

Church Observer

G M Evans

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"ONE FAITH,—ONE LORD,—ONE BAPTISM."

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Poetry.

RESOLVES.

When the morning, fair and bright,
Comes to cheer me with its light,
I will wake and thankfully
Ask a blessing for the day.

When I am wrong, and know I've been
Tempted to the paths of sin,
I will kneel and look to heaven,
And pray to have my sin forgiven.

When I am happy, good, and glad,
And nothing comes to make me sad,
I should love to thank and bless
God for all any happiness.

When I see the setting sun,
And the starry night comes on,
Father, I will pray to be
Kept and blest and loved by thee.

"BE STILL."

All earth is drear!
Bright blossoms from my bosom torn,
Hopes blighted, leave me all forlorn.
Oh, stay not here,

But haste away
From care and trial, pain and grief,
And find at once that sweet relief,
Eternal day!

My soul be still!
Then in the silence let thy heart
Breathe forth new love, and newly start
To do God's will.

'Tis not all night.
The deepest sorrow thou hast known
Can bring thee from thy Father's throne
Rich gleams of light,

And visions sweet,
To change thy darkness into day,
And bring from every troubled way
The dawn of light.

My Father's hand
May mark out every path I tread;
And when through darkness I am led,
I'll understand—

I'll understand
There's need to set new watch within
This froward heart, to keep from sin,
I'll heed His hand.

Be still, my soul!
Toil on with earnestness, nor fail:
Know Him, and when he lifts the veil
I shall be whole.

—American Messenger.

For the Young.

UNCLE HENRY'S BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

Little Alice May was sewing—that is, she had a tiny handkerchief in her hand, and took about three stitches in half an hour. A restless little body was she; one might as well have tried to confine a butterfly to one flower as to keep her still in her chair ten minutes.

"Mother," said she, "haven't I sewed long enough?"

Mother took the tiny handkerchief and examined the stitches, that were so irregular they looked like little dog's teeth.

"Why, Alice, you will never finish it at this rate."

"Now please let me put it away. I have something very important to say, and I can't talk while I am sewing."

There was an earnest look on the little face, and the hands were folded very determinedly, as if there was a very valuable secret locked up inside the curly head.

"You see, mother, next Wednesday is Uncle Henry's birthday, and I want to make him a beautiful present, and don't know what it shall be."

"Suppose you try to hem him a handkerchief. Those are always valuable to a gentleman."

"How would a book-mark do? O dear me, I hate those perforated card ones; one, two, three, and put the needle in. I think a dressing gown would be lovely. I could make it like the one Mrs. Every gave her husband—purple without, and lined with red silk and a beautiful long cord and tassel."

Mrs. May smiled, and thought of the

three little stitches made in the course of half an hour.

"You would hardly get it done by Wednesday, my child."

"I don't believe I could. Mother, I am sure Uncle Henry loves little girls; why don't he have them to live with him, just like me?"

"There is a sad story about him; would you like to hear it?"

"O yes."

And Alice drew her chair, with a sigh of satisfaction, close to her mother.

"Please make it really long and pretty."

"It will be more sad than pretty. A good many years ago he was engaged to be married to a lovely young lady. The wedding dress was all made."

"Was it a *moire antique*?" asked Alice, with sparkling eyes, "like the one Miss Ellis had?"

"No; I believe it was a plain white muslin. The night before the wedding she rode out to get some flowers; the horse became frightened and ran away, overturning the carriage, and she was thrown out and killed instantly."

"O mother"—and the lips quivered—"what did Uncle Henry do?"

"It was a long time before he could attend to his business. His hair was a beautiful black, and before a month had passed it was as gray as you see it now. If God had not comforted him I think he would have died, but he never loved a young lady again; he lives in his old home and Mrs. Ray keeps house for him."

"Please tell me what the young lady's name was, mother."

"Alice."

"Was I named after her?"

"Yes, she was a dear friend of mine, and may my little girl be as gentle and lovable as she was."

"I think I know why Uncle Henry likes to have me with him; because my name is Alice, and one time while I sat on his knee, he showed me a beautiful gold locket, with just the prettiest face inside. I asked him who it was; he looked very sorrowful and said he would tell me some-time."

"Now Alice, put on your hat, and we will go down to the hospital; it is my day to visit it."

"Can't you think what I can get for Uncle Henry's present?"

"Not now, dear; perhaps we shall find something up street."

They were soon at the hospital—a large stone building. There was something very dreary to Alice in the long wards and all the sad, sick faces, but her mother often let her carry flowers or fruit, and she liked to see how pleased they were at receiving them, and her bright little face was like a sunbeam in that sorrowful place.

She was handing lame Katy some flowers and telling her about her garden, when she saw her mother stop by a little cot on which lay a sleeping baby.

Another lady was talking to her, and she heard her say, "It's a very sad case, Mrs. May. The poor young mother died last night, but she asked God to bless her baby, and raise up a friend for her. The matron tells me she must put it out, as they are so crowded here, and what will become of the poor little thing? Isn't she a beauty?"

And the ladies bent over the sleeping child, so happily unconscious of being without a home or friend in the world. Alice came and stood by the baby.

"If we only could find a kind person who would adopt her," said Mrs. May.

"Mother," said Alice, "let me have the baby."

"What would you do with her, my child? I wish we could bring her to our home, but that will not do."

"But I want to give her to Uncle Henry for a birth-day present. He has no little girl, and would love her dearly."

"What a strange child," said the lady. Mrs. May looked thoughtful. "It might do," said she. "Brother Henry

has a good house-keeper, and is well enough off to hire an extra nurse."

