

Church Observer.

A Journal advocating the interests of the United Church of England and Ireland in the Dominion of Canada.

ONE FAITH;—ONE LORD;—ONE BAPTISM.

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OUR PLATFORM.

The heading of this article is peculiar and American, but not perhaps the less expressive for both characteristics. "Our platform" simply means a statement of our principles made before the public for the benefit of our friends and those who may yet see fit to act with us, and last, though not least, for those who, either through ignorance or ill-will, represent our views and sentiments on all matters relating to religion. We get upon our platform at the commencement of a new year, with our paper doubled in size, and we are happy to say, with a large and quickly increasing list of annual subscribers at our back; and we would now, once for all, state as clearly as we can the position which the *Church Observer* wishes to hold amongst the religious papers of the day.

1st. We claim to be a sound "church" paper. We desire to send into the families which support us, a paper that will not only instruct and amuse, but that will aid materially in extending and propagating unmistakable "church" principles. We claim to belong to a branch of God's divinely-instituted church. We claim for our three-fold order of ministry divine appointment; and we claim, as the right of our children distinctive teaching on these important matters. We have not the slightest intention of casting stones at those who differ with us on these subjects, while claiming the same privileges for themselves; but we do claim the right of making the clearest distinction between those doctrines of Grace, which to a great extent are our common property, and those principles of organization and government on which it is plain we cannot possibly agree. As far as the latter are concerned, we desire our children should be instructed from a Church of England stand-point, and that in tones so clear, conservative and decisive, as to aid in enabling them hereafter to fill (with honor to the church) our places when we are dead and gone.

2nd. We claim to be a sound PROTESTANT paper. We use the word in its plainest sense. Protestant as opposed to Popery and its somewhat deformed child "Ritualism." We desire to extend those views for which our fathers died, and with which we earnestly connect ourselves as if in Jesus' name, so intimately connected that to allow them to be clouded is to darken that narrow road which leadeth unto life eternal. We do not wish to be personal or needlessly offensive;—neither do we wish to seek out controversy for mere controversy's sake; but we are determined to be plain and outspoken against those who, calling themselves Anglican clergymen, who eat of the church's bread and drink of the church's cup, yet strive to turn our Anglican churches into Popish mass meetings,—our Protestant laity into enemies of that church in which they were baptized. We make no apology for writing thus plainly, when in our arduous confession and priestly absolution are boldly preached, and we suppose put in practice. When it comes to that, silence would be a sin, and we will not be silent.

3rd. We claim to be an Evangelical paper. We need not define the term further than by saying that we will maintain and propagate those doctrines which present Christ's personal atonement, once offered as the only source of a sinner's salvation, and faith in that atonement as the means whereby the sinner must be saved. We take our stand on the articles of our church, and foremost among them the XI., XII., XVII., XIX., and XXXI.

Such in a few words is "our platform," and we ask all who can honestly endorse these views to aid and assist our effort, either by special donations towards our enterprise, or by subscriptions, or both. We ask our evangelical church clergy in our various dioceses not only to seek to extend the paper in their parishes, but also to aid us with literary contributions, or such items of church news as would prove generally acceptable to church people; and so we descend from our platform with a hearty wish that our paper may be successful, and a credit and aid to the church with which it is connected.

FELLOWSHIP.—The use of this word as a verb has hitherto been considered as an Americanism. Recently, however, it has been discovered that in the history of King Arthur, written in 1469, by Sir Thomas Malory, and published in 1485, by Caxton, the great early English printer, "to fellowship with" occurs twice, and the English editor of that work subjects the definition "associate, to enter into fraternity with any one." Wright's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary, recently published in London, gives fellowship as a verb. It will, therefore, be seen that this word, like many others supposed to be Americanisms, is actually correct old English, but has fallen into disuse in the mother country while it has been preserved among the emigrants to the United States.

