

and trials of the Church that make the Church newspaper so valuable. As we read in its columns of the missionary labours of our brethren and of their incessant warfare as loyal soldiers of the Cross, in defence of the faith we feel as if the conflict is ours, and that we too take part in their sorrowing and rejoicing. Through the Church paper that bears to many homes the incidents of our every-day history, we become familiar with our brethren though far distant, and with the scenes of their labours. And we realize the fact, too much lost sight of, that in the far West, as towards the rising sun we are brethren, children of one Catholic Church. Even within our Dominion such a bond of Union, as the continued intelligence of Church life and action, is needed to make us acquainted with each other. We are not now strangers.

A few days since a lady from a Northern Diocese, and now residing in London, gave one instance of the good resorting from a Church newspaper. "I was no stranger in London," she said, "though coming to it for the first time. I know a great deal of the Church in the Diocese of Huron, and especially in the city, through the CHURCH HERALD. I knew the several churches and the clergymen, the Memorial Church, the Chapter House and St. James's. I left uninterested in your Sunday-schools, and your Lay Helpers' Association of St. Paul's. It is pleasant to know how the Old Church is prospering in other Dioceses as well as our own."

SEASON OF SPECIAL SERVICES.

The last week before Easter has been duly observed here. In all our churches three special services on Wednesday and Friday. In St. Paul's, the Mother Church, there was divine service every day of the week at half-past 10 o'clock in the morning and half-past 7 o'clock in the evening. At morning services Rev. Canon Innis preached except on Friday when Rt. Rev. the Bishop preached from the text, Gal. 6-14 to a large congregation. At evening services there was a different preacher each evening—Rev. Messrs. Tilly, Dillon, Hurst, Halpin on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday

NOVA SCOTIA.

DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

At the March Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Diocesan Church Society, the following report of the Quebec Scheme Committee was adopted: That \$100 be granted to the Parish of Weymouth on condition that \$200 be raised by the public; and, that \$200 for one year be granted to the Mission of Amherst, on condition of \$100 being raised by the people, and that the Missionary reside at such place as the Bishop may appoint. In feeling and appropriate terms, the Bishop alluded to the loss which the Society had sustained in the death of two of its oldest and most valued members, the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Hon. Judge Bliss. After some remarks by W. C. Silver, Esq., on his motion, a committee of five was appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of the regret of the Society at its severe loss, for permanent record on the books of the Society and for transmission to the families of the deceased. The application for a grant to Wallace was referred to Quebec Scheme Committee. F. Allison Esq., and Rev. J. Abbott were appointed members of Widow's and Orphans Fund Committee. The evening of Tuesday June 30, was appointed for the Annual Meeting of the Society.

\$4,000 REQUEST FOR A NEW CATHEDRAL.

The late Judge Bliss has bequeathed \$4,000 to the Bishop of the Diocese, towards the erection of a Cathedral in Halifax, but if the same is not begun within such reasonable time as the latter may determine, the money is to be applied to other Church purposes. He also bequeathed \$2000 to the Church Endowment Fund.

MEETING OF HALIFAX CLERICAL ASSOCIATION.

The second meeting of the Halifax Clerical Association was held at St. Paul's Church on Thursday, March 26th, at 11 a.m. Thirteen clergymen were present. A large congregation participated in the service. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. B. Uniacke, Rector of St. George's from the words "That ye love one another" in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Dean Bullock, founder and first President of the Association. At 3 p.m. the Association, again assembled in the National school room. A resolution, expressing the Association's sense of its deep loss in the death of its venerable president was moved by Rev. G. W. Hill, and seconded by Rev. J. Bredding, both of whom dwelt with much feeling on the many estimable qualities of head and heart, which distinguished our departed brother. It was unanimously adopted. On motion of Rev. J. Abbott, seconded by Rev. J. Bredding, Rev. G. W. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's, was elected President. A paper on the "Six days of Creation" was read by the President, and another by the Rector of Dartmouth, Rev. J. Richardson. Both of which gave rise to some discussion. The next meeting at the invitation of the Rector, was appointed to meet at St. George's, and the Rev. J. B. Richardson and Rev. A. Brown agreed to prepare papers.

DIOCESAN SYNOD.

