

necessity and then the fact of Christ's mediatorial and priestly office, and comes to regard him merely as the greatest of all religious teachers. But with His mediatorship, which involves his power of treating as an equal with both parties in the covenant, God and man, His Divinity must be denied, because not wanted for the completeness of their theory, but rather contradicting it. It is the individualism of the system exaggerated to a monstrosity, which is really more dangerous if possible, than the Ultramontane exaggeration of the Church as a corporate body.

#### CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

NO. X.

From the land of lead mines and dales we will pass for a flying visit to the next county, the land of iron and coal. Let us stand for a while on an eminence near the station which occupies the highest site between Liverpool and London. From this ridge a spring issues, which is the mother of two rivers, one flows to the German the other to the Atlantic Ocean. The south flowing waters pass at once into calm sylvan glades, the other stream flows quickly down into a very forest of five streaming towers, flashing chimneys, and smoke belching stacks; fit emblem one of a young soul taken early to Paradise, the other of a spirit plunged in all the innocency of childhood into the defiling turmoil of this world. Looking north, the eye takes in the panorama of a vast basin, the richest in the earth in mineral deposits and the necessities for their smelting and working. Rich too is the valley as a field for geological study; there, right below us, is the scene of the celebrated Murchison being crowned 'King of Siluria.' The scene is startling and dismal, we know personally of two cases of clergymen offered livings in that district who each came to see the parish placed for his acceptance, and each of these cowards fled in dismay from the spot without even seeing the wardens. They belonged to the fashionable order of preachers, not to the pastorate of Christ. But there in that vast whirlpool of fire and smoke, whizzing, whirling wheels and streams and showers of molten iron, where men are scorched as they twist, and turn, and hammer, and stir the white hot metal, where men and boys go down ere dawn of day in thousands to spend their lives in the coal mines, where women and girls work half naked amid the filth of colliery refuse or the brick field, amid too the far filthier pollution of coarse jest, and blasphemous slang, there amid physical and moral surroundings as revolting as heathenism can show, there work a clergy, scholars and gentlemen, there work too their wives, refined, cultured, well-born ladies, who find in that black desert consolation and reward. Turn with us from the highroad, down a gloomy street, every brick black with the ever-falling smoke flakes, and a weird light flashing fitfully from furnaces, whose hot breath we feel all around. On the left is a modest parsonage, we are met at the door by a stalwart, pale-faced host, who greets us merrily. Evensong calls him across the road to church, although a week night a good congregation gathers, as well they may, to a service so bright, so inspiring. We pass on to the schools, a large building erected by the pence of workmen as a testimonial to their pastor; the smoke is clearly superficial, it does not wither men's hearts as it does vegetation. Our hostess joins us at supper: what a radiant face, shining like an angel's! she has just returned from her women's class where she has been teaching, sewing, advising, consoling, praying, exhort-

