

Church Chimes.

Poems of the Period. No. 4.

THE CANADA COUNTRY PARSON. OLD STYLE.

Such boons as these, my Reverend brother,
Expect you from the Church, our Mother—
A parsonage you pay no rent for,
A glebe you never spend a cent for,
A hungry horse, wall-eyed and bony,
A buggy racked with roadside stony,
A pseudo-Gothic church—abortion,
With windows out of all proportion,
With belfry like a pepper-castor,
And walls that show the lath and plaster.
A doleful place, which sloth hath tainted
From year to year, nor washed nor painted—
There stands the shrine, a dingy table,
There wave the preachers' robes of sable,
There, lo! the bands of faded lustre—
The surplice (on week-days a duster)—
The cracked melodeon, past all healing,
The gallery full of school-girls squealing,
The stove, the Sunday morning station
For smokers of the congregation,
The score of pews, where, such as heed them
May sit through all the prayers you read them—
The income paid by the good graces
Of the "dead-heads" and "hardest cases"—
Such gifts as these should fortune send you,
The Bishop's blessing scarce will mend you.

The Church in the United States.

We extract the following from the *English Church Review*, and commend it to the attention of the Archdeacon of Niagara:

"In the religious sphere two things are attracting attention. In the first place the diocese of Illinois has elected Dr. Seymour as its bishop. Dr. Seymour is suspected of Ritualistic tendencies, and a conspiracy has been entered into to malign and discredit him in the true spirit of the old Puritans pursuing malignants. Characteristically, Bishop Coxe, of Western New York, has identified himself with this elevated policy. Dr. Seymour's election has to be confirmed by the Convention, and Dr. Coxe, by way of putting a spoke into his wheel, sends a letter to the Lower House informing them that Dr. Seymour had admitted Father Grafton into his theological seminary, and that Father Grafton belongs to the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. This complaint is in the exact manner of the Puritan establishing his charge of malignancy, especially so as to the articles of truth and falsehood. The Puritans used to think that truth was too expensive a luxury to throw away on malignants. It appears, firstly, that Father Grafton does not belong to the Confraternity; and, secondly, that he had never had anything to do with Prof. Seymour's theological seminary except on one occasion when he was asked to address the students on some errors of Rome. The Lower House, however, have refused to confirm the election of Dr. Seymour, and it will have to be begun over again. We sincerely trust that the diocese will stick to their candidate and refuse to be bullied.

"The second subject of religious interest in the United States is the canon, so called, recommended in the Convention against 'Ritualism.' The words of this will be found in another column, and it does not appear yet to have passed the House of Bishops. But in any case it is certain to be ineffectual, and no doubt a large number of its nominal supporters intended it to be so. On the whole it is a convenient mode of shelving the question and securing a temporary peace. The canon, indeed, merely provides a tribunal, and enacts that a priest doing such and such things shall be tried, without enacting that such and such things are offensive. Altogether it is a very lame production. This view is adopted even in a secu-

lar Protestant newspaper. The American correspondent of the *Daily News* thus writes:—'It is true the canon specifies two or three examples of obnoxious ceremonies and practices, but it does not forbid them, and it leaves the question of their lawfulness still open. In other words, it throws the moral influence of the Convention against the use of incense, crucifixes, bowings, genuflections, and the elevation of the Elements; but it transfers the contest over them from the assemblies of the whole Church to the governing bodies of each separate diocese. This is an arrangement which the Ritualists are perfectly willing to accept, entertaining as they do an assured hope that agitation can only do them good, and that the exchange of one general engagement for thirty or forty petty contests will enormously increase their chances of success. Hence the action of the General Convention, far from 'settling' the vexed question, will probably be found to have given it fresh vitality, and stirred it up in a score of new forms.' The whole affair of this anti-Ritualistic raid has in fact turned out very favourably. It was looked forward to by the Puritans as a great trial of strength, in which the Catholic party was to be entirely overwhelmed. It ended by being nothing more than a flash in the pan. It is satisfactory to hear that in the apprehension which it excited a petition from three hundred very influential lay communicants, including General Dix, the Governor of the State, and many prominent citizens, was presented to the Convention deprecating the contemplated restriction upon ritual observances. Even moderate persons were expecting a formidable schism as the result of the course about to be adopted. It turns out that the tempest was nothing but a storm in a teapot, but we may infer how strong the Catholic movement has become among our American brethren."