Our Diocesan Synod meets in the first week of July next. Delegates will be elected at the coming Easter Monday Meetings. The chief business will be the deciding of the question of Union with the Provincial Synod of Canada. The probability is that the Synod will be in favour of such union. New Brunswick will be much influenced by our action and we shall soon have the Church in the old Provinces of the Dominion united in one general Synod. This will greatly increase the influence and strength of the Church, and make the Synod representing as it will, so large a number of clergy and laity a very important ecclesiastical body.

—An announcement in the *Times* that the Hon. and Rev. E. Byng had been appointed chaplain to the Speaker created great surprise. It was generally expected by old members that Mr. Brand, remaining in office, would have continued the Rev. Henry White, chaplain of the Savoy and to the Queen, who had made himself very acceptable on all sides of the house. The appointment of a new chaplain by the old Speaker is, however, confirmed.

Juvenile Column.

Our Little Girl.

BY "MAMMA."

A tangled skein of gentle, smiling, happy curls,
Around two cheeks of glowing rose,
Our darling little girl!
A double cherry for the mouth,
Above the rounded chin,
Like little shining rows of corn,
The milk-white teeth within.

Two flashing eyes of sapphire hue,
Beneath a brow of pearl,
Now dark with thought, now bright with fun,
Our precious little girl!
The nose who shall describe the nose?
The dainty little snub!
The piquant features ill could spare
That hint of baby chub.

The little busy, restless hands:
The tireless little feet,
That patter up and down the stairs,
With music ever sweet!

One moment holding pan and brush,
With "Dannama" to vie;
Now, with a pin and knotted thread,
Her needle she will ply.
Now seated in her rocking chair,
Her one-eyed doll to nurse,
"My Goo, to de!"—in bell-like tones,
And old, familiar verse;

Now, sitting primly up, to have
"A party" with the toys;
Now, riding, switch and hat in hand,
On stick-horse, with the boys;
Now, "Let me rub you," and the arms
Around my neck are hung,
As tucked away in trundle-bed,
The lullaby is sung.

A sunny presence in the house,
A ray in every curl,
Her name is Minna—two years old—
Our only little girl.

(For the Church Herald.)
LENT.

BY DERYN FACH.

It is a long time, little friends, since you and I had a chat together. I never thought when I began to tell you some Christmas stories, that they would have taken so many weeks to tell, and between you and me, I had certainly not intended to be talking about Christmas tales during Lent. But things seem to have happened which prevented your reading the little stories as soon as I had intended.

We English people had supposed that winter was really gone, and although we have had hardly any snow, and scarcely any skating, still it has been winter after a fashion. But the spring flowers began to come weeks ago, and the warm sunshine was fast bringing out the shy buds on the trees everywhere; when back comes winter again, and freezes up the flowers and buds; and frightens the poor little birds who are building their nests; and Jack Frost comes with his icy breath, and makes the poor tiny snowdrop bells tremble on their stems; the breath of the sweet violets is almost frozen with fear at his coming; and the very daisies in the grass are covered with the footprints of this icy monster.

The snow is falling as I write, great flakes, so thick and fast; and the chubby little boy on the lawn, with his arms stretched upwards for the basket of flowers and creepers that the gardener took from him when the cold weather first came, is looking so cold in the midst of the whirling storm; and his pretty fat cheeks, and curling hair of stone, are covered with a coating of snow.

One of the robin roadshows who lives in the big tree opposite, has just flown by with a twig in his mouth; I am sure he is just as surprised as the rest of the world is at this sudden change in the weather. The birds in the grove won't know what to make of the second winter. Can't you fancy how Mrs. Blackbird, who hasn't been married a month, is chattering away to her neighbor, Mrs. Thrush, who is also a bride, and has such a fine fat husband with a beautiful tail, and the finest voice possible in birdland; the two ladies warbling sweet little grumbles in a duet, and curling up one leg into their soft, warm feathers; wishing in their hearts, but the now clouds could be blown away, and that spring would come again to gladden the grove, and the happy family of songsters who live in it.

But perhaps in a day or two there will not be a single flake of snow left on the ground, for our winters are very different to yours, and snow seldom lasts longer than a few days, especially in the south of England; so that before another week comes, we may have spring in reality. I really hope we shall, or there will be few flowers at Easter tide.

