligent in 'I acknowledge my transgressions,' and 'Repent ye;' there are models of devotion to those who are apprehensive of God's wrath in 'Hide Thy face,' and 'Enter not into judgment,' and 'O Lord correct me, but not in Thine anger;' there is encouragement to the diffident and contrite in 'The sacrifices of God are a broken heart,' and 'To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses;' and there is caution to the formal in 'Rend your hearts, and not your garments.'"

"I never thought of all this before," said Nannette. "Would it not be well, then, for everybody to be looking over these sentences

before the minister announces any of them, so that each may be sure to get what will reach his own case?"

"It would be far more profitable than to be gazing about, to gratify an idle curiosity," said the bishop. "And it would beget in us a devout frame of mind."

"That reminds me of what Uncle Hallam said."

"What was that?"

"That we must prepare ourselves before we begin to pray. I recollect a quaint figure that he used, about fowls, whose wings are disproportioned to the weight of their bodies, having to run some paces before they can rise from the earth to begin their flight. So, he said, the Church teaches us to prepare our hearts before we begin to pray."

"The figure was from our good old Dean Comber," said her grandfather. "There are rare treasures of thought in some of the quaint English authors. The dean, in speaking of the prefatory sentences, says that 'the reverend compilers of the Liturgy, like skilful phy-

sicians, have walked in the garden of the Lord, which is stored with remedies of all kinds, and have gathered the choicest and most useful, different in operation, but having the same effect, namely, to bring us to repentance.' And, surely," continued the bishop, "we who best know the plague of our own heart, would do well, secretly, before service to adapt to it the suitable remedy."

"I will try it in future," said Nannette. "I am afraid I have too often gone early to the house of God, with no better motive than to see and be seen, rather than to be fitted for the devout use of the service. Remember what Uncle Hallam said one Sunday, when grandmamma told him there was a half hour yet to bell-ringing, and he need not hasten."

"I have forgotten."

"It was so like him," returned the child. "He said he should have none too much time for communion with God and the saints, and that this one half hour would sanctify the whole service to him."

"His is a spirit to be envied," replied the

bishop. "Few attain to such eminent devotion as your Uncle Hallam."

"Is it not their own fault?" asked Nannette.

"Most certainly. The means of grace are always ready in their fulness, and if we use them with an earnest appreciation of their value, and the sincere wish and prayer to be profited, they will gradually transform us into the image and likeness of Him who is grace and truth."

"I suppose our silent prayer when we enter the church is also to fit us for the services that follow?" said Nannette.

"Partly; and partly it is an act of reverence toward Him into whose house and presence we are privileged to come. The Jews, when they enter into their synagogues, stand silently awhile to pray before they begin their service, and even the heathen do not approach their deities without a due humility; and when we remember our sins and frailties, we cannot be too lowly and penitent as we approach the pure and holy One, who hateth iniquity."

The bishop paused awhile, and absently smoothed the young girl's hair.

Nannette was quick in her associations and in her inferences.

"Grandpapa," said she, "I do many things to displease you, and you love me still. I am not afraid to come to you even when I know and feel that I have offended you."

"Not afraid, dear child; but then you come humbly, and you know very well that it is only the iniquity that I hate, and not the transgressor."

"I understand," replied Nannette; "it is so easy for one who has a good, loving grandfather, to know how the great Father looks upon His children."

"We come now to the Apostolic salutation, 'Dearly beloved brethren,'" said the bishop, resuming his explanations; "it is said to have been written by Melancthon for Herman, Archbishop of Cologne. One can detect its German origin by the repetitions: 'Acknowledge and confess,'—'sins and wickedness,'—'dissemble and cloak,'—which are peculiar to the language."

"I am glad to know that," said Nannette;

"I shall always think of this good man when I hear the exhortation. He was Luther's friend, was he not?"

"Yes, although they were exactly opposite in temperament. Melancthon was gentle and amiable and conciliatory, and in his conduct of the Reformation always desired the unity of the Church. It is pleasant to feel that he had something to do with portions of our beautiful Liturgy."

"Others of the German reformers helped the English bishops, did they not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, daughter; there were Peter Martyr, and Martin Bucer, and, I think, Ossiander, whose niece Archbishop Cranmer married, on his return from the embassy to the Pope to obtain permission for the divorce of Henry VIII. from Queen Catharine."

"I don't like to forgive Cranmer for that," said Nannette, whose opinions had matured by constant contact with older people; "the part he took against the queen, I mean."

The bishop recalled her to the subject of the exhortation.

"It begins in the very spirit of the Gospel," said he.

"The minister places himself on the same level with the people," said Nannette, thoughtfully.

"It is such a great thing to be a priest of God, that I almost wonder it doesn't make those who are called to such honor very proud!"

The bishop bowed his head, as if in the very presence of Him before whom angels and archangels veil their faces.

"Our great High-Priest stooped to mingle with publicans and sinners," said he, "and to eat and drink with them. He said to the people, 'Whosoever doeth the will of My Father, the same is My brother, and My sister, and My mother.' It is a great honor to have this holy office, and it should inspire us to follow in the steps of Jesus, and to treat all men as brethren; but there is humiliation in the thought that, at best, we are so far from our exalted model!"

Nannette was silent. She felt that in her

grandfather's self-abasement there was more real grandeur than in the exaltation of kings.

The bishop continued: "The minister who truly feels the responsibility of his position, yearns toward his people with the warmest affection, and as he stands in the holy place, with this exhortation upon his lips, his heart goes out with it. It is not the minister alone that urges the people to acknowledge and confess their manifold sins and wickedness."

"No," interrupted Nannette. "'The Scripture moveth us in sundry places' to this."

"And all Scripture was given by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost," returned her grandfather; "therefore the exhortation comes from God."

"I perceive," said the child. "But, grandpapa, how is it possible to dissemble or cloak our sins before God? He knows all things."

"That is true, daughter; and yet we may try to conceal our real motives and intentions, or we may even cover our transgressions, with a flat denial, like Ananias and Sapphira, who lied to the Holy Ghost. The consciousness

that God can tell our inmost secrets should lead us to a full confession of our faults, with an humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart, feeling that through the infinite goodness and mercy we may obtain forgiveness."

"The exhortation tells us that although we ought at all times to acknowledge our sins before God, we ought chiefly to do it in the great congregation," said Nannette. "I suppose that is for an example to others, who would never know that we are sorry for our sins if we prayed only in the closet, with shut doors."

"It is after the manner of our Saviour and His Apostles," replied the bishop. "They not only sought retirement for private devotions, but went to the temple as well, and to the synagogues at the hour of prayer; and it is very true that if the public worship of Almighty God were not observed, Christian people themselves would forget or grow cold in their pious duties, and there would be no visible light to attract, the impenitent to contrition and obedience."

"The Jews had morning and evening prayer, had they not, grandpapa?"

"Yes; it was enjoined upon them by God Himself, and was sanctioned by our Lord Jesus Christ, who worshipped with the people. The early Christians were also faithful in the observance of these morning and evening prayers. The monks afterward increased the stated periods to seven, to commemorate certain solemn events in the life of our Saviour; but at the Reformation, the Church of England brought back the primitive usage,—public prayers twice in the day, at nine and at three o'clock, where it may conveniently be."

"At nine, our Saviour was delivered up to Pontius Pilate, and at three he died upon the cross,—the third and ninth hours among the Jews," said Nannette. "Do you believe Christians think of it when they come at these hours to worship?"

"I am afraid not," replied the bishop. "At this long interval of over eighteen hundred years, the sufferings of our dear Lord for us

seem afar off, and we do not dwell upon them sufficiently to make them real to us, but I hope you will try to bring them very near to your heart when you are at daily prayers, and to be truly thankful for His great sacrifice for your sins."

"There is one comfort," said Nannette; "the minister accompanies us in our confession."

"I am glad you feel this," returned her grandfather; "there was a difference under the old dispensation, where the priest went alone to the mercy-seat or most holy place, to confess his own and the sins of the people, and to make atonement for them; but now our priest takes us with him to the very throne of grace, and leads us in our humble acknowledgment."

"And we make our confession to God only," said Nannette.

She seemed intently thinking; her cheek rested upon her hand, and she looked through the gathering mists of the evening toward the window that led to the garden, yet with that absent expression that proved the object of

her meditations to be not where her eyes were fixed.

Presently she resumed: "Grandpapa, somehow, when I do wrong, I am never afraid to go to my Heavenly Father and confess it,—I am sure I should tremble very much and shrink from telling all my weak and foolish thoughts, and naughty ways, to anybody on earth; but it is sweet to say to God, 'We have left undone those things that we ought to have done, and we have done those things that we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us.'"

"It is because the very first sentence in this beautiful confession puts us at our ease," said the bishop,—"'Almighty and most merciful Father!' Was there ever such fullness of expression? We are made directly to feel more our Heavenly Father's goodness and love, than His anger against our sins, and this tender pity melts us into contrition for having erred and strayed like lost sheep from so gracious a Shepherd, and for having followed the devices and desires of our own hearts, which,

without the indwelling of God's holy Spirit, are ever inclining us to offend against His holy laws. Besides, we know that our Almighty Friend sees our infirmities, and will distinguish between the faults by our frailty committed and those that are wilfully done, whereas a mortal could never discern our secret motives, and might censure where we need help, and encourage where we deserve reproof."

"And then, you know," said Nannette, her face beaming with the thought, "we plead the promise of Christ Jesus our Lord, to spare those who confess their faults and to restore those who are penitent, and this helps us to unburden our hearts before God, and to look confidently to Him for pardon for all that is past, and for grace to live hereafter a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of His holy Name. That is a wonderful confession," she added, after a moment. "Whose is it, grandpapa? It must have been composed by some one whose heart was full of the Holy Ghost."

"That also is attributed to Melancthon," replied the bishop. "He and Martin Bucer had a good deal to do with Herman's Liturgy, from which many portions of ours are taken. It seems as if the great reformers were, indeed, struggling against the corruptions of Rome, and breathing out, in sorrow for her errors, 'There is no health in us;' and when *we* look into our own hearts and see their deep depravity, how appropriately do these words rise to our lips. This service-book of ours," continued the bishop, with enthusiasm, "is a glorious performance. The men who compiled it were indefatigable in searching all the ancient liturgies for what was best; and Archbishop Cranmer was the 'life and soul' of this noble enterprise."

"Tell me some of the other names," said Nannette. "I like to think of them gratefully, when I am enjoying the fruit of their labors."

"Ridley and Goodrich, and Cox and Taylor, and May and Haynes, and Holbeach and several bishops besides, of distinguished ability," said her grandfather; "but our gratitude

must go still farther back to the early saints, Gregory and Ambrose, who collected and improved many of these forms, from still older offices of devotion, as from the collection of Gelasius and Saint Jerome, and others."

"Isn't it strange how they have been preserved through all the ages?" said Nannette.

"And have come down to us so pure, out of great tribulation and corruption," said the bishop. "Though it is a little out of place here, I want to show you the difference in the Romish version of certain collects which our reformers retained and translated. Here is the twelfth after Trinity. In the Romish Missal it is the eleventh Sunday after Pentecost, and reads thus: 'Oh, Almighty and eternal God, who, in the abundance of Thy goodness exceedest both the merits and requests of Thy suppliants, pour forth Thy mercy upon us; and both pardon what our conscience dreadeth, and grant such blessings as we dare not presume to ask; through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

"There is a great difference," said Nannette.

"This is our simple and beautiful translation," resumed the bishop:

"Almighty and everlasting God, who art more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve, pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits of Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord."

"Tell me another, please," said Nannette, much interested in the comparison.

"Here is our thirteenth Sunday after Trinity," said the bishop: "Almighty and most merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may so faithfully serve Thee in this life that we fail not, finally, to attain Thy heavenly promises; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord."

"What is the Romish version?" asked Nannette.

"This is it: 'Oh, Almighty and merciful God, from whose gift it proceedeth that Thy people worthily serve Thee; grant, we beseech Thee, that we may move on without stumbling, to the obtaining the effects of Thy blessed promises; through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

"Ours are magnificent!" said the young girl with fervor.

"There is the same difference between our version and the Romish of the Holy Scriptures," said her grandfather. "Their Douay Bible—"

"Why do you call it Douay?" interrupted Nannette.

"Because it was first published by the English college at Douay, in Belgium," replied her grandfather. "It keeps more to the Latin, while we largely intermingle our pure Saxon tongue. Here is a single verse for you: 'Beneficence and communication do not forget, for with such hosts God is promerited.' Our translation is: 'To do good and to communicate, forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'"

"Ours takes hold of the heart," said Nannette.

"There is the same simple grandeur in our Prayer Book throughout," said the bishop; "our strong, earnest Saxon prevailing, and this is what makes us love our English Bible and English Liturgy with such an undying affection. Somebody said, 'The uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego.'"

Nannette understood and appreciated her grandfather perfectly, although he had a habit of talking to her as if she was a grown-up companion, and it pleased her to be lifted up sometimes to his height. She did not wish him to stoop always to the level of a child.

"There is a rubric over the confession; we have not noticed that," said she.

"You ought to be able to tell me what rubric means," said her grandfather.

"I believe I do remember; at least you told

me long ago," replied Nannette. "Doesn't it come from the Latin, '*Rubrica*'?"

"Yes; meaning a '*red coloring—vermilion.*' It signifies, properly, a rule or order. It is in the Prayer Book a direction how and when the service is to be performed, and was called rubric because, formerly, it was printed in a red character, as is still the case in the Missal and other Romish books. With us they are now commonly in black and in italics."

"Are not these rules obligatory upon the minister?" asked the young girl.

"Yes; and upon the people as well," returned the bishop. "It is as wrong for the congregation to sit where the rubric says kneel, as for the minister to stand in the confession, or to sit during the ascription of the Blessed Trinity. Without these rules we could have no order in our worship, and the Almighty God loves not confusion. It is His express command, '*Let all things be done decently and in order.*'"

"This is called a '*general confession,*'" said Nannette, thoughtfully.

"The rubric explains it," said her grandfather,—"'To be said by the whole congregation after the minister, kneeling.' It is quite unlike the Romish '*Confiteor,*' which is spoken to the '*Blessed Mary, and to Michael the archangel, and to blessed John Baptist, and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul,*' and all the saints, as well as to God, and to the priest himself, upon whom the people call to pray for them."

"Then they have what they call '*Auricular*' Confession; that comes from '*Auricula,* the ear,' and is spoken by the penitent in the ear of the priest alone, is it not so grandpa?"

Yes, daughter, I think we need never fear that an intelligent person who faithfully examines our Liturgy, will find any analogy between our Confession and that of this corrupt branch of the Church Catholic."

"Isn't it a pity she goes so long with an unwashed face," said Nannette, thinking of the condition of her own purified branch before the Reformation.

"A pity indeed," returned the bishop

God hasten the time when she may see and put away her errors.

"But there is Mrs. Sands' rap," he added, "and I shall not be sorry for the refreshment of a cup of tea."

"You look very weary to-night, sir," said the housekeeper.

"I have been anxious," returned the bishop. "There is a soul suffering in the parish, and yet refusing help. I have striven by much prayer and exhortation to bring it to the Friend of Sinners, but, so far, my efforts have been in vain; we must not fail to plead earnestly for it to-night."

"Is the child that was scalded better?—likely to live?" asked Nannette.

"Poor little thing! If it were God's will I should be glad. It is the only earthly solace of its widowed mother, and helps her to endure patiently her trials. There will be a terrible scar upon its face if it recovers. The doctor encourages her a little, but the case is doubtful."

Just then Nancy appeared with a young

puppy. The street boys were beating it, she said, and it made its way through the palings into the garden, where she found it crouched, panting under the summer-house steps.

Nannette was in favor of keeping it. Her heart went out after pets, and her grandfather, reading the appeal in her face, told the maid to take it to the kitchen and feed it, and treat it tenderly.

"I will advertise it in the morning," said he, "and if nobody claims it, there is but one other course, we must consider it sent to us for protection, and must care for it."

Mrs. Sands could not bear dogs, but she would have tolerated the house full if the bishop had wished.

CHAPTER III.

NANNETTE'S days were very busy. Up in the early dawn, she met the whole household in the study for devotions. After breakfast each went to his separate duties, the bishop to his researches amid the treasure of God's Word; the housekeeper to her plans for the order and comfort of the family entrusted to her care; the domestics to the obedient performance of every requirement of their superiors; and Nannette to her daily lessons, that she might be fitted for whatever station it might please God to appoint her.

Her grandfather had prescribed for her a thorough English and Latin course, and had inculcated the principle, that all her efforts to acquire knowledge, should be made heartily, as unto the Lord, and his teachings had taken such root that her studies seemed to her a

blessed privilege rather than an irksome task. To be sure, there were times when a weariness would come both to mind and body, and then the bishop recommended perfect rest, and recreation until the flagging energies would be refreshed, and Nannette would work with renewed diligence. To-day she had been especially successful in overcoming a refractory sentence in her Virgil, and buoyant, and glad hearted, she awaited the twilight hour, when she might receive the approval and caresses of her grandfather, who shared all her joys, as well as sorrows.

As she reached the study door, she was disappointed, for the ventilator was closed. Low voices were heard talking within, the one was wailing as if the speaker was in great suffering. It was a woman's voice. The other was the bishop's—tremulous with the deep sympathy of his heart, he was trying to comfort the woman. Nannette sat down in the hall. She felt as if there was a sort of consecration in being so near one upon whom she was sure the hand of God had been laid. Presently

the door opened softly, and the bishop said "Come." He knew she would be there, and he was thinking of her even while striving to comfort the woman.

"It is the little girl's mother," he said, leading her to the woman who was bowed down by her sorrow. "The doctor was wrong in giving her a hope. Our Heavenly Father knows what is best. He has taken the child to His own bosom. There it is safe and happy, here it might have lived to suffer grief, such as its mother is suffering now."

The woman started at the sentence. It was agony to be bereft of the little one. Could she wish it to bear this weight? She was almost cheerful as she arose to return to her desolate home, but the anguish burst forth again, as she thought of herself, and not of the child.

Nannette touched her hand gently, "I am sorry for you," she said. That was all, but the heart was in it.

"Mrs. Sands will provide what is necessary," said the bishop, "and Phil will follow

us by-and-by; get your bonnet, my daughter, we will go home with this good woman."

Everybody knew him as he passed through the streets,—“He is upon some errand of mercy, bless him!” said the people, bowing reverently, and looking after him until he vanished from their sight.

Nannette spread the child's couch with fresh linen, and the mother dressed the little rigid form in the white robes from the bishop's storehouse, and the poor wearied frame lay resting from all sickness and suffering.

Two kindly neighbors sat beside it watching, and the man of God knelt by the bed and prayed for grace and peace to sustain the widow and childless. Then he and Nannette turned homeward with the benedictions of the poor accompanying them.

"Shall you be out this evening? We have lost our twilight, you know, and we shall get on slowly if we do not make it up somehow," said Nannette.

"Not lost," replied the bishop. "We have

been about our Father's business; but I will give you to-night, unless some other member of my flock is in trouble."

Nannette preferred the study for the teachings, and Mrs. Sands was admitted to the interview. She was always knitting yarn stockings for little feet, and the very picture of benevolence she looked, seated in an easy chair by the bishop's table, with her needles flying swiftly round and round, and the thought of the warmth her work would bring to chilled feet, imparting a pleasant glow to her calm, happy face.

"We come to the Absolution," said the bishop, when all was ready. "There are two forms in our book. The shorter one, said to have been taken, together with the Exhortation and Confession, from the Liturgy of Herman, Archbishop of Cologne, and put in the English book in 1552."

"That is the one that we have in the Communion Office, as well as at daily Morning and Evening Prayer. I like it better than the other," said Nannette.

"From association, I suppose," returned her grandfather. "We are in earnest in our sorrow for sin when we come to our Lord's table to commemorate the sacrifice made for it. If never before, we are then thoughtful of what it cost to save us from the penalty, and it brings great joy to our souls when the commissioned officer of an offended God says to us, with a delegated authority, 'Our Heavenly Father, of His great mercy, hath promised forgiveness to all those who with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto Him?'"

"What does 'absolve' mean?" asked Nannette.

"It comes from the Latin word, *absolvo*, 'to loose, or release from,'" said the bishop.

"It is not the priest who, of himself, forgives the sins, it is God through him, is it not, grandpapa? I recollect your telling me once," continued Nannette, "for fear I should mistake you on this point, about a holy matron who went to St. Basil, that good Old Bishop of Cæsarea, and desired from him remission of her sins, and when he answered

that 'God alone could forgive,' she responded, 'I know that, and, therefore, I desire that the prayers of you, His officer, may be presented to Him for me.'

"Have we not a right to feel that our sins are forgiven when the priest stands at the holy altar, and, in the name of God, pronounces our pardon?" said Mrs. Sands.

"It is our right, as well as our great privilege and comfort, if we have really complied with the conditions—heartily repentance and true faith," returned the bishop. "Each one who knows his own secret heart can tell whether the absolution belongs to him or not."

"I think I can understand our form," said Nannette. "Grandmamma gave me an illustration once. I had been very naughty, and was what she called, 'in exile,' shut out from her room until I should be sorry and promise to be good, for I recollect I was very stubborn and would not say I had done wrong, though I was unhappy, with my conscience telling me all the time, 'such a good grand-

mother, and yet you displease her.' By-and-bye, she sent Mrs. Sands to say to me, that I was freely forgiven if I were only sorry and would try to obey her rules in future; and I knew as well from Mrs. Sands that I was forgiven as if grandmamma had come to me in person, for I was sorry and had been crying over my faults, and was very wretched, and as soon as her messenger had told me her loving words, I ran to her and fell upon her neck and kissed her, and received her forgiveness."

The bishop smiled. "There is no danger, my child," said he, "that you will ever mistake the meaning of this absolution. I wish everybody had as clear an idea of it."

"The longer Absolution," added the bishop, "was composed for the second book of King Edward, and cannot be said to countenance any Romish superstition, since that edition of the Common Prayer was prepared with the assistance of several foreign Protestants of the Presbyterian communion, and the absolution was leveled directly against Popery, the

Popish absolution being given in private, separately to each particular person, without any reservation or condition, in the name of the priest alone, and by his authority as derived solely from the chair of St. Peter."

"And ours," interrupted Nannette, "is given to the whole congregation, in public, upon the condition that we are truly penitent, and in the name and by the authority of God alone."

"Are confession and absolution new things in the Church?" asked the housekeeper.

"On the contrary," said the bishop, "they have always been used, with the exception of three years, from 1549 to 1552. The beautiful petitionary form was used both in the Greek and Latin Churches in their primitive state, and scarcely any other form is to be found in their rituals, or in ecclesiastical history, till within the last four or five hundred years."

"I notice something more positive in the English Prayer Book, in the visitation of the sick," said Mrs. Sands.

"Yes, that form is called 'judicial,' but the

reviewers of our American Liturgy did not think fit to retain it. It is given to a weak or dying man, and then only upon his hearty confession, and being full of fear and sorrow. If he deceive the priest it is his own hurt, if not, the assurance of forgiveness is to his comfort in the hour of his mortal agony, but our revisers were content with a collect in our visitation, which is a petitionary absolution and which cannot be misconstrued."

"There is such a thing as treating lightly the authority of God's ministers," said Mrs. Sands, "and in my opinion that is as great an error as a superstitious reverence."

"If one slights an ambassador, he insults the King," said the bishop. "'Whosoever receiveth you, receiveth Me;' these are the words of Him who commissions the preachers of His Gospel and the ministers of His sacraments. When we remember this, we shall not be likely to condemn them."

Nannette looked at the bishop and thought, "If all the ambassadors of God were as true to their mission as is my grandfather

they must command both love and reverence."

"There is a rubric at the close of the Absolution that 'the people shall answer here, and at the end of every prayer, Amen,'" said the bishop. "The Hebrew Amen is a very solemn word, and should carry with it the whole heart. In some places in the Prayer Book it is used as a prayer, 'so be it,' or 'so let it be,' and in others, as our earnest assent to what has been said, 'so it is.' Sometimes the people are to say it with the minister, and sometimes alone. In the English Book the distinction in the printing shows its manner of use."

At this juncture there was a scratch at the door, and a low whining.

"It is the dog," said the bishop, "let him in, my child."

He came limping, and lay down at the good man's feet.

"Nobody has claimed him," said Nannette, "and a day is already gone; I hope he will fall to me."

"It looks a little like coveting your neigh-

bor's goods," reminded her grandfather; "somebody probably misses the stray animal."

"He seems perfectly contented at any rate," responded Nannette.

The bishop stooped to examine the broken leg, which he had bound up the evening before, and the dumb creature licked his hand gratefully—even the brutes felt his gentleness.

Mrs. Sands was touched by this silent tribute, and began to think, perhaps, there was some virtue in dogs,—at any rate this one could go out with the bishop at night, and his walks would not be as lonely. She determined to accept the animal, as a providential gift to the household, and to show to her reverend master that it was only outside curs that were her aversion. Good old Mrs. Sands. Nannette read her decision in her smiling face, and petted her hand as it rested for a moment from her work. The bishop sent Nannette for a cushion for the crippled creature, and when he had him comfortably placed, resumed his teachings.

"After the confession of our sins," said he, "and the promise of pardon, it is with a true appreciation of the blessed relationship between us and a reconciled God, that we say, 'Our Father;' we are prepared now to come to a throne of grace with this chiefest of all prayers as the Jews were by frequent washings to approach their altars."

Mrs. Sands asked if this prayer were not taken by our Lord from the Jewish forms.

The bishop said: "Yes, with little variation, and it shows how far He was from all affectation of novelty in devotion. He had delivered it in His first sermon on the Mount, but the disciples did not then understand it as a form of prayer, and when they came to Him to teach them how to pray, as John also taught his disciples, He gave it to them as a model for their devotions."

"There is everything that we need comprehended in it, is there not, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"Everything, both for our bodies and for our souls," responded the bishop. "It is a

wonderful prayer; so sublime that the wisest see its superior wisdom, and yet so simple that a little child can understand it."

"It is pleasant to think that almost the first words the little children use are these words of Jesus," added the bishop, after a moment's silence. "Before they have grown to make distinctions between men, or to separate in their minds the members of God's great family, with what beautiful significance do the words 'Our Father,' fall from their lips! And when we are older, we ought carefully to search our hearts to see that we are in charity with all men, else the first sentence of this prayer uttered by us, will be but a solemn mockery."

Mrs. Sands asked, if the Lord's Prayer had not always been used in the Christian Church since it was so authoritatively prescribed by our Divine Saviour?

The bishop said: "Yes, the ancient fathers called it, 'the Daily Prayer,' and St. Augustine, the Bishop of Hippo, in Africa, in the fourth century informs us that it was daily used at the altar, and that it was repeated by

the whole congregation, as our present rubric requires."

"It seems a greater sin to repeat this prayer thoughtlessly, than to be careless when we use our own words, does it not?" said Nannette, whose mind was upon the blessed Teacher, sitting among His disciples.

"The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain," returned her grandfather. "It is the highest of honors to take upon our lips the words which Jesus uttered, and if we go humbly and earnestly to our Father with these, we may be sure He will regard us graciously, and send us all things needful for our temporal and spiritual welfare."

"There is the Doxology to this prayer in morning and Evening Service," said Nannette, "but in some places in the Prayer Book I notice it is left off, as in baptism, confirmation, the visitation of the sick, the burial of the dead and other offices."

"It is used here, because this is a direct thanksgiving as well as a prayer, after our absolution, and we have the sanction of the

Holy Scriptures for omitting it in some places."

"Was there not a period when the minister said this prayer alone?" asked the house-keeper.

"There was," returned the bishop, "and the people only answered at the end, by way of response, '*Deliver us from evil*;' and the better to prepare and give them notice of what they were to do, the minister used to raise his voice when he came to the petition, 'Lead us not into temptation,' just as in the Roman Church the priest still pronounces the conclusion of a prayer with a voice louder than ordinary, that the people may know when to respond their amen."

"That is, because their service is in Latin, and the congregation does not understand it, I suppose," said Nannette.

"That is a singular sentence, 'Lead us not into temptation,'" said Mrs. Sands; "a great many stumble at it."

"Without necessity," replied her reverend teacher. "It is easy to be understood when

we remember that the Bible plainly says: 'God tempts not any man, but we are tempted when we are drawn away by our own lusts and enticed.' We know that Satan is the tempter, as his name signifies; but God may withhold from us His grace when we slight it, and leave us to our own evil desires; and He may permit our great enemy to try us; but if we call earnestly unto Him for help to overcome our spiritual foe, He will hasten to our relief. I like better the French translation of this passage, 'Abandon us not to temptation;' it gives a clearer meaning."

