

Canadian Churchman.

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LESSONS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

Jan. 22—Third Sunday after Epiphany.

Morning—Isaiah 62; Matthew 13, to 24.
Evening—Isaiah 65 or 66; Acts 13, 26.

Jan. 29—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

Morning—Job 27; Matthew 16, to 24.
Evening—Job 28 or 29; Acts 17, 16.

Feb. 5—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

Morning—Proverbs 31; Matthew 20, 17.
Evening—Proverbs 3 or 8; Acts 21, 17 to 37.

Feb. 12—Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

Morning—Proverbs 9; Matthew 24, to 29.
Evening—Proverbs 11 or 15; Acts 27, to 16.

Appropriate Hymns for Third and Fourth Sundays after Epiphany, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from Hymns Ancient and Modern, many of which may be found in other Hymnals:

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Holy Communion: 321, 324, 558, 559.
Processional: 177, 307, 488, 520.
Offertory: 487, 523, 527, 634.
Children's Hymns: 332, 340, 346, 516.
General Hymns: 512, 539, 547, 549.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Holy Communion: 172, 309, 314, 318, 520.
Processional: 33, 288, 305, 306, 601.
Offertory: 36, 81, 167, 293, 487.
Children's Hymns: 178, 336, 343, 542.
General Hymns: 229, 80, 474, 534, 545.

Another Leaf,

The turning over of which would give us great pleasure, is a burden which involves the individual expenditure every now and then by those to whom this request appeals, of the sum of one cent. We need more short, terse notes of diocesan news, and we appeal especially to the clergy to supply these. There are few districts where something does not take place, the interest in which event is not confined to the parish, but extends to travellers far away, who would probably only get the information through our columns. Please keep this in mind. We are all interested in each other. Take, for instance, Nova Scotia. How much pleasure is given by the notices of the success of the Bishop and the thought that after so many troubles this diocese is going ahead.

Rev. R. J. Campbell.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the leading Non-conformist preacher of the day in London, and who is well known also in the States, has written an account of a visit to Rome. While in Rome he presented a number of letters of introduction to dignitaries at the Vatican, and was received with the utmost courtesy and kindness, so much so that a great deal of fuss has been made in England by extreme Protestants. Mr. Campbell has been especially impressed with the rector of the Church of San Silvester, in Capite. This is the church specially set apart for work among English-speaking visitors, and the frankness of the clergy and desire to please and attract heretics is said to be great. In the same square, and almost opposite is Holy Trinity, Church of England, a church with a history. During the old papal days service had to be carried on outside the walls, and when at last permission was given to move into the city, it was on the terms that no external alteration should be made, and so on the outside it seems an ordinary house. The service is the old-fashioned, plain, simple one which was used outside the walls seventy years ago. But to Mr. Campbell it was a temple of Rimmon. The following anecdote is incapable of abbreviation, but deserves reproducing: "Before sitting down to write this article, I spent an afternoon with a Roman Catholic, whose opportunities of surveying the whole field of religious progress are exceptionally good. I asked him to tell me whether the influence of the Roman Catholic Church was really increasing in this country, as is so often asserted. 'I wish it were,' he replied; 'but so far as numbers are concerned, no such advance is observable. The leakage from the Church is about equal to our gains. I think we are not so much hated as we used to be, which is a kind of gain.' 'But,' he continued, 'we are badly off for great preachers just now, and are likely to continue so.' 'Why?' I enquired. 'Because,'—as the surprising response, 'our method of training for the priesthood is so lamentably wrong. We are compelled to recruit the ranks of the clergy from the lower orders; our best families are seldom self-sacrificing and devoted enough to encourage their sons to enter the priesthood. The men we get are very raw material indeed, not easily educatable, and ill-acquainted with the movement of the modern mind; in fact, they are out of touch with civilization. Our seminary system of training is a poor one; the men turned out from it are not really equal to the task of addressing themselves to men of the world.' 'How about the Jesuits?' I asked. 'Oh, they are, as a rule, much abler,' he replied, 'but the influence of the Jesuits is enormously exaggerated. Other orders are jealous of them, and there is not so much confidence reposed in their wisdom and statecraft as outsiders imagine.' I quoted a few words from the speech of an enthusiastic Protestant friend of mine, to the effect that Jesuits knew everything, went everywhere, and achieved the most amazing successes in all ranks of society. He laughed outright, saying, 'I would really like to believe it, but it is not true. What I tell you is the truth. The Church is gaining respect, but she is not gaining numbers, and if she is gaining respect it is only because of the earnest Christian work which she is doing through her various relief agencies which are very much like your own. Is the Roman Catholic Church the only religious society which has clubs, labour bureaux, and the like?'"