During this season of Lent, I wonder whether any of my little friends have what a great many people do during the forty days before Easter, I mean the denying themselves something that they like very much—giving it up for the six weeks. A little girl told me three weeks ago that she was going to give up sugar candy all Lent, to teach her to deny herself nice things; "so that when I got big, bigger," she whispered, "I shall be able to give up larger things."

And a small boy, who is a great friend of mine, said to me on Pancake Day, "I've made up my mind to give up one of my bad habits, as long as Lent lasts."

"Oh, indeed!" I said, "and what may the bad habit be?"

"I'd rather not tell," was his answer. "Very well, dear," I replied, "so long as you give up the bad habit, it is all right; and I don't in the least want to know what it is."

Yet, for all that, I saw well enough he wanted to tell me his secret. After a minute or two, he came sidling up to me and said:

"Would you like to know what the habit is?"

"If you like to tell me, I will listen. But wouldn't you like to know the secret?" You won't tell mamma, will you, because I should like to surprise her."

"Tell her!" I cried, "not for the world, not for ten peg-tops, and a drum into the bargain."

"Well, then," he said, speaking very low, "I'm going to give up being naughty in one particular way. I don't intend to make any grimaces, and I won't screw up my eye, all Lent, because mamma says I shall grow up such a horrible ugly old man if I do. That will be denying myself, won't it, if I give it up? And besides I think I shall leave off pinching Mary, when we are playing. That will be another good thing, won't it?"

"I hope all this will last longer than Lent," I said.

"Oh yes, I shall keep the promise for ever; you shall see if I don't," said the child.

"It isn't moonshine then, is it?"

"Moonshine! What is that."

"Rubbish, I mean."

"No. It isn't rubbish, for I really mean it all; and I shan't tease or thump —"

"Stop a minute, I put in. I'm afraid you're making too many promises, my dear boy; don't you think it would be better to make one strong one, and keep it, instead of over so many, and letting them be pie crusty."

"Piecrust! I never made a promise about pie crust. I'm never allowed to eat that. Mamma always says it gives me indigestion."

"Piecrust promises are those that are made to be broken," I said. Will yours be like that?"

No, that they won't. I shall keep mine, really; but they will be awfully hard, especially about the grimaces, because I always forget."

"Awfully hard, oh! Thunder and lightning do you mean? because they are awful, you know."

"Well, dreadfully difficult, I mean." I need not tell you that my little friend has over and over again broken these wonderful promises already; but I think he has tried to keep down one bad habit at least. He told me privately a day or two ago that he thinks Lent is "rather a difficult time of the year."

I know another child who made a solemn promise "to be good" all through Lent; but I am sorry to say she lets her vow every now and then; although I believe she has been fighting many fierce battles with a most troublesome complaint, called Bad Temper; and I trust that the victory will be gained at last.

There are many people who fast a great deal all the while Lent lasts; they eat very little meat, and go without many other things that they like, because they consider it right to do this. Some give up one thing, some another. Have you tried this self-denial my little friends? I don't mean in eating or drinking exactly, but in other ways. Whether we deny ourselves in little things, or great things, give up a bad habit, or perform some work of charity for the poor; so long as it is done from a right motive, it is pleasing to our Heavenly Father, who will crown our Lenten fast with an Easter blessing.

DR. BEKE'S DISCOVERY OF THE MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT.

Writing to the London *Times* from Suez, Dr. Charles Beke says:

On the 29th of January I wrote from Akaba, announcing the discovery of "Moses' Place of Prayer" at Madiam, on the east coast of the Gulf of Akaba, which I identify with the "Encampment by the Red Sea" of Numbers xxxiii. 10. This letter was forwarded by the Erin on her return voyage from Akaba; but, in consequence of the severe weather she was exposed to, she had to put in at Tor, whence she may be expected to arrive here in a day or two.

I am now thankful to be able to report that the object of my expedition to discover the true Mount Sinai has happily been attained very much sooner than I could have anticipated, although not altogether in the manner I had expected.

As stated in my former letter, we reached Akaba in the steamer Erin on the 27th of January.

We left Akaba under the personal escort of Sheikh Mohammed ibn Ijat, the chief of the Alauvin tribe of Bedouins, to whom I was the bearer of a firman from His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, and proceeded north-eastward up the Wady-el-Itham, (the "Etham" of the Exodus,) and encamped in the evening at the foot of Mount Barghir, one of the principal masses of the chain of mountains bounding the valley of the Arabah on the east, which are marked on our maps as the Mountains of Shera, but of which the correct designation is the Mountains of Shafah; those of Shera, as I have myself seen, being a chain extending from that of Shafah in a direction from north-west to south-east.

