

had the evening have been told. They have seen Armada that was isitions of Alva, ed on the Low o pieces—repell- ed to pieces by later there was Another hundred ant event which taken place. In Church of Scot- of loyalty to the ived her first bis- 1888, and what hat God, Whose thoughts are not Lambeth Confer- rious epoch in the you, the lady of stors to carry out ill hear more by erstanding of the uture history of and year. The ion has dismissed shren, we shall by the grace and rmitted to meet stine delighted to nemy ever enter- away. Gracious able company be l each one in his with palms in our quorers, through rs tried to be the servants."

MUNION.

n Christ as their l try earnestly to e, who pray daily, they never come ; turn away, Sun- acrament of Love w, at doing so I can quite under- rist and who live l not urge them not to cast pearls is holy unto dogs. any honest Chris- n creed, and, to ng a life of Chris- rob, and yet just munion. What ey come to wor- : the greatest act in? Our Blessed Evening Prayer and right, but our lid institute the That is the one rd Himself insti- they neglect and

sermons? Well, does not lead to ching is to lead ow can they re- great sacrament preaching is to istians, and their l is done if when will not do them; vilages, they still nons are good if are better where r about a friend, im.

od church-going of the privilege prive themselves raw near to their that they are too y fear to come. What are they e might think or at all in earnest a Christ for fear men. Such fear dly; it would be is Christ? How are! When our say to those who good enough to to call sinners, our faith is too onger, and then

come to Me?" Or, did He say, "You have not repented enough yet, come to Me when your repentance is leeper?" No. You know that He ate and drank with publicans and sinners, that He said He had come to seek the lost, and not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, that as they that are whole need not a physician but they that are sick, so it was just those who felt themselves to be sinners who should come to Him to be cured. He said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." There was one poor timid woman who could scarcely gather courage just to touch the hem of His garment. Was He angry with her? No. She was made perfectly whole, and He said, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Are you afraid of such a Saviour as that? "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?"

But then some one says, I am afraid to come to the Holy Communion because St. Paul says: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's Body." It is that word "damnation" that frightens many timid souls. But really St. Paul did not use the word damnation at all. In the Revised Version of the New Testament the meaning is given more clearly: "He that eateth and drinketh, eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself, if he discern not the Lord's Body." That is, not the judgment at the last day, but judgment or punishment in this life. For of such judgment St. Paul goes on to speak. He says to the Corinthians, you have been eating and drinking as it were a common meal, not receiving the sacrament in faith as the Lord's Body. And so judgments from God come upon us. "For this cause many among you are weak and sickly, and not a few asleep." Now those who I am trying to encourage to come to this sacred feast would not be likely to come unworthily or irreverently, they would come in hope and faith to the Lord Jesus for pardon and grace and strength, and to show their thankfulness for His redeeming death and their willingness to obey His word. So they need not fear. Our Blessed Lord does not invite you to His Table to lay a snare for your souls, and when you ask for the bread of life to give you poison. Do not fear to come. Fear rather not to come. For He has said: "Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of man, and drink His Blood, ye have no life in you." No life! Think of that! Is not that terrible? What is to become of you if you have not that eternal life which is in the Son of God? Oh, delay no longer, timidly fearing where you need not fear, and not fearing what is really to be feared. Think of the gracious words of promise: "Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." And St. Paul says: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?"

Examine yourself whether you repent truly of your former sins, steadfastly purposing to lead a new life, have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of His death, and are in charity with all men. If you find that this is true of you, you need not fear to come. Come boldly to the Throne of Grace, that you may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO STUDY FOR HOLY ORDERS.

VICARAGE, ST. MARTIN'S AT PALACE, NORWICH, MARCH 13, 1888.

DEAR MR. —:—Though I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, your father is so excellent a man that I feel sure you must have a deal that is good in you. I am the more convinced of this from hearing of your resolution to study for the Church, the highest purpose one can have in life, for it means, really, our hearty and absolute devotion to the good of our fellow-men and the glory of God.

