

The Ancient Church.

As rises Tenerife above
The restless ocean's moan,
So looms above earth's chance and change...

MY GODCHILD.

I looked up from my work. It was the scent of violets which roused me—real Parma violets, like a breath from a spring garden...

That day she spent with me. My little home offered an assured retreat, where the world and its claims could be forgotten.

For weeks I had not seen anything of my godchild, when one morning, as I was feeling unusually weary and depressed...

"We are going to have a holiday,—a real holiday," she said. "We shall spend it in the country together. I know a delightful spot, where you have never been, and where we can dream and talk, and wander in the woods, and enjoy ourselves in your quiet way."

"You are afraid of being disillusioned. You don't approve of the stage." "I have no right to condemn. It certainly does not fit in with my ideas."

"But just this once. It is a fine piece, and I should so like you to see me in my professional capacity." She pleaded so effectually that at last I consented, and then went to get ready for our expedition.

"How nice you look!" she exclaimed. "Do you know, when you wear pretty things you look quite young! I am sure you are not half as old as you pretend."

"Poor child!" I said, sitting down on the couch beside her, and taking her hands in mine. "Forgive my coldness! I did not understand. You must tell me all your troubles. I am only an old maid, but we women all have mother-hearts when once they are touched."

"Poor girl! How rashly I had judged her, and how my heart went out to her, now that I knew her story! We chatted long and earnestly; my work was forgotten; the press and its requirements at my hands seemed sadly insignificant to me, now that I was brought face to face with living "copy." From that day we were fast friends.

very hard. I had a great object in view. I never told you that I had a crippled little sister. I have worked to give her the very best care and treatment. She is nearly cured, and now I need work no more, because a relative has adopted her. Besides, I can give her quite a little fortune from my earnings. Everything I have will go to her."

"But you will go on making a fortune! You have a great career before you,—so great that even I would not dare to hold you back. I shall only trust and pray that God may keep you pure and good always."

"I almost let my cup drop, for my astonishment was complete. But, remembering in time that it belonged to my mother's best old Worcester set, I retained my presence of mind and put it down quietly."

Causerie de Jeudi.

that God in His Spirit dwelt in the human Christ in a more perfect degree than had been or ever will be, so that by this supreme indwelling of the spirit, Christ became the son of God. Now, such a theological position is nothing more than saying that our Lord differed only in degree from man. Is this a new position? We hear an echo from the first sermon of the great heretic Nestorius...

creation of an unerring Church was abandoned for private opinion in matters of faith.

The question of modern methods in history suggests to me that it might be well to say something of three great writers whom I am privileged to claim as my masters—William Stubbs, late Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; Mandell Creighton, late Anglican Bishop of London, and J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Stubbs was in truth what he called himself "a worker at history."

When he began his life's work the fountains of English History had been poisoned by Macaulay, Froude, and all the tribe of partisan writers who had neither the acumen nor the intellect to search for evidence and weigh it. His great aim was to provide a body of carefully copied originals well edited and well printed, through the use of which students could correct their text-books and form for themselves a balanced opinion on some historical questions.

He must abandon text-books—good, bad, and indifferent—at the beginning of his work. Having learned to read manuscripts, he must go through with infinite care the original documents of the period, or read them when published. He must become familiar with all the contemporary books—histories, diaries, sermons, poems, plays, parliamentary debates, laws, trials, etc.—in a word the period which he is studying must become as it were the period in which he lives, and he must be as conversant with its thought and life as if it were his own age in which he would take an intelligent student's interest.

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crees—We dealt with the strange workings, in thought and action of the human will and soul, in which man is most like to Him. At the feet of Stubbs we learn the sacredness of History and the sacredness of our calling. Truth in God and for God. Error outside God and against God—these were his parting words when he bade us God speed as we rode forth

with our virgin sword and unstained armour into the great emprise—the adventure of Modern History.

Drink may drive-away dull care, but it always comes back a little sharper. Riches have wings, and they generally fly so high as to be out of range.



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