

erate intention of causing inconvenience to the General Committee and increased trouble to the officers of this Society. May it now be hoped that even those who have always made it their rule to be behind time will, this year, leave no cause of complaint in the matter referred to. This time last year the Church in the Diocese of Fredericton was called on to make special offerings for the Mission Fund. In many instances this appeal was well responded to. A like appeal is needed at the present time. The deficiency is indeed largely diminished, but increased offerings in the way of annual contributions will be required for the missionary expenditure of the current year. While during this week of special prayer, the minds of Churchmen are directed to distant destitution, prayer should not be wanting for the relief of that which is nearer home. By a rule of the Society, and also by a Resolution of the Synod, all the clergy in the Diocese are requested to send to the Secretary certain Parochial Statistics for each year up to the 31st December. In some instances they have not been received, and consequently this important portion of the Annual Report is incomplete. It should be mentioned that arrangements will probably be made for printing the Annual Report at once, after the July meetings.

DIocese OF QUEBEC.

We have received from the Secretary, the Rev. A. A. Von Iffland, the 39th Report of the Diocesan Church Society of Quebec for the year ending 31st Dec., 1880. It makes quite a volume, and speaks highly for the Christian activity and liberality of both Clergy and Laity of that Diocese. There are, it appears, 62 Clergy on duty within the Diocese, and they each give a summary of their work with some remarks as to the general condition and future prospects of their respective Missions. While some of the Report seem not to be altogether satisfactory to the Clergy themselves, they all show that good work is being done, and they contain much that is hopeful for the future. The Report of the Board shows the Funds of the Society to be in an exceedingly satisfactory condition. We hope to make use of this admirable Report by giving some interesting extracts from it in our next.

Family Department.

ASCENSION-TIDE.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

The angels shone about the empty tomb
On Easter morn,
And now their bright wings pierce the darkling gloom,
Where waits forlorn
A little, trembling band upon the mountain's crest,
With eyes that will not leave you cloud-racks sombre breast.

"Surely," they think "the Lord will come again
Back through the shade,
Beneath His Feet the flashing silver rain
His pathway made;
He will reveal His self purchase at eventide,
And shew to joyful eyes His pierced Hands and Side.

"Yet sure was never flight so awful seen
As when He went;
The mountain mists seemed forms of fiery sheen,
A great cloud bent,
And as cleft wide like portals twain it open swung
We heard a crash as if a million tabors rung."

"We heard an echo of triumphant song
Die in the sky.
"Lift up your heads ye holy gates and strong!"
And distantly,
Cherubic voices seemed to chant in sweet reply,
"Uplift Eternal Gates! the Glorious King is nigh!"

"Why with sad gaze cast on the barren sky
Stand ye still here?
The Master hath indeed gone up on high!
No longer near,
Him shall ye know, yet keep in all your loss and pain,
This faithful, mindful word, "The Lord shall come again!"

"But nevermore your watching eyes shall see
The humble guise,
He shall descend with trump of jubilee
From quaking skies!
Now Faith shall light the shadows of the 'little while'
And give you peace in Jesus' sacramental smile."

Once when the pilgrim shepherd stole away
Outcast and lone,
And laid his tired head at death of day
Upon a stone,
He saw a mystic stair up through the midnight bend,
And radiant angel forms in gracious flight descend.

Low in the rocky cave the Saviour laid
His blessed Head,
Deep in the night of earth His Rest was made
Among the dead:—
And those sweet gates again burst through the sapphire height,
Against weary earth swept down celestial Light.

No dream of sleep, no midnight phantasy
That ladder now,
A golden road 'twixt earth and heaven for aye
Its courses glow,
And angel spirits wield o'er earth their gentle sway
And ransomed souls pass up with Christ to endless day.

LORENA.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

A. E. HAMILTON.

ASCENSION-TIDE SERMON.

REV. BY EDWYN S. W. PENTREATH.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.—Ps. xxiv., v. 7.

