

Prayer Book of
against their
of an introit
the celebrant
ne provided for
ages—provided
when there are
ly Communion.
n of the ancient
ed by the book
been restored
tately after the
nt office, where
thanksgiving for
the permission
or hymn in its
ing days being
be said or sung
just before the
make our offer-
ody fear." The
the succeeding
ate of Christ's
ands, while an
glican formula
" still suggests
be faithful de-
instead of being
veys the doc-
the Church in
union" and
ers. If it does
and the alter-
ers intend it
be substitution
her adversity."

the rubric
ace, in order
raw." In de-
the argument
te a breach
the Church
the commit-
is conten-
n England,
oth the Eng-
as people will
Militant, and
of the Church
according to
the exodus
as to avoid
ent practice.
is aimed at
very much
t instead of
uld be the
h them that
rimitive and
dom. This
the rule, if
rubric con-
Church in
is rubric, as
celebration
e to commu-
be fought.
cannot be
only two or
one person
many,—for
nd to com-
ied by the
on—a thing
except that
at the pro-
d for nine
s that the
to a place
after the
y shall be
dictated by
t reception
eaning be-

fore the consecration, when as yet Christ's Body and Blood are not yet present. Fitting also is the change in the Prayer of Consecration of "we and all others who shall be partakers" &c., into "whatsoever (in this Church or any other, in this communion or any other) shall be partakers." But why not move the Confession and Absolution to their 1549 place after the Consecration Prayer? These comprise all the changes in and additions to the Liturgy. How many shall pass the ordeal of rifting in October next, and how many shall be adopted as the deliberate choice of the Church in 1892, he would be a bold man who should attempt to prophesy.

SOME CHURCH JOTTINGS.

The Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Plunket, will visit the United States towards the end of September and will be present at the sittings of the General Convention, where, as in his tour through the States, he will plead before American Churchmen the cause of Church reform in Spain. With our experience as would be reformers of the Roman Church in Mexico, and the knowledge of the principles of Senor Cabrera, the bishop-elect of the reformed congregations in Spain, and with what is called Church reform in Cuba in evidence before us, the Archbishop must not expect very much sympathy.

The alumni of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., have just participated in the delights of a mutual camping out gathering at Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania. Their host was Mr. Robert H. Coleman of the clan of 1877, a millionaire iron man of the district, as princely in his charities as he is in his wealth. To accommodate the party nearly 800 in number, he built a camp, approached by a narrow gauge railroad with its rolling stock specially built for the occasion and carried up by wonderful engineering skill to the lofty summit of "Governor Dick." Every tent was beautifully fitted up, floored, and lighted, gas lamps were lit in the "streets" between the rows of tents; special trains were run on the Sunday to Lebanon—for the campers only, and Bishop Rubison, the assistant bishop brought over to preach to them. In the numbers present were the most potent, grave and reverent signors of the faculty, President Smith, Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, priests, lawyers, doctors, editors, merchants, newly made B.A.'s, and beardless undergraduates. All met on common terms of equality and for a week had a grand time.

Bishop Bedell, the venerable prelate of Ohio, who has not only virtually resigned his see on account of age and infirmities, but has also returned to the diocese the episcopal income paid him for the first half year of 1889, is living in the Dakota Flats, Central Park, this city. He is wheeled about in a wheel chair, but enjoys a vigorous intellect in spite of his years and the inroads which paralysis has made in his constitution and frame.

Of 122 churches in the diocese of Central New York, 55 have been built and 40 consecrated by Bishop Huntington, who last year confirmed no less than 1,128 candidates, many of them converts from the sects, and several of them ex-sectarian ministers.

1. The comparatively poor parish of Christ Church, Elizabeth, N.J., during the ten years incumbency of the present rector, the Rev. H. H. Oberly, has contributed for all purposes \$87,780.10. During the same period there have been held 10,529 services including daily Matins and evensong, which during the 35 years' existence of the Church have never been omitted. Over 1,000 communions have been annually made during the last five years, 964 persons have been baptized, and 291 confirmed. The clergy—two in number—have paid over 5,000 visits and the district visitors over 15,000. A mission chapel has been built, a new organ has been put in, and a proper chamber built for it. Except a trifling debt on the mission chapel the church and its property are absolutely unencumbered. Many a much richer congregation makes a much poorer showing.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, AUG. 4TH, 1889.

The Transfiguration.

Passage to be read.—St. Luke ix. 28-36.

Often we see the disciples perplexed and downcast by the mysterious sayings of Jesus, often we find them wondering at the marvels both His words and works showed them, and often very naturally we find them putting their own worldly construction upon those marvels, to convey to their unenlightened minds some measure of the truth about His sacred Person and His precious work for man. We have in the lesson to-day another scene of wonder, more words of

mystery, and yet an incident which, however full of deep spiritual instruction, was one calculated to encourage at least the favored three—Peter, James and John.

Perhaps towards evening, which would account for the sleepiness of the disciples (v. 22). Jesus and His three followers climb up a steep mountain side to a lonely place, far from the haunts of men (S. Mark ix. 2); they reach the level, all is dark and still, and while they rest, He, a little distance off, prays (v. 28).

