

Church Observer.

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Original Poetry.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.
MINISTRY OF ANGELS.
Ps. xcii.

Oh! Saint of God! once weak and blind
And tossed by every wandering wind,
A homeless bird on life's drear waste,
Now thou hast found a place of rest,
That named in sacred years gone by,
"The secret place of the Most High."

All rich prerogatives are thine
When sheltered in that home Divine;
Not poorest, that around thee glide
God's angels charged to keep, to guide,
To minister behind, before thee;
And tend thee like an heir of glory.

Now open faith's celestial eyes
And see the watchers of the skies—
"Chariots and steeds of fire," that wait
Round thee as round Elisha's great;
In God's dear ransomed company
Thou, lowliest, art beloved as he.

Who unexpectedly some mass
Of trouble issues that hedged thy ways,
Fadeth the adverse circumstance,
Flies wide the foe's directed lance;
As "God's host" succoured Jacob's need,
Thou heavenly pilgrim too thy lead.

Or when some sudden risk befell
And thou were kept by miracle,
Their hands celestial stayed thee up
Then ready o'er the gulf to slip;
They held thee up on viewless arms
And bore thee safe from fears and harms.

Or when in perils of the deep,
And barely by the heading steep,
Or treacherous reef, thy periled bark
Glides safely like a guarded ark—
For the angel thee from hurt doth cover
As shipwrecked Paul he once stood over.

Or when retired, outworn and lone
After some work or warfare done,
Thy loveliness, thy heart's delight
With comforts sweet for the dear sake
OF ONE, too tempted and distressed,
Whom once they spied with ministerial
blest.

Or feeble on some sick bed drear,
And Satan whispering doubt and fear,
When softly sounds the promise then,
Making thy Fathers deans plain—
It is their voice of melody,
"Songs in the night" then giving thee.

Or passed into death's awful shade,
Where vainly floweth mortal aid,
Thy fainting heart thy ionic cheer,
Thy fluttering spirit softly bear
On gentle arms with soothing blest,
Into its everlasting rest.

Hamilton, Sept. 28th, 1868.

H. B. M.

ADDRESS

delivered Feb. 19, 1866, at the Parochial Meeting
of St. James' Branch of the Missionary Society
of the Diocese of Ontario, by Rev. R. V.
Rogers, M.A.

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF ECCLIASTICAL AFFAIRS.

Every age has its duties, danger and difficulties; therefore, to serve our day effectually is boldly to face our dangers, overcome our difficulties, and do our duties.

We must not forget that "the course of this world" is opposed to man's highest interests, because it is enmity with God—man's chief good.

The church and the world have distinct origins, objects, and ends. The church of God is God's representative, His body, "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all."

Having purchased it with his own blood, He did not take His church out of the world; but pledged himself to "keep it from the evil." His pledge implies her faithfulness, diligence, watchfulness. The enjoyment of His promise is conditional on all these: therefore the safety of His Church rests on her close walking with God.

The world may be divided into—1st, the friends, and 2nd, the enemies of God, and of His Church.

We are either the one or the other, as we are contributing, or not, to its purity, prosperity, and health.

He who simply stands by, looks on, and does nothing, whether he will or not, aids and abets the world in its opposition; weakens and paralyzes the church. He that is not for, is against the church of the living God, God's cause, and people.

The church, though "fair as the moon," like that great light-bearer, shines with borrowed light; and, like her, waxes and wanes, may be eclipsed, but cannot be put out.

Then, when the church militant shines, it is with the reflected light of "the Sun of Righteousness;" when she grows, it is as His power rests upon her. She goes from strength to strength when, walking with Him, leaning on His arm; from victory to victory when her covenant God goes before her, and the glory of the Lord is her reward.

What the moon would be without the sun, that the church is without Christ—dark, cold, and lifeless.

When the moon turns her face to the sun, she is full, and the darkness of night is driven away, and even the lesser lights pale.

The church shines when Christ, by His Spirit, shines in on her. Then, her teaching drives away error; everything trifling and secondary hides itself when her Redeemer and

Saviour is her God and glory. Now it is that the church of the living God "looks forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

The moon has her obscurations, arising chiefly from our earth. Hence come those mists and fogs which fill the clouds, and make gloomy and dark days, when neither sun nor moon appear, and all is cheerless.

