

having once entered within the sacred edifice, you feel you are within a church. The neat chancel, the handsome communion table and the dim religious light, from lanceolate frosted windows, always harmonize with the feelings of a churchman on entering the sacred edifice. A beautiful memorial window, to the memory of the late Captain Knatchbull Hugessen, of Her Majesty's troops, was placed in the south east of this church on Wednesday, the 17th inst. The window is a very handsome one; it is nine feet six inches in height, and in width two feet. At the top are the letters I. H. S. in gold with ruby ground, richly ornamented on each side. Immediately below, is another medallion with two swords crossed, from which is suspended a soldier's belt with the representation of two medals (awarded to deceased for services in the Crimea) attached to it. Immediately below the window is a stone tablet, with pillars on either side, bearing the following inscription in gold: R. A. Knatchbull Hugessen, late captain in Her Majesty's 57th, Regiment, died August 29th, 1875, aged years. How many a memorial in perishable glass or stone tell in a few simple words a story of valour and loyalty of a son of the Island Empire. How often in the traveller's footsteps in every part of the habitable globe he meets such unexpected memorials of the fallen hero!

DEPARTURE.—On Thursday, April 18, many of the members of St. Paul's, with some from the other churches, met at the G. W. R. Station to bid a long farewell to the Rev. Mr. Gemley who, with Mrs. Gemley and Miss Gemley, were leaving for New York to take their passage for England on the 20th instant. Mr. Gemley has been a great favourite with the congregation of St. Pauls, to whom he has been assistant minister for two years. On Sunday, the last of Lent, he preached his farewell sermon to a large congregation, taking his text from the Epistle of St. Jude, 24th and 25th verses, "Now, unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and forever. Amen." His sermon was worthy of the occasion, the parting of one who had for sometime laboured for the true welfare of the people whom he addressed. He referred but incidentally to the vexed question of "Perseverance in Grace." He spoke but little of the parting, but after the sermon he read an affectionate and touching address, expressing gratitude for the universal kindness manifested to Mrs. Gemley and himself.

AN EASTER CAROL.

BY W. E. COOPER, M.A., TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.

The Roman soldier, all night long, his weary watch had kept;
A watch beside the sealed tomb of one who now had slept
For two whole nights "How vain, how useless, thus to watch," he cried;
"Did ever man more surely die than he we watch has died?"
"And think those foolish Jews the grave, once closed, can open,
"And give its tenant back again to joyous life and hope?"
"Did not the good, unerring spear drink deeply of his blood?
"Did not his life-blood issue forth with it in crimsoned flood?"
"And yet, they say, strange lights were seen, strange sounds were heard around;
"Why grew the sun so dark, and why so madly heaved the ground?
"What meant our brave centurion, too? He seems still yet in dread!
"What if—it cannot be—the grave should give up its dead!"
Thus thought the Roman soldier as the long night hours wore on,
And now the time appointed for the watch had almost gone;

The first faint grey of dawning morn was reddening in the sky,
When, lo! a bright and dazzling form went speeding swiftly by.

His face was as the lightning, and his raiment white as snow;
He glanced upon the watchers, and they bowed their faces low;
Onward to the tomb he went, and rolled away the stone;
And when the soldiers looked again—lo! He was there alone!

Then fled they to the city, ere the morning sun rose high;
And soon the tidings that the Nazarene has risen, fly
Throughout the Jewish Sanhedrim, who saw their work undone;
And fear and hate glowed fiercely in the face of every one.

And then they bribe the soldiers, shivering even yet with dread;
Say ye, "His friends have stolen his body, he surely still is dead;
"A few short moments sleep our long and careful watch has foiled,
"For when we woke again we saw his grave had been despoiled."

But glorious are the tidings which God's word to us has given!
Jesus Christ is risen to-day, the Son of God from Heaven!
He died for us, He rose again, He triumphed over death,
Then sing we Hallelujah! ever, while he lends us breath!

Hallelujah! Praise our Lord as long as we have breath!
The Son of Man, the Lord of Life, the Conqueror of Death!
Hallelujah! Praise our Lord, the Son of God from Heaven,
He liveth now for evermore; and, Death, thy chains are riven!

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We must remind our correspondents that all letters containing personal allusions, and especially those containing attacks on Diocesan Committees, must be accompanied with the names of the writers, expressly for the purpose of publication. We are not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

THE ORGANIST AT ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.

