

Interesting Statistics.

The full returns of the census of 1827 contained many interesting features. There were nine counties. Halifax, which embraced Colchester and Pictou, Kings, Annapolis, Shelburne, Queens, Lunenburg, Cumberland and Sydney. There were 5,783 male servants and 3,913 female servants. The dissenters from the Established Church of England numbered 1,417, 13 in Shelburne; 1,251 in Queens; 2,897 in Lunenburg. There were no Baptists or Methodists in Pictou, Cumberland or Sydney. Dissenters from the Church of Scotland numbering 405 resided in Cumberland. Three counties had Universalists. Annapolis 21, Shelburne 25, Queens 9. The Sandemanians numbered 23, and these were confined to the district of Halifax. When this sect separated from the American Presbyterian Church, several of their leaders made themselves exiles for conscience sake, and two or three of their number pitched their tents at Preston. One was the father of Titus Smith, the Village Philosopher, a gentleman of science, too little appreciated by many among whom he dwelt, particularly where he shone a solitary star in those pursuit of science which he had made the study of his life. The Sandemanians were among the most influential of the early settlers and were respected and looked up to for counsel by their more ignorant neighbours. Of Quakers there were 14 in Kings, 75 in Annapolis, 60 in Shelburne, 2 in Queens, and 7 in Cumberland. There were 3 Swedenburgs in Annapolis; 9 Antinomians in Queens; and 3 Jews in the peninsula of Halifax; and of those who professed no religion, 21 were in Halifax; 32 in Colchester, 250 in Pictou, 7 in Hants, and 10 in Annapolis. In 1827 there were 4,563 births, 945 females married, 1,908 deaths. Of horses there were 12,951; 110,818 horned cattle; 173,731 sheep, and 71,482 horses; and 3,289,220 bushels of potatoes were raised.

The Census taken in 1817 was largely inaccurate. Persons withheld information from a groundless supposition that it would be followed by the imposition of taxes upon them. To ensure better results from the Census of 1827, Sir James Kempt took timely occasion to assure the public that the sole object was to obtain information, and as that, if correct, could not fail to be interesting to every inhabitant, so His Excellency confidently hoped that a similar misapprehension would not interfere with its accuracy. The Sheriffs directed the Census.

—Halifax Recorder.

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What a Stranger says about the Services of the Church.

No wonder the Episcopalian loves the service of his Prayer Book. For those to whom its leading thoughts are true, to take part in it must be like taking part in rendering a noble oratorio. The simple, stately phrases move on like noble music. Observe their orderly procession; First the head bows in quite confession and then uplifts a shining face; then follows reverent listening as to oracles—Bible oracles broken by the pearls of prayer, then the firm tread of the Creed, and last, the bowed head again in the low, long, responsive murmurs of the Collects and Litany. Each part beautiful in detail, each richly varied from the next, yet all conspiring to unity. The service is a noble work of art.

And it is what public service should be—a common service. The book is truly called the "Book of Common Prayer." The people make together that "General Confession" with which it opens, the people praise in choral Psalms and Gloria; the people read the Psalms for the day in alternation with the priest; the people respond, petition by petition, in the Litany, and take each of the Ten Commandments to themselves, and by "Amen" appropriate the Prayers and Collects which the priest recites, and here and there the people rise and here and there they kneel together. The priest, though having much to read, never for a long space reads alone, so closely do the people follow with him.

Many ages and experiences and modes can enter into this service, and each find that which is its own. The little child in its first church-going will recognize the "Our Father" he has learned at home, and to the old in years it must be full of clustering associations.

And the use of the same book by all Episcopals widens the communion through all the lands. At the hour of worship all who hear this name are treading the same word-paths of thought and praise. Let Sunday come, and wherever he can find his Church the traveler is a native and the stranger feels at home.

All Saints Day.

"Wreaths for our graves the Lord hath given,  
The cross with crowns is hung,  
And blest with music learnt in heaven  
Our hymn of praise is sung.  
The gulf of death, now dark with fears,  
Is bridged by hope and love;  
The memories we have sown in tears  
Bloom fair in light above.  
Oh! who are these who join with

us,  
Who set the note of praise;  
Whose gleaming vestures touch us thus,  
Whose hearts our hearts up-raise?  
These dwell awhile with us below,  
The loved, the gone before;  
And these the garments white as snow,  
They wear on yonder shore.

They fought as, we are fighting now;  
And still, in blood and flame,  
To Christ the Lord they held their vow.

By Him they overcame  
And still with us they have their part;

How should we faint or fail,  
Who know what fellowship of heart  
Is ours beyond the veil?

Ours the communion of all saints,  
The Church's faithful dead,  
To cheer us when our spirit faints,  
And hope and strength are fled,  
But little have we sight to see,  
But faint the tones we hear;  
Yet drawn by light and melody,  
We press one step more near.

—The Inner Life

Wrong Habits.

Habits are often likened to the web which the spider weaves about his victim. Very frail and light are the gossamer threads at first, and apparently harmless, but by and by they are not to be broken, so strong have they become.

St. Augustine relates of his saintly mother, the beautiful Monica, that she had told him of a great danger from which she was delivered in her youth. Her father, trusting in her sweet innocent character, would send her to his wine cellar for wine, not daring to trust his servants with the keys. Monica, curious to know the effects of the liquor that so pleased her fathers guests, tasted it. She drank but a few drops, yet she felt the thrill of them through her body. She got into the habit of drinking a little every time she was sent to draw the wine, and drank more of it as she became accustomed to it, and grew to like it. She was soon in the habit of drinking bumpers. Monica told her son that she believed she would have become a drunkard, so insidiously had the habit grown upon her, but for a merciful though humiliating experience. She had occasion one day to reprove one of the servants, and the girl was insolent. She turned on Monica and exclaimed, "You! you are a drunkard!" that word was enough. Monica never touched wine again, and besought her son never to drink.

But too many, alas, have not the strength of character that Monica possessed, and so go on, down, down to everlasting destruction.

—Sel.

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