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A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
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THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The death of this distinguished man has produced
the most sincere demonstrations of sympathy in all
parts of the civilized world. Our gracious Queen,
with great kindness of heart, and with, doubtless,
the most acute recollections of her own early
widowed days, has been among the first to express
her earnest sympathy for the distressed widow and
family; and other crowned heads, governments,
and peoples, have been little behind her in
attesting their sincere sorrow at the blow which has
befallen the American nation. Despatches from
London say: "Every hour increases the evidence
that the present is the most remarkable demonstra-
tion of sympathy ever witnessed in Europe. The
bells of the parish churches in various places in
England are tolled, which is an unprecedented tri-
bute to a foreign ruler. Municipal bodies of Leeds,
Hartlepool, Falmouth, and other places, passed
resolutions of condolence. A mourning flag was
hoisted on Manchester Cathedral. The provincial
papers rival those of London in expressions of
sympathy." While another despatch says: "The
Queen has ordered the Court to go into mourning
for the late President Garfield for one week from
the 21st inst."

Thus, within a single year, have the heads of two
great nations fallen by the hand of the assassin;
while the American people are called upon to
mourn the loss of a Christian patriot, wise statesman
and ruler, and brave soldier. Let us only
hope that the lesson to be drawn from the
death of so great and good a man may not be
lost upon the people of the United States, but that
they may be aroused to higher aims and purer mo-
tives in the administration of the Government of
their country, for just after the spoils of office seems
to have been the largest factor in leading to the
horrible crime, the effect of which we are all so
deeply deploring. If it shall accomplish this, the
death of the noble man who has just fallen will not
have been in vain.

We do not want to help any large exodus of
clergy from the Lower Provinces, but if circum-
stances have disposed any to feel like making a
change, we should warmly recommend the great
field of the North West, where so splendid a work
may be done for the Church. Canon Grisdale will
give every information with regard to the advertise-
ment in another column.

SECULAR vs. RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

At the annual social gathering of St. Mary Mag-
dalene's, Munster Square, the Bishop of Tennessee
responded to the second toast, "the Bishop and
Clergy of the Diocese," with whom his name was
coupled. After speaking of the vastly improved
condition of the Church in England, of the great
growth of the Anglican Episcopate throughout the
world, and of the success of the Church in the
United States, the Bishop proceeded very eloquent-
ly to plead for the continued existence of the
Established Church.

We have only space for His Lordship's conclud-
ing words upon another topic, which may well be
accepted as a warning to those among us who,
having secularized our common schools, are now
seeking to promote a non-sectarian, godless Uni-
versity education:—

"Not merely was their Church in America
largely getting hold of the mind of the country—and
that was the best thing to do—but she was doing a
vast deal in her efforts to educate the people. When
he was in England before he was invited to give a
lecture on the results of secular education in Ameri-
ca, and he said that if he were an English Church-
man he would go to the death for the sake of the
religious training of the young. What was secular
education doing for America? It addressed itself
altogether to the intellect; it did nothing for the
heart. It made clever lawyers, doctors, engineers,
and agriculturists, but it taught men nothing about
the duties of life, of God, or Christ and His Incar-
nation, and of a hereafter. And as the results of
this secular education, there was a vast increase of
juvenile depravity; the family tie was becoming
more and more loosened, and giving way. It would
be a sad day for England, and England's Church,
when they gave up their religious care and culture
of the young, and he thought they ought to fight to
the death for that."

This is strong language coming from an Ameri-
can, and that it is therefore worthy of our most
serious consideration none will be inclined to dis-
pute. The American school system used to be
constantly brought forward to show the benefits
which would accrue to our country by its adoption
among us; but here we have the testimony of a
very able man, thoroughly conversant with the
facts, and we fear it will have to be admitted that
the same results are beginning to show themselves
in Canada.

It may seem to some a matter of but little mo-
ment whether the Christian Religion continues to
exercise in the future that influence which has been
the means of diffusing light and knowledge through-
out the earth; but the increasing civilization and
enlightenment of the nineteenth century will be but
the forging of weapons for the world's destruction,
unless our youth be trained to recognize God in
the duties and pleasures of life—unless Christ's Re-
ligion sanctifies and blesses all things.

All over the United States the thoughtful minds
of every Christian name are becoming more and
more alive to the dangerous tendencies of their
school system, and are giving expression to their
feelings in liberal bequests to the Denominational
Boys' and Girls' Schools, which are springing up
everywhere and are being largely patronized, and
to the Collegiate Institutions of that land. It is a
remarkable exhibition of zeal only to be explained
by the deepening conviction in the minds of so
many that the foundations of good society and of
good government must inevitably be destroyed un-
less something be done to counteract the negative
training of the secular schools.

