

not be at all affected for good or ill by the exuberant enthusiasm of any one layman, or the, possibly, incautious acceptance of lay services by an abnormally ardent cleric. The Church is awakening to a sense of the need for the help of her laity. She has, too, before her the warning of history and experience. She is not likely to repeat the blunder which, in the last century, drove many a godly layman out of her fold by refusing him the opportunities his soul craved for of labouring within it. I know nothing of Mr. Grigg except by current report, and will not pretend to say whether he has found or mistaken his true vocation. But if he or any one else has the true qualifications of an evangelist, by all means let us endeavour to find means by which they can be utilized. There are plenty of parishes in Huron where a little evangelistic zeal would not be wasted. The Church of England in Canada in her conflict with the powers of darkness and in her honourable competition in the Lord's work with other communions, needs the help of every loyal son. "Let all things be done decently and in order," as St. Paul tersely puts it; in other words, subject to the advice, oversight and direction of those who are commissioned by the Church to the pastoral office and with episcopal assent, and the more scope that is found for laymen to exercise whatever gifts the Holy Spirit may have bestowed on them, the more will her Divine Head be glorified through her instrumentality.

A. H. DYMOND.

Brantford, January 15, 1892.

Notes and Queries.

SIR.—1. Is it consistent for Church people to call Roman Catholic and Dissenting places of worship "Churches"? Could you suggest any other more suitable name?

2. Why are the prayers for the Governor-General and for the Lieutenant-Governor never used in this diocese?

3. Is there any argument from the Bible which shows that Christ will come in the East?

J. F. R.

Ans.—1. Our vocabulary is limited, and it would not mend matters to call them *chapels*. We are too weak to lay down a rule and have it followed. Is not the "Dissenting place of worship" an idea that is purely English, unsuited to the Canadian soil?

2. It is a shame that these prayers are not constantly used in every diocese.

3. There is no direct or indirect Scripture evidence for the notion, which at best is a general traditional feeling which rises up to a popular expectation. St. Matt. xxiv. 27 is the passage of Scripture that comes nearest it, yet really teaches nothing on the point.

Sunday School Lesson.

3rd Sunday after Epiphany. Jan. 24th, 1892.

THE DUTIES OF THE COVENANT—OBEDIENCE.

All sin has its origin in disobedience. Disobedience was the sin of Adam and Eve; and as all our misery has arisen from their disobeying God's will, so one of the chief and hardest lessons we all have to learn, is to obey God's will and commandments.

Keeping God's holy will and commandments.—By keeping His will, we mean observing it and obeying it continually, not merely when it pleases us, or agrees with our inclinations, but at all times, and on all occasions, both when our neighbours see us, and when God alone beholds us.

There is a great reward before us for obedience to God. Nothing but sorrow and misery can come from disobedience. (Eph. v. 6; Col. iii. 6.)

God wills and commands us to do nothing but what is for our best and truest happiness, both in this world and the next. How foolish and wicked therefore it is to disobey Him!

But obedience is not easy. If God had taken away from us all freedom of will, it might have been an easy thing to obey Him; but it has pleased Him to give us the power either to obey Him or to disobey Him. We are in this world in a state of trial; He calls on us to obey Him, but we are exposed to temptations of various kinds to lead us into disobedience; our companions, our own evil passions and appetites, and evil thoughts, are all tempting us continually to disobedience; our duty is, with God's help, to overcome these temptations.

But if we would truly obey God's will, we must be careful to learn what His will is concerning us. We must read our Bibles and give heed to the instructions of our parents and teachers, and particularly to those of our spiritual pastors and masters.

Our obedience must spring from love. We must obey Him, because we love Him, and because we

may be certain that whatever He wills and commands, is for our good.

If we are careful in the study of our Bibles we shall learn that God's will and commandments cover every stage of our lives, from the moment when we are first able to think and speak. As children, it is His will that we should obey our parents: Fifth Commandment (Eph. iv. 1); as servants we are to obey our masters (Col. iii. 22; 1 St. Peter ii. 13); as good subjects we are to obey those that have the rule over us (Rom. xiii. 1-4; 1 St. Peter ii. 17); and submit to the laws of the land (1 St. Peter ii. 13, 14); as Christians we are to obey our pastors (Heb. xiii. 17); not presumptuously think that we are wiser than they. When we go into the world to earn our living, it is God's will that we should be honest and faithful in all our work for others (Eph. vi. 6; Eccl. ix. 10), that we should not cheat nor defraud our neighbours (1 Thess. iv. 6). It is also God's will that we shall not keep all our earnings and possessions for our own use and enjoyment, but that we shall give as He is pleased to bless us, to the support of His Church, and to the relief of the poor (Prov. iii. 9; 1 Cor. ix. 14; 1 St. John iii. 17). Moreover it is God's will that we should keep our bodies pure and chaste, temperate and sober, for He has declared that they are the temples of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. vi. 19). When we come to consider the nature of these commands, and all others that God has laid down for the guidance of our lives, we shall see that they are all intended for our happiness, and that not one of them can be safely transgressed or disobeyed without sooner or later bringing unhappiness to the transgressors, and very often to others as well.

