

O'keays and Shotlands. Archbishop Manning finds the author of 'Prussia and the Vatican' a vigorous antagonist. The other articles are 'Chapter I. of an Essay on Natural Religion'; 'Recent Latin Verse'; 'Life's Cost,' a poem; 'Charles Kingsley,' by A. H.; and Chapter XXX. of a serial, 'Castle Daly.'

Parish and Family Reading.

SERVE HIM IN YOUR WORK.

One Sunday evening after the children were in bed, and the nursery was set in order, Susan went down to the kitchen in search of some ink to write a letter home to her mother. Every one was in church except Betsey, who was trying to cook two suppers at once for the parlor and kitchen, besides doing some arrears of Anne's work, which had, as usual, been left on her hands. She looked flushed and tired, and Susan mentally resolved that she would stay and help her instead of writing a letter, as she had meant to do.

Betsey gratefully accepted her kindness, saying 'I was quite glad to hear you coming down stairs, Susan, for I feel very lonesome and low-spirited to-night.'

'What ails you, Betsey?' asked Susan, kindly. 'I hope you've had no bad news from home.'

'Home!' said poor Betsey with a sorrowful laugh; 'oh, Susan, I've got no home. There's only my poor little sister that lives in the city with an old woman I found to take her in. My mother died of consumption when I was quite a child, and my father—well, he was unthinking, and he went away. I've had to do for myself ever since I was twelve years old, and now it's a hard pinch to find money to pay for little Polly's schooling; but I'd like her to be a better scholar than I am. And then I'm so *throng* you see, it makes me feel a bit tired—not that I'd mind that though, if it didn't hinder me on a Sunday from thinking about my soul.'

Betsey always spoke of her soul as if it were something quite apart from herself, a sort of separate existence for which she was unable to provide.

'That's just what I've heard my own mother say many a time,' said Susan, 'when there were eight of us, and I was but fourteen. What with the washing, and the stitching, and the children, and getting things ready for father, she'd be so tired that when she went to church on a Sunday she could hardly keep her eyes open.'

'Yes,' said Betsey, 'and that's how it is with me. I feel tempted to ask the Lord sometimes how I'm ever to get to heaven when I'm obliged to live all for this world.'

'Mother used to think that too,' said Susan; 'she fretted over it many a time, especially when she was ill, as she often was, of course. But when father was working in Manchester, we went to live there for two years; and when little Patty was born, and mother was near dying a few days after, there came a clergyman to see her, and she told him all her trouble, and how she'd never been able to serve the Lord as she wished because of serving her family. "But you must do both at once," says he.'

'Well, I'm sure,' said Betsey, 'that was poor comfort! How could she do both, I'd like to know?'

'Well,' said Susan, 'that's just what mother asked him, and she cried and was quite upset, for she thought he was making things harder for her than ever. But he explained what he meant, and spoke so kindly about it. "I suppose," he said, "you work so hard for your family that you haven't ten minutes in the day to call your own, until you're so tired that you just throw yourself down to sleep." "Yes, sir," says mother, "it's just that way; I'm working from morning till night without a minute's rest." "Well, then," he said, "it's plain that if you can't serve the Lord in your work, you can't serve Him at all; but be sure of this, it's in your work that He means you to serve Him. Try it when you get well. Do all the things you've been doing for your family, but do them for the Lord, and see if you don't do them better than you ever did before." Then mother asked him if he thought our Blessed Lord would notice such common things as she had to do all day, and he said "Why shouldn't He? Didn't He condescend to live among common things at Nazareth? Didn't He help in them, as far as we know, for many years of His life? And wasn't He as much the Son of God then, as when He was healing the sick or raising the dead? Depend upon it," he said, "the Blessed Lord doesn't despise either you or your work if only you do it for Him."'

'Well, to sure!' said Betsey. 'Perhaps that was a true word too. Did your mother take comfort in it?'

'Yes, that she did,' replied Susan. 'When she rose up from that illness, she set herself to view things differently from what she'd ever viewed them before; and when the work was hard, or the washing was heavy, or she was kept from church by her baby, she used just to offer it all up to the Lord as something she'd got to do for His sake. Oh! it made her a different woman! Mother's never fretting about her soul now; she's always cheerful, and doing her best to serve the Lord Sunday and Monday alike.'

'She must be glad,' said Betsey, 'that the clergyman came to see her. He must have been a nice man, I should think.'

'He was nice,' said Susan, earnestly, 'going about those dirty streets and back alleys doing good all day. We've not forgotten him, though he's far away now. And he gave us something to remember him by when we were leaving Manchester. You'll never guess what it was.'

'A Bible, maybe,' said Betsey, 'or some good book?'