At Palermo, during a visit of Prince Humbert and the Princess Margherita to the theatre, three persons scattered reactionary hand-bills about the house; but the audience protested against that act by enthusiastic applause of their Royal Highnesses, and at the close of the performance accompanied the Prince and Princess to the Royal Palace. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards came on to the balcony to thank the people for those sympathetic manifestations.

The Family Circle.

LENT, NOT LOST.

All is not lost that's passed beyond our keeping. Light is not gone though night be dim with weeping. Sweet voices still are sounds of love repeating. Though heavy ears scarce catch the tones retreating.

Wave after wave, in endless circles flowing. Breaks on the shore to which our hearts are going. For peace and rest, our souls are yearning. To-morrow's dawn may safely all restore us.

The gales of heaven, their odorous freshness bringing. With swifter speed our hearts are now bringing. And clouds, that hide the sun from our discerning. Quench not the distant beacon's steady burning.

Brief is the space that from our loved divides us. Thin is the mist that from their heaven hides us. Soft hands on high are beckoning signals holding. White arms wait patient for our hearts' unfolding.

There, where from sight our blessed ones have vanished. There, where our Father dear recalls his banished. There lies the home that knoweth no removing. There lives the love that never needeth proving.

There dawns are pure and purple lights unfolding. On happy brows dull sorrows cast no shading. There gentle souls of coming life are fearless. And eyes once drooping, shining now, are fearless.

There all, and always, dwell within his keeping. Who sleepless careth while our hearts are sleeping. How can we dare to falter in our praying. Their perfect bliss against our sorrow weighing?

Yet while we cease unwise and vain complaining. We have but loaned,—our title still remaining. Love had a lien that time nor death can sever. Our own are ours, forever and forever.

GEMS.

"The riches of Heaven, the honour which cometh from God only, and the pleasures at his right hand; the absence of all evil presence, and enjoyment of all good, and this good enduring to eternity; never more to be taken from us; never more to be in any, the least degree, diminished, but for ever increasing; these are the wreaths which form the texture of that crown held forth to our hope. Faith, like the dying martyr, 'sees heaven opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God;' sees those who are already crowned, and have received palms from the Son of God, whom they confessed in the world. They compose a splendid and glorious habitation; favour has extended to the conflict in which we are still engaged below, interesting themselves in our success, encouraging us to strive, and to persevere, as they did in the days of their flesh."—*Bishop Horne.*

"And he said, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." How bitter must be the cup of the Divine anger, to pray thrice for its removal! O Lord and Saviour, how could we then have borne what thy human nature could scarcely bear? Would not this load have pressed us down to the abyss of hell, if thou hadst not in our stead taken it on thee? Eternal thanks be ascribed to thee for drinking the dregs of the cup of God's anger, that the pure waters of his comfort might be poured into it for us."—*Rambach.*

THE BEAUTIFUL SPICE.

Mamma was making cake; and Willie and Julia stood by the table, watching her. Sometimes they could help a little. Julia was allowed to beat the eggs, and Willie was careful to see that the useful ingredients were near at hand.

He kept especial watch over the spice-box, wondering from which of the compartments he would be called upon to hand to his mother. Presently, when eggs and butter and sugar and flour were well mixed, Mrs. Primrose said, "I would thank you for a nutmeg, Willie."

She was particular to speak politely to her children, as she wished in all things to be an example to them.

"Such a singular little nut!" said the lad, as he produced one from the heap, and gave it to his mother with the "grater."

"I'll tell you about it in a minute while my cake is baking," said Mrs. Primrose, who wanted her son and daughter to know whether pumpkins grow on trees, or acorns on vines, and who encouraged them to ask all sorts of questions about the things that are in common use, and which many people pass over without giving them a thought.

"That will be very nice," said both the children.

So, while the dough in the oven was changing by the action of the heat into a light porous, delicious loaf, the little people heard about the spicy nut that comes to us from "Araby the Blest," and from the Molucca Islands.

