

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The name of Correspondent must in all cases be enclosed with letter, but will not be published unless desired. The Editor will not hold himself responsible, however, for any opinions expressed by Correspondents.]

## CONSOLIDATION OF THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Church Guardian:

SIR,—As most of the Synods of our Province have been held, and in all cases except one (Toronto) committees have been appointed to consider the Winnipeg proposals, and as so much in the future interest of the great historic Church of England in British North America will depend upon the reports by these various Committees to their respective dioceses, I would ask the privilege of a short space in your widely circulating paper, on the great and important question of the Consolidation of the Church.

In looking at the progress we are but slowly making, it brings me back to the time of our political Confederation and the faith that the politicians of that day had in the future of the Dominion of Canada: when the two great party leaders, Sir John A. Macdonald and the Hon. George Brown joined hands on this great question, met the delegates from the various Provinces, framed the Act of Confederation, the first Dominion Parliament assembled confirmed the same, and the Dominion of Canada became a reality, no committees of Provinces, as far as my memory serves me, but the allotted members to represent each Province elected, and the proposals for Confederation considered and the future Constitution framed and approved.

Now the Confederation of the Church is not to form her constitution, for we have a royal Charter given by the 'Master Himself' through his great Apostle St. Paul: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all who is above all, and through all, and in you all.' Hence our Catholic Constitution needs no amendments but what we are now called upon to do in B.N.A. is to consolidate the Church; unite her scattered forces for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God on the great American continent.

Unfortunately we have many doubting 'Thomasases' who unless they can see a perfect scheme for the proposed consolidation at once propounded, they will not believe in its possibility, unless, perhaps, their own particular views are accepted as a solution of the problem. Of such we have had much through our Church papers, each differing from the other and producing a vast amount of conflicting opinions that never could be brought to harmonize. I venture to say more has been written on the simple question of uniting a Church with its constitution and Faith fixed and acknowledged by all the Dioceses, than was written at the time of the political Confederation of the Provinces. I have a remarkable instance of individual opinion on this question before me in a four column article divided in two parts from the pen of a clergyman of Huron, in the *Evangelical Churchman* of late issues. I have to confess a want of brain power to know what he would have, for I doubt much if he knows himself. For my part I have been content to await the action of the Winnipeg Conference, and now that the proposals for consolidation are before the Church, I am fully satisfied they cover all the points necessary as a basis for the consideration of the first General Synod in 1893, which as the united voice of the Church would be fully competent to make such changes as may be deemed advisable. Let us, therefore, acknowledge this Synod (as in the case of the political confederation) as the first parliament of the united Anglican Church in B.N.A. and accept the result, with, of course, careful provision for future amendments to the Act of Consolidation as may hereafter be found requisite for the better working out of the same.

Having taken a great interest in this ques-

tion from its first inception by the resolutions introduced in both houses of our Provincial Synod of 1886, I have carefully watched the progress we have been making, it seems to have been slow indeed; but I am well aware many difficulties have stood in the way of obtaining the voice of the Church, and but for the action of our Provincial Synod in 1889 we should not have even made what progress we have. Let us at least trust that no differences of opinion will stand in the way of a full representation from all our dioceses at this first General Synod, for every Diocesan Synod has at least acknowledged the advisability of consolidation, and unless some decided action is taken at this Synod of 1893 (that will have taken seven years to bring about) we need hardly look for a united Church in this generation.

I dare not trespass further on your space at present, but would ask the privilege in a future issue to refer to some of the objections raised against the careful and well decided proposals for the general from the local work of the Church, as propounded by the Winnipeg Conference. Yours truly,

LAYMAN ANGLICAN CHURCH.

August 24th, 1891.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## A SUMMER MORNING HYMN.

As the birds in meadow fair,  
Or in lonely forest, sings,  
Till it fills the summer air,  
And the greenwood sweetly rings;  
So my heart to Thee would raise,  
O my God, its song of praise,  
That the gloom of night is o'er,  
And I see the sun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,  
All my heart with joy is stirred,  
And to greet Thee upward flies,  
Gladsome as a soaring bird.  
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,  
Till I learn to praise Thee right,  
Guide me in the narrow way,  
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day what'er I do,  
Bless what'er I have and love;  
From Thy Holy precepts true,  
Suffer not my foot to rove.  
By Thy Spirit strengthen me  
In the faith that leads to Thee;  
Then, an heir of life on high,  
Fearless I may live and die.

ANON.

## WOOD UP.

'The young people of to-day,' said the old squire, 'can have no idea of the difficulties and dangers of travel fifty years ago. I remember a journey that I made in 1835 from Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, to New Orleans. My chance of success in an important undertaking depended upon my reaching New Orleans before a certain day.

It was then late in November. The cold was becoming intense. The Ohio River was full of large blocks of floating ice, and there seemed to be imminent danger that the channel would close over before we could reach the Mississippi. If it should do so, there was no chance of my reaching New Orleans by land. Tracts of unbroken wilderness intervened, and the storms were frequent and heavy.

'Can we make it, Captain?' I asked as I stood beside the master of the Messenger on the deck, watching the wheel laboriously plowing its way through the masses of ice.

'I don't know, sir,' he said. The channel is nearly closed. If we can cut our way through to warmer water to-day we are safe; but the ice is making fast. Every minute counts.'

'I was trembling with excitement. My future largely depended on the progress of this lumbering old boat. She seemed to me to creep, to crawl; finally, she stood still.

'The wheel was deliberately reversed. The boat quivered, ran to shore, stopped.

'I leaped to the edge of the deck. The pilot stood idle, the captain and clerk joked leisurely together.

'What has happened?' I shouted. 'Why do you stop? I am ruined if you do not go on.'

'We are wooding up,' calmly said the wheelman. 'Taking on fuel.'

The black deck hands below were throwing the wood to the boat from a heap on shore, accompanying their motions with a slow, melancholy chant.

'I grew wild with impatience. I counted each lost minute as a step towards disaster.

'The boat started again in half an hour, but twice that night it stopped to 'wood up,' each time, as I thought, losing ground hopelessly. But when morning came she steamed triumphantly out of the caking ice into free water. We had passed on our way two boats lying caught among the ice hummocks.

'They had not fuel enough to keep their engines going,' said the captain. They wouldn't stop at the last station—thought they could make it. In a run like this, you have to make haste slowly if you want to win.'

'I often think of the captain's saying when I see ambitious young people starting on their run for life. They're too anxious, too eager. They are not willing to stop to take on fuel.'

'When I see a lad growing thin and yellow over his books, making haste to win his honors at college or his degree in a profession, I feel like saying to him, 'Lay by! Play ball—walk—sleep! You're burning up the fuel in your body; take on more.'

'Or when I see a middle-aged man driving night and day at one idea, business or book writing, or even preaching—I think, 'You're using up all you're fuel. Stop. Go out among other men. Take in fresh ideas, fresh emotions—make haste slowly.'

'More than all, when I see men who profess to be Christians, living with no other instruction for their daily life than that of a weekly sermon, I want to say to them, 'You must take in fuel. Read your Bible. Do not omit prayer. You cannot make spiritual progress simply with good intentions. Wood up, or the motive power will die out, and the better life stop midway in its heavenward journey—frozen in the ice.'—*Youth's Companion*.

## GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.

'Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?' asked Emily Manners of her cousin after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and faded.

'Oh, anything is good enough for home!' said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting her hair into a knot, she went to breakfast.

'Your hair is coming down,' said Emily.

'Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home,' said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in prettiest morning dresses, and with neat and dainty collar and cuffs; but now that she was back home again she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear and that anything would do for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home;