"We could not get astray on that," said the housekeeper.

The bishop asked Nannette to touch a silver bell that stood upon the table, and at the sound, Phil and Nancy appeared, books in hand, for the evening's devotions.

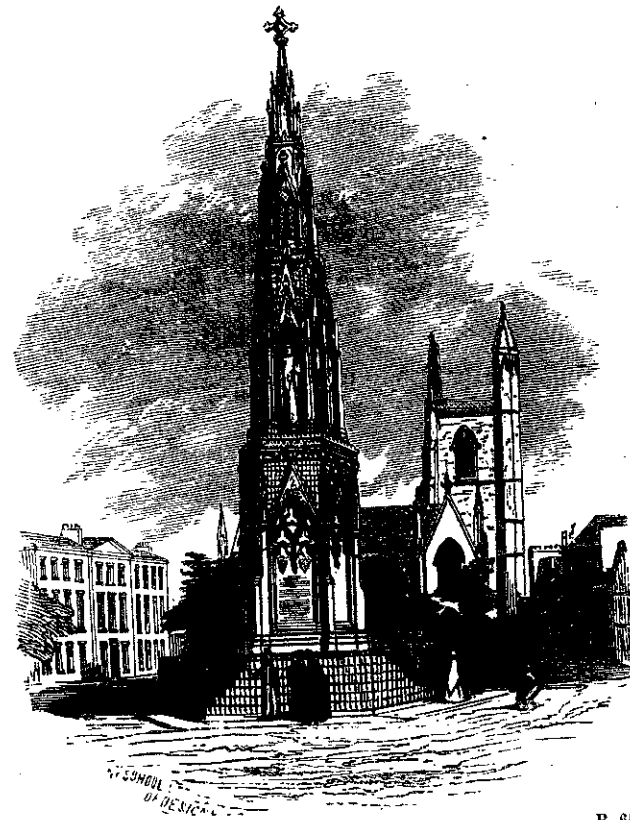
It was the custom of the household to read the daily Psalms alternately, and then followed the prayers set forth "to be used in families," and, as Nannette joined in the form sanctioned by our Lord Jesus Christ, she felt in her in-

most soul the spirit of the words, and was most earnest in the ascription, "for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

CHAPTER IV.

THE great bell in the bishop's church called to Sunday Morning Service. Nannette was already in the chapel in the Bible-class, which was taught by the assistant minister, a godly man, whose heart was in his work. The young people felt his earnestness, and the influence which such a spirit always brings made them also in earnest in the attainment of the highest good.

Every girl was in her seat before the Sunday-school hour had struck. Nannette especially prized this season before engaging in the public worship of Almighty God. It solemnized her thoughts, and fitted her to enter with due reverence the sacred courts where God delights to dwell. There was beautiful order in the dismissal of the Sunday scholars, all of whom were expected to proceed directly to church,



and those who had no parents were to be placed under the care of appointed guardians for the day. Two by two, in procession, they went down the chapel aisle into the consecrated building.

Nannette, obedient to the teachings of her grandfather, and to the promptings of the Holy Spirit, imparted at her baptism, and cherished carefully from that time to the present, walked with humble mien and softened tread to the old-fashioned square pew appropriated to the bishop's family. It was one of the back pews, all of which were slightly elevated above the others. There were chairs near the front of it for Mrs. Sands and Nannette, and any chance visitors to the bishop's household; and behind was a bench for Phil and Nancy, who were never allowed to be absent from the services, except in case of sickness, as it was a rule with the bishop to have a cold dinner on the Lord's Day, rather than oblige any one to remain away from the heavenly feast to prepare a delicate meal for the pampering of the mortal body.

It seemed, indeed, the gate of heaven to the young girl, as she kneeled in her wonted quiet corner to ask the blessing of her Heavenly Father. The sweet tones of the organ fell upon her ear as celestial music, and when the notes died away, and the bishop's voice announced, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit," Nannette's soul was melted into tenderness and love, and her eyes were humid with joyful tears.

"I think, dear grandfather," said she, at the noon hour, when the good man lay resting upon the sofa, and she sat by his side, "that I never before joined in the service so heartily as I did this morning,—at least, so far as you have explained to me. Will you tell me a little more to-day? I grudge every moment that is passing, and that may take you away before we have completed our lessons."

"There is the funeral of the little girl at two, and service again at four,—we shall have an hour," returned the bishop, "and can hardly spend it more profitably."

"We come to the 'versicles,'" said Nan-

nette. "That is from *versiculum*, 'little verses,' is it not?"

"Now see how important your Latin is to you," replied her grandfather. "It well repays you for all the toil of acquiring. These versicles are also called responses."

"From *respondeo*, to answer," said Nannette, "because they are said alternately by minister and people."

"That was the way in primitive times," said the bishop. "In all the old liturgies, there are such short, devout sentences as these. Among the Jews it was the part of the priests and Levites to perform the responsive service, but Christians have a higher privilege, 'every man being so far a priest as to join in this spiritual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.'"

"We could not acceptably show forth God's praise unless He opens our lips," said Nannette. "I remember when Moses complained of his want of eloquence and his slowness of speech, the Lord said, 'I will be thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say.'"

"And these responses are a part of David's penitential Psalm," said her grandfather, "when he felt his guilt so deep, that grief and shame had almost sealed his lips, and he could not praise God unless He should speak peace to his soul and so fill him with His Holy Spirit that he must needs speak forth His praise."

"There are two more in this place in the English Liturgy," said Nannette. "'O God, make speed to save us,' and 'O Lord, make haste to help us.'"

"Yes, to save us by His mercy, and to help us by His grace. In the American revision these were omitted as superfluous, the sense being complete without them," returned the bishop.

"We are upon our knees when we say these," said Nannette.

"Because it is a prayer as well as a psalm, but we involuntarily rise at the Doxology that follows, to indicate the elevation of our hearts. To a thoughtful mind there is great propriety in these different

postures of the body, as we change from prayer to praise," said the bishop.

"What does Doxology mean grandpapa?"

"It is derived from Greek words, meaning 'praise,' 'glory,' and 'to speak,'" replied the bishop. "You know the signification of the other name, 'Gloria Patri?'"

"Glory to the Father," said Nannette.

"This is a very important feature of our service," said the bishop, "and should be repeated with the most devout and earnest feeling. It was said in primitive times with slight variations in form; but when the followers of Arius, who denied the equality of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, gave this ascription, '*Glory be to the Father, by the Son, and in the Holy Ghost,*' the orthodox fathers expressed it nearly in the words that we now use; and to declare what was the primitive sense of the Church with regard to the three Persons in the Godhead, they shortly afterward added, 'As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.'"

"I shall like to think of that when I say this ascription," said Nannette. "It is glorious to feel that we have the faith once delivered to the saints, as it was in the beginning."

"And even farther back, before this world was made," said the bishop, "the angels gave this glory to the blessed Three, and in the ages to come, world without end, shall this same praise be given. . . . It is said that this Doxology was used by St. Polycarp in his dying prayer."

"That is the bishop who was consecrated by St. John the Evangelist, and is called, in the Revelation, the Angel of the Church of Smyrna, I remember," said Nannette.

"It is often called the Lesser Doxology, to distinguish it from the greater one, the *Gloria in Excelsis*," said her grandfather, "and it is in reality an epitome of the Creed, and the frequent repetition helps to keep men to the ancient faith."

"There are two versicles after it," said Nannette.

"That by the minister, 'Praise ye the Lord,' is the English of the Hebrew 'hallelujah,' a word so sacred that St. John retains it in the nineteenth chapter of Revelation, and St. Austin says the Church scrupled to translate it," said the bishop.

"I heard it used in the Jewish synagogue when I went once with grandmamma," said Nannette.

"If we could only say it with its comprehensiveness!" ejaculated the bishop. "It has more than a common meaning," he added, after a moment's pause. "In this hallelujah the minister not only calls upon the congregation to praise the Lord, but upon the Holy Angels also, to join with the children of God their divine raptures."

"I shall remember that," said Nannette. "It always seems to me that the angels are with us in our holy worship. The church is a glorious place, dear grandfather! What should we be in this world without it!"

"A wicked people tried it once," said the bishop, "but even godless men were glad to have Christian altars restored."

"You mean the French, in the time of that dreadful revolution," said Nannette; "I am glad we had not the disgrace to belong to them!"

"And yet," returned her grandfather, "it is a sadder thing to have the full light of God's blessed Gospel, and of His Church, while we spurn His commandments and neglect His holy sacraments. We shall be held strictly accountable for the privileges vouchsafed us."

Nannette turned the leaf of her Prayer Book. "It is pleasant to have the full-voiced choir break in here with the *Venite exultemus domino*,—'O come, let us sing unto the Lord,'" said she.

"The English Prayer Book has four more verses, which were left out of the American book, as they seem to apply especially to the Jews," said the bishop. "This was called the invitatory in the olden times, and was used at the commencement of the service, with a strong, loud voice to hasten those people into the church who were in the cemetery or churchyard, or other adjacent parts, waiting for the beginning of prayers."

"How proper!" said Nannette. "And the people answered 'Let us come.'"

"We use it as an introduction to the Psalms which are meant to be so said, that by frequent repetition the lowliest person can have them by heart."

"I try, sometimes, with my eyes shut, to know if I could join in them if I were to lose my sight," said Nannette.

"If we were to go to prayers twice every day, as the Church designed, and always pay attention to the service, we could not help remembering the Psalms, which we should repeat twelve times in the year," said her grandfather.

"What is the meaning of Psalter?" asked Nannette.

"It comes from the 'psaltery,' a stringed instrument, resembling the Greek Letter Δ ," said the bishop.

"I recollect some of the Psalms, where it says, 'Sing to Him with the Psaltery,'" said Nannette.

"Among the Romanists they have a rosary,

consisting of a hundred and fifty beads, which they call a 'psalter,'" said her grandfather.

"A bead for each Psalm, I suppose. It is a queer fashion to associate every prayer or Psalm with a particular bead," said Nannette. "It seems like the little boy at school who always fingers the buttons to his jacket while he is saying his lessons, and if he misses the buttons he cannot recall his lessons. Grand-papa," she added, as if a sudden thought had impressed her, "what glory there must have been in the old Temple, when King David's thousands of trained singers lifted up their voices in those lovely Psalms that we have the privilege of repeating day after day."

"There is great inspiration in a multitude of voices, all singing in perfect harmony," said the bishop. "I wish our congregations could be trained to sing the Psalter antiphonally."

"You mean divided into two parts, the one answering the other?"

"Yes; as among the Jews, and as in the primitive days of the Church. I want the

beautiful plain chant music, which we call 'Gregorian,' because Gregory the Great collected it from the best ancient melodies. It is also called 'choral song,' because it was sung by a choir—that is, a concert of voices, or a chorus. Gregory had boys trained, as many of the churches are now doing."

"The people could easily sing the 'plain chant,'" said Nannette, "and, somehow, it is not so difficult to remember the words that are set to music. Isn't it wonderful, grand-papa, that the little shepherd boy should have composed all these sacred songs?"

"It was by the inspiration of God," replied the bishop. "Think how their harmony has swelled through the ages! In the magnificent temple, in the synagogues, in the catacombs at Rome, in the Church throughout the world, and it is an elevating reflection. King David did not write all the Psalms. Twelve are ascribed to 'Asaph,' one of the chief singers, and two to Solomon, and one to 'Heman,' and one to 'Ethan,' and one to 'Moses, the man of God;' but the greater number are by

David, and are full of devotion. There is one thing which I wish you to remember, my child, and that is, that the Psalms are quoted and referred to as Divine by our Lord and His Apostles no less than *seventy times*."

Nannette turned back to the "Order how the Psalter is appointed to be read," in the beginning of her Prayer Book.

"It is very nice to have these rules to refer to," she said. "One can always find the proper Psalms for the great days—Christmas, Ash-Wednesday, Good-Friday, Easter, Ascension, and Whitsun-day—and have them ready before the minister announces them, and then there will be no fumbling of leaves. But who set forth the selections, grandpapa?"

"The ecclesiastical authority—the House of Bishops, and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies, which form the two Houses of General Convention."

"Do these answer to the great councils of the Church that used to meet in olden time, grandpapa?"

"What we call our General Convention is a

national assembly, my child, and can make laws only for the American Church; whereas, in ancient times, when a heresy arose, the one Catholic body met in its strength and combated it, and when a decision was made with regard to any matter, it had such force, coming from this united body, as no later councils, since some branches of the Church have become corrupt, could possibly have.

"Do not the American Church and the Church of England keep truly to the faith, as the primitive body held it?" asked Nannette.

"Thank God, yes, my daughter; and so long as we are faithful to the words and to the spirit of our Liturgy, we cannot fail to keep from heresy and schism."

"Grandpapa," said Nannette, "our Prayer Book Psalms are different from the Bible version. Why is it?"

"It is an older translation, by Tyndal and Coverdale, revised by Archbishop Cranmer. It is smoother and plainer, and more musical, and, besides, the people love it because they are used to it, and, therefore, it is not changed,

for the difference is only in words, the substance being the same as in the later translations."

"I hope it will always be left," said Nannette, with earnestness. "I like the old things. The rubric says we *may* sing the *Gloria Patri* at the end of every psalm, and we *shall* sing the *Gloria Patri*, or the *Gloria in Excelsis* after the whole portion," she added.

"There are several reasons for this ascription," replied the bishop. "One is to change the Jewish psalms into Christian hymns. Another, to separate the different Psalms, the penitential from the Eucharistic, as when we use the *Gloria* after each, which was the custom in some of the western Churches. In the eastern Churches, they only use it at the end, but with us it is left optional with the minister." The bishop looked at his watch. "It is time for the funeral," said he. "We shall have the beautiful Psalms composed by David, when sorrowing for the death of Absalom, and by Moses, when grieving for the destruction of the Children of Israel in the

wilderness. In all of our services the Psalms are conspicuous; they breathe such a spirit of devotion. We cannot be too thankful for the wisdom of our Mother, the Church, in this arrangement."

CHAPTER V.

NANNETTE'S chamber overlooked the garden. It was an oblong room with a broad window and a balcony, with a willow tree shading it. Her grandmother had furnished this apartment with especial regard to the young girl's taste.

There was an air of great comfort, and nothing gaudy or superfluous.

In a recess stood a bed, with whitest of muslin curtains separating it from the outer space. The carpet was wood color, with the blue forget-me-not scattered thickly over it. The chairs and lounge were upholstered with blue, and the white drapery at the window was looped aside with blue cord and tassels. There was a secretary, with desk for writing, and shelves above for books enclosed with glass. A toilet table with a mirror, completed

the adornments. The bureau and washstand were within the recess.

Nannette, with her love for pictures, had gotten from her grandfather several fine engravings that had been for a long time hidden in his portfolio, and ingeniously framing them with pretty devices of leather, shells, cone-work and forest leaves, had hung them upon the walls,—“They speak so to one,” said she.

There was the “palace beautiful,” from Bunyan, that set her to dreaming of the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, and there were angel faces that made her yearn for that inner peace, which reflects a holy light and beauty upon the plainest visage; and there were rustic scenes. A hen scratching in the barn-yard, while the tiny bits of chickens pecked at the seeds from the scattered hay, and a young mother in a cottage home, with her little brood around her at their morning meal,—these two pictures Nannette naturally associated.

Here in this pretty chamber, with her treasures, she spent her morning hours, gathering

knowledge from her books. At eleven o'clock her recitations were made to Miss Bent with a select class.

Before dinner there was a lesson in domestic affairs, from Nancy—whose culinary talent was superior—and in the afternoon she sewed for a couple of hours with Mrs. Sands, and then paid visits to the poor, accompanied sometimes by her grandfather, and in his absence, by the good housekeeper.

It was a healthful life that Nannette led, and full of profit. No idle hours to wear away with morbid repinings,—every moment was felt to be God-given time, and with a child's loving affection, she dedicated all to Him.

To-day, as she sat studying, there was a click of the garden gate, and "Uncle Hallam" came under her window. "Spot." gave a little bark; they had kept the dog, for nobody claimed him, and had named him thus, because there was one patch of white upon his glossy black coat; he lay dozing on the balcony with his lame leg fast healing, and

his canine heart fast clinging to his new friends, especially to his young mistress. Nannette sprang from her seat. It was such delight to see the cheery face looking up to her.

"I have come for a week," said her uncle; "are you glad or sorry?"

What a question!

There never was such joy in the house as when Uncle Hallam and the bishop were together. So, when the evening's conversation upon the beloved service came, there were two kind teachers instead of one, and the circle was increased by Mrs. Sands and "Spot."

"The first lesson, according to the Table or Calendar," said Nannette, "that is where we begin to-night."

"Yes," replied the bishop; "having acknowledged and confessed our sins, and set forth God's most worthy praise, we are called upon now to hear His most Holy Word. You perceive that the rubric says, 'Before every lesson the minister shall say, Here beginneth such a chapter of such a book.'"

"The custom of the primitive Church seems to me a very good one," said Uncle Hallam; "you remember before the lesson began the deacon stood up and said to the congregation, 'Let us listen, my brethren,' and then the minister invited the attention of the people by introducing the lesson with these words, 'Thus saith the Lord.'"

"I like that," said Nannette.

"The form now prescribed has the same effect," said the bishop. "It is designed to fix all wandering thoughts, and also to enable people who have their Bibles to open them and follow the minister."

"Don't you think people in the olden time, who had no Bibles, and could only hear the Word of God in church, had a greater reverence for the Holy Book?" asked Nannette.

"No doubt they treasured more carefully in their hearts the little that they were privileged to receive," replied her grandfather, "but devout men and women must have longed sore for God's Word until the art of printing put it freely into their hands. There are

many, you know, who cannot go daily to service, and these must hunger, indeed, if they could not refresh themselves at home with the Bread of Life."

"What does 'calendar' mean?" asked Nannette.

"It comes from the Latin *calenda*, the name given among the Romans to the first day of the month. The word is derived from *calo*, 'to call,' " said the bishop. "It was the custom, anciently, for the priest to announce to the people, on this day, the holy days that were to occur during the month. Afterward, the record of these days was affixed to the walls of public places; and, finally, when our Prayer Book was compiled and arranged, the tables were put in the beginning, so that by reference to these all people may know at what time the feasts and fasts of the Church occur, and may also follow the order of Scripture lessons, when anything obliges them to stay away from the house of God."

"I wonder how many use it?" said Mrs. Sands.

"Very few, it is to be feared," replied Uncle Hallam. "The Lord's Day has come to be, with most people, a rest, in the sense of recreation, instead of a cessation from all worldly thoughts, and a refreshing of the soul by communion with God, and meditation upon His Holy Word. Too many go to church as a habit and diversion, and those who stay at home seldom occupy themselves with the blessed service that would bring them into 'the company of all faithful people.'"

"Is it not the duty of the priest to announce the holidays now?" asked Nannette of her grandfather.

"Yes; there is a rubric to that effect in the Ante-Communion Service, just after the reading of the Holy Gospel, and before the sermon. It is quite necessary in our times, as men have run into the contrary extreme from Rome, and instead of keeping every day in memory of some saint, keep none."

"That was a beautiful custom of the primitive Christians," said Uncle Hallam, "to meet once a year at the graves of the blessed

Apostles and martyrs, in order to commemorate their faithfulness to the Redeemer's cause."

"And we," said the bishop, "may virtually imitate the early disciples, and stand at the very graves of the saints, as we from year to year recount their virtues, and encourage each other to the same exemplary lives, and to the same patience under persecution, and the same fortitude in death, if it shall come to us for God's truth. But we are digressing from our subject."

"The lessons, grandpapa?"

"Yes, my child, we call this order in the calendar the 'Lectionary,' from *lego, legere, lectum*, 'to read.'"

"Is that the origin of the name for the reading-desk?"

"Lecturn? Yes."

"Things seem so appropriate when we know the reasons," said Mrs. Sands.

"People should be very careful to inform themselves before they presume to judge," said the bishop. "If this were always the case, we

should be spared much harsh criticism and unjust censure."

Uncle Hallam spoke of the wise adaptation of the Scripture lessons to the peculiar seasons of the Christian year. He said:

"I have heard some persons ask, why we do not allow every clergyman his individual choice in the matter; but this question will never be put if one thoroughly understands the connection between the lessons and the subject of our contemplation for the day and time. The Advent season gives us the prophecies concerning the coming of Christ, in the Old Testament lessons, and their fulfilment in the New. Lent brings the origin of our misery in the fall of man, and the way of escape by penitence and amendment of our evil lives, and our cleansing, through the blood of Christ. From Easter to Whitsun-tide, we have passages from the prophets, appropriate to the season, with resurrection words from the New Testament. Then come promises of God's Spirit, and the Pentecostal outpouring; and then, the Trinity season gives us selec-

tions from the historical books, and exhibitions of the Divine acts of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Whoever observes particularly the wonderful order of the Church's Lectionary, will see plainly why each clergyman is not permitted to choose for himself."

"There is another reason," said the bishop, "why our wise mother appoints so carefully for us. If left to ourselves we should, perhaps, fall into the same error with the denominations, and scarcely read the Holy Scriptures at all in our public worship. There is a tendency to exalt sermons, and put aside the pure Word of God, which is without comment, more powerful than any thought of man."

"We do not follow the English order as to the lessons," said Nannette, comparing the two Calendars.

"Not exactly," replied her grandfather. "We vary somewhat, and have improved the adaptation to the seasons, but our mother across the ocean has recently revised her Lectionary, and, by-and-bye, we may be at unison on this point, as on most others."

"With the exception of a few chapters in Lent, I see little room for change in our order," said Uncle Hallam. "I have been deeply impressed with the devotional character of this part of our service, the Scriptural selections, and even where I seem to see a fault in the choice, I should be more ready to condemn my own judgment than that of our Committee in the arrangement."

"Such men as the Rev. Drs. White, Smith, and Wharton, who revised the Sunday Calendar; and Clarkson, Parker, Moore, Bond, and Jarvis, who prepared the Table for Morning and Evening Lessons throughout the year, are well worthy our highest confidence," said the bishop. "The Church is most careful to whom she commits any great and important work; and she sees to it that in her arrangements the primitive usage is adhered to as closely as possible."

"The passages from the Apocryphal books are very remarkable," said Uncle Hallam.

Nannette recollected especially those for All Saints' Day. "They are so sweet and consola-

tory to those who are mourning departed friends," she said.

Miss Bent was rather surprised that we should read anything that was not received as canonical, or Divinely inspired.

The bishop replied: "The sixth Article tells us that these books are read for example of life and instruction of manners, and that they are not to be applied to establish any doctrine. In this we differ from the Roman Church, which accepts them as authoritative."

Nannette asked the reason for rejecting the Apocrypha.

"These books are never spoken of by our Lord and His Apostles," said the bishop, "whereas, those which we regard as inspired, are frequently referred to and quoted by them, which is sufficient proof of their authenticity."

"I am very glad that on the week-days we do sometimes have passages from these ancient writings," said Uncle Hallam; "they afford a striking picture of the manners of the Jews of that time, and of their sufferings. Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom I study with great

interest, and I shall never forget my mother's old-fashioned Bible, and the many hours when I used to sit musing over the patriotism of the elder Tobit, and the adventures of the younger, and the beautiful guardianship of Raphael. Judith at the walls of Bethulia, with her maid holding the bag with the head of the Assyrian general, filled me with a sort of terror. Children retain their early impressions forever. That wonderful deliverance from the fiery furnace has given me a precious sense of the presence of an Almighty Saviour in every time of danger. The innocent Susanna preserved from the wicked judges by Daniel's interference deepened in me the confidence in God's vindication of His own beloved ones, and the prophet's cunning in overthrowing Bel and the dragon excited my greatest wonder and admiration. As for the Maccabees, there was no limit to my exalted estimate of their heroism and piety. I think we may well listen with profit to these ancient books as the Church applies them."

"Of course we give more reverent attention

to the words of God, the Holy Ghost," said Mrs. Sands.

"There is no rubric as to posture when we hear the Bible read," said Nannette; "why do we sit?"

"I can scarcely tell," replied the bishop, "excepting that it indicates a listening attitude. In olden times, people always stood to show their reverence, and only the infirm were allowed to sit. Perhaps you recollect in Nehemiah, when Ezra opened the book of the law in the sight of the people, all the people stood up?"

"As we do when the Gospel is announced."

"Yes, it seems fitting, indeed, that when good tidings of our redemption are spoken in our ears, we should leap to our feet to receive it the more joyfully and gratefully."

The bishop paused for a moment, as if in deep reflection; then he said, "I am thinking how we may best apply the precious training and nurture which the Church gives us in her provision of the Holy Scriptures. It seems to me, we are wonderfully blessed above those

who have not this order. If we were to read here and there, without this especial regard to adaptation and assimilation, it would be with our souls as with the bodies of those whose earthly food is not fitly chosen. The growth would be slow and feeble, and we should not show our best and fullest strength."

Uncle Hallam said, "We owe it to the Church first, that the pure Word of God has been safely kept and delivered to us, and then, that it has been made most useful to us. It is in these Scriptures alone that we find eternal life. Oh! how earnest we should be in searching them, and in receiving their testimony of Christ Jesus our Lord! And with what reverence we ought to regard the sacred volume."

"Remember, grandpapa," said Nannette, "how particular grandmamma was, never to allow anything to be put upon her Bible?"

"That is the impulse of a devout soul," replied the bishop. "The Mohammedans write on the cover of the Alcoran, 'Let no unclean person touch this,' and one of our

own priests was rebuked in Constantinople for putting his Bible upon the divan. The Pasha said, 'We do not allow our Holy Book to be placed on the seat beside us; but we put it upon a shelf above our heads.' The ancient Christians used to wash their hands before taking up the Holy Bible. The Turks do so to this day, before they take their sacred book into their hands. How much more should we cherish the Word that came down from heaven, and that is full of Divine breathing."

"I hope," said Uncle Hallam, "that I for one shall henceforth be more attentive to the Scripture readings as they are given us in the Church's Calendar. The clergy, as well as the people, are too apt to be careless of the daily morning and evening services. It is a great thing to be punctual in our observance of these, as well as of the Sunday worship, and to be put into sure possession of the Old Testament once a year, and of the New three times, which is a thing that very few accomplish in their private reading of the Sacred Word.

One could almost wish for the constraint of Queen Bess's age, when a fine was imposed for staying away from Matins or Evensong."

"I should scarcely like that," said the bishop. "God's service is perfect freedom, and men should not be coerced to go to church. I wish them to be 'drawn by cords of a man,'—by that Great Human and Divine heart that so pities and yearns after us! I think, perhaps, if we who represent the Good Shepherd, were more like Him in His tender solicitude for those who are astray and in danger of being lost, we should see more turning from their wanderings into the blessed fold."

The bishop took the Bible, and, touching a small bell, summoned the servants to prayers.

When all were seated, he said: "St. Basil and his friend, for thirteen years, used no other book than this, in which they wholly meditated. Let us ask help that we may receive this Word as from God the Holy

Ghost. It ought to be our first food in the morning, and our last sweet morsel at night. The Jews ate nothing until they had read a portion of the law, either in public or in private, and they are worthy our imitation, for how can we run after any other bread, until we have made sure of our portion of this Bread of Life, that cometh down from above, and will sustain our souls."

Uncle Hallam asked if he might say one thing which had been forgotten in their evening's conversation on the Lectionary. Mrs. Sands had wished to know why any portion of the Old Testament was omitted, and he desired to say for her instruction and Nannette's, that the ceremonial laws were not read in public because they were especially applicable to the Jews, and we can read and profit by them in private. Of the judicial law, only so much is used as is the foundation of the best justice in the world. Of the moral laws we are careful to omit nothing, as these are of universal obligation."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Sands, "every-

thing is perfectly plain to me now with regard to the lessons."

Phil and Nancy opened their Bibles at the evening chapters. They kept the marks from time to time, and were quite intelligent as to the connection between the Old and New Testament passages, which the bishop was careful to preserve. He never read to them a prophecy that he did not point to its fulfilment, and he always explained the historical portions as carefully as if his servants were his children. But he dwelt more particularly upon the devotional part of the chapters, which they could take as the guide of their common life. He had a way of bringing every event of the day into connection with his exhortations and prayers, and it is very remarkable how the Word of God seems always to bear upon whatever subject may concern us, so that the application appears as if chosen for each individual case.

