

do not do so simply out of a wish to get rid of them, but show that you care for what they learn there. Do not say to them, "Go—go to Church," but "Come : " that is the sweetest, most inviting word. "Come, let us go up to the House of the Lord."

So lovingly, firmly, and wisely train and restrain your children, by the help of God, that they may grow to be a blessing, rise up to call you "blessed," and with you for ever dwell in the bright and better Home.

IN MEMORIAM

Seems it not strange, that one in England's church
On whom, in death, her ministries of love
Would have been poured with almost over zeal,
Died all alone?

The falling snow his shroud,
Good dogs, his watchers, and the mountain winds,
The priests, to bid his holy soul to God.
And yet, so Moses fell asleep, away
From Israel, for whom he fought and died.
'Tis strange; but God fills up the gaps men make
By their poor judgments of their fellow men.

On Kinloch's moor those weary footsteps sought,
Mid darkness, hail, and storm, the welcome home
Of Argyll's Bishop; but in vain, lost! lost!
The wanderer died alone; but Jesus came
And said "Thou hast not missed the way"
"True priest, true follower come home to Me."
Outsped the spirit to its Lord; and now
Alban the Martyr, and St. Alban's priest,
Speak of their contest in a quiet land,
And keep their Christmas in God's Paradise.

December 22nd, 1887.

F. J. P.

THE FUNERAL.

At the funeral of the late Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, the Rev. E. F. Russell, in simple and pathetic language, gave an account of his mission to Scotland. He first disclaimed any idea of preaching that night, "for," said he, "there is a preacher amongst us to-night, and it were almost an insolence for anyone to try to add anything to the words that are being said to us. Every spot in this church speaks to us of him, and I, who speak to you from this pulpit, cannot but remember that from this very spot he has fed us with the word of life for so many years." At the outset he wished to say he spoke only to those who had loved him; and if there were any present in that church out of curiosity, or who had come there simply as critics, he asked them in pity to have no ear for him; for there were some things about which there should be no public speech at all, and the things he had to say that night came perilously near to that. He spoke only to those who loved Fr. Mackonochie, and to whom the least detail of the close of his life would be dear. Mr. Russell then proceeded to tell the story of his mission—how there came, late on Saturday night, the telegram which told so much and yet told so little, and how it came at a time when they could not get the fuller details which they craved for, nor could any one start for Scotland until the Sunday night. Mr. Russell then related how he stood upon the pier at Oban at midday on Monday waiting for the steamer to take him up the Loch, how he noticed that the fellow passengers appeared to be talking of the sad event, how he longed to hear what they said, and yet dared not listen; how the bishop's boat was waiting to take him across the Loch to the bishop's home. There on the shore stood the bishop ready to receive him. The bishop took him by the hand and conducted him to his house, just answering one or two questions that he felt must be answered. The bishop then led him to the little chapel, where the body lay. The bishop had done all the last offices with his own hands and had vested the dead with his own vestments. When they had prayed awhile, he looked upon the face and said, "Though, as you know, I had watched his face for twenty years, I had never seen it as I saw it then—it was grander than I had ever known it. There was no palor on the face or any trace of pain, but only such majesty as I never before knew was there." Then the bishop told

him how, on Thursday morning, Father Mackonochie proposed to take a longer walk than usual up to the head of the Loch, taking the two dogs with him; how, as the day grew on, he did not return, how the bishop and Mrs. Haldane waited and waited, but still he came not. Then their fears began to awaken, but the feeling was that if anything had happened to him the dogs would have come home. Snow began to fall and the wind to rise, and it was thought that he had taken refuge in some cottar's hut by the way. Still he did not come, and then their fears awoke in all earnest. Then came the long and anxious search, the discovery of the body by means of the dogs, and the bringing of it home. The village doctor informed them that the death had been a painless one, that there had been no suffering; and it was remembered how, in arctic voyages, to those who laid down exhausted in the snow, it was the sleep of death to them, and it was felt that with him death had come with absolute painlessness. It was late on Monday night before the final preparation of the body was made, and at 7 on Tuesday the bishop celebrated, and, in the darkness of the morning, in boats from here and there, there came the clergy of the neighborhood, and received the Communion from the bishop's hands. Then, at eight, while it was still dark, the coffin was carried by the clergy over a field to the water-side. There were two boats waiting there, and in the stern of one of them the coffin was placed, the bishop sitting on one side of it and Father Russell on the other. The coffin was covered with a purple pall. The snow was falling thick and fast, and all the hills around were veiled and hidden by it. There was no sound of life about except one great white-winged sea bird, which rose up and flapped its wings, and led the way before the hosts. Even the very oars seemed muffled as the boats moved along the lake; and in the stillness, when there was time to think of many things, he could not help thinking of the Passing of Arthur. When they came to the pier-head he looked round, and was almost startled to see that the coffin, which had been veiled in purple, was now veiled in white—it stood white in God's snow. Then came the waiting on the pier for the steamer; and as the bishop and he walked up and down, the bishop said this among many other things, "My heart is with you at St. Alban's, and I would give anything to be there with you; but, you know, if I went it would make all the difference to my poor flock and their Christmas Communion, and He would never let me do that, and so I will stay here." The bishop also wanted them to know what a privilege it was to him to have Father Mackonochie in his house—his presence had seemed like a consecration of it. "You know," said the bishop, "that every morning when I am at home I celebrate in my chapel, and he never missed to make his communion at my altar, and always it was he who knelt there first, and he it was who was the last to leave." They should clearly understand that there had been no sort of failing save only of his memory, and life had seemed for him to grow brightest and happiest towards its close. Then came the ship and took them on board; and suddenly there came a change over the sky. The snow stopped falling and quickly the sky cleared; the clouds and mists rolled away. The sun shone out and all at once the great mountains, which yesterday had only been patched here and there with snow, now stood revealed, clothed in virgin white from head to foot. To the good bishop and to Mrs. Haldane St. Alban's would for ever owe a great debt of gratitude. Someone had written that the evening of life also brought with it its lamp. For him the lamp in the evening of his life had been, to a very great extent, furnished by the good bishop and Mrs. Haldane, for some of the brightest, happiest moments at the close of his life had been spent with them.

