

Family Department.

NIGHT.

By G. A. HAMMOND.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

'Tis night—the still and balmy night! No cloud obscures the azure high; A soft, a silent thoughtful light Embathes the steep; and nature's sigh— That sigh which evermore awakes— A tone and tense of sweetness takes.

'Tis night, and the unclouded Moon Walks like a fleet of ancient time; And all the stars, so meek, so loon— Fair spirits of a purer clime— Make choral chant and symphony From out the rich immensity.

There falls a whisper from the trees, There steals a murmur on the air, Muffled and low as memories Of that which was most fond and fair: 'Till even the heart of many cares, Is caught and ravished unawares.

And holy thoughts run up and down, Firm earth to Heaven, from Heaven to earth; Each wears a robe and shining crown, And radiant pinions wait it forth; An angel's joy, an angel's guise, And power's unrivalled mysteries.

All nature, bowed and worshipping Before the Everlasting Throne, Is fragrant as an offering, And precious as a priceless stone. And smiles this moment, fresh from tears, As if it had not wept for years.

And now the wearied sons of time Have laid their creaking cares aside, To list the visionary chime Of distant rill or rippling tide. To such, the night— it is not night! But day more dim, with themes more bright!

Slumber hath balm for heavy woes, In dreams the soul may even be blest. The homeless wanderer seeks repose, And earth has peace, and mortal rest. Remembrance of quiet yet more deep, Where crowds recline in pulseless sleep.

THE RECTOR'S HOLIDAY.

By MARY R. HIGHAM.

(Continued.)

He gave a sudden sigh of relief. It was so much better to find one's self side by side with a brother in the Church, instead of a Romish priest—not but the priest might be the better man of the two, he added with a little mental humility—but and then he wondered why this man's garb seemed so unlike his own. He looked down at the tips of his ample white necktie, that Bess had taken such pains to iron and fold that very morning, (there were three others in the valise just like it,) and then he wondered if he wore—and blushed to think he was absolutely wondering if it made any difference if one of God's ministers were old-fashioned. He wished he might speak to the brother by his side, and coughed a little, gentle, preliminary cough; but the brother was quite statuesque, and only moved his eyes when he turned a page. And then Mr. Whiting thought, what could he say. It would seem so very odd to nudge his elbow, and remark, "I am a clergyman too, going to New York;" and then he stopped short when he thought what a wild, indefinite scheme it was, his going to New York, anyway. What would he say or do when he got there and at this the wheels took up the burden of the old cry in his heart, and sung "going away—away—away—going away" until it seemed to him that he should die. It was a positive relief, when the cars stopped suddenly, the conductor shouted "five minutes for refreshments;" and the tall monk by his side closed his book, rose, stretched himself, looked out of the window, and then, to the rector's dismay, sat down again. This man evidently did not intend to eat! He was feasting in good earnest. Everybody fled out of the car except a lady with two babies, an old woman with a potherie lunch basket and a seat full of grand-children, and the two clergymen. Mr. Whiting, from sheer hopelessness at the appalling solitude, gave his valise a kick that would have been vicious from any one else but that meek individual, and said "Would you like to get out, sir?"

Then for the first time the spectacled eyes were turned on Mr. Whiting, the womanish smile played about the mouth again, and the most musical of voices uttered "Thank; I never lunch;" then, as if the refusal were almost too abrupt, he

added, with a little shrug, "It is such a purely American idea to dash out there and eat a hearty meal in five minutes; I don't believe any nation on the face of earth could do it as quick."

"Then you are not an American, sir?" the elder clergyman ventured to ask.

