

heartly thanks to the parishioners and friends in Quebec, by whose generous aid, in addition to the above, all debt has been wiped out, the church has been partially repaired, the endowment fund increased and missions and charitable societies aided." What the parish chiefly needs just now is a suitable building to be used as a Sunday School house, and, possibly, as a day school, and also for entertainments, lectures, meetings and parochial gatherings. Funds are also needed to complete the repairing of the exterior of the Church, for lack of which the stone work is being very seriously injured by the weather. It is proposed to have a strawberry festival and a sale of fancy articles in the beginning of July, in order to obtain some aid for these important objects, and any help or contributions in money or materials or work will be thankfully received by the officers of the congregation or by any of the Special Committee.

UNITED STATES.

At the funeral of the Rev. G. W. St. Clair, an Indian Deacon of the Sioux tribe, in Minnesota, the pall bearers were six Indian clergymen, three of them Chippewas, who, in their wild state, are sworn enemies of the Sioux.

The Bishop of Minnesota has signed a petition to the Legislature of Minnesota asking that on all questions relating to intoxicating liquors and their traffic, women may have the right of suffrage. It is gratifying to note the stand beginning to be taken on this question in the American Church. In Newfoundland the Bishop is at the head of the Church temperance movement, and in Montreal, where Bishop Bond is a life-long temperance worker, and most of his clergy are abstainers, a Diocesan Temperance Society is to be formed.

Family Department.

IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD? IT IS WELL.

Surely 'tis well those tender feet,  
Beneath the scorching ray  
Of life's fierce sun, shall never toil  
Along the dusty way;  
Yet oh! for the little twinkling feet,  
Which sped so fast and free  
Across the dewy lawn at eve  
So soft to welcome me.

Surely 'tis well that never  
In life's labyrinthine ways  
That little hand shall risk to lose  
The thread amid the maze.  
Yet oh! for the tiny hand in mine,  
With its pressure soft and warm,  
To mind me that it was my charge  
To shield my child from harm.

Surely 'tis well that never  
Shall his spirit be perplexed  
With doubts and questionings, whereby  
The soul of man is vex'd;  
Yet oh! for the whispered questions,  
So strangely deep and wise—  
Too wise, we thought, for childish lips—  
Of things beyond the skies.

Surely, 'tis well that never now,  
Sore wounded in the fray,  
The soul shall need, with sigh and sob,  
To weep its woes away;  
Yet oh! for but one look, though sad,  
Of the loving wistful eyes,  
Which closed a while ago on earth,  
To wake in Paradise.

Surely 'tis well for him who rests,  
Nor ill for us who stay,  
To bear for some short space the heat  
And burden of the day;  
For we hear a still soft voice, which calls  
From out the grassy mound,  
And we see a tiny hand, which leads  
Where only rest is found.

THE OLD CHOIR.

By R. W. W.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

In the thriving village of — the church had been rebuilt and handsomely finished, outside and in. The old Rector, having served his generation, had passed to his rest, leaving a legacy of cherished recollections in the minds of his parishioners, interwoven with remembrances of the sacred services of the sanctuary, and with many thoughts, pure and holy.

The new Rector, to be in keeping with the times or fashions (if we may so call it), thought we had better adopt and use the newly arranged Hymn Books, used now in so many of the churches, and, as a consequence, new music would be required.

After some discussion of the matter, the old choir, not feeling equal to the getting up of an entirely new routine of hymns and music, resigned the position that they had held for a generation at least, and a new and younger choir, after a thorough preparation under management of the Rector, took their places.

Being one of the new choir, I possibly might not judge impartially; but to all appearances, the improvement was marked. The singing and chanting were effective, lively and brilliant; and in the new arrangement, music and hymns, being more readily selected to suit the days and occasions, were often very impressive; and although, as is sometimes the case in country districts, where all are not skilled or proficient in music, new hymns and tunes being used almost every Sunday, our choir sometimes failed to give proper effect and expression to the words, the full strain of their attention being required for the music, with which they were scarcely yet acquainted, still, to a visitor or superficial observer, a great improvement was apparent in the notes of praise that ascended from the Sanctuary.

