

surmounted by a cross, containing pictures of the Mother of God, an angel and the four evangelists. Above these doors is a fine copy of Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," which sustains a large cross of gold and red. Within this holiest sanctuary of all is the altar, about four feet square, with three coverings, one of linen and two of exquisitely embroidered gold cloth. On the altar is what is known in the Roman church as the Host, but in the Greek church as the *Ciborium*. This is made of silver, and contains the holy sacrament of communion. The *Ciborium* is open, square and capped by a cupola and cross. In the centre is a tomb, and above the tomb a sarcophagus containing the sacrament, guarded by two figures of angels. Behind the altar is a round pedestal of polished black walnut, sustaining a candelabra with seven branches, typical of the seven sacraments. Behind this, and upon a tapering triangular pedestal, also of black walnut, is a Mosaic cross of silver. This is very ornate, the front of it representing the crucifixion, and the reverse side the principal sufferings of our Saviour. Beyond this and at one side of the offertory, at which the Sacrament is prepared, differing in this particular from the Roman church, where the offertory and altar are one. The offertory is covered like the altar, and over it is a copy of Correggio's "Christmas Night." On the right of the sanctuary is a representation of the tomb of Christ, containing a full-length portrait of him as he lay in the sepulchre. This portrait is covered with white satin, fringed with gold, the inside having a golden cross. In the back-ground of all is the "Appearance of the angles to Abraham," and before it are two of the chandeliers above-mentioned.

All the pictures, vestments, cloths, and chandeliers have been forwarded from Russia by the Synod, and are very costly and elegant. The chapel has been fitted up under the supervision of the pastor, Father Bjerring, and of the Greek Consul, D. U. Botassi. The Rev. Mr. Bjerring is a native of Denmark, and ex-student of several European Universities, and has been a resident of the United States for the past six years, four of which were spent in Baltimore. A year and a half ago he went to Russia and was ordained a priest of the Eastern Orthodox Church, and appointed to the New York parish of the Holy Trinity, as this chapel is named. He will be assisted by a young Russian priest named Sminoff, a graduate of the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg. No intention of proselyting is expressed by them. Father Bjerring is now engaged in translating into English the liturgy of his church and several prayer-books and catechisms.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

The assertion of the Archbishop of Canterbury that the Church of England does not sanction prayers for the dead, has produced not a little feeling in High Church and Ritualistic circles. The *Church Times* says that Dr. Tait has absolutely "proctorized" the Greek Bishops, and that the letter involves "the disagreeable necessity of offering new explanations, the very basis of which must be that the primate of all England is literally ignorant of his primer." The allusions in the quotation is to the fact that at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign the bishops of the English Church put forth an edition of private prayers, called the "Primer," revised, we are told, with much care from former editions. This appeared the same year with the present "Book of Common Prayer." Three of the prayers, as given in the Primer, are subjoined:—

"Almighty and eternal God, to Whom there never is any prayer made without hope of mercy, be merciful to the souls of Thy servants being departed from this world in the confession of Thy Name, that they may be associate to the company of Thy saints, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"O Lord, bow Thine ear unto our prayers, wherein we devoutly call upon Thy mercy; that Thou wilt bestow the souls of Thy servants, which Thou has commanded to depart from this world, in the country peace and rest, and cause them to be made partners with Thy holy servants; through Christ our Lord. Amen."

"O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, set Thine holy Passion, Cross, and Death, between Thy Judgment and our souls, both now and in the hour of death. And vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to grant unto the living mercy and grace, to the dead pardon and rest, to Thy holy church peace and concord, and to us miserable sinners life and joy everlasting; Who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen."

One among several correspondents of the *Church Times* writes that "It may not be generally known that, on the tablet erected in Furneaux Pelham Church, Herts, in memory of that sound old Anglican divine and ritual authority, Charles Wheatly (the famous commentator on the Book of Common Prayer, and for many years vicar of Brent and Furneaux Pelham), is inscribed: "Reader! vouchsafe him the ejaculation of St. Paul, 'The Lord grant

unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day.'" Another correspondent suggests that a protest upon this subject is signed both influentially and numerous. "Let it only be drawn up cautiously, and in guarded and moderate language and then nearly every High Churchman, and not a few Broad Churchmen also would find themselves able to sign it."

CHEERING WORDS FROM CHINA.