ing with all her soul for two hours, after paying many sick visits, yet no signs of weariness, she might have come from a wedding she is so joyous—"the labor we delight in physics pain." We stay over night and are called to attend a workman's service at 6:15 a.m., which they can engage in on the way to the furnaces. On Sunday we find a crowded church, chiefly poor, a surpliced choir and therefore a hearty, singing, happy congregation, the youngest children taking up the chants (Gregorian) with fire and precision. Our host tells us a little of his experiences. There had been recently a District Meeting of Wesleyans near by, where the local pastor complained that our host, to whom he applied the offensive epithet "Ritualist" has carried off many of his flock. The Presiding Minister heard this whining and slander of our host and said "Brethren let us thank God for all we hear of our dear Brother the Rector of this parish and his work; he is the best Methodist in the District." Shortly before this visit the Bishop was asked to hold a special confirmation service to receive seventy adults into full communion, all won from lives of vice by our host and his wife. This came to the ears of his next neighbor, the Rev. Secretary of the Church Association of the District, who at once rushed to the Bishop to stop his so honouring the terrible "Ritualist" as he chose to dub our friend. "The Bishop made answer" "Would to God all my clergy needed such a service often, would that you sir were as faithful as the Rector of—." So these puddlers, shinglers, rollers, engineers, laborers, won from Barbarism to Christ, were confirmed by the Bishop at a special service, much to the chagrin of the Secretary of the C.A. Let us pay him a visit. Out away from cinders and smoke, we pass from the road into lovely grounds: here is the vicarage, a mansion, coachhouses and every luxury; here lives the great local champion of Protestantism. We admire his library, his horses, his wine, (for he is not a Puritan in that direction) his gardens and entourage generally. His way of life is to drive to the parish church on Sundays, read service, preach an Evangelical sermon to the Wardens, a few old men and women and the pews, which monopolise much of this teaching everywhere. He lunches in the vestry, reads evening service from 8 to 4 p.m., then drives back to his home for a week's rest; no, no, not for rest, but to spend the week in country gentleman pursuits, mingled with the duties of Clerical Secretary of the Church Association for harrying and worrying faithful priests. No visiting, no week day services, "no nothing" but taking \$5,000 per annum for the Sunday services, and for being a shining light of Low Churchism. We ask in the parish after this Vicar, and find he is wonderfully popular, praises of him ring out on every hand,—but on asking if these laudations come from Churchmen, we soon find, as can be found anywhere, that the negligent, unfaithful, indifferent, latitudinarian Clergy are always in great favor amongst dissenters; the sleepy watch-dog is the wolf's favourite, and the priest who is the pet of the sects is inevitably a dumb dog, silenced by the sop of unctuous flattery as being "liberal," "spiritually minded," etc. We will call for a moment on the incumbent of a new Parish who has just escaped the toils of persecution. He is at home, his home being two small rooms in a workingman's cottage. We cannot dwell on his work, it is enough to say he is an honest man and does his duty to God and the Church with all his heart and all his strength. These visits are made now in imagination, but our descriptions are all facts, not fancy.

We have, as it were, been at the homes of three priests, close neighbors, who are representative men, men of figure and mark in the English Church. The first a thorough, earnest, outspoken, so-called "High" Churchman, another a younger man, ardent, enthusiastic, of a more advanced school, living in a workman's cottage, working for Christ and His Church as long hours and as hard as any day laborer does for bread, the third a rich, lazy, clever evangelical, a perfect type of a class, busy only in stirring up strife. The former two are winning souls, their harvest is ever being reaped, their garners are rich with all manner of spiritual store, their Divine Master is manifestly walking with them and they with Him in all they do. The latter wins no souls, alienates them from the Church, drives them to the sects, and the sects hold him in high regard, as well they may; he is popular with those who make Protestantism a synonym for anti-Catholicity, who fancy that Christ's Commission to the Ministry is to cry "No Popery," simply this and nothing more being the whole duty of man. We present the picture of these three priests for the study of our fellow Churchmen of the Toronto Diocese, with this reflection that had these devoted Evangelists lived there they would have been subject to a deliberate attempt to drive them away. Happily they lived where men are nobler hearted, freer minded, among men who love manly independence, men who have not so learned Christ as to believe in persecution for the interests of party; so in spite of the Clerical Secretary of the C. A. of their locality, none who know our friends but love and reverence them; and Churchmen of education and reflection recognise in their lives of zeal and of success, the natural outcome in earnestness, in devotion, in joyousness, in fidelity to their vows and the Church, of those Church principles in and by which the Churches held and proved and shown forth to be Catholic and Apostolic, and Protestant also as the great historic protest against Sectarianism—a protester against Geneva as well as Rome.

### Diocesan Intelligence.

FREDERICTON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

COADJUTOR BISHOP.—The remarks on this subject in the issue of the 4th have not given universal satisfaction. It is thought by a few that some parts of the pamphlet have not received due attention. The pamphlet states that "The second section of the proposed Canon gives the Bishop the right of submitting to the Synod merely one name if he sees fit, while the sixth section allows him the power to decline making further nominations at any time when he may think proper. The objections to these extraordinary provisions are so apparent, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. When the right of submitting but one name is given to the Bishop, and he may also at any time terminate the proceedings for election, it is scarcely worth while to dignify what remains to the clergy and lay delegates by the name of choice. It is a bare right of disapproval, and one which it would be a most delicate task to exercise, if the name submitted were that of a clergyman known to be strongly desired by the Bishop, however much the clergy and lay delegates might feel doubtful as to the wisdom of accepting him."

In reference to the observation:—"It must be a most undesirable thing in any diocese, for a Bishop to have a coadjutor forced upon him who would not work in harmony with himself," the answer is supposed to be found in the pamphlet on page 9, as follows. "It has been argued that granting the right of nomination in any way to the clergy and laity, might result in the election