

olden time, speaking as the voice of God, "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee," and again, "They shall be satisfied with the pleasures of Thy House."

(To be Continued.)

LETTER FROM REV. MR. GROSER.

PARSONAGE WAILUKU,
ISLAND OF MAUI, H. I.,
June 16th, 1880.

My Dear Brothers,—Oh, day of inestimable happiness, mail day, upon the which friends are resurrected, and friendships renewed, and questions are answered by lips long tarry, and papers come, and pictures are spread out, and leisure hours are spent in downright gossip over the news just received. Oh, friends, and acquaintance do not forget our monthly mail, and rest assured that all letters will be gratefully and promptly answered, and papers thankfully received. The first Halifax CHURCH GUARDIAN which I have received has just made its appearance in the mail; and its items of news have quite interested me, while the appearance of my letter in its pages has made me sit down at once, and begin this letter, No. 2. Letters also received from my father-in-law, "the Clerical Secretary," his wife, and from Mr. Edward Albrow, and my brother in New Ross, have very much cheered us, and have been quite a topic of conversation for the last several hours; but our appetites in this direction are very strong, and I am not sure that either our hunger is appeased, or that the future forty-eight days is very bountifully provided for, and we shall have to wait just that time before we learn once again of snows and colds, and outrageous changes, and of the health, and being of all we hold dear in Nova Scotia and elsewhere.

Well now, with reference to ourselves, and how we came here, and are not at Lahaina, the circumstances are these:—Wailuku is as a place next in importance to Honolulu, and numbers over three thousand souls, besides having a large floating population; and, more than this, it is the great sugar centre of the Islands, having three mills constantly grinding, and hundreds of acres of tall waving cane, cane here, and cane there, and cane everywhere. Besides this, there are numbers of mills between here and Haleakala; one at Hamakua, one at Hiku, three between Hiku and Makawao, which latter place is only fifteen miles from here; and more than this, Wailuku is the terminus of the only Railroad on the Islands. To be sure, it is narrow gauge, and its palace car consists of two skeleton benches, placed upon an ordinary truck car, and it only runs fifteen miles. Still, it is a Railroad, and bears witness to the culture and civilization of this place by an occasional decapitation of some poor native. Then, too, we have the weekly arrival of two steamers, which make the circuit of the Islands every week.

But a man from San Francisco, who thoroughly believes in himself, and his name is Claus Spreckles, will corroborate the above, by telling us that the City of the Islands is to be Sprecklesville, and this city is about five miles from here, and consists of three houses, an office, and a few long temporary sheds for the Chinese workmen to sleep under. But in every direction, for miles, you see the most lovely of cane, and there is the money and the capital for houses and business. Already, it is said he has spent a million of dollars in bringing the water fourteen miles, irrigating this hitherto trackless and useless valley; for, until he came to look at the lay of that land, it was considered valueless. Originally, this Island was two Islands, with the Haleakala upon one, and the mountains which I cross to go to Lahaina upon the other. By repeated eruptions of Haleakala, a great plain has come into existence, and there the great sugar king, Claus Spreckles, has begun operations, and already within one year, has the water on the spot, probably a thousand acres of cane waving in the air, and in six months will have one of his fine mills in operation, and his immense general store, two miles from our house, drawing in the cash, which nobody values here, except to squander and waste. I met Spreckles and his wife out at Sprecklesville, a few weeks ago, and sitting on the verandah overlooking the plain, Mrs. Groser and I submitted to the infliction of his doings and prospectings. At some future time, I will take my friends over to Sprecklesville, and the country round about, and we will make some calls, and have Ser vices, and see what we can see. But to

return from my rambles. Wailuku being such a manifestly important place, and there being such suitable premises for a good work, and it having just become vacant, the Bishop suggested my coming here, in case of Miss Albrow's willingness to go to Lahaina, and she, filled with Missionary zeal, gladly consented to make the venture, and so, on Wednesday afternoon, March 3rd, and just one week after our arrival in Honolulu, we all embarked in the "Like-Like" for Lahaina and Wailuku. Miss Albrow has proved to be a much better sailor than either of us; we soon yielded to the circumstances of the occasion, and went down to our berths, and there we lay sick. The children, too, were on our hands, with no one to help, and both of us too sick to raise our heads. But the Bishop was very kind, and now and again came to us to speak an encouraging word; he says it was the roughest night he had ever known. The next morning, very early, we got into calmer water, and going up on deck, we had a chance to look about us. It was a queer sight, the messed-up aspect of natives and Chinese, as they huddled together. We anchored for a brief period opposite Lahaina about daylight; some dories came about the steamer, and carried off the passengers for Lahaina. Here, we parted with Miss Albrow, and the Bishop said good-bye, but for a season only, as he was to cross the mountain to come to Wailuku, after seeing Miss Albrow settled on the premises of St. Croix School.

