

have in his mind. All his dealings with his parishioners should be based upon it. Confirmation should be brought before the minds of the young, not merely when the Bishop gives notice of a visit but as a part of ordinary teaching. The purport of the Communion as the highest privilege of the Christian on earth, should ever be held up as the joy and prize of those who have been confirmed. Once more, a priest of the English Church is, I think bound to maintain his powers and privileges as such. Certainly the Church professes to invest him, with high spiritual powers. I wish to enter upon no disputed ground with regard to the title of priest, and the existence of what are called sacerdotal powers. I am content with the most moderate view that can be taken of the language used in the Ordination Service: and I say that, taking the most moderate view, we are bound to claim for the priest or presbyter of the English Church high spiritual powers and privileges and responsibilities which the most pious layman cannot possess. The claim may be made with all modesty, and with a deep sense of personal unworthiness; but made it must be, and it must likewise be acted upon consistently and earnestly by any one who is worthy of the vocation where-with he is called. These examples will sufficiently indicate the kind of material which seems to me to constitute the basis of genuine Churchmanship. I should trust that upon such a basis, we might all meet without any wide distinction of High or Low, even without the use of any special adjectival epithet to denote the complexion of our Church feeling. The fact is, if I am not mistaken, that there is much more real union amongst us than external phenomena would indicate; and I am bold to say that I think the spirit of union is increasing rather than decreasing. Different schools of thought, as they are called, must exist; but they can do so without the generation of party spirit—a narrow-minded feeling; nay, subject to certain reasonable limitations, I think that it is well that different schools should exist, and that each should work out, as far as may be, its own views, and exhibit its own conception of that Divine truth which in its ultimate essence is undoubtedly one—undivided and indivisible. It may be said that there is at least one party within the Church to whom all this is inapplicable, because it is essentially traitorous and untrue. I speak of what some would call the Romanizing party, concerning which I would say two things—first, that if there be a party whose purpose it is to bring back those errors and that subjection to the Bishop of Rome, which the Church of England has deliberately rejected, such party cannot be regarded as otherwise than traitorous; but secondly, I am thankful to be able to express my doubts as to the existence of such a party. I do not deny that there are occasionally individuals amongst us, both lay and clerical, who become dissatisfied with their position in the English Church, and who seek satisfaction in the Church of Rome; neither do I deny that there are a few persons who have a morbid hankering for ceremonies and practices and doctrines of which it would be difficult to find any trace or justification in the Book of Common Prayer. I bewail exceedingly what seems to me to be the lamentable folly and the mischievous example of these weak brethren. But I doubt much whether there is amongst us anything that can be called a party, which is working towards the obliteration of the distinctive marks of our Reformed Church. At all events, my reverend and lay brethren, I am sure that amongst us the dangers to be apprehended for the efficiency of the Church do not arise from Romanising tendencies, either in a party or in individuals. Cumbrian Churchmanship, whatever else it may be, is certainly Protestant to the backbone. Nor would I wish it otherwise. No gratitude to Almighty God can be too great for those blessings which we possess as a reformed branch of the Catholic Church, and which many persons express by the term Protestantism; yet it is well for us to remember that the Church may be Protestant and yet asleep or half dead; that she may be free from the errors of Rome, and yet be lacking in the power of the Holy Ghost. He who demurred to the division of the Church into High and Low, and who said that there was also a 'Slow-Church' and a 'No-Church' party, spoke that which was both witty and true; and what we really want is a fusion of

all good men into one great body, which, leaving ample latitude for differences of feeling and taste and opinion, shall exclude all those who, bearing Christ's name, are careless about Christ's work, and who, professing to be members and ministers of the English Church, do nothing corresponding to their profession."

Children's Department.

"DEAR FATHER, STEER FOR ME!"

"Come unto Me." (Matt. xi. 28.)

A clear shrill voice in childish tone
Came faintly o'er the sea;
And these entreating words it spake—
"Dear Father, steer for me!"

The child stood on the rocky shore,
His boat was out at sea;
Why did she cry, and cry again—
"Dear Father, steer for me!"

A dense sea-fog had settled down
As dense as fog could be,
To guide him safe to land, she cried
"Dear Father, steer for me!"

The boatmen heard it with delight,
And were from fear set free;
The father's heart was deeply moved
By—"Father, steer for me!"

And now they ply their oars again,
And soon how glad was he
To clasp the little form that cried
"Dear Father, steer for me!"

When, seated by his own fireside,
She climbed upon his knee,
Fondly he would the words recall—
"Dear Father, steer for me!"