Mrs. Sands spoke of this peculiarity, as the family separated for the night, but the bishop quietly said:

"God the Holy Ghost, who searches the hearts and reins of men, and knows the needs of all, could not fail to meet those necessities. May He grant us grace faithfully to receive what he designs for us, however sharp and cutting and powerful it may be!"

CHAPTER VI.

"UNCLE HALLAM" had surprised Nannette with the gift of a beautiful parlor organ. It was brought in and set up in the alcove, while his niece was at her recitations with Miss Bent. Such a wondrous improvement upon the old-fashioned piano that had thus far served to render imperfectly the sacred music which was Nannette's passion! She cared only for majestic chords and sublime harmonies, and had often wished it possible to have a suitable instrument, but her grandfather had said :

"Go on faithfully with what few advantages the old piano will give, and in God's good time you may have higher privileges."

And "God's good time" came sooner than either had any reason to expect.

The secret was kept until the evening, and

after tea Uncle Hallam's fine voice was heard in the grand *Te Deum*, and the accompaniment was the new organ.

It was too great a joy to believe; but there was the evidence both to eyes and ears, as Nannette followed the attraction, and stood amazed upon the threshold of the door. She did not speak until the great volume of sound died away, and her good uncle arose, and said, "This is your birthday-present, my child." Then she ran to him with a sob of joy. Some natures always weep when they are most glad, or when any generous act come to their experience or notice.

The bishop and Mrs. Sands were delighted witnesses, and Phil and Nancy were peeping through the door. The old-fashioned servants were more like petted children than strangers to every household interest. Now and then we meet such among people of the good bishop's stamp. It is a happy thing that they have not wholly disappeared.

"I am glad that grand *Te Deum* is the first thing played upon my new organ under this

roof," said Nannette. "It is a sort of consecration of the instrument to the good God who put it into your mind to give it to me."

"I meant it for that," responded her uncle. "'Every good and perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of Lights,' and it is fitting that all should be dedicated to His worship and service. I should take but little joy in your musical talent, if it were not to flow through sacred channels."

"We will sit here for our lesson to-night," said the bishop. "I think the new organ will draw us for the future, and perhaps it is better to be here; we are less liable to interruptions than in the study."

Phil brought the lights, and the little circle was quickly formed.

"What a wonderful invention the organ is!" said Nannette. "I can scarcely think of sacred music without this accompaniment."

"And yet," returned her uncle, "the use of this instrument was not common before the fourteenth century. Something resembling an organ existed as early as the fourth, and was

in general use in the sixth century. The first one in France, was sent from Constantinople as a present to King Pepin, in 759. St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, is said to have furnished many English churches and convents with them. Before the Reformation, they were in common use in the cathedral churches, and Church music had attained a good degree of perfection; but in 1643, the Puritan rule took down the organs and destroyed them, and suppressed our Liturgy, which they called 'a superstitious ritual;' and set up a strange form of Divine worship, and allowed no music but 'the singing of Psalms together in the congregation, and also privately in the family, the minister, or some one appointed by him, reading the Psalms, line by line, before the singing thereof.'"

"Why was that?" asked Nannette. "Had they not books?"

"Knowledge was not so common as now," replied her uncle. "Many of the people could not read."

"I heard that style in the country, last

summer," said Mrs. Sands. "It was among the Baptists, whose place of worship was opposite the house where I was visiting. It had a very peculiar sound."

The bishop spoke of the Ambrosian Chant in use in the early ages.

"The Gregorian is thought to be an improvement upon that," he said, "though I am not sufficiently musical to know the difference."

Uncle Hallam explained: "The Ambrosian is said to have been written in four modes, called 'Authentic,' and St. Gregory's reform was an addition of four other modes, called 'Plagel.' The melodies of 'Authentic' were generally confined within the compass of eight notes above the key-note; 'Plagel,' within eight notes below the fifth of the key, each having the same final, or key-note. Two clefs only, bass and tenor, were employed, and only two kinds of notes, the square for long notes, and the lozenge for short ones."

"It is all Greek to me," said the bishop, "so far as the minutiae are concerned. I can understand that the Ambrosian style was

antiphonal—choir answering back to choir—and I have thought it best to speak of St. Ambrose in this musical connection, because it rather confirms the idea that the *Te Deum* was composed by him—a man of fine musical susceptibilities would be much more likely to be the author of so exquisite a hymn, than one who had no ear or soul for delicate harmonies."

"St. Ambrose lived in the fourth century, did he not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, daughter; he was born in the year 340, at Arles, in France. His father died while he was very young; but his mother gave him an excellent education. He became at length governor of Milan, and afterward bishop of that see. He was very faithful in opposing the heresy of Arianism, and in resisting the re-establishment of the pagan worship in Milan, and he was fearless in his rebuke of the Emperor Theodosius, for his wholesale slaughter of the inhabitants of Thessalonica. We are greatly in need of such men in the Church at the present day."

"I recollect a tradition about St. Ambrose's infancy," said Nannette. "It was that a swarm of bees covered the little fellow's eyes, while he was sleeping in the court of his father's castle, and that when the nurse ran to him, the insects were going in and out of his mouth, without doing him any harm, and it was thought that, because the same thing was said to have happened to Plato, the child was destined to some great thing."

"And so he was, despite the folly of all these superstitions," said Uncle Hallam. "He was a good and pious bishop, and to hold this sacred office and be true to the religion of the Holy Jesus, is better than all of Plato's philosophy, and nobler than the highest dignity that earthly honors can confer."

"I agree with you there," said Nannette, looking with great pride at her grandfather, and thinking how high and glorious it must be to serve the King of kings as this ambassador had always done.

The bishop was intent upon the Prayer Book which he had reached from a shelf near by.

"The *Te Deum Laudamus* is indeed unsurpassed by any human composition," he said. "It seems like inspiration, I can conceive of its having been written by the good St. Ambrose, before his baptism of St. Augustine, and that they had previously practised it together, so that when this holy sacrament took place, soul answered soul in the sublime words."

"No wonder that the people afterward sang it daily, at morning service, and that the Church has always held it in highest esteem," said Uncle Hallam. "It is a great privilege and joy day by day to magnify God's holy name in this majestic hymn of praise."

"And not only is it a hymn of praise," said the bishop, "but a prayer of devoutest, deepest fervor. I have never been brought nearer to God in earnest devotion, than while using these holy words. It is for this reason that I always prefer it to the *Benedicite* during the solemn Lenten season, and as it is by the rubric left at the discretion of the clergyman to make choice between the two, I lead my

people, through the *Te Deum*, which is creed and prayer and praise in one most heavenly strain."

"The *Benedicite* seems to me more appropriate for the beginning of each of the four seasons of the year," said Uncle Hallam. "Clergymen can make a most impressive use of it after a lesson that treats of the creation, or of the miracles and wonderful works of God. I am glad that it is not, in our revision of the Prayer Book, prescribed for constant Lenten use, as it was in the first book of King Edward VI."

"We have the rubric either for the *Te Deum*, or this Canticle after the first lesson, as in the second book of Edward VI.," said the bishop.

"Grandpapa," said Nannette, "I was at the Church of the Advent one Sunday when the first lesson for the morning was Genesis, first chapter, and then the choir sang the *Benedicite*, and I never before appreciated it. I felt lifted quite above the earth at the view of God's omnipotence. The association of the

chapter and the hymn was very impressive. Oh, there is such depth of meaning in our Church services! I feel it more and more as you explain the wonderful order to me."

"It is well, daughter, that you are mindful of your blessed privileges. There are so many who see only the surface, and thus reap but little benefit. I wish you to read an English work by Dr. Chaplin Child, on the *Benedicite*. It is full of wisdom, and will be a wonderful help to the intelligent understanding of every sentence of this Canticle. But to return to the *Te Deum*, which we ought never to repeat without heart and mind fully set on God: I want you to examine especially the spirit of all its parts. First, the acknowledgment that God is *the* Lord, and that there is none other God besides Him. We repudiate all heathen worship, and thrust out from our hearts such objects as may have been our idols, and we offer supreme praise to the Maker of heaven and earth."

"How much is comprised in one sentence," said Uncle Hallam.

"The thought quite overwhelms me at times," replied the bishop. "I feel as if eternity were all too short to comprehend what we begin here to learn."

"All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting," read Nannette, who was longing for more and more of her grandfather's teaching.

"Even the inferior creatures and things that are inanimate," said the bishop. "The beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the sun and moon, and stars, the showers and dew, the frost and cold, the ice and snow, the winds, the mountains and hills, and all green things—see how this versicle takes in the *Benedicite*. One part of our service embraces the thought of another all through the book. It is amazing!"

"To Thee all angels cry aloud!" said Uncle Hallam, as if giving the next text for the bishop's explanation.

"The two next versicles seem to belong to the one just read," said the bishop—"To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do

cry, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.' You will perceive that the three take in all the heavenly orders, who are ever worshipping the Lord of *Hosts*, as the Hebrew word *Sabaoth* means."

"It makes me almost afraid when I think how dull and lifeless my worship is, while the angels and archangels and all the powers above are offering such acceptable praise," said Nannette. "How can God stoop to listen to our poor words, when there is such perfect worship in His immediate presence."

The bishop was silent for a moment. Then he said, with his face full of light and joy:

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy. I dwell in the high and holy place—with them also that are of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'"

"How precious a thought—thank you, dear grandpapa," said the child, "I should often be frightened at the majesty of God, if you

did not constantly represent Him to me as full of loving kindness and tender mercy."

"One ought never to be afraid to approach our heavenly Father," replied the bishop. "Even when we have been most sinful we know that He who sent His only Son to die for our redemption, and salvation, surely loves us better than any earthly friend can do."

Uncle Hallam spoke of Cherubim and Seraphim, as responding to each other in the heavenly worship. "An antiphonal song of praise," said he, "such as St. John the Divine describes in his revelation of the vision at Patmos. It is pleasant to think of this, in connection with the favorite musical system of St. Ambrose, who is the reputed author of the *Te Deum*. I desire to associate henceforth, the worship above with our worship here below, and to realize that heaven and earth are full of the majesty of God's glory."

The bishop remarked, "What honor and dignity it is for us to be engaged with the angels of God, in so sublime a worship! Then we have 'the glorious company of

the Apostles,' who were eye-witnesses of the Divine miracles of our Lord on the earth, and 'the goodly fellowship of the prophets,' and 'the noble army of martyrs,' and 'the holy Church throughout all the world acknowledging with us, an unshaken faith in God the Father, of an infinite majesty,'—in His 'adorable, true, and only son;' also, the 'Holy Ghost, the Comforter,' this ever-blessed Trinity, whose honor the Church Catholic has never allowed to be invaded. How carefully she has watched over this doctrine! How full the Prayer Book is of it! All forms of her creed, all her prayers, all her offices are impregnated with it. One day devoted especially to its consideration, and twenty-five or six Sundays, as the case may be, given up to it."

Mrs. Sands said, "Arianism must be an awful profanity, for the Christian Church to have regarded it in so solemn a light as to set such safeguards against it!"

"It is dreadful, indeed, that any man should presume to set up his human reason in op-

position to a positive truth of God," said the bishop. "Give me that beautiful trust that is content with the simple word of the Almighty, mystical thought that word may be."

Uncle Hallam read the next six versicles of the *Te Deum*. "An address to our Lord Christ Himself," said he, "calling Him 'King of Glory,' which is a title belonging alone to the Lord of Hosts. Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. Not created as the angels, nor adopted as men; but co-existing and co-equal with the Father, taking upon Himself to deliver man and humbling Himself to be born of a virgin, and overcoming the sharpness or sting of death, which is sin, and opening the kingdom of heaven to all believers. We ought to remember thankfully His sufferings and death, as we repeat these sentences, and to rejoice greatly as we think of Him now, sitting at the right hand of God the Father, making intercession for us, that we, also, may be exalted to so high and holy a place."

"Uncle," said Nannette, "I cannot help trembling a little at the next sentence: 'We believe that Thou shalt come to our judge.'"

"If we dwell only upon our sins, we should all shrink from the Great Day," replied her uncle; "but the child of God who is striving faithfully to do His will, and to please Him by an humble and devout life, should have sweet confidence that He who took our nature upon Him, and knows so well all our infirmities, will be a most lenient and gentle Judge. To me it is a blessed thought that 'all judgment is given into the hands of the Son.' Surely our Mediator and Intercessor will not be a severe Judge. I am willing to trust this Saviour and Friend, with my soul and body, and all that I have, and to abide by His disposition and judgment of me."

"But you are his true servants," said Nannette.

"And you, dear child, are you not trying to obey Him? Have you not set your love upon Him?"

These personal questions were put in a low tone, so that only Nannette heard them, and her answer was such a beaming look, and silent pressure of the hand, that her uncle was more than satisfied.

CHAPTER VII.

“THE last ten versicles of the *Te Deum*,” continued her uncle, “are earnest petitions to our blessed Lord Jesus to help His servants whom He has redeemed with His most precious blood. The consciousness of our own weakness is felt. He who was lifted up for our sake, must draw us unto Him. We beg to be numbered with His saints in glory everlasting. Those who ‘have departed this life in His faith and fear, and with whom we have blessed communion and fellowship,’ we remember, as we say this prayer, and we long to be partakers of their happiness in paradise, and of their bliss in heaven.”

“To be numbered with God’s holy ones in glory, how blessed a lot!” said the bishop. “We consider it a great joy to mingle with the good here on earth; but what will not be

the sweetness of our communion above? God make us content to await that greater, promised joy!"

Mrs. Sands spoke of the following versicles:

"O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage. Govern them, and lift them up for ever."

She said: "It seems as if we were never sure of our salvation, though we are purchased by so great redemption."

"It is not the design of this sentence to make us despondent," said the bishop, "only earnest in the cry for deliverance. We know very well how continually we are falling into sin, and the prayer is for God not to abandon us to the power of temptation and evil, but to deliver us in time of ill, and to bless us as part of His heritage,—the Church. We ask these favors with the more confidence since we are His adopted children, and are endeavoring to 'magnify' Him 'day by day,' and since we worship Him 'world without end.' We have entered into solemn covenant with Him in the sacraments of His

own appointment, and we have a child's right to look for His protection and government and care; and we renew our vows of allegiance to Him every time we repeat this wondrous hymn of praise and prayer and faith."

"The latter part is most solemn and touching," said Uncle Hallam, "where the Church's order is rightly observed every morning there ascend, from many hearts and voices, these petitions: 'Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin! O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us; O Lord, let Thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in Thee.' There is such need of this daily cry! Every hour is so fraught with danger from spiritual enemies. We are so prodigal of God's riches, and so indifferent to His love, and so unworthy of His grace! We have no merit,—'there is no health in us.' 'We are miserable sinners.' It is only of the Lord's mercy, if we are finally saved,—and still we *trust* in Him with such sweet confidence that we dare, and love to say, 'Let Thy mercy be upon us *as our trust is in Thee*,' and we

repeat that we have trusted in Him, and so we beg that we may not be 'confounded' or disappointed of our hope."

"If we were always thoughtful of the meaning of every word of this grand and ancient hymn," said the bishop, "we could never repeat it without benefit to our souls. I pray God that we may never take the words upon our lips without their full appreciation, and that we may magnify our heavenly Father with every repetition."

"There is no Doxology after the *Te Deum*," said Nannette.

"That is because it is but an enlarged Doxology. That word means 'praise' or 'glory,' and this hymn is one grand ascription to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. We stand when we say or sing the *Te Deum*, and it is proper to rise immediately on the conclusion of the lesson, whether the organ prelude is finished or not, as we ought to be ready and composed for so solemn a hymn."

Uncle Hallam spoke of the sublime music that has been written for these words, and of

the use of the grand old anthem on all triumphal occasions. "It is such a royal hymn," he said.

"Yes," replied the bishop with something of a reproof in his gentle voice. "It is, indeed, royal, since it is addressed to the King of kings and Lord of lords."

Nannette asked if there were anything more to be said about the *Benedicite*, or, if the next subject would be the "*Jubilate*" and the "*Benedictus*."

The bishop said, "I have spoken a good deal about the *Benedicite* to-night, and will finish with that, as we have a few minutes more before time for family prayers. You know it was a song of praise from 'the three children,' for their escape from the fiery furnace, and that it is from one of the Apocryphal books, but it is also an exact paraphrase of Psalm cxlviii. It was an ancient hymn in the Jewish Church, and was adopted into the Christian worship, in public devotions, at a very early period. It was not allowed in the Jewish Canon, neither is it in the

Church's, but as an ancient form of praise it is thought useful to excite a spirit of devotion. In the English Prayer Book, there is one sentence which the American revisers thought best to omit: 'O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him forever.' Dr. Bisse says that the *Benedicite* and the *Te Deum* are the only hymns used in our service that are of man's composition, the Church being careful to sing to God in words of God. Of course, he does not speak of the metrical hymns; but even here great care is taken lest false sentiments and heretical doctrines creep in, and nothing can be used in the Church that has not the sanction of the General Convention."

Uncle Hallam asked if there were not sometimes an evasion of the Church's rule.

"Yes, I regret to say," replied the bishop, "it speaks little for the loyalty and humility of any son of the Church who sets up his individual will and opinion above the combined judgment of those whom the Church appoints

to enact laws and rules. Even when he cannot quite agree with a majority vote, it does not exempt him from obedience to the law, or to the resolution. I am confident I am speaking of minor points now. Of course, the truth of God is the same from everlasting to everlasting, and there needs not to touch that, excepting as in the time of Arius, to form stronger bulwarks to protect it from the sacrilegious, who fear neither God nor man."

Nannette asked Uncle Hallam if he would not sing *Te Deum Laudamus* once more, when all were assembled for prayers.

He gladly assented, and turning over a pile of music by "Hasse," "Schicht," "Danzé," "Naumann," and others, selected Hayden's composition, and as his voice swelled through the room, Nannette joined him with her pure mezzo-soprano, and the feeble tones of the bishop and Mrs. Sands were heard, when the organ touches were soft and low.

Phil and Nancy, too, as if inspired by the lofty strains, caught up here and there a note, and held it for a moment, yet in a timid

and modest way, for fear of making discord.

That day in the little household of the good bishop had witnessed many a defeat of sin, the world, and the devil, and it was but meet that a triumphant song to God and to the Lamb should be performed in honor of this victory.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE church bell broke in very sweetly upon the morning hours, at nine o'clock.

"It is like a call from heaven," said Nannette to her uncle, as they left all other occupations for the short service in the holy temple.

"Does it not hinder your studies very much?" asked Uncle Hallam.

"Oh, no; but even if it did, grandpapa says, since this life is but a preparatory school for the life that is to come, our best lessons are those which teach us of God, and of heaven. He would be greatly shocked if I were to stay at home from public worship in order to gain more of this world's knowledge."

"Grandpapa is right," said her uncle. "I wish all Churchly parents and guardians acted upon this principle; there would be

much less carelessness of sacred things, and a wonderful advance in spirituality in our land. The children are not taught to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. It is a sad drawback to the growth of religion, that Christian people have such lax views of duty and right."

"We might have very early service," said Nannette; "but grandpapa keeps strictly to the ancient usage. He says nine o'clock in the morning and three in the evening recall to us both the typical sacrifices among the Jews, and the offering of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for us on Calvary, and he thinks we need to be often reminded of what our sins cost our dear Lord. He says, to be offering up prayers and praises at what seem to us the very hours when this great sacrifice occurred, must impress the fact more deeply upon us."

"That is true; we are such creatures of association," replied her uncle. "I notice that one of the servants is always present at service."

"Yes, indeed, that is part of grandpapa's principle. He says it is a singular Christian who does not regard the soul of his servant. Phil goes part of the day, and Nancy the other part; just as they can arrange it between them, and it seems to give them heart to work all the better, since they have the everlasting rest and joy to think upon. Nancy talks beautifully to me about it. She says she would be willing to be a slave here on earth, to be sure of her freedom from sin, and her joy in heaven, and she would cut off her right hand, or pluck out her right eye for grandpapa, since he is helping her to the everlasting bliss. Nancy is a good creature, and I love to have her in the corner of the old pew with me. I could not say my prayers so well if the servants were shut out from this privilege."

It was delightful to Uncle Hallam to observe the sacredness of the bond between all the members of the bishop's household. So rare a thing to see! He had noticed how great a difference it made in the servants'

sense of their obligations, and what a mutual dependence there seemed to be between the inferiors and superiors under this Christian roof, so that everything went on pleasantly, and without the irritation that is begotten of arbitrary rule and unwilling service.

He said: "If all people had this blessed sympathy, our homes would be happier places than they are—the very type and foretaste of the beautiful Home above.

Nannette went to the vestry-room to get the hymns from the assistant minister, who was to officiate on this day.

The bishop was particular to have singing always in the daily service. He said: "It was so inspiriting for voice to blend with voice in sacred song, and, besides, it put the congregation more in unison with the worshippers above."

There were not as many people at prayers as there ought to have been. It should be a serious excuse that keeps a child of God from his Father's house, when that Father so lovingly calls: "Seek ye my face." But those

who were present joined with deep fervor in the solemn worship, and went away refreshed for the busy cares that were to follow!

The Rev. Mr. Asher was a clergyman after the bishop's own heart,—gentle, earnest, feeling deeply his relations to God and to his people, and prizing the privilege of his position under so worthy a prelate. He had no wish to break away from his subordinate place, but valued more the influence and counsel of such a father in God than the so-called honor of an independent post. It was a joy to see those godly men together,—the bishop so paternal, the priest so filial, and both looking up to the one Divine Master and Friend, for whose kingdom they were striving to win immortal souls. Oh, there is much of the spirit of heaven here upon the earth, thanks be to God the Holy Ghost, who condescends to dwell among us.

It was the bishop's habit to pronounce always the absolution and the final benediction, when he was present, though the priest might have said it in his stead. Not that he wished

to assert his right, but because he felt that in the highest order of the ministry there is a degree of authority above that of the priest, and because it is fitting, according to Holy Scripture, that the less shall be blessed of the greater. And the people loved to have it so, and they felt their sins forgiven of God, as "with hearty repentance and true faith they turned unto Him;" and His "peace, which passeth all understanding," was with them as they listened with bowed heads to the words of blessing from the revered lips of their chief shepherd.

Mr. Asher was asked to meet Uncle Hallam at the house of the bishop in the evening, and Nannette feared that the accustomed conversation must be given up; but her uncle proposed the wonted exercise, and the *Jubilate Deo* was brought before them.

"It seems so fitting to break forth into singing again after the second lesson," said the bishop.

"We cannot be too thankful for the revelation from heaven, and our praise and grati-

tude must be acceptable to God, expressed as it is in this psalm of his servant, David. We must recollect that the sweet singer of Israel composed it upon occasion of a jubilee thanksgiving, and that it was sung by the Jewish Church at the oblation of the peace-offering, as the priest was entering into the temple, and as we have just been hearing the Gospel of peace, it is very proper to sing this psalm at this moment. It was first added to our Morning Prayer in the second book of Edward VI. It is such a jubilant song that we generally use it excepting during Lent, when we have the *Benedictus* as especially applicable to the redemption wrought for us by our blessed Saviour. But there are other occasions when I think best to use the *Benedictus*, as at Christmas, when our Redeemer first came upon earth to fulfil His merciful mission to us, and at the circumcision of our Lord Jesus, and at the festival of John Baptist, at whose circumcision Zacharius composed it as an especial thanksgiving for the coming of Jesus in the flesh, and for His

merciful deliverance of His people from their spiritual enemies. This *Benedictus* is placed first in the English Prayer Book, and the whole prophecy is read, whereas we stop at the fourth verse. I do not know why our American revisers transposed the order of the two hymns.

Perhaps they place the *Jubilate* first, as coming from the Old Testament, and the *Benedictus* second, as taken from the New; but it matters very little so long as we have these two precious hymns of praise in which to send up our hearts toward God. Bishop White says that 'the last ten verses of the *Benedictus* were omitted in the American revision, because of their length, and of their particular application to the Jews.' He seems to think that it would have been better to end with the third verse, but we can apply the fourth to our spiritual foes. In the *Jubilate* we call upon all lands to be joyful in the Lord, because the blessings of the Gospel are meant for all the nations of the earth, and we are to serve the Lord with gladness. He loves a cheerful ser-

vice, and to have us come before His presence with a song. Who can be otherwise than happy and bright and full of holy delight as he enters the presence of his God? We have all confidence in Him, as the Creator and Preserver of men. We know that He cares for us, as the shepherd for his sheep."

"I have taken more comfort in that thought than in almost any other expression of Scripture," said Mr. Asher. "The comparison is so tender. We can understand so well what loving care the Good Shepherd gives us, wandering sheep though we are."

Uncle Hallam said: "The next verse of this hymn is very precious to me, 'O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.' I recall the Jews in the courts of the sanctuary, and then think how we are admitted into the nearer presence of God, into His very house, and I am ashamed when my heart has any lack of fervor in the praise which my lips utter. The thought always quickens me to a more earnest thanksgiving to the good Lord for His gra-

cious mercy, which is everlasting, and His truth, which endureth from generation to generation."

"The *Benedictus*," said the bishop, "reminds us of the holy prophets who announced the birth of Jesus so many centuries before it took place. We are to think of the sure word of God, and to trust implicitly His promises. Then we are to remember that our dear Lord sprang from Judah, from the house of His servant David, and we are never to despise the Jews through whom our salvation has come."

Mr. Asher remarked, "Some one was speaking in rather a sceptical way to me the other day concerning the genealogy of our Lord Christ; he said he could not exactly see how we could make out any relationship through David."

"You could easily satisfy any one who acknowledges the authenticity of the Bible," responded the bishop. "It is well known to Biblical scholars that both Joseph, and the Blessed Virgin Mary derive their descent from the sweet singer of Israel. St. Matthew gives

the genealogy of Joseph, and St. Luke that of Mary, though Joseph's name is put for his wife's in St. Luke's account, as the Jews did not register the female in their tables, but counted the husband as the son of the maternal grandfather. Infidels may quibble about sacred facts, but it shows great ignorance, rather than superior reasoning powers."

CHAPTER IX.

UNCLE HALLAM asked Nannette if there was anything different in the Prayer Book version of the *Benedictus* from that in the Bible, which she held in her hand.

"Only 'a mighty salvation,' instead of 'an horn of salvation,'" said she; "but I understand that, for grandpapa told me that the horn is a symbol of power or might among Eastern nations."

"It is an idea at first derived from the animals, who use their horns as a means of defence," said the bishop. "Then, in the East, the horn was worn upon the head as a token of rank and elevation. The woman among the Druses, on Mount Lebanon, wear silver horns of native make, as the badge of widowhood. In Switzerland, mountains bear the name, as 'Buckhorn,' and Schreckhorn."

In the Holy Scriptures, to 'lift up the horn' was to be joyful, or to bear one's self proudly or honorably, and to 'defile the horn in the dust,' was to lower and degrade one's self."

Nannette looked at the illustration of this oriental adornment in the Bible dictionary, and said:

"I am glad it is not the custom among us. The woman has a very long one, but it seems to support her veil. That which the man wears is shorter, and less burdensome, I should think."

"There is a significance in the word horn in this hymn of Zacharias," said the bishop, "when we associate it with the horns of the altar of burnt-offerings. These were to be smeared with the blood of the slain bullock, and the criminal, who laid hold upon them, found asylum and safety. The symbol is very appropriate, when we think of our Lord Jesus Christ as our sure refuge and salvation from the penalty due to our sins."

"I can never be too grateful for your explanations," said Mrs. Sands. "The service

has such an increased interest for me since I have so fully understood the hidden meaning. It is a wonder to me that the clergy do not take more time to instruct their people as to the letter and the spirit of the Liturgy."

"There would be fewer complaints about 'forms,'" said Uncle Hallam, "if all Churchmen were so well taught as to be able to give a reason for their faith, and for these precious means of devotion."

"Before I go on to speak of the Creed," said the bishop, "I wish to refer to the hymns that follow the lessons in the Evening Service, since that service, thus far, is exactly like that of the morning. The English Prayer Book has, after the first lesson, the *Magnificat*, that joyful song of the blessed Virgin, when she visited her cousin Elizabeth. I have been always sorry to miss this touching hymn from our Liturgy. It is so full of tenderness and grateful love, and since our dear Lord Jesus has said, 'Whosoever doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother and My sister and My mother,'

all true Christians can enter into the spirit of this sacred song of joy and thanksgiving."

