

PLANS FOR PARSONAGES.

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Niagara.
Dear Brethren.—A great deal of money is very unwisely expended in starting parsonages without good plans. I have procured the plans of the best rural parsonages that I know of as regards cost, ventilation, warming and pews, deposited the same in the Synod Office. All parties in the diocese proposing to build a rural parsonage can copy the plan by applying to the Secretary-Treasurer at the Synod Office.

T. B. NIAGARA.

Bishophurst, November 30th, 1881.

Biblical Notes and Queries.

ANSWER TO P. TOCQUE.—Nearly thirty years ago I asked the same question in a periodical, but did not receive any satisfactory reply. Always since then in baptizing I have used the Name of the Lord Jesus as being the Name of the Father, &c.: I have no doubt that the apostles baptized and commanded believers to be baptized in or into the Name of Jesus. He being both Lord and Christ, and His name the only saving one—for here is salvation in no other than He. He is too the Father in the Son, by the Holy Spirit, a full embodiment of the Godhead. Omit the name of Jesus in baptizing and you rob Him of the glory due unto His name as the Saviour the only Saviour. Yes, I have long held that the Name referred to in St. Matt. xxviii. is mentioned in the texts you mentioned. St. Paul, too thinks that the name of the Saviour is the proper name to be baptized into. Had St. Paul been the Saviour the name of St. Paul would have been the name into which to be baptized.

Halifax.

Yours faithfully,
J. R. L.

ANSWER.—In reply to B. D's explanation of Baptism in the name of Jesus Christ (Acts ii. 38), I would observe: The Sacrament of Baptism was instituted during the great forty days. The Romanist theology teaches otherwise, and raises curious questions, asserting that our Lord and his apostles administered the Sacrament of Baptism previous to the Passion and Resurrection. Their objection to our view are as follows: That unless we believe this we are compelled to admit that unbaptized Apostles received the Eucharist and Orders. To this we reply that Saul was an apostle before he was baptized, which answers the point of Orders. That as to the Eucharist, it is in the first place very doubtful whether it received its full endorsement of grace until after Pentecost, and secondly, it may be questioned whether its being administered by Christ Himself, did not *ipso facto* make up for all defects of the nature alleged in the recipient. On the other hand we allege (St. John iv. 2), Whereas, the Romanists to make out their view are obliged to take the ground that Christ did baptize the twelve Apostles (St. John xiii. 5 to 18). And yet against this text they only allege their supposed necessity of the case. Secondly, that Christ had not yet suffered, nor risen, and the Passion and Resurrection are the foundations of the Sacraments as well as of the Church. To this the Romanists reply, that the Sacrament of Baptism was instituted before these things occurred because of the foreseen merits of Christ, but this proves too much, for on this ground anything else might have been instituted before the Resurrection, and administered in its fulness before the Pentecostal gift.

Some have supposed a temporary dispensation granted to the Apostles, permitting them to use the formula in the name of Jesus Christ, but there is no record of any such dispensation, there can be imagined no necessity for it. The passage may be explained: 1. The mention of the name of Christ does not necessarily exclude the other names; 2. The purpose is to distinguish St. John's Baptism from that of Christ, which would alone account for the expression; 3. The name of Christ here may mean the authority and power; compare xxviii. 17. 4. The expression may refer to the profession made of faith in Christ.

P. TOCQUE.

Family Reading.

THE TWO GATES.

A PILGRIM once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;
The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;

His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast.
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way:
But while his dim and weary eyes essay
To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied.
And tottering toward it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and, passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air:
And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned
In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
'Now shining bright' and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

THE MANGER OF THE HOLY NIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

A Pleasant Garden, and a Melancholy Tale.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who went out very early in the morning, to walk in his pleasure. The place was lovely and fair to the eye; but the king had been a long time sick, and so ill that he wist not what to do. That garden blushed with beauty like a bride; the flowers breathed sweet incense, and the rays of the morning sun trembled in the dew-drops of the grass; every tree shone like some Christmas bower, but the heart of the king was sad within him, and he trod along those paths of loveliness in silent sorrow. There were many precious fruits which laughed before him upon the boughs in hues of purple and gold: the water gushed in music from the fount; fair and silvery fishes bounded in the pool: the silent shadows of the swan glided along the stream: but the very perfume of the garden was to the king as it were the smell of death. He loathed the ruddy fruits, and fled from the sight of his own image in the water as though it had been some ghastly shade. He rushed along the paths, and stood before a thicket of roses which fenced that garden on every side. There before him were the lambs that fed among the trees; and the hart and the hind that had grown up tame in the forest: and they bounded towards their master to seek their accustomed food, while the thousand voices of birds greeted him in silvery song. But the king smote away the deer, and sought to hush the birds to silence with his voice. But his threats were in vain: in vain also he stoned them with stones: they gathered in multitudes into the branches of an old and gnarled birch tree in the midst of that garden, and sung. Stone after stone did he hurl at them; and at last, in his fury he flung among the branches, his royal sceptre and crown. His rage increased to madness, when he saw that these precious and kingly jewels had become entangled and hung upon the boughs. He cast himself upon the ground and lay thereon with his eyes fast closed, and his ears covered with his hands, that he might neither see sight, nor hear sound. "Woe is me," said the king, "in hall and bower mine is the same dull weary heavy weight of soul—why, in the midst of all that makes others glad—O! why am I this living death?"