Evan Roberts

Is the name of the man who has been the match to the gunpowder, the man who started the Welsh revivals. The Daily News publishes revelations of his life; he is, of course, besieged by interviewers, and he, poor man, was induced

to unbosom himself to one who appeared to be a venerable clergyman. Roberts, although a man of high aims and sterling qualities, is evidently a Celtic mystic. He told this man of his thirteen visions. The first was of the moon, whose radiance flooded the next six. It is too serious a subject, but one cannot help thinking of the old word "moonstruck." The eighth was darkness, which might be felt, the ninth a vision of hell, after which in answer to Roberts' agonized entreaties, God shut the door for one year. Then came others, of being weighed in the balance, of contending with Satan, etc. No wonder this man has carried away his countrymen.

The Welsh Revival.

The usual very strange stories connected with the Welsh revival are being circulated. Many of them cannot be true, and it would be a pity if others are true. But with all the extravagance there is much real and sincere religious awakening, and the Church is very wisely trying to take advantage of it, and to regulate the actions and deepen the convictions of belief. There are the usual dreadful stories of shallow minds, but instead of reproducing what may be untrue, we will give a Scotch story, quite in point, from "Vignettes," from a parson's album, by Dr. Low, of the Scottish Episcopal Church. An old fisherwoman, who knew her catechism, was in her old age assailed by revivalists, who often acquire a great influence over the excitable minds of fisherfolk, she usually held her own, and a little more in the encounter. The following incident happened on one of those occasions. "You are getting an old woman now," said the preacher. "When ye hae the burden o' near fourscore years on your shoulders, man," answered the old woman firmly, "ye winna need ony body to tell ye that." "Are ye prepared to die?" asked the preacher solemnly. "I'm prepared to speak about solemn things like that," she said, "to my ain minister, as I dae mony a time; but nane to ilka stranger that invades my house." "But you're bound to tell me, you're bound to give a reason of the hope that's in you to every one that asketh you." "I'm bound to be ready to gie't according to my Bible, and I am ready. But I winna answer you because ye hae nae right to speir." "Is your soul saved?" "I've tell't ye I winna answer ye. Sae ye may just gang your ways." "Woman, you're going to hell." "Man, ye're nae the Judge o' a' the earth; ye're but a sinner like mysel, and ye canna put me there, nor yet tak me out." "Me a sinner! Me a sinner!" he cried, lifting up his hands, "I'm as pure as God!" "Out o' my hoose wi' ye, ye blasphemers!" cried the old woman, vehemently, pointing her bony finger at him. "And as for you," she added, turning sharply to his companion, "gang ye wi' him; and afore ye fetch a man to tell other folk that they're gaun to hell, see whether ye canna mak' an honest tradesman o' yoursel'."

Egyptian Papyri.

The Church Times, taking as its text the letter which we refer to below, prefaces an account of it by this paragraph showing how history is being unearthed: Bit by bit, as strange out-of-the-way fragments are discovered, we are beginning to realize a little of the life of Christians in the earlier ages of Christianity. A few years ago here appeared the account of an original document of the time of the Diocletian persecution. It came from Egypt, being one of the papyri dug up by Grenfell and Hunt, and a fuller appreciation of its value was arrived at by the well-known German scholar, Prof. Deissman. It was the letter of a presbyter named Psenosiris to another presbyter as to the reception in an oasis in the desert by the guild of grave-diggers of a woman who had been sent into exile, and who is awaiting the coming of her son Nilus.