And yet the sun is still in the heavens, though it is hidden. Then scatter the clouds, and the sun shines out.

What hides Christ from His church and people is from themselves—the remainders of sin; the mists of error; the pride of intellect; the would-be wisdom of this world—that moral and spiritual miasma, coming from unsanctified hearts and lives, polluted and polluting.

Storms and tempests are creations of earth. By some action of the lower strata of the air, the building has been destroyed which formed the genial and refreshing breeze, and the winds have lashed themselves into madness recklessly destructive.

And when come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts?—James.

With these predatory remarks considered, we will proceed to apply them to our subject: The United Church of England and Ireland, as she seems to-day to be not a youth in her ministry.

I need scarcely say—1st, That this Church is a true branch of the Church of Christ. True, as tested by God's truth, the only appointed touchstone of that which is true, as containing "the truth as it is in Jesus," making His teaching her standard.

This church "calls no man Master on earth," assumes no party title; nay, carefully aids herself of all human teaching as authority; and raises up as her standard—"Holy Scripture, as containing all things necessary to salvation."—Art. vi.

Like a faithful servant, our church introduces all who "would see Jesus" at once to the Master. "Holy Scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ whereby men must be saved."—Art. xviii.

Her distinction between means of grace and grace itself is clear and decided. Her trumpet gives no uncertain sound. "Sacraments are means by which God doth work invisibly in us"—Art. xxv.—means of grace, not grace itself.

Primitive and Apostolic in her outward organization, as well as internal arrangement, she seeks to copy the Master in her spirit and temper. Self-government is a marked feature of our church. Moderation in her teaching and practice. Where, from the weakness of men's minds, positiveness would be arrogance, she gives latitude.

When a truth can be discovered only from a lone doctrine, concerning the receives it for herself, embodies it in her own system, but gives credit for equal loyalty to God and his Word to those who cannot accept of the same conclusion as herself.

In her formulas of devotion there is ample provision for the expression of breathings of the highest order. In the very words of our Prayer Book—the babe in Christ can lip the first utterance of infant life; the young man finds himself best expressing the soul's wants; and even the father in Christ, when giving forth his highest acts of praise, or when resting his wearied soul at the cross, expresses these holy exercises the most aptly, when most literally.

To discover imperfections in our Church standards, even when such are to be found, is but to say in other words, that she is still the earthen vessel which contains the gospel treasure, and not the treasure itself. Whilst to magnify them, is neither just, nor generous, nor kind, nor honest; to point them out in the spirit of love, is brother-like. By all honourable means to help to rid our church of them, is what she claims as proofs of her children's love. To pray for her peace, purity, and prosperity, is to consult our own happiness and usefulness, and our success will insure the approval of her Divine Head, and her perpetuity, as what for ages has been, a grand agency for the accomplishment of his purposes, and the hastening of the coming of His kingdom of glory.

In order to prosperity there must be peace, and in order to peace there must be purity—internal peace, peace within her walls, peace among her children. To a certain extent, difference of opinion is of the very essence of a living church. Diversity of gifts will produce a diversity of ministrations. How great soever the diversity in operation may be, the object should be one—the church's good.

We serve our church most effectually when most like her head. By a holy and consistent life, each member of our church should commend himself to every man's conscience.

There are the epistles of commendation which the church demands; far more convincing to those that are without than the most logical treatise, though enforced by the most powerful eloquence.

That the Church of England and Ireland is passing through a great fight of afflictions is evident; that the end is not by-and-by, most perceive—with what actual results, God alone can tell. Sufficient for us to know, that the refiner's fire never destroyed a particle of pure gold, and that the fuller's soap, whilst removing that which defiles the garment, never injures the fabric itself.

Equally certain is it that, just so far as "the United Church" is a branch of the true vine, a living member of the living Head, trials will but purify, opposition will but strengthen, through the exercise of her real spiritual powers; and, if true and faithful to her Master, "a wide door, and an effectual," will be opened to her; and, if He set before us an open door, none can shut it.

