

Literary Department.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY, JUNE 24TH.

Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. St. John i. 29.

Judas's desert heard a sound
Of one that cried aloud,
They flock'd the holy John around,
With sin and sadness how'd.

Lo, said that guilty company
A sinless Lamb drew near,
His blood alone that crowd can free.
From guilt, and shame, and fear.

Before the Sun, a taper dim,
John stands, and meekly pleads,
Nor pours the hallowing wave: of Him
The Baptist washing needs.

But to obey his God 'tis meet,
Though He Himself depress,
Prepar'd all fulness to complete,
Perfect in righteousness.

Great confessor and harlinger,
Thou Baptist of the wave;
The Baptist He of living fire,
The secret soul to lave!

To Him, who wash'd us with His blood,—
As hath been heretofore,—
To Father, and to Spirit good,
Be glory evermore!

I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me. St. Matt. iii. 14.

THE CHURCH THAT GREW OUT OF ONE BRICK.

By A. L. O. E.

Gunga Ram, Ya'kub, and Isa Das were three poor ryots who lived by their daily toil, and earned scarcely more than enough to supply their families with the bare necessities of life. These men were neighbors and friends; they had heard at the same time the gospel preached by the good pastor Ghopal; on the same day they had received baptism from his hand, and professed their faith in Christ as the Lord. Wherever one of these ryots was seen, it was certain that the other two would not be far distant. And yet, though the three were all Christians in name, toiled in the same field, and led the same kind of life, He who readeth the heart saw as much difference between them as between the diamond which shines in a rajah's diadem and the pebble which the coolie tramples under foot.

One morning Gunga Ram, Ya'kub, and Isa Das, on their way to the rice field, passed close to the spot on which their pastor, Ghopal, by the aid of the Sahib Log, had been building a church. Money had come from praying people in England, and brick by brick the church had risen, until only the roof was wanting. Then there came heavy rains; the river swelled and rose, and overflowed its banks. The storm beat against the unfinished building, and the labor of months was swept away in a day. The rain ceased, the river flowed again in its usual channel; but where a church had been rising, alas, there were now but ruins!

Gunga Ram, Ya'kub, and Isa Das stood gazing upon those ruins, sorrowful to see the destruction wrought by the flood.

"The heart of the Padre Ghopal will be exceeding sad," said Isa Das. "It was his joy day by day to see his church rising, and to think of the time when he should gather in his people as a shepherd gathers his flock."

"He will build up the church again, and build it more strongly," said Ya'kub.

"Alas! my friend, where shall the money come from?" cried Isa Das. "I heard Padre Ghopal say yesterday, with tears in his eyes, that he fears that he can get no more rupees from England. The Collector Sahib, who gave thirty gold mohurs, has gone from the station; and Manton Sahib, who fills his place, has refused to give even a pice!"

"Manton Sahib is very stingy!" cried Ya'kub. "He has a grand bungalow, fine carriages and horses, and feasts like a prince; he could give many gold mohurs and not miss them. Why does he not help to build up our church?"

"Manton Sahib told Padre Ghopal that the people should build one for themselves," Isa Das made reply.

Then his companions shook their heads, and said bitter things against the Sahib who cared not to help such a good work.

"How can we who are so poor build a church?" exclaimed Ya'kub. "We live in small huts, and seldom eat anything better than rice and fruit. I have really not enjoyed one good satisfying meal

since the marriage of my younger brother, two years ago." Ya'kub sighed at the remembrance of that great feast—the rich dishes, the pastry, and the sweetmeats: for a feast was to Ya'kub the greatest of joys, and he knew not when he should taste such another again.

"If I were a rich baboo," said Gunga Ram, "I would give a thousand rupees to Pastor Ghopal for his church."

"If I were a great rajah," cried Ya'kub, "I would build a church all by myself, and make it as grand as the Taj!"

"I shall never be either baboo or rajah," said Isa Das thoughtfully; "but though I am only a poor ryot, I should like to put one brick in that church," and he looked, as he spoke, at the ruins.

