

"The superiority of this Presbyterian system, not only to that of the Papal Hierarchy, but to the Episcopal system of the Anglican and Lutheran Church, is apparent from every new comparison, and has ever been acknowledged by distinguished Lutheran Theologians."

"The principles of Church government, as they were fixed and applied by the Swiss Reformers in accordance with scripture, need only to be conceived and developed in all their purity to be an inestimable blessing to the Church of the future. Infinitely greater good may at least be looked for from these than from the modified Sacerdotalism on one side, and the absolute anticlericalism on the other, to which we see some inclining in our day. Everywhere the first shows itself in more covert forms, as e. g., in the Irvingites, we can only discover in it a fruitless reconstruction of earlier conditions, a coquetting with the Church of Rome. But even the other, though, in our estimation, less dangerous, and manifested in forms worthy of respect, (Quakers, Darbyites! Plymouth Brethren!! etc.) can hardly escape the reproach of great onesidedness and arbitrary grieving of the mind of the Spirit."—(Van Oosterzee's "Christian Dogmatics."—"On Church Government." Vol. 2, pp. 722, 723).

This extract requires no comment: it speaks for itself. I shall therefore neither weary the patience of your readers, nor occupy space in your columns by making any remarks upon it; but may I not properly enquire, how can an institution which sets such a text book before its pupils be looked upon as Episcopal? It may arrogate to itself the title of Protestant, it may restrict to its own supporters the name of Evangelical, but it cannot in any proper sense of the word be acknowledged as Episcopal.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN FLETCHER.

Unionville, Nov. 9th, 1881.

Quite a number of persons have availed themselves of our liberal offer. Others should do so at once.

Family Reading.

READY TO DEPART.

Her step grows slower on the flowery sward;
Friend after friend draws nigh with aching heart,
And whispers, "Lo, the handmaid of the Lord
Is ready to depart."

They ask her if she weeps for summers flown
For the old hopes—the old loves tried and true?
She answers—"He that sitteth on the throne
Said, 'I will make all things new.'"

They ask her if she feels no vain regret,
For joys that stand like earth's ungathered grain?
She answers—"Christ hath richer harvests yet;
For me to die is gain."

They ask her if she has no tear to shed,
For her old home amid the pleasant lands?
The answers—"God shall give me in its stead
A house not made with hands."

Thus calmly trusting in the Saviour's grace,
She rests upon the margin of the tide,
And sees the light of her fair dwelling place
Upon the other side.

SAVE ME NEXT.

A BEAUTIFUL incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-paralysed debauchee, who must have—will have—rum. He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries

out in agony against the chain that binds him with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the rum crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved! but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to Him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

THE PARSON'S DREAM.

"Some time ago, I dreamed that I was hitched to a carriage, attempting to draw it through the mud which covered the street in front of my house. How or why I had been assigned that position, I could not explain: but there I was, pulling with all my might, as if I had been the best carriage-horse in town. I had reached a point not far from the church, when the mud seemed deeper and deeper, and the carriage to draw so heavily that I gasped for breath and almost sank down exhausted. This seemed the more inexplicable, when, looking back, I saw the entire congregation behind the carriage, apparently pushing it along. But the more I tried the harder it became, until finally I was forced to stop and examine the difficulty. I went to the rear, where I supposed was the congregation, but nobody could be found. I called, but no answer. I repeated the call but still no reply. By and by a voice called out, 'Hallo!' and, looking up, whom should I see but one of the churchwardens looking complacently out of the window, and upon going to the door of the carriage, what was my astonishment to behold the whole congregation quietly sitting inside!"

There are many churches that are far from thinking that it is their place to push. Their "calling and election" is to quite a different sphere. In fine, by nature and by grace, they will assure you they are eminently fitted to ride. If you reason with these people, they will tell you that you greatly mistake when you expect them to do the pastor's work. Is he not expected to take the burden of the Church work upon his shoulders and bear it along? Why, bless you, sir! that's what we have him for!

RIPON MINSTER.

TILL the appointment of Bishop Longley, some fifty years ago, to the newly created see of Ripon, the magnificent minster was only a collegiate church, with a dean and six prebendaries. Most of these stately fane have been episcopal sees since the first conversion of the various Saxon principalities to Christianity. Some, like Chester and Peterborough, have been the seats of bishops since Henry VIII. suppressed the monasteries. All have historical reminiscences clustered thickly around them. Winchester, the old Saxon capital; Ely the great temple of the Angles; Carlisle, with its Welsh name and Arthurian traditions; Wells, the fairest of all, lying close to Camelot and Avalon—indicate the centres from which the light of the Gospel was spread. Some dioceses have two capitals. Thus Bath Abbey has always divided with Wells the dignity of being the cathedral of the see. Like a great many other stories, there is no foundation for the one which represents that there once two sees, united to give point to a joke. "Well, mon," King James I. is supposed to have said, in his broad Scotch accent, "wull ye hae Wells, or wull ye hae Bath?" "Both," said the candidate, who prided himself on his English. "De'll take me, then, but ye sall hae them baith," was the answer.

