

such a friend, whom I so greatly respected and trusted, is very great, and I cannot bear to think I shall not see him again, and admire that handsome, kindly face and noble presence and listen to his wise words which breathed such a lofty Christian spirit. I am most anxious to visit you, and trust that you will allow me to do so quite quietly and privately, as one who knew your dear husband so well and has gone through so much sorrow and who knows what you feel and what you suffer."

No wonder that such a Queen enthroned herself in the hearts of millions, and was specially loved by the great family of her sorrowing, bereaved and suffering subjects.

Here is another illustration of the womanly heart of our good Queen, and touching the other extreme of the social sphere, than that in which Dr. Tulloch moved. We find in the London Baptist the following interesting anecdote of the late Queen, told by Rev. Alfred Rowland, on the authority of a member of the Park Congregational Chapel, Crouch End: "A district secretary of the London City Mission visited a small cottage at Windsor, with an old-world garden of sweet-smelling flowers in front. Upon taking a seat on a chair which was brought to him, he was told that it was the Queen's chair. It seemed that one of the Royal Princesses stopped her carriage to look at the flowers, and on learning that the mother of the house was ill, went in to see her.

Next day the Queen herself called, 'and, of course,' said the daughter who told the story, 'we were greatly flurried.' But the Queen said, 'Don't be put out. I have come to-day not as a Queen, but as a Christian lady. Have you got a Bible?' She was given a copy of the Scriptures, and sat down on the chair, and said: 'I heard from my daughter of your long and sad illness, and I came to comfort you.' She took the sick woman's wasted hand in hers, and said, 'Put your trust in Jesus and you will soon be in a land where there is no pain. You are a widow, so am I. We shall soon meet our beloved ones.' The Queen then read the fourteenth chapter of the gospel of St. John, beginning, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' and then knelt down on the floor, and prayed for the sick woman."

And again. In visiting the hospital in which the returned invalid and wounded Canadian soldiers from South Africa had been placed, the Queen spoke to one poor fellow, who was very severely wounded, the characteristic words: 'I cannot do anything for you, but Christ can.'

History can never do justice to the late beloved Queen because it will rather record her life-work as a monarch, eliminating the sweet, gentle, peace-loving and unobtrusive womanliness, that was the secret of her model wifehood, unique motherhood and incomparable Queenhood. When she was asked to sign the first death-warrant by the Duke of Wellington, that of a soldier who had violated army law, she asked the iron Duke if there was not one thing he could mention in his favor. "Not one," replied the Duke. Pressing him closely she enquired if he was as bad in his family as in the army. "Oh, well," replied the Commander of Waterloo, "I hear he is a good husband and father." The girl queen springing through this loophole answered, "England cannot afford to lose a good husband and father," and wrote "Pardoned" on the order.

"When Victoria was born, high treason was in men's mouths, sedition often broke into flames, and ruined manufacturers and starving mechanics were leading bread-riots. It seemed to be the days of the Commonwealth back again. Forgery and sheep stealing were punishable by death."

"Little children were uncared for by the law when Victoria came to the throne, for there was no 'mother-love' in our acts of Parliament. Parents could literally work to death their little slave children." (I remember, when a boy, reading of acts of parliament passed to prohibit children working in the brick-fields of England.) There was scarce a school worthy of the name. The heartless parent was not compelled to have his child learn to read. Millions had never gone to school, and could neither read nor write. There were no lucifer matches. There was no penny post or penny paper. Paper and tea were luxuries for the few. The poor could never travel beyond their neighborhood. The Queen's reign has been the age of railways, telegraph, telephone—the age of steam and electricity, of free education and free religion and liberty; of all that broadens and heightens character. Philanthropy and Bible circulation, justice and freedom, womanhood and childhood, citizenship and home have all received a new and nobler meaning during the great Queen's reign."

The day after Diamond Jubilee, a lady of the court was reading to the Queen the newspaper comments on the great celebration, when Her Majesty interrupted her saying, "But what have I done to deserve that they should say all this of me?"

I doubt if King Edward VII comprehended a quarter the meaning of the words he used. "I will follow in my mother's footsteps!" It is impossible for him to do unless he begins where she began, at the feet of the King of kings. Ah, those two first hours the girl queen was alone with God, wrought more in her reign than mental ability, human learning or constitutional resources could have ever wrought!

"The long life of duty realized and done; the large heart that had for all humanity a sympathy sincere; the consistent and steady example of conduct in the highest; the power of using wisely a vast experience; the deep and motherly thought for her 73 descendants; the ever ready consent both to her own ministers and her foreign kindred, the political insight that made the foremost statesman of the Germany Empire (Bismarck) call her 'the greatest of women,' all proclaim her the God-dowered, divinely blest, the Christian Queen and the ideal woman of the Empire.