My astonishment and gratification may be better imagined than described, when I learned that this Mount Barghir is the same as a mysterious *Jebel-e-Nur*, or "Mountain of Light," of which I had

heard vaguely in Egypt as being that, whereon the Almighty spake with Moses, and which, from its position and other circumstances, without doubt the Sinai of Scripture; although, from its manifest physical character, it appears that my favourite hypothesis that Mount Sinai was a volcano must be abandoned as untenable.

We encamped at the foot of the "Mountain of Light," and during the ensuing night we experienced a most tremendous storm, the thunder and lightning being truly terrific, some of the claps were directly over our heads. The rain fell in torrents during several hours, threatening to wash us away altogether. I do not remember to have ever witnessed a more violent tempest either in Abyssinia or elsewhere, and its effects on my mind was this—that if the words of Scripture that at the time of the delivery of the law on Sinai "the Mountain burned with fire into the midst of heaven, with darkness, clouds, and thick darkness," (Deut. iv., 11,) with other texts which I need not here refer to, are not, as would now appear, to be under stood as descriptive of a volcanic eruption, still less can they be held to describe a mere thunderstorm, however violent, as is generally, but somewhat inconsiderately imagined.

As the climbing part of my expedition, necessarily devolves on my young companion, Mr. Milne, he, on the following morning ascended the mountain on Sheikh Mohammed's horse, and accompanied by the Sheikh's son and an attendant, also mounted, and by three Bedouins on foot. On his return, shortly after four o'clock in the afternoon, he made me a most valuable and interesting report, of which I now gladly publish a few details.

The way was at first up a narrow wady, which grows more and more narrow till it becomes a gorge. On the road they passed a stone on which some inscriptions appear to have been cut, but which are now all defaced with the exception of the words "Ya, Allah," ("Oh, God,") in Coptic, or old Arabic, characters. Within the gorge itself they stopped to inspect another large stone, about four feet long and two feet square, made of granite. It originally stood upright, about two or three feet away from the side of the gorge, on another stone, which served as a pedestal; but it has now fallen over, and rests between its pedestal and the side of the gorge. Near this stone the Bedouins came to pray; and, according to the statement of Sheikh Mohammed, who had heard it from his father, and he from his father, and so on, Sidi Ali ibn 'Elim, a noted Mohammedan saint, whose tomb and mosque are between Jaffa and Haifa, came here also to perform his devotions. What led him to do so my informant could not say, unless he was commanded by Allah.

On reaching the gorge the riders had to leave their horses with two of the Arabs, and perform the rest of the ascent on foot. A short way up they came to a low wall across the gorge, which latter is filled with large boulders, and close above the wall, on the right hand, is a well about three feet in diameter and about the same to the surface of the water, which may be two feet deep. From this point the ascent was a "climb," the face of the rock being almost perpendicular.

On the ridge on the left side of the gorge, about 150 yards distant from the well, is a pile of large rounded boulders of granite, consisting of four stones* of material of the mountain, three standing up facing the north and one at the back to the south, and on all of them are cut inscriptions, which Mr. Milne copied as well as his cold fingers would allow him to do so. The stones, which are much weather-worn, are externally of a dark-brown colour, against which the inscriptions make themselves visible from their being of a somewhat lighter colour. The lines of these "Sinaitic inscriptions" are about three-quarters of an inch broad and very shallow, being not more than an eighth of an inch deep. The figures on the stones are very rude, and can hardly be phonetic; neither is it easy to say what they are intended to represent.

On the very summit of the mountain they found numerous sheep skulls and horns, with a few bones, it being the custom of the Bedouins to come up here to pray and to sacrifice a lamb, which is eaten on the spot. But none of the remains appear to be very recent. It is here, as I was told, that the Almighty is said to have spake with Moses.