"Walking in the same all the days of my life." "All the days" includes every day. We are not to think that while we are young we can safely disobey God's will, and trust that when we get older we may amend, and lead better lives. We cannot be certain that we shall live a single day; sudden death may come to any one. Thus there may be no opportunity given us for repentance. Then we must remember that disobedience of God's will affects not only ourselves, and our own souls—there is the bad example we set to others. We may be the means of leading others into sin, and though God in His mercy may give us grace to repent, our friends and companions "may find no place of repentance." What a dreadful thought it would be for us if we should be the means of leading a fellow creature to eternal misery!

But we can never hope to walk in God's laws unless we continually seek His divine help to enable us to do so. (*See Collect for to-day.*)

Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

CHAPTER X.

NOBODY CARES.

It is winter again, and some days have been very cold, even in Mount's Bay, but this morning the sun is shining brightly, and "Missie," leaning against old Turk, who is standing patiently waiting in the shafts of the rickety cart, which is just now laden with fish, bright silvery little fish which reflect the sunlight cheerily, is thinking anxiously whether it is warm enough for Jem to creep out and sit in the sun.

The air does him so much good, and it was so dull for him to be inside the van all day, the doctor had said the fresh air was better for him than anything else; then with the recollection of all that the doctor had said was good for Jem, Dorothy's expression changed, and the lines round her mouth grew hard.

A year and a half has passed since Dorothy's dormant recollections were awakened by the sight of her early home, for long after that day they stirred within her, making her restless and discontented, but now they are asleep again, and she seldom gives a thought to the past.

The last two winters have been spent by the wanderers in this far end of Cornwall. Nance had wintered here once before in her early married life, and Jem was born here; when she first took serious alarm at his failing strength, she said confidently that "his own air" would make him strong and well again, and when Joe grumbled, she said he might do as he liked, she did not want any one but her children, and she had started bravely off, Joe soon following, for he had not given up hope. If Jem died (and Jem was sure to die, he thought) then Nance might yet marry him.

Besides, where she was he never really wanted; he could always count on her generosity; she was too full of resource and enterprise to starve, or let others starve; then there was Missie's singing, that could always be counted on in hard times.

They had fared wonderfully well through that first winter, and Dorothy had grown to love Cornwall; the mild climate seemed delightful to her after the cold she had suffered in previous winters, and then Jem revived, as if by magic, and grew comparatively strong; there was fish always to be had cheap, and he thrived on it.

Never once did Nance ask her to sing, save to herself and Jem, though Joe often sneered at her folly; but if Jem could not sleep, Dorothy would warble to him by the hour, for his nights were bad, and he had to sleep when sleep would come.

They wandered round the country in the summer, Joe following them more persistently than usual, their constant neighbourhood growing more distasteful to Dorothy than ever, blind Jenny's presence alone keeping her from an open feud with Joe's boys.

Now both families have returned to their last winter's quarters in a small thistle-covered field, surrounded with a low granite wall, which they are renting on the outskirts of a fishing village within a mile or two of Penzance. Jem had kept wonderfully well during the summer; open-air life in a mild climate had stayed the disease; but when winter had set in again, each day he had lost strength.

Nance had called in the doctor, and had heard the truth from him, but she did not like to tell her poor little "Lil" that the brother she loved so devotedly would soon be called away, that not even all the things the doctor said he ought to have, and which were so impossible to get, would save him.

Poor Jem now passed hours of his day in bed, sometimes all day. Nance and Lil had long given up their shelf bed to him, making up theirs on the floor of the van.

Perhaps Dorothy guessed the truth more nearly than Nance knew, for the last week her good spirits had failed her, and she had grown strangely silent and thoughtful. Nance often wondered what the child was thinking of, but she made no sign.

"Why don't those rich people care, those people who have money; why don't they care, and come and help us? The doctor says Jem ought to have cod-liver oil and jellies, and all those things, and nobody cares, nobody cares. . . . Jem says God cares, but He doesn't send us the things. . . . I'll go and sing this very afternoon; I'll tell mother I must; I'll go right into Penzance, and sing just before the very biggest houses I can. I'll have to go alone, and I hate it, I hate it, but I'll go; Jem shall have some cod-liver oil, and some wine, and everything that the doctor says will do him good."

These were Dorothy's thoughts as she leant against patient old Turk. Her old friend Rover had been buried, with many tears, some months before, and his successor Prince, a puppy still, whom "Missie" had been called on to name, was now keeping guard over Jem and the van, while she waited for her mother to begin a round with some pilchards in the distant villages.

She was so engrossed in her own thoughts that she hardly noticed the passing of the two gentlemen, even though they turned and looked at her.

"There's that gipsy child again with the wonderful hair," said one of them.

"What an uncommonly resolute face she has," returned the other; "I have not caught sight of her for a long time. I have often wondered lately whether I could get hold of her for my picture; she is not looking happy to-day; generally she has a very bright smile; her hair is truly splendid, and she has beautiful eyes."

"Yes, she is a handsome child, so very uncommon looking; her mother is a good-looking woman, too, though a different type; as she stands now how picturesque she is!"

"Very, and she is wonderfully graceful, she carries her head so proudly; but evidently something has put her out."

Dorothy had on a rusty-black skirt, a faded