The greatest want in the clergy now, as in all ages, is that they may be filled with a divine enthusiasm for their Master. To think of one's self is contrary to His example, for "He pleased not Himself," and we are expressly told that we are to "live not to ourselves but to Him who loved us." I trust, therefore, you will forgive me if I urge your glowing devotion to your Master. No power but intense love for God and man can really make you an able minister of the New Testament.

Of the subordinate equipments study necessarily stands foremost, for an ignorant minister is a libel against Him in whom is no darkness at all. "Give yourself, therefore, to reading;" first of all to the acquisition of the tongues in which Scripture is written, then to the thorough understanding of Scripture itself. Outside this let your reading be systematic. Read only the best books. Life is too short to waste on any others. Beware of desultory reading. To fly from book to book on disconnected subjects wastes your strength. Let your motto be, "thorough." What is best worth getting, get really,—not in a superficial, imperfect way, of which you can make

little use, and in which you cannot feel the confidence of true and accurate knowledge.

Yet, miscellaneous information gotten at odd minutes is most useful. Vivid, picturesque discourses are far more telling than dry harangues or essays. Beware of getting into the mechanical, slovenly fashion of reading written sermons. Begin while a student to address people, if only in college meetings, and you will thus get readiness. Make out a full plan of your discourse, and then from that preach the whole sermon to yourself in your study, actually repeating the words which rise in your mind as if the people were before you. Never be afraid of work. It is true religion if done for God. *Laborare est orare.* But beware of your health. It is your capital. Take daily exercise. A sound mind can only be found in a sound body. Get up betimes; morning air is purest.

Try to get a faculty of speaking to individuals about sacred things, and always remember that a word there spoken is very often more effective than a whole sermon preached to a crowd. Dismiss the fear of man. Nobody deserves the name of a Christian minister who trims his vessel by the breath of the pews.

Again, let me warn you against any matrimonial ideas for a long time to come. If you should hereafter think in that direction, let it only be when you have made your position, and can stand independent whether a rich supporter be offended or not. To be kept silent for fear of throwing a household out of bread is pitiful.

To rouse yourself to a high ideal the lives of really enthusiastic men are of great use. Men like St. Bernard, or Whitfield, or Wesley, or Edward Irving, one of the very best men of these later times.

Don't dabble with books that raise doubts and treat Christianity as a fable. The time for that will be far later, when you are strong enough to hold your own ground.

Let your central theme be the love of Christ and the merits of His death. The love of Christ is the great attraction to a better life. Keep far from mere intellectual display. Try not to think of yourself at all in preaching, but only of your theme. Good-bye and may God be with you. Your sincere friend,

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE.

Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

DOMINION.

TORONTO.

HALIBURTON.—The Bishop's commissary, the Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, has appointed the Rev. Phillip Harding Rural Dean of Haliburton, in succession to the late Rural Dean Smithett.

APSLEY.—The Rev. Rural Dean Harding wishes to express his warm thanks for a large and valuable case of clothing, books, &c., sent by Mrs. O'Rielly from the C. W. M. A., which were very acceptable to many people in his mission.

NIAGARA.

NORVAL.—We regret to announce the death of Miss Mary Willoughby, a native of Fermanagh, Ireland, which took place on Saturday, August 16th; she was a consistent church-woman, who dearly loved the Church of England, staunch in her principles, yet without the least bigotry to any denomination; by her constancy to her church she set an example to those people, who are being continually carried about with every wind of doctrine, and never settle down to the church. Mary Willoughby's ideas of the church were similar to those of that great English Churchman, John Wesley, who two years before his death said, "I declare I live and die a member of the Church of England, and none who regard my judgment will ever separate from it." Mary Willoughby was never married. After an illness of 8 weeks, borne with Christian fortitude, and having endeared herself to her clergyman and friends, she found Christ to be the perfectly trusted Guide, who would lead her through the dark valley of the shadow of death, into that world beyond the grave, of which He Himself is the Everlasting Light. She was buried in St. James' Cemetery, Toronto, alongside of her sister, on Monday last, the clergyman of the parish, the Rev. H. A. Bowden, Dr. Webster, and others accompanying the remains to Toronto. *Requiescat in pace.*

During a severe thunderstorm on Friday morning

last, (August 31st,) St. Paul's Church was struck by lightning and considerable damage done.—Norval, like many other villages in Canada, through neglect in the past, has become the abode of Presbyterianism and dissent generally, consequently, church principles work but slowly here. Of late the congregation has greatly improved, and although small there are many earnest church-families who are doing their best to improve matters. God grant that the spirit of love may move on the troubled waters of religious differences.