"What is thy meaning?" asked his companions.

"O my brothers," replied Isa Das, "did not the Pastor Ghopal preach yesterday on the words of the Lord Jesus: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' (Acts xx. 35). When I heard him I said in my heart, 'Is that blessing kept for the rich; shall not the poor give something also?'"

"They cannot give," cried Gunga Ram, to whom his pice were dear as the drops of blood in his veins.

But Isa Das did not appear persuaded of the truth of these words. "Do you not remember," said he, "how, when the Lord Christ stood in the temple, and saw rich men casting into the treasury of God much gold and much silver, and then a poor widow casting in two mites, He said to His disciples, 'This poor widow hath cast in more than they all' (Luke xxi. 3). The Lord excepted the offering of her who had little to give, but gave from the heart. I should like to put one brick in that church!"

And before Isa Das left the spot with his two companions, his wish had formed itself into a silent prayer. "O Lord, Thou hast said it is more blessed to give than to receive; help me to win that blessing. Thou dost love the offering of the poor; show me the way to offer something to Thee!"

The three men, Gunga Ram, Ya'kub, and Isa Das, soon reached their place of labor—a rice field that bordered on a great river. On the other side of the broad waters they could see the bungalow to which Manton Sahib had come but the week before. It was a large well built bungalow with white pillars, and was partly hidden by the mango trees and the tall palm trees which grew in the compound around it.

"See!" cried Gunga Ram, pointing towards the river; "there is some one on horseback trying to cross the waters."

"It is a stranger; he knows not the ford," said Isa Das.

"If he wish not to be carried away by the stream," observed Ya'kub, "he must turn his horse's head more to the right."

Isa Das lifted his voice and shouted, "To the right—to the right!"

Perhaps the stranger did not hear him; or hearing, paid no heed to the warning of a poor ryot.

"It is Manton Sahib himself," exclaimed Gunga Ram, "I know him by the red beard and long hair."

"He will be drowned," said Ya'kub.

"See! his horse has lost his footing already, and is plunging madly into the midst of the foaming waters. The Sahib will be carried away by the current, and drowned!"

"Let us hasten to his help!" cried Isa Das; "we know the ford well, and could find it even on a starless night."

"And we can swim like ducks," added Ya'kub.

"If we save the Sahib, we shall have a great reward!" cried Gunga Ram, as he eagerly hurried after Isa Das, who had already plunged into the swollen river.

All the three men battled with the waters; all three hastened to save a drowning man; all three risked their lives to do so. The act was the same, but the motive different. Gunga Ram thought of praise and reward; Isa Das thought of the words of the Lord—"Inasmuch as ye did it, ye did it unto me."

Before the three ryots could reach the spot where the horse had lost his footing, the commissioner was almost drowned. The rush of waters had borne him out of his saddle; only one of his feet was yet in the stirrup; the rein had escaped from his hand; he was clinging for life to the mane of the struggling horse, of which only the head could be seen above the torrent. The Sahib had scarcely even power to shout for help; but in his great need help was at hand. Ya'kub seized the rein of the horse; Gunga Ram gave his powerful aid; while Isa Das sup-

ported the half-drowned man, and assisted him to recover his seat in the saddle. With violent efforts, and with both difficulty and risk, the three ryots succeeded in bringing both the horse and his gasping rider safe back to the side of the river.

As the horse struggled up the bank, with clefted mane and streaming flanks, Manton Sahib uttered a few words which were not addressed to the ryots, and which they could not understand. Isa Das thought, and perhaps thought rightly, that the Englishman, in his own language, was thanking God for preservation from death. The Sahib shook the drops from his dripping hair; his solah topes was floating far away down the river; he had lost it in the desperate struggle for life. Manton patted the neck of his trembling horse; then turning towards the ryots, addressed them in their own tongue—

"Brave men; you have done a good service, and shall not miss a reward. Follow me to my house."

"As your highness commands," replied the three ryots at once.

"This is a fortunate day for us," exclaimed Gunga Ram, as the three men followed the commissioner towards his handsome bungalow; "we shall be poor ryots no longer; we shall no more have to earn our rice by the sweat of our brows."

