

"THE SISTER-WIFE BILL DECEASED" would be a grateful variation in the heading which has served for annual articles on this subject for the last 50 years. So long, however, as a few rich people wish to legalize one form of incest—by force of wealth—so long will the perennial agitation be kept alive. There seems, however, to be an increasing apathy on the subject—an inclination to shirk the vote. Then, too, English Conservatism begins to take fright at the *facilis decessus* in America and Australia from the sanctity of marriage, as shown by incestuous unions, divorces, etc. They shrink from taking the first step in this downward course.

NEWMAN'S ANGLICAN LIFE.—Perhaps the most interesting of all the literature consequent on Newman's death is the new volume of "Letters and Correspondence" edited at the Cardinal's own special choice, by Miss Mozley, sister of Canon Mozley, herself a faithful Anglican. The volume is expressly limited to the first half of that essentially "double life" which was the eccentric Cardinal's lot. It gives the details, carefully filled in, to the sketchy outlines of the "Apology." It includes 100 pp. of autobiography written by Newman himself, in the third person—a unique companion volume to his famous Apology.

HATCHISM DISOWNED.—The theoretical vagaries in which Edwin Hatch indulged in the cloudland of his middle life have a great charm for those similarly situated—temporarily befogged! An eminent Nonconformist scholar, however, writing to the *British Weekly*, show more sense when he says, "I have pronounced strongly against Hatch's main contention in the Bampton Lectures. I have read the book over four times, and its enchantment has diminished every time. If Nonconformists build on Hatch against the High Church people, I fear they will find themselves in a fog."

GOOD FRIDAY.

Good Friday is one of those days which stand on the records of eternity, stamped indelibly by the hand of God Himself, as the death-day of His dear Son, the anniversary of the sacrifice of the Lord and King of Martyrs, the day when the Saviour's love for His creatures was ratified and sealed in His own blood. All Bible history, all human experience seemed to lead up to it: all human progress in holiness and the truest wisdom of civilization dates from it into futurity. "Thou shalt bruise his heel" was the prophecy in the dawn of human life on earth, in the morning of human sinfulness; and rapidly the day began to fail, the shades of sin's night grew and deepened, gloom gathered age after age, and concentrated in the "darkness over all the earth" at mid-day—the "Tenebræ" of human fate. It was the central day of the great sacrificial process of redeeming mankind, the climax at once of sin's fierce hatred of goodness and of the Divine forgiveness, which rests not till sin becomes obliterated.

THE CHURCH DOES WELL

to emphasize in her worship of God and instruction of men for heavenly life such a day as this—marked and stamped for her consideration by God Himself. "Every Friday in the year, except Christmas Day"—what a tale that prescription of the Prayer Book on the subject of fasting tells! Every week must have its burden of bitter memory of human sin: its record and remembrance, its personal recollection of the goodness of God. Friday—but Good Friday: and so when that day of the year comes round, its gloom for background

and its bright picture of the Saviour becomes intensified as "The old, old Story" is told "of Jesus and His Love." In Prayer and Psalm and Lesson—perforce in sermon, too—the twin sentiments of grief and gratitude must find fitting expression. There is a solemn colloquy between the Redeemer and redeemed, on all the events of that day—all the steps of the "Via Dolorosa," the sorrowful way between Zion and Calvary—the one breathless day of the whole "still week." "Let all the earth keep silence before Him."

CANON DUMOULIN ON HOME MISSIONS.

If the function of a true orator is to give form and force to thoughts vaguely shadowed in the recesses of the inner consciousness of others—this certainly could be affirmed of a remarkable sermon by the eloquent rector of St. James', Toronto, recently delivered as a Missionary sermon in a Toronto church. He began with a prayer of thanksgiving for the change which has come over the spirit of the modern ecclesiastical dream, where by the evil spirit of narrow party bitterness has been displaced by a broad generous regard for immortal welfare of the souls of men everywhere. The "ecclesiastical horizon" had been greatly enlarged, so that mission fields which had been viewed with some faint interest "as through a telescope" in former days, were now brought near home to us by the lives and experiences of our own sons working as devotees of the mission cause afar off.