ALGOMA.

A trip to the North-West, Continued.—On reaching Regina I drove to the Palmer House, got out my plans of Elkhorn, and drove to the Indian Office. The Lieutenant Governor [Dewdney] was in, and I had a long interview with him. I showed him the rough sketch I had made of Medicine Hat in passing, and the spot where I wanted the Institution. He entirely approved it all, I also showed him my plans of the Elkhorn Institution, and while there made out on tracing linen the plans to send to Ottawa. On coming back to the hotel, an Indian in European dress accosted me and shook hands. It was 'Buffalo Bull,' the fellow I sketched in 1885 in his blanket and long plaited hair and face painted. I left Regina at 12.47, a.m., reached Indian Head at 2.38, a.m. Wasi arrived from Elkhorn 2 hours later, and we met at breakfast. Afterwards hired a cream colored pony and buck-board and drove out 19 miles to the Indian Reserve. I went to see the chief, 'the man who took the coat.' He did not receive us very friendly, and said he would not let us have any children. On our return we stopped at a Mr. Crawford's, they wanted to have their child baptized. We had our horse put up, and after baptizing the baby we had tea. It was 8 p.m. when we left, and we had eleven miles to go, a different road to the one we had come by, once we thought we were lost and were on the point of turning back; however, we found Indian Head at last, Wasi saw the railway water tank a quarter of an hour before I could see it. So we went to the hotel and to bed but only for four hours. At 2.15 we were up again, train started at 2.47; reached Broadview at five a.m., after breakfast Wasi went to hunt up a rig to take us to the Indian reserve twenty miles out. He brought back the livery man. "I want a pony and buck-board to go out to-day and come back to-morrow afternoon;" "sorry I cannot accommodate you, horses and traps all engaged for to-morrow as there is a Sunday School picnic." "Well you can drive me out to Colonel Macdonald's." So about ten o'clock we started in a double rig with two ponies, reached Colonel Macdonald's at 10.30. He was just starting in his own rig to Whitewood; he said he would drive us to Round Lake, and from there go on to Whitewood. So we started off and drove sixteen miles over the prairie to Round Lake in the Q'Appelle valley, where is situated the Rev. Mr. McKay's (Presbyterian) institution for Indian children, a very pretty place near the lake. Last winter they had forty-three pupils, but just now the Sun dance is going on they are reduced to about fifteen. I went all over the Institution and made a sketch. About 5.30 p.m. we started off again and drove another sixteen miles to Whitehead (a Canadian Pacific Railway station), got in a little after eight o'clock. Mr. Brown, who used to be at Regina, is the clergyman at this place. Although little known it is quite a thriving little place, much larger than Broadview. This is Thursday morning, June 14th, there is no passenger train on Thursday going East, but we expect to get on a freight train this afternoon and get back to Elkhorn.

(To be Continued).

The Rev. W. Crompton begs gratefully to acknowledge the (most unexpected) receipt of a beautiful stole from a lady friend in England. The stole is made of figured white silk and is richly embroidered. As he has now more than he requires, Mr. Crompton will be happy to send one white silk, and one red stole to any clergyman who will use them. He has also one or two which might be dyed black (now green) and would be useful, as they are in excellent condition.

Aspden Post-office Muskoka, Canada, Sept. 5th, 1888.

FOREIGN.

Ecclesiastics are not, in England at any rate, the only persons fond of processions. Not many days ago—one Sunday afternoon, and in the streets of London—we were interested in witnessing a procession of enormous length. We should doubt if, among the thousands who then tramped along, there was even