"The tree that produces it," said Mrs. Primrose, "is very beautiful, and grows to the height of about thirty feet; that is six times as tall as I am. The branches are disposed four or five together, almost in 'whorls'; that is, growing around a point in the main stem, and forming a rounded and very dense summit."

"The leaves are of a fine green color above, and paler beneath, giving a pretty variation and shading as you look at the tree from a little distance."

"The flowers are small and yellowish; one almost has to search for them; they are so inconspicuous."

"The fruit is almost as large as a peach, and, when ripe, of a yellow color. You would not think, as you look at this hard nut that it had such protection. There is the outer fleshy envelope, which opens at the summit in two valves, and shows to you a second covering of bright scarlet net-work. This is the 'mace' that we also use for seasoning. You will find it in the box."

Willie looked into another compartment, and took out a piece of brittle, yellowish brown substance. "Is this it, mother?"

"Yes, my son. It turns this color from age. It is fleshy and fibrous, and very bright and beautiful, when in its fleshy maturity. Inside of this network is a third envelope, thin, hard, and blackish-brown; and within this last covering lies the nut or kernel, which consists of a firm, white, oily substance, penetrated with numerous irregular branching veins. You will perceive these though the nut has hardened."

"The tree constantly bears flowers and fruit of all ages; so there is a succession of harvesting, which renders it very valuable."

The children were delighted to learn about the little nut that they had hitherto looked upon without interest.

"I shall think of it very differently now," said Julia, holding one of the largest nutmegs in one hand, and a piece of mace in the other.

"Yes," replied her mother. "You will not only see this little, hard, brown thing, but there will be before you a picture of the fresh green tree, with its beautifully shaded leaves and yellow blossoms, and the hanging fruit in its various ages, some just coming into tangible shape, some arrived at maturity, and hanging yellow amid the branches; and some burning the outer covering, and showing the brilliant scarlet mace. It depends upon the use we make of our senses what the common things of life reveal to us. These nutmegs and maces they have seen in their mother's shop; they were a sort of pebble picked up from the sea-shore, or if they grew on bushes like gooseberries, in the very condition in which they use them."

The children laughed. "We were just as ignorant as that a few minutes ago," said Julia. "We may thank our mother for teaching us so many things that we could not know without her."

"While you are little," said Mrs. Primrose, "it is my duty to put you in the way of getting knowledge; but as you grow older, I wish you to see for yourselves the importance of enquiring into every thing that God has made. Do not be content with what you learn at school from the text-books, but let everything that you see suggest questions to you, and then search and find the answers,—sometimes in Nature, if the things are produced just about you; sometimes from travellers, and from others that are older and wiser than you; and sometimes from books. There is always a way, if one seeks it earnestly."

How good God is to give us all these beautiful things, and also to give us such pleasure in learning about them.—*Christian Banner.*

RICHARD AND ROBERT'S CHESSMEN.

"I don't see why we can't have them. I am sure we could learn to play quite as well as a good many of the other boys."

"Well, let us ask father; there is no harm in asking. He can but say No, and then we shall be no farther off than we are now."

Richard and Robert were two brothers. Richard, who spoke first, was the older of the two. But Robert was nearly as big as his brother, though he was more than a year younger. They were very fond of one another, and Richard was a kind boy, and not proud; so he did not think that he had a right to all the best things just because he happened to be a little older.

Some of the playfellows of the boys had been talking to them of the game of chess. I dare say many of my little readers know how to play this capital game, which you can play on winter evenings when it is too cold and dark to remain outside, and even in the summer, when you are tired of racing, you can rest yourselves while you play at chess.

But these two boys had neither chess-board nor men, and as they could not possibly play the game without these, they made up their minds to ask their father to buy a set for them.

"You ask him," said Richard.

"No; you ask him," said Robert.

"Very well; I don't mind; but you must come with me," said Richard.

So they both went.

"Father, if you please we want to learn to play at chess," Richard said to his father.

