

Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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Frank Wootten, Proprietor, & Publisher,
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FRANKLIN B. BELL, Advertising Manager.

LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

April 1. FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Morning—Numbers xvi. to 36; 1 Cor. xv. to 9.

Evening—Numbers xvi. 36, or xvii. to 19; John xx. 24 to 30.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

The DOMINION CHURCHMAN has removed into larger and more commodious offices, No. 11 Imperial Buildings, 30 Adelaide St. East, west of Post Office.

A QUESTION FOR EASTER.—"Is your clergyman's salary paid?" "I don't know. The vestry will see to that." But the vestry do not always see to it. Tradesmen will see that their own bills are collected, the tax gatherer will collect the town assessments; but the minister does not feel at liberty to urge his claims in the same way. Indeed, he cannot. He is a modest man, with gentlemanly instincts. He loves to have this matter of dollars on the footing of a transaction of honor. He would suffer a dozen inconveniences before he would subject others to one. So he rubs along. It jars on his sensitive nerves to be dunned, but he bears it from necessity; he goes without, and scrims in many ways that are little suspected, and sometimes suffers real privation and want, and all this because they who ought to take interest in the matter do not stop to enquire whether the minister is paid.

AN EASTER OFFERING.—TO PARISHES IN DEBT TO THE CLERGY.—We have no hesitation at all in placing the above amongst our Easter-tide material for reasonable reflections. "Owe no man anything" is a part of the Gospel and a parish in debt to its Pastor must have its Easter joy sadly damped by the reproaches of conscience. How do you suppose he can realise all that Easter should bring of peace and hope, while he has store bills unpaid, or is in need of home comforts, or necessities in food or clothing? Try laymen, try to make your clergy happy and strong in heart by lifting from their shoulders the burthen of worldly care; you will find your own hearts and homes the lighter and sweeter by this service of love and duty to him who ministers to you in divine things.

QUAINT CONCEITS FOR EASTER-TIDE.—This being the season of hope, the following, from an old Puritan divine, is seasonable and his quaint conceits suggestive:—"Hope is a virgin of a fair and clear countenance; her proper seat is upon earth, her proper object is in heaven; of a quick and piercing eye, that can see the glory of God, the mercy of Christ, the society of saints and angels, the joys of paradise, through all the clouds and orbs; as Stephen saw heaven opened, and Jesus standing in the holy place. Her eye is so fixed on the blessedness above that nothing in the world can remove it. Faith is her Attorney-General, prayer her Solicitor, patience her Physician, charity her Almoner, thankfulness her Treasurer, confidence her Vice-Admiral, the praise of God her

anchor, peace her chair of state, and eternal glory her crown." (1653.)

BAXTER ON THE EASTER TIDE GRACE.—HOPE.—"Hope is the very spring that sets all the wheels agoing. Who would preach if it were not in hope to prevail with poor sinners for their conversion and confirmation? Who would pray, but for the hope to prevail with God? Who would believe, or obey, or strive, or suffer, or do anything for heaven if it were not for hope that he hath to obtain it? Would the mariner sail, the merchant adventure, if they had not the hope of safety and success? Would the husbandman plough and sow and take pains if he had not the hope of increase at harvest? Would the soldier fight if he hoped not for victory? Surely no man doth adventure upon known impossibilities."

A FLOWER FROM RICHTER'S GARDEN.—Few writers equal Jean Paul Richter in tenderness, beauty and quaintness of fancy. His writings are a garden of the flowers of imagery, but translation dulls their colors and dulls too their perfume. "Hope is the ruddy morning of joy, recollection is its golden tinge, but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight, and the bright blue day which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another Sun."

A VESTMENT DIFFICULTY.—On the occasion of our visit to a Roman Catholic chapel to hear Dr. McCabe, as soon as the hour struck for service a big, jolly Friar Tuck looking sort of Priest came to the front of the railing and made this edifying speech in a broad Irish accent, "Brithren! I sent the vestments off yesterday from W.—and they have not been delivered, so we shall not be able to have 'High mass' this morning, but we'll give you a 'Low' one instead! 'We trust that the Almighty was not angry at being approached without the 'vestments,' for our own part, being somewhat aesthetical, we thought the poor man made a ridiculous show of himself by the gew-gaws and millinery he wore even at 'Low mass,' and his bobbing up and down was more conducive to uproarious hilarity than worship."