"An American, but not a believer in American lunches," with a slight bow; and then, as if he fulfilled every duty in life by this little speech, he took up a small leather bag, black and sepulchral as his garments, and from it drew forth another book. This time the title was an alarming one, "The Manual of the Confraternity of the blessed Sacrament." Mr. Whiting rubbed his spectacles and took another look, and was feign to confess to himself that this was a confraternity of which he had never heard. Deems Corners was such a very remote place—he could afford no paper—seldom if ever did a new book or tract drift in his way, and surely he did not need them, when he had Keator and Robertson's Histories, and Archbishop Whately, and Bishop Hall, and saintly Jeremy Taylor on his book shelves. What he would have thought of "Tracts for the Times," or Dr. Pusey's Sermons, or later still, of Canon Lid'on's polished and elegant essays, could not be so much as imagined, since he had never got much farther than Jeremy Taylor, having merely skimmed a little with modern opinions, as it were, when he was a careless youth at the Seminary. In those days the initials "C.H.S." would have been not less a bewildering problem than it was to him now, poor man. He lost himself in another dream over it, and might not have roused himself until the train reached Albany, but for a name stamped on the stranger's bag in plain gilt letters: G. M. Dayke, New York. It was an odd name, Dayke, Daykel, where had he seen that name before? He went back into the past a little, before it came to him; and then—without a thought of the abruptness of his speech—he laid his hand upon the shining black sleeve of his neighbor, and said, "Do tell me, is your name Mortimer Dayke?"

"It is," said the tall figure, bowing in ill-concealed surprise.

"And you used to go to school, when you were a little chap, in E— We all called you Morty then. You were younger than I, and I used to fag you unmercifully; and years afterward we met in college again—you were a Soph, and I a Senior—but we all called you Morty then just the same." And by this time he was shaking hands with Morty, who was staring in his turn at Mr. Whiting, surprised to see the moisture gathering in the old man's eyes. "It is all very true," he answered smiling; "it seems pleasant enough, I assure you, to hear the old name, Morty; no one has used that name in the years since—but, my good friend, who are you?"

"Then I must have changed," sighed Mr. Whiting, "since even you cannot recollect me. Why, don't you remember Adolphus Whiting? I used to do all your sums in Long Division once, old fellow—perhaps you can remember that." And then both gentlemen laughed heartily shook hands as if they would never stop, and plunged into reminiscences. It was perfectly delightful to them both. If Bess had been by to hear her father call a grave, middle-aged clergyman "Morty," and to hear him in return, not only addressed as "Whiting, my dear boy;" and occasionally "Dolph," as they strayed farther and farther back into the past, she would not have felt so unhappy and bitter toward all the world, as she did, little lassie, that day.

(To be Continued.)

SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR ADVENT ADDRESSES, BIBLE CLASSES, INSTRUCTIONS, AND MEDITATIONS.

COMPILED BY THE REVEREND THEODORE E. DOWLING.

- The Kingdom of Christ. 1. The Kingdom of CHRIST in conflict with the Kingdom of Satan. 2. The Kingdom of CHRIST in the latter days of the world. 3. The Kingdom of CHRIST in the individual soul. 4. The Lord Jesus coming in His Kingdom. Parables Illustrative of Christ's Second Coming. 1. The Talents. 2. The Laborers in the Vineyard. 3. The Ten Virgins. 4. The Tares and the Wheat.

The Message to the Church of Laodicea.

- 1. The message opened. 2. The rebuke. 3. The counsel. 4. The gracious encouragement. The Church's Work in Hastening the Coming of the Day of God.—(2 St. Peter, iii. 12.)

BY DEAN PEROWNE.

- 1. Work amongst the heathen in preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom for a witness in all the world. St. Mat. xxiv. 14. 2. Work amongst the Jews in gathering in the remnant according to the election of grace. Romans xi. 6. 3. Work amongst the unconverted and careless in bringing them to repentance. 2 St. Peter, iii. 9. 4. Work amongst the Saints in making them diligent that they may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless. 2 St. Peter, iii. 14.

The Advent Call to Prayer.—St. Luke xxi. 36.

BY DEAN PEROWNE.

- 1. Prayer in the closet. St. Mat. vi. 6. 2. Prayer in the family. Joshua xxiv. 15. 3. Prayer in the Church. St. Mat. xxi. 13. 4. Prayer always. 1 Thes. v. 17.

The Advent Call.

BY CANON BARRY.

- 1. To repentance. Rom. xiii. 12. 2. To thoughtfulness. Rom. xv. 4. 3. To energy of service. 1 Cor. iv. 1. 4. To worship. Philipp. iv. 6. This course follows the Epistles of the four Sundays.

Four Thrones.