We do not wish to be thought alarmists, but in
the face of so much evidence of the steadily in-
creasing feeling in the United States against the
secular school system, and with the very decided
good-will and support now being given to private
schools and colleges where the Bible is a recognized
text-book, and in which the Christian Religion is
taught, we cannot be charged with seeking to arouse
an unfounded apprehension of danger.

OUR DIOCESAN FUNDS.

The necessity that exists for more energetic
efforts on behalf of our Home Mission Funds has,
it is hoped, been made so plain by recent authori-
tative disclosures that both His Clergy and
Laity of Nova Scotia and Fredericton have formed
the determination to increase very largely their Pa-
rochial lists the coming year. The matter cannot be
too frequently discussed, because this next year
will witness the most serious diminution of income

from England that has yet taken place. It has
been generally understood for some years past
that the S. P. G. would reduce the grants to these
Canadian Dioceses £1000 stg. yearly, but little was
it contemplated that so great a sum as £600 (\$3,000)
in the case of Nova Scotia, and £400 (\$2,000) in
that of Fredericton, would be withdrawn at a single
blow. But such a reduction has been made and
is to come into effect on the first of January next,
so that it becomes us to face the issue at once, and
to make due preparation for the contingency. And
this loss comes upon both Dioceses at a time when
a Deficiency stares us in the face,—a Deficiency of
about \$4,000 in each case. It is very plain that
both Nova Scotia and Fredericton have been expen-
ding more than the receipts would justify, and
yet, certainly, not more than—not anything like so
much as—the needs of the Home Field require.
Besides the regular Missions now in whole or in
part supported by the Diocesan Societies, there are
a number of new places where Missionaries should
be placed; four or five in Fredericton, and fully
that number in Nova Scotia. We do not think the
Church people of either diocese would care to have
the Church stand still or lose ground while the
whole country moves on—while the population
increases, and while the denominations are extend-
ing their work in every direction around them. It
is a fact, however, that unless there is a large in-
crease in the receipts of the Board of Home Mis-
sions, and in the Diocesan Church Society, not
only will no new work be attempted, but the grants
at present made will have to be reduced. We keep
bringing this subject before our people, because we
know the Clergy cannot afford to lose a single
penny of their present small stipends, and yet the
Committee and Board can only make grants as
they are provided with the means for doing so.
Consequently, an increase in the contributions, or a
reduction in the salaries must be made. This
being so serious a matter for both Clergy and peo-
ple, we do hope proper precautions will be taken to
avert so great a calamity.

There is no reason to suppose that the Deficiency
cannot be met. The country is in a prosperous
condition, better than it has been for many years,
and as God has blessed the tiller of the soil, the
artisan, the merchant, and the mechanic, so let
these classes make a return to the good God for
all His mercies, and for all His abundant blessings.
We cannot help but think that it only requires
an organized and systematic effort on the part of
the Clergy, and the people will not be slow to re-
spond to the present urgent calls upon them.

If the religious principles of Presbyterian, Bap-
tists, and Methodists, lead them to give freely to
the support of their ministers, it will seem to be a
serious reflection upon the Church's teaching
should Churchmen so bring disgrace upon them-
selves as to fail to render this service to Almighty
God.

A VIOLATION OF PROVINCIAL SYNOD CANONS.

Having made inquiries, we learn that the facts as
stated by our correspondent "Catholicus" in another
column are substantially correct. But it appears that
Archdeacon Read was absent from home at the
time, and, quite without his knowledge or consent,
his Churchwardens invited Mr. Laing, who was
visiting the place, to occupy the pulpit.

The law of the Church in the matter is quite
clear. Clause 2 of Canon VI. of the Provincial
Synod reads: "No person shall be permitted to
celebrate Divine Service or perform any office of
the Church, permanently or occasionally, except he
shall have been Episcopally and Canonically or-
dained; and it shall be the duty of the Incumbent,
or, in his absence, of the Churchwardens, to demand
proof of such ordination and of the good standing
of the Clergyman before permitting him to officiate."

We are sure had Mr. Laing known the law of
the Church he would not have been a party to its
violation.

ST. GEORGE'S PARISH, Halifax, advertises else-
where for a Rector, and we can assure the clergy
that no more important field of usefulness is to be
found in all Canada. \$1,200 a year is named as
the probable income, but we are confident that with-
in two years, if judiciously and energetically work-
ed, the income would not be less than \$2,000 a
year. St. George's Parish needs at the present
time a man of good powers and of some administra-
tive ability, for, as the seat of the cotton and sugar
factories, steam elevator, railway depot and stations,
etc., it is destined to become the most populous
part of the city.