"I suppose the Romish errors concerning the honor due to the blessed Virgin, have made us more cautious about using this hymn, which is chanted or repeated at their Vesper Service every day," said Uncle Hallam.

"No doubt that was the thought of our reviewers," responded the bishop; "they have put in the place of the *Magnificat* the *Cantate Domino*, Psalm xviii., which has, in reality, the same object to magnify and extol the author of our salvation."

Mr. Asher said: "I think this one of the most inspiring of the canticles used in our services. It seems as if we could not be sufficiently glad in our expressions, even with harps and trumpets, and shawms and voices, united with the sea and floods and hills, and all the round world. I have been wonderfully lifted up by this song of praise, though I also should like the *Magnificat* as an occasional substitute; on the nineteenth day of the

month, for example, when we do not sing this canticle because it occurs in the Psalter."

"There is some very sublime music for that hymn of the blessed Virgin," said Uncle Hallam. "I have it in my collection at home."

"The English Prayer Book has the *Cantate* as the second hymn in her order, where we place *Bonum est Confiteri*. 'It is a good thing to give thanks,'" said the bishop. "This ninety-second psalm recognizes all the services that have preceded. The loving-kindness and truth of God, which we have heard about in the Holy Book in the morning, and now again at night, it acknowledges the great joy and blessedness of general thanksgiving and praise, and speaks of a personal gladness."

"What was the ten-stringed instrument?" asked Nannette.

"As nearly as we can ascertain, it was something like a lyre. It was called 'kinnor' in the original. The Hebrews had various kinds of stringed instruments, and our trans-

lators seem not to have been able to make the real distinction," said Uncle Hallam.

"King David was very fond of music," said Nannette, thoughtfully. "It is pleasant to be singing his psalms so many hundreds of years after his death."

The bishop turned to *Deus Misereatur*. "'God be merciful unto us' is appointed after the second lesson," he said, "or *Benedic Anima Mea*, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!' We generally choose the *Deus Misereatur* through Lent. We can use it excepting on the twelfth day of the month, when it occurs in the Psalter."

"I observe in the English Prayer Book *Nunc dimittis*, or 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,'" said Mrs. Sands; "I have sometimes wondered that it should be left out of the American revision."

"The prayer of Simeon the Just, when he had received in his arms the Lord's Christ, is very precious to a Christian soul," replied the bishop, "I should be glad if it had been retained by our reviewers. It shows such a

loosening of the devout spirit from the ties of earth, and yet such consciousness that we ought not to wish to go excepting by God's permission! Lord, now *lettest* thou thy servant depart. To receive Jesus, and embrace Him, is to dare to die, and yet to endure to live, that we may do His will. There are often times when this *Nunc dimittis* would express exactly the heart of God's people, and be of great comfort; but the *Deus Misereatur* seems really more appropriate to us, who by faith alone see Jesus. St. Simeon was blessed with the visible presence of Christ, we yet pray for 'the light of His countenance,' and for His mercy, and for the propagation of His truth, and for His government of the people, and their honor and praise of Him; and it should be our desire to live here in this world so long as any effort of ours can help to bring men to the knowledge and fear of God, so that His saving health may reach all nations, and that temporal and spiritual blessings may flow upon the earth from His abounding love. The English Prayer Book places this psalm

second in order, after the New Testament lesson, but we have 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!' Do not let us fail to enter into the very spirit of this psalm; it is so full of personal application, in the first four verses; there is such an appreciation of God's forgiveness of our sins, and His tenderness toward our infirmities, of our safety from eternal death, and of the loving-kindness and mercy which follow us all the days of our life. Then we call upon the angels of God who excel in strength to praise Him. These fulfil His commandment and hearken unto the voice of His Word. We are often disobedient, and slow to hear. The 'hosts of the Lord,' and the 'servants that do His pleasure,' offer Him acceptable praise, and are a worthy example to us. We are to think of this glorious company of heaven, and to strive to imitate the celestial beings in our homage to Almighty God. All creatures, all works of His under His vast dominion, we call upon to speak good of the Lord, and then we invoke again our own soul to praise and worship Him. It

is a very impressive psalm, and I pray God that we may none of us triflingly or thoughtlessly make use of it."

"The *Gloria Patri* comes in with great majesty after such an expression," said Uncle Hallam; "I always feel as if I heard the multitudes of the heavenly hosts praising God with their triumphant voices, and joining loud amens to our faint alleluias."

Mr. Asher begged for some sacred music as a fitting close of so profitable and happy an evening, and his fine bass voice chimed in harmoniously with Uncle Hallam's tenor, and the sweet voice of Nannette.

"No life is well spent without praise," said the bishop, in a lull of the delightful strains; "I pity those people who walk morosely upon the earth without seeing or speaking of God's glory, and wondrous love."

Even "Spot" seemed to assent to this expression of his good master, for the dog got up from his cushion, and, wagging his tail, licked the bishop's hand, and curled himself again contentedly upon the soft resting-place."

"Some animals appear more sensible of a truth than some men," said Mrs. Sands, who through "Spot" had become quite converted in her opinion of the lower creation.

The bishop smiled benignantly, and stooped to pet the animal.

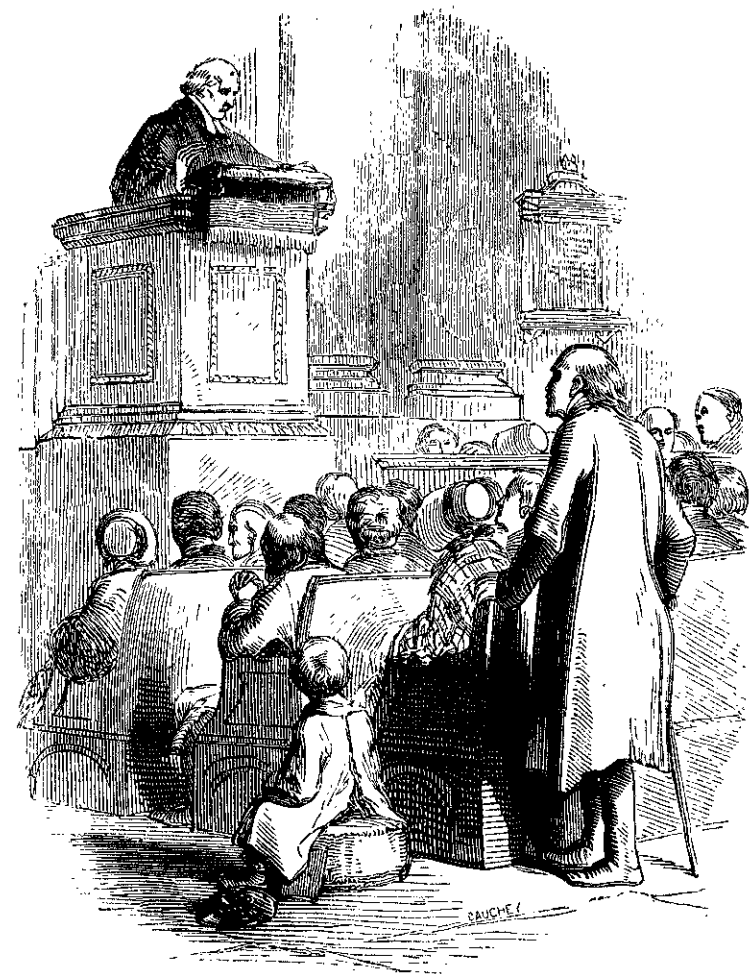
One may read something of the character of a man from his treatment of a dumb beast. There were many sublime attributes expressed in that caress of the bishop,—mercy, loving-kindness, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faith,—beautiful graces.

CHAPTER X.

THE day had been full of occupation for the bishop and Nannette. The children of the Sunday-schools had been gathered for their annual festival, and a collation was spread for them in the bishop's house by the ladies of the parish.

The occasion was always one of the greatest pleasure to the good prelate, who regarded the lambs of the fold as the promise of the Church's future.

It was his custom often to go among them, and to learn their faces so thoroughly, as to be able to call each child by name, and to question them especially upon the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and their duty to God and their neighbor, for he said: "Whoever knows these things, and makes them the rule of his life, will, surely,



through the blood of Christ Jesus our Saviour, enter into God's kingdom above."

It was wonderful to see how fearless the children were in their approach to this gentle shepherd, and yet how reverently and respectfully they regarded him. They loved his voice, and followed him, and were led to think with deeper and truer devotion of the Good Shepherd whom he so sweetly represented to them.

When the festival was over, and the little home-party drew around the centre-table in the pleasant parlor, Nannette asked her grandfather why he was so particular to make the children say every word of the Apostles' Creed perfectly, and why he always took so much time to explain it to them over and over again?

"Because, my child," said the bishop, "I consider a right faith necessary to a right practice, and this, which was 'once delivered to the saints' is the bulwark of our Christianity, and must be believed and kept, if we would be saved."

"You do not mean to say, grandpapa, that nobody can be saved but those who believe the Apostles' Creed?"

"God can be merciful to whom He will, my daughter; but these are the Scripture truths, which He has made obligatory upon us to receive, and I dare not teach another doctrine. To be saved as the obedient children of God is one thing, to be saved as the heathen is another. The merciful Judge will adjust these differences, we have nothing to do with them. Our duty lies in accepting the plain teaching of God's Word, and in striving to make it known to others."

"I am very glad we have the Creed in consideration to-night," said Uncle Hallam. "Study it as much as one may, there is always something more to strengthen and uphold it in my mind."

Mr. Asher and Miss Bent had come in for the evening, and a Mrs. Carrol, who was a near neighbor of the bishop. She did not think with him in all things, and was never slow to express her opinions. The bishop

respected her, but always quietly set aside every false notion with a sure and convincing word from the Holy Book.

"For my part," said she, "I never could see the use of stickling so for forms and ceremonies, and set things, as our Church does."

"That which is founded upon a rock is not easily shaken," replied the bishop. "The denominations that put aside all formularies, and depend upon individual thought and expression, are tossed by every wind that blows. The Apostles' Creed was the original belief of every orthodox sect that sprang from the Reformation; but by failing to repeat it every time they came together for public worship, and to thoroughly understand it, they have departed from its tenets, and drifted into all sorts of error. It is the safeguard of the Church that she commands her Creed to be spoken by every individual member whenever they assemble for prayer and praise."

"Every individual member," said Nannette.

"Yes, for you will see that the personal pronoun singular is used, instead of the plural

'we' as in the general confession, and that 'I' is supposed to precede every sentence of the Creed as we say it before God, in the church."

"I never thought of that," said Nannette, "I am so accustomed to classing myself with all the people around me."

"That is a very sweet fact, my child, that we are bound so closely together in one communion and fellowship, that we lose ourselves in the midst of our brethren, but when we come to declare our faith before God and the world, we must stand singly as well as together, and be ready to go alone to death, for the truth of God, as many of the ancient martyrs have done. The rude, war-like nations of Europe used to repeat this Creed with drawn swords in their hands, to show their determination to defend it, if need be, with their lives."

"The rubric says we must stand," said Nannette.

"That is the natural position when one speaks with earnestness," said Mr. Asher.

Uncle Hallam remarked that it showed a perfect appreciation of the fitness of things that the Creed is placed just where it is in our service. "We have arisen from hearing the reading of God's Word," he said, "and are now able to declare our confidence in what has been revealed."

"Do you really suppose the Apostles were the authors of this Creed?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"In substance, yes;" replied the bishop. "We have ample testimony of the fact from the most ancient Catholic authors."

"I don't care anything about the Catholics," said Mrs. Carrol, evidently alarmed at the word.

"I was not speaking of Rome or her corrupt teachings," said the bishop;" but of those writers in the Church long before the Papacy existed, and when the word Catholic had its true meaning, as applied to the one *universal* belief. With regard to the early witnesses concerning the Apostolic origin of the faith called the Apostles' Creed, Clemens Romanus, that is, Clement the Roman, in his epistle to

St. Simon, second Bishop of Jerusalem, says that the Apostles, having received the gift of tongues, while they were yet together, by joint consent, composed that Creed which the Church of the faithful now holds.

"Origen, in the second century after our Lord, says: The Church received from the Apostles, and their disciples, this faith in one God, the Father Almighty. Tertullian calls it the rule of faith, and says it descended to us from the beginning of the Gospel, before any heretic had risen up. St. Ambrose says, it was made by the twelve Apostles, and there are many other witnesses among learned Christian men of the early times. It is my firm conviction that this Creed is the Apostles' own composition, and the Church is not alone in this belief, for it is affirmed in the writings of those whose followers have departed greatly from her order, Luther and Calvin and Beza and others."

"I suppose," said Mr. Asher, "that the rubric at the end of the office for Infant Baptism, ordering the learning of the Creed,

among other things, before the child can be confirmed, springs from the custom, in the early ages of the Church, when the catechumens had to answer to every article before they could be baptized."

"Yes, that is probably the origin," replied the bishop. "The catechumens were heathen people, who had not received baptism in their infancy, and an individual assent to the faith, is required of every adult who is received into the Church. The children of Christian parents who are privileged to belong to God's household from their earliest infancy, learn these Articles of Belief, and personally renew the promise made by their sponsors, that they will hold them unto their life's end. It is a blessed and solemn moment when they come to the full realization of their glorious heritage. Such a faith! I am almost overwhelmed as I go to reveal to my children all that it means."

The bishop spoke always of the people as "My children." No one who has not this paternal heart is fitted perfectly for this holy office.

"Even if the Apostles did not draw up the Creed in the exact form, or nearly that, in which it is handed down to us, since we have it almost word for word from the Bible it is their doctrine and the work of the Holy Ghost," said Mr. Asher.

Miss Bent asked the bishop if he would take the time to go through with the explanation of every article.

"To be sure," he said. "What is our time worth if not employed in the great truths of our creation, redemption, sanctification, and salvation? I am never so happy as in this exercise of searching into the deep things of our religion, and I am rewarded at every step by new joys that spring up to bless me. There is one thing that I wish to say about the early ages," said the bishop. "In those days of persecution, the Christians used to repeat the Creed in a low voice, lest the heathen should hear, and so late as the seventeenth century the Romanists spoke it in low tones, in remembrance of the doleful times when to speak it aloud was certain martyrdom."

"I thought you said there were no Romanists in the earliest ages of the Church," said Mrs. Carrol. "I don't see how they have anything to do with the remembrances of that time."

"You must not forget that the Church of God fell into error, and took to herself many corruptions, and so went on, after the assumption of the Papacy until the days of the Reformation, when a portion of her members threw off the superstitious yoke."

"The Creed takes its name from the Latin word *credo*, I believe, does it not, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, daughter, and in the Eastern Churches it was commonly called *Sumbolon*, from *sumballo*, 'to put together.'"

"That is Greek, is it not?"

"Yes; the Latin is *symbolum*. The word symbol we think of as synonymous with emblem. We must have outward, visible signs of things that are spiritual. There is the water in the Sacrament of Baptism, and there are bread and wine in the Holy Eucharist.

There is the sign of the Cross to represent our salvation through the cruel death of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. There are the symbols of the man, the lion, the ox, and the eagle to distinguish the over peculiar attributes of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John; and there is the form of sound words in the Creed to show the Christian doctrines. This short form is the substance of the whole Bible teaching, and is so arranged that we may commit it to memory, and repeat it every day. We are such forgetful creatures, and so inclined to go astray, every one in his own way, that it is quite necessary to have some safeguard and restraint."

Uncle Hallam said:

"It was an ancient custom to turn towards the East during the recital of the Creed. The point of the sun-rising was the symbol of the Son of Righteousness, and the chancel and the altar were placed under the east window in most houses of public worship. The Jews turned toward the mercy seat and

the cherubim, where the ark of God was placed, and the Christians worship with faces and thoughts toward the holy table, where they look for the most gracious presence and blessing of their dear Lord, whose death they commemorate in the consecrated emblems of bread and wine."

"That is the reason for the minister's turning his back to the people, is it?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"Certainly," replied the bishop, "the clergyman is occupied with his Creator at this moment, and not with the congregation, excepting, in so far as he is their leader throughout the service."

Mr. Asher said:

"I feel that moment in the service to be most sublime when, individually and collectively, the congregation profess this faith once delivered to the saints. There comes before me the long array of martyrs, who have contended unto the death for this glorious Creed. I am sometimes almost overcome by the vision. How grateful we ought to be for the

privilege of speaking with a loud voice this belief! No fear now of persecution, nor of martyrdom for the Gospel's sake."

"We have reached the first article," said the bishop; "the introduction has been long; but I am particular, for the sake of my granddaughter. I wish her to be thorough in her knowledge of all parts of the Liturgy, and very earnest and sincere in the application of its spiritual teaching."

"I am sure we all feel ourselves indebted for your minute instructions," said Mr. Asher.

The bishop bowed. "I am myself a learner," he said. "The very questions of the child bring new thoughts, and greater research, and so I am taught while attempting to teach."

Miss Bent asked if it were not possible to repeat the Apostles' Creed all one's life, and yet give no hearty assent to the doctrines inculcated, neither make it the rule of one's action?"

"Unhappily, yes," replied the bishop; "it is for this reason that every rector of a parish

should diligently explain to his people the solemn meaning of each article in it, and exhort them never to take these words upon their lips, without expressing also their honest devout hearts."

Uncle Hallam said: "This first article, 'I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth,' embraces a vast deal more than it appears to do. The first Article of Religion speaks more fully: 'One living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible. And in unity of this Godhead there be three Persons, of one substance, power, and eternity;—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.'"

"It is impossible to comprehend the great God," said the bishop. "We only know Him as He has graciously revealed Himself to us in Jesus Christ our Lord. We take the Scripture revelation, and find that God is almighty, eternal, invisible, and the only wise God, and that, in the beginning, He created the heavens

and the earth. And we believe in Him not as the 'devils believe and tremble,' but we think of Him with adoration and honor, and we desire to love and serve Him here, and to dwell forever with Him hereafter."

"There is great comfort in thinking of the attribute, Almighty," said Mr. Asher. "God is such a 'sure refuge and strength' to His people. 'Of whom should we be afraid when we have taken this God to be our God, and our guide unto death.'"

"Our fear is only when we have broken His holy laws," said the bishop. "I speak now of fear in the sense of dread. There is a holy fear, which means reverence and sacred awe. This we should always have. It is something like what a child feels toward the earthly father, whose authority he respects. The sweetest, purest, filial love is of this character."

"Is it not singular that any one can say 'there is no God?' " asked Nannette.

"None but the fool says that," replied the bishop. "All created things plainly declare

God. The people who deny Him are without excuse."

Is God everybody's father?" asked Nannette.

"By creation, yes, my child; but there is a sweeter relationship, which is by adoption, when we are able to say, 'Abba, Father.' That is a blessed moment, when the soul casts off the father of lies, who drew us away from God and home, and when it turns again to the bosom of Him who came down to earth, for its redemption."

There was a pause in the little circle. Every one present had received that spirit of adoption, and knew, by a blessed experience, how precious it was to say with a dear child's sense of possession and ownership, "Our Father."

Mrs. Carrol interrupted the silence, and said:—"In the words 'maker of heaven and earth,' we are to think of the universe, are we not?"

The bishop answered, "I am glad you speak of this point, we are so apt to take a

narrow view of all things, and it will help us to a more proper conception of the majesty of God, if we remember the myriads of worlds represented by the countless stars. I know of no better way to gain an idea of infinity than to stand at night, and gaze into the starry heavens, till you are lost in the fathomless creation."

"I have often done that," said Nannette. "It takes away my breath, grandpapa."

"The soul is so crowded and oppressed by the body, that is the reason," said the bishop.

"The second article of the Creed is very precious, said Uncle Hallam,—"'And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord.' Who can repeat it without deepest emotion! Such love as God had for us, 'while we were yet sinners,' for the name of Jesus must bring with it the whole sacrifice made by Him for our salvation."

"We bow at this name in the Creed, please tell me why not elsewhere in our service, in a manner to be observed?" said Miss Bent.

"The Church ordered deepest reverence

here, because of the Arian heresy, which denied the Divinity of the Saviour of mankind. It was the general usage in the early Church after the dreadful denial of Christ by a professed disciple. The English Church, in her eighteenth Canon, prescribes this use as a testimony of 'inward humility,' and a due acknowledgment that the Lord Jesus Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is the only Saviour of the world; in whom alone all the mercies, graces and promises of God to mankind for this life and the life to come, are fully and wholly comprised. The American Church has not a canon to this effect, but every Churchman who has considered well the reason for an obvious reverence at this point, and who feels that the cause still exists among so-called Christian bodies, will make positive his declaration—Jesus Christ is God, and will show by this outward sign that he is not of the number of those who rob the Blessed One of His glory."

"The Unitarian belief is so bald and unsatisfying!" said Uncle Hallam "There

seems nothing for the soul to take hold of."

The bishop remarked, "It is very sad that human reason should expect to 'comprehend the great God.'"

"That legend concerning St. Augustine is very beautiful," said Mr. Asher.

"What is it?" asked Nannette.

"The good bishop was walking upon the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. He was thinking of the subject of the Holy Trinity, upon which he was to write a treatise. As he meditated, he suddenly saw a little child of exquisite beauty. It was dressed in white, and had golden hair, and it had hollowed out a little hole in the sand. With a tiny cup it took water from the sea and poured it into the cavity. Of course, the water sank into the sand, and left the place as empty as before. Yet the child went back and forth, back and forth, intent upon his object. The bishop watched him for awhile, amused, and then asked, 'What are you doing, my child?' 'I am trying to put the waters of the great sea

into this little hole,' said the child, and then vanished from sight. 'And I,' said the good St. Augustine, as he understood the lesson of the holy vision, 'I am trying to put the great God into this little brain.'"

The bishop said, "I do not think it wise to try and explain what God has made mysterious. We must take, without questioning, whatever is revealed as Divine truth, whether we understand it clearly or not, and we must patiently await the time when, with higher nobler powers, we shall know the full meaning of what is partially hidden from us now."

"How sweet a name Jesus is!" said Miss Bent.

"It derives its preciousness to us from its meaning of Saviour," said Mr. Asher. "Jesus was so-called of the Angel before He was born. Joshua has the same meaning in Hebrew, and was given to the ancient leader, who was a type of our Lord Jesus."

"We ought always to try and think of the fulness of the words, Jesus Christ, as we repeat this second article of the Creed," said

the bishop. "Christ, the Anointed, Consecrated by the Father to be our Prophet, Priest and King. He promises to us the heavenly Canaan, and will surely lead us to that beautiful land if we will follow Him through this wilderness, and not lust after evil by the way. He will minister to us in holiest things, and absolve us from our sins, if we are truly penitent, and will finally reign over us forever in His kingdom above. How blessed and comprehensive are these two words, Jesus Christ!"

"His only Son' shows the marvellous love of God toward us," said Mr. Asher, "and 'Our Lord' gives us such sense of blessing and protection and nearness that we must be moved to deepest gratitude."

The bishop seemed to be speaking to himself and forgetful of his audience, as he considered the third article.

"Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.' 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore, that holy

thing that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.' Marvellous event! The Father, in heaven, the Mother, a pure Virgin on earth. How, otherwise, could the Divine have been united with the human. Let the sceptic scoff if he dare. All things are possible with God. There is no thought of man that could have devised such means to save a lost world. That is true which I read to-day from a modern writer concerning this miraculous birth: 'The imagination of the greatest poets has conceived nothing like it, an oriental sky, an angel passing a drooping lily, a virgin praying, and the Saviour of the world, the Son of God is born. The Christians of all the ages gone have rejoiced in this sweetest of revealed truths, a spotless Babe born into this world, to redeem their own precious offspring from the stain of original sin. A holy Child, come to earth to grow up as an example of obedience and goodness to all children. Mothers can have sure hope of their little infants, if they bring them up to imitate the

Babe of Bethlehem, and the Child that 'was subject to His parents,' and 'was in favor with God and man.'"

Mrs. Sands asked if the Romish dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" were not a modern notion?

"Yes," replied the bishop, "the Roman Church has never received, as an article of faith, the idea that the Blessed Virgin was born without sin, until modern times."

"The perversions of Rome have crept in gradually," said Mr. Asher, "it speaks well for men, that centuries are needed to bring gross error to general acceptance, as settled truth."

"Strange that anybody should think us like Rome," said Miss Bent.

"There is a wide chasm between the purified branch and the corrupt branch of the Church Catholic," said the bishop. "People who have the honesty to search before they speak, will never say that our Church is Romish."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Asher, "the tendency

in some quarters to restore some of the ceremonial dropped at the time of the Reformation, has given rise to this feeling in many breasts."

"No doubt," replied the bishop. "And it would be a sad pity to revive the practice of any error. Our Liturgy is very beautiful, and perfectly satisfying, and if we keep faithfully to that, both in the letter and in the spirit, there will be no disturbance, and no danger. I have not a wish beyond it. 'It is the book of my understanding and the book of my heart.'"

Mr. Asher looked at his watch, "Pardon me," he said, "I am so deeply interested that I am afraid we shall get too far into the night for me to pay a visit to old Mr. Dean."

"How is he?" asked the bishop.

"I think God will take him home before the morning; I shall stay with him to-night."

"I will go with you, or will join you at the house after prayers," said the bishop. "My soul cannot afford to lose such sublime les-

sons as it receives at the bedside of this saintly man. The Church on earth will be a loser, indeed, by his gain. We ought not to wish to keep him from his rest and reward, but we shall sadly miss his labor in the vineyard."

It was worthy praise that the good bishop rendered to his old parishioner. Many a time had his hands been holden up by old Mr. Dean. The strongest among the clergy are not without need of this help from the laity. We are too apt to think that we must always receive, and never give.

"You will resume your explanation of the Creed to-morrow evening, will you not?" said Miss Bent.

"Yes, at the fourth article."

"May I be of your circle?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"Certainly; I shall be very glad to see you."

Mr. Asher waited for prayers. "I shall be refreshed for my night watches," he said.

The bishop so blended different collects,

that no subject was left out of the petitions, and if there had been anything omitted, all was summed up in the perfect form given by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who taught His disciples to say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven," the incomparable and all-embracing prayer.

CHAPTER XI.

THE little party gathered early on the next evening.

The bishop and his assistant seemed deeply saddened by the death that had occurred the night before.

"This dear old man's departure from us is a great loss to the Church," said the bishop.

"Such a consistent, pious, devout example as his has been, we do not often find among Christian men. His saintly face has frequently cheered me, when I have been offering the Gospel of our Lord Jesus to unthankful men. I have seldom known such an ardent thirst for things Divine, as this earnest soul has manifested. And then the beauty and child-like simplicity of his spirit are rarely to be found. I feel myself, indeed, bereaved."

The tears that fell from the good bishop's

eyes, were no sign of weakness. "Jesus wept" over the grave of a beloved disciple, and the true representative of our blessed Lord and Saviour, will also weep when the grave opens to receive one dear to his heart and ministry.

"Did the old man die before you arrived there, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"No, daughter; we had time for the Communion of the Sick, and then, as I saw that the end was close at hand, I offered the Commendatory Prayer."

Uncle Hallam said: "What precious privileges the Church has for her children, all the way from the cradle to the grave! The gracious Lord has so wonderfully provided for us in this sweet household of Faith. In the holy office of the ministry, we seem to be led, as by the dear hand of Jesus, through the whole of this earthly pilgrimage. It is so fitting that a clergyman should be beside the bed of the dying, and should deliver up to the Master the souls of those who have been entrusted to him."

"Our friend was conscious to the very last, and wholly appreciated this thought," said the bishop; "but even when there is no apparent sense of what is occurring, we do not know how really alive and keen the spirit may be, and it is proper that prayer should accompany the soul in its exit from this world. Praise is henceforth this dear saint's privilege, he has had his days of suffering, but I have never heard a murmur; his was a heart that sang even in tribulation."

"Grandpapa," said Nannette, "we come to-night to the suffering of our Lord Jesus under Pontius Pilate, do we not?"

"Yes, my child, and in view of that suffering, it seems unworthy for us to speak of any lesser grief. But that which our dear Lord endured, was partly in order to make us feel His deep and perfect sympathy for whatever ills may befall us in this life. Please turn to the Creed, and we will try and make this subject more profitable to our souls than it has hitherto been."

"Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was cruci-

fied, dead, and buried; He descended into hell,"—there is a good deal embraced in this article," said Uncle Hallam.

"I should like to know more than I do about Pilate," said Nannette.

"I think Miss Bent has already taught you of him in connection with your Scripture lessons."