But while most of the congregation were pleased with the change, there were many of the elder church people who mourned the loss of their old sacred songs, and who were unable to keep up with the changeful and rapid strides of the new choir.

They felt that the simple, familiar airs in which they breathed their devotions in times past, were almost wholly taken away, and they could no more join with heart and voice in the praises of their God in His Sanctuary, as heretofore.

Among this number was Mrs. Wesley, or as most of her neighbours called her, "Aunt Jane," who had been one of the old choir, and was a deeply interested member of the Church, and whose mind was stored with gems of old hymns and sacred music.

Aunt Jane was getting pretty well in years; her family had grown up around her and separated to do for themselves. She still lived on, comfortable and contented, in the quaint old home, around whose hearthstone her children, with merry faces and happy hearts, had so many times been gathered, and where their voices had so often swelled together in hymns of grateful praise.

Christmas and Thanksgiving occasionally brought the scattered ones around her again, when the family circle, as of old, would be formed, and the usually quiet homestead would ring again with the old, familiar airs so sacredly cherished by her.

"Aunt Jane," said I, dropping in to see her one Sunday evening, after we had, as we thought, excelled ourselves in singing at church that morning, "did you not think that the *Te Deum* was rendered well this morning?"

"It was just beautiful, my dear," said she, "the best I have ever heard from your choir. With such rendering it seems, as it should be, a glorious tribute of praise to the Creator."

"And what did you think of the hymns?" asked I, feeling just a little proud of our performance, and angling for a word of praise.

"They were divinely sung, especially, 'Jerusalem the Golden,'" replied she. "I never felt or appreciated the beautiful words of that hymn so deeply before. I think you must have had an extra practice last week, for you sung so splendidly together to-day."

"We had two practices," and I fancy we needed some improvement, but, Aunt, I think when you become acquainted with our collection of hymns, you will allow that they are much better than the old ones; they express so much, both in music and words."

"I feel that they are excellent, my dear," returned she, "and many of our old hymns are among them, but even they are set to different tunes from those to which we sang them, and, to me, do not reach the heart just the same."

"But Aunt, you cannot but allow that there are splendid tunes in our 'Church Hymns'; you have too good a taste for music to say otherwise; and if the hymns are much more numerous and more suitably set to music, and the tunes, many of them, as good, if not better than the old arrangement that you used, why not give your voice in favor of the new hymns, as more suitable, more interesting and more beneficial to our church?"

The old lady smiled as she listened to my lengthy speech in favor of our favorite hymns; then, as a saddened expression passed over her countenance, said, "I will ask you some questions on another matter before answering you."

(To be continued.)

FUEL.

No. 3.

"WHEREVER have you been, Mary," said Mrs. Murray, somewhat vexed at her daughter's absence. Why, mother, you know, last night, when I said I would look in the dictionaries, you said, "do as you like, child, only get tea now." Yes, but I never meant you to be away like this! Mary thought to herself, it is rather hard that I cannot tell Harry what he wants to know, and thinks I ought to be able to tell him, and these dictionaries only say what I knew before, that a Church is a building intended for Christian worship; and mother is angry with me besides. Then Mary remembered that the master at the Grammar school had said, I thought you knew better than to look in a dictionary, why not look in the Bible. Of course, there is a universal invisible Church, and you will soon find it there. He had kindly lent her a concordance, too, which would tell her every time the word Church occurred in the Bible, and show her the chapter and verse for it. Mary went to take off her things, and thought to herself when night comes I will soon