"But may it be my present, mother?"

"Yes, dear, if we decide to give it. I will tell the matron to keep her a day or two, and I will consult your father."

"Mother, I want to go and see Uncle Henry."

"But you will not say a word about the baby?"

"No, not one word."

So her mother went as far as the door, and she bounded up the stairs, and into Uncle Henry's study.

He sat there, leaning his head on the back of his chair, a pleasant looking gentleman, in spite of his white hair, and strong lines upon his forehead. One felt an involuntary trust in him. But there was something sad about his face, as if long ago he had passed through some terrible sorrow, and had nobly borne it.

Alice sprang on his knee, and his face lit up in a moment.

"Is that little butterfly come to see Uncle Henry? where has she been?"

"It's a great secret," said Alice, "I must not tell."

"Shall not I know some-time?"

"O yes"—biting her lips and frowning for she generally told everything in the breath almost, to Uncle Henry, "It's somebody's birth-day next Wednesday," said Alice.

"Whose? mine? O so it is, we are getting on in life, little lady." And there was a sigh accompanied the words.

"I am going to make you a beautiful present, Uncle Henry."

"And what is it going to be?"

"I don't know, but I believe I shall have a dress made before morning."

Alice laughed.

"But I want to have you promise me one thing, Uncle; you'll take it, whatever it is."

"To be sure I will."

"And keep it for ever and ever?"

"And keep it for ever and ever, done up in cotton, and locked in my strong box."

"O that won't do, Uncle, you must keep it where you can see it every day. But I must go—good by, one kiss!"

And the child ran home.

In the meantime, Mrs. May had consulted her husband, and they both had decided that the idea was a good one.

Uncle Henry was a kind-hearted, lonely man, and he might take to the little waif, and in time she would be a great blessing to him, and it would make Alice so happy, too.

The baby was brought to the house, and her dear little cooing ways won the whole household. Mrs. May declared they should make room for her, if Uncle Henry failed to appreciate his present.

But Alice was sure he would be delighted; it was to be her gift, and a lively interest she took in getting up baby's wardrobe, going up street with her mother, and buying the snowy muslin, to make the little dresses. The sewing machine was put into requisition, and by Wednesday morning everything was in readiness. Alice had sat still a whole hour, hemming one of the little slips.

She was to have her own way about presenting it, and she decided to put the baby in a basket and place it on the door-step, ring the bell and run away. Her mother made Alice write the note to be tied on the handle, which was as follows:

DEAR UNCLE HENRY: I send you a birth-day present, and you know you promised to take whatever I gave you. Her name is Alice. Your affectionate niece, ALICE MAY.

All the family were present when the dainty little dresses were put in the bottom of the basket, and the dear sleeping baby was laid on top of them, and a white blanket over her. Alice helped her mother to carry the precious basket. They put

it on the top step, rang the bell, and disappeared in the darkness. They could see, however, Mrs. Ray come to the door, look all around, take up the basket carefully and carry it in.

And now let us follow it.

Uncle Henry had come home from his office, and was sitting in his study in dressing gown and slippers. The paper was on the table beside him but he had not taken it; he seemed to be thinking, and his face was very sorrowful. These anniversaries were always sad days to him.

Mrs. Ray brought in a basket and placed it on the table.

"Here is something left at the door for you, sir, and here is a note addressed to you tied to the handle."

"Well, open the basket; it is Alice's present, I suppose, and a generous one it must be."

Mrs. Ray pulled off the cover.

"It is a baby!" she exclaimed.

"What did you say?" jumping up and looking into the basket. "Who could have done this thing?"

He read the note and laughed heartily.

"It's a present from my little niece, and last time she came she made me promise to keep whatever she sent."

"But what will you do with a baby, sir?"

"I hardly know, but you can take good care of her for the present, and if need be, hire an extra nurse maid. And her name is Alice."

He said it softly. Any one that could have seen his expression would have thought the child would grow into his heart in time. And so she did. Baby Alice's home was that her mother, in Paradise would

Ecclesiastical News.

—A new church, called Christ Church, has been opened at Sillith.

—St. James's Church, St. James's-end, Northampton, has been consecrated.

—The new Church at Evancoyd, near Hereford, has been consecrated.

—The Rev. William Wood, D.D., resigns the Wardship of Radley College at Christmas.

—The Rev. G. J. Perram has been elected chaplain to the new infirmary at Highgate by the Central London Sick Asylum District Board.

—Archdeacon Hale has not sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to enable him to undertake his duties.

—The new list contains the names of upwards of 800 students who are now being educated at Eton college.

—A short Parliamentary paper has just been issued, showing side by side, in parallel columns, the existing Table of Lessons and the revised Table.

—Summonses were issued for the adjourned meeting of the General Convention, to be held at the Metropolitan Hall, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, on Oct. 18.

—The contract for the first portion of the works connected with the building of the new church of St. Mary's, Tyndall's-park, Bristol, has been taken, and excavations for the foundation are commenced.

—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. W. Earee, M.A., curate of St. Philip's, Birmingham, to be rector of Coston, Leicestershire, in the room of the Rev. R. F. Molesworth, M.A.

—The Bishop of Ripon has (the *John Bull* understands) communicated with the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, Rector of Myddleton Tyas, who is not in England, as to his allowing a Baptist minister to occupy his pulpit.

—The Rev. Dr. Hessey, who has been a little more than a quarter of a century Head Master of the Merchant Taylors' School, has formally notified his intended resignation to the company who are its Board of Governors; and it is understood