

thirteen of the clergy and many of the laity, and many others would, doubtless, have been present but for the unavoidable shortness of the notice given. The Office for the Burial of the Dead was said by the Rev. E. Sullivan, D. D., Rector of St. George's Church, Montreal, assisted by the Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay and the Revs. Canon Ellegood, Rural Dean Mussen and W. Jones. An able and eloquent sermon was preached by Dr. Sullivan, who explained that he was present as the representative of the Bishop of the Diocese, who deeply regretted that a previous engagement, which could not be set aside, rendered his own presence impossible. A brief memoir of the deceased clergyman, with which the sermon ended, gave many interesting particulars of his life and death. In early manhood he felt an irresistible call to the work of preaching the Gospel, and entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Connection. He sustained this relation for 25 years, being successively appointed to several of the most important towns in the (then) Province of Canada, when his attention was providentially directed to the superior claims of the Anglican Church. Having satisfied himself by patient investigation of the existence and authority of the Apostolic Order in the Church of England, he proceeded forthwith to seek from her a valid commission to dispense the Word and Sacraments, of which he was from that time forward a wise and diligent steward. He was greatly aided in his lifelong work by a remarkably strong constitution, which is attested by the remarkable fact that not a Sunday passed for 52 years without the public exercise of some part of his ministerial functions. His last Lord's Day on earth was spent at St. Paul's Church, Knowlton; two full services, including the Holy Communion, forming a fitting close to a life which was "in labours more abundant." His last illness was short and severe, but his end was peace. In his own words, uttered shortly before his decease, "all was settled for this world and the next," and he died "at peace with God, at peace with man." The following clergymen were present at the funeral, besides those named above: Revs. J. Constantine, M. A., of Stanbridge East; J. Smith, Rector of Sutton; T. W. Eyles, Rector of Nelsonville; H. W. Nye, M. A., Rector of Bedford; W. L. Mills, Rector of St. John's; H. D. Bridge, of Philipsburgh; W. Westover, of Montgomery, Vt., and H. Montgomery, formerly Rector of St. Armand West.

The Parish of West Sheffield, and the Missions of Adamsville and Iron Hill, all in the Diocese of Bedford, are still vacant. A large and handsome Church has been commenced at West Sheffield to replace the venerable but unglorious edifice which has stood there for nearly seventy years. A wise and energetic man would find in this Parish a most interesting and promising field of labor.

DUNHAM.—The new Rector of this fine old Parish, the Rev. John Ker, has entered on his duties with a zeal and energy that augur well for its future prosperity. On Sunday, the 2nd inst., he commenced a course of Sunday evening lectures on the Historical Claims of the Anglican Church. The special subject of the inaugural address was "The Birth of the Church of England, or Eighteen Hundred Years Ago," and we are glad to learn that it was listened to by a very large congregation.

SOUTH STURLEY.—On the 29th Sept. a Harvest Home Service and Festival were held in connection with St. Matthew's Church. The church was beautifully decorated and well filled, the service hearty, and the music excellent. A thoughtful and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Rural Dean Mussen, M. A., from Proverbs iii. 8, 9. The other officiating clergy were the Ven. Archdeacon Lindsay, Rev. W. R. Brown, of Mansonsville, and Rev. J. W. Garland, Incumbent of the Parish. The dinner was served at a tent near the Parsonage, and a second tent was used for a sale of fancy articles, &c., and also for the delivery of addresses, &c. The whole affair passed off in the most pleasant manner, and we heartily congratulate our esteemed brother, the Incumbent, and his people upon its success.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

The Rev. Chas. C. Wakefield, Rector of St. Mary's, Nassau, observing in a letter to the *Nassau* (Bahamas) *Guardian* that the present seems to be a fitting time to take a retrospective view of the Church's work in this Diocese, inasmuch as it is now ten years since the first Diocesan Synod met after disestablishment, proceeds to give such a retrospect. He says, the best way for gaining a clear estimation of the progress or otherwise of the Church since disestablishment will be to take the several heads of statistics as they are given in the Diocesan reports. In 1871 there were sixty stations where Divine Service is regularly held; in 1881, the returns is eighty-five. The number of catechists has increased from fifty-three to eighty-two. Of professing Church people in 1871 the number was estimated at about 9,800. In 1881 the number is 12,484, or an increase of 2,694. Communicants in 1871 were 2,215, in 1881 there are 3,487, or an increase of 1,272. At the first date the communicants were 5 per cent of the entire population, now they are over 7.

Family Department.

HARVEST.

"Neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."