"We will eat something better than rice," cried the feast-loving Ya'kub. "In hopes of good food, I seem already to feel myself growing fat as a baboo!" and he patted his breast.

When the commissioner reached his house, he called aloud for his bearer, and gave command that money should be brought. A bag of silver was quickly placed in the Sahib's hand; and before he dismounted from his horse, Manton drew from it three rupees, and gave one to each of the men.

The ryots made low salams as they took the pieces of silver, and then together they turned from the commissioner's house. But the worm of discontent gnawed at the heart of Gunga Ram.

"Does the Sahib value his life but at three rupees?" he muttered. "One rupee is not worth the wetting of my waist cloth!"

Ya'kub laughed at the disappointment of his companion. "One rupee will at least buy a right good dinner!" said he. "No work to-day for me. I will hasten off to the bazaar, and have once more such a feast as that of which I partook when my younger brother was married."

"Oh, thou man, without wisdom!" cried Gunga Ram, as he tied up his piece of silver in the end of his waist cloth; "thou wilt not surely spend all thy rupee on one meal!"

But Ya'kub was already beyond hearing of the voice of his friend. It was as if the savory fragrance of the coming feast were drawing Ya'kub on from afar. He hastened his steps, even as the thirsty camel doth in the desert when he smelleth water, and rusheth towards the well. "Thou wilt not spend thy money thus?" asked Gunga Ram of Isa Das.

Isa Das smiled as he made reply:—"No; I will not thus spend my rupee upon feasting;" and he thought, but he spake not his thought aloud—"The Lord hath already heard and answered my prayer. I, even I, a poor ryot, will put one brick in that church."

*Husbandmen.
†A small copper coin.
‡A very beautiful marble building in Agra.
(To be Continued.)

HOW A VERY LITTLE GIRL TAUGHT HER FAMILY TO SAY GRACE.

A sweet little girl, four summers old, is a great favorite with her father, and mother, and brothers. The brothers, of course, set much store by their only sister.

Now it came to pass, not long ago, that this little girl made a visit of a few days, at the house of a friend whom she call "Aunt." Besides enjoying the visit, our little friend was much impressed by the custom of having grace before meals, which was not observed in her father's house.

The first time that she sat down to dinner, on her return home, the carrying was beginning as usual, when our little four year old missionary startled every one present, by saying, in her highest key, "We can't begin to eat till we have had grace!"

The astonished father laid down the carrying knife, and asked what was the matter.

"Why," said the little girl, "you have

not said grace. Aunt Clara always says it."

The bewildered husband looked across the table to his wife, with a mute appeal, as much as to say, "Do help me out of this scrape?"

The wife shook her head. "Very well," persisted the child, "brother Albert must say grace, then, if my papa and mamma will not. We can't eat till we have had grace. Aunt Clara always says it."

And so the ice was broken, and Albert said grace in a reverent tone.

Let us hope that the custom will be kept up always, after this good beginning, and may the earnestness of the little girl quicken the sluggish conscience of the householders in our land.—J. N. N., *Episcopal Register*.

DEVOTION AND PRAYER.

Avoid, as much as may be, multiplicity of business. Neither the innocency nor the goodness of the employment will excuse us, if it possess our hearts when we are praying to God.

When our Lord bade us *take no thought for the morrow*, He intended to hinder those cares and fears which are apt to distract our devotion, which are the more unreasonable, because they never can change the state of things. Never be curious to know what passes in the world, any further than duty obliges you. It will only distract the mind, when it should be better employed.

Never intermit devotion if you can help it. You will return to your duty, like Samson when his locks were cut, meek and indifferent as other people of the world.

The oftener we renew our intercourse with God, the greater will be our devotion.

Frequent prayer, as it is an exercise of holy thoughts, is a most natural remedy against the power of sin.

Importunity makes no change in God, but it creates in us such dispositions as God thinks fit to reward.

