

members of the late peer's family, both Roman Catholics and Anglicans, bearing floral crosses and baskets of flowers. After them followed the choir of the church, with the curate and vicar vested in albs and black stoles, and carrying their caps in their hands. On arrival at the grave, the crucifix stood at the foot, and the Roman priest, first sprinkling the ground with holy water, read the modern Roman Burial Service, which somewhat differs from the Sarum Use which prevailed in this parish prior to the 1st Prayer Book of Edward VI. During the service the coffin and grave were incensed. At the close of this service the members of the family in turn sprinkled holy water on the coffin. The Roman priest now retired, and the vicar of the parish, advancing to the grave, read the modern Anglican Burial Service. At the conclusion flowers were sprinkled on the coffin, and the grave was filled up. The mourning party then proceeded to the vicarage, where a funeral repast had been provided by the vicar, most of the mourning party having come from London, and the Roman priest and acolytes having come over from Northampton. The service altogether was remarkable and impressive. The body had a double funeral service, and the Romans and Anglicans joined together at the solemn moment at the grave side to commit their dear departed to his rest.

Correspondence.

All letters will appear with the names of the writers in full and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their opinions.

IMPATIENCE IN CHURCH WORK.

SIR.—A writer in the *Biograph*, as quoted in the *Guardian*, thus speaks of the early education and after work of the new Archbishop of Canterbury: "At Birmingham Dr. Benson was a pupil of Dr. Prince Lee. . . . Those who know Dr. Benson intimately will have heard him say that to have a copy of verses looked over and corrected by Dr. Prince Lee was a lesson to last one's whole life. If the copy of verses was worthy of being corrected no amount of trouble was spared; perhaps the whole afternoon was spent in the correction. The boy's own idea, however much overlaid or misrepresented by blemishes or mistakes, was treated with the utmost reverence; as much as possible only the material which he had brought were used; the conception, which he had failed to express, was patiently drawn out and elaborated, and then at last re-presented to him in as beautiful and as faultless a form as the idea was capable of receiving from the given materials. The process was a masterpiece of education. It is obvious to guess that Benson's verses probably contained some one or two unmistakable signs of coming power. However this may have been, the lesson so taught to a boy, quick, receptive, and sympathetic, reached far beyond the occasion which called it forth. It moulded not the intellect, or the power of making verses only, but the whole character; and we can trace its effect in the after history of the man. For this enthusiastic recognition of a divine idea and plan, to be traced amidst the ruins whether of a character, or a system, or a Church, and this resolve to use the materials at hand, and patiently to build with them until the idea is evolved, have been the guiding principles which have enabled Bishop Benson, first as head master of Wellington College, to build a large school from the very beginning; to refound, as Chancellor of Lincoln, an ancient school of theology, and to revive at Truro an ancient see in all its parts."

It is much to be regretted that we clergy of the Canadian Church had not been pupils of Dr. Prince Lee, for I would respectfully submit the consideration whether the want of this valuable lesson, taught at the Birmingham Grammar School, does not explain much of our numerical loss as revealed by the last census.

How often do we hear young deacons and older priests, appointed to neglected missions, declare that their people are saturated with Methodism, and that there is no use of trying to make them good Churchmen! Yet, what can they expect? The Methodists occupied these fields before us; was it not natural that the old Church settlers and their children should come to accept some part of the only teaching they heard? And is it reasonable to suppose that they will at once fall in with the more sound and sober system of the Church, believe fully in Church doctrine, and conform faithfully and without an objection to the Church's rules.

Has not this dissatisfaction with material, and this impatience of results, been an impediment to our progress, causing the work in weak missions, amid many changes of labourers, and long periods of vacancy, to be carried on in a fitful and desultory fashion, so that some are no stronger to-day than they were ten years ago, and in proportion to the population are numerically weaker. If the Church is divine

then her mission is to all; and if the Holy Spirit of God, according to Christ's promise, is with her, no material is hopeless. But the work must be in God's way, and the results will be in His time.

Would it not be well to cultivate "this enthusiastic recognition of a divine idea and plan to be traced amidst the ruins, whether of a character or a system, or a Church, and this resolve to use materials at hand and patiently to build with them until the idea is evolved?"

K. L. JONES.

Arnprior, Feb. 18th, 1888.

Family Reading.

TO THE PRIMATE DESIGNATE.

As full of awe as Death's own awful call,
The voice that from thy dear young Western flock
Summons thee to the forefront of the field.
For thine the charge, mid darkling cloud and storm,
To hold on high the banner of the Cross,
Rallying the armies of the God of Hosts.
Nay, sterner tasks are thine. We summon thee
From strange confusions to elicit peace,
To blend with strength of ancient loyalty
The impetuous forces of swift-rushing days,
To weave the web of old historic power
With wool of newer thought and fresher life.
To trace high principle mid tangled facts,—
To bravely spurn the false, maintain the true.
The Church hath need of thee, thou man of God!
Oh, win the Christless thousands back to her!
Oh, shrine her in a nation's loyal trust!
Oh, crown her with people's generous love!
God make thee wise, and strong, and brave, to guard
Her life, her unity, her liberties!