"Not so thoroughly as I ought, I am afraid," said the teacher. "I have but lately felt the great importance of bringing ancient history and ancient geography into my Scriptural teachings. I am led to care, now, in this respect, by a recent experience with my Bible-class in the Sunday-school. The young girls seem so unacquainted with these matters, as associated with sacred events, that I have determined to be more particular with them, as well as with Nannette."

"I know that Pontius Pilate was governor or procurator of Judea, in the reign of the Roman emperor, Tiberius Cæsar, when our Blessed Lord was crucified," said Nannette; "and Miss Bent has read to me from Jose-

phus how tyrannical Pilate was toward the Jews."

"His cruelty to the Samaritans roused them to complain of him to Vitellius, Governor of Syria, and this led to his banishment from office," said Miss Bent. "This, of course, was after the death of our Saviour. I recollect reading in Eusebius that Pontius Pilate was so mortified by his deposition from government, that, shortly afterward, he killed himself out of vexation for his many misfortunes."

"It seems singular," said Uncle Hallam, "that those who were most prominent in the crucifixion of Jesus committed suicide. We have this record of Judas and Caiaphas and Pontius Pilate."

"The burden of a guilty conscience was too great to be borne," said the bishop. "The character of the Roman Governor of Judea was weak and vacillating. By his own mouth we have the evidence that he could have delivered our Lord Jesus from the hands of the Jews. 'Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and have power to

release Thee?' But he allowed himself to be overawed by the tumult and threats of the Jews. 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' 'If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend.' So Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required."

"I have been often appalled," said Mr. Asher, "at the Scriptural account of what our Blessed Saviour endured from the time of His betrayal until He was stretched upon the cruel cross. Quick as is the operation of the mind, it cannot recall every event at the moment when we declare our belief in the sufferings of our Lord under Pontius Pilate."

"It is for this reason that I wish to go thoroughly over the subject at leisure. I am sure we shall the better appreciate the clause in the Creed when we repeat it," said the bishop.

"That was a dreadful ordeal for the sublime Sufferer. The night of bitterness before the Sanhedrim, or Jewish Council, with the chief priests seeking witness against Him, and the rabble smiting Him with the palms of their

hands, and spitting upon Him, and buffetting Him, and the friend whom He had chosen as one of His nearest and dearest, denying any acquaintance with Him! Then the weary change to Pilate's judgment-hall with renewed accusations and false charges, and the transfer to Herod of Galilee who was in Jerusalem at the feast."

"There is one fact in the Bible narration that impresses me with deep humiliation," said Mr. Asher; "that is, the moment when Jesus passed from the hands of the Jewish Council into Pilate's judgment-hall, where He was, for a time, alone with the Gentiles."

"It should make us less eager to criminate the Jews, and to wipe our own hands of any participation in our Lord's death."

Nannette seemed very thoughtful for a minute, then she said: "Grandpapa, I shall never again speak spitefully of a Jew."

"God alone has the right to condemn; we should be gentle toward all men, remembering how much need we ourselves have of mercy," said the bishop.

"Why were not the Jews in Pilate's hall? I have forgotten," said Nannette.

"They stood without, not wishing to defile themselves, during the Passover, by contact with the heathen," replied her grandfather.

"And yet they were thirsting for blood!"

"Strange inconsistency of the human heart!" said the bishop. "Men are so careful of all the outward observances of their religion, while they forget the spirit of its precepts."

"Jesus was mocked by Herod, also; was He not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, daughter; Herod, with his men of war, set Him at naught and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe and sent Him again to Pilate. He could find in the Saviour nothing worthy of death, but he joined with the multitude to put Him to scorn. Once more, before Pontius Pilate, our Redeemer is scourged, and decked with a crown of thorns and a purple robe, and is sent forth in this garb to the people; and Pilate saith unto them, 'Behold the Man.'

The artists have made very touching pictures of this figure of our Lord."

"It is the '*Ecce Homo*,' is it not, grandpapa? There is one by Titian in grandmama's room."

"Yes, my child. This Latin inscription is often placed upon crucifixes, and pictures that represent the suffering and patient Saviour."

Mr. Asher said: "There was yet more to endure after Pilate had delivered Jesus into the hands of the Jews. They saluted Him, in derision, with 'Hail, King of the Jews!' And 'they smote Him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon Him, and, bowing their knees, worshipped Him; and when they had mocked Him, they put His own clothes on Him, and led Him out to crucify Him.'"

"I have often thought," said the bishop, "how possible it is for us to be mocking our blessed Lord in our worship of Him."

Nannette looked very serious and inquiring.

"I mean when our lips say, 'Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ,' and our hearts are bowing down before some idol which we secretly cherish."

"I understand," said Miss Bent. "I am afraid I must plead guilty of this offence toward the meek and lowly Jesus. I will try and watch my heart with more prayerfulness."

"Grandpapa, what was that crown of thorns?" asked Nannette.

"It is supposed to have been the pliant, thorny branches of an Eastern tree, called by the Arabians *Nabka*. The leaves are of a very deep green, resembling the ivy, and the long prickly spines could give great pain."

"How dreadful!" said Nannette. "O sacred Head, surrounded by crown of piercing thorn." That beautiful hymn on the passion, comes always to my mind when I think of this hour in the suffering of our Lord."

"I am sure we shall all be very thoughtful when we next speak these words, 'suffered under Pontius Pilate,'" said Mrs. Sands.

Mrs. Carrol was an attentive listener. Nothing had yet been advanced, that ran counter to her peculiar ideas.

"'Crucified,' — what agony that word implies," said Mr. Asher. "It seems amazing

that in one word, there is so much of anguish!"

"The cross was a Jewish mode of punishment, was it not?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"Yes," replied the bishop; "and only to be applied to the vilest criminals. There was much suffering on the way to Calvary, the dragging the heavy instrument of torture, the fainting under its weight, and then, after Jesus had reached the revolting 'place of skulls,' where criminals were wont to be executed, and when He was nailed upon the cross, there were revilings from the passers-by, and from the chief priests and scribes, and from one of the two thieves who hung beside Him."

"It has always been a mystery to me," said Uncle Hallam, "that our blessed Saviour should have died this death upon the cross. I have wondered why the end of our salvation could not have been attained by death in some other way."

"It may have been, among other deeper reasons, in order to reach the very lowest grade of criminals, and to give them hope in

His mercy," said the bishop. "The mysteries of this redemption we cannot expect to understand while we are here below. No doubt it will all be plain to us by-and-bye; the main thought that should concern us now is to make this death of our dear Lord and Saviour our means of everlasting life. 'Lord, have mercy upon me, when Thou comest into Thy kingdom,' should be our repentant cry, as we stand beside the cross, and see what Jesus is enduring for our sake."

"If our Lord had taken the 'wine mingled with myrrh,'" said Nannette, "would it not have deadened the sense of pain?"

"It was given to sufferers upon the cross for that purpose," said the bishop; "but our dear Lord was to taste the whole anguish of death for us, and so would not drink it. It should teach us to bear with great patience the little pain that falls to our lot."

"*Dead*, is a most terrible and revolting word to me," said Miss Bent, proceeding in the study of the Creed.

"Because death is the penalty for sin," said

the bishop. "Take away that sting, and death becomes the sweet, peaceful exit from this world to the life immortal. The Christian must say 'dead,' in the Creed, because the word brings to his mind the reason for the agony of Jesus; but, elsewhere, he may take the privilege of his new life through this death, and may speak of the dear ones lying in the cemetery, as 'asleep.'"

"That is a lovely thought, grandpapa."

"It is the way I have come to regard the putting off of this mortal body," said the bishop. "It is as we would lie down at night, to rise refreshed at the breaking of the day."

"The grave seems almost a cheerful place, since Jesus was 'buried,'" said Uncle Hallam. "Before that time, there must have been a deep gloom about it."

After a moment, Nannette remarked: "Our Lord was buried in a garden, in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, grandpapa!"

"True, daughter," said the bishop; "and a garden it makes of every burial-place, a garden fragrant with hope, for whatever our blessed

Saviour has done, that we may not fear to do. We may go to the tomb, and have the door closed upon us; and we may be sure that no harm can touch us, for God will set His seal, and place a watch, and nobody can steal us away. He alone will roll away the stone, and say, 'Come forth.'"

"You are so comforting, grandpapa."

"The truths of our holy religion are comforting," replied the bishop. "There is such joy in the Apostles' Creed, as the thoughtless never imagine. Every truth in it is God's positive truth, that cannot be controverted; and the soul that holds it, and lives by it, is blessed beyond measure."

"Crucified, dead, and buried," said Mr. Asher, as if to review the lesson of the evening. "I seem to see a sadness over all the Holy Land; that land whose hills and vales have felt the impress of the Saviour's sacred feet; that land that has witnessed the miracles, and has heard the gracious words of Jesus, whose fame is everywhere; the mountains bear witness to His power and glory; the sea of

Galilee, where He slept upon a pillow, and awoke to calm the raging waves; the Jordan, with its mystical waters, and the Holy Ghost, and the God and Father above; the wilderness, and the cities,—no part of all the Holy Land but feels this crucifixion, and this death and burial; the women sit over against the tomb and weep. How they miss the majestic face; the gentle, loving friend, the gracious Lord!"

"We have yet to speak of the last clause of this fourth article of the Creed," said the bishop—"He descended into hell."

Mrs. Carrol's time had come. "I never could say that," she remarked. "It seems awful to think of."

"The rubric, in our American Prayer Book, provides for your scruples, my dear friend," said the bishop. "It allows the phrase: 'He went into the place of departed Spirits;' but when we understand that the word 'hell' in our Creed comes from the Hebrew word '*sheol*,' or the Greek word '*hades*;' 'a place of covering,' or the invisible state, or the state of souls

when parted from the body; and that '*gehenna*,' the place of *torment* or *hell*, is another thing altogether, we shall not hesitate to use the sentence as the Church Catholic has always used it."

Uncle Hallam said, "This sentence is not in the Nicene Creed."

"No," replied the bishop. "It was first found in the Church of 'Aquileia' a little later than the Nicene Council, and was afterward made a part of the Apostles' Creed. It is certainly a doctrine of Scripture which the Church could not rightly ignore, that the soul of our blessed Lord Jesus, when removed from His body, was in the place where the souls of those who die await the resurrection. 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise' was the Saviour's own expression to the repentant thief, just before His 'giving up of the Ghost.'"

"Thou wilt not leave My soul in hell,' was His prophetic utterance centuries before.

"It is such sweet security to us that we also shall resume our body and come forth, and

reach the higher, more immediate, presence of God."

"Hell is such a dreadful word," said Mrs. Carrol.

"That is because we always associate it with the place of the damned," said the bishop. "We must recollect, however, that no one is yet in that horrible Gehenna, which was 'prepared for the devil and his angels'—that even those rebellious ones who fought in heaven 'are reserved in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.'"

"It is a false notion that puts any one in heaven or hell before the resurrection and the final judgment."

"I could almost wish that the translators had left the word *sheol* or *hades*," said Mr. Asher. "Then there would not have been such misapprehension concerning the article."

"I think," returned the bishop, "that any misunderstanding is needless when we apply our Redeemer's own words: 'This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise.'"

Mr. Asher said: "It is a very consoling

truth that our Lord Jesus visited that intermediate state between death and judgment. There is a natural shrinking of the spirit from anything uncertain or indefinite. As we go out from this body, leaving it to corruption, and in our 'unclothed' condition enter 'the place of covering,' we should feel a timid dread but for the knowledge that Jesus has gone before, and that we can fearlessly 'go wherever He leads the way.' 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise,' is the saying of Jesus to every departing soul that trusts in Him."

"Yes," said the bishop, "there is something tangible for the dying man to grasp. We go not alone when we leave this world. 'Both hands' of our Lord Christ are stretched out to help us across the river of death, into the presence of the 'Church expectant.'"

"Do not the blessed dead rest from their labors, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"The body rests, dear child; the freed spirit knows not fatigue. It is the taint of sin that makes us weary and heavy laden. The ransomed soul has been washed in the blood

that removes this taint, and the body when taken up again at the resurrection will bear no marks of corruption. Then we shall mount up, with wings, as eagles; we shall run and not be weary; we shall walk and not faint."

Miss Bent said: "I have always felt that I should be impatient for the time when I could take again my body; one's condition without it seems so imperfect."

"It is an imperfect state," said the bishop; "the Church regards it as such in the prayer that, 'We may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting glory.'"

"Oh, yes! in the burial service," said Nannette.

"And yet," said the bishop, "the joys of Paradise will leave no room for impatience. The righteous will have such a foretaste of the heavenly bliss as will make sweet content. It seems to me most wondrous goodness in God to prepare us, by this gradual transition for His higher glory, when we shall see Him,

face to face, and dwell together in His presence."

"Mr. Carrol seemed very thoughtful. At length, she said: "I am a little confused as to your meaning. Is it that we do not at once see God when we depart this life?"

"That we have a clearer vision of God than we could possibly have while the soul inhabits this corruptible body, no one can doubt; but it is only when we shall awake up, after God's likeness, at the resurrection day, that we shall be satisfied with a full sight of His eternal power and majesty and glory."

"'To depart and to be with Christ' is conclusive evidence that we shall be in the presence of our dear Lord, who is present every where; but it is not reasonable to suppose that we shall have the fulness of our joy and blessedness until we shall be made like unto Jesus, in body and soul. Even our Saviour did not, until His resurrection, ascend into heaven, where the Father especially dwells. To follow the steps of Jesus is all that

we ought to ask, assured, as we are, that they will lead us up to the right hand of God."

"People talk about their dead as if they were already in heaven," said Uncle Hallam.

The bishop said, rapturously, "Paradise and heaven are, to the Christian, almost synonymous terms, as he thinks of his liberation from the bondage of sin and death. To be free from suffering and temptation, and to be with Jesus; how can we realize that there is a greater bliss to come, when, in our glorified body we shall see God face to face! It is of very little consequence whether we say of our dear ones 'gone to paradise,' or 'gone to heaven,' except for the teaching that an expression involves. Thoughtful men and women, who have weighed well this subject of death and the intermediate state, and the resurrection of the body and the final judgment, will be particular what terms they use when speaking of great and sacred truths. It is due to young people, that we who have studied sublime mysteries, help them to a proper knowledge by a correct speech."

Mrs. Carrol said: "Do not many people confound the Roman Catholic purgatory with our intermediate state?"

They do, and yet we must believe that the Romish idea, and the true doctrine of this purified branch of the Church Catholic are very far apart," said the bishop. "We hold that the soul when removed from the body, cannot be influenced by prayers to God. 'If the tree fall toward the south, as toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall lie.' As death leaves a man, such shall the judgment find him, except that there shall be progress in goodness, or in wickedness in the intermediate state. The wicked are also having a foretaste of the misery to come. The righteous are enjoying something of the bliss that shall be eternally theirs. The Romish teaching is, that the place of departed spirits, between death and the judgment, is a place of purification, and that the prayers of the living and sacrificial masses can effect a release from the pains of purgatory, and gain the soul a place in heaven. This idea has no foun-

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dation in the Word of God, and it is most pernicious in its tendency, as it makes a man careless of his course of life in this world, if by any means he may hope finally, through great suffering, to escape the penalty of eternal woe."

Miss Bent said: "How very singular the teaching of Rome is! I went, one day, to see a servant girl married by a Romish priest, and while I was awaiting the coming of the bride and groom, I overheard, in an adjoining part of the church building, some instruction to the young. The priest was speaking of penances to be endured by the living, in order to get their dead released from the pains of purgatory. He said to the class: 'You know how dreadful it is to suffer by fire,—have any of you ever burned your finger?' 'Yes, sir, some voices cried. 'Well, what if the soul of your father were in flames, would you not be willing to hold your hand in the candle blaze, to get him out of such torment?' There was no answering voice. 'You would not so much as put your *finger* in the fire, to save your

father from the flames of hell?' The children were silent. I wanted to cry to them that the sacrifice for sin had been made on Calvary, and that there is salvation through none other than our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and that if we would have eternal life, we must lay hold of it in this world, before the grave shuts us out from all hope. The priest talked to them of their cowardice and hardness of heart, and, finally, wrought upon the most tender, so that they said they would be willing to suffer here in order to save their beloved ones from torture hereafter."

Nannette said: "I remember going once, with grandmamma, on a visit to a poor woman who was very ill, and when she was near death, the priest put something around her neck, to insure her entrance into heaven. He said that she had suffered enough in this life, and did not need the pains of purgatory. How happy she was with this promise of immediate happiness after death! I shall never forget it."

"The 'scapular' blessed by the priest,"

said Mr. Asher. "No wonder it made the poor creature happy, if she could believe in its efficacy. Death must be always a terror to those who look for a purgatory, with its dreadful pains. The Romish system is a fearful one. God be thanked that our branch of His Church has put away these corruptions and superstitions."

"We have had a long lesson this evening," said the bishop; "but I trust it will not be without profit to us all. I desire, sincerely, that our contemplation of the sufferings and death and burial of our dear Lord Christ, may make us ready to endure, and to die, and that the thought of paradise may be very sweet in our anticipation of it. Let us strive, earnestly, for that part of the intermediate state which is called 'Abraham's bosom,' and let us shun the far-off place on the other side of the 'great gulf,' where the rich man cried out, 'being in torment.'"

Nannette played a soft, sweet prelude on the organ, and the little party sang.



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THE BISHOP AND NANNETTE.

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"Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying,
Each, within our narrow bed."

"As the tree falls, so must it lie ;
As the man lives, so will he die ;
As the man dies, such must he be,
All through the days of eternity."

CHAPTER XI.

"**T**HE third day He rose from the dead," said the bishop, as his audience assembled punctually. "It is with grateful satisfaction that I come to speak of this glorious article of the Christian faith. Without a belief in the resurrection of our blessed Lord Jesus, there would be no foundation for our own hope of an immortal life beyond the grave. With the great agony of the crucifixion, and the pierced body from whose wound there issued blood and water, no one could doubt that our Lord Jesus was, indeed, dead. What a strange morning must that first day of the week have been to the women who came early to the sepulchre, and saw the stone rolled away, and the angels sitting, and the grave-clothes lying in the tomb, and the dear Lord gone!"

Mr. Asher said, "I have often thought of

that circumstance of the grave-clothes. The swathing of the body in numerous folds of linen would seem of itself to make it impossible for a person to escape even if buried alive."

Nannette looked at the picture of a corpse in the Bible dictionary. From head to foot the body was wrapped around with linen, and the head was bound with a napkin so that no feature was visible.

Mr. Asher continued: "Among the Egyptians, I know there were sometimes twenty or thirty thicknesses of waxed linen folded around the dead body, and each finger and toe was separately enveloped, and sometimes sheathed with a gold case. The head especially was protected with folds of fine muslin glued together, and covered with a coating of fine plaster."

"You mean the mummies, do you not?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, the Hebrew mode of embalming was not as elaborate excepting among the rich. We know that Nicodemus, who undertook the

burial of our Lord Jesus, 'brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pound weight,' and that it was used about the Saviour's body. It was, therefore, by no human effort that the cerements of the grave were burst, and that our Divine Redeemer broke from the sepulchre."

"He is called 'the Breaker' is He not?" asked Miss Bent.

"You refer, I suppose, to Micah, ii. 13, which has been applied to Christ as coming forth from the tomb," said Mr. Asher.

"Yes, I have heard it spoken of in this way; and it seemed to me very proper."

"Does it not appear very singular that even the immediate disciples of our Lord Jesus, were slow to be convinced of His resurrection?" asked Mrs. Sands.

The bishop replied, "I cannot think so. How incredible a thing it must have seemed, that the body so racked and tortured, so deprived of every spark of vitality, and so surely sealed in the tomb, and guarded by the Roman soldiers, would yet stand among them,

inhabited again by the living souls. It has never been to me a matter of surprise that the immediate followers of the blessed Jesus needed most tangible evidence of so wonderful a transaction as His rising from the dead, and I feel it to be for the confirming and strengthening of this doctrine of the Christian Church, in all ages, that the early disciples would not believe it excepting upon the most convincing evidence of its truth. The Scriptural proof of the resurrection of our blessed Saviour is most explicit. He showed Himself alive to many infallible witnesses; first, to Mary Magdalen, thus manifesting the tenderness of Jesus unto repentant sinners."

Mr. Asher referred Nannette to 1 Cor. xv., and she read concerning Jesus: "'He rose again the third day, according to the Scriptures: He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, He was seen of James, then of all the Apostles, and

last of all, He was seen of me also. . . . Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.' "

"That," said the bishop "is the comfort which we are to derive from the resurrection of our dear Lord, He is the first-fruits,—afterward, they that are Christ's at His coming." But I will not anticipate what I shall have to say by-and-bye, of another article of our belief.

"Is there any particular reason for the wording of this article, the *third* day He rose from the dead?" asked Miss Bent.

"It is to show us how truly the word of Jesus was verified, 'After three days I will rise again.' According to the language of the Greeks and Hebrews this would be the *third* day, as we have it expressed by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke."

Mr. Asher remarked: "There is a beautiful significance in the rising of Jesus from the dead on this day. Under the Levitical law, which was typical of the new dispensation, on the morrow after the Sabbath a sheaf was

taken out of the field and brought to the priest, who lifted it up, as it were, in the name of all the rest, waving it before the Lord, and it was accepted for them, so that all the sheaves in the field were holy by the acceptance of that one. So did our blessed Saviour, on the morrow after the Sabbath, lift Himself from the dust, and present Himself to God, that He might be accepted for us all, and that our bodies might be sanctified, and raised up at the last day."

"It was by His own power that Jesus rose, was it not?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"We acknowledge that when we say '*He rose,*'" said the bishop. "You will recollect that He said concerning His life, 'I have power to lay down My life, and I have power to take it up again.' In this act we see another proof of His Divinity."

Mrs. Sands asked if every Sunday should not bring, especially to the mind of the Christian, the thought of the resurrection.

"Undoubtedly, yes," replied the bishop. "Ever since our Redeemer came forth from

the grave, there has been, on the first day of the week, the lifting up of heart and voice in holy worship, and whoever opens his eyes on what has, from the time of Christ's resurrection, been called 'The Lord's Day,' ought to give God thanks that his body, when laid in the ground, shall rest in hope, since the body of our dear Lord could not be holden by the bands of death."

"How precious a fact it is, that our Lord Jesus rose in the very body that was so familiar and dear to his disciples!" said Mrs. Sands.

"Oh, yes," replied the bishop; "that is a thought which makes it comparatively easy to lay away for awhile the beloved forms that we have cherished and caressed on earth. It is so certain that we shall have them again, and that they will walk with us and talk with us, and feed with us on 'immortal fruits.'"

"Many people think the glorified body will be quite another thing than that which the soul has inhabited here," said Mrs. Carrol.

"The resurrection of Jesus is proof suf-

ficient that the very body which the soul has inhabited during this earthly life, is the body that shall come forth from the tomb and stand before God for judgment," said the bishop. "It will be purged, it is true, from every corruptible and sinful element, and be made a spiritual body, and will be thus made like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus, and fit to be with God and the angels. There can be little doubt of a future recognition of each other, and this conviction makes me very happy with regard to my departed ones."

Mr. Asher said, "that the souls in the intermediate state recognize each other, seems to be proved from the Bible record. The rich man beholding Lazarus afar off in Abraham's bosom, and his addressing the patriarch as 'Father Abraham,' and that we shall know each other when in our glorified bodies, seems clear from the fact that our Lord Jesus presented to His disciples the same features after His resurrection as before His death and burial."

"Let us turn now," said the bishop, "to

the fifth article of our Creed, which is so replete with joy to the Christian.' "

Nannette read, "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God."

"A Man in heaven!" said the bishop. "Our human nature raised to the right hand of the Father. What a marvel is this! Our blessed Saviour walked upon the earth for forty days after He left the grave; He talked and ate with His disciples, and showed them His hands and feet and pierced side, that they might know Him to be really 'flesh and bones,' and not 'a spirit.' Then He led them out as far as Bethany, and, while He blessed them, He was taken up and 'a cloud received Him out of their sight. The very body that they had handled went up into heaven above, and now 'sitteth at the right hand of God, where our Lord Jesus ever liveth to make intercession for us.' "

"The Romanists go to the blessed Virgin, and to the saints, and beg them to intercede for them, do they not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, my child, that is one of their super-

stitutions. That the departed saints have still an interest in us, and in our salvation we cannot doubt. But there is one only Mediator between God and man, and that is Jesus Christ the Righteous; He is our 'advocate with the father,' we need no other intercessor in heaven."

Mr. Asher spoke of the Jewish high-priest, who typified our Saviour's ascension and intercession for us, by passing from the tabernacle (which represented the world) into the holy of holies, within the veil which imaged heaven."

"It is an impressive figure," replied the bishop "and it is perfectly explained in the Epistle to the Hebrews. How delightfully our Great High-priest is spoken of, as one who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, in that 'He was, in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.' We may, indeed, 'come boldly unto the throne of grace,' with the confidence that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

"And it will greatly encourage us in our

prayers, to think that so gentle and loving a Saviour is pleading for us, while we are on our knees before God, will it not, grandpapa?"

"We ought always to remember this when we are pleading with our Heavenly Father," said the bishop. "One could scarcely despair of being heard and answered, if he realized that the only begotten and beloved and obedient Son of God, was pleading His own merits in behalf of the sinner."

Miss Bent asked why we should say "*sitteth at the right hand of God?*"

The bishop replied, "*sitteth* denotes rest and permanency and continuance. It is a mark of supreme distinction. The angels stand in the presence of God. 'Unto which of His angels said He, at any time, sit thou on My right hand?' Only the Son of God had this honor. 'The Lord said unto my Lord, sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.' The right hand of God, is meant to designate power and the fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore."

"Among us the right hand is the most honorable place," said Nannette. "I know grandpapa always gives this seat at table to the guest to whom he would pay especial attention."

"And the husband takes the place at the right hand of the wife in marriage, as being the head of the wife," said Miss Bent.

"Among the Jews, the bride has the right hand, because of the Scripture, 'upon thy right hand did stand the queen, in a vesture wrought about with divers colors,'" said Mr. Asher. "But our marriage service has a rubric commanding the man to take the right hand."

"Why do we repeat the Father Almighty in this article?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"It is true that we said it in the first article," replied the bishop; "but the Greek word rendered 'Almighty' has not the same meaning in this place as in the first. We are here to think of our Lord Jesus 'as invested with a power that He did not exercise before.' In the first article we recognize the Omnipot-

tent Father. In this we think of the Son as having 'all power given unto Him,' and this infinity of power is expressed in the phrase, 'the right hand of God the Father Almighty.'"

"It is strange to think of our blessed Lord Jesus, in this majesty and exaltation!" said Mr. Asher; "so lately in humiliation upon the earth; having not where to lay His head, reviled of men, and put to a cruel death,—now 'the King of Glory,' waiting for the hour when all the world shall stand before Him for judgment."

"This thought brings us to article seventh," said the bishop. "'From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'"

"Our Lord Jesus went away that He might prepare a place for His disciples, did He not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, dear child, so He told those to whom He spoke of His ascension, and so He speaks to us who live in sweet acceptance and remembrance of His passion and death, and who love and long for His appearing."

"He will come in the clouds of heaven, and the holy angels with him," said Miss Bent, reverently.

"How wonderful it must have seemed to the little band at Bethany, when the 'messengers in shining apparel, predicted the coming again of Jesus in like manner as He went into heaven!" said Uncle Hallam.

The bishop quoted from the Revelation of St. John the divine, and from the Epistle of St. Jude:

"Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.' 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saint.'"

"It is most comforting," said Mr. Asher, "to remember how the gracious Redeemer went up from the earth with His hands outspread in blessing. We may gladly entrust our souls, with all their infirmities and shortcomings, to so tender and merciful a judge."

"Grandpapa, the 'quick' means the *living*, does it not?"

"Yes, daughter. We are taught that when our Lord shall come, at the last day, there will be many alive upon the earth. You will find in the Epistle to the Thessalonians an eloquent description : 'For this we say unto you, by the Word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain, shall not prevent (or go before) them which are asleep; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.' "

"How beautiful it is!" said Miss Bent. "These words of Scripture seems to need no comment. They impress us, in their sublime simplicity, more than any elaboration from man could do."

"The unlearned and the unstable sometimes wrest passages of God's truth to their

own destruction," said the bishop. "To such we must explain the real meaning of the heavenly word."

