

The Athanasian Creed.

SIR,—When is the Athanasian Creed to be expunged from our Prayer Book? The reading of it on the appointed days is becoming more offensive to all but the flabby professors of religion who have not sufficient intelligence, and do not take sufficient interest in what they are reading, to understand that they are each and all condemning themselves out of their own mouths. To look round a congregation, and to see them perfunctorily gabbling through the words, is not conducive either to respect for them or to reverence for the creed and its author.

The bishops in the Old Country have been considering whether it might not with propriety be left out of the Prayer Book. That they will have to adopt this course sooner or later is certain. The laity, even there, are asserting their power more and more, and are compelling the clergy to entertain broader and more rational views. In this country it is with the laity that the real power rests, and the bishops and clergy will maintain and strengthen their position only in proportion as they meet the views and wishes of their congregations.

LAICUS.

Christmas Greetings.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to offer Christmas greetings to the many friends of our Indian Homes, and to thank them through your columns for their kind and generous help to our work. It will be a satisfaction to them, I am sure, to know that our financial position is better just now than it has been for some years past, and never do I remember receiving so many boxes and bales filled with useful clothing and Christmas gifts as have arrived within the last week or two. As I am not likely to be in charge of these Sault Ste. Marie Homes for three months longer, it is a great satisfaction to me to know that there is so good a prospect of the work being kept up; and only a few days ago I received word from the Indian Department that, in reply to an application put in about a year ago, an appropriation had been made of \$2,000, the money to be used in re-shingling and re-flooring the Shingwauk and Wawanosh Homes, providing desks and bedsteads, etc., also tanks and waterpipes for fire protection. The Government has also agreed, in response to my application, to allow a per capita grant of \$60 for 23 additional pupils, which, if more Sunday-schools will aid us, will enable us to take 100 pupils altogether at the two Homes. I have been feeling a little anxious about a successor. The Bishop having unfortunately been taken ill, I had no opportunity to talk the matter over with him before he left; and although there have been, I believe, some six or seven applications made for the post, no steps have as yet, I think, been taken towards making the appointment. The local committee at the Sault is doing nothing about it, having received no authority from the Bishop to do so, neither do I feel that I have any voice in the matter myself; and yet I am naturally anxious to know who is likely to fill my place when I leave. In regard to the English contributions, the Rev. Mr. Llwyd, of Huntsville, who is now acting as the Bishop's commissary, has, at my request, asked Prof. Schneider to act as treasurer for the Homes in England, and he is, I believe, willing to do so. Everything is thus, I hope, in fair trim for the Homes being carried on after I leave in April. If anything, I look forward to their becoming more successful in the future than they have been in the past. Then, as to Elkhorn. I trust my friends will remember that the "child" requires to be cared for as well as the "parent," and of the two the "child" is just now the most in need of help. Very little clothing and very little money at present arrives at Elkhorn. The Sault Ste. Marie Homes are free from debt, and have their clothing shelves well filled. Elkhorn has a debt of \$400, and the clothing shelves are empty. Were I keeping on, my chief plea just now would be for Elkhorn, not because I care for it the most, but because it is at present the most in need. With many thanks for allowing me so much space.

Dec. 24, 1892.

EDWARD F. WILSON.

Sunday School Lesson.

1st Sunday after Epiphany. January 8th, 1893.

THE LITANY.—II.

In the first part of our Litany we address the Holy Trinity. Then we address God the Son. (Read the petition, "Remember not," etc.). This is taken from the old English Prayer Book and some of the words are taken from the Psalms. It reminds us of S. Matt. xi. 28.

I. PRAYERS FOR DELIVERANCE: THE DEPRECATIONS.

We now pray to be delivered from many evils. Let us see what these are:—

(i) *From sin and its consequences generally.* We desire to be delivered from spiritual enemies. If we follow these God's wrath must fall upon us. If we do not repent then must we be shut out from God hereafter, for sin separates from God. So we pray for preservation from all these evils.

(ii) *From special sins.* You see what they are. Jesus tempted to sin (Heb. ii. 18), but Jesus never sinned. He is able to succour us. He can sympathize with us (Heb. iv. 15). Jesus was tempted (S. Matt. iv. 1-11) by the deceits of the world (v. 8), the flesh (v. 3), the devil (v. 6).

(iii) *From great earthly sorrows.* See what terrible things these are, lightning, tempest, plague, pestilence, famine, battle, murder, sudden death. What is meant by sudden death here is unprepared death. It is not always bad to die suddenly. A great deal of pain and sorrow may be saved.

(iv) *From great public evil.* We are a fortunate people. A good system of government, a contented people. Sometimes there have been insurrections and rebellions in countries, then bad times of persecution for the Church. These are great evils; we pray for deliverance from these.

(1) Dangers to the Queen and Government. "Sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion."

(2) Dangers to the Church. "False doctrine, heresy, (i.e. setting up our own opinions, "choosing" what we will or will not believe), and schism (i.e. division).

(3) Other dangers. "Hardness of heart" (i.e. not caring whether right or wrong is done by ourselves or others), "contempt," etc. This is the worst thing of all (Prov. iv. 23; Ps. cxliv. 15).

II. APPEAL TO THE SON OF GOD BY THE MEMORY OF HIS WORK ON EARTH.

Christ did a great work for us. Satan can spoil that work if we allow him. In asking Christ's help, we remind Him of His work. Holy Incarnation, etc. We are sure He will hear and deliver us for the sake of His work.