Make it a law to yourself to meditate before you pray; as also to make certain pauses to see whether your heart goes along with your lips. They whose hearts desire nothing, pray for nothing.

Give me, O God, the spirit of true devotion, such as may give life to all my prayers, so that they may find acceptance in Thy sight, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—*Selected*.

In an article on the "Book of Common Prayer," in the *London Quarterly Review* for April, the English translation of the Roman Breviary lately published by the Marquess of Bute is thus referred to:—

"We speak of the Breviary; but it is not without significance that the book which Lord Bute has given us in English is in fact the *Roman Breviary*, and not one which belongs as a native to this country. We have already explained that England ever had, and tenaciously held fast, her own uses: so did the Gallican Church in her best days; but now the Roman Breviary, which our forefathers would not have suffered to displace the use of Sarum, or Bangor, or Hereford, or York, is the book which is carried in the hand of those who would bring us back to the unity of the Roman Catholic Church."

"The translator expresses the hope that 'if the book should fall into the hands of persons who are not Roman Catholics... it may at any rate be the means of softening some prejudices.' We trust it may; prejudices should always be softened if possible; but if it be meant that the book is likely to persuade members of the English Church to become Romanists, or to conclude that after all the differences between the two Churches are trifling, we trust that no such result will follow, nor do we think it probable. When the reader of the Roman Breviary finds that it contains such stories as that of the leprosy of Constantine and the bath of children's blood, a recognition of the fictitious letter from Pope Marcellus, in which the primacy of the Church of Rome is affirmed, such miracles as that of the blood of St. Januarius, such additions to the services of the Church as that for the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, lessons taken from Papal Bulls, together with many familiar errors which the Church of Rome has done its best to stereotype, and against which the Church of England has for centuries protested, we think he will scarcely be tempted by the perusal of the *Roman Breviary* to desert the wholesome and truly catholic teaching of the Church of England's Book of Common Prayer."

IN MEMORIAM.

The Church of the Diocese of Nova Scotia has lost within the last few days two of her best known and most highly esteemed members. One, that aged Priest and man of God the Rev. J. C. Cochran, D. D.; the other, a layman almost equally aged, C. B. Bowman Esq., of Windsor.

Dr. Cochran's life was truly a laborious and faithful one, both as regards his identity with the promotion of every object of any note within the Church for the past half century, and also in connection with almost every work of charity and philanthropy in the city of Halifax.

Mr. Bowman was well known as a delegate for many years to the Synod, and as a member of the Endowment and other important Committees. The Rev. Dr. Bowman, Rector of Parrsboro', and Maynard Bowman Esq. of Halifax, are sons of the deceased.