That a combination exists, to remove the old landmarks, to strip our reformed church of her Protestant name and character, to tinsel over, or to take away altogether, the pure gold, to deck out the lawful wife in the meretricious ornaments of the harlot, is but too plain to be successfully denied, and therefore should place every faithful member on his watch-tower.

What once our church repudiated, either actually or inferentially, there are they who would again introduce; to the great grief of those who love her for her support of God's truth as it is in Jesus; for her freedom from

extremes, and for the grave modesty of her ritual and ornaments.

If these innovations be allowed to succeed, under whatsoever pretence they may be sanctioned, sooner or later divisions must follow; for sooner would light and darkness coalesce than the lover of the United Church, as she is, as she has been practically these many years, unite and harmonize with those who are seeking to bring back a ritual, with its ornaments, which would assimilate her services to those of Rome; and this, as the first step to something more grievous still—the destruction of her protest against all false doctrine.

To admit that such a church as ours, like her type, should be subject to change—now waxing, now waning, at one period of her history behind a cloud, and then again shining out with double splendour—is but to say that she is here on earth. An inflexible, unchangeable church would be no part of the true church.

To confess that from her own self have arisen troubles of her peace—men seeking to sully her purity, and mar her character, and hinder her usefulness—is but to liken her more closely to the church of all ages, of whom St. Peter prophesied: "Also from your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things."

Though they were in her, yet were they not of her. They have gone out from her, breathing these things which, to gratify, would rob her of her scriptural character, then trample her in the dust, and rear on her ruins a church of the apostasy.

Whilst faithful to her trust, the Church of England and Ireland, by her struggles and contests, gives additional proof of her being a living part of the church of Christ militant here on earth.

The head and the body must be baptized with the same baptism, and drink of the same cup, fight the same battles, before they can enjoy the final victory. The world hates the Master and the disciples equally. It hated Him; it must hate "them that are His." The redeemed church is beloved of God. Her true members are God's dear children. And, "if children" of God, "then heirs," heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.

THE WICKED MAN.—The movement in Water street, New York, which became notorious through the publication by Packard of the singular character and doings of John Allen, the "wickedest man in New York," has been seized upon with avidity by the sensational reporters of New York, who have treated it from the comic side, denouncing the whole thing as a speculation, and those engaged in it as actors playing the wretched part of speculative Tartuffes. Mr. Packard writes to the New York papers to explain his share in the matter, and denies entirely the charge that it was a speculation on his part, whatever it may have been on the part of others. Whatever may be the real effect produced on Allen, Tommy Hadden and some of the others, Kit Burns the keeper of the dog pit, among the rest, there can be no doubt that if any good is to be effected among the class of people living in Water Street it can only be hoped for by means of what Dr. Chalmers called "excavation." The fallen and degraded women, the reckless, besotted and brutalized men who live in localities like St. Giles and the Rookeries in London, the Wynds and Clooses in Glasgow, the Five Points in New York, are not the stuff of which the audiences in fashionable Churches are composed. Handsome Gothic Cathedrals and Grecian Temples will not attract the *habitués* of dance-houses, groggeries, and dog-pits. They have a pride of their own, which will not allow them to be patronized and patted on the back condescendingly by men, and women too, who wish to make capital out of benevolence, and a name to live by at the very small cost of having their names down as patrons and patronesses of societies for the reclamation of the dangerous classes. The men and women in the dens of our great cities are terribly in earnest, and they know when those who profess to care for them and their welfare are actuated by thorough conviction, are true in their mission, are earnest in their exertions. In the vilest haunts of thieves, burglars, and criminals reckless of human life, the man or woman charged with a message of mercy can come and go unmolested. The doctor's pocket is safe from pickpockets, and if, through ignorance of who it is, he should be plundered, the spoil is returned with an apology. The Bible woman goes out in unharmed, and ladies delicately brought up, who have taken charge of districts in London, have been treated with respect and consideration as soon as their errand became known. It is, we may be assured, in no respect different in Water street, New York, and the existence of a dangerous class being well known, it is of serious consequence to see whether means cannot be found to reduce its numbers; to get rid of it altogether would seem to be impossible. The description published of the extraordinary character now known as the "Wickedest Man," naturally attracted attention to him, and a new sensation being always welcome in New York, the most was made