"Very well, my boy. I hope you will get on well with it," the father said.

"But we have no chessman or board; will you please buy us one?"

"No, that is not what I want to do. You know when I was a boy, I told you that you must not expect anything else for a long time."

"Yes, father, but it is a good while since you bought them," said Robert.

"Well, my boys, if you want these things, why not save up your pennies and buy them yourselves?"

They went away, knowing that when their father said no he meant it, and knowing too, that it was no light to tease him.

"But I am afraid it will take us a long time to save money enough for that," said Robert.

"We only get two pence a week each, and I dare say fourpence would not pay for a set."

"Let us go and ask at a shop how much a set would cost," said Robert.

They looked in the window before they went inside. There were several sets, very nice ones, some made of ivory, some of bone, and some of wood, but all looking very fresh and nice. After they had settled in their minds which they would like best if they had their choice, they went into the shop, and Richard inquired the price.

They were told that they could have a very nice set of chessmen and a good board for fifteen shillings.

They opened their eyes at the price!

"Oh, said Richard, "we wanted some cheaper ones."

The shopman told them that the cheapest he had were five shillings and sixpence.

But as they had only ninepence between them, they could not buy even the very cheapest, and they were obliged to go out of the shop, looking and feeling sorry.

But before they had reached home, a bright thought struck Richard.

Robert looked at his brother.

"Do you think we could?"

"Oh, yes; of course we can. Suppose we say we will, and then we are sure to do it."

"Hurrah!" said Robert.

"They will not be as good as those which we saw in the window, but I dare say we shall be just as well able to play with them."

They went home, and found some pieces of wood, and looked up all their old paints and brushes, and sharpened their knives, and put points to their pencils, and then they were ready to begin. It took them many days and evenings, you may be sure. First, they made the board. When it was made quite square, Richard drew eight straight lines across the board, then turned it and drew eight across the other way, so as to make little squares.

Then Robert undertook to paint the squares, first a black one, then a white one, and so on all over the board. While he was doing this—and it took him a long time, for he wanted to do it well—Richard tried to cut a little block of wood into the shape of the king. And he managed it very well on the whole. Then he made the queen, and then the bishops, and then the knights, and then the castle, and last of all the pawns. He found the knights the hardest to do. You know they are like horses' heads, and he could not easily make the nose and ears. But after spoiling several pieces of wood, and cutting his fingers one or twice with his penknife, and working every ten minutes he could spare from his lessons, he finished them all. Robert painted them half white and half red, as fast as Richard had shaped them.

I can tell you they were very glad indeed when they were all finished, and the paint was dried, so that they could have their first game.

They showed the pieces to their father, and he was very pleased to find that he had such clever and persevering boys for his sons. He told them that when they wanted anything done, there was nothing like doing it themselves; and if they always did as they had done about the chessmen and board, they would be sure to get on in the world.

That very evening the father stayed at home on purpose to teach them how to play the game. He had four games with Robert and two with Richard; and after that the two boys often played together, until they knew the game as well as any of their playmates, and beat them very often.

Richard was the best player, and sometimes Robert felt rather angry at being beaten several times; but at last he was able to checkmate his brother; and a really think he clapped his hands for minutes because of his joy. After that, although he was the younger boy, he could play quite as well.

But they did not stop at chess when finding they had managed to make an

they began other things. They made a little doll's house with tiny tables and chairs, and gave it to their dear little sister on her birthday. I cannot tell you how delighted she was. For it was a very nice house, and it had a door which would open and shut, and was large enough for Miss Dolly to go in and out.

The next thing they made was a set of bookshelves for themselves, which they fastened up in their bedroom. They kept all their books and prizes and magazines on it, and found it very useful.

They also made a model of a ship, which was so perfect and looked so very nice, that their uncle, who saw it, bought it of them, and gave them half a sovereign for it.

Richard did most of the cutting and sawing, and nailing, and all that sort of work, and Robert did the painting, because he was clever with his brush.

