

tween profession and life. God forbid that we should not be deeply ashamed at some things into which even Christian people fall. Would pastors could deepen the piety of many of their present flocks! Rectors would reconstruct many of their people religiously, if they could, to their great benefit. Pastors hear many things, now and then, of their people that greatly pain them.

But, for all this, our brother's shortcomings should not deter us. They may, when we can read his motives, see his heart, and know him as God knows him; but not until, and that can never be.

As the body carries in itself the seeds of sickness and decay, and these break out, now and then, in bad humors, fevers, and sickness, so does man, by nature, carry tendencies to evil in himself. In the field of his heart grows tares by the side of wheat. Antagonistic principles contend within him. So it has ever been. So it will ever be until the harvest-day of time. Imperfect Church-members are thus, not an astonishing, but, on the contrary, an expected phenomenon. Let us not be so offended at it, as to refuse, on that account, to cast in our lot with the Church. On the contrary, let a brother's inconsistency be valuable to us. We can make use of it. Let it become a lighthouse to us to warn us from the rocks upon which he has struck.

And a word further. Let no one ever expect that he is going to be anything but an "imperfect Church-member." He is going to be what he perhaps has been condemning in others—not in the same degree perhaps, but the same in kind. Perfection does not belong to the earthly state of the Church. Half-formed Christian character, immature character, occasional inconsistencies, backslidings and fallings off, weakness and foibles—yes, and even sin—will be found in the lives of men and women so long as Human Nature remains as the Creator made Human Nature with His own hands, and of His own will, and for His own purposes. The part and duty of all is to strive for the best formed Christian character which they can acquire; for the least immaturity of character possible to their circumstances and temptations; for the exhibition of inconsistency of life as seldom as possible; for the fewest backslidings; for weaknesses and sinfulnesses as rarely as may be, by the exercise of their best watchfulness, and through the power of God's grace.

And above all, do let us give up the popular and sectarian idea that the Church is something with which only the perfect shall unite. It is, on the contrary, expressly for those who are not perfect. It is for those who are *desirous* to be good; for those who are *hoping* to be better, and *striving* to be so, or who *intend* so to strive.

And such as can say—hand on heart and eye on God—"I do mean so to strive; I do so desire; I do so hope; I do so intend," the parables and all the Bible, the voice of Reason and the voice of the Church—all authorize and instruct the pastors to invite and to welcome to her fold.

And, when full members of Christ's mystical Body, it will then become their bounden duty to live the most upright life that is within the utmost of their power; to let faith and good works reflect each other in the mirror of the daily walk; and to strive and labor, in every department of life, and with all the energies of their souls, as they grow in *age* to grow also in *grace*—always "imperfect members," but endeavoring to be as little so as possible.—*The Church Messenger.*

ANOTHER subscriber in Ontario writes: "I love it (the CHURCH GUARDIAN) and highly appreciate its contents."

HOW THE CENTENNIAL OF THE COLONIAL CHURCH IS REGARDED ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The Churchman's Gazette, of New Westminster, B.C., (the organ of the diocese), in its May number, says:—

It must be a subject of the greatest interest to Colonial Churchmen that we are now living in the hundredth year of the Colonial Episcopate. One hundred years ago, come August next, our noble old Mother, the Church of England, gave birth to her first Colonial Diocese, by the consecration of the late Rev. Charles Inglis to the See of Nova Scotia, and now she numbers some sixty dioceses, with seventy-five Bishops and over three thousand clergymen. It must encourage Churchmen everywhere, to know that they are in communion with a body of brethren governed by more than two hundred Bishops, ruling some twenty-nine thousand six hundred clergymen, and that of this number there are seventy-five Bishops and over three thousand clergymen, the growth of the Colonial Church during one hundred years. Must not every Churchman thank God and take courage when he contemplates what God has done? The Provincial Synod at Montreal realising that it is the first-born of this noble family, resolved, last year, that an effort should be made to mark this sign of God's favor and goodness, by bringing to the notice of the whole Colonial Church, the privilege of joining together, in raising a memorial, that should witness to future generations their thankfulness to Almighty God for His goodness and many blessings during the one hundred years that are past. The Provincial Synod at Montreal appointed a committee to report upon the best means of accomplishing this object, and we give the report so made and adopted. Nova Scotia, being the oldest diocese, has the honor of being the diocese in which the memorial is to be raised and the Centennial celebrated, and we hope to see the work carried out with enthusiasm by every diocese of the Colonial Church. We, of this young and distant diocese, we hope, will do our part, and show that distance does not loosen the bonds of church fellowship.