THE DOMESTIC FIELD OF THE DOMINION

then came in for its share of attention, and a graphic description was given of the breadth and length and capacity of the former "Great Lone Land" of the Canadian North-West—now being filled by thousands and myriads of eager home-seeking immigrants, many of them from China, Russia, Iceland and other far-off lands, but most of them "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," a little later only in their wandering from the dear old Motherland. With special stress and earnestness the preacher dwelt upon our own special field of Algoma, and paid an eloquent tribute of fervent admiration to the devoted man who has left the glittering paths of the highest social and ecclesiastical levels of Canada and the United States for the laborious career of a "Missionary Bishop" in Algoma. The noble, whole-souled devotion of Bishop Sullivan was painted—evidently *con amore*—by the preacher in glowing colours, but with such force and vividness as to prevent the picture from seeming at all exaggerated. One could not but remember the story of the Bishop's election to that work.

THE HOME FIELD.

All this, however, was but preliminary to the main point of the discourse—the work of the missionary in the backwoods of Canadian dioceses. The hearers, it may safely be alleged, had never before realized so fully as under the spell of the preacher's burning words, the heroic character of the ordinary Canadian missionary. The romantic features and excitements of the foreign mission field, its advantages and attractive dangers, were all absent from the hard, warring, hindering, disheartening life in the backwoods. Instead were the physical drudgery, the dull and cheerless experience, the mental famine, and social banishment of backwoods existence day after day, night after night, Sunday after Sunday. These heroes in our midst had only to "cross the line" to find a very different kind of life, but they clung to their post of duty and plodded on, unknown, unsung and unrequited.

"Who cares for them?" Ah, surely the brightest crown, the highest place, the greatest reward would be theirs *heretafter*, who did the hardest work with the least recognition *here*!

LAY HELP

In view of the approaching conference which is to consider the subject of Lay Help, we desire to emphasize the importance of the occasion by a continuance of our remarks on the subject of Parochial Guilds. These, we contend are the best means of providing a continuous supply of lay helpers, capable of doing the work suitable to them. For there is nothing like well governed organizations of this kind to interest our Church people and enable them to take counsel of one another, so that every one may be assigned an appropriate task with the consent of the rest, it being understood, as a condition of membership, that each will sink his own preferences, and abide by what may be determined to be the best course to pursue, in any issue, for the furtherance of the Gospel and the interests of the Church. Thus all will learn to work with self control and in proper subordination, and the mistake will be avoided of "putting square plugs into round holes." Of course it is understood that the clergy, as in all parochial societies, should occupy the position of President, or Warden or Vice-Warden, so that their counsel and good offices may always be available, and that they may exercise that chastened control which belongs to their divine commission. Parochial Guilds should combine the different features of a club and a Church Institute, so that both social and literary, as well as religious advantages, may be extended to all the members, and the highest fraternal relations cultivated. True charity and the love of God would be deepened, furthermore, by attendance at regular Guild Services. Now in all the exercises which would be found profitable in connection with Parochial Guilds, talent and fitness for special work, which would otherwise remain dormant, unnoticed and unavailable, would infallibly manifest itself. And as these societies would continually seek an increase of membership and an extension of their usefulness, they would be a perpetual training school, whence the clergy could draw helpers for any particular kind of work requiring to be done. The Parochial Guild is a training-school for Church life and activity of all kinds, and only realizes its aims when all the members of a congregation have learned the value of its benefits and how to diffuse them. Guild life would give confidence to its members and would inspire everyone with a desire to do something useful for the Church, for their fellow men, for Christ's sake. The shyness, reluctance or indifference which are now everywhere manifest, and which respond so slowly to the appeals of the Clergy for help, would give place to a cheerful acquiescence because the hearts of the youth would have learned to love to be engaged in holy things. If properly organized Guilds, rightly directed, existed in every parish, the clergy need never be at a loss for help, and of the kind required. Nay, more, herein the Church would early discover those who might be the brightest jewels and ornaments in her highest offices, and could give them special attention in time to save many regrets. The mission field is wide "and white unto harvest, but the labourers are few," and prayers and appeals seem almost to be made in vain, when we compare the fewness of the labourers with the work to be done. Let us, therefore, go to the root of the matter, and take measures