And if you ever go into the parlor you will see hanging up a very pretty painted picture in a splendid frame; the picture was painted by Robert, but Richard framed it and hung it up.

Do you think Robert and Richard were very clever boys? I think they were very sensible, and industrious, and persevering, and these things are better than mere cleverness alone.

I am not sure that you are not quite as clever as they were if you only try what you can do. So the next time you want a toy, or anything else, don't tease father about it until you are quite sure that you cannot make it yourself.—*London Christian World.*

Miscellaneous.

The chief measures likely to come before the British Parliament are—1st. The disestablishment of the Irish Church. 2nd. The ballot. 3rd. An increase of the income tax on revenues derived from property, and abolition of it on income derived from labor and commerce.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, was then at Morogoro and Gombé, situated west and south-west of Lake Tanganyika. He had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, and on the close of a native war, then in progress, was intending first to go to Ujiji and explore Lake Tanganyika, then to return to Zanzibar, on his way home. It is the belief of Sir Roderick Murchison, to whom the letters were addressed, that this news is confirmatory of the Bombay despatch of October 3, and he intimates that he is prepared very soon to bear of Dr. Livingstone's arrival at Zanzibar, perhaps from the traveller himself, who may arrive in England soon.

INDIA.—In a letter, descriptive of the sanitary condition of Calcutta, the *Times* correspondent at that capital states that in 1867 the number of Hindoo bodies burnt on the river-side was upwards of 10,000. There are two great ghauts to which the cremation is confined. Nimiollah for the rich and Caesey Mitter's for the poor.

I visited the former about sunrise. Ten years ago it was an enclosed space open to the river, the walls of the racket-court-like structure topped by railures, adjuncts, and other obscene birds, while the pariah dog and the jackal prowled around. The smell was intolerable from the half-charred remains of poor Hindoos, which were being lazily mumbled by the dogs and pecked by the birds. The river was polluted by the refuse. One thought of the well-known lines in the *Siege of Corinth*; but even Byron never imagined anything so repulsive as the sight. Now, thanks to Sir John Lawrence and the Calcutta municipality, all is changed. The court is walled in on the North side, and approached by four entrances. One-half the enclosure is devoted to lines of rails for the proposed incinerators. The tier was to be erected on the top of a fine communicating with a tall chimney. After the priestly ceremonies were over it was to be covered by an iron box running on wheels, and the draught of the chimney, it was expected, would carry off the result. But the boxes were not air-tight, and the effect was horrible. I see nothing for it but the health officer's proposals to dispose of all pauper and hospital bodies not claimed by running them into a cold furnace on trucks, lighting the furnace, and allowing the chimney to do the rest. But even as now managed I failed to trace anything offensive. Not a foul bird was there. I stepped over and between the cauldren remains of twelve bodies, the pyres of which had been burning during the night. The embers of wood were flickering, and only the most curious eye could discover the traces even of calcined bones. There was nothing, in truth, to show that these were other than ordinary fires. I wish we could assert half of this of one of the millions of burning ghauts which nightly light up the banks of the Hooghly and the Ganges. The whole cost of burning a body at the ghaut of the rich is £s. 10/4d. To step from it to one of our English burial-grounds, or, still worse, the Chinese and Mussulman grave-yards, is to see the immense superiority of cremation in a tropical climate. An Indian churchyard is like an Indian Christmas—destitute of all the beauty and the joy which makes them so sacred in England.

DESTITUTION IN NEW YORK.—It is estimated that no less than two hundred thousand persons are now residing in New York City who have no work, no real homes, and no means which insure them a livelihood. Some of them beg or steal outright; but a large number eke out a miserable existence by running into debt for lodging on board, or by borrowing from week to week of whomsoever will lend them; or by quartering themselves on reluctant friends or friends. The result is reported to be an aggregate of want, squalor, misery and degradation fearful to contemplate.