"I suppose," said Mr. Asher, "it is from this idea that Rome withholds the Bible from the laity. The fear that ignorant men will pervert the truth makes the priests cautious how they give such treasure into the hands of the people."

"God's Word should be as free as God's dear love and salvation," replied the bishop. "It is very true, that men do undertake to prove all sorts of heresies and errors from this Holy Bible; but when passage is compared with passage, even without the aid of human commentary, the positive and pure 'faith once delivered to the saints,' will shine forth in its Divine lustre. The belief in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one God and three Persons, the incarnation and atonement, the death and burial of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, His descent into Hades, His resurrection and ascension, and His com-

ing to judge the quick and the dead, must be held by all unprejudiced searchers of the Holy Scriptures."

"You have left out some of the Creed grandpapa!" said Nannette.

"I do not wish to anticipate our lesson, my child. We must take another evening to consider the rest of our belief. I desire the thought of the second advent of our Saviour to make us more and more careful of our preparation to stand before Him for judgment. 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God' if we have neglected to 'put on the wedding garment,' which He has prepared for us. But if we are clad in this robe of Christ's righteousness, we can lift up our heads with joy at His coming, knowing 'that our redemption draweth nigh.' Let us try to serve faithfully our dear Lord, who has given us a stewardship, and has gone to prepare for us an eternal recompense. From the 'Father's house' where are 'many mansions,' He shall come to be our Judge. If we are obedient

to His laws, and to His example, He will come 'in like manner as He went into heaven,' I mean with the glorious benediction of peace. It is for us to choose what shall be our sentence in the great day of final account. We can join here with the armies of the living God, or we can fight with the hosts of Satan against good. The side which we take in this life, will determine what shall be our place in the world to come, 'as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

"Amen" was the spontaneous expression from each one of the little party, and all felt themselves to be of the good bishop's household.

"I have yet a word to say to you, my children, with regard to this article," continued the bishop. "In the Nicene Creed you will find the clause, 'whose kingdom shall have no end.' It was added by the ancient fathers at Constantinople, in the year three hundred and eighty-one, because of a heresy which arose, denying the eternity of the kingdom of Christ. I do not wish to take

the Nicene Creed for a separate exposition, as if it were a separate Creed. It is but an explanation of the Apostles' Creed in such plain terms that no man can pervert the Catholic Faith."

"You did not notice the difference of expression in the first part of the Nicene Creed, grandpapa!"

"No, daughter, but I should have done so, I will speak briefly of it now, and in the remaining articles will be more particular in comparing them. The first variation is 'one God' to refute the heathen belief in *gods* many, and the heretical doctrine of three Gods. The second difference is, 'and of all things visible and invisible,' which seems to make clearer the thought of angels, and of the myriads of unseen worlds with their inhabitants, and so gives us a more sublime view of the Almighty God. Then 'one Lord Jesus Christ,' because some persons had spoken of the human and Divine nature of our Saviour, which they called Jesus, and Christ as two persons not united. 'The only-

begotten Son of God, begotten of His father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead.' You see how thorough an exposition this is of the Apostles' Creed, and why it is so often used in the Communion Office, and on Holy days. No one can possibly mistake the meaning of the strong words that give to our Lord Jesus Christ a glory equal to the glory of the Father. And the Athanasian Creed is still more explicit, and the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and the first five articles of religion help us also to a perfect understanding."

"It is marvellous what bulwarks to the preservation of the truth, the Church has in the Prayer Book," said Mr. Asher. Few people, even good Churchmen know the real value of this wonderful compilation."

"They have not a learned and patient grandpapa to teach them," said Nannette.

The bishop remarked that "grandpapa's patience and willingness to teach, depended greatly upon the eagerness of his grandchild to receive instruction."

"How blessed it is to be appreciated and approved!" said Uncle Hallam. "God make us mindful of His great goodness, and patience toward us, and fill us with joy by His loving approbation."

The bishop went out with Mr. Asher and Mrs. Carrol. "I shall return soon," he said; "I am going to have family prayers with the mourners, they will miss their head."

Spot waited on his master. He was beginning to repay the kindness that had taken him in, and cared for his necessities.

CHAPTER XIII.

NANNETTE sat alone with her grandfather. It was so rare a pleasure for them to have the twilight hour to themselves, that they valued it all the more when the opportunity came.

The child was on the cricket at the dear old bishop's feet, and her hand was clasped in his. He was thinking of his approaching absence from her, on his diocesan visits, and his mind embraced also the time when he must go away, beyond recall.

Young people do not dwell with intensity upon either separation,—that which is for a little while, or that which is for all time.

It is only when we come to feel how dear an unbroken home will be, that we dread any interruption to our household joys, and that we linger so long at parting, and turn back

again for one more embrace, and yet another precious kiss and "good-bye."

"It seems as if dear grandmamma were very close to us to-night," said Nannette. "Do you not feel so, grandpapa?"

"I always feel your grandmamma to be very near us, my child. The veil that separates the children of God that are here, from those who have departed this life, is very thin indeed. Only our corruptible flesh prevents our seeing our beloved ones. The influence of their presence is ever with us, and is especially felt when we are in close and frequent communion with our dear Lord."

"I know that," said Nannette. "When I am praying, grandmamma seems just beside me."

"Prayer was her chief delight," said the bishop; "her vital breath was prayer."

"That is a lovely hymn of the Prayer Book," said Nannette, "the one hundred and thirty-fourth. I wish we could have it often in church. The choir sing so many anthems, lately, that the people cannot join in."

"I shall put a stop to that," said the bishop.

"The tendency is to make the congregation mere listeners; I observed so many sitting listlessly in their pews on Sunday evening. I wish my parishioners to feel that a hearty worship is due to Almighty God, and that the lips, as well as the soul, must show forth His praise. It is better to have the simplest psalm or hymn, with a simple melody, rather than take the voice of song away from the children of Zion. Particularly when the Holy Eucharist is celebrated, and 'angels and living saints and dead' are in blessed communion, we ought to have a hymn that is familiar to every person in the Church."

"You always do," said Nannette.

"Yes; but I have lately given too much liberty to the organist. It is the duty of a clergyman to 'give order concerning the tunes to be sung at any time in his church, and especially it is his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance, by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.'"

"You are quoting the rubric at the beginning of the Psalms in metre, grandpapa."

"Yes, daughter, we have this to refer to when choirs think we are intermeddling with their prerogatives. The Church is as careful in her appointments for the choir, as she is for the pulpit. If she had left the selection of words to every individual organist, we should have strange doctrine in our sacred songs. But here come Mr. Asher and Miss Bent. You will please tell Mrs. Sands, and we must be about our lesson; the time grows short, my child."

Mrs. Carrol made her appearance soon after, and "Uncle Hallam" descended from his chamber.

"It seems a pity," said Miss Bent, "that this instruction is not more general. The whole congregation might be benefited."

"My idea was simply to teach Nannette in an informal way. It was at her own suggestion and request," replied the bishop; "but I will give a course of explanations to my people in the autumn, if they desire it. The Church is

an inexhaustible theme. I love to speak constantly of it. It is a symbol of the 'beautiful Zion' above, and I can never weary of talking about her, and marking well her bulwarks, and telling her towers."

"We have reached the third division of the Creed," said Mr. Asher, as each of the group took up a Prayer Book.

"Article eighth," said the bishop,—'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' The Nicene Creed elaborates in these words: 'The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets.'"

"Where do we find Him spoken of in the Bible as 'the Lord, and as the Giver of life,' grandpapa?"

"In Second Corinthians and in Romans we have abundant testimony of this, my child. Throughout the Bible the Holy Ghost is spoken of as God, and to Him is ascribed all our spiritual life. The Church recognizes Him as God by addressing prayers to Him,

as in the Litany, and in the 'Office of Institution of Ministers.'"

"I love to use that prayer for the congregation," said Miss Bent. "It seems so very appropriate when a strange clergyman comes to a parish to preach, that he should commend the rector and the congregation to God, as he does in the prayer before this, and in this one."

"We also address the Holy Ghost as God, in that beautiful 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' in 'the Ordering of Priests,'" said the bishop. "It is a most sublime and solemn moment when the bishop and the clergy invoke upon the candidate for the priesthood the inspiration and illumination of the Holy Ghost."

"I shall never forget the last ordination that I witnessed," said Miss Bent. "The single sweet melody of the bishop's voice as he sung:

'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.'

He is in Paradise now, I trust. Then the clergy present, together with the candidate for the sacred office, sung in full chorus:

'And lighten with celestial fire.'

The bishop took up his sweet, soft strain again:

'Thou the anointing Spirit art.'

And the clergy:

'Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.'

Oh, it was delightful!"

"The bishop prays for the manifold gifts of the Holy Ghost to strengthen those about to be confirmed," said Nannette,—“the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness, and the spirit of holy God's fear.”

"Will you read the whole of the 'Veni Creator Spiritus?'" asked Mrs. Carrol, who had not a very familiar knowledge of the contents of the Prayer Book, but was awaking to a sense of the value of her heritage.

Miss Bent read the remainder of the hymn:

"Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages, all along,
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit."

"The longer one is seldom used," said the bishop. "This abbreviation is from a hymn said to have been composed by St. Ambrose for the Feast of Pentecost, or Whitsunday. It was put in the Office for the Consecration of a Bishop as early as the year 1100, and later into the office for the Ordering of Priests. The Lutheran Churches begin their office with the same hymn, and our reformers translated it into metre in the larger way in King Edward VI's first ordinal. The Holy Ghost is that person of the Blessed Trinity to whom the distributing of the several offices in the Church, and the qualifying the persons for them, is ascribed in Scripture. It is therefore that we address the Spirit before the ordination of the clergy."

"It would be blasphemy to pray to the

Holy Ghost if He were not God, would it not?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"Undoubtedly," returned the bishop.

Uncle Hallam said, "Some people speak of the Holy Spirit of God as a quality rather than a person."

"These are without reason," replied the bishop. "'The Holy Spirit may be grieved;' He 'maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered;' He 'worketh all spiritual gifts;' He 'knoweth all things, yea, even the deep things of God;' He testifies of Christ; He teaches all things; He may be blasphemed. Men may *lie* unto the Holy Ghost. By Him the blessed Saviour was conceived. 'Now the Lord is that Spirit.' In His name, equally with that of the Father and the Son, we are baptized. He was present in the Divine Council when man was created. 'Let Us make man;' yet, though He is one with the Father and the Son, in 'substance, majesty, power and glory,' He has His own separate manifestation and office. Can you tell me, Nannette, in the words of the cate-

chism, what is the peculiar office of the Holy Ghost?"

"He 'sanctifieth me and all the people of God.'"

"And did He not appear visibly to the people of Scripture times?"

"Yes. In cloven tongues like as of fire,—and in the form of a dove," said Nannette.

"These emblems fitly show the zeal and manifold gifts which He imparts, and the purity which His presence and influence must work in the soul," said the bishop.

Mr. Asher remarked: "It proves the wondrous love of God, that He not only condescends to reveal Himself to us in the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, but that he still further 'compresses Himself,' to make of our body His temple, 'the high and lofty One who inhabiteth Eternity, yet dwelling in the lowly and contrite heart.'"

"Faber expresses this thought very beautifully," said Miss Bent.

"But God is never so far off
As even to be near;
He is within; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary;
Missing my joy, I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary."

"Beautiful indeed," said the bishop; "but the psalmist has the heavenly inspiration—'Whither shall I go then from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I go then from Thy Presence? If I climb up into heaven thou art there; if I go down to hell Thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea.'"

Uncle Hallam said: "To those who love God, it is a very sweet consciousness that, go where they may, God the Holy Ghost is with them. Only the wilfully wicked wish to escape Him."

"But He does not dwell with the wicked does He?" asked Nannette.

"He strives with them until they resist and grieve Him away," said her grandfather.

"The Holy Ghost desires to dwell in every

human soul. It is not His fault when a man prefers the evil spirits to take possession of his palace, and to fight with him against the good."

Mrs. Carrol asked: "What is that dreadful sin against the Holy Ghost which shall not be forgiven neither in this world nor in the world to come?"

The bishop replied: "It is such apostasy or falling away after we have been once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and have been partakers of the Holy Ghost, that we attribute the miracle of our former change to other than the Divine power, and so 'do despite unto the Spirit of Grace.' To speak impiously of the nature and attributes of God the Holy Ghost, is a fearful thing, and called forth our Lord's strong expression: 'Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, *neither in the world to come.*' Among the Jews, this language was equivalent to '*shall never be forgiven,*' and the

Romanists have in it no authority for their idea of Purgatory."

Nannette asked: "How shall we know when the Holy Ghost is in us, grandpapa?"

"He will bear witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; He will cry, 'Abba Father,' and He will impel us to bring forth the fruits of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance. It is easy to know whether it is an idol that is in the temple, or whether it is the Living God."

Mrs. Carrol spoke of the clause, "who proceedeth from the Father and the Son," and she asked "if the *Filioque*, that there was so much about in the Church papers, had not something to do with this sentence."

The bishop said: "It is a subject of dispute between the Greek and the Latin branches of the Church; the Greek declaring that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father alone, and the Latin holding the Scriptural truth, that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the

Father and the Son. The addition, 'and the Son (*Filioque*),' was placed in the Nicene Creed later than the Council of Constantinople, which was in the year three hundred and eighty-one.

"Is it of much consequence, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, my daughter; since it concerns somewhat the equality of our Lord Jesus Christ with the Father. Besides, it is quite essential that all branches of the Catholic Church hold to the one doctrine; heresies and schisms in the body of Christ are lamentable, indeed. Think how glorious a face we should present to the world, if all bodies of Christians should come together in the unity which ought to be ours!"

"We can never go to the corrupt branches, can we, grandpapa?"

"God forbid!" said the good bishop. "By His help we have put away our errors, and by His help, I trust, we shall remain purged."

"The Council of Nice refuted the heresy concerning the Son of God, and the Council of Constantinople that concerning the Holy

Ghost," said Mr. Asher. "What a spectacle a 'general Council' must have presented! It is a sad thought that divisions prevent such gatherings against error, now-a-days."

Nannette was busy with her Prayer Book. "There are two more clauses, grandpapa," she said,—“who with the Father and Son is worshipped and glorified,” and “who spake by the prophets.”

"Yes, daughter; we pay equal adoration to the Three Persons in the blessed Trinity; and, we must remember that all Scripture was written by the inspiration of the Third Person,—that holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and that any irreverence to the teachings of the Bible is a direct want of reverence toward God."

"It has often shocked me," said Mr. Asher, "to hear men say, 'Paul or John or Luke wrote that,' or 'that was only Moses' opinion.' I am happy that the Church teaches her children never to forget that the Bible is a revelation from God, and that the Divine truths conveyed are not to be lightly or care-

lessly received, or trifled with. To search the Scripture for a knowledge of the eternal life, and of our Lord Jesus, who is the way to that life, should be our dearest occupation."

"The sweetest thought to me, concerning the Holy Ghost, is 'the Comforter,'" said Miss Bent.

"That is what we call Him in the *Te Deum*," said the bishop. "We should, indeed, be without solace but for this indwelling Spirit, 'who helpeth our infirmities,' and 'who guides us into all truth.' Let us be more watchful, lest we grieve Him away, or lest we hold strange notions concerning Him, and so lose something of the glory of the Triune God. When we simply say, as in the Apostles' Creed, I believe in the Holy Ghost, we can take in all the thoughts that are expressed in the explanations in the Nicene."

"Now we come to a subject that shakes Christendom," said Uncle Hallam, "'the holy Catholic Church,' or, as the Nicene Creed has it, 'And I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church.'"

"For my part," said Mrs. Carrol, "I think one Church is as good as another. It sounds uncharitable to me to say that we don't believe in any but the Episcopal Church. I've seen as good Christians among the Methodists and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists and Baptists as in our own."

"God be thanked for that!" said the bishop. "These denominations have not made such shipwreck of their faith as to give up the Lord who bought them. Salvation through the blood of the Lamb, is the cry in which all orthodox Christians unite. On this point, we can agree; but it is still sad that the body of Christ is in any way rent or torn asunder. The 'seamless garment,' was His design; 'that they may be one,'—His prayer concerning His disciples."

"Does not that mean one in spirit?" asked Mrs. Carrol.

"Christians are always one in spirit," returned the bishop. "It is a *visible union* for which our blessed Lord prayed, 'That the world may know that Thou hast sent Me.' He

must have looked forward to the time of divisions and heresies, for the Church was free from a *visible mutilation* until these later centuries, which must pain the heart of the dear Lord. A heresy, in the primitive ages, was so dreadful a thing in the eyes of the faithful that the whole Church came together to show their reprobation. Now-a-days, error, has got to be so common that it does not stand out in such fearful characters, and it so often puts on the semblance of truth, that men mistake it for the truth. I would not have you think, my dear madam," said the bishop, addressing Mrs. Carrol, "that any Churchman has the idea that there are not as many good and holy people among the denominations as there are in the Catholic and Apostolic Church. It seems a pity that we are so often misjudged on that point."

"It is because so much stress is laid upon their coming into '*the Church*,'" said Mrs. Carrol. "What difference can it make, so long as they are God's children, and will all reach the same end?"



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"To one who knows that God instituted a certain way, obedience or disobedience, makes a vast difference," replied the bishop. "For such as are not yet convinced of this, we may expect the Divine leniency and mercy. We have nothing to do with the delinquencies of others, excepting to try and lead the erring into the right path. For ourselves, we must go straight onward in the way marked out by the Master. Recollect, when we say 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church,' or 'in one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church,' we are not impeaching the piety and devotion of the denominations, and we are not thinking alone of that vast multitude of the faithful who compose the *invisible Church of God*; but we have in mind, also, that visible 'Kingdom of God,' which our Lord Jesus founded before His ascension into heaven; and, concerning which, He gave directions to His Apostles, during the forty days that held Him upon earth after His Resurrection. It was 'Catholic,' or, as the word here means, 'universal,' for all the centuries, until the times of the Reformation."

"If men would be content to reform, and not be tempted to revolutionize, it would be safer for them to attack error!" said Uncle Hallam.

"In running away from the corruptions of Rome, some of our Christian brethren have run into nearly as dangerous extremes in an opposite direction."

"I saw, the other day, a very good illustration of the *negation* of the sects," said Miss Bent, "how the denominations take from the faith once delivered to the saints. One of our clergy was giving a lecture upon the Church, and he spoke of the old stone edifice where he heard the Apostles' Creed, 'I believe.'"

"Going on, in fancy, down the street, he found another place of worship, and he asked why they could not unite with those in the old stone church. 'Oh,' said they, 'we don't believe in infant Baptism.' 'I see,' said the clergyman, 'you say "*I don't believe*;" they say "*I believe*."' Then he went the rounds, and some said, 'I don't believe

in the Divinity of Jesus Christ,' others, 'I don't believe in the visible part of the Sacrament,' and some denied one article of the faith, and some another, so that the clergyman said, 'I see now how it is that you cannot worship in the old stone church: they say "*I believe*," up there; you say "*I don't believe*."' "

"I have not told it very well," added Miss Bent. "But it impressed me much when I read it. The sects do seem to pick the faith in pieces, and to suit themselves with whatever they please to take, and throw away the rest; the Church holds tenaciously to the whole, 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen.'"

Mrs. Carrol said, "I have never yet been able to come to that positive feeling that the Church is right, and that all the other Christian bodies are wrong; and yet, I confess it, I half envy those who are so fixed in their belief, that nothing seems to shake them; but it does appear dreadfully bigoted to those who have not the same faith."

"That idea," said Mr. Asher, "comes from long contact with people who have been taught that all the Christian bodies have an equal claim upon men, and that the choice among them is simply a matter of taste. You must allow that it is consistent for us, who see in the holy Catholic Church an institution of our Blessed Lord, that we should cling to it, and not be led away by any of the appointments of men. We can trace back this Church of the living God to its 'corner-stone, Christ Jesus,' and to its 'foundation upon the Apostles and Prophets;' but the denominations had their organization less than four hundred years ago. The simple voice of history ought to be sufficient to convince the world of the *antiquity* of the Church, and when the voice of inspiration comes to add to its antiquity its *Divine authority*, we must accept the double witness."

The bishop remarked: "Originally this article of the Creed was simply, I believe in '*the holy Church*.' Afterward, when men

began to tamper with the faith, 'Catholic' or 'universal' was added, to show that this holy Church was designed for all men, everywhere, and in all time. And in the Nicene Creed, '*One Catholic and Apostolic Church*' is the expression, to designate still more minutely the body of Christ to which the early Christians belonged. It is as if that primitive Council had looked forward to our day—this time of such diversity of sects, all professing Christianity, that a man is puzzled to know what is the faith once delivered to the saints. This holy Catholic and Apostolic Church is a glorious heritage for us! With the help of its sacred round of services throughout the year, we ought to be far better Christians than any of the members of the denominations. I take shame to myself for the slight advance that I make toward heaven, and I pray God to give us all a more earnest appreciation of the means of grace granted us in His holy Church, and a more faithful use of them, so that we may never fail either of

the hope or of the fruition of glory in His eternal kingdom."

"Is it not singular," asked Uncle Hallam, "that there should have been no thought of questioning the three orders in the ministry, and the Apostolical succession, for so many centuries? It seems to me that unprejudiced minds must take this fact as strong proof of the truth of the Church's position. And then there is to me such clear evidence in the type of the Christian Church (I mean the Jewish), with the explicit directions of God, and the dreadful punishment of such as took upon themselves any holy office or ministration without the outward as well as the inward call."

The bishop said: It is a sad thing that we should have to spend any time in combat, Christian against Christian, instead of uniting our whole force against the arch adversary of souls. What a mighty and effectual power the Church would be against the world and sin if all Christians should present an undivided strength. And, unfortunately, there

are within the one Church, enemies, that work with those outside, thus retarding our full might. These come to us from no fixed principle; but from a preference over other bodies, and they do great hurt by misrepresenting our holy Mother,—not intentionally, we may charitably feel; but indirectly, and unwisely. I have not wounded you, I hope," said the gentle bishop, as he recollected the lax views of Mrs. Carrol.

"Oh, no, not in the least," replied the good woman. "It must be a singular nature that would take offence at words spoken from an earnest conviction that they are right. It is the manner and not the matter that generally angers an opponent in any controversy. I would not have you think me an *opponent*, however. I came simply to learn. You know I was not brought up in the Church, and I can scarcely expect to be rooted and grounded, as Nannette will be. I wish I had been so happy as to have had a learned bishop for my grandfather."

"Thank you."

"You have one for your Father in God, and that is quite as blessed," said Miss Bent.

"Grandpapa, will you please come to 'the communion of saints,'" said Nannette. "I am impatient for this part of the article.—it has always such beauty in my thought."

"It is a most precious belief," responded the bishop. "The Church militant here on earth, and the Church expectant in Paradise, and all the holy angels, and God the Almighty Head, joined together in one mystical union and fellowship."

Miss Bent repeated the verse—

"Angels and living saints and dead,
But one communion make :
All join in Christ, their vital head,
And of His love partake."

A feeling of deep solemnity came to the little group, and, for a moment, all were silent.

Then the bishop spoke as if in the presence of his whole flock, and of all the children of God: "What a wondrous thing is this, that we who are struggling in the Church on earth, have communion and fellowship with the

Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and with the holy angels, who are sent forth as ministering spirits to aid us, and with the saints departed this life, and with one another! We seem to realize this more than at any other time, when we gather at the Eucharistic feast, and 'with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven laud and magnify God's glorious name.'"

"You speak of the 'Ter-Sanctus,'" said Nannette.

"Yes, daughter, or '*Trisagium*,' as the Greeks call it."

"Thrice holy," said Nannette. "It is such a lovely hymn; it thrills me through and through, when I remember with whom we are uniting."

"And well it may," replied her grandfather. "It is no small honor and dignity for the Church on earth to have this close communion with the angelic hosts, and it should make us careful to be more worthy such privilege. How can we stoop to low and grovelling thoughts or actions, or to a love of debasing

society, after having been admitted into so pure and blessed a fellowship. Then the consciousness that we are one with the children of God, who are in Paradise, is a sweet comfort, and makes the earth less lonely while we wait to go up to be forever with them in the immediate presence of God."

Miss Bent said: "I greatly miss this part of the ninth article, when we say the Nicene Creed."

"It was added to 'the holy Catholic Church' later than either the Nicene or Constantinopolitan Council," said the bishop. "The Scriptures recognize this communion of saints in its broadest and highest sense."

"Our communion is with the Father and the Son."

"The fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all."

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"If we walk in the light, we have fellowship one with another."

"If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; if one member rejoice, all the members rejoice."

"Ye *are come* unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."

"What more can we want to strengthen us in this precious faith?"

Mr. Asher said: "Surrounded, as we are, by so great a company of holy witnesses and co-workers, we ought to be encouraged in our course and labors. Not one of us can feel himself alone in any struggle in the Christian race. I seem almost to hear the shoutings in the air above me, 'Go forward;' 'press toward the mark.'"

"That should be the effect of this belief in the communion of saints," said the bishop. "A mere cold, formal assent is not enough,—

the heart and soul must appreciate the blessedness, so that all of this life may be imbued with a sacredness that we should not otherwise feel. The Christian bond is very delightful. It unites all the ages, from Adam till the end of time. It brings heaven and earth near each other. What a joy it is to belong to the company of the faithful! There is one thing that I failed to say in connection with the holy Catholic Church," continued the bishop. "It is that the name embraces the 'Oriental,' the 'Latin,' the 'Angelical,' and the 'Abnormal' branches."

"By the Oriental, I suppose you mean the Greek," said Miss Bent.

"Certainly," replied the bishop. "The Church was everywhere Greek in the primitive ages. This is important to know. 'The Latin Church had no existence as such in the early times; but the Church in Rome, and everywhere else, was Greek. The Septuagint Scriptures, the Gospels and Canonical Scriptures of the New Testament, and the Catholic

Creed, were all Greek. The Latin Churches are those of Western Europe, which submit to the Papal authority, but whose individuality the Pope has never been able to destroy, and whose episcopate he has never been able to absorb into his own. The Latins we should not call 'Roman Catholics,' as this name belongs only to such Churches as owe their existence to the Roman See and are organized on the principle of its universal jurisdiction. These Roman Churches we class as abnormal and call them 'Tridentine,' or 'Trentine.'"

"What do you mean by the abnormal Churches, grandpapa?" asked Nannette.

"We mean such as have departed from the primitive Canonical *Norm* or rule of organization. They preserve the Apostolic episcopate, but are more or less irregular in some points. These are the Moravians, the Scandinavians, the Armenians, the Chaldeans, the Syrians, the Copts and Abyssinians, the Maronites, and the Tridentines."

"How dearly I should love to go thoroughly

into the peculiarities of all of these," said Nannette. "I suppose you have not time before you go away, grandpapa."

"No, daughter, we must leave something for my return. The Anglican Church is our own mother, and her features are dear and familiar to us," said the bishop; "but it will be pleasant to dwell long upon them, when we come to speak minutely of others. Meanwhile, let us hold fast the communion of saints, that makes us all one in Christ Jesus, our dear Lord."

"The hour is gone," said Mr. Asher, "but it is early yet. Can we not take up briefly the remaining articles?"

"I think it is best to do so," replied the bishop. "There is such temptation to linger over truths that carry great weight, I can never get as much time as I desire for them."

"The forgiveness of sins comes next," said Nannette. "In the Nicene Creed it is, 'I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins.' Cannot we be forgiven without Baptism, grandpapa?"

"That is a question for God alone to answer, my child. All things are possible with Him; but He has instituted holy Baptism as our initiation into His Covenant of Grace, and we have no right to look to Him for the forgiveness and remission of our sins until we are obedient to His commands. The Scriptures are plain on this point.

"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for *the remission* of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you and to *your children*, and to all that are afar off.'

"Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins.'

"And, speaking of the Church, the Holy Ghost says, that Christ 'might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water.'

"We know that we are born in sin, and are the children of wrath; that we have been redeemed from the curse of a broken or violated law, by the blood shed for us on Calvary; that this precious blood will be of no avail for us, unless we comply with the conditions, repent-

ance and faith; that unless we are obedient to the law and to the example of Jesus, the death upon the cross was useless for us.

"Why, then, should we hesitate to come to holy Baptism, when our dear Lord both commanded and received it,—and why should we take away from this Sacrament anything of the preciousness that belongs to it? It is a blessed doctrine of the Bible and of the Church, that, through the Sacrament of Baptism the repentant soul does obtain remission of all past sins,—in the little baby's case, those of inheritance, through Adam; in the case of adults, the sadder, wilful derelictions, also, the burden of which we feel, and desire to be released from."