—Spectator

ANECDOTE OF ANGELO.

When Michael Angelo was an old man, some one showed him one of the drawings which he had done when he was young.

"Ah!" said he, "I was a better artist then than I am now."

He meant that he thought himself so at that time. And it is often so. The young are apt to form too hasty conclusions, and besides that, are apt to express themselves too positively about them. They do not reflect that they have yet seen but little, been to but few places, read but little, talked with only a few, and, in fact, had but a very little experience in anything.

Modesty is becoming to the young, especially before their elders and betters. As they grow up, they often laugh at their early ignorance, and are mortified at the blunders which they made. They wonder that they could ever have spoken so positively about matters, and wish they had not set themselves up as judges, as often as they did.

Angelo, whose remark I have given above, did, no doubt. When shown his early drawings, he felt how poor they were, compared with what he had done since; and was, no doubt, amused, and at the same time, a little mortified at the way in which he had at one time, thought of his rude, inferior work.

Be modest, my child, and don't think that you know everything, just yet; for you don't, but will, I hope, know more and more, every day.

A REAL CHRIST, OR NONE.

When the life or property of men is known to be seriously imperilled, any professed physician or legal adviser that may present himself will not be accepted; they must have one thoroughly qualified, and worthy of implicit trust. In dealing, however, with infinitely higher matters—salvation and a Saviour—they take no such careful heed. Anything seems to content them, whether shadow or substance, provided only it bear the name. Much is revealed thereby; for when any kind of Christ

or Saviour can thus easily satisfy them, they give unmistakable evidence that they have never realized what sin is, or the greatness of the salvation of which they so openly make light.

The teaching of the Word invariably is, that there is but one unspeakable gift—the Son of the living God—and that through no other name can salvation be found. Everything, therefore, depends on the answer that may be given to the great question, "What think ye of Christ?" If our reply is, that he is man only and not God as well, or an example only and not a substitute, or a martyr only who died but never rose again, then we may have a nominal Christ, but a real Redeemer, almighty to save, we have not.

The Christ who is merely human, so far from saving sinners from their sins, is but the gourd of a night, that withers to the dust when a worm touches it; whereas the true Christ, the Lord Immanuel, is the Rock of Ages, in the clefts of which we can hide for ever.

Were guilt and danger unreal, redemption might safely be of the same character; but beyond question real sinners must have a real Saviour, else they will be for ever undone.

Some time ago, a friend of mine was so impressed with the dying experience of his wife, as revealing the presence and all-sufficient grace of the Saviour, that he afterwards said to me with deep emotion, "Oh, it was so real—so thoroughly real, that I can never forget it."

The shadow soon slips from the memory, but the real abides.

EVEN WEAK FAITH IS PRECIOUS FAITH.

Much as the Lord approves and commends a strong faith, like that of the Hebrew worthies, it would be a grievous misjudging of him to suppose that he confines his loving interest to it alone. No; even the weakest faith is prized and lovingly cherished by Him, and day by day He graciously helps it on.

Of this there are manifold exemplifications.

What faith could well be weaker than that of the poor father who came to Jesus with his son? He was not sure that his coming would be of any use. The disciples in their attempts to cure had utterly failed; and it might be so with the Master also, for the malady was the very worst imaginable and of long standing.

He had strong desire, but only faint expectancy, and therefore all he ventured to say was, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Feeble as the faith was, however it brought him to Jesus, and drew forth in the end the healing virtue needed: for as one says, "A lame foot is still a foot,—he who comes slowly nevertheless comes," and the Lord makes every comer welcome, even the feeblest.

But his mode of dealing in this case was peculiar. The "if" of the father was met by the "if" of our Lord. When the one said, "If thou canst do anything, help us," the other replied, "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth,"—words that immediately evoked the blessed response, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

This was his prayer, and it should be ours, and that other should be added to it, "Lord, increase our faith;" for of all the graces, faith is the most helpful to men and the most glorifying to God. We cannot therefore have too much of it. An old writer says quaintly,—

"Faith," says one, "is nothing else but the soul's venture. It ventures to Christ in opposition to conscious guilt and legal terror, and it ventures for Christ in opposition to all difficulty and danger."

Children's

HOW JAMIE

"Oh, ma' s'ed? I wan' 'I wish y' would be on'ly for you, if I ey; but you k and it all ha clothes."

"Well, r but wouldn't really faries would give ed. I'll tell best sled in t things for y continued, le have to wo would get Nellie shou doll I coul have roast t for dinner! faries, now-

And Jam the house a his usually

Mrs. Mc with two c herself by s it hard wo earned mor bare neces

Jamie v mother, in hardly old wards addi ings.

"Never self, again, along; " watch th will be so

And J ran along where the

"Hallo Morris," c came in Sam con came in Jamie a t he hasn't ride as n each gi sleds. I follow?"

"I wil will," ca there w Jamie v the ride:

"Her " come take my this tim

"Rea of dou are!"

"Hei went s face ag isn't it came b Sam,

of the "He mine boys, J

"W