Probably two classes of objectors will oppose the scheme. There are always some wise-acs who can see a better way of doing anything than that decided upon, and who are always ready to join *his* company, who, some eighteen hundred years ago, asked, "Why is this waste?" whilst another class can never look beyond themselves and their own personal wants, and continually cry "charity begins at home," which is true enough so far, only it DOES NOT STOP THERE. The congregation, parish or diocese that never aids any outside work till all its own wants are supplied, will always be "full of wants," whilst that which reaches out beyond itself will find that the very "reaching out" will lessen the wants at home. We hope that next August there will be seen at Halifax such a concourse of Churchmen (Laymen, Clergymen and Prelates) from all parts of the world, that our friends and foes will be forced to exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" And that such a response will be given to the resolution asking for offerings to the Cathedral, that like in the early history of the Jews, people will have to be restrained from giving "much more than enough for the service of the work."

INDUSTRIAL IRELAND.

In "Industrial Ireland," Mr. Robert Dennis has given us a most interesting book on a subject of very great importance. In one respect it is a rarity in literature. It is almost unprecedented to find a writer on Irish matters who

is content not only to confine himself to simple facts, but to present them with the given accuracy of a photograph, undistorted on the one hand by political partizanship, uncolored on the other by the glow and fervor of enthusiasm. Here is his sketch of the present condition of the chief national industries:—

"The fisheries of Ireland are terribly neglected. Mining and quarrying can scarcely be said to exist A good trade was done in metal goods, such as cutlery, guns, needles, and pins, copper and trap goods, jewellery, &c.,—all these industries are dead, or dying The Irish gentry no longer require guns, save for self-defence, and even these they buy in England, pin making languishes from want of Home Rule (so says the solitary pin maker in Ireland.) The copper and brass trade is declining from the sheer absence of skilled workmen; there being a very general aversion in the trade to apprentices. . . . Formerly there were 13 flint glass works in Ireland, now there is only one. The banks of the Suir at Waterford, used to ring with the merry hammer of the shipbuilders, but they are silent now. There is not a town in Ireland, where you may not see one or more derelict mills, hollow and roofless, testifying to the lifeless condition of manufacturing industry in general."

There is some monotony in the tale which Mr. Dennis has to tell of the cause of this decay. It all comes at last to the familiar story of utter recklessness, apathy, and obstinate self-will. The butter-trade is rapidly declining. In 1848, 379,000 packages of Irish butter, as against 576,888 of Foreign, entered the port of London; in 1884, the numbers were 5,168 of Irish, against 1,703,772 of foreign; simply from want of care in preparation and packing, and because the farmers will send it over "in lumps tied round with a cloth or in a dirty firkin in vessels that have first discharged a cargo of coal or paraffin." The magnificent hay crop is partially ruined from carelessness in making, while enormous quantities are lost every year from being stacked in places liable to floods. Even what is well got in does not obtain anything like its proper value, because the farmers will send it to Dublin in loose bulk, and will not learn the simple process of pressing. Some few years ago, the Midland Railway Company got from America, 4 of the most improved trussing machines. At that time hay, unsaleable at the place where grown, was commanding £4 a ton in Dublin. Nobody would use them and nobody now knows where they are. Osiers would be a most profitable crop in the wet lands; nobody will plant them, and Ireland imports her baskets. Dial-plate making was a productive industry in Dublin, no one would take an apprentice; at last there was only one man left in it, he went away to London, and the plant he used was purchased for 15 shillings by the museum of the College of Surgeons.

Mr. Dennis has indeed abundantly proved his assertion in his preface, "Ireland wasted her substance, not in riotous living, but out of sheer thoughtlessness and thriftlessness, and what she does not waste, she neglects." On the causes of all this, Mr. Dennis touches with a firm hand. There is the alienation, even approaching extinction of the landowning class, who in England, are foremost in promoting agricultural improvements, both by persuasion and example. Then there is the almost incredible apathy of the small tenants. Mr. Dennis shall speak for himself of this:—

"Why is the potato so much grown and consumed in Ireland? It is, because potato-growing and potato-eating form the simplest process by which the Irish tenant can keep body and soul together. . . . He sticks his potato into the ground, and in due time gathers the harvest. Feeling hungry, he goes to his store, deals himself out potatoes enough for a meal,