"But the Church does not hold that Baptism is a 'saving ordinance,' does it, grand-papa? We may be baptized and yet never reach heaven?"

"It is true, my child, that one may participate in every means of grace given for the world's salvation, and yet be 'cast away,'" said the bishop. "People err greatly when

they attribute to the Church any such notion as that Baptism saves a man. We are continually sinning every day, even after we have put on Christ in this holy Sacrament. Then comes the sweet doctrine, the forgiveness of sins, which we are to pray for, and to experience every day, so long as we live in this world of transgression. Baptism is for the first remission, and repentance for the constant forgiveness."

"What do we mean by *one* Baptism, grand-papa?"

"To be administered ^{once} only in the name of the blessed Trinity, as our Lord ordained, and not to be repeated."

"But it is often repeated by the Church, when one comes to us from the denominations," said Uncle Hallam.

"That is where the candidate is not satisfied as to his *baptism*," said the bishop. "It was to an authorized ministry that our Lord committed the dispensing of the sacraments, and the denominations have not received, through the rightful channels, the powers

which they exercise ; but, although there has been some controversy in the Church with regard to this matter, the question has never been decided by any public declaration. In 1712, the dispute about the invalidity of lay Baptism running pretty high in England, the two archbishops, with all the bishops of their provinces that were in town, came unanimously to this resolution : *'That lay Baptism should be discouraged as much as possible ; but if the essentials had been preserved in a Baptism by a lay hand, it was not to be repeated.'* This resolution, however, was not published, and the matter was left as it previously stood in the rubrics and canons of the Church. But, inasmuch as the denominations had no existence when this article of the Creed was placed where it is, we have nothing to do with these bodies in our exposition of its meaning. In a case of extremity, where the death of a child may ensue before the services of a clergyman can be obtained, a lay hand is, by the Church, permitted to administer baptism."

Mrs. Carrol asked if the bishop supposed the child was any safer for this rite, or if there were danger to its soul without it.

The bishop replied : "All that I can ever say about this is, that our Lord Jesus makes Baptism the ordinary means of entering into heaven. 'Ye must be born again, of water and of the Spirit.' That a child born in sin, and the child of wrath has his original guilt washed away by this sacrament, and is grafted into the body of Christ, and made a child of grace ; and that though every Christian heart may *feel* that before a child has committed actual sin, he is safe, even if he dies without Baptism, we have no right, upon this idea, to hazard the salvation of our little ones. The only thing for us to do is to obey the commands of our dear Lord, and then we shall have no cause for questionings or doubts. It is so blessed a privilege to put our darlings into the Saviour's arms. I wonder very much how mothers and fathers can stop to quibble about the chances without it. I should think they would run with their offspring to Jesus,

and crave the shelter of His love and blessing, and instead of trying to prove that it is but a mere ceremony, would gladly catch at every proof from God's Word that, through this mystical washing, the Holy Ghost is imparted."

The bishop drew Nannette closer to his side, and laid his hand upon her head:

"I am thinking," said he, "what a joy it was to your dear mother when she had put you into holy covenant with God, and knew that the stain of the old birth was removed."

"I am so happy over my little Christian," she said. "Father, I am glad she was only three weeks in the midst of a naughty world. How merciful in God to adopt her into His glorious household, and to set a blessed seal upon her forehead, and permit her to fight under His banner against His enemies,—sin, the world, and the devil. Oh, I hope that she will never fall away from her high estate, or grieve the Holy Spirit, or by wilful sin encourage the foes that she is to combat. I have such trust in prayers, and in the Church's

watchfulness to help her to grow up with a true recognition of her vows, and of her holy privileges, that I believe my little daughter will be Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto her life's end; and that when the angel of death comes for her at last, he will see the mark of the Lamb upon her brow, and will take her to God's everlasting kingdom."

Nannette gave her grandfather one of her earnest, soul-felt kisses.

"If I could only have had dear mamma," she said.

"You have her, my daughter."

"Yes, grandpapa, but my eyes long for her, and there are so many ways in which she might help me when you are not here."

"Our dear Lord's grace is sufficient, my child; and since it was His will to take your blessed mother to Himself, we must thank Him for His love to her, and must walk diligently toward her, and toward home."

Mrs. Sands asked if it were not singular that the mode of administering Baptism was made such an important matter by some Christians.

The bishop said: "The Church regards it of equal validity, whether by sprinkling, pouring or immersion. She has Scriptural authority for this belief."

"But we *must* use the element of water, grandpapa," said Nannette.

"Yes, that is our Lord's command. The Quakers presume to put it aside, and hold to a baptism of the Spirit alone; and there has been made by some a sort of public dedication of infants, which an honest old historian tells us was called by the ungodly a 'dry christening,' and was so ridiculed out of use."

"It seems very sad," said Mr. Asher, "that there should be such dreadful perversion of things solemn and sacred. If men were content to receive the institutions of Christianity as they were in the primitive times, we should have none of these inventions and substitutes of men, that bring unbelief and mockery."

"We must hasten on in our lesson," said the bishop. "'The resurrection of the body,' is the next article."

"The Nicene Creed has, 'And I look for the resurrection of the dead,'" said Nannette.

"And in some of the old forms it is 'the resurrection of the *flesh*,' and 'the resurrection of this flesh,'" said the bishop. "That the dead are to come forth from the dust of the earth, when the trump of God shall sound, the Scriptures plainly show. The spirits are with God; they are not in the grave. Then it is the body of each departed soul that is to join the soul at the last day; and that we may not say it is not the body that has crumbled and decayed, the Church is particular in upholding the doctrine of the Bible, that in our flesh we shall see God."

"It does seem strange that the body will be raised again," said Mrs. Carrol.

The bishop said, with deep fervor: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made. My bones are not hid from Thee, though I be made secretly, and fashioned beneath in the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being

imperfect, and in Thy book were all my members written, while as yet there was none of them. Is it a thing incredible that this God can raise the dead? That He can bring from the deep of the earth, and of the sea, the purged dust, and make all the dead to stand up in His presence, clothed upon, each with his own fleshly garment that was cast off at the hour of his departure from this mortal life."

"How blessed it is, dear grandpapa!" said Nannette with enthusiasm. "I may see you, and with these same eyes."

"Yes, blessed, indeed!" replied the bishop, "and calculated to elevate and ennoble us, and to make us strive after greater purity in body as well as soul. The child of God should never forget that in the Holy Eucharist we pray that the *body* and *soul* of the recipient may, by the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, be preserved unto everlasting life. It is a sweet, as well as a solemn thought, that, by a *due* reception of these holy mysteries, our *body*, as well as

our soul, is preserved unto everlasting life, by the body and blood of Christ, and that without this heavenly food we have no life in us."

"That reminds me to speak to you, of some of the members of my Sunday-school class," said Miss Bent. "Three of them have been confirmed, and yet have never been to the Holy Communion. I am puzzled what to do in the case. I have spoken often of this very subject of no spiritual life, no growth toward the life everlasting, no preservation from the second death. I have wept and prayed in secret over the girls, but when I plead with them to obey the dying injunction of their Lord, they shrink from going to the altar, as if the sublime mystery were too dreadful for them to approach. What shall I do?"

"Continue, my dear child, to weep and pray over your class, and to plead with them, and leave the result with God," said the bishop. "Bring before them the words of our dear Lord: 'Except ye eat the flesh of the

Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' Tell them that in this holy Sacrament is, the continual strengthening and refreshing of the soul, so that we can fight manfully, as we have promised, against sin, the world and the devil, and that the body as well as the soul, is made partaker of our Lord's immortality. It is natural for the young to shrink from this highest and holiest feast; but I think your girls cannot refuse long the loving call of Him who died to save them from everlasting condemnation. I will call personally on them, and urge upon them a full and perfect consecration of themselves, body and soul, unto God."

Mr. Asher said: "It has always seemed to me a time when we can hold with greatest joy this eleventh article of the Creed, when we receive the body and the blood of our Lord Jesus. To be sure, we are commemorating especially His death, and yet the glorious Easter is always before me as I kneel at the Eucharistic Feast."

"And the life everlasting, 'the life of the

world to come,' " said the bishop; "that is also most truly in our thoughts at this time when we thank our Heavenly Father that we are members incorporate in the mystical body of His Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, and are also heirs through hope of His everlasting kingdom by the merits of the most precious death and burial of His dear Son. I do not know how I can better impress you with this thought than to quote the words of venerable Dean Comber: 'Most merciful Jesus, although Thou hast reserved the full manifestation of Thy love to my soul till the glorious resurrection, yet, as if Thou wert impatient of so long a stay, Thou hast sealed at present Thy gracious donation, and my comfortable title to a never-fading crown. Thou hast dearly bought it for me, and Thou hast freely given it to me; wherefore, I will vigorously endeavor after it patiently, wait for it, and cheerfully expect it. Ah, my dearest Saviour, I am here vexed with crosses, oppressed with enemies, troubled with corruptions, and tossed on the waves of a thousand

sins and miseries. But it is my comfort, amidst all these sorrows, to receive this assurance,—that I shall ere long be translated into a blissful state, never to know sin, feel pain, to be in danger of enemies, or fear of evil any more. Oh, how it enlightens my heart and makes my spirit vigorous to foresee the rest and peace, the joy and pleasure to which I am consigned, the glorious society that waits for me! Oh, how welcome shall be that blessed hour that summons me to enter into the joy of my Lord! And whilst I stay I will behave myself, O my Saviour, as the heir of Thy kingdom, for I will destroy all Thy murderers, though they be harbored in the most private retirements of my soul. I will pluck these lusts from thence, for they have crucified Thee, and they would still exclude me from those felicities which Thou hast offered to me, Lord. I will hate everything that keeps me from heaven, and love nothing but what will further me in my way thither. I am resolved, by the help of Thy grace, to live as one that is above all the trifling pleasures and sorrows of this lower world;

and I hope to demean myself as an heir of glory; as one designed to be a companion of angels, and to partake of Thy bliss forever and ever.' ”

“Grandpapa,” said Nannette, “wicked people would not be happy even if they were admitted to the society of God and the holy angels, would they?”

“No, my child. If we do not love purity and holiness here upon the earth, the presence of God would be to us no joy hereafter. If we have no pleasure in the company of the faithful while in this world, we should not care for the society of ‘just men made perfect,’ in the world where is no sin.”

“Some have held that the wicked will be annihilated,” said Mr. Asher.

“It is a refuge of which they would gladly avail themselves if possible,” said the bishop; “but God’s Word has no such teaching, and the only way to make our future safe and happy is to purify ourselves through the baptismal washing and the blood of Jesus that cleanseth from all sin, and the renewing of

the Holy Ghost, day by day, until we are beyond the pollutions of sin."

Miss Bent spoke of the primitive custom of "white baptismal garments which were worn for eight days, and then placed in the repositories of the church, that they might be produced in evidence against such as should violate their solemn vows."

"These chrisoms," said the bishop, "were emblems of the purity that should belong to the disciple of Christ. I failed to speak of them when we were upon the tenth article of the Creed,—and there is another fact that I desire you to remember,—that is, that the Baptismal Office for those of riper years was not made before the seventeenth century. Among Christian nations, infants were always brought to the holy Sacrament, and the adult candidates were only those who were proselytes from the heathen. The growth of Anabaptism and Quakerism, during the great rebellion in England, made this office for adult Baptism necessary."

Miss Bent said, "Many wear white at Con-

firmation; is not that with the same symbolic idea as the ancient neophytes had?"

The bishop replied, "We may be sure that a devout soul would think only of this when robing the body with a spotless garment. And since Confirmation is but the renewal of the baptismal covenant, it seems proper that the young should be surrounded with every outward help to the inward beauty and holiness."

The bishop looked somewhat weary, and Mrs. Carrol proposed to leave.

"Kneel first for the Benediction, my children," said this good shepherd. "Do not let us forget that we all have put on the white robe. 'May He who is able, keep us from falling, and present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,' and 'may the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Lord's Day was full of intense happiness to Nannette. It was the habit of the bishop to rise a little earlier than usual, that no moment of the hallowed time should be lost. He taught his household that it was a sin to waste the sacred hours in slothfulness or indulgent ease, unless there was great physical need of rest and refreshment. He said: "There is no thought more generally perverted than that of the Sunday's rest. Men make it an excuse for idleness, and for every neglect of God's positive command to keep the day holy. They forsake the assembling of themselves together for prayer, and praise, and solemn worship, and they go their own ways, and find their own pleasures, and forget the Lord, who gives them six days for their labor, and sets apart but one for their more

immediate recognition of His goodness and love." There was no danger of this neglect or forgetfulness in the worthy bishop's house. His own hand rang the rising-bell, and the summons was never unheeded. Nannette had been taught that the best way to form this habit of obedience to this call was to spring at once to her feet, and not to wait to rub her sleepy eyes open. How blessed the early moments came to be in her estimation. She had ample time for quiet devotion in her own apartments before descending to the breakfast-room, and the communion with God gave such peace to her soul, that it shone out serenely upon her face.

When prayers were over and the morning's meal despatched, she read beside her grandfather while he was absorbed in the words to be spoken to his people. Then came the Sunday-school hour. The bishop was always where the lambs of his flock were gathered. He would not leave these to any other care. He remembered the charge concerning them: "Feed My Lambs."

He knew how easy it is to impress the tender, plastic soul; and every Sunday he spoke deep, earnest, loving words to the children about the great, good Shepherd, who stands with outstretched arms, calling them to come to His bosom, and find safety from all harm.

The morning service was specially precious on this Lord's Day after the many explanations of the previous week. Nannette spoke of it to her grandfather when he called her to his study after dinner.

She said: "It makes all the difference in the world when one understands the spirit and the letter. It seemed as if I had never before truly worshipped. Every word impressed me to-day, and my mind did not wander. 'The communion of saints' was constantly in my mind, and the world above did not seem far away."

The bishop said, "If you will speak to Mrs. Sands and to your uncle, I will look over the prayers with you, as I must conclude the morning service before Tuesday. I am sorry

to have to hasten the matter; but it is a blessing to have any time for you, my dear child."

"Mrs. Carrol and Miss Bent will be sorry to lose this," said Nannette, as the home-party took their Prayer Books and turned to the versicles after the Nicene Creed.

The bishop said, "We come now in the Church's ordering of her service to 'ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul,' and the rubric directs that, 'all devoutly kneeling,' the minister shall first say, 'The Lord be with you,' and that the people shall respond, 'And with thy spirit.' This delightful salutation was common among the primitive Christians, as well as with the Jews, and there is nothing that so stirs the soul of priest and people as this mutual prayer for God's presence and blessing. It is a most precious bond of union, and each soul in God's house should feel itself personally addressed by the officiating clergyman, and should let the response be, indeed, a heartfelt petition, and not a mere formalism."

"It takes the place of the ancient kiss of peace, does it not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, daughter. The Apostles use the greeting, 'The Lord be with you.' We find it in many of their epistles, and the early liturgies have this mutual salutation. It is a fitting place for it just after we have professed our agreement in the Faith, and it is designed to show how close should be our bond of union in our blessed Lord, and also to drive out Satan from us, and make us wholly absorbed in our devotions. We are so given to wandering thoughts, and to a breach of the third commandment, when we kneel before God."

Uncle Hallam spoke of the watchword, "Let us pray." He said, "It was the custom of old, among the heathen, for one to cry out during the sacrifices, *Hoc agite*, that the people might give close attention to what they were about, and it is very important that Christians should be reminded how earnestly they ought to seek God's love and blessing; and that if the lips move and the heart is

far away or absorbed in other interests, the prayers are in vain."

The bishop remarked: "It is a time just now when unbelieving men are speaking against the efficacy of prayer, but I pity that soul which finds sufficiency in itself, and feels no need of communion with God. Even if there were no command of Scripture, and no example of our Lord and Saviour, the natural impulse of the human heart is toward prayer. The heathen cry aloud unto their gods, and cut themselves with knives and lancets, and use such zeal as should shame a lukewarm Christian in his petitions to the God, who alone can hear and bless."

"Thank God, we have not to dwell on this matter with the view to convince each other how necessary it is to our souls!" said Uncle Hallam. "We have all experienced, I am sure, the great joy of carrying every want to our Heavenly Father, and of asking Him to supply our needs as He sees it to be best for us."

Mrs. Sands was comparing the English

Prayer Book with ours. "There are other versicles that we have not, and a repetition of the Lord's Prayer," she said.

The bishop replied: "Our revisers thought best to omit the greater part of these, and simply to retain, 'O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us.' 'And grant us Thy salvation.' 'O Lord, make clean our hearts within us.' 'And take not Thy Holy Sprit from us.'"

"Why did they not keep all, grandpapa?"

"Because the most of that which we leave out is contained in the Litany. It seems a very judicious omission; I have heard many of the English themselves say that the American revision of the Book of Common Prayer is excellent. These versicles which we use are taken from the Psalms of David, and they comprehend all that we need to ask—mercy and salvation; and the manner in which we ought to present our prayers, namely, with an humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart, pure and clean by the influence of God's Holy Spirit."

"The rubric next calls for the Collect for

the day, except when the Communion Service is read, and then the Collect for the day shall be omitted here," said Nannette.

"The Church provides for daily service," said the bishop. "The Collect for the days of the week is the one used on the previous Sunday. If a holy day comes in, of course the especial Collect for it is used."

"People seem to differ about the meaning of the word *Collect*," said Mrs. Sands. "Will you please tell us what it really is?"

"It seems plain to me that these precious prayers are but collections from the Epistles and Gospels," said the bishop; "I have observed that they generally comprehend the teachings that follow in the selected Scriptures."

"I wish I could remember them more perfectly," said Nannette.

"Only the Lord's Prayer is superior," said the bishop; "excepting that no better prayers were ever written."

"How quaint some of them are!" said Uncle Hallam.

"And very pure and impressive in their language," said the bishop. "Whoever has them all by heart, has a rare treasure. I am particular that the children of the Sunday-school shall be well trained in these short and ancient prayers."

"We have the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity for this week," said Nannette.

The bishop remarked, "It is a happy coincidence that we are upon the subject of prayer just now, when this collect shows God's readiness to hear and to give. We could not have chosen a better beginning than this: 'Almighty God, who art more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.'"

"Was not this taken from St. Gregory's Sacramentary?" asked Uncle Hallam.

"Yes," replied the bishop; "and, as he gathered his collection from other liturgies, you can see how venerable this prayer is."

"Was not Gregory a Pope, grandpapa? And would not people think it dreadful to use collects taken from a Romish book?"

"Gregory was a Pope, my child, but many of these prayers were our heritage before the Papacy began, and wherever Rome has corrupted any of the old, or made new ones, we have restored and purged them, until there is no fault to be found with language or doctrine. It is a weakness to refuse to accept what is worthy, simply because it has been for awhile mixed up with superstitions. The revision of the English Prayer Book was very thorough after the Reformation, and no good Christian can be offended with any prayer that it contains. But we must not dwell long upon any point to-day. 'The Collect for Peace' comes next in our service. This, also, is from St. Gregory's Sacramentary."

"What was this Sacramentary, grand papa?"

"It was a book containing the prayers and ceremonials used in the celebration of the Sacraments. St. Gregory compiled the most of it from still more ancient forms, as he himself says: 'I have followed a practice common in the Greek Church, and have altered some old collects, and added some new and useful ones.' Gelasius is said to have ranged the collects that were used in his time in order; and St. Jerome is thought to have framed the ancient ones in conformity to the Epistles and Gospels. The agreement is certainly most striking."

"I have often remarked that," said Mrs. Sands.

"St. Jerome lived in the fourth century, did he not?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, daughter," replied the bishop. This learned and pious father was born in Dalmatia, about the year 331, and was educated in Rome."

"I remember something of his history," said Nannette; "he was not religious in his youth, I think."

"That is true," said the bishop. "For awhile he yielded to the allurements of a licentious capital; but among the catacombs and tombs of the martyrs he learned more glorious aims, and became a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, to whom he devoted the remainder of his life and talents. He was the author of the Latin translation of the Old and New Testaments, called the 'Vulgate.'"

"Did he not spend the latter part of his days in the Holy Land?"

"Yes, in a retreat that was formed for men, in Bethlehem, by the lovely Roman lady, Paula, who lived in a separate convent with her daughter, Eustochium, and other women."

"Paula's character was so beautiful!" said Miss Bent. "I suppose it was due, in great measure, to the friendship and ministry of the devout St. Jerome. It is blessed to know that such holy communion and fellowship may exist upon this earth, though it is very rare to find it. The description of Paula's death is most touching, and the grief of St. Jerome a grief that 'long delayed, and often

interrupted him in his account of her life, which he undertook for her daughter's sake."

"They were all buried in Bethlehem, were they not, grandpapa?"

"Yes, my child, Paula was buried in the church erected, according to tradition, upon the spot where once stood the lowly dwelling in which our Saviour was born; and Eustochium, and St. Jerome were laid not far away from her. Their empty tombs are still shown to travellers. But we are wandering away from the Collect for Peace, which interests us this evening. When I get with the early fathers, and the devout mothers of primitive days, I am inclined to linger."

"It is not singular that they should have prayed for peace in the early times," said Uncle Hallam. "We can scarcely realize in this age of Christianity, the sorrows and persecutions that beset the primitive disciples."

"The worst persecution was earlier than St. Jerome's time, was it not?" asked Nannette.

Miss Bent said: "I think you cannot easily

forget the periods in Roman history, when the children of God met such cruel martyrdom; you surely recollect Nero."

"Yes; the monster, sixty-four years after our Lord Christ, and Domitian, in the year 95, he who banished St. John the Divine to Patmos, and Trojan, in 105; and, later, Marcus Aurelius, and Septimius Severus, and Maximian, and Decius, and Valerian, and Aurelian, and Diocletian. I know that all Roman history for three hundred years after the birth of our Lord Jesus was very dreadful to me."

"And then the middle ages came," said Uncle Hallam, "with the religious wars, Christian against Christian, and the terrible Inquisition that was worse than all heathen intolerance and barbarity; and, later still, the Reformation, with its days of blood-shedding and bitter conflict. Oh, when we think how, in the times gone by, strife and violence have raged against and among the saints, we shall feel the great necessity to pray still for the peace of Jerusalem!"

"'Jerusalem' means 'the city of peace' does it not?" asked Nannette.

"Yes, daughter," replied her grandfather, "and peace should dwell within all her borders. Her Prince came bringing peace to her at the bright Christmas time, and left His peace upon her when He went away; but that was the peace which passeth all understanding, and for which we ask more especially in the first collect for Evening Prayer. This one of the morning seems to have a double reference to external and to spiritual enemies; that of the evening speaks of holy desires and good counsels, and just works, and of hearts set to obey God's commandments. If we have these, we shall, indeed, 'pass our time in rest and quietness,' 'and have no fear of Satan or his hosts.' We look for no outward persecutions now-a-days, but we should try to realize, when we use this prayer, that the principalities and powers that are opposed to us, yet invisible, are mightier than any of this world's visible foes, and it should make us watchful as well as prayerful, lest

at any time our enemies get the advantage over us."

Mrs. Sands spoke of the wording of the morning collect, "O God, the author of peace and lover of concord." She said, "I never read this sentence without a thought of one of the sweetest of the beautitudes with the reward attached,—'They shall be called the children of God.'"

"You mean the peace-makers," said Nannette.

"It is difficult to live peaceably with all men," said Miss Bent.

"As far as is possible," said the bishop, reverently. "You see God has provided for all contingencies. We cannot, for the sake of quietness, make a compromise with sin. 'First pure, then peaceable,' is the Scriptural injunction, but if we love the things that God loves, our constant effort will be to bring the heavenly harmony out of discordant elements, and if we are persistent in our desire and endeavor, we shall, by Divine help, eventually succeed."

Nannette read the next clause of the prayer :
 "In knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life."

"It is such a joy," said the bishop, "that our gracious God gives us not only the wisdom and treasure of this wonderful world, but also the privilege to know Him, who is the infinite source of all, and by the knowledge and faith of Him to gain, through His dear Son, that world of bliss which is without end. Who would not diligently search the Scriptures that testify of God and of heaven? My dear children, let us cling more to that blessed volume which reveals to us unfading prospects of glory. We should be very miserable with the wisdom of this world only, and with no Divine revelation of what lies beyond."

Uncle Hallam dwelt upon the "service" of God, which is "perfect freedom." He said, "To be delivered from the bondage of that hard master, Satan, is a blessed release, indeed. I can scarcely think of any greater joy than to be set loose from the chains of our

evil inclinations, and to find our will in such agreement with God's will, that we shall love and choose the things that God commands. So long as we are his humble servants, He will defend us in all assaults of our enemies, and we, surely trusting in his defence, shall not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord."

"That sure trust, how strong it is!" said Miss Bent.

"And the might of Jesus Christ our Lord, how certain to conquer all foes!" said the bishop. "Is it strange that 'the man has perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God?' There is one thing that we must not forget, righteousness and peace embrace each other. The latter cannot exist where the former is not. They go together when the soul has her holy, heavenly calm. If in the morning of our day we call, with something of trembling, upon a majestic and awful God for our defence against dangers, both of soul and body, we shall lie down at evening in peace, and take our rest,

feeling that our Father who is in heaven will make us to dwell in safety."

Miss Bent turned to the "Collect for Grace."

The bishop said: "This prayer was taken from the Greek service, *Euchologion*, or ritual, in which the order of Ceremonies, Sacraments and Ordinances was prescribed."

"Is not our word, 'Eucharist,' from the Greek?" asked Nannette.

"Is is, my child, and it has a beautiful significance. It comes from two words, meaning 'well,' or 'good,' and 'favor, grace, thanks.' And it should impress upon us the thought that no man can give thanks well unto the Lord without complying with the dying command of Jesus, 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' True gratitude for our salvation will surely bring us to the commemoration of the great sacrifice made for it."

"This prayer for grace begins with an acknowledgment of God's merciful preservation of us from the dangers of the night. You

will observe the attributes that the Church has prefixed to it. The 'Lord our heavenly Father' who loves to protect His children; the 'Almighty,' who is able to keep us from all harm; the 'Everlasting,' 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' So that we may always depend upon Him for succor. When we think of our helplessness through the darkness of the night, and how we are fast bound in sleep as in the bands of death, the awaking in the morning will seem to us a marvellous resurrection, and we shall be ready to give God the praise that He has opened our eyes again to behold the light."

Uncle Hallam said: "You know the heathen supposed the dominion of the night to belong to the infernal powers."

"Yes," said the bishop, "to wicked men the darkness is an image of hell with its terrors; but the children of God behold the night as the heavenly Father's wing spread over them for sweet refreshing sleep, and they have no fear of ill, for the Divine love broodeth them."

"I suppose we need really fear more from the dangers of the day which we begin," said Miss Bent.

"Yes, lest we fall into sin," returned the bishop, "but if all our doings are ordered by God's governance, they will be righteous in His sight, and so the darkness and the light will be alike blessed. The world, the flesh, and the devil will conspire to hurt us, and is will require all the Christian's armor to keep us from these assaults; but if we trust not in our own strength, and if we call mightily upon God in every strait, He will not fail to bring us to the evening with victory."

"The second prayer in the evening service is for aid against the perils and dangers of the night, and a grateful recognition of our preservation for the day. The rest of the petitions in morning and evening service are alike, so that we shall need no further reference to the evening prayers,—and as I am somewhat weary, I shall ask you to join me in beseeching our heavenly Father's loving protection before I seek my rest."

Nannette brought the old family Bible, and

her grandfather read the passage from Daniel, where he tells of the speedy answer to his prayer for the restoration of Jerusalem. "Yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation, and he informed me and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee, for thou art greatly beloved."

The bishop said: "My children, I have selected these words as a blessed comfort to us all. I know that sometimes God seems so far away, that our faith does not quite grasp the thought that our prayers reach Him at the moment of our speaking, and this blessed assurance from holy writ, that at the very 'beginning of our supplications,' an angel who stands in the presence of God may be commissioned to stand beside us with an answering message, is most sweet and pre-

cious. But I am certain that, in our own past experience, we each have abundant proof of the efficacy and blessedness of prayer, and of our heavenly Father's frequent speedy response to our supplications. Let us pray."

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my people could not have unrestrained access to me whenever their hearts lead them to seek me. Moreover, I do not think that the clergy have any right to shut themselves up from the people. From the moment that they accept the office of ambassador of our blessed Lord, they ought to be ready and willing to be followed and thronged by the multitudes, as was the Divine Master."

