

Our correspondent wishes, no doubt, to rebuke such acts by putting the offenders on their defence. Other signs of irreverence he objects to are, choir men reading during the sermon, consulting a watch as a hint to the preacher, sitting while announcements are made, "covetously snatching the last moment of Protestant repose by not rising until the choir have begun," the clergy rushing from desk to pulpit during singing, and the people rushing out of church in hot haste for dinner. To these the general answer is obvious, that signs of impatience, inattention, weariness or haste, are not becoming in God's house in either clergy or people.

Another class of Mr. May's questions are such as the following: "Should the people sit or stand during the presentation of alms? 2. Is not the Low Church habit of using a collect before the sermon a good one? 3. Is the surplice really the correct pulpit vestment, not the academic? 4. 'Is it well for preachers to rail at science, even when false; would it not be better to sift the chaff from the wheat, and thus show the harmony of every voice Divine?' We answer briefly. The people should by rising show that they participate in the presentation of alms. The saying a collect before the sermon is not Low Church, we have heard a Romanist use one before his discourse. The surplice is not a pulpit vestment, but it is a Church one, whereas the academic gown is secular. To rail at science is such a folly as no well read man ever commits; if science is science it is truth, if it is false it is not science at all. We will insert Mr. May's other queries (D. V.) next week.

We may remark that there must be a sad lack of reverence in many churches, such as Mr. May condemns, as another correspondent sharply criticizes similar faults as seen in Toronto.

Family Reading.

HOW? WHEN? WHERE? WHY?

"You ask me *how* I gave my heart to Christ?

I do not know.

There came a yearning for Him in my soul,
So long ago;

I found earth's flowrets would fade and die,
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow, I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.

I do not know—

I cannot tell you—how;

I only know

He is my Saviour now!

"You ask me *when* I gave my heart to Christ?

I cannot tell.

The day, or just the hour, I do not now
Remember well.

It must have been when I was all alone,
The light of His forgiving Spirit shone
Into my heart, so clouded o'er with sin;
I think—I think 'twas then I let him in.

I do not know—

I cannot tell you—when,

I only know

He is so dear since then!

"You ask me *where* I gave my heart to Christ?

I cannot say.

That sacred place has faded from my sight,
As yesterday.

Perhaps he thought it better I should not
Remember where. How I should love that spot!
I think I could not tear myself away,
For I should want, for ever, there to stay.

I do not know—

I cannot tell you—where.

I only know,

He came and blessed me there!

"You ask me *why* I gave my heart to Christ?

I can reply.

It is a wonderful story; listen, while
I tell you why

My heart was drawn, at length, to seek His face.
I was alone, I had no resting place,
I heard of how He loved me, with a love,
Of depth so great—of height so far above
All human ken.

I longed such love to share,

And sought it then,

Upon my knees in prayer.

"You ask me *why* I thought this loving Christ

Would heed my prayer?

I knew He died upon the cross for me,

I nailed Him there!

I heard His dying cry, 'Father, forgive!'

I saw Him drink death's cup that I might live,

My head was bowed upon my breast in shame.

He called me—and in penitence I came.

He heard my prayer!

I cannot tell you how,

Nor when, nor where;

But, ay, I have told you now."

MODERN EPHEBUS.

A traveller just returned from the East, gives the following description of this celebrated city. How strange it reads to have Ephesus named as a railway station!

"Emerging from the station, we saw immediately on the left hand the standing ruined columns that supported the aqueduct which once supplied the city with water. Unlike the columns in Rome, which may still be seen in many places bearing the aqueduct, these columns have nothing but broken fragments of arches still attached to them. Hence we proceeded over very dusty roads and through maize fields to the Magnesian Gate, passing on the route many excavated and ruined tombs, broken sarcophagi, &c., with a vast amount of debris everywhere, covering Mount Prion on our right, the Tomb of Androcles, &c. In the Gymnasium some ruined columns and arches still testify to their former grandeur. Before reaching the Odeum Theatre we saw the tomb reported to be S. Luke's. This is in a greatly more ruinous condition than when last photographed, and, unless quickly protected, the remaining vestiges taken to prove its identity will rapidly disappear. The one sculptured marble slab now perfect is lying half prostrate on the rubbish beneath it, and an unlucky fall of a stone upon it would most probably break this beautiful slab to pieces.

The site of the Odeum is covered with debris, with large blocks of white marble, beautifully sculptured, lying scattered over its surface. The theatre is in a similar state. On the way to the Stadium we passed over the site of the Gymnasium, over the roadway said to have been formerly the covered way of the market-place, fragments of the mosaic pavements lying beneath our feet. The Stadium is an extensive ruin, with parts of broken columns after the style of the Roman Forum still standing.

Now leaving Mount Prion on the right, we proceeded through fields of standing maize to the Temple of Diana, that temple described by Murray as "the most magnificent in the world." Here we had anticipated seeing some noble evidences still standing of its former grandeur, but we found nothing but the most absolute and complete ruin; the whole site was covered with nothing but rubbish and small, broken fragments of marble, many pieces being proofs of the exquisite workmanship expended upon the temple; but of the original structure it may truly be said there is not left one stone standing upon another.