'No,' replied Susan, 'it was just a picture of our Blessed Lord working in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth when He was a young child. It hangs up in our kitchen at home, and I'm sure it's kept us from being idle many a time.'

'I wish I could get such a feeling about my work,' said Betsey, earnestly; 'I should think a deal more of my cooking if I felt it was pleasing the Lord.'

'Well, I'm sure in pleasing master you would be pleas-

ing the Lord,' said Susan, gently. 'The Bible itself, you know, tells us as much as that.'

'I'd do anything for master!' said Betsey, warmly; 'he's the only person that ever found time to say a word to me about my soul.'

'Well,' said Susan, 'if you don't mind my naming it, I think master would be greatly pleased to have his meals punctual and his meat a little more done. I've noticed him, you know, at the table, and it seems to take away his appetite if the joint isn't roasted enough.'

'Dear me!' said Betsey, quite concerned; 'and that's always happening, either through my forgetting the fire, or my getting orders so late.'

'I wouldn't wait for the orders, if I were you,' said Susan. 'I'd just go to mistress and get her leave to put the joint down at the proper time, and then if you had the fire all ready, and took notice by the clock how long it was cooking, you could judge what time to allow for pieces of different sizes.'

'So I could,' said Betsey; 'and I'll begin to-morrow.' And she kept her word, not only on the morrow but all through the following week, until it became a habit with her both to mind the fire and to look at the clock; and the result was that Mr. Temple, when he came in from a parish round, found his dinner ready for him and was able to eat it, nor did he fail to make some kind remarks on Betsey's improvement, which Susan eagerly reported to her for her encouragement.—*First Year in Service.*

MISSION WORK LONG AGO, AND ITS RESULTS.

[We make the following extracts from a sermon by an aged and infirm clergyman, the Rev. Kensey Johns Stewart, recounting some missionary experiences in Maryland in the old times. The sermon was delivered on a visit to his former field of labor, on the thirty-fifth anniversary of his entrance upon it.—*Eds. CHURCH JOURNAL.*]

It was about the close of the year 1840 that I took charge of the four churches, and many outstations belonging to Spring Hill and Stepney parishes.

Religion was at its lowest condition.

Bishop Stone had served the parishes for a quarter of a century, until they failed to provide his horse feed.

The salary promised me from four churches was \$400.

Out of that amount I must keep a horse and cow; pay house rent; and meet all the expenses of my family.

There was not a chimney to either of the churches; the stove-pipes went out of the windows; they smoked whenever the wind changed; and frequently I was compelled to stop the services till one of the stoves could be relieved of its fire and smoke.

In Winter, the rule was that with every protection of coats and overcoats, my teeth chattered and my hands were numbed as I sought to conduct the worship of God.

The windows were broken; the doors could seldom be closed; the fuel had sometimes to be cut on Sunday morning while the people waited shivering around the cold stoves.

The suffering to which I was constantly subjected during services in cold churches, after long and weary drives, cannot be described in words, unless you fancy a periodical burning of a martyr at the stake.

There were no means of communicating with the outside world except the slow and uncertain sailing vessels, the weary stage coach or private conveyances. In Winter, when it became necessary to meet an engagement, I have travelled more than one hundred and fifty miles in a sulky-buggy to reach Baltimore.

Many of the people would willingly drive for hours, and expend a whole day to save the value of twenty-five cents.

The contributions of such persons towards sustaining public worship were generally very small.

I have expended ten dollars in visiting families who owned farms, but contributed only from one to four dollars a year towards Church expenses. I found this the larger class of people in the parish. There were not two families in the whole district who had regular family worship.

There was neither Sunday-school, Choir, Christian-school, nor any association of the people for sympathy, fraternity, or Church work. I found it impossible to procure a comfortable house until the later years of my residence in Salisbury.

I do not remember a single shade tree near the church; and there were few in the town of Salisbury.

The weather had drifted and washed away the sand from about the foundation of the church, until I could run my hand under its walls, which had spread and cracked until they were no longer safe.

The churches were each placed in good repair. A new roof, floor, doors, and braces were furnished at Salisbury; the foundations were secured; the first tree was planted, having been dug with my own hands, and brought on a timber cart, amid the speculations and remonstrances of lookers-on. Men confidently asserted that neither trees nor grass would grow in the dry hot sands of the church. But the tree grew, and became the forerunner of others, which now shade and beautify the town.

The church at Green Hill also received a renewed roof.

The church at Taskin was plastered and made comfortable.

Spring Hill church was repaired.

A church was built at Quantico.

In accomplishing these things, I had to multiply services and visits, until every family was awakened to a sense of the responsibility of maintaining the public worship of God.

It was usual for me to drive fifty miles, and attend two services on the Lord's day.

I adopted a rule to be punctual, even at my distant appointments; and a so-to-keep them, irrespective of the weather.