THE "CHURCH TIMES" ON THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.—Our readers will long since have gathered that we do not rate the capacity of the Bishop of Gloucester very high; but we confess we were not prepared to receive even from him so supremely silly a proposal as that the Ritualists should join the Old Catholics. Dr. Ellicott seems to have got it into his head that the Church of England is a kind of boarding-house on a large scale, where every guest is bound to make himself agreeable, or else to "troop off to another public." It is necessary, therefore, to say that the Ritualists hold themselves to have a good deal better right to stay within the Church than any time-serving prelate whose notions of right and wrong are determined by what he thinks will please a House of Commons that has voted Christianity to be an open question. We can only repeat the old formula—"We will not secede; we will not be quiet, and we will not submit"—except so far as we are compelled by sheer force, and then we shall submit as the Christians did under Pagan persecution—only until the tyranny be overpast. People who secede are commonly divisible into three categories—first, those who are mere simpletons; secondly, those who are criminally impatient, and refuse to tarry the Lord's leisure; thirdly, those who believing in their heart of hearts that the truth is great, and will prevail, have an uneasy feeling that the truth is on the other side. We do not believe that the Catholic school contains a large number that can be ranked in any one of these classes. We have gone through far worse trials than any that can possibly be before us, and with the blessing of God we shall win through the approaching storm. It would certainly take something tremendous to detach the Catholic party from the venerable traditions with which it is associated, and from the noble works which it has been privileged to originate.

EVENING HYMN.

The hours run out, the night draws on
And slowly sinks the orb of day;
Earth's busy voices one by one
In shades of evening die away;
The sunlight fades upon the hill,
Tired Nature rests, and all is still.

Anon, and in the arms of sleep
The weary sons of toil shall lie;
We pray thee, Lord, their souls to keep,
Look down upon them from on high;
From dream of guilt, from thought of sin
Keep Thou their spirits pure within.

Around their homes, about their bed,
Bid Angel hosts keep watch and ward,
To shelter every sleeping head,
From ghostly foe their souls to guard;
Thus free from terror shall they be,
If but their spirits rest in Thee.

But, ere our sight in sleep grows dim,
Be our last gaze on Thy dear Son,
Our prayer for them that sleep in Him,
Their everlasting rest begun;
Look on them, Father, from above,
And grant them light and fire of love.

Eternal Father, in Thy sight
No Shadows veil the sun's clear ray;
Alike to Thee the hours of night,
Alike the glories of the day;
Both day and night their course must run,
Both day and night in Thee are one.

In Thee we sleep, in Thee we wake,
No darkness hides Thee from our eyes;
In Thee our nightly rest we take,
In Thee from sleep again we rise;
Then Guard us, Lord, that we may be
By night, by day at peace in Thee.

G. M.

Southleigh, Vigil of All Saints, 1874.

THE COURT at BALMORAL.—The following is from that column in the *London Morning Post* which is headed "Fashionable World":—"On Sunday the usual half-yearly service of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in Crathie Church. Her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen attending the Court were present. In the forenoon the Rev. A. Campbell, minister of the parish, preached an instructive sermon from the words in Isaiah—"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." At the close of the discourse her Majesty, the Princess Beatrice, and the lady in waiting, left the royal pew and entered that of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, where they partook of the Communion. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Morningside, Edinburgh, formerly minister of Crathie, served the Table. After suitably addressing the communicants, the Rev. Dr. Taylor handed the Bread and Wine to her Majesty, and these were in turn handed to the Princess Beatrice, the lady in waiting and Mrs. Campbell by Dr. Robertson, elder. The silver Communion service presented to the parish of Crathie by her Majesty was used on the occasion. After the Table had been dismissed by the doctor, the Queen and party left the church and drove to Balmoral." *Fidei defensor!*

Married.

On the 12th of November, at S. Peter's Church, Springfield, by the Rev. W. A. Johnson, of Weston, assisted by Rev. J. Carry, B. D., WILLIAM LEE, of Toronto, to EDITH ESTHER ROBERTS, of Springfield.

Died.

Entered into rest on the 3rd instant, MARY ELEANOR, beloved wife of Howard Bovell. JESU mercy.