CHAPTER II.

Of a little Gray Man and his Strange Dream.

WE know not how long the weary king lay beneath the tree, for none durst ever approach him in his solitude, tarry he ever so long. His crown and his sceptre troubled him no more, for they hung far up upon the boughs of that ancient tree. But after a while it appeared to him as though he heard a breath and felt a gentle touch. He started up exceeding wroth, and saw with astonishment near him, a little old dark gray man, who leaned upon a mossy stone and slept. He was clad in a mantle of gray: his hair was white as snow: both hands held a staff: his old and weary head sunk deep between his arms, and his beard covered his face. The old man neither moved nor stirred, and but for a frequent loud-drawn breath, he might have been taken for a statue of stone or a corpse. The king looked on him in wrath, for all

men had been forbidden to enter that pleasure on pain of death. He then called him with a loud and angry voice, out his slumber was so deep that he still slept on. Then the king caught him by the beard, and shook him with great violence thrice, saying, "Ha, mine ancient, awake!"

Then the old man with a deep sigh awoke: he lifted up his head and looked with a firm and sorrowful gaze upon the angry king, and said in a sad low chant:

How many a sorrow shall they shed,
That honour not the hoary head!
Behold you dew upon the flower,
The type of Mercy's blessed shower
But blossoms in their icy grave,
Are signs of hearts that will not save
Therefore, O king, on old and poor,
Be merciful for evermore!

"Why," said the old man, "why hast thou broken my sleep? And why dost thou look on me in wrath I know thee for a king who thou art, but knowest thou my dream here upon the stone, thou wouldst be more gracious than thou art." "Thine must have been a rare dream," said the king, "and thy spirit is soon satisfied under that mantle of thine, which has so often seen the sun rise and set upon its folds; yet let me hear thy tale, it may soothe the weariness of my mind, and the heavy drag of the days as they pass over me in the bower and hall. Anything new instead of this unvarying song of birds, and ceaseless hum of bees, and selfsame hue of flowers, and these trees that bloom and fade with leaves ever and ever alike. Say then thy dream, and if it is a goodly one I will pardon thee and give thee moreover a reward."

Then said the gray old man; "Yesterday I was in the forest a wanderer, and hungry for food. I came into thy garden for solace from the fallen fruits and for rest. I cast myself down—a weary on this stone to sleep or die. Slowly the night and silence came on among the trees, and the sound of far-away waters soothed me to rest. I pondered on the coming twilight of my old man's life, and the darkness of the grave. I looked back upon the days of my youth, and the bright spots of childhood came forth one by one and shone along the midnight of memory like stars. Then came back to me the scenes that were gone. There was a vessel filled with the companions of my youth, and I was in the midst of them. The breeze was in the sails and there were banners in the air. A bower bent above us, and amid the sounds of festival and song we glided down the stream. The bark moved onward and on, and the time sped like the river with invisible lapse. There were on the banks men who ate their bread in the sweat of their brow: there were shepherds with their flocks at their feet; there were nets and fishing-men: the sickle of the reaper shone among the sheaves; and the vats gushed with the blood of the vine. There, beside the forest, the hunter watched the prey. Scenes, too, of household life were there. The child on its path to the distant school, and the pilgrim, staff in hand, whose gaze was on the ancient oratory of the Lady of Heaven. But we heeded not these images of peaceful labour and humble existence. We glided on in dreamy rapture and reckless delight, as it were, feeding on flowers. Noon fled and solemn evening came. The reapers' task was done. The nets were drawn to land, and the steward called his labourers and gave them their hire. Ever and anon a chime came over the waters from some distant tower of gray, that thrilled along the sky like a watchword of some sentinel in the armies of heaven. Then came dark night; the storm, the thunder, and the rain. But there was revelry in our midst and song. Then the wrath of the tempest waxed into madness. The waves arose, violent as though they had life. The ship reeled to and fro, until we looked forth upon the horrors of a wide and deadly sea. There were billows and a steep place, and the shore. I stood by the mast, I stretched forth my hands towards the rocks, and it seemed as though they beckoned to me to come. I plunged into the waves, the vessel was rent into fragments as I fell. A strong hand grasped me by the beard and I awoke, for it was thou, O king, who with voice and gesture hadst roused me from my dream."

Then be wise, O king, and fear,
The voyage of the night is near:
Very soon wilt thou lament,
Shattered sail and rudder rent.
Yea, the crucible is on,
And the dross of life is gone;
Life behind and death before,
Angry wave and fatal shore!
Then be wise, O king, and see
Visions of eternity.
Sow pure seed in time to reap,
Gather good deeds to their heap:
Give thine alms to sick and poor,
Which the Judgment shall restore:
And thou shalt pass beneath the rod,
To the garden of thy God."

"Away with thy foolish dream," was the answer