This rule often subjected me to exposure to cold and heat, storm, and night-rides; and to all the dangers that attend thereupon.

I have been lost in swamps and forests by night; my

buggy has been upset, when it was so dark that I could find it only by groping around me till I discovered things that had been thrown out in its fall; and many hair-breadth escapes have satisfied me of that protection which is constantly afforded us from above, while we are in the discharge of duty.

But by far the most serious and offensive obstacles met with in my work, resulted from the opposition of partisans in religious matters, and chiefly from men who were unable to appreciate any need of religious or social improvement, or from ungodly men whose mode of life rendered it necessary for them to oppose and resist teachings that they could not understand, and restraints that they hated.

Of these men and women, few if any now remain to be annoyed by this censure.

I have had the sad satisfaction of having met, a few years since, and been cordially greeted by one whom I had felt compelled to drop from the list of communicants of the Church because of scandalous offences; and as he is now dead, I am justified in saying of him that as he was perhaps the most determined, so he was far above other opponents of my ministry in mental capacity and persistence, and in some rare social virtues.

Some of these men repented of their errors; but all of them seem to have met with the inevitable judgments, which they often heard me denounce against such, warning them of the loss of all things here and hereafter. For I do not know of one of them whose home has not been sold; their families scattered; and all their earthly hopes perished.

But the building of churches, and the establishment of more frequent public worship, is a small thing compared with the conversion of wicked men, and the regeneration of the souls of those who were aliens to the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise. It is impossible for me to state, or for you to understand, how many miles of travel and exposure by night and by day; how many prayers and labors; how much thought and talk I had to expend during weeks and months of unremitting toil, upon men whose age, superior mental endowments, wealth, and station, justified an unyielding and decided aversion to such radical changes of thought, feeling, and habit, as were insisted on by so youthful and inexperienced a person as I then was.

Among the many and varied results of these labors I recall the names of ministers of the Gospel whose clerical education or youthful school days, or whose ministry was associated with these parishes during the period of my labors here.

The Rev. Samuel G. Callahan had been led by circumstances to merge his ministerial character in that of teacher of a small school in Delaware. I succeeded in procuring him a school at Spring Hill church, and had him elected assistant minister in the parish, where he continued to officiate every alternate Sunday, and to assist me in my work; until, when he removed, he had re-established ministerial work and character.

Among the names upon my private journal of those whom I baptized, I find that of the Rev. James S. Ellis, who, with his brother the Rev. William Ellis, are laboring in the Dioceses of Delaware and Rhode Island.

The Dashiell family furnished two clergymen, whose early associations are with these parishes during the same period. One of them has taken a high rank among the teachers of his country, as Professor in St. John's college, Annapolis, Md. The other is in charge of St. Michael's parish, Diocese of Easton.

The Rev. Thomas R. B. Trader and the Rev. A. W. Seabrease were of this parish; and Mr. Seabrease and his father were baptized by me.

The Rev. Meyer Lewin, D.D., was a candidate for Orders in this parish in charge of our schools, and reader; he was ordained deacon while here; and his first charge was the church built at Quantico.

In my visits I adopted a rule always to have family worship, if the occasion justified it; to inquire of each one why they neglected any ordinance of the Church; and even to seek occasion for such things.

In my preaching I insisted upon strict conformity to the requirements of religion, but especially upon immediate and hearty response to the love of Him "Who, being found in fashion as a man, humbled Himself even to death upon the cross, that He might deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage; and destroy him that had the power of death."

I taught your fathers that as there is nothing like the Bible, and nothing in the Bible like that which tells us of our blessed Lord, so there is nothing but damnation in sacramental forms without the presence of the Holy Ghost; and so, when He is present, life, health, and strength are always given in the sacraments, save only to reprobates.

I found a wonderful decay of respect for sacred things. Upon the sacred table in the chancel at Spring Hill church, stood a common tub; it was filled with water; a common gourd was in it, and during the worship of God, men went to that tub and drank, throwing the water upon the floor!

I have seen women gather during prayers in a large pew in the centre of the church to laugh and talk.

Notwithstanding the kindly relations that existed between myself and the ministers and people of other denominations, I have known excellent and godly people to turn our most sacred things into ridicule, and to think they did God service when they called us by such names as excited the dislike of our fellow citizens.

Gladly would I have remained among you to this day; but, after seeking to avoid the event of separation from my parish by sending my family away and remaining alone among you every Summer; and, after the failure of their health notwithstanding these precautions, my own health failed; and the constant drain upon the people for the expensive works that have been named, for our schools, and for charities, began to make it difficult to me; the demands for my own support; and, beyond all these, He Who sent me here had work for me elsewhere; and so it was that He moved me away.

I come back to visit the grandchildren (great-grand-children?) of those whom I baptized or married, and I