BY THE REVEREND E. H. BICKERSTETH.

- The throne of government. Psalm xi. 4. The throne of grace. Heb. iv. 16. The throne of judgment. Rev. xx. 11. The throne of glory. 1 Sam. ii. 8.

The Christian's Duty in view of the Second Advent.

BY THE REVEREND T. H. BARNETT.

- 1. To wait. St. Luke xii. 36. 2. To watch. St. Luke xii. 37. 3. To be ready. St. Luke xii. 40. 4. To work. St. Luke xii. 43.

Four Agents of Christ.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES VAUGHAN.

- 1. In the body. 2. In the Holy Ghost. 3. In His Kingdom. 4. In judgment.

Four Calls.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES VAUGHAN.

- 1. To pardon. Is. i. 18. 2. To rest. St. Mat. xi. 28. 3. To grace. Rev. xxii. 17. 4. To glory. St. Mat. xxv. 34.

Invitations.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES VAUGHAN.

- 1. Given. St. Mat. xi. 28. 2. Refused. St. Mat. xxiii. 37. 3. Accepted. Psalm xxvii. 8. 4. Realized. Cant. ii. 4.

Advent.

BY THE REV. JAMES VAUGHAN.

- 1. Realize it. Heb. x. 37. 2. Love it. 2 Tim. iv. 8. 3. Watch for it. Psalm cxxx. 6. 4. Advance it. 2 St. Peter, iii. 12.

Old Testament Types of the Judgment.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN ELLERTON.

- 1. Adam's Judgment—Its inevitableness. Gen. iii. 8-10. 2. The Flood—Its unexpectedness. St. Mat. xxiv. 37-40. 3. The Red Sea—Its separations. Ex. xiv. 30. 4. Belshazar's Judgment—Final judgment, the close of a life-long probation. Dan. v. 27.

Unwatchfulness.

BY THE REVEREND F. F. GOR.

- 1. The unwatchful disciple. St. Mark xiv. 37. 2. The unwatchful king. 2 Sam. xi. 2. 3. The unwatchful city. Is. xlvi. 8. 4. The unwatchful church. Rev. iii. 3.

Watchfulness.

BY THE REVEREND F. F. GOR.

- 1. The heart. Proverbs iv. 24. 2. The mouth. Proverbs iv. 25. 3. The eyes. Proverbs iv. 25. 4. The feet. Proverbs iv. 26, 27.

Here is an eloquent passage from an address recently delivered in England by the Bishop of Meath:—Many of you, doubtless, have heard that wondrous opening passage of Mendelssohn's Elijah, in which the musician tries to represent the despair of a whole people perishing

from thirst, a despair which finds vent for a while in sullen restless muttering until at length, gathering a terrible cumulative strength, it burst forth almost appallingly in cries of heartrending and importunate agony. So can I imagine the voice of deceived and terror-stricken humanity, having sought in vain to slake its thirst at the dry wells of modern positivism, sending upward at length to heaven the broken-hearted cry. Give us back the Christ that we have lost. Away with the ghastly spectre, the hideous phantom, the "It" that has usurped His Throne, and let us learn again to love and worship a God who is heart to heart."

SACRA PRIVATA.

HUMILITY.

"God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." 1 Peter v. 5.

I have all the reason in the world to be humble. Without God I am nothing; without His help and grace I can do nothing that is good; without His Word I know nothing; of myself I desire nothing but punishment; of my own I have nothing but faults, imperfections and sins, an inclination to evil, an aversion to good, unruly senses, ungovernable passions, unreasonable affections.

1 Cor. i. 30. O Lord Jesus Christ, who art "made unto us of God," our wisdom, by revealing Him and His glorious perfections; our "righteousness," by satisfying the justice of God in our nature; our "sanctification," by procuring for us the Holy Spirit, and by restoring us, being sinners, to God's favor; or "redemption," by redeeming us from death eternal. O Jesus, for these mighty favors all love and glory be to Thee, with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever. Amen.

The way of a happy life—Lay nothing too much to heart; desire nothing too eagerly; rejoice not excessively, nor grieve too much for disasters; be not violently bent on any design nor let any worldly cares hinder you from taking care of your soul; and remember, that it is necessary to be a Christian (that is to govern one's self by motives of Christianity) in the most common actions of civil life.

