

quiet-looking man of about forty, and a humorous twinkle in his eye prevents his face looking too grave. He is clean shaved, and though dressed in easy morning costume, there is a certain unmistakable clericalism about the set of his tie and the cut of his garments that indicates the High Churchman, if not the Ritualist. And in fact it was on account of Mr. Oxford's leanings in this latter direction that we were so sorely opposed to him. His reputation had travelled before him, and when one hot afternoon the mail tonga set him down at the travellers' bungalow, we felt that we had a Ritualist among us, and shuddered. I am bound to say that our ideas as to what a Ritualist was were exceedingly vague. We mixed him up somehow with candles and flowers, and half-expected that he had renounced boots in favour of sandals. But even those among us who were most prejudiced against Mr. Oxford were soon forced to admit the following points in his favour. He was a gentleman; he was very much in earnest about his work; and he was a first-rate cricketer. It was this latter accomplishment that made him from the first such a favourite with the soldiers, who had an immense admiration for the parson who bowled them out at cricket on Saturday, and gave them a bit of his mind from the pulpit on Sunday.

This was all very well, and the community of Guppymore—and more particularly the younger portion of it—voted the new parson a good fellow. Certainly the word Ritualist had an ugly sound, though hardly anybody knew what it meant; but it was generally felt that any parson who bowled as "straight as did Mr. Oxford, or who hit to leg with the force and precision of that gentleman, must be quite sound as to doctrine, though you might call him a Ritualist or anything else you pleased. But this was the superficial view of the matter, and Mrs. Blazer knew better. Mrs. Blazer was the wife of General Blazer, commanding the forces at Guppyore, and was chiefly remarkable for an uncertain temper and a stern and unflinching resolution never to desert the Church of England, but to rally around it to the last.

She had expressed this sentiment of her intention to rally round the Church so strongly one day soon after the arrival of Mr. Oxford that General Blazer was driven to say weekly,

"But no one wants you to desert the Church, my dear, and there seems no immediate necessity for you to rally around it."

"Indeed, General Blazer!" said the lady with lofty surprise. "Then may I ask why they have sent Mr. Oxford to Guppyore?"

"Really, my dear, I don't know. I suppose it was his tour of duty," replied the General; "and I must say he seems to me a pleasant, gentlemanly sort of a man."

"I presume, General Blazer," said his wife, with a show of politeness that frightened the General far more than any display of anger: "I presume you are not aware that Mr. Oxford is a Ritualist. And you may not be aware what a Ritualist is, General Blazer. You are not quite certain? Then I will tell you. Do you know that Mr. Oxford wears a hair shirt?"

"Devilish uncomfortable in this climate," was the General's comment.

"And not only that," continued the lady, not appearing to notice the interruption; "but he never eats meat on Friday."

"Sensible fellow," said the General. "Good fish is doosid deal better than tough mutton."

"And worse than that, General Blazer," said his wife, speaking quickly to avoid further interruption; "far worse than that. He actually thinks the Pope may be saved; he crosses himself in private; he calls himself a priest, and before you are six months older, General Blazer, he'll make you go to confession, and will inflict the most dreadful penances on you, the least which will be to stop your brandy and soda-water, and your cheroots."

"Good heavens!" said General Blazer, considerably alarmed at the prospect of an ascetic future. "This will never do. There must be something in the Bombay Army Regulations against this sort of thing, and I'll ask the Brigade-Major to look it up. Mr. Oxford must be informed that this sort of thing is not contemplated in the General Orders."

"I wish dear Mr. Pounder had not gone to England," sighed his wife.