of the contradictions between Allen's walk and conversation by those whose business it is to find something amusing and sensational. The truth, as far as can be arrived at in this matter, appears to be that the Howard Mission has been doing everything possible to reclaim the unfortunates residing in Water Street, as they have been doing in other places bearing a similar reputation. On the day when Allen closed his house, for reasons of his own, a minister who happened to be present, proposed to celebrate the event by returning thanks to God, to which Allen did not object, and thus commenced the "religious movement" which has been so much misrepresented. All that the Missionaries have done, according to Mr. Packard, is to pray fervently that the sinners in Water street, Wall street and Fifth avenue might be converted; the reporters, he says, have done the rest, have converted John Allen and have heralded the work of grace going on in the hearts of Tommy Hadden and Kit Burns. Allen conceived the project of raising \$100,000 for a Magdalen Asylum, a scheme which he deliberately laid before his friends of the Howard Mission, who commended him for his zeal, but recommended him as the first step, to begin the work of reformation in himself. Those to whom he applied to write a lecture and "do the praying" while he exhibited himself and Chester to the world, declined to assist him. It was then he obtained other assistance and undertook what may well be described as a "disgraceful" speculation in which he failed. In the meantime daily prayer-meetings are held at Allen's old dance house and Kit Burns's dog pit, about twenty ministers attending and giving their services, not without some good effect. Mr. Van Meter of the Howard Mission, says that upwards of a hundred have called upon him for counsel and advice within the last three weeks, an encouraging proportion of whom have given evidence of a change of heart. What the missionaries ask is to be left alone, and they beg that the newspapers would allow them to pursue their work without the sensation which only tends to make it ridiculous. When so much has been said in praise of the efforts in London, the midnight meetings, the preaching in theatres, and all the other instrumentalities made use of to raise the position of those whose neglected condition is a disgrace to civilization, it is strange that this effort should be made the subject of so much ridicule. Imense sums are subscribed every year for Missions to the heathen abroad, a halo of romance is thrown around the Missionary who leaves his native land to labour in the burning climate of the East or on the frozen shores of the North. Is there less self-devotion in a man giving himself to the reclamation of vulgar ruffians like Kit Burns, who lives by the profits of his dog pit, than in seeking to convert a dirty savage whose amusements are certainly not more refined than Kit's, and whose chief employment when he is not engaged in killing his neighbours is guzzling and drinking till he drops nearly dead from surfeit? The difference is in latitude and longitude, the distance disguising the vulgar and brutal practices of the naked savage, as the haze tints with beauty the far off mountain, which on a nearer approach is found to be barren and sterile.—Herald.

GYMNASTICS IN SCHOOLS.—There is even in this country a growing tendency just now to make gymnastics in schools a fatiguing, tedious, and monotonous study, instead of their being an agreeable, diversified, and most invigorating recreation. We invite attention to the recent memoir of Dr. Gallard on this subject. The following are his conclusions. He proposes to prescribe for young people the exercises of the bar and the trapeze, and the monotonous use of "clubs" and "dumb bells"; and to replace the factitious exercising in the gymnastic school by free and natural exertion in such games as football, cricket, tennis, &c., in which the masters can take part with their pupils. Long walks may replace other fatiguing exercises; and for boys the rifle drill may be introduced after the age of fourteen. Swimming and horse-riding are invaluable gymnastics; and deprivation of exercise should be banished from the list of punishments.—British Medical Journal.

A CAUTION TO TOURISTS.—Tourists about to visit the Italian capital, and especially those of our fellow-countrymen who meditate wintering there, should be cautioned against the drinking-water. Florence, and indeed all Tuscany, is very ill supplied with this necessary of life—the water being super-saturated with inorganic, and even effete organic matter. In Florence itself the impurities in the water-supply are chiefly alkaline, and these, combined with the acid red wines universally drunk by the population, have caused stone and gravel to be widely prevalent. We have it on the authority of a highly intelligent Florentine, of great medical accomplishments, that eighty per cent. of the population are more or less afflicted with these diseases; and English residents, after but a few weeks' experience of Florence and its water, have found themselves suffering severely in the kidneys and bladder.

Children.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A TRUE STORY.