But suddenly they awake; a bright and dazzling light shines about them, a glorious contrast to the darkness of a short while before. No wonder they were amazed. Let us consider—

I. WHAT THEY SAW.—1. *The Glory of Jesus.*—He was transfigured. His face had become bright as the sun. The very fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening as the light (S. Matt. xvii. 2). How this must have astonished them. They had known Him as the Carpenter of Nazareth—one they could speak to, walk with, and eat with, and perhaps feel no deep awe at his presence; but how was He now changed? Like what they knew not, for such glory they had never seen before. It must be heavenly—the glory of the King of Heaven, whom, as such, as yet they knew not.

ii. *The companions of Jesus.*—But besides their glorified Master, they saw two other figures there, and both of them also glorious (v. 31). One was the great Lawgiver Moses, and the other was the great Prophet Elijah—the greatest men the disciples had read of in Holy Scripture. Both had fasted miraculously, as Jesus had (Deut. ix. 9; 1 Kings xix. 8); both had wondrous visions of God (Exod. xxxiii. 18-23; 1 Kings xix. 11-13); both had passed out of life mysteriously (Deut. xxxiv. 5-6; 2 Kings ii. 11); and both had now come from heaven to talk with Jesus. How their appearance would add to whatever ideas the disciples already had about their Master's greatness!

II. WHAT THEY HEARD.—1. *The Conversation.*—The appearance was a real one, the disciples not only saw—they also heard. A conversation was taking place about His death, as about a thing planned out, designed by God, and to be carried out at Jerusalem—the very place where they expected Him to reign as king—what could it all mean? But now, as Moses and Elijah are about to depart, Peter speaks. To his mind it is all glorious, he wonders why they should go—he wishes to prolong the happiness—he would make three booths, and so hold, as it were, that bright scene to earth. But that could not be. This is not home of final abiding glory, a glorious shining cloud cornered them and upon the ears of the wondering apostles falls something more wondrous yet.

ii. *The Father's Voice.*—What says it? What it said at the baptism of Jesus. "This is my beloved Son." It is God telling them who this humble and despised Galilean is. How well-pleased He is in Him, and how, though right to hear Moses and the Prophets, they must, now that He has come, hear Him. What wonder that the disciples when they heard that voice could have no more. Humanity falls prostrate, stricken with terror before such awful mysteries (S. Matt. xvii. 6), and can only be reassured when the mysteries are past and the voice—the gentle voice of His Human and Divine Saviour finds it, with the outstretched hand of help—to "arise and be not afraid" (S. Matt. xvii. 7).

From this great event these three disciples would learn at least three things:

- 1st. What the real glory of Jesus had been and should be.
 - 2nd. What His relation was to the Law and the Prophets—these not against but with Him, and He superior to them.
 - 3rd. The necessity of His death.
- And these three disciples being eye witnesses of His Majesty were to proclaim these facts, and thus further the interests of the work He came on earth to do.

IF I COULD ONLY KNOW.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." 1 Peter v., 7.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by my Lord—
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness the strife—
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if He really shares
In all these little human cares,
This mighty King of Kings;
If he who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things!

It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain,
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving thought of Deity,
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not loss, but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine,
The love for me, One crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

A wealthy farmer, who cultivated some thousands of acres, had by his benevolence endeared himself greatly to his large staff of labourers. He had occasion to leave the country in which his property was situated, for some years, but before doing so, he gave his people clearly to understand that he wished the whole of the cultivated land to be kept in hand, and all the unreclaimed moor and marsh lands to be enclosed and drained and brought into cultivation; that even the hills were to be terraced, and the poor mountain pastures manured, so that no single corner of the estate should remain neglected and barren. Ample resources were left for the execution of these works, and there were sufficient hands to have accomplished the whole within the first few years of the proprietor's absence.

He was detained in the country to which he had been called. Those whom he left children were men and women when he came back, and so the number of his tenantry and labourers was vastly multiplied. Was the task he had given them to do accomplished? Alas! no. Bog and moor and mountain waste were only wilder and more desolate than ever. Fine rich virgin soil by thousands of acres was bearing only briars and thistles. Meadow after meadow was utterly barren for want of culture. Nay, by far the larger part of the farm seemed never to have been visited by his servants.

Had they been idle? Some had. But large numbers had been industrious enough. They had expended a vast amount of labour, and skilled labour, too, but they had bestowed it all on the park immediately around the house. This had been cultivated to such a pitch of perfection that the workmen had scores of times quarrelled with each other because the operations of one interfered with those of his neighbour.

And a vast amount of labour had been lost, in sowing the very same patch, for instance, with corn fifty times over in one season, so that the seed never had time to germinate and grow and bear fruit; in caring for the forest trees, as if they had been tender saplings; in manuring soils already too fat, and watering pastures already too wet.

The farmer was positively astonished at the misplaced ingenuity with which labour and seed and manure, skill and time and strength, had been wasted for no result. The very same amount of toil and capital, expended according to his directions, would have brought the whole demesne into culture, and yielded a noble revenue. But season after season had rolled away in sad succession, leaving those unbounded acres of various, but all reclaimable soils, barren and useless; and as to the park, it would have been far more productive and perfect had it been relieved of the extraordinary and unaccountable amount of energy expended on it.

Why did these labourers act so absurdly? Did they wish to labour in vain? On the contrary! They were for ever craving for fruit, coveting good crops, longing for great results.

Did they not wish to carry out the farmer's views about his property? Well, they seemed to have that desire, for they were always reading the directions he wrote, and said continually to each other,—"You know we have to bring the whole property into order." But they did not do it.

Some few tried, and ploughed up a little plot here and there, and sowed corn and other crops. Perhaps these failed, and so the rest got discour-