Ripon Cathedral has lost its crown and glory, the three spires which once surmounted its three towers. The centre one, on St. Wilfrid's Tower, fell in 1600, and broke down the roof of the choir, and the other two were removed soon after to avoid a similar catastrophe. Hence its towers look flat and heavy, and are not improved by the corner pinnacles added at the end of the last century by one of the deans. The edifice, however, is well proportioned. It measures 360 feet in length, the transepts are 182 feet, the nave with its aisles is 87 feet and the choir 66 feet in breadth.

The southeast exhibits the great east window and the oldest portion of the edifice, the Chapter-house and Vestry. The latter had an apsidal termination, and is most probably built on the lines of a Norman church erected by Archbishop Thomas of Bayeux after the devastation of Northumbria by the conqueror. Above these two rooms is the Lady-loft, lighted by square-headed windows, and underneath them a range of round-headed windows gives light to the crypt. The eastern end of the crypt till 1866 was called the bone-house. It was an ossuary, such as we find in village churches in Brittany, piled up with bones and skulls, while for three feet in depth the dust beneath our feet was that of ancient citizens of

Ripon. These remains have all now been removed. The buttress, or rather the two buttresses at right angles to each other, which are seen at the end of the Lady-loft, terminate in a pinnacle in which is a small chamber. This may have been either a place of concealment or of imprisonment, for every religious house had its *laterna* for the confinement of refractory members. Some details of this portion of the building remind one of Rochester, but only remind.

Ripon is a very ancient town, and used to be celebrated for its manufacture of spurs. It returned members to Parliament in the twenty-third year of Edward I., but was a fief belonging to the Archbishop, who had here a court and a prison, and appointed the magistrates. The first religious foundation at Ripon was that of Culdees (A.D. 661), who came from the Scotch monastery of old Melrose. In a description of Melrose and of Dryburgh allusion has been made to the havoc wrought in Scotland by the English invasions. The Scotch, we need not say, were not slow to retaliate, and in 1817 Robert Bruce burned the Minster of Ripon, but it is thought the destruction did not go further than the woodwork. The saint under whose invocation the church is placed is St. Wilfrid Archbishop of York, who dispossessed the the Culdees, as they objected to the Romish Easter, and built, as the chronicler writes, "a stately basilica, celebrated for its curious arches, fine pavements, and curious entries." Of St. Wilfrid's work nothing probably remains, although his name is given to the central tower. At the northeast angle of the nave, however, some stairs lead to a crypt which is the most interesting part of the church. A long narrow passage leads into a cell about ten feet long, cylindrically vaulted, and of strongly marked Roman character. From one angle of this is an opening called St. Wilfrid's Needle, very narrow, but opening out funnel-like into a passage parallel to the cell. According to Camden, this aperture was used as an orifice for women accused of unchastity; if they could not pass through it, they were deemed guilty. With reference to this superstition, we may add that at Rosebury Topping, in Yorkshire, there is a passage through the rocks called also St. Wilfrid's Needle, and supposed to possess the same mysterious power of detecting the guilt. In the interior of the minster are numerous monuments of Blacketts, Weddells, Aislables, and other magnates of the North Country. One, a very reduced copy of the Othric monument of Lyncoln, is hideously out of place; another, an altar-tomb, is curious for its devices. They represent a lion and a man in a grove of trees, and are said to mark the last resting-place of an Irish prince who returned from the Crusades, and was buried in Ripon. The west front, is cold and bald; some of the lancet windows in the choir are more like early French than English. How different their styles are is indicated by a comparison of Glasgow with any building of the province of Canterbury.

The daughter of the late Mr. John Joseph Mechie, of Tiptree Hall, Essex, Eng., states that her father's ruin was attributed solely and simply to the failure of the Unity Bank; and that, so far from having been ruined by his farming experiments, it was "to his successful farming, among other causes, he owed the delay of the catastrophe."

How AN ARTIST TREATED HIS VISITOR: To the Editor of the *Salam (Mass) Register*:—I would have accepted your kind invitation to visit you in your new quarters with pleasure before this had not my old enemy, Mr. Rheumatism, pounced on me so suddenly. He arrived last Friday, and without stopping to send up his card, rushed in and grasped me by the hand with such a grip that in a few hours my hand and wrist were so badly swollen and painful that I felt as though one of Hatch's coal teams had run over me. Mr. Rheumatism has been a constant visitor of mine for several years; always swells and puts on a great many airs and makes himself at home, devouring my substance and leaving me poor in flesh and pocket. Last winter he came and staid two months. I then made up my mind that the next time he came I would change his diet, as he as always gobbled down everything set before him. I was somewhat at a loss what to feed him with, but finally concluded to give him three square meals a day of St. Jacob's Oil—morning, noon and night. This fare he is disgusted with, and is packing up his trunk and will leave by to-morrow or next day; says he cannot stop any longer as he has pressing business elsewhere. He is a treacherous fellow, and he have no doubt he intends to visiting some of our Salam friends; if he does just give him the same fare that I did and he won't stop long. J. S. LEFAVOUR.

Each of our present readers can send us one new subscriber without much trouble, and a great many can send half a dozen or more.