This Psalm was composed by David on the occasion of his bringing the ark of God from the house of Obed-Edom to its resting place in Mount Zion. That holy ark, with the Cherubim above the mercy seat, and girt about with the mysterious presence of Jehovah had been the guardian of the people. It had led them to victory from Mount Sinai through the wilderness; the waters of the Jordan retired as borne by the priests it left the bank of the river; the walls of Jericho knew its power, as after the seventh compass the massive stones crumbled and fell; the gods of the Philistines fell prostrate before it; and Uzzah, when he rashly put out his hand to touch it, paid the penalty with his life for his want of faith.

For three months it had remained in Obed-Edom's house, and now the Levites took it upon their shoulders, escorted by David with his chosen warriors, and accompanied by the elders of Israel. To the sound of the harp, and various instruments of music, and amid the shouts of the people, the great procession advanced. As it halted before the gates of the city of David, there arose a general chorus of triumphant voices—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." A single voice supposed to be from the walls of the city replies—"Who is the King of Glory?" A single voice answers—"The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle," "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Then there is supposed to be a chorus of voices chanting—"Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of hosts he is the King of Glory."

In silence the gates are lifted, and into the venerable city enters the symbolic ark, where is enshrined the mysterious presence, representing Jehovah, the "Ancient of Days," "High and Mighty, King of Kings, and Lords and Lords," throned above the Cherubim of the holy ark. But the inspired singer was describing a grander entrance of royalty into a more magnificent city. With far-seeing vision he had sung—"The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels. The Lord is among them as in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou has ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious ones, that Jehovah God might dwell among them." With allusions to the chariots and horses of fire that took Elijah from this material earth, he saw prophetically—"The Ascension of our Blessed Lord into Heaven, when the gates of the new Jerusalem flew open to admit the conquering God-Man, fresh from His victory over satan and death.

For forty days after His Resurrection He remained upon the earth, "speaking of the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." And from His instructions, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles moulded the one Church of God, which, while it was united, went forth conquering and to conquer. Keeping up the systematic course of instruction relating to the life of Christ, which has ever prevailed, by which all the elementary truths of Christianity are presented in due order, forty days from the commemoration of the first great Easter we reach Ascension Day, the commemoration of the Ascension of our Blessed Lord into glory. How sublimely simple is the story of his life as recounted in the Creed.—Born, suffered, dead and buried, descended into Hell or Hades, the unseen realm of the departed. This is but a phase of Humanity's Experience. A peaceful morning—a troubled noon—a stormy night—and then—profound silence! No voice like a falling star; no echo; nothing but dreams for the survivors, and a waiting for the end, when with closed eyes and folded hands they too shall float into the unknown, and peradventure, have the stillness broken by greetings and welcomes undreamed of. "The third day he rose again from the dead." The language is strangely plain, so that a child can understand it, but here is an experience transcending the experience of the spirits of men. The fetters of the grave cannot hold the Son of God. And we ascend in the scale of grandeur. "He ascended into Heaven," and reach the culminating point of triumph as we read, "And sitteth on the right hand of God," Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the Elder Brother of our race, sits in the place of honour by the throne of the Eternal. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in."

On the fortieth day after the Resurrection, He led the disciples out as far as Bethany, on the further slope of the Mount of Olives, just out of view of the City of Jerusalem, lifting up his hands, He blessed them, and then a cloud received Him out of their sight. As they gazed up into the sky, stupefied, two angels stood by them, declaring that this same Jesus, who was taken from them into Heaven, "should so come in like manner as they had seen Him go into Heaven," words which teach us that at the Second Advent "He shall be seen descending from the riven sky as plainly and as unexpectedly as he passed into it from their eyes." The Ascension is a cause of joy to us, because human nature was on that day exalted above the