Bishop Eastburn has communicated to the *Christian Witness* the following interesting letter received from the Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams:—

Hongkong, China, Oct. 10, 1870

My dear Bishop Eastburn:—I shall not soon forget that the first letter which met my eye on reaching San Francisco after a voyage of 114 days was in your handwriting. I have since then been so pleasantly minded of you through a good man's influence here in China, that I must tell you of it. Being on a visit to Shanghai, I was invited to attend worship in a Chinese Chapel five miles from the city. We went through the fields in chairs borne by Coolies, till we came to the villages where were made was plying all its arts and handicraft its implements, unconscious of the Sabbath. A small church bell notified us that we were near the chapel, and soon we emerged from heathenish sounds and sights into a Christian temple, neat and orderly in all its appointments. There were about one hundred and fifty Chinese assembled for worship, which was conducted by a very good-looking Chinaman, tall and of pleasing address. Though ignorant of every word he said, my attention was riveted by his agreeable action and manner, evidently becoming a preacher of the Gospel, and, withal, truly eloquent, if his whole appearance and the attention of the people were true indications. I could see that the services were liturgical, from the responses, and from the Chinese books used by the people, the little girls around me keeping my attention directed to the place in the service; though very little good did this do me except that it helped me to keep my book right side up. The service ended with singing "There is a happy land," the tune so familiarly known in our Sabbath-schools. The preacher came to speak with me before service, with his welcome, in very good English; and after service he came again and gave me much information. He has been Rector there sixteen years, the chapel being built and he being sustained there by the magnificence, said he, "of a Mr. William Appleton, of Boston." * * * * * As we came out of chapel we were saluted with some musical instruments from a house where people were making a tumult over a dead person. Little knew they of that "happy land, far, far away," which the people of Appleton Chapel had just been celebrating * * * * * Truly enviable is that rich Christian who can employ wealth to do good for him when he is with Christ. The Appleton Chapel at Shanghai seemed to me a cup of cold water, the donor of which is not losing his reward, From the steamboat landing at Shanghai, looking across the river you see a comely church of fair proportions, surrounded in part with banyan and bamboo trees, affording it a perpetually verdant appearance. In is a stone chapel for seamen, built through the efforts of A. A. Hayes, Jr., Esq., of the firm of Olyphant & Co., and son of Dr. A. A. Hayes of Boston. It is under the care of the Rev. M. Syle, Presbyterian, a devoted and most useful man. A large churchyard has there received the remains of seamen of all nations. It is within the same inclosure with the church, ornamented with plants and trees, and is nearly filled with the dead. It has been opened fourteen years, and there are fourteen hundred interments. The graves are in close and even rows, for economy of room, so that this large collection of the dead looks like a buried battalion who have laid down by platoons * * * * * Surely these ranks of the dead will not rise by roll-call, though they lay down in such good order. They made me think of some lines of an uncle of Sir Walter Scott, a sea-captain, on a sunken man-of-war, all her crew on board:—

"In death's dark road at anchor fast they stay,
Till heaven's loud signal shall in thunder roar;
Then, starting up, all hands shall quick obey,
Sheet home the top-sail, and with speed unmoor."

N. ADAMS.

HUXLEY TESTING REVELATION.

The New York *Tribune* is justly severe on the anxiety which those who ought to have more faith in God's Word display as to the result of the experiments of scientific and pseudo-scientific men:—

"Not only Christianity, but all revealed religion, according to some of the English secular papers, has been on trial lately in Liverpool. Prof. Huxley has had a bit of beef in an air-pump, testing the theories of spontaneous or non-spontaneous generation. The trial is over. The reporters who have been standing on tiptoe over the beef, solemnly announce that 'the result is satisfactory, and the Professor is at one with the prevalent and united force of traditional orthodoxy.' The maggots did not make their appearance without eggs. Ergo, life is not spontaneous. Ergo, there is a God. The world now draws its breath freely, and, by leave of the Professor and the beef, goes back to its Bible again. It is rather dispiriting, however, to be obliged to keep our faith ready at a call to be weighed in the balances of every new experimenter with maggots or otherwise. One does not like to hold immortality on the chances of an egg too many in a bit of beef. Prof. Huxley, who is a man of sense and a philosopher, does not ask it of us, nor does the better class of scientific men. It is, oddly enough, the secular journals who so constantly report 'Christianity on trial,' and found their theological creed on the last revelation of the blow-pipe, or rap from geologists' hammers. We recommend to the Liverpool savans, who have fortunately found God behind the beef, the counsel of Allatius to the Yogis: 'Press thy beard upon thy breast, deliver over thy eyes and thy thoughts to the contemplation of the point of thy nose, and thou shalt know uninterrupted spiritual joys, and thy soul be reunited with the Supreme.'"