Suppose Him coming down and saying (Isa. lxiii. 1), "I am here. What shall I do?" Life is either joy or sorrow. In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth, Good Lord deliver us. In tribulation He will save us from despair (S. John xvi. 33). In wealth (i.e. prosperity) save us from pride and worldiness. When life is going from us, what comes next? The hour of death. He will then save us from the assaults of Satan (1 Cor. xv. 55). And the last scene of all, day of judgment (S. Matt. xxv. 34). Isaiah (lxiii. 1) calls Him *Mighty to save*. This is why we pray to Him, because He is "mighty to save."

Family Reading.

Harry and Archie; or, First and Last Communion.

Continued.

Harry received his First Communion, and Nannie crept in and knelt down close by the minister; she would take it too with her brother; the minister guessed it was Nannie—he had heard of her; and Nannie received it with Harry, but he never saw her.

His First Communion was over, and Harry turned his head to the window. "He felt so happy," he said; "he wished Nannie would come; he wondered where she could be." Nannie did not speak or move. The orphan's eye was still on the window. "Archie," said he, "is that a star that shines so? Oh, think of going beyond the stars, Archie!"

"Yes, dear Harry."

"Oh, Archie, I wish you could be with me there, if I may go there, through Jesus Christ," said the dying boy; but his sight was all but exhausted, and his mind wandered; his eye was still on the stars. "The star, beyond the stars," he continued. Nannie was still near him, but he took no notice.

"Harry, don't you know Nannie, your Nannie?"

"Nannie and stars," said the dying boy, looking sweetly up in his sister's face.

"Oh, he doesn't know me!" said Nannie, throwing her arms round Harry's neck.

"Mother told me to take it," said he; "didn't you, mother?"

"I'm not mother; I am Nannie, your Nannie, Harry, boy," said the poor girl.

"Stars, Archie, boy—stars—mother told me."

"Harry, Harry, do speak to me; do you know your sister?"

"Yes, yes; my own sister: she is in London—a very long way off. The stars—it is done now—mother said so."

Nannie took out the geranium; she thought a sight of it might recall Harry's recollection. She drew it out from her old red cloak; she placed it close to him; his pale blue eyes looked earnestly at it for a moment, and then at Nannie's face, then at the geranium again. He put out his finger and touched the leaf; and then looked up at his sister's face a long while and very steadily, while his finger stayed on the geranium-leaf; a look of recollection came over his face, and in a low soft tone he said "Nannie." He shut his eyes as if to recall his mind.

He did know her—she was Nannie; he had not seen her for two years. It was the old red cloak—the very same; and Nannie had come in time to see him die.

It was almost too much for him. The thread of life was almost snapped; the last sand was nearly run out.

"Oh, Nannie! isn't it a blessed First Communion, just before I go away—my First and Last Communion. Oh, Nannie dear! mother didn't think when it would be; she did not think I should so soon follow her—did she? My First and Last Communion—so blessed through Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"But what shall I do? Harry, when you're gone, I have no one else."

Harry took his sister's hand, and pressed it with his cold fingers.

"Dear Nannie, I could wish to stay for your sake. But do follow me and mother. Don't fret, Nannie; every day you'll be nearer the end, and you'll think of me. Oh, Nannie, I'm so happy. Take care of the geranium for my sake, and think of me when you water it. I did long to see you; but I didn't think it would be as it is—at my First and Last Communion."

The factory boy sunk back and closed his eyes. His breath grew fainter and fainter. The clergyman stood a little away, waiting the end.

There was a deep silence, and all eyes were on the orphan's face. The faint breath grew fainter. No one dared move. The soul was passing. The priest knelt down and offered the Commemorative Prayer and the Lord's Prayer. Harry's lips moved.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," said the clergyman.

"Through Jesus Christ," said Harry very eagerly, and opened his eyes and smiled.

He closed his eyes, and did not open them again. Nannie thought he looked at her last. She felt a slight pressure of her hand. There was a long gentle sigh and the orphan's soul had passed away.

Harry's mortal scene had closed, and the pale, still body lay on the pillow. Archie still leant over his face, but he didn't cry.

Five days after was the Confirmation, the day Harry meant to be confirmed. But long before that hour the orphan boy was among the blessed dead.

Archie was to be confirmed; he saw Mr. Morris, and settled to go with the rest to the church on the day fixed. His soul was taken up in Harry. There was no one who was left on earth he cared for like him who was gone. All the long conversations about Confirmation and First Communion they had had together, came over and over to his mind; and he sat for hours on the stile where they used to sit together, and try and think of all he used to say. He determined and wished earnestly he could become a different character: the same evening, as he walked home, some men laughed at him for his "being turned saint since Harry died;" he did not care; he felt proud of it; and felt as if Harry was by his side, and pleased at him.

The Confirmation-day was also fixed for Harry's funeral. It was a very bright morning when all the people set off to the church where the bishop was to be, which was four miles off; and all looked gay, and glad, and bright. Archie walked there alone, and he said he would go there the same way over the field-path he used to walk along with Harry, that he might think of him all the way he went. Before he set off he went to see the last of the companion he was to walk with no more on earth. The coffin lay on the same bed where he had died. The white curtains hung