A DAY'S RIDE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY AN ENGLISH PARSON.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

One last buckle at the girth, one last glance at the
arrangement of the valise, one last hurried gulp at
the steaming and early coffee—and then into the
saddle. My stout-built Basuto pony gives one joyous
bound, as though he fancied he could annihilate in
that stride the 50 or 60 miles which lie between us
and our proposed resting-place and then settles
down into a business-like but lively canter, easy as
an arm-chair. A steady pull on the bit, varied, by
an occasional merry toss of the head, shows that
my little steed is as fresh as paint, and ready for a
good day's work. Ever and anon he gives forth a
gleeful snort, as who should say, "Hurrah! for a good
brisk canter; better any day than to stand in the
close stable, or to be penned up in a stupid 'kraal.'"
And his rider,—well, I drink in the fresh morning
air and give myself up to the physical pleasure of
the swift, easy motion, and fairly wonder at the
grand beauty of the scene. In front of me, a won-
drous stretch of grass-covered plain, its monotony
relieved in the middle distance by a ridge of dark
rock, rising, apparently, a few feet above the level
of the plain, and half covered with herbage. Be-
yond this, the grassy "veldt" resumes its far-spread-
ing flow until it reaches a line of hills, which
stretches across about one-half of the line of view.
And now to describe that little chain of broken hills,
so really insignificant their positive height, and yet so
grand in the effect they produce when combined with
their surroundings. They are of all shapes—some flat
as the grand old Table of the Cape of Storms,
others sharply-pointed as a pyramid; some show
down their sides deep indentations, as though some
frolicsome giant had amused himself with scooping
out an alley for a huge game of bowls; in many
there appear near the base beautiful green nooks,
rock-sheltered and full surely watered by some
mountain torrent. One thing is certain—Nature
never constructed more artful traps to catch effects
of light and colour; and this last thought makes us
hurry on to the grandest feature of all the wonder-
ful scene. The sun is just rising over those broken
ridges, and the atmosphere is fairly charged with
delicate tints, all around one seems bathed in a sea
of indescribable beauty. The fresh, cool morning
air, untainted by any, even the slightest, pollution,
seems to have gained some wondrous delicacy of
flavour, closely akin to that tender beauty of that
eastern sky, where gold and rose and pearl and pale
green are blending, and deepening, and dying, and
once more reviving, and suffusing themselves
throughout the whole of the expanse of Heaven.
Oh! wondrous atmosphere of Southern Africa—
clear cloudless, pure—was ever magic glass so
cunningly contrived to cast a glamour over all that
is seen thro' the most beautifying medium! The
grassy veldt, now just reviving into greenness at the
wooing of the early rain of spring, not yet touched
with brown from the fierceness of the rays of the
summer sun, shows like a sea of emerald, while a
closer look reveals here and there a bright patch of
scarlet, or yellow, or dazzling white, where some
wild bulb has been stimulated into an earlier bloom.
The domes and peaks of one hill chain have caught
the gilding, and the nooks and corners gain by con-
trast a deep purple hue, which, coming midway be-
tween the gold above and the emerald below, gives
an air of mystery to the recesses of each distant hill.

But see there, between two steepish hills, and
about half-way up, there comes a narrow break
which looks like a bridge between the world around
us on the side of one mountain barrier, and the
unknown land beyond. It seems to invite us on-
ward to explore. Over this bridge, or to use the
phraseology of the country, over this "Nek," lies
our walk. Meanwhile, my horse has let off the
superfluous steam of the early morning start, and is
going on in a most business-like fashion, no slower
than before, but with fewer tossings of the head, and
less frequent snorts. Well, he has gone quite long
enough for the first canter, and I give a low whistle
which he, in common with the majority of up-
country horses well knows is the signal for a walk,
and so at a lively walk on we go for some minutes
when a flash of white catches my eye in the veldt
about five or six hundred yards away. Yes, there
they go, 5, 6, 8, 12—about twenty "Spring Boks,"
bounding away with that perfection of grace which
belong to this beautiful member of the antelope
tribe. Though not bent on sport, one feels an
almost irresistible impulse to pursue, and as the
herd turns to cross the walk in front of me, I in-
voluntarily touch my little steed with the spur, and
off we go at a great pace in the rear of the flying
beasts. Bravo, what a wonderful bound that was,
and then, another, and another of the herd spring
lightly across the path, flashing like silver in the
early sun, and then sober sense reminds me that I
have a long ride before me, and slightly ashamed of
my silly gallop, I gradually get my pony, who is
now fairly excited and inclined to race, back to the
steady canter, which is suitable to the occasion.
The "Spring Boks" resume their interrupted meal,
and I the even tenor of my way. There seems
scarcely a sign of human habitation all around; in
actual fact, there are farms not far away, but they
are hidden from my view, and nothing speaks of
man except the rough track over which I am travel-
ling, and yet there is no sense of loneliness, there
is so much life around. Look (there to the right of
us) at that flock of stately cranes walking majesti-