PETER'S PENCE.

Punch has something to say on the Pope's claim to the Quirinal Palace as personal property:—

Cardinal Antonelli has published a protest against the appropriation, by the Italian Government, of the Quirinal Palace. This palace he maintains to be not State property, but the Pope's own, being one of a certain number of palaces which, with their contents, belong to the Roman Pontiffs personally, having been constructed, furnished, decorated, and kept up by successive Popes, at expences defrayed out of their privy purses. The Popes have been men of property. The successors of St. Peter have succeeded to rather more than St. Peter left behind him. Apostolic poverty is no heirloom to the Apostolic see.

The above will at once remind Mrs. Browning's admirers of one or two stanzas from her "View across the Roman Campagna":—

"Peter, Peter! if such be thy name
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith evermore the same,
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since he who walks on the sea is here.
"Peter, Peter! He does not speak;
He is not as rash in old Galilee:
Safer a ship though it toss and leak,
Than a peeling foot on a rolling sea!
And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks he.
"Peter, Peter! He does not stir:
His nets are heavy with silver fish.
He reckons his gains and is keen to infer
— The broil on the shore, if the Lord should wish:
But the sturgeon goes to Cæsar's dish.
"Peter, Peter! thou fisher of men,
Fisher of fish would'st thou live instead?
Haggling for pence with the other Ten,
Cheating the market at so much a head
Gripping the bag of the traitor Dead."

SLAVISH TEACHING.

—A conversation between a precocious scholar and a master appointed by the *Secular*-clericals:—

Boy: Oh! please teacher, in the History of England it says that people submitted to be burned rather than deny their religion. Do you think that's true?

Teacher: Yes. It expressly says so, doesn't it?

Boy: But why should they? What did it matter? How did they learn their religion, and what made them so much in earnest about it, as actually to go to prison or to the stake for the sake of it?

Teacher: Don't ask questions about religion.

Boy: Why not? I must ask questions or how am I to learn? The history of England and other histories, too, seem to have lots about religion, and even the newspapers, they talk about it, and say this is a free country, and that religion is free, and all that. Do you think religion of any use?

Teacher: Go and learn your multiplication table.

Boy: Is reading the Bible being religious? because if it is we don't read the Bible here.

Teacher: No. Reading the Bible does not necessarily make people religious.

Boy: Then what does?

Teacher: I mustn't really talk about these things, do go and learn your multiplication table.

Boy: But that won't answer my question. Do you think religion a good thing?

Teacher (hesitating): Yes. I think it is of the utmost importance.

Boy: And yet you mustn't tell me anything about it?

Teacher: I am not permitted. The School Board don't allow it.

Boy: Why not?

Teacher: They think it isn't proper for their teacher to allude to it.

Boy: What, not to a subject of "the utmost importance?"

Teacher: No.

Boy: Why?

Teacher: Because they are parsons, or the followers of parsons and "ministers" with *secular* notions, and say that all religion should be left to be taught by the *Church*, by which they mean the *clergy*.

Boy: Why, that's just what the History of England says the priests wanted, and that that was one of the causes of the Reformation. Besides, which clergy am I go to for an answer?

Teacher: I must insist that you go at once and learn the multiplication table, or I shall be turned out of my situation.

Boy: I'm so sorry, sir. I didn't know that they'd make you a martyr. It says in the History of England that there's an end now of religious persecution, but I find that's not true. It's only altered. Instead of being persecuted for having different opinions on the subject of religion, men are to be punished now if they are religious at all.

Teacher: Go and do ten sums in compound subtraction, and repeat the multiplication table to me after school. (To himself.) And this is the wretched degradation of a teacher under clerical secularism, yet I am supposed to have a conscience. —Rock.

GENERALLY, those who most exceed in heavenly contemplation are most oppressed with temptation and the workings of indwelling sin. By the first, the soul is lifted up to God; by the second, it is pressed down into itself. By this temperature, the saint can neither rise too high nor sink too low.

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