But sickness came—his child must die;
"Father," she said, "I'll be
"With Jesus on the heavenly shore;
"Then steer for Him—not me."

His home and hearth are desolate,
But out on life's rough sea,
Her voice sounds sweetly in his ear,
"Oh, steer for Him—not me."

Thus he was led from all beside
To Jesus Christ to flee:—
A broken-hearted sinner now,
"Saviour, I steer for Thee!"

And grace bestowed the eye of faith
Her Saviour-God to see;
How joyful then his firm resolve—
"Saviour, I steer for Thee!"

Oh tender Parents! Children dear!
Across life's troubled sea
The Saviour's pitying voice still cries
"Poor sinner! steer for Me!"

—Mrs. M. J. Walker.

SPECK.

Speck is a sensible dog. Rosa thinks he understands every word she says. And indeed he does seem to give very intelligent assent to her remarks, though he says little himself. He sits up before her with a countenance wise, wistful, appreciative, while she explains to him the difference between himself and little girls.

"Speck," she says, "you are made with four legs, all of the same length; and since you cannot run on three of them, it is plain that you were not intended to roll hoops. Now, Belle and I have hands; I'm sorry for you, poor old fellow, that you have none; and as two feet apiece is all we need for running, we can guide our hoops where we wish. And now you understand that this is our game; so you must stay here in the garden, while we go and play on the sidewalk. Do you hear?"

Speck barks a little in assent, quite compre-

hending his unfitness for the same pursuits in which his young mistress engages; and with an air of resignation places his paw upon her lap, as much as to say, "Here's my hand—such as it is. I give you my word of honor I'll not undertake to roll hoop this morning." So he curls himself up for a nap beneath the window, while the little girls betake themselves to their play.

But no sooner does the sound of their frolicking reach his ears than he is off with a bound, over the fence, and in the midst of their fun, throwing down the hoops, tripping the boasted little feet, and running away with the fallen hats. O faithless Speck! what has become of your promise?

Belle is greatly indignant, in fact thrown into very ill-humor, at having their sport so interrupted.

But Rosa, ever ready in defence of her pet, says apologetically, "Well, he is only a dog." And then she falls to thinking more about the difference between dogs and little girls. She sees that it does not consist in the number of feet and hands that they severally possess, so much as it does in a certain something within which tells a child right from wrong.

"I know what it is!" she exclaims presently; "it is conscience!" And she calls Speck to her knee to receive another little lecture.

"Speck," she says, with uplifted finger, "you have no conscience, and that is why I shall not punish you for being so naughty to-day. You did not know it was wrong to break an agreement, but if I should do such a thing, it would be a great sin."

"Yes," says Speck, with a meek little bark, "and if you please, I'd rather be a dog than a little girl. A conscience would be so troublesome."

"But I wouldn't," Rosa replied. "I am glad I have a conscience, and that I am taught how to listen to it and obey it. Oh! I am glad that I am Rosa, and not you, Speck!"

TRUE REASON FOR BEING HONEST.

"Honesty is the best policy," said Harry aloud, "And I mean always to be honest."

"What does best policy mean?" asked his sister Ada, looking up from her work.

"Why, this," replied the boy, "That if you are always honest, even though it may not seem the wisest thing for yourself at the time, you will get best off in the end."

"I don't think," replied his sister, "that is a good reason; because if you saw dishonest people getting on better for a long time, you would, perhaps, get tired of waiting for the time to come when you would be 'best off' and begin to be dishonest too."

"Ada is right," said her mamma, coming into the room, "be honest because it is right, my son; that is the safe reason. Try to please God whether any gain comes from it or not. You will sometimes not be able to see how doing the right thing is profitable in a temporal point of view; but it will matter little, when you come to die, whether you have been 'best off' in this world or not."

"Thank you, mamma," said Harry. "In future I will endeavor to do right because it is right and is pleasing to God, whether it seems to my advantage or not."

BIRTH.

The wife of the Rev. Frank J. M. Axford, of a daughter, on 6th inst. Mary Isabel, infant died the same day.

MARRIED.

At Windsor, 20th inst, by Rev. John Ambrose, M.A., J. Richmond Barss, Esq., M.D., of Melrose, Mass., to Annie, daughter of the late Jas. Geldert, Esq., High Sheriff of Hants County, N.S.

DIED.

At her residence, 178 Carlton St., June 25th, 1878, Sarah, eldest daughter of the late Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of Toronto.