find out all about it. This was not so easily done, for to her dismay she found that the word Church occurs about one hundred times in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles, and after a couple of hours spent in reading the texts, she arrived at the conclusion that the Bible did not tell her what the Church is at all; though it did tell of "the Churches" everywhere, shewing the Church was universal that is spread in every land, still she could not make out it was "invisible," for every time she found the word it referred to something visible, or that could be seen. But Mr. Smiley said it was "invisible," and he was a Presbyterian minister, and a very learned man. For texts where the word Church occurs, read 1 Corinthians i., 2; Revelations ii.; Colossians i., 18; Romans xvi., 5; Colossians iv., 15; Philemon ii.; 2 Thessalonians i., 1; St. Matthew xviii., 18; Acts xix., 37; Acts vii., 38; St. Matthew xvi., 18; Acts viii., 1; Acts xiv., 23, 27; Acts xv., 3, 22; Acts xviii., 22; 1 Cor. x, 32; 1 Cor. xiv., 19; 1 Cor. xiv., 35; Act viii., 3; Acts xx., 17.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Surely the times are out of joint, and that not in the meteorological world only. Everything seems disorganized. Turn one's ken wherever one may and disorganization, disturbance and unrest is prevalent. But most prominent and all-absorbing at the present time is the state of Ireland. What is to be the result of the whole affair is hard to foretell. That blood must be shed before the affair is settled is pretty evident; and if such is the case, *à la*, if it must come to the worst, the sooner it is over the better. The present hesitating and timid policy has had a fair trial, and is found lamentably wanting. The present Government, though possessing the strength of the lion, has preferred using that of the lamb, occasionally showing its teeth and wagging its tail in bitter exasperation, but humanely nursing its wrath. It is nevertheless evident that its patience is pretty well exhausted, and that severe measures must be taken, which will be disastrous in their immediate consequences and no doubt cause a wide-spread feeling of horror and shame that such severity should be adopted. Something must be done, and that speedily. As things are now, the whole of the liberties of a certain portion of Ireland are in the hands of the mob and rabble. Thousands of hungry, ragged men and women, headed by men whose lives have been spent in the commission of crime, or more often having no recognized leader, assemble to brutally assault process servers, scourge and duck bailiffs, stone the police, and charge the military with such weapons or missiles as happen to be at hand; and if their vengeance cannot be sufficiently wreaked otherwise, farms are burnt down, cattle are cruelly mutilated, and in several cases their victims are murdered in cold blood. And all this disorder despite the fact that at the present moment there are in Ireland no less than 30,000 (thirty thousand) soldiers, besides some five or six thousand police. What will be the end of it all no one can possibly tell. That blood-shedding will ensue before it is all over seems almost a matter of impossibility to be avoided; and then may God have mercy upon the poor, misguided wretches.

During the past fortnight a large number of the Roman Catholic clergy have assumed a new attitude. Instead of acting with prudence and moderation, they are using great influence with the misguided people for the commission of crime. At Abbeyfeale, County Limerick, last week, a priest advised the people to "defy coercion" for "the landlords were already on their knees," and "the land of Ireland would shortly be their own." Another clergyman of the Roman Church instructed the tenants to pay no rents until the landlords "made restitution of the rack rents extorted in the past." "If the English Government went further the blood of priests and people would flow in the same stream." In one case the violence of the Roman clergy was such that the Government were obliged to take advantage of the power given them in the Peace Preservation Act and confine him in one of the jails out of harm's way. This is one of the most serious aspects of this rebellion. The priest of a Church that should be the guardian of law and order, and teach respect for the powers that be, are allied with disorder and revolution. Even Archbishop Croke, who takes a much milder view of the subject and professes gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for the Land Bill (if he accept the amendment of the *Irish Roman Catholic Bishops!*) "is not sure that the Government do not desire a collision."

Talking of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy brings to my mind a rumour that has lately been current, to the effect that the Papacy at Rome has been making overtures to Mr. Gladstone's Government to have a Papal Legate at the Court of St. James'. If one is to judge by the way the rumour is received of the prospects of the country allowing any such arrangement, there is not much prospect of its being brought about; that is, if the Government consult the pulse of the country on the matter, which, no doubt, they would be sure to do. And further, remarkable as it may seem, the Irish Roman clergy are said to be against the proposal. No doubt they fear that the power and influence they now possess as being the representatives of a large and populous section of the Empire, would be transferred to other quarters, and that their political

power would be gone. At any rate, that is the only explanation I can offer myself of their conduct.