But wishing was no use. Dear Mr. Pounder, having lately buried his third wife, had gone home to look out for number four, and to see at the same if no snug livings were going begging; so there was nothing to be done but to make the best of Mr. Oxford. The first Sunday this gentleman preached everyone went to church. Mr. Blazer sailed up the aisle, all rustling in silks, and took her seat in the front pew, with the air of a woman determined to die at her post rather than tolerate unsound doctrine. The General followed her, and having stood the prescribed time gazing into the crown of his hat, sat down beside her, and heartily wished the service was over. Several youngsters gave up the delights of a good "Europe sleep," and came to church under the vague im-

pression that something unusual was going to happen. But they were doomed to disappointment. The new chaplain read the solemn and beautiful liturgy of the English Church in a simple, unaffected manner, very different from the florid style of Mr. Pounder, whose method for emphasizing favourite passages spoke more for his fervour than his taste. The sermon had, at any rate, the great merit of being exceedingly short; and the kind-hearted old General may be excused, if, when church was over and he and his wife were at home, he rubbed his hands, and said with a little air of triumph, "Well, my dear, nothing so very wrong about Mr. Oxford, after all. Sermon was only fifteen minutes."

"Which is all you care about, General Blazer," returned his wife severely. "But you don't suppose he will show his colours at once. I am credibly informed that he has holy water in his house, as indeed every Ritualist is bound to have by the rules of his Order. I remember when my uncle, the Dean, went to stay with young Mr. Chausible how he suffered from this custom. On the first night of his arrival, when he was shown into his bedroom, he carefully put his gold watch, that cost fifty guineas, in a sort of receptacle that hung on the wall near the bed, and which he thought was a kind of newly-invented watch-pocket. When he got up in the morning and took his watch to see the time, what was his horror to find that his valuable time-piece had been the whole night in water. And when he asked Mr. Chausible about it, that gentleman only laughed and said, 'Bless my heart, you don't mean to say you put your watch in the holy water steep? What an odd idea.' What do you think of that, General Blazer?"

"Well, my dear, said the General in a tone of reflection, "I don't think your uncle, the Dean, cared much about water of any sort, but I never in my life knew a man take more kindly to his port-wine."

"Scoffer!" said Mrs. Blazer, and went to have her Sunday nap.

But Mrs. Blazer had not long to wait before Mr. Oxford revealed himself to Guppyore as the wily priest he was. He actually sent round a notice saying that he was going to have service in the church every morning, and inviting as many as possible of the people to attend. This idea came upon Guppyore like a thunder-clap, and it was felt that only Mrs. Blazer could grapple with a dangerous innovation of this kind. Nor did that lady belie the expectations formed of her. She convened a meeting of ladies in her drawing-room, to which the General was the only gentleman admitted. She delivered then and there a stirring address, in the course of which she asked whether the principles of the Reformation were or were not at stake, and whether going to church on Sunday was not enough for anyone?

Here the General was rash enough to say, "Quite enough, my dear," and then glanced round with the pleasant smile of a man who has said a neat thing, and is sure of applause; but the assembled matrons gazed at the little man with such an expression of strong surprise that he did not venture to say another word. The meeting, after a long and animated discussion (only diversified by tea and cake), called upon General Blazer, as commanding at Guppyore, to put a stop to this proposed heresy. On this the General, to the astonishment of everybody, suddenly left the room, and reappeared, carrying with some difficulty a red book nearly as tall and much more bulky than himself. This book, he explained, was the Bombay Army Regulations, and if any lady present could convince him that the conduct of Mr. Oxford was condemned in any paragraph of those regulations, he could put a stop to it; if not, he was helpless.

But it is time to conclude. In the midst of the strife about Mr. Oxford, a dread and uninvited guest came to Guppyore. Cholera broke out; and very soon Mr. Oxford's zealous efforts for the sick and dying, and his utter disregard of his own time, comfort, and convenience, were freely acknowledged by everyone. The old General coming home from the hospital one evening, testily told Mrs. Blazer that the ladies of Guppyore might say what they liked, but he'd be something'd if Mr. Oxford wasn't the best parson he had ever seen. The ladies of Guppyore by this time, however, were quite of this opinion themselves; and, when the cholera disappeared, Mr. Oxford might have said and done what he liked without any danger of opposition. He has now a devoted female congregation for his daily morning service, and he has no warmer champion in Guppyore than Mrs. Blazer.