And, as for us, we pursued our course to the next stopping place, Maalea Bay, six miles from Wailuku, where we took express for home! It was a funny country to go through for first experience. On the left was this great mountain, on the right, but fifteen miles away, was the great Haleakala, with its vast plain laid out before us. But after going some three miles, we came to the sugar cane, and pretty soon to the first mill, and then in sight of Wailuku. Behind us, before us, on both sides of us, sailed along these notorious little native horses, so very gawky, so hungry looking, with such pitiful looking eyes, and sat upon by great, strong, lazy natives, whose chief pleasure consisted in beating and hammering their meek chargers.

We were expected. A solemn note welcomed us. It was an invitation to breakfast, and it being ten o'clock, and the night having been a rough one, we accepted. Upon our return, we sat down and surveyed the situation. Presently, a large native boy entered, and sat down with his hat on. He said he had come to stay, and only asked for \$100 per annum for doing all the work, which, we learned soon after, consisted, to his mind, in falling asleep, or playing billiards; he has since been dismissed. Like young folks, Mr. Merrill, Mrs. Groser, and myself, went to work, and worked for four days in getting things in shape. And ever since we got through with that job, we have been very comfortable. In my next letter, I shall tell you of the Parsonage and grounds, and our work right here.

Now, do not forget, how glad we shall be to hear from our friends, and learn all about everything and everybody.

For the present,

I remain,
Very truly yours,
C. E. GROSER.

Correspondence.

The columns of THE CHURCH GUARDIAN will be freely open to all who may wish to use them, no matter what the writer's views or opinions may be; but objectionable personal language, or doctrines contrary to the well understood teaching of the Church will not be admitted.

RECTORS, WARDENS AND VESTRY.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

SIRS,—May I direct the attention of the movers of the resolution in the Diocesan and Provincial Synods on the "Rights of Rectors, Wardens and Vestries," and all interested in the matter, to a valuable work edited by Rev. Mason Barnes, of Philadelphia, and to be obtained through Mr. Gossip of this city. Taking for his principle that "the English Ecclesiastical Law is the substantial basis" of the Law of the Church in America, and a portion of the Church of England in the Colonies, the Editor shows, very clearly, and sustains his

views by the highest authorities, how far that Law holds, and in what respects it is modified by American Statute or Synodical Law.

The title of the book is "Rights and Duties of Rectors, Wardens and Vestries."

RECTOR.

WILMOT PARISH.

119 HOLLIS ST.,
HALIFAX, July 23rd, 1880.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

Dear Sirs,—Last Sunday I spent at Middleton, Annapolis Co., and was surprised to find a very nice Church, but no Service performed in it. Upon enquiry, I was told it had been closed for six months.

Feeling a deep interest in Church matters, I thought publicity might not only find out the cause, but in some way help it as it is serious for people to be left so long without a resident or missionary clergyman, who might, at any rate, perform public worship. Is it not allowed, and would it not be better for a layman to read the prayers than have the Church closed?

Yours truly,
J. G. BENNET.

"WE HAVE AN ALTAR."

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

SIRS,—I have delayed following up this subject out of respect to the crowded state of your columns owing to the meetings of the Synods.

My last letter ended by asking "What change has taken place in man's nature, or his relation to God to alter all this?"

"All this" referring to the undisputed arrangements for Altar worship under the old dispensations.

I know that it is usual to assert that the sacrifice which Christ offered upon the Cross is the one only true and proper sacrifice for sin, which ever was or can be made. And that having died for us, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. And there is a sense in which these assertions are simply and literally true. But true as they are, they do not interfere with the fact, that the offering of material oblations was the prescribed mode of approaching God under the Mosaic Law, and do not, therefore, of necessity, disprove the assertion, that Christian worship also consists of similar acts of oblation. It is not intended to maintain either that the sacrifices under the Law, or the worship of Christians under the Gospel, have any value of their own, apart from the sacrifice of the death of Christ. Both derive their sole efficacy from the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. The question is how we may best plead the efficacy of Christ's death before God. It is only in, and through, Christ that we have access to the throne of Divine Grace. This, of course, is readily granted. But the further question remains, what is it to have access in, and through, Christ?