"I don't see how you ever have a moment for your sermons," said the lady.

"The sermons that are the most effective," responded the bishop, "are the result of one's daily insight into the souls of his people. I could never understand their true needs if I did not see them as a parent sees his family. Formal calls would not reveal my parishioners to me as I can know them in this familiar way. I use the word familiar, in its beautiful sense," continued the bishop. "The Church is a *family*, and I wish to be as a gentle father among his children. I hope none of those who are under my charge will ever be afraid to approach me in this filial way."

CHAPTER XV.

THE bishop's house was a delightful rendezvous for his people. He wished them to feel as free to enter it as if it were their own; therefore the front door was never locked in the day-time, and the parishioners had but to turn the knob and cross the threshold to find themselves under a home roof.

A fashionable and worldly woman once remarked to the bishop that she thought it an imposition to take possession of a clergyman's premises, as if they were public property, and if she were the bishop, she would have a high fence and a strong gate, with bolts and bars, to secure a proper privacy. But the man of God, far from appreciating her consideration of what she called his personal ease and comfort, replied:

"I should be the most miserable of men if

"Prayer is the necessity of every earnest Christian soul," said the bishop. "'Morning, evening, and at noonday,—seven times a-day,—without ceasing,'—these are the words of the Holy Ghost, who searches the deep things of the spirit, and knows all its requirements. The truly good, in every age of the world, have been those who have spent much time in private devotion. Our blessed Lord Jesus, the perfect man, has left us His own holy example, exhibited on the Mount of Olives, in the Garden of Gethsemane, and upon the Cross. We cannot be the sincere children of God and not seek often His face, and diligently call upon His holy name. And then we must remember that prayer is *intercessory*."

"You mean by this, dear grandpapa, that we are to make supplication for others than ourselves?"

"Yes, my child, 'for the President of the United States, and all in civil authority,' as our third prayer in morning and evening service directs; for 'clergy and people,' as in the fourth; and 'for all conditions of men,'

No danger of that. Not a heart in the good bishop's care that did not feel him to be the one resort in times of sorrow or of joy, and he led them so surely to the Source of all comfort and love. It was a blessed ministry! Would God we could oftener find such in this world of wretchedness and sin!

"Grandpapa," said Nannette, as the little home circle drew once more together, "do you know what Mary, Countess of Warwick, called prayer?"

"What was it, my daughter?"

"Heart's-ease."

"And a very true name it is for our communion with our dear Lord," said the bishop. "There are aches that nothing else will relieve."

"The countess died, as she had often wished to die, in the very act of prayer," said Nannette. "That seems to me so delightful. I recollect her charming memoir; how she spent her life in the practice of Christian virtues, and was quite ready to go when the summons came, though from great luxury, and from loving and beloved friends."

earth, and other blessings,' prepared in 1785; 'prayers to be used, morning and evening, in families.' The forms derived from Bishop Gibson. 'The consecration of a church or chapel,' set forth in General Convention, in 1799; and a beautiful and impressive office of 'institution of ministers into parishes or churches,' established in 1804, and perfected in 1808."

"There are many precious prayers scattered among these offices," said Uncle Hallam. "It seems to me that the clergy of the Church need never be at a loss for suitable petitions, in any emergency, if they are thoroughly versed in the Prayer Book, and certainly no spontaneous prayer could possibly touch and melt the heart, as do sacred words that have been the devout utterance of so many Christian souls."

"The Church does not mean for us always to use these forms in our private devotions, does it grandpapa?"

"No, my child; we can speak to our heavenly Father, whatever good desire comes

into our minds and hearts, even as we would to an earthly parent. This precious book is for that which its title declares, 'Common or Public prayer.'

"Where there is no such service carefully prepared, whoever is the mouthpiece for the people, makes really an undigested form for them, and is liable to bring in such errors of doctrine and faith as cannot by all be received. The Church has wisely prevented this danger. In her prayers, as well as in her hymns, she keeps to the ancient and Apostolic Creed. In her preaching, too, she demands of her clergy, 'Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's Word?'"

"As this Church hath received the same,' occurs in one of the questions," said Miss Bent.

"Let us prophecy, or preach, according to the proportion of faith," said the bishop. "A man has no right to give his individual opinions contrary to the faith once delivered

to the saints. He must be governed in his teachings of the people by the Catholic Creed. This is the meaning of the words of the Apostle in the Epistle for the Second Sunday after the Epiphany."

"I never thought of that before," said Nannette. "How many things you make plain to me, dear grandpapa."

"The fulness of our Liturgy takes me often astray from our immediate lesson," said the bishop. "We will return, if you please, to the Prayer for Civil Rulers,—though I wish first to say to you that until the English revision of 1661, the Morning Prayer ended with the two collects for peace and grace, and the prayer of St. Chrysostom, and the blessing. The occasional prayers were included in the Litany. This form for the President and other magistrates was, in substance, in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory, whence it was taken and adapted to the English Government, bringing in the royal ruler, and by us is conformed to our democratic institutions."

Uncle Hallam said: "It is a good thing that we recognize the high and mighty Ruler of the universe; 'Who putteth down one and setteth up another.' The nations that forget God rest upon a very insecure foundation."

"And nobody is more in need of wisdom from above, than the chief ruler of a great people," said the bishop. "He ought to be an example to those under his authority, and to this end we ought to pray with all fervor, for those who govern us, 'Replenish them with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that they may incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way; endue them plenteously with heavenly gifts.' If they abound in these things, we shall wish for them a long life in this world, as well as 'everlasting joy and felicity in the world to come.'"

Mrs. Sands spoke of the difference in the English Prayer Book, "grant him (or her) in health and wealth long to live, strengthen him to overcome all his enemies."

"I like ours better," she said. "Wealth, in our present use of the word, seems

to look only to material good; 'prosperity' would include both temporal and spiritual blessings. Then we have in the Litany a petition for defence in time of battle, and among the occasional prayers one for deliverance 'in time of wars and trouble.' And during the sessions of Congress, petitions for the Senate and Representatives, that God may direct and prosper all their consultations, to the advancement of His glory, the good of His Church, the safety, honor, and welfare of his people, and that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations."

"It must be very hard to pray for wicked and unjust and oppressive rulers," said Nannette. "Who was emperor in the time of St. Gregory, grandpapa?"

"Italy was then subject to the emperors of the East, my child, and Gregory himself was appointed by Justin II. as prefect or governor

of Rome; some years afterward he took the monastic vows, and in A. D. 590 was made Pope. He was not subject to many civil or political troubles; but we must remember that it is the wicked rulers that most need the prayers of God's people, and who knows what grace may not be given in answer to united and fervent petitions? There seems to me nothing more impressive than a whole nation pleading for God's Spirit to govern him who governs the people. And it must have a beneficial influence upon a ruler to know that he is constantly the object of these united prayers. In England, in the Litany, also, special mention is made of the royal household, by name, and the effect is very solemn and delightful; 'the Lords of the Council and the nobility' are not forgotten, so that all classes are made to feel their need of higher and better good than this world can afford."

"I suppose those who are in positions of great wealth and authority have greater temptations to overcome," said Nannette.

"Their trials are peculiar," returned her

grandfather. "'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.' This is the saying of our Lord Jesus concerning them. 'They that trust in riches.' Wealth and power are so absorbing, that men are apt to lose sight and thought of better things. To be very poor, 'the scorn of men and the outcast of the people,' has also its snares. There needs the Grace of God 'in all time of tribulation and in all time of our prosperity.'"

Uncle Hallam said: "I wish we could give more attention to the Litany just here, where the rubric places it."

Nannette repeated: "The following prayers are to be omitted here, when the Litany is read. That means on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, grandpapa."

"Yes, daughter; you will perceive, by reference to the 'General Supplication,' that the clergy and people are remembered in it. 'That it may please Thee to illuminate all bishops, priests and deacons with true knowledge and understanding of Thy Word, and

that both by their preaching and living, they may set it forth, and show it accordingly.' 'That it may please Thee to bless and keep all Thy people.'"

"And the next prayer, grandpapa, 'for all sorts and conditions of men.'"

"That," said the bishop, "is embraced in the several petitions in the Litany for different estates of the people, and these are summed up in the words, 'That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men.'"

Miss Bent asked: "Is not the prayer for clergy and people among the ancient collects?"

"We find the model of it in St. Gregory's Sacramentary," returned the bishop. "It seems so grand and solemn a thought that so many hundreds of years ago, in the countries over the sea, substantially this same prayer went forth from pure hearts and humble voices."

"Isn't it a great help to you, grandpapa, to have the people asking God for a blessing upon you, and upon your ministry to them?"

"‘Pray for us,’ is the earnest beseeching of every pastor’s soul, as he tries to win others to our Lord Christ,” said the bishop. We should often faint in our work, but that our hands are upheld by those for whom we labor. Do not fail to remember us whenever you are upon your knees in your closet before God, as well as in these devout prayers set forth by the Church.”

“There are the Ember Days, too, grand-papa, when we are thinking especially of the ministry, and of those to be newly admitted to Holy Orders.”

Miss Bent turned to the form of prayer for the Ember Days, among the especial prayers. They occur just after the Litany, in the Prayer Book. She said: “My girls thought ‘Ember’ must mean ‘ashes.’ Words get so twisted from the original, we can scarcely wonder at mistakes.”

“You told them that it signifies a ‘circuit’ or ‘course,’ did you not?”

“Yes; and that the seasons were so called because they occur in regular succession four

times in the year, answering to our four periods,—spring, summer, autumn, and winter.”

“Oh, yes,” said Nannette; “the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the First Sunday in Lent, after the Feast of Pentecost on Whitsunday after the fourteenth of September and the thirteenth of December, and the Sundays after these days, are the stated seasons for ordination, and the candidates may know that all the Christian world is asking God’s blessing upon them, and that is very precious.”

“It is so essential that a ‘wise and faithful choice should be made of fit persons to serve in the sacred ministry of the Church,’” said the bishop. “Now see how hedged about we are by prayer beforehand, that the minds of the bishops and pastors of the flock may be so guided and governed, that they may lay hands suddenly on no man; and, after we are admitted to a holy office, the constant prayer that we may have the continual dew of God’s blessing, so that we may truly please Him.”

"And then God promises to be with you to the end of the world," dear grandpapa.

"That is blessed encouragement, my child. So long as we faithfully abide in Him, He will surely abide in us. I will hold fast His Word of truth."

"The prayer for all conditions of men," said Uncle Hallam, "was added to the English Prayer Book in 1661, I think."

"Yes," responded the bishop, "it seemed to be needed when we have not the Litany or the prayer for the Church militant. Bishop Sanderson is said to have abbreviated it from a longer form attributed to Bishop Gunning, formerly a master in St. John's College, Cambridge, England. The word 'finally' occurring so soon after the beginning, suggests that the original form was very much longer."

"And yet this prayer comprehends a great deal," said Uncle Hallam; "it takes in the heathen, and 'the holy Church universal,' and the 'afflicted or distressed, in mind, body, or estate;' and the latter part is beau-

tiful where we ask that the suffering may have patience, and a happy issue from their afflictions, for His sake who bore so meekly our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

"The General Thanksgiving," said the bishop, "was added to the English Prayer Book at the restoration of King Charles II., for daily use. The composition is ascribed to the venerable Bishop Sanderson. It is full of warmth, and we are rightly prepared for its use by the inspiring worship that has thus far occupied us. We are quite ready, thank God, for all His goodness and loving kindness to us and to all men; for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but, above all, for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, and for the means of grace, and the hope of glory; but is it enough for us to make this fervent acknowledgment in the great congregation, Nannette?"

"No, indeed, grandpapa. We must show forth God's praise 'not only with our lips but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to His

service, and by walking before Him in holiness and righteousness all our days.' Just as the Catechism says, 'Keep His holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of my life.' "

"The English Prayer Book places this prayer, and 'the prayer for all conditions of men,' among the occasional prayers and thanksgivings," said the bishop, "as they were of later origin than the compilation. They were, however, in daily use, and our American reviewers have put them in their appropriate position."

Miss Bent said: "I have heard this general thanksgiving in unison, by priest and congregation, in an evening service, in one of our chapels, during the week. The rector said: 'It seems to me probable that one design of this word "general" is to put this prayer into the mouths of the people, that they may say it aloud with the clergyman, as they do the general confession; but since we do not find it a uniform custom in the Church, and I am not desirous to introduce novelties into

our services, even if I had the right to do so, we will only adopt this practice on the week-day evenings. I have joined a brother presbyter and his flock in this method for a month, while I was away from you, and I could perceive an increase of fervor in my own soul, as well as in the souls of the people. It aroused our lagging zeal, and quickened us for the remainder of our devotions.' "

"I see no objection to that," said the bishop. "In the general supplication, or the Litany, the people respond audibly; and sometimes the clergy and congregation make, in unison, the address to the blessed Trinity."

"You mean the first four petitions, grand-papa?"

"Yes, daughter; but I think it is obvious, from the italics, that the people are to respond to the clergyman; and to my mind, this is all the more impressive, giving assent to, and confirmation of, every word that is uttered."

Uncle Hallam said, "We have reached now the prayer of St. Chrysostom. I have a certain feeling of nearness to this 'golden-

mouthed' bishop. It does not seem possible, that for over fourteen hundred years he has been in Paradise. His name, prefixed to this prayer, is of itself a precious heritage to the Church, recalling, as it does, his earnest Christian life and labors."

Miss Bent asked Nannette if she could recollect the date of St. Chrysostom's birth?

"He was born in Antioch about the year 347, I think," responded Nannette. "His father was Secundus, who commanded the imperial troops in Syria, and his mother was the lovely and beautiful Anthusa. His father died while St. Chrysostom was but an infant, and his mother, though but twenty years old, and very beautiful, remained a widow, and spent her life in the care and education of her two little children."

The bishop looked with approbation toward the teacher. "I am glad," said he, "that you do not neglect Nannette's culture in the history of the early fathers. There are few of the young people of our day that can tell any-

thing of primitive Christian biography, excepting to say, vaguely, that such and such persons lived and died in such or such a century."

"There seems to me so much of beauty and interest in the lives of the early saints, that I could not possibly pass over them hastily," said Miss Bent; "and I find the study as pleasant to Nannette as to me."

"Oh, yes!" said Nannette. "I would sooner skip the lives of great kings and generals, than not to learn of Saints Polycarp and Irenæus, and Origen, and Tertullian, and Cyprian, and Eusebius, and Athanasius, and Cyril, and Basil, and—"

"Jerome," suggested Miss Bent, "and Ambrose, and Chrysostom, and Augustine, and Hilary, and Gregory Nyssen, the brother of St. Basil, and Gregory Nazianzen, whom we should have put after Cyril, I think."

"Neither of these was the Gregory whose Sacramentary you were speaking of, grand-papa?"

"No, daughter; Gregory the Great lived

two centuries later. But tell me more about the eloquent Bishop of Constantinople."

"He must have owed much to his mother," said Nannette, "for I recollect that his heathen teacher, Libanius, paid a beautiful tribute to her."

"What was it?"

"Do you not remember, grandpapa? When St. Chrysostom told him that his mother had refused to marry again, and that she had spent all her time in religious duties, and in the culture of her children, Libanius turned to his audience and said, 'Oh, gods of Greece, what women there are amongst those Christians!'"

"It must, indeed, have seemed wonderful to the heathen," said the bishop, "to see what power the religion of Christ had to restrain from vice and luxury. I am not thinking now of that zeal which led to acts of great penance and austerity. This has never seemed to me the spirit of our dear Lord. But I am thinking of 'women of home, and home virtues.' There was Macrina, the mother of St. Basil, and her granddaughter, Macrina, and Nonna,

the mother of Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Augustine's mother, Monica, and Marcellina, the sister of St. Ambrose, and Emmelia, the wife of St. Basil, and many other holy women of those early ages, whose influence was felt and acknowledged by the devout men to whom they were bound by the sacred ties of mother, wife, sister, or daughter. The wealth both of men and women went to aid the Church and the poor, instead of being used to pander to worldly tastes and ambitious lusts. It is not strange that the voluptuous heathen viewed with amazement the spirit of self-sacrifice that governed the children of God?"

"Some of the early saints were as bad as our Mandan Indians in their sacrifices," said Uncle Hallam. "I see very little difference between standing for thirty-nine years on the top of high columns, and living in narrow caverns, and scourging one's self, and refusing necessary food and raiment, in the name of Christianity, and the sacrifices made by the red man for his religion.

"The Mandans give their mutilated fingers

to the Great Spirit; they present the best arrow from their quiver, or the choicest piece of meat from the Buffalo; they torture their own bodies with fasting, and thirsting, and waking, and cuttings of the flesh, and cruelties too horrible to mention."

"St. Chrysostom lived in a narrow cavern for two years," said Nannette. "He was not able to lie down in it, and the dampness and want of sleep brought upon him a sad illness, and obliged him to return to a more reasonable and sensible mode of life."

"Before that, he was four years with the Anchorites, among the mountains of Antioch," said Uncle Hallam.

"How did they live?" asked Nannette.

The bishop said: "This is St. Chrysostom's own account: 'They rise with the first crowing of the cock, or at midnight. After having read psalms and hymns in common, each in his separate cell, is occupied in reading the holy Scriptures, or in copying books.'"

"What a labor book-making must have been in those days," said Nannette.

The bishop continued: "The Anchorites then proceed to Church, and after Mass return quietly to their habitations. They never speak to each other."

"That is wicked, I think," said Nannette "I am sure our heavenly Father never meant for us to live together in that silent way."

"Their nourishment," said the bishop, "is bread and salt, with oil. The invalids have vegetables. After meals they rest a few moments, and then return to their usual occupations. They till the ground, fell wood, make baskets and cloths, and wash the feet of travellers. Their bed is a mat spread on the ground; their dress skins or clothes made from the hair of goats and camels; they go barefooted, have no property, and never pronounce the word *mine* and *thine*."

"How miserable they must have been," said Nannette.

The bishop still read: "Undisturbed peace dwells in their habitations, and a cheerfulness scarcely known in the world."

Uncle Hallam said: "I could never under-

stand how it is possible so to pervert the idea of Christianity as to form such a community. 'I pray, not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil,' seems to me conclusive that our blessed Lord meant for the righteous to mingle with sinners, and leaven them with the good leaven. There is no doubt that a certain degree of retirement is conducive to devoutness of spirit, but the excess to which many of the early saints carried their zeal, partook of the nature of sin,—and some of our modern devotees are liable to a similar error in judgment. Asceticism is not of God. The sweetest and best Christianity is to walk the earth with a cheerful face and thankful heart, accepting whatever of good is given by a loving Father, and patiently enduring the ill, but not imposing penance upon ourselves."

Miss Bent said: "I agree with you. A good friend of mine, in a foreign land, wrote to me of the bareness of his home, as if he felt that the sacrifice of all personal comfort,

and of every beauty and attractiveness in his house would be pleasing to our dear Lord: 'Bare floors, curtainless windows, an iron bedstead, a straw mattress, etc.' I responded: 'It looks to me very like an insult to our gracious Father, who delights in good gifts to His children, and in our appreciation of them. Let me prevail upon you to make your dwelling a place of light and joy. Put plants and birds here and there, and pictures upon your walls; drape the windows tastfully; gather about you whatever you can to brighten your earthly pilgrimage, and look up with a face of gladness toward a beneficent Father who loves to see you smiling and happy.'"

"Did he take your advice?" asked Uncle Hallam.

"Oh, yes; the next description of his home showed that his soul was benefitted by the change in the outward aspect of things. There was no longer the gloomy, despondent thought of earth; but a child's sweet, glad love and peace and joy in all things around him, and a

better idea of the higher life and love which are imaged by the beautiful here."

The bishop said, "St. Chrysostom had an early attraction toward a life of seclusion, and this was strengthened by St. Basil, who tried to influence him to leave his home, for the austerities of a severe retirement."

"I recollect that," said Nannette, "and how the gentle Anthusa led her son to the room where he was born, and wept, and said words 'sadder than her tears,' as she begged him not to leave her. She spoke of her early care for him, and of his likeness to his dead father, and of the great happiness that she had in this resemblance, and she said that a mother's interest in his spiritual advancement must be greater than that of any other friend, and that she would help him to such seclusion as would be profitable to his soul. It was a touching interview, and it had the effect of keeping him where it was his duty to be."

"Yes," said the bishop, "he surely owed it to his mother to return some of her watchful, loving care. I should lose my good opinion

of him if he had resisted her earnest entreaties. He was made Patriarch of Constantinople in the year 397. Do you recollect who was Emperor at that time, Nannette?"

"Honorius and his brother Arcadius were joint Emperors, grandpapa. I know Honorius had a bad wife, Eudoxia, who got angry with St. Chrysostom because he rebuked her pride. She was a heathen, and she caused him to be banished from the city. Her husband was his friend, but Arcadius took part with the Empress against him."

"And Theophilus, the Patriarch of Constantinople, was unfriendly, through jealousy of St. Chrysostom's influence," said Miss Bent. "That seems sadder than the enmity of a heathen."

"St. Chrysostom had scarcely gone into exile before he was recalled," said Nannette; "but his boldness in speaking against the worship which was offered to a statue of the Empress, offended her again, when he was banished to Nice, in Bithynia. Eudoxia

died soon after, but not before she had fixed upon the little town of Cucusus, in the wilds of Taurus, for his abode."

"It was a wearisome journey," said Miss Bent. "But he survived it, though very ill, and he continued to exert himself in the duties of his holy office; and wrote, from this place, his beautiful epistles to his life-long friend, Olympias, who was a deaconess in the Church at Constantinople, at the time of his banishment."

"It is well that the ancient order of deaconesses is being revived in our day," said Uncle Hallam. "There is an immense deal of good to be done by holy women under the direction of the Church."

The bishop said, "That is very true; the ancient records prove the value of the labors and influence of godly women, and the greatest and best of men are not ashamed to acknowledge that they owe much of their zeal and elevation of spirit, to the friendship and example of the noble and worthy of the gentler sex. St. Chrysostom addressed to Olym-

pias his work, entitled, 'None can injure him who does not injure himself.' "

"Did he die in exile?" asked Mrs. Sands.

"Yes," returned the bishop; "but not at Cucusus. By his patience under suffering he excited the admiration of the Christian world, which so exasperated the Emperor, that he commanded him to be conveyed to the shores of the Pontus Euxinus, to the town of Potyus, on its most distant borders. The officer who had him in charge, compelled the old man to perform his journey on foot, with his head uncovered, in the burning heat of the sun, and he was overcome by exhaustion. At Comana, in Pontus, he was brought to the oratory of the martyr, St. Basil. He put on white garments, received the Eucharist, uttered a fervent prayer, which he closed as usual with the words, 'Praise be to God for all things,' crossed himself, and expired, aged sixty-nine."

"A calm and beautiful close to so eventful a life!" said Uncle Hallam.

Mrs. Sands said, "I shall never again use

the prayer from his liturgy, without the remembrance of that death. How glorious an exchange,—the joys of Paradise, for the toil and burden of a lonely life.”

The bishop remarked, “He must often have been with but ‘two or three’ who were gathered together in the name of our blessed Lord Jesus, and the promise would surely be of great comfort and preciousness to him.”

“The clergy of the present age have often to stay themselves upon this ‘same promise at daily prayers,” said Uncle Hallam. “So very few obey the call of the church bell.”

“The prayer of St. Chrysostom is a peculiarly lovely one,” said the bishop. “It breathes such reliance upon the words of our Lord Jesus, that He *has* given us the promised grace, and it shows such perfect submission to His will, as to what we receive. We only ask for our desires and petitions to be fulfilled, as may be most expedient for us.”

“There is one thing that we can beg earnestly for,” said Uncle Hallam, “and that is, in this world, knowledge of God’s truth,

and, in the world to come, life everlasting.”

“Yes,” said the bishop; “whatever else the Christian may ask for with hesitation or doubt, he is sure of a gracious answer to the petition, for his soul’s health, if, meantime, he tries to keep himself spotless from evil.”

“My children,” continued the bishop, after a moment’s silence, “as I have quite a wearisome journey before me to-morrow, I must give you the final blessing in the morning and evening service of the Church; I will simply explain to you, at this time, that it is not only Apostolic, but it dates still farther back, and virtually agrees with the blessing ordained by God for the children of Israel. The benediction, in the law of Moses, repeated the Holy Name three times, in supposed allusion to the Holy Trinity, and in this which we use, we ask that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, His redemption and salvation, the love of God, which gives to us all earthly good, and has sent to us His dear Son to redeem us from eternal death and the fellowship of the Holy

Ghost, who applies to us all the benefits of the precious redemption, may be with us all, evermore. It is a fitting close of the service."

Uncle Hallam said, "The major benediction, or the blessing of peace, seems to me more perfect."

"And well may it seem so," returned the bishop, "since it has the nature both of a prayer and of absolution. It is given only by the bishop or the priest, and should be received by the congregation as from God himself, who will ratify and confirm what His ambassadors pronounce, if those who receive the blessing are qualified for it by true faith and hearty repentance. If the bishop is present, the priest himself becomes as one of the congregation, and kneels to receive the benediction. In primitive times, this blessing of peace was so highly estimated, that none durst go out of the Church till they had received it."

"We kneel and bow our heads as the Jews used to do," said Uncle Hallam. "When the service was finished, the high-

priest lifted up his hands over the congregation to give the blessing of the Lord with his lips; and they bowed themselves to worship the Lord, that they might receive the blessing from the Lord, the Most High."

"We find the Hebrew form in Numbers vi.," said Miss Bent. "And that for morning and evening service, at the end of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians,—and that in the Communion Service is partly from the New Testament, combining the benediction that God prescribed, and that which our Lord Jesus left upon His disciples."

"The first part is almost word for word in the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians," said Nannette.

Uncle Hallam remarked upon several other Apostolic forms of blessing. He said: "I have always thought that which is in our Office of Institution a very precious one. 'The God of peace' who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood

of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.'"

"I think that is from the last chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews," said Nannette.

"We will have prayers now, if you please," said the bishop.

At the summons of the bell the servants entered the room, and listened with reverence to the reading from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, of the words of our Divine Redeemer on the night before His crucifixion. "Let not your heart be troubled." In the prayers, the bishop took occasion to commend each individual of his household, especially, to the tender care of the heavenly Father. He thus showed how truly they were, severally, in his own heart and mind, and how God can think of every one of His children by name, though the multitudes upon the earth seem to us countless. When the minor benediction had been said, the hymn, "Jeru-

salem the Golden," was sung, and then the bishop pronounced the benediction of peace, and the family retired to rest.

Nannette stopped for a moment to say, "Grandpapa, I thank you very much for all your explanations of the Morning Service, and I hope we can have the other parts of the Prayer Book in the Autumn and Winter."

"With our Lord's permission, it shall be as you wish, daughter. Now one more good-night kiss!"

"I shall see you in the morning, grandpapa?"

"Yes, if it please God."

The bishop sat long alone in his study, when the silence was unbroken. He had many last things to arrange for the comfort and good of his household and the Church, before leaving for a month's absence.

It was twelve o'clock when he went to his chamber.

Nannette's door was open, as usual, and he followed his wonted habit, and went in to stand for a moment by "the child."

She was sleeping the sleep of the pure in heart. Her grandfather could not resist the impulse to lay his hand upon her forehead, just where he had sealed her for Heaven with the sign of the cross.

Nannette held out her arms, and drew his dear head down to her. "I was thinking of you in my sleep, grandpapa," she said. "Shall I tell you what I feel just now?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Your hand was so cold that it awoke me, but I was not frightened. I seemed to know in a minute that it was you beside me, and it made me think maybe, by-and-bye, when the icy hand of death touches me, though it should be a little dark around me, I may feel calm and peaceful, and perhaps look up with confidence, expecting to see our Lord Jesus standing beside me,—that great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls' you know."

"God grant it, dear child," said her grandfather. "Good-night."

"Good-night."

In the early morning, just before the bishop

left his study for the train, Nannette entered softly.

"I cannot let you go, dear grandpapa," she said, "until you have given me the beautiful Hebrew benediction."

"Kneel daughter, and remember that God is blessing you."

"Yes, grandpapa; I know, through one of His chosen ambassadors, how precious and sweet a thought it is!"

With grateful tears in his eyes, and with his hands pressed gently upon her head, the bishop prayed; "The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, now and for evermore. Amen."

"AMEN."

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