"Whosoever ye do in word or deed do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him." Col. iii. 17. He that would not fall into temptation, must have a presence of mind, a watchful eye over himself; he must have great things in view, distinguish between time and eternity, or else he will follow what passion, not what reason and religion suggest.

Christian Perfection—Whoever aspires after it, (that is in being so united to God, as to be one spirit with Him,) resolve to do all things with this sole view, to please God. This I purpose, this I forbear, this I undertake, this I do, this I suffer—in obedience to the will of God; and because I believe it will be for His glory. This should be our express purpose, at all times, when we have time to make it; and should be often renewed lest our own will come to be the notice of our actions, if I am careful to do this (I shall always have my end, whether I succeed or be disappointed, being convinced it is God's will.

"TROUBLESOME" CHILDREN.

CHILDREN of force, vitality, sensitiveness individuality, will quarrel more or less in spite of everything. Grown people possessing these qualities do so. The aggressive man was an aggressive boy; the enterprising, energetic man was an enterprising, restless boy, often a very uncomfortable boy to get along with. Selfishness properly regulated is a very necessary part of the successful individual. Sensitiveness and impatience are by no means inconsistent with a fine and noble character.

There isn't a mother alive to the interests of her children and her own responsibilities that can help exclaiming: "Who is sufficient for these things; but when we have done our best the wisest thing we can do is to leave events with God, and not cripple our energies nor waste our time in the contemplation of our own inefficient means, and weight of responsibility resting on us. When we have done all we can to form right habits in our children and correct their faults, they leave in, and the world takes them in hand. The impatient man finds that he must control his temper and repress his hasty words or he loses by it; the careless man finds that to succeed he

must learn to be careful; the arrogant man is taught by snubs to temper his arrogance with civility; the dishonest man finds that "honesty is the best policy," though he may not reduce the maxim to practice in his own life.

When we have implanted an earnest desire in the hearts of our children to grow every day more and more noble and true, when we have kindled within them the fires of earnest and unquenchable aspiration toward whatever dignifies and exalts human character, when we have given them an habitual impulse upward and toward, we have done well by them. The heaven once hidden in their measures of meal will work till the whole lump is leavened. It takes God himself, not to speak irreverently, ages to make such a world as this, ages more to bring the human race to its present state of improvement. He bears with criminals and human hyenas and waits for the good to triumph over the evil. Cannot we wait for our children to mature into a ripened manhood and womanhood? N. Y. Tribune.

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Births.

BAKER.—At Beacon Hill, on the 2nd inst., the wife of Hon. L. B. Baker, of a son.

Marriages.

BLANCHARD—KELLY.—At Christ Church, Shelburne, N. S., on Monday, the 25th October, by the Rev. Thos. H. White, D. D., Rector of Shelburne, assisted by the Rev. John R. S. Parkinson, Frank C. Blanchard, Esq., Barrister at Law, and Eva E., daughter of W. T. Kelly, Esq., of Shelburne.

HAMILTON—BLAGDON.—At Dartmouth, October 30th, by the Rev. John Bell, Rector, Frederick A. Hamilton, Esq., of the Cable Steamship Agency, to Edith Blagdon, daughter of Mr. Justice Johnstone.

WATERHOUSE—MCALPINE.—At New Tusk, Weymouth, on the 27th October, by the Rev. P. J. Filleul, Rector, Mr. David Whitehouse, to Miss Ellen A. McAlpine.

Deaths.

JOURNEY.—At Weymouth, on the 3d inst., Mr. John Journey, aged 75 years.

WILLIAMS.—At Lakeville, Carleton Co., N. B., Oct. 30th, Isaac H. Williams, M. D., graduate of College of Physicians, and Surgeon, Keokuck, Iowa, U. S., aged 24 years, 10 months, and 7 days, fourth son of Isaac P. Williams, J. P.

BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.

FOR ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter in care her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, and she is now as well and strong as any man's wife; and it only cost me two dollars. Be ye like foolish. H. W. Detroit, Mich.