At the conclusion of this touching address, which seemed at times to be more than the vast congregation could bear to hear, the hymn, "Hark, hark, my soul, angelic strains are swelling," was sung, and then the sorrowing people slowly dispersed, many lingering to listen to the beautiful strains of Beethoven's Funeral March, which was played on the organ.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A lady parishioner once waited upon the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, and expressed a desire to labor among the sick. This led to the foundation of a hospital adjoining the church, which presently grew into the noble hospital, well known throughout the church as St. Luke's Hospital. A benevolent lady, a member of St. Paul's church, Troy, once formed a class of poor children, who met every Saturday afternoon to be taught to sew. This resulted in the efficient educational work which has for years been carried on by the Church of the Holy Cross, Troy. The rector of St. Luke's Church, New York, points to St. Luke's Home for Aged Indigent Women as resulting from a call which he received one morning from an aged female communicant of the church, who was without a home. These seemingly unimportant passing incidents often veil Christ Himself. They are the garb which he assumes. Small things, weak things, things which are despised, confound the mighty. "The polarity of iron is discovered not in bars, but in needles of iron."

PLANNING FOR LENT.

Have our readers all planned for some real keeping of Lent—for some plan of self-denial—some sort of fasting? We would not usurp the place of a pastor in advising or directing in such matters, but we cannot refrain from a word of exhortation. Before Ash Wednesday has dawned, let some definite course be settled upon in regard to attending the special services; for a more devout and faithful use of the usual means of grace and Church service; for self-inspection in search of weak spots and besetting sins; for the discipline of self-denial—that is, for self-denial for the sake of self-discipline, and for self-denial also, with the object of saving somewhat as its fruits for a special offering at Easter time. Every one can think of something in which to deny himself or herself for one or both of the purposes suggested. Might not men give up such indulgences as smoking, etc., as one of their self-denials during Lent? Let us repeat and urge that self-denial, or fasting, should be both as a self-discipline and for the laying by of an offering for Easter.—Sel.

DEATH OF MR. MACKONOCHE.

Mr. Mackonochie was on a visit at Ballachulish, in the western Highlands, to the bishop of Argyll, when his love of walking led to an expedition to the head of Loch Leven, his sole companions being a deer hound and a skye terrier belonging to the bishop. He is known to have reached the head of the loch, and was then seen making his way up a glen through which a river flows down from the great mountains of the Mamore deer forest. This route led eastward toward trackless wastes; he probably fancied it would lead to Ballachulish. This was the last seen of him in life. On his non-return on the afternoon of Thursday search was set on foot and kept up day and night until Saturday afternoon, the bishop himself heading a party. When the cry was raised that the bishop's dogs could be seen in the distance the party pressed on, and there the faithful animals were found guarding on either side the alas! lifeless body of Mr. Mackonochie. The body was cold and stiff, having evidently been long dead. Indeed it seemed almost frozen, and the head was half buried in a snow wreath. The face wore a look of holy peace and joy, though evidences were not wanting of a distressing struggle for life amongst the rocks in the darkness and storm.

The funeral took place from St. Alban's, Holborn, London, on Christmas eve, of which parish Mr. Mackonochie had been the first vicar; and we learn "that not since the day on which Charles Lowder was laid to rest has such a tribute of love and affection been paid to the memory of any clergyman of the Anglican Church as was rendered to Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, the occasion having called together rich and poor, high and low, priest and layman."

Children

HOW TO M

We wish we young readers t it really is. It as a long, drear bright spot in it dread its comin it is over. Nov very wrong vie and we should The very mea is anything bu Saxon word, a spring, we al winter, and is hope. It is th begins to sprin forth, and the

There is sor inspiring abou and we want for yourselves. to us: A time to be better; heavenward; hold of what every day to the right. W all this to our is a time appo special thoug so apt to gr our good desi we all, old special time Heavenly Fa to do. Let start together ing careless in in our duties pray and to r make up our this, to turn better life.

It is a gr It is the pl to know that and improv then, let us the wrong by Visitor.

"ALWAYS

Tom Quay holidays with father Quayl to which he often welc grandchildr



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