MAINE NEWS.—Hop Bitters which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—Portland Argus.

## Diocesan Intelligence.

### MONTREAL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MONTREAL.—Ecclesiastical news is meagre. But as "still waters run deep," so in the Church at this time while matters seem quiet there is a deeper and more lasting work going on than in times of greater attention. However much clerics may differ as to ritual and shades of doctrine, there is a pretty good uniformity in their method of deepening the spiritual life among their people, and which is the special work of Lent. More frequent services and sermons or readings are therefore found in most of our churches. We cannot therefore single out any. In some a Friday evening Litany service is all that is held until Passion and Holy Week draw near. In some of our parishes lectures on some general subjects are being given, not, however, we hope, as carrying out the Lenten object. There was a time in Montreal, and in other dioceses as well, when through Lent special lectures on some subsidiary Church matters, such as Gothic architecture, Church windows, and Church History were given. They were never very largely attended. Lectures, with few exceptions, very seldom are. But they were useful nevertheless, but as substitutes for sermons breathing something of the Lenten character, they were nowhere. Our Bishop, even if he had a cathedral that he could truly call such, would not be seen for many consecutive Sundays in it, for he is ever on the "round," and that for Confirmation chiefly. He is in journeyings oft. Such is a good bishop's life now-a-days.

THE CHURCH BOOK AND TRACT SOCIETY.—Such a Society you have in Toronto. Excellent and much required are the tracts it issues. But why is not the series kept before our eyes in your columns? Instead of our having to send to New York or elsewhere, we could send to your Society. An advertisement, once or twice is not enough. The clergyman perhaps trusts to or gives away his paper, and at the time has not the cash or time to send for what he wants, and when he does he scans the columns of the Church paper in vain to find the address of the Society or the titles of its issues. Doubtless the Society can ill afford advertisements; but might not a Church paper keep such a thing as an item of information before its readers?

LACOLLE.—The rector of this parish in the building of his new church is receiving aid in the drawing of material, etc., for that purpose from all classes and creeds. We don't suppose that he is receiving any aid from the no creeds, or "nothingarians," that abound not a few in the township.

HOCHELAGA.—St. Mary's.—The incumbent has been aroused to take an active part in promoting temperance and teetotalism in his parish. A Band of Hope has been organized and has taken in a large number of the youth. A Good Templars' Lodge has also been or is about being organized. A class of candidates for Confirmation is also under instruction. The Bishop is expected there this month. A Confirmation will be given in St. George's also this month.

### ONTARIO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH.—On last, Sunday, Feb. 25th, the following letter was found on the plate at the offertory in St. John's church, with \$12.85 enclosed:—Rev. Mr. Porter—Dear sir,—Please accept this small donation from the congregation of St. John's church, with their best wishes for yourself and family. Signed on behalf of the congregation, Mrs. James White, Mrs. T. A. Seaward. This being an additional donation to Rev. T. G. Porter, the new curate in that parish, as many of the parishioners had already made donations in kind to a large amount, it speaks well for the kindly spirit in which they have received their new clergyman. May the same kindly feeling long continue between parson and people!

NAPANEE.—Missionary Meeting.—A notable innovation the Ven. Archdeacon of Kingston was projecting when he announced in his church of St. Mary Magdalene, that the annual missionary meeting would be held this year upon a week-day, instead of on Sunday, and that it should be a missionary meeting pure and simple, held in the school-room, not a service of divine worship with address, in the church as heretofore. The Archdeacon's idea was by abating the formality and tedium of the occasion, and by sup-

plying fresh tend upon fully selecte the Rev. C. Wilson, of deacon wou neighbour pointed, Mo assembled church. Th Judge Wilk proceedings hymn 47, w and the Lo service, ex The latter, What has l supplied at gregation t with what in the coll week-day successful had been e would hav The proce ably less tl more than much cong parture.

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