I saw some figures the other day, showing the power of the Church of England as a voluntary organization, and which go to thoroughly disprove those detractors of the Church's usefulness, who are always fond of saying that but for her endowments she would subside and collapse. In the first place, her collections on last Hospital Sunday in London were £21,944, against £6,858 by all the other denominations, including Roman, Jewish and Greek Churches. This in itself is a grand tribute to the Church of England's generous power. In London, the Church has 440 churches in which the weekly offertory is made; and in some of these churches the offertories amount to over £4,000 a year. To show that this is not an isolated specimen of the Church's generosity and life and power, the following statistics as to what the Church is doing as a whole may not be out of place:—During the last 40 years she has spent over £1,000,000 a year in church building and church restoration; that is over £33,000 a month for 40 years. She has, during the last five years, given at the rate of £141,000 a year for the endowment of her *new* churches; within the last 40 years she has built over 5,100 new parsonage houses, in addition to old ones restored, and has increased her incumbents by nearly 8,000. Her curates at present number some 5,800, and she raises £932,000 a year to pay them, of which £400,000 is paid by incumbents. The Church of England raises, *voluntarily*, over £5,500,000 a year; that is, nearly £460,000 a month. These figures speak for themselves, and if anything can speak for the life and power of the Church they do, and that loudly.

The census returns have not yet been issued, but by the last return of the Registrar General it appears that he estimates the population of London to be no less than 3,814,571. The increase is therefore much larger than was anticipated, and stands at 500,311 in the ten years, which is at the rate of 17 per cent. The increase in the preceding ten years, from 1861 to 1871, was 450,000. During the last twenty years the increase has therefore been one million souls. The population is now larger than that of Scotland. The districts north of the Thames have a population of 2,548,993, an increase over 1871 of 269,425. These south of the Thames have a population of 1,265,578, and the increase in the ten years is 297,886; the rate of increase being 12 per cent. and 31 per cent. respectively. The rateable value of the Metropolis is 274 millions sterling. In 1856 it was only half as much. Truly this is a "big" place.

Bazaars and fetes and fancy fairs are the order of the day just now. Ye Fancie Fayre now being held at the Albert Hall, Hyde Park, is one of the most unique of its kind, and has been entered into with spirit and thorough earnestness. To see the *élite* of the country dressed in the quaint costumes of Queen Elizabeth's time, and acting as serving maids and stall keepers, is surely something very novel, and to have the Countess of — offering you some tempting article in her most bewitching of ways, fills one at the time with a pleasurable sensation that thinks nothing of the relative proportion of the value of the article and the money you are to part with to effect a transference of the property to your possession. It is only the next day that one realizes what a flat he was; but then he has helped to further a good cause. But I want particularly to tell you of a royal fete that was held last Saturday at Bagshot Park, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, in aid of the fund for the restoration of St. Ann's Church, Bagshot. A group of marquises had been arranged upon the southern slope of the park, the principal tent containing the bazaar being 260 feet long and 40 wide. The entrance was decorated with Royal Standards, and the interior, which was lined with scarlet and white bunting, presented a handsome appearance, the supporting poles being decorated with banners and festoons, while their bases were circled with foliage, plants, palms and ferns. Along each side of the marquee were tastefully arranged stalls, emblazoned with the names of the occupants. A stream of people passed through the bazaar from its opening at two o'clock till the hour of closing, seven in the evening. The bands of the 4th Dragoon Guards and 82nd regiment played during the proceedings. The approaches were kept by a detachment from the Duke of Connaught's corps, the 3rd Infantry Brigade. At the south-west of the bazaar the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Duchess of Teck presided at a stall well stocked with fancy articles, noticeably among which were a very beautiful screen painted by the Princess Louise, several sketches, also by Her Royal Highness, one of which was sold to Prince Leopold for ten guineas, and photographs of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the interior of Bagshot House. Here, too, the Duke of Albany (Prince Leopold) assisted, occasionally supplementing the brisk business carried on by Princess Louise and the Duchess of Teck with a lottery or raffle in the middle of the tent. The Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian and Baroness Schröder, the Countess of Listow and Mr. Paget, and many other notabilities, also had stalls, the description of which would make this letter too lengthy. One feature of the affair was an amateur concert, the charge of admission being ten shillings, the artists engaged in which comprised the Princess Christian and Mrs. Liddell, Lady Florence Duff-Gordon, Lady Adela Harkness, and the Hon. A. G. Yorke.