Holy is the seed-time, when the furrowed grain Sinks to sleep in darkness, but to wake again; Holy is the spring-time, when the living corn, Bursting from its prison trench like the mom.

Holy is the harvest, when each golden ear, Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year; Store them in our garner, winnow them with care, Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

Holy send our Master sower in His field— Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield; Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay, Till the Resurrection summons them away.

Glorify the Father, who beheld our need; Glorify the Saviour, who hath sown the seed; Glorify the Spirit, giving the increase; Glory, as it has been, is, and ever shall cease.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

How eagerly the sun-dewer turns to the sun! When the sun sets, and night falls, it folds up its leaves. But when the morning light comes once more, it opens up its bosom to its sweet soft touch. Nor is this all. It keeps inclining towards the sun all day, following its course through the sky. And so it is not enough that the light is falling around you. You must open your heart to the light of God's glory in the face of Jesus. You must keep it open. You must let the light chase the darkness away. So will you be children of the dawn and children of day.

I once spent a whole night on the deck of a little Highland steamer in the Cuxin canal. It was a long night. I had read Longfellow about "the cold light of stars," and I experienced it then. At last the day began to spring up in the east; and with the first rays of the sun how agreeable was the change! "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to hold the sun."

Have you ever read of Memnon's statue? It is said that when the morning rays fell on it they produced a sweet strain of music. Whether it was so or not I cannot tell; but the earth is itself a great Memnon's statue, which the sunrise wakes into harmony. Joy cometh in the morning. With the morning light, thousands of birds make the woods vocal with their melody; the sea begins to sparkle; the rivers gleam like threads of silver; and men go forth to their work with new light in their eyes, and new hope in their hearts. This is true of the Sun of Righteousness; when He rises, it is not only with light, but with healing under His wings. And the same is true of the children of light; they carry sweetness and gladness wherever they go.

Naaman's home had light in it—the light of wealth, the light of power, the light of honour; but it wanted the true light—the light of the knowledge of God. With all its splendour it lacked happiness: Naaman was a leper. In that Syrian home was a captive maid. Away from home and kindred, she was not away from God. Him she loved and served in her captivity; and her master's wife she strove to love and serve too. One day she spoke to her mistress about a cure for her master. There was a man of God in Samaria; no disease was too hard for him; he could heal the leprosy. He had done greater than that; he could do greater still. At length Naaman set out for Samaria; he saw the man of God; he washed seven times in the Jordan; he came back completely cured of the leprosy. And now his Syrian home was bright and happy; it had the light and knowledge of the true God. There was not only light, there was warmth. And what brought about this great change? It was the little captive maid—her faith, her love, dutiful service. She was a child of light, and she had warmed and brightened the home with her own sunny light and warmth.

KEEP AHEAD.

One of the great secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on, year by year, spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine tenths of the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditure exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self-respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases, as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operative in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for

the work which they are called to do, and amongst them, there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead, and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.

"REMINDE ME OF THE KING."

La Fontaine, chaplain of the Prussian army, once preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty temper. The next day he was accosted by a major of the regiment with the words:

"Well, sir! I think you made use of the prerogatives of your office, to give me some very sharp hints, yesterday."

"I certainly thought of you while I was preparing the sermon," was the answer, "but I had no intention of being either personal or sharp."

"Well, it is of no use," said the major, "I have a hasty temper, and I cannot help it, and I cannot control it. It is impossible."

And still adhering to this opinion, after some further conversation he went his way.

The next Sunday La Fontaine preached upon self-deception, and the vain excuses which men are wont to make.

"Why," said he, "a man will declare that it is impossible for him to control his temper, when he very well knows that were the provocation to happen in the presence of his sovereign, he not only could but would control himself entirely. And yet he dares to say that the continued presence of the King of kings and the Lord of lords, imposes upon him neither restraint nor fear!"

The next day his friend, the major, again accosted him.

"You were right yesterday, chaplain," he said, humbly. "Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of falling, remind me of the King!"—*Church Weekly.*

GIVING A DUTY.