The conduct then of men in all ages of the world, and the analogy of the Jewish Temple worship, would lead us to expect that sacrifice would form a constituent element in the theory of Christian worship. But besides the argument thus derived, there are to be found, in the prophetic parts of the Old Testament, express declarations to the effect that the peculiar feature of the Gospel dispensation would be the offering up of sacrifice.

Some of these passages it will be the object of my next letter to bring to the notice of your readers.

J. H.

D. C. S. OF FREDERICTON.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

SIRS,—In your issue of July 15th, I see it is stated, under the heading "Diocese of Fredericton," that St. John has contributed nothing towards the "Deficiency Fund of the D. C. S." I am sorry that you should have been led to publish so false a statement.

As regards what is called the "Deficiency Fund of the D. C. S.," I can only say that I know of no such Diocesan movement. In the Pastoral Letter issued by the Bishop on the financial state of the Diocese, no mention of such a scheme was made, nor had any such plan been recommended in any authorized manner. I am well aware that many of your correspondents did, for many weeks, fill up considerable portions of your paper with a record of their own efforts, and that they seemed to think that the financial difficulty was solved, by setting on foot

a "Deficiency Fund." I did not agree with them, but fearing lest the stream of charity might in any degree diminish by raising objections, I preferred to be silent. Now, however, that reproaches are cast upon St. John because it has not taken part in that movement, I must be allowed to say, on behalf of my own Parish, that they are entirely undeserved. There is no more justice in condemning St. John, because it did not adopt a proposed scheme, any more than it would be right to complain if it did follow out any other plan of Church work, which some Parishes in the Diocese had thought proper to advocate and adopt. St. John has done exactly what was asked of it—namely, to raise increased subscriptions, and use every effort to awaken more extended sympathy in the work of the Diocese. My own Parish will contribute, at least, \$300 more than last year, and as that increase has been effected by no spasmodic effort, it may well be regarded as a permanent addition of power and resources to the Funds of the Diocese.

In my humble opinion a Deficiency Fund, properly so-called, would have been a grave error. There was no such crisis which called for such a step. The whole deficiency might, and doubtless, would have been raised at once, but not, I feel certain, without very much affecting the regular income of the Society.

With much regret that I have had to trouble you,

I remain yours faithfully,
F. H. J. BRISTOL, M. A.,
Rector of Trinity Church, St. John.
July 23, 1880.

A COUNTRYMAN'S IDEES.

(To the Editors of the Church Guardian.)

MUSTER EDITORS,—I takes your paper, and because it doesn't cost you much time or trouble to get it up, you ought to be much obliged to me for doing it. Mr. Shaw had to argue with me about two hours to get me to subscribe. And now I'm afraid I'll have to give it up, because the doctrines you is a teaching is too kinder plain. You and me knows that our's is the right Church, but then, why should we be a talking of it to every body, specially when I'm surrounded on all sides with Methodists and Baptists, who deals at my store? and they comes to me and they say "How dreadful uncharitable you Church people is. Did you see the last CHURCH GUARDIAN? Why, they say them fellows that the Methodists is no Church at all, only a sex, and that the Baptists is all wrong." Well, I knows you are right, but don't you see if this kind o' thing goes on I may lose my custom. So I think I'll give your paper up. I don't like to do anything in Church matters without consulting our Minister—not that I have the least intention of following his advice—but because it has a respectable look, and it gives me an opportunity of showing how much wiser I am than him. Now, when I lived at a place called "Slow Coach," we had the best Rector I has ever met with, especially about given advice. I'd say, Parson, says I, don't you think so and so would be the right way? Certainly, says he, my dear sir, you is always right. It was very soothin'; but I knowed he had seven little children, and that he was a hungering after the ten dollars I owed him for their sakes, and which I didn't choose to pay until I'd got my own way in every thing. But the Minister at "Well Content," where I now live, is a different kind o' man altogether; he won't stand no nonsense. So I goes to him and I says, Parson, I'm a thinkin' of given up my Church paper. What for, says he? just as short as that. Well, that a kind of flustered me, because to tell truth I knowed when he fastened them fierce blue eyes of his upon me that he seen through me, which you haven't yet, Muster Editors. You miserable creature, says he, you want to save that dollar. Well, truth is truth, but what's the good of tellin' it always. But before I could say another word, he goes on quite savage-like. You've got the best Church paper in the Dominion. You like it and git good out of it, but to save a paltry dollar you would let it go down.