MISSIONS IN COUNTRY PARISHES.—It must often sadden the heart of the clergy in small parishes to see how city Churchmen are being blessed by the ministrations of some great missionary. Surely some steps should be taken to organize a series of missions throughout the country parishes. We quote an account of such a mission in the old land. "The church has been crowded at each service. On Sunday last we had seventy-six communicants, and on Tuesday morning at 8 a.m. thirty-eight; our population is only 460. Of course on Tuesday hardly any men were, on account of their occupation, able to be present. On Sunday last the church was literally crammed; almost all the seats and chairs in the village being requisitioned, and all available space in the church economised. The church porch was crowded, and numbers unable to obtain an entrance. The attendance on Monday evening was almost as large. If asked by any brother clergyman similarly situated as myself whether I would advise him to have a mission in his parish, I would say, 'By all means; but when the seed has been sown, be diligent in keeping it well watered. If you do so you may expect very gratifying results.'"

It is now nearly a hundred years since Thomas Gibbons passed away. Besides being a preacher he was a writer. His name, in many quarters, is forgotten. His writings are not generally read. But there are four lines, which came from his pen that perpetuate his name. They are a rebuke to the small soul—the greedy, stingy individual. Here they are:—

"That man may last, but never lives,
Whom much receives but nothing gives:
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, Creation's blank."

SOUND WORDS.—The secret of all religious and moral steadfastness lies in the hold which Christ has on the convictions of men. That zeal which does not run down with its roots below the feelings into the conscience is always to be distrusted. The devotion which has for a foundation nothing deeper than its attractiveness will sooner or later prove to have been unreal. It may live for a time on excitement, but ere long the multitude will be seen following some new master. A faith which rests upon impulse rather than conviction must break down when the hour of trial comes.

THE CONFESSIONAL.—It is, happily, the wise provision of the Church of England that *habitual* confession is not her practice, and the Confessional is not her institution. Nothing can be a clearer and truer exposition of the teaching and practice of the Church of England on these points than the following statement of Bishop Wilberforce:—"We make provision for those whose consciences are burdened with any weighty matter, that they may be able to open their grief to some discreet minister of God's Word and Sacrament, but we must not provide that what the Church of England so manifestly treats as an occasional remedy for exceptional cases should become the established rule of their ordinary spiritual life." Now, it is not a little singular that the Gallican Church, as we see from its greatest authorities, felt and recognised the dangers of *habitual* confession. Archbishop Fenelon, for example, writes as follows:—"There is no greater evil than these efforts to attain a visionary relief. . . . The only cure is to silence them, and turn to God at once, and at such time it is *prayer* and not *confession* that will heal the heart."

Again, Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, in his "Examination of Conscience by Priests," writes, "Priests do not pay sufficient attention to the continual temptations of *habitual* confessions. The soul is in this way gradually enfeebled, and at the end the virtue of chastity is for ever lost." We should like to know what answer the ablest of Roman Catholic controversialists can make to these views of Cardinal de Bonald and Archbishop Fenelon?

A PLAIN WORD WHERE NEEDED.—We hear that a young and very unexperienced curate, doubly inexperienced in spiritual things as well as in matters very necessary to one who takes upon himself such a task, has invited his hearers to resort to him and make their "Confessions." We knew a friend in the old land who one day asked his wife where she was going? She answered "To confession." "Well, said he, I will not stop you, but if you go you need never return, I only will be your Father Confessor and will not allow any man to come between us." The woman did not go to Confession. We should like some of the husbands and fathers of the deluded victims of this most imprudent curate to tell him a plain word or two about "meddling."

EASTER LIGHTED BY THE CROSS.—Christianity without Calvary would never have become the substantial and permanent religion that it is. It shows the need of the Cross, not merely as the means and the pledge of forgiveness on God's part, but also as the foundation of a settled and unchangeable Gospel on man's part. Without shedding of blood there could be no remission of sin, nor could there be any constant upbuilding in righteousness, and without remission of sin, or building up of righteousness what would have been the Resurrection? A mere doctrine, simply that and nothing more. Whereas now the joy of Easter is in the light of the Cross, for through the Cross came and comes victory over sin which is the sting and cause of death.

DR. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, until recently, was the pastor of a congregation in Detroit that was called influential and fashionable. The "influence," the "wealth," and the "fashion" the Dr. felt were hampering him in his work, and were detrimental to the progress of Evangelical Christianity.