We shall publish a more extended notice of Dr. Cochran's life and labors next week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Mrs. Phoebe W. Wetmore, Clifton, do; D. W. Paddock, do; Mrs. Catherine Moore, Kingston, do; Mrs. Albert McCleary, do; R. W. Wetmore, Clifton, do; Mrs. DeVerber, Lyon, do; S. Canvort, Cambridge, do; James Porter, do; Johnson Y. Springer, Upper Jemseg, do; Mrs. L. Cady, do; Richard L. Gunter, McGregor's P. O.; Miss Maggie E. Robertson, do; William B. Taylor, White Cove, do; Stephen B. McIntosh, do; R. Orchard, do; Joseph Thompson, Mill Cove, do; Mrs. Thomas Carmichael, White Point, do; Wellington Cox, Cambridge, do; Charles M. Robinson, do; James S. Robinson, do; A. M. Carpenter, do; John Robinson, do; Mrs. Robert Cossolone, Gibson, do; Mr. Wise, do; John Peppers, do; J. E. Smith, St. Mary's Ferry, do; George Cox, Little River, do; Joseph Oldham, Southampton, York Co., N. B.; David McEwaine, Norton Dale, do; Rev. R. Mothers, St. John, do; Ernest Welsh, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; J. Chappell, do; Mrs. C. J. Anderson, French River, do; W. E. Bagnall, Charlottetown, do; Mrs. E. J. Smith, Shediac, N. B.; Mrs. Chipman Smith, do; Judge Botsford, Moncton, do; (2), Mrs. Weldon, do; Rev. Canon Medley, Sussex, do; (2), Miss Gilpin, Annapolis, N. S.; Rev. Wm Greer, Ormococt, N. B.; Rev. G. H. Sterling, Mangerville, do; Mr. Currie, do; F. A. Hubbard, Barton, do; Arthur Lawrence, Windsor, N. S.; John Hatch, do; John Phillips, do; W. K. Dimock, do; William Hallett, Truro, do; Mrs. Geo. Romans, Londonderry, do; William Hunt, Marshalltown, Digby Co., do; James Hudson, Stellarton, do; John Wentworth, do; John Willis, do; (2), Enoch Hill, do; Henry Haddon, do; F. Drake, New Glasgow, do; Harry Townsend, do; Geo. Sterling, do; (2), Rev. G. O. Troop, Halifax, do; E. M. Hoyt, St. John, N. B.; Rev. Dr. White, Shelburne, N. S.; (2) Geo. J. Hoyt, Weymouth, do; Isaac Francis, Kingsclear, N. B.; Dr. Townshend, Parrsboro', N. S.; Capt. Townshend, do; W. F. Jones, do; Rev. Dr. Bowman, do; Mrs. Dr. McCawley, Halifax, do; Rev. Simon Gibbons, Cape Breton, do; Rev. C. E. Wiggins, Shelburne, N. S.; Wm. Gossp, Halifax, do; Rev. F. A. Smith, New Liverpool, Quebec, do; Mrs. Hugh Ritchie, do; Geo. Atkinson, do; Mr. E. C. Benson, do; Rev. C. E. Willets, Windsor, N. S.; (2), Robert Percival, Council Bluffs, U. S. A.; John Percival, Webster Grove, St. Louis, Mo., do; Thomas Oliver, Greenfield, Carleton Co., N. B.; Robinson Longstaff, Chester, do; Albert D. Parlee, Middle Simonds, do; Rev. LeB. McKiel, Keswick Ridge, do; George Sutherland, Spryfield, Halifax Co., N. S.; James E. Dimock, Halifax, do; Mrs. J. R. Pollard, —; Mrs. R. Pooley, —.

Births.

WILMOT.—At Yarmouth, N. S., June 10th, the wife of Lieut. F. Eardley, Wilmot, R. N., of a son.
ROCHFORD.—On the 2nd inst., at the Parsonage, Poplar Point, Manitoba, the wife of the Rev. Edward Rochford, Incumbent of St. Anne's (and formerly of Poona, Bombay), of a daughter.
TIPPER.—At Birkenhead, England, April 28th, the wife of Henry Grendon Tipper, Esq., of a son.

Marriages.

SAUNDERS—RAY.—At Clementsfort, on the 30th May, by Rev. W. M. Godfrey, Capt. Henry Saunders, and Miss Emma Alberta Ray, second daughter of W. H. Ray, Esq., all of Clementsfort.
DOLE—BEEK.—At Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, on Wednesday morning, 16th inst., by His Lordship the Most Rev. the Metropolitan, assisted by the Rev. Finlay Alexander, Sub-Dean, Augustus K. Dole, of Bangor, Maine, to Mary, daughter of James S. Beek, Esq., Auditor General of the Province of New Brunswick.
BRUNDAGE—DAVIS.—At Spring Hill, June 13th, by the Rev. E. H. Ball, Mr. Rufus S. T. Brundage, of Spring Hill, to Miss J. Maud Davis, of Lynn, Colchester County.

Deaths.

COCHRAN.—At Halifax, N. S., on Sunday morning, the twentieth day of June, 1880, the Reverend James Cuppaldie Cochran, D. D., in the 82nd year of his age.
SWEET.—At the Rectory, Kilmacow, Nr. Waterford, Ireland, on May 31st, the Rev. J. H. Sweet, M. A., for many years Rector of the Parish, and the father of the Rev. J. H. S. Sweet, Rector of Dalhousie, N. B., aged 61.