In the Windsor Castle is a splendid specimen of the sculptor's art. Two figures standing on a pedestal. Prince Consort with departing steps and uplifted hand is gazing into the sorrow-filled face of the Queen. She with heavy crown on her head is beseeching him to stay and aid her great task of Monarch of a mighty empire.

Underneath are these beautiful words: "Allured to brighter worlds he led the way."  
She has laid down her heavy crown and followed her noble Consort, and both now are:

AT REST.

From pomp and show of regal state;  
From weighty homage of the great;  
From friendly powers, and powers, irate,  
At Rest.  
From saddening news of direful war;  
Where deaths, the greatest victories, mar;  
In which both friends and kindred are—  
At Rest.  
From ill's and aches of mortal frame;  
From weariness, e'en of the same;  
Back to the sod, from whence it came.  
At Rest.  
From joys of earth, and sorrows too;  
From cares which none but sovereigns knew,  
But which to bear, cost tears—not few.  
At Rest.  
The conflict o'er—the victory won;  
Asleep in faith in God's dear Son;  
Awaiting but his own "Well done"  
At Rest.

LVDIA A. EDWARDS.

Truro.

Arrogant Assumptions.

The events connected with the accession of King Edward VII., and the parliamentary discussions at Ottawa recently over the coronation oath, recall a phase of denominational life of Nova Scotia that has been very aggressive in recent years. "Anglican Catholics," as many clerical and lay members of the Church of England in this province delight to be called, is a term properly applicable to a Romanizing sect within the Protestant Episcopal church established in England, a sect whose leaders, while thriving on the revenues of the church, with a knavery altogether despicable, preach and teach doctrines intended to unsettle the Protestant faith, and to undermine and destroy the vital truths of Christianity as held by that church. These leeches on the life blood of the established church have, of late years, frequently been summoned before the English Courts where well-merited punishment has, again and again, been meted out to them.

I had long suspected that there were two distinct sections in our Episcopal church,—the "high church" and the "Evangelical," with little love for each other, but my first acquaintance with Anglican Catholics, *ab eodem nomine*, as a religious force to be reckoned with in Nova Scotia dates back some fifteen years. The occasion which brought them to the public notice of other denominations was a "mission" then held in St. Luke's Cathedral in this city, conducted by "missioners" who had been invited to conduct this mission for the express purpose of publicly proclaiming the doctrines and tenets of the "high church" party. The late Bishop Binney, who was then living, Rev. Dr. Partridge, now of Fredericton, Dean Gilpin and other local leaders, had long held the doctrines then promulgated, and had joined with the rector of St. Luke's in inviting the missioners. The doctrines, then announced, were new to many Halifax people, and were listened to with amazement by members of other Protestant denominations. The evangelical section of the church, with its large following here and at Dartmouth, were by no means disinterested spectators of the "Mission." To these the missioners and their message were received with dismay little short of consternation. Protests strong and forceful appeared in the public press; and, on the streets, the doctrines promulgated by the missioners were freely denounced. But the missioners were backed by the bishop, and by the men, whose names I have given, who generally occupied seats upon the platform, and the work of the mission went forward. "You are not Protestants," said the chief missioner in one of his evening addresses, "you are Catholics, built upon the apostolic foundation," and he proceeded to describe the authority of the church, its powers and ordinances with an intolerant spirit that would have done ample justice to a monk of the Middle Ages. In brief, the missioners taught that the Holy Catholic church with its unbroken apostolic succession of bishops, priests and deacons was the one ark of salvation; while Dissenters with their man-made sects and sinful divisions were the work of the devil.

Bishop Binney up to this time had been spoken of as "high church," henceforth he was an "Anglican Catholic;" and he prosecuted his work with his accustomed energy. The following statement of doctrine was received by me about a year after the visit of the missioners, from the lips of a "priest" of the church, now living, who was the son of a church "canon," and had been educated at Kings College, Windsor.

1. The church believes in councils, of which there have been three, and the decisions of these councils are of the same authority as the word of God.
  2. "Apostolic Succession," the only source of spiritual authority.
  3. "Baptismal regeneration," the only door to the church and to salvation.
  4. "Transubstantiation," or the doctrine of the real presence in the consecrated bread and wine.
- "Whether you believe it or not," said this "priest," "can make no difference as to the fact. The fact remains."