The Church of S. John, the Castle on the Hill, and the ruined mosques are gradually falling more and more into decay, and if they are to be preserved, the effort to preserve them cannot too soon be made.

Taking the site and surroundings of the city, for situation nothing can be conceived more beautiful; but now the eye must rest upon the scene in order to realize how utter and absolute the ruin is of this once great centre of Asiatic splendour and magnificence.

Rapidly returning to the station, we secured our seats in the train, and reached Smyrna in the evening, having had a most delightful excursion, with no signs of brigands, but hearing on our return that only a few weeks before a gentleman was carried off in the suburbs of Smyrna out of his own garden, and only returned on the payment of £400.

THE COMPREHENSIVENESS OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV J. WAINRIGHT RAY.

In whatever particular faith of the Denominations any Christian may have been brought up, the Church has a home for them all, and a true doctrine—they themselves being judges.

Are they "Christians?" So are we, in faith and practice, and the Cross is our glory.

Are they United Brethren? So are we—"the Communion of Saints," in one Creed, and one Church never divided.

Are they Presbyterians? So are we, having a Presbytery, and the laying on of its hands being required in every ordination.

Are they Congregationalists? So are we, giving the largest liberty, under law, and having many a prayer for the "Congregation," and giving to each congregation the management of its local affairs.

Are they Unitarians? So are we, in believing in but one God. The Nicene Creed begins with this statement.

Are they Baptists? We more, insisting on the baptism of adults, not only, but of infants as well, and performing it by immersion, if it be so desired.

Are they Methodists? So are we, having given the Wesleys (John and Charles), Coke and Asbury, and Whitfield withall, to the Church, and having had a method in our ways and services, so strict that many have not been able to bear them. From us, the Methodists derived their doctrine and liturgy, but not their orders.

Are they Universalists? We, too, say that Christ died for all, and that He made "a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world."

Are they Spiritualists? So are we, believing in the existence of the soul after death, and that every one should be as spiritually minded as possible. We also think the dead are somewhere this side of heaven or hell in the intermediate state.

Are they Quakers? We too believe in a religion of silent prayer, in a meek and quiet spirit, the Spirit of God moving us in works of mercy and charity, we favour plain dress, and plain speech in the place of worship. With the Quakers too, we have have no "Sabbath" superstition, but call it "the Lord's Day."

Do they believe in Temperance? So do we, and illustrate it by being temperate in drinking, eating and in speech. We also have a Church Temperance Society here and in England.

Have they Bishops and a Liturgy? So have we—an unbroken line from the Apostles, which has never been overtopped by a Pope, nor travestied into mere Superintendents. As for our Liturgy, all the denominations are copying it—one of them proposing to take nearly our whole Liturgy.

Have they much to say of the Bible? We read it ten times in our two Sunday services, we translated it, and have furnished almost every martyr who has witnessed to its truth in English speech. The man who said, "The Bible and the Bible alone, the Religion of Protestants," was a Churchman.

Have they now, Gothic Churches? We had them in abbeys, minsters, chapels, and cathedrals, crowned with the cross, from the days when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and their ruins, sleeping in glory, have drawn thousands to study them in wonder, and to say "there must have giants in those days."

Have they organs? We have had them back to the days when "Merrie England" caught the strains that echoed from the organs of David. In this country, we fought the battle for them, against the holy nasal-twang, and the puritanical pitch-pipe.

Have they Sunday-schools? So have we—one of our clergy, Thomas Steck, originating them in 1780, and calling in Robert Raikes, a Churchman, as his assistant.

In a word, the Anglican Church, like the Common Law, the basis of all good statutes, has all and every greatly good thing of Christendom. From her has sprung all there is of valued and enduring among all the denominations of Christians.

The difference is, we hold them by a prescriptive right, without taxing others as a "Royalty." We hold them in their integrity and entirety, with each point in its true place, as each and every point of the compass, guiding the ship into the haven where it would be.

No one religious body has, like ours, had the full circle of Christian doctrines, to fill and round, to incite and lift up the hearts and minds of their members, and to hold them to the faith and practice. Our "Old Ship Zion" sails around the world, with a chart made by the Apostles. Every traveller records it gratefully, that whether in Europe, Asia, Africa or the Isles of the Sea, if he finds one of our Churches he finds there "the faith once delivered to the saints." This faith we hold in its true place and importance, without letting any one doctrine crowd out some relative one of equal significance. We hold every great truth in its healthful roundness, not pressing it to swell out into a tumor that needs the theological knife, nor is there one truth left to shrivel up, and die out of our creed and practice.

This proves it to be a Church Universal "the whole body fitly joined together." Into this "Holy Catholic Church" everyone should come.

The giving of Christmas presents has come to be of late years an established custom, and one which causes no little trouble for the givers, for it is no easy matter to discover just what to give as being most acceptable. If those interested, would drop into the store of Ryrie the Jeweler, 118 Yonge St., whose advertisement appears in another column, all this difficulty will banish, for there are to be found presents of all kinds, useful and ornamental, from the most expensive to the very lowest. We have been personally acquainted with this house for several years, and know it to be thoroughly reliable in all its dealings, and at all times carries one of the most elegant stocks of watches, jewelry and silverware.