This a-kind o' riled me, and says I—Parson says I, that is not language for one justified person to use to another. Then he used most dreadful language, and I'm almost ashamed to write it down, but the truth must be told, tho' the heavens tumble, which is contrary to some former expressions, but this time it isn't my ox's is bein' gored. Justified says he—Luther invented that doctrine, and Calvin added another to it, and between the two, they have succeeded in making an uncommon lot of rascals from Oliver Cromwell to a gentleman I wet of. I was shocked, I was horrified, and I does love to hate a parson, bull-batin' is nothing to it, but somehow, I was dumb, because I knowed the parson was thinkin' of them oats. Did you ever hear the story of them oats? I don't believe you ever did, because I've kept mighty close about it, and the Parson is kind o' generous, and never told it. Well, one year, I owed the Parson ten dollars—I'm considerable well off, I've got a good farm, and money in the bank, and all that, but when the cry is, "times is hard," I stands in my store and cry hard times harder nor anybody. Don't you see why Muster Editors? I can make money out of it; I can press the poor by telling them I must have my money, because times is so hard. I can say to the folks who have sold me little notions, times is so hard I can't pay you. It's a grand idea. Well, I had some tailins of oats—them's the oats that the wind blows away from the heap when they is being winnowed, being a big crop that year, there was a lot of them. Thinks I, I'll sell 'em to our minister. I goes to him, and I says—Parson, says I, times is hard, most awful hard, I can't get the money, (same time had the money in my pocket), will you take oats. He looked at me contumacious like, but says he, "yes, I have two horses, and they must be fed, so bring them along, I will allow you market price, and trust to your honesty as to measurement." I went away a laffin in my sleeve, and a thinkin' that for onst I had got the best of the Parson. I'm a man of business, and the very next day, I tackles up my old mare, and starts off for the Rectory. Well, as ill luck would have it, who should I meet in the minister's yard but the minister himself. Well, there was nothing for it, but to put on a bold face. Says I, quite easy like, good morning, Parson, I've brought you the oats. "Ah," said he, "I'd like to see them." Now, says I, don't bother yourself; they is all done up in bags, and I will just put them into the bin and come in and have a chat with you; but he's a pig-headed sort of man, and when he looked at me that morning there was a sort o' twinkle in his eye. "I must see them oats," says he. Well if you had seen his face when he took up a handful of them. "You scamp," says he. "I've a great mind to whip you. Take them oats home and burn them as chaff, and while they are burning think of your own end if you continue to act like that." Well I wasn't agoin' to let him have all the say, so I up and tells him that such language wasn't becomin' in a Christian minister; you ought to follow the example of your Master, says I. "So I will," says he, and I wish I had one of those whips he made when he drove them fellows out of the temple. What did he drive them men out for? Not for their merchandise, says he, but because they cheated—"Yo have made it a den of thieves." The best way to shut up a Parson most times is to quote Scripture again him; but our Parson has a most uncommon knack of turning that weapon the wrong way.

As there was nothing else for it, I turned about and went home, firmly resolved that at the very next Church meeting I would move that we should get another Parson, and to tell him to his face that I would never pay him another cent. But somehow I couldn't do it, because I knowed that that unconverted Minister of our's would up and tell the whole story of them oats, and ef he did there was no chance of bein Church Warden next year, when quite a sum of money was to be expended on the Church, and I wanted the handlin' of it most uncommon. But I fed them oats to my old mare, and, it must be confessed, she grew so thin that her bones was all a pointin' to the sky, a saying quite plain-like, and as good as any sermon, *memento mori*. I learned that Latin at the Hopewell Academy, and I tell you its a great thing to know a little Latin, it sounds so big. But, Muster Editors, I set out with the intention of tellin' you about the Synod, as I attended in Halifax the other day, and now I find I have a kind o' exhausted the space, so I must close.

In my next letter I will give you my own observation, which you will find very valuable indeed, and some things our Parson said, which is of no account whatever, seems as how he aint worth a cent.

No more at present, but remains

A COUNTRYMAN.