These declarations are, at least, explicit, and, I confess, they were to me somewhat startling, for I had been accustomed to reckon the Church of England among the Protestant fraternity of churches in this province, and now, I must needs revise matters. These doctrines were taught boldly in the name of the church and evangelical doctrines were as boldly characterized as "heretical notions." At the close of the year 1887 it was authoritatively stated that more than three-fourths of the "priests" having charge of parish work in Nova Scotia were Anglican Catholics! But time works wonders and is a revealer of hidden things. It is now known throughout the civilized world that the church of England of which Edward VII is, on earth the Supreme head is a Protestant church, and that the cherished doctrine of the real presence is a delusion and a snare de-

erving only to be denounced and reprobated! We shall probably hear less of "Anglican Catholics" during the decade upon which we have just entered.

Another assumption is recalled. Indeed, it has suggested my pseudonym. In my case "H. Nova Scotia" means simply that I dwell in the garrisoned city by the sea, and am permitted to look out upon the mighty Atlantic. But for a score of years prior to 1888 the address, or signature, "H. Nova Scotia" was a familiar one in this province. In the public press it was frequently seen, and whether politics, education, or religion was the subject under discussion, Bishop Binney's communications always appeared over the signature, "H. Nova Scotia." I never quite understood the meaning of it, and am still in lamentable ignorance. "H." it was said stood for the initial letter of his Christian name, "Hibbert," but why Nova Scotia was employed in connection with this initial letter to indicate Bishop Binney was always a conundrum. It has been suggested that it meant spiritual jurisdiction, but looked at in the light of facts this suggestion is simply absurd. The church of England in this province comprise about one-twelfth of the population, the remaining eleven-twelfths being composed of Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, etc. The church of England stands 5th on the list as to population, and all denominations are equal in the eye of the law. The spiritual jurisdiction suggestion reduces the whole matter to an absurdity, a clear case of the tail trying to wag the dog's head. No, there must be some other explanation. For myself, I have always explained the mystery by the fact that the bishop was an Anglican Catholic. But here I am met by the fact that the bishop's successor, Dr. Courtney, who is a Protestant and evangelical, follows closely, in this respect, in the wake of his predecessor. "F. Nova Scotia," I am told is Dr. Courtney's method of indicating that he is bishop of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island. This is certainly all beyond my pen. I await further enlightenment.  
H. NOVA SCOTIA.

March 13th, 1901.

A Presence.

Above the river's mouth, a mist,  
Around the peak, a cloud,  
And in my heart a burning word  
I try to speak aloud.  
I've often watched the night come down,  
And like a raven spread  
It's wings in silence o'er the earth,  
Until the day was dead;  
I've seen a towered city fade,  
And sink in purple gloom,  
Until the lamps, its stars, were light—  
And like a mountain loom  
At dawn and frown upon the sea;  
I've heard a forest groan—  
At night, and sigh so deep at noon—  
I've seen and heard alone;  
And yet my spirit has been moved  
As if a soul was near—  
Alone, and yet the awful thought,—  
The Cause of all is here;  
A Presence in the gloom of night,  
And in the wandering air  
Of heaven—Oh! it almost speaks,—  
A Presence everywhere!  
A mystery too—as deep as life  
And death—we cannot sound;  
We try, and trying find out stars  
To lamp the night around.  
Above the river's mouth, a mist,  
Around the peak a cloud,  
And in my heart a burning word  
I try to speak aloud.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT, Salisbury, N. B.

The Wayside Cross.

A wayside cross in a vision I saw  
On the old Jerusalem road,  
And the man who hung on that shameful tree  
I knew was the Son of God.  
And I cried, "O Christ, why art Thou here  
Dying thus on the cruel tree?"  
Then soft on my ear fell the whisper low  
"I am dying, my child, for thee."  
Then a gentle hand seemed to lift the veil  
And show me my heart as it was,  
Ashamed and grieved at the sight, I wept,  
And fell by that wayside cross.  
At the bleeding feet of my Lord I knelt  
And cried, "O Christ, can it be  
That my sins have nailed Thee to the cross?  
Dost Thou die, my Lord, for me?"  
No word of reproach He uttered, but said,  
"Love Me, child, and nevermore stray,  
Take up the cross that to thee I give  
And follow Me all the way."  
I accepted the cross on my shoulder laid  
And with grateful heart I cried,  
"There can be no cross too heavy to bear  
For the Christ who for me has died."  
The wayside cross seemed to fade away  
And the old Jerusalem road,  
Instead I saw a great, white throne,  
And beside it the Son of God.  
He said, "I am He who was crucified,  
For thy sake, on Calvary.  
Wilt thou live for me?" and I answered "Yes,  
Unto death will I follow Thee."  
Day by day as I follow my blessed Lord,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
How'er heavy the cross that for Him I bear,  
Grace sufficient to me is given,  
And ever the thought of that wayside cross,  
And the price that my pardon bought,  
Brings the prayer from my heart "O help me,  
Lord,  
To follow Thee as I ought."  
Grand Pre, N. S. —FLORENCE E. JOHNSON.