One chief reason of the difficulty in raising funds for religious and benevolent objects, is the bondage under which so many truly Christian people are content to remain as to the style of their domestic arrangements, dress, etc. How many of us are actually unable to lay aside what we feel to be the right proportion of our incomes, for the advancement of God's work in the world, because we fear the verdict of society if we live in smaller houses, keep fewer servants, and a simpler table for our families and friends, or dress more economically than is customary with others occupying a similar station to our own? Is it not the simple fact, that in every grade of society, and in none more than in the middle and professional classes, the constant plea of difficulty in meeting the ordinary expenses of life is made an excuse, and with reason, when the duty of giving is urged? But let Christian men and women encourage each other to boldness in this matter, to the practical demonstration that it is possible to let the extra servant, the new dress, the artistically furnished house, the costly entertainment, be the things which cannot be afforded, and the Master's work the one thing which must be done.—*London Record.*

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation, and many months' confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about to take his leave, the patient asked: "Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"Oh, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sidney Smith who recommended taking "short views" as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one, far wiser than he, said:—

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

OUR CHILDREN.

"You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At least, they will not always be little children. Make the life you live together as happy and full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to them to grow up with the habit of being happy.

If this habit comes, not because every wish is gratified, but because they are always busy at some cheerful and helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness or to give themselves up to idle grief, when disappointment and sorrow comes into their maturer lives."

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.—Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts of which, by Thy bounty, we are about to partake; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GOD IS LOVE.

The central fact of the universe is, God is love. This is not proved by nature, nor by history. It is, indeed, difficult to reconcile it with human wretchedness in history, or with the prolific cause of human wretchedness in nature; man's nature and the world's. It is proved first by personal consciousness. The heart may know the love of God as the babe looking up into its mother's eyes knows a mother's love. The heart of God pulsates with divine love; the human heart feels the beat. And this testimony of consciousness is verified by the fact of Christ. His supreme and unapproachable life and character are themselves the attestation that he is the disclosure of God to the world. He is not from it or of it. Pilate's argument to the angry mob is the argument: *Ecc Homo*: Behold the Man. In the man shines forth the God. The divine love, witnessed by personal consciousness and verified by the life and death of the Divine Sufferer, is the premiss; not the conclusion. I do not start with life to find out what God is; I start with God to find out what life is. God is not the enigma which life is to solve; life is the enigma which God is to solve. Life is the unknowable; God is the solvent.

A POSITIVE RELIGION.

The Church of the present day needs members of clear and settled religious opinions and decided convictions, and needs men in the pulpit who are not "halting between two opinions," not tossed to and fro, and carried about by every wind of doctrine.

There is a liberality in both pulpits and pews, which is really a lack of piety, a lack of interest in religion, a failure to perceive and feel that a true faith is the "one thing needful," and is often a base and cowardly surrender of vital truths for the sake of obtaining the favor of men who to justify themselves in ungodliness and sin, oppose and reject the essential doctrines of the Word of God.

One of the popular demands upon preachers is that they draw a crowd, and one of the convictions of lay managers of Churches too often is that to do this the preacher must not give offence to the worldlings who are in any degree inclined to take the pews. Ministers have yielded to such demands, and in almost every instance have failed to obtain permanent popularity.

THINK TWICE before you let slip words that you know will hurt. It is easier to keep them from being spoken than to remove the sting and efface the wound afterwards. Many a bitter word would never have found existence if the one speaking it had thought twice before doing so.

A WISE DECISION.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a fine little fellow, scarcely six years old.

His mamma had endeavored time after time to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety; but hitherto all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When he uttered these words she said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as if in deep thought, and then, with a resolute countenance, added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."—*Our Morning Guide.*

MITE BOXES.

A WRITER to the *Standard* thus gives a hint as to how one may gather together mites for the missionary cause:—"As I was visiting a dear friend in Chicago last week, I noticed a little iron safe on her parlor mantel. It was not pretty enough for a mere parlor ornament, and as I wondered what its use could be, the lady showed it to my little Harry, and told him it was their missionary-box, and asked him if he had not a penny to put into it. One year they kept their missionary-box on the dining-table, and it collected a good sum. I have also lately read of a gentleman who gave his children monthly allowances of spending money, and when he handed them their money, each one placed one-tenth of his allowance in the family missionary-box."

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

WHATEVER may be the mysteries of life and death, there is one mystery which the Cross of Christ reveals to us, and that is the infinite and absolute goodness of God. Let all the rest remain a mystery, so long as the mystery of the Cross of Christ gives us faith for all the rest. Faith, I say. The mystery of evil, of terror, of death, the Gospel does not pretend to solve; but it tells us that the mystery is proved to be soluble, for God Himself has taken upon Himself the task of solving it, and Christ has proved by His own act that if there be evil in the world it is none of His, for He hates it, fights against it, and He fought against it to the death. The Cross saith, "Have faith in God." For however ill the world may go, or seem to go, the Cross is the everlasting token that God so loved the world that He spared not His only begotten Son, but freely gave Him for it.—*Charles Kingsley.*