SIR,—My opinion is that the cause of the trouble in St. James' Choir lies more in the Music Committee than in Mr. Carter. Eighteen years ago I was a member of that choir, there were two full choral services on St. George's Day. The anthem on both occasions was "God is our hope" (Greene). The Hallelujah Chorus was sung after the sermon, and there were three other anthems during the offertory. I well remember attending seven practices within a week at the time, one of these was at Mr. Carter's house before breakfast; there was no difficulty in getting singers then. On Sundays there was an anthem every afternoon and evening, and sometimes in the morning. The canticles were generally sung to services. If there was a Musical Committee, I never heard of it. My experience is that if you want good choirs, you must keep them busy. But who could keep a choir at work with such a miserable programme as I saw on the doors in February? There might be an excuse for using the same chant for Magnificat four Sundays in succession in the back woods. But why do so in Toronto? Again, is it not a disgrace that the only portions of Scripture allowed to be sung are the Venite, Benedictus, Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis? It is any wonder that the infidels get the advantage when professing Christians make so little of the Bible? I think the remedy for the existing evil would be to restore to Mr. Carter the selection of the music. There should be an anthem at each service. The canticles should be sung to services, and the

Psalms should be chanted. The next improvement would be to employ a competent clergyman to intone the service, as this would secure the best kind of congregational singing. I think the organ should be in the chancel. A surpliced choir is a matter of opinion. It has this disadvantage that it shuts out the female singers.

A COUNTRY ORGANIST.

REGISTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to call the attention of my clerical brethren to a few points, concerning the demands made by the Civil authorities on us in reference to keeping a register, of the "Actes" (so written) "of Baptism, Marriages, and Burials" performed by us. 1st. I would ask, has the State any power, or rather right, to compel us to keep a register at all on its behalf? And if so should it not provide us remuneration? Some of us know that it takes up much of our time, and at the end of the year in addition we are to "classify" and "index" the contents of that register. This, to those who keep no "Vestry clerk," and that will take in all of us, except perhaps the Cathedral clergy, is no small task. And now in addition to this we are asked, or rather ordered, to fill up a schedule of "Vital Statistics." 2nd. In filling up the "Register" forms are provided. In these (drawn up without reference to our usages) we have it implied (i.e., in that of Marriage) that a license must be obtained, for no mention or allowance is made as to "Banns" having been proclaimed. In not the "little finger" growing here? The State has usurped the functions of our Episcopate in issuing licenses and now so draws up the "forms" that no other recourse should be open to us than to take its licenses. Its license to put on one side our own Church laws!! Is this right? How long are we going to sit quiet under it? Why do we not agitate this matter in Synod or in the "press"? It may seem a small matter to some, but, I ask, is it a small matter to allow our ecclesiastical freedom to be interfered with by the State in anything? Has it a right to issue licenses? Has it a right to order us to do this or that, and in such and such a form under pain of a heavy penalty? Let us take this matter up as a body—let us make the legislature understand that we have "rights" that must not be interfered with, and that it has bounds over which it must not step.

THE MISSION FUND.

SIR,—Your paper has had considerable space devoted to "The Mission Fund," and it has been well occupied. Allow me to throw out a thought or two. Endowment is not to be desired, so much as personal and constant devotedness. Endowments check personal effort; we want it drawn out, not only in giving, but in working. Those who are best endowed for home, do not, as a general rule, give most in proportion for those abroad. One thing, as much wanted as Mission Funds, is, Local Sustentation; at least, to the extent that other religious denominations exercise it. Your Kingston correspondent a few weeks ago advanced some very disparaging views, and, worse still, supported them by facts. The same sad state exists outside of Kingston. What we want is, for those who say that they are Churchmen, to give as much, and work as much for the Church, at home, as those who say that they are something else, give, and work for that something else to which they belong. Then, two things; we shall need less "Mission Fund" for our present field, and we shall have a greater spirit of practical devotedness, fostered, and exercised. Your correspondent P.H.I. cannot, I am sure, expect that the poor, ill-paid Missionary can approve his plan "for the present distress." I have all that I can do "to make two ends meet" in a little more than \$600 a year; and I feel very much like the poor unfortunate Irishman, who was offered the hope of better times, and replied, "Plase yer honer, and its immadiate relafe that I want."

A MISSIONARY.

THE "WIDE DIFFERENCE" AGAIN.

DEAR SIR,—A correspondent this week points out, what he terms, "A Wide Difference" between