One evening a Missionary in Madagascar was taking a walk to refresh himself after the burning heat of the day, when he saw a black boy lying against a tree, evidently very ill. Moved with compassion, he went up to him and kindly asked what ailed him. "Oh!" said the boy, "my master has turned me out to die, for he says I am useless because I have been very ill. Water! please give me some water," he added faintly. The clergyman quickly fetched some, and held the cup to his lips while he drank a deep draught. "Now do you feel better?" inquired he. "O yes, much better; now it is not so much pain, and I will lie down and die quietly." "No, no," said the Missionary; "you shall come home with me, and I will see if I cannot give you something to make you well again." So saying, he lifted the boy up, and supported him with his arm till they reached the house.

For three months poor Joseph was carefully nursed, and every kindness that Christian love could show him was cheerfully rendered. At the end of that time his health was quite restored, and his bright liveliness often amused his patron. The clergyman began to teach him, and very soon he could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in his own tongue, and even made great progress in learning to speak English; he was christened by the name Joseph. Soon he became of great use to the Missionary by bringing boys of his own age to the services in the native chapel, and to the classes for teaching these poor heathen about the true God. He would meet a lad and talk to him, by degrees getting him to take an interest in the school, and the kind white man who had left his own home to teach these poor black men—about their common Father and the way to the happy life beyond the grave. Many a one has he thus gradually gathered into the fold of the Christian Church.

On one occasion the clergyman was travelling about the country, giving services to the people in their huts, where they were glad to receive them, and visiting the chiefs. While on his journey he was taken very ill; the dreadful African fever, so often fatal in that hot climate, had seized him. Day by day he travelled on bearing up against it as well as he could. At length he became so weak that he could not move; then he was obliged to lie all day long in his little hut. His friends were gathered near, and though resigned to what he had braved for years, he fully felt how terrible it was to die thus alone and untended, with no friend to minister to him in his last hour of agony. To be left to lie out after in the field, food for wild beasts and birds, seemed a sad prospect. He lay striving to submit his will to God's, even in this, as he thought, his last hour, when a little figure drew near; he was bearing a small paper parcel. Very soon gentle black fingers were smoothing the rug under the sick man; then they made him a cup of tea. That drink which we love so much at home in England, saved the poor man's life. The little fat, fat boy, seeing that his master was away so much longer than he expected him to be, had followed him, and taken what he knew his master liked best with him, and so had been the means of saving his master's life, and preserving him to labor on still in his work of love.

"Little deeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grown to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands."

—Mission Life.

MEMORIZE THE SCRIPTURES.

My young friends, if you do not give special attention to the study of the Scriptures while you are young, so that you can repeat much of the beautiful language of the Bible, you will make a mistake, and one you will not likely be able to remedy when you grow older. Your School days are the days for treasuring up in your memory the words of God. If you neglect this opportunity, you will often be ashamed of your deficiency, and feel the want of the most important knowledge connected with your pleasures and duties in future life. No other language will answer as a substitute for the knowledge of God's word. It is God's mind concerning you and your interest for this life and the life to come. The Bible contains the purest language, the most sublime truths, the most chaste style, the greatest variety, the richest, poetry, the best prose, the truest history, and is a model for the world in religion and civil government. Then why should you neglect it? It is an honour to any young man or young lady to be able to repeat much of the Scriptures, and you will find it a great comfort to do so as you advance in life and mingle in society. It is the best evidence of good training and respectable parentage, to know and reverence the Bible in youth and old age. No other learning will enable you to appear to so great an advantage in society or the world, as the proper knowledge of the Scriptures. John Quincy Adams in his diary, and often in private conversation, referred to the fact that the knowledge he obtained from his mother of the Bible, when a boy, gave him more comfort than any other knowledge. He was one of the most learned men in America, and the only President of the United States who could converse and correspond with ministers from foreign courts, during his administration, in their own language. Many other men in this and other countries testify to the same benefits they have derived from the study of the Bible in their early days. When you form a taste for the study of the Bible, you will like it very much. If you have not already begun and do not love to commit the Scriptures to memory, allow me to insist that you begin immediately, and hereafter, daily commit to memory at least five verses. Begin with such passages as these, viz: Matt. v. and vii.; 1 Cor. xiii.; Psalm. viii.; xiii., and ciii.—Sunday School Missionary.