heavens, because, if He had not ascended, the Holy Ghost would not have come. We cannot penetrate the great mystery while the cloud receives Him out of our sight. We cannot follow Him now, but we can follow Him afterwards. For his true followers there will be an Ascension. Speaking to some questioning Thessalonians, St. Paul states that those who are alive on the earth at the last day shall not be changed before the dead who sleep in Christ are raised. First, these are to be raised; then the bodies of the living are to be rendered immortal, and then they shall all be caught up together "to meet the Lord in the air," and so they shall be forever with the Lord. The Everlasting doors will swing wide, and the King of Glory will enter, followed by—whom? That is the question I wish to put to you. "Who follows in His train?" Who will go rejoicing with Him into the highest Heaven?" The King of Glory enters the gates. Will they open for us?" We have neither clean hands nor pure hearts. Will the gates be fast barred, and we be left outside? Only the dead in Christ, and the living in Christ, can follow Him in His Second Ascension. Dare we hope to be among that happy number? Yes, we can dare anything in His name. "For us men, and for our salvation He came down from Heaven." For us He left His Throne; for us He lived and suffered, and died, and rose again, that "in Him we might be counted clean and pure, and through Him we might enter the gates of Heaven." The Saviour has purchased deliverance from the dominion of satan and sin, and a title to Heaven; and on every soul there rests the awful burden of free choice, whether it will choose the pardon and the grace, or whether it will drift a shattered wreck into outer darkness, having written on it in letters of fire—"SOUL THOU HAST DESTROYED THYSELF."

For whom is a place reserved in that splendid procession? It is not for those who persistently dishonour God in their lives; it is not for the careless; not for the ungodly and profane in word and deed; not for the slanderer, the hater and the hypocrite; it is not for those who thank God that they are not as other men, who believe that their hands are cleaner, their hearts purer, and their religion better than their neighbours'. "It is rather for those, sinners, indeed, who fall, and yet, by the grace of God, rise again; who daily watch and fight against sin." On the grave of one of the most distinguished Indian warriors was placed, at his own request, these words, "Here lies the body of Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Tried to do his duty! Here is the ring of the true Christian warrior. Sometimes when I hear that shallow objection against our Church, that a fixed form of prayer does not promote personal piety, my mind is crowded with the names of those who have died in her communion with the simple and child-like faith of Sir Henry Lawrence; "who tried to do his duty." I had rather be in the position of that man than in the position of hundreds whose professions are more, but whose practice, I doubt not, falls far short of the standard he reached. They who try, in an honest and true heart, to do their duty in the state of life to which God has called them, who hold fast to Christ as their only hope, who live so that the day of reckoning will not come on them unprepared, may believe that they will be in the train of the King as He enters the gates of the New Jerusalem. We are to look beyond the rest of Paradise to the day when we shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Elijah went up alone in a chariot of fire on the cloud; Jesus ascended alone. Far different will it be at the Great Ascension-tide which is to come. Again will come that swelling strain, chanted by the voices of the redeemed, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in." Again there will be a procession, but how much grander and more numerous will it be! First, the Captain of the Lord's Host, crowned with the many crowns; behind Him a multitude that no man can number, out of every nation under Heaven; young men and maidens, old men and children—all who have loved His appearing, clothed in their risen bodies, and singing the "new song"—these shall enter the gates; no Cherubim, with flaming swords, shall bar the way to the Tree of Life. The happiness of the disembodied spirit in Paradise will be changed for the more perfect bliss of the glorified body in the Highest Heaven. We do not know what are the conditions of life within the gates, but we do know that there we shall be satisfied. Need we ask more?

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has one day to be sick; he that has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is more likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to work for himself.

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."—Acts i. 10, 11.