Before reaching the summit, snow was found in the crevices of the mountain, and while Mr. Milne was at the top it hailed and snowed, and was so bitterly cold that it was as much as he could do to take a few angles with the Azimuth compass, and even this, he could not have done, had not his attendants kindled a fire by which he might warm his fingers. The elevation of the spot is estimated at 5,000 feet, but it will be known more accurately when our observations on the journey come to be calculated. Though so far distant Akaba seemed just under his feet, but on so diminutive a scale that he failed to detect the castle among the date-palm trees, the general outline of which alone was visible. In other directions the landscape was blocked out by banks of cloud fog, and rain.

Mount Barghir—the Mountain of Light—is one of the loftiest peaks of the range of mountains on the east side of the Wady-el-Arabah and the east side of the Wady-el-Itham, overhanging the latter.

Without dwelling on the geological features of the mountain, of which Mr. John Milne's report will treat very fully in my book, it will be sufficient to say here that it consists of a mass of pink or reddish granite, which, in places where it is weathered, assumes a dark-brown hue, and that the granite is traversed by numerous dykes, generally of a dark-green colour, and apparently dioritic.

On one side of the mountain are many large boulders, several of which are so much decomposed on their under sides as to form small caverns. One of these is as much as twenty feet, or thereabouts, each way across with a height of ten feet or twice that at the entrance, sloping down toward the back. As the existence of a cave or caves on Mount Sinai is essential in order to meet the requirements of the texts, Exodus, xxxiii. 22, and First Kings, xix., 9, the fact that such caves do actually exist on the Mountain of Light, is most pertinent and important.

No less significant is the fact that this majestic mountain is visible in all directions, and that round its base toward the east and south there is camping ground for hundreds of thousands of persons.

It would be out of place to dwell here on the importance of this discovery of the Mountain of Light, as regards the elucidation of the Sacred History. Its identification with the mountain on which the law was delivered is scarcely open to doubt. I had imagined that mountain to be a volcano. I have publicly declared my conviction that such must be the fact, and the journey from which I am now returning was undertaken with the express object of establishing this assumed fact. I am now bound to admit that this discovery, though in strict accordance with the principles enunciated in my *Origines Biblicae* forty years ago, proves me to be egregiously mistaken with respect to the volcanic character of Mount Sinai. I make this admission without any reservation, because my desire is, as it always has been, to adduce evidence of the historical truth of the Scripture narrative of the Exodus, in contradiction to the erroneous interpretation put upon that narrative which has caused its truth to be called in question; and I should be a traitor to the cause I have so much at heart were I to attempt to bolster up my own opinions when found to be unsupported by facts. *Grant is truth, and mighty above all things.* I am, Sir, your very obedient servant, Suez, Feb. 16. CHARLES BEKE.

IS CHRISTIANITY INCREASING IN AMERICA.

Fashionable Christianity is certainly on the increase. Costly and highly ornamented churches are being built in all our large towns, among the well-to-do people. And those churches on Sunday morning are well attended, where the music is attractive and the preaching is entertaining. But if the question be asked, "Is there more of Christian life to be seen among the attendants of these Churches than in the years that are past—the answer, we fear, must be, no. For the great majority of those people lay aside Christianity, when they go home. The man, as a rule, are all the week long absorbed with their business, while the women, with many blessed exceptions, are absorbed by the fashions and gay entertainments of the day. The eager pursuit of wealth has taken possession of the mind of the American people to-day so completely that the high-toned sense of honor, and strict adherence to truth and justice, that once characterized our men, is now the exception rather than the rule.

Let the great body of professing Christians to-day be judged by the rules laid down in the Gospel, and where will they stand? How many men or women in the Church of Christ in our land to-day "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness?" How many realize that they are but stewards of the Lord, and for everything He gives them they must render a strict account? How very often do we see Christian families spending ten times as much on a single entertainment, as they give to the treasury of the Lord in a whole year.—*Standard of the Cross.*

FEVER.—In Cairo is a Church of Copts, gathered under the auspices of American Presbyterians, where the Psalms in the old translation of Rouse, done into Coptic, are sung. The Copts must, in this double dilution, have a very vivid notion of the spirit of the original. Poor men, who think they are singing the songs of David!

—At one of the elections for the burgh of Sunderland, or of the competitors for public service and honours was making a vigorous speech on the hustings in front of the Exchange Buildings, when an old woman in the crowd below was overheard to say—"They're just like the men-folk. They tell us fine yells when they're wantin' to get us heuk, an' then they do just what they like."