DEATH to the Christian is but a short passage from a wilderness into the Paradise of God. It is but dying out of a world of imperfections into a world made perfect by Christ Jesus Himself.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE Rev. Mr. Green, of Miles Platting, is still languishing in prison a martyr to—well, I can hardly say, perhaps, to his own conscience, perhaps to the sectarian bigotry of his opponents, perhaps to the bungling state of the statute book—perhaps to each and all of these elements. Anyhow, the Rev. gentleman is still in prison, and, while far from sympathizing with him or his views, I cannot help believing that his being so, is a crying disgrace and burning shame to this, the nineteenth century, with its boasted religious liberty, and especially so, when it is being supported in the name of Him whose teaching was so opposed to any such religious bigotry or self-righteousness. What the end of this will be, it is not easy to say, other than that right must prevail. A motion was made to the Lord Chancellor on Saturday, the 7th May for permission to sell the Rev. gentleman's household furniture to defray the costs that have been incurred in bringing about his incarceration. These amount to something like £250, and the Lord Chancellor expressed his surprise that an undefended case, as this was, should have such heavy costs attached to it, and intimated that he should have thought that £10 would have sufficed in the matter. In the end, the matter was adjourned. But it seems pretty clear, if the Rev. gentleman's friends do not interpose, his goods will be sold, and another scandal added to the already sufficiently scandalous case.

In the House of Parliament, on Monday night the 9th May, votes were passed sanctioning a monument at the national expense to the late Earl of Beaconsfield in Westminster Abbey. That in the Lords was passed unanimously, but in the Commons the Radicals opposed. Yet, with all their virulence, they could only get some fifty members to follow them into the lobby, against 380 members who voted for the public monument. Mr. Gladstone's speech, in moving the resolution, was a grand piece of eulogistic oratory, and must have warmed the hearts of the most exacting Conservative. As Sir Stafford Northcote said in seconding the resolution, the Right Hon. gentleman's speech would always remain as one of the noblest monuments the late Earl could have. The Bradlaugh question still hangs fire. The Government are going to have a difficulty in the matter, and their Bill for un-Christianizing the Constitution and secularising it with the grossest of secularism will stand a poor chance of becoming law this Session.

An unusual sight was witnessed at the Mansion House on Saturday evening, the 7th May. The lion and the lamb were then to be seen snugly encoined together, and not so much as a snarl, snap or discordant note. All went as smoothly as a marriage bell, despite the existence of elements as dangerous and explosive as dynamite and of forces, when let loose as cantankerous as an East End mob. What was the soothing influence that staid the exhibition of the generally irresistible virtues and what was the cohesive link in so homogeneous a sect? Dr. Moffat, the veteran African missionary, was being honoured by the Lord Mayor of London to a public banquet. Representatives of all shades of religious belief and of every denomination (R. C. excepted) were present. There were present the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with nine other bishops; Earls Nelson and Shaftesbury; the Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference, of the Baptist Union, and of the Congregational Union; representatives from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Colonial Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Missionary Society, the Religious Tract Society, the London City Mission, the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Presbyterian Missionary Society, the Baptist Missionary Society, the South American Missionary Society, the China Mission, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, the Moravian Mission, Methodist New Connexion Missions, and Colonial and Continental Church Society; also some 16 members of Parliament and a large number of other notabilities. The above list will show that this was indeed an unusual and, I may say, unprecedented assembly; but the person in whose honour it was brought together fully deserved all the trouble that could be taken to further that end. If every man in the mission field had been so blessed in his work as the veteran, Dr. Moffat,—well I was going to say that there would be no more kingdoms to conquer,—at any rate it is not probable there would be any part of the world untrodden by the missionaries and no inhabitant of the Globe without a knowledge of Christ. He was in the Mission Field in active work, in South Africa, for over fifty years, and whilst there he translated the Scriptures into the Bechuana language, in itself a grand undertaking. He also has the privilege of having been the means of bringing out the renowned Dr. Livingstone, who, by the by, married his daughter. All are glad that this patriarchal pioneer is still, after more than fifty years of African climate, hale and hearty enough to attend a banquet in London, and receive the well earned laudations of such an assembly as was then gathered together. Many like minded travellers have left their bones to bleach on arid deserts, or to lie in fever swamps, in the same good cause, but a merciful Heaven has favoured Dr. Moffat to see great fruit of his labours, to come home and stimulate a younger generation, and to enjoy a well merited repose after his toil and hardships.