

## ALGOMA.

SIR,—Will you give me space gratefully to acknowledge the reception of a cheque for £2 stg. from S. J. Wilde, Esq., London, Eng.; also a No. 2 Remington type writer, with a supply of paper and other requisites, and a beautiful surplice, from several friends, per Mr. Bere, Somersetshire, England.

As this makes the second type writer given me, I feel certain the subscribers will not consider that I have done wrong in forwarding one of them, by the advice of our Bishop, to Rev. F. Wilson, for his use in connection with the Indian Homes at Sault Ste. Marie. I am, etc.,

WILLIAM CROMPTON,  
Travelling Clergyman Diocese of Algoma.  
Aspdin P. O., Muskoka, Aug. 16th, 1883.

## Family Reading.

## THE APOCALYPSE OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.

SUGGESTED BY A SERMON OF THE REV. KNOX-LITTLE, M.A.

"For there was no night there.—Rev. xxi. 25."

When fifty years had passed since Christ had felt  
Upon the Cross deep anguish for mankind,  
In Patmos' little sea-girt isle there dwelt  
John the Beloved, a prisoner, and blind.

By many varied forms of dreadful death:  
Torn by wild beasts, or scorched by cruel flame,  
His brethren all had yielded up their breath,  
Strong in their Faith, sublime in Jesu's Name.

And still God's summons had not come to him,  
Who long had passed of human life the span;  
His mind unclouded, though his eye was dim;  
In loneliness he dwelt—the holy man!

And there in slumber wrapped behold he dreamed:  
A wondrous vision passed before his sight:  
He saw the glorious host of the Redeemed,  
Those who had fought and conquered in the fight!

And in the Glory streaming from God's Throne,  
Clad in white robes and harps within their hands,  
Were standing, whom he in life had known,  
They who had witnessed Christ in all the lands.

And in the City was no Temple seen,  
For God Himself was there revealed to sight:  
He who on earth by faith had worshipped been;  
And on the Ransomed, lo! there fell no night.

No night—no ignorance to obscure God's way,  
And hide from men the workings of His might;  
For in the splendour of Eternal Day,  
His Wisdom, Power and Love they know aright.

No night—no sorrow. Every mortal's way  
Sickness and grief and pain and woe molest;  
But here, lo! God Himself doth wipe  
From every eye the tear—and there is Rest.

No night—no parting: oh the anguish wild,  
When from encircling arms loved ones are ta'en;  
But here the mother clasped once more her child,  
And mourners' stricken hearts rejoiced again.

No night—no sin—the curse that long had lain  
A blighting cruel canker on mankind,  
Had passed away with sorrow, care and pain,  
And peace and joy and love were left behind.

And oh! the rapture of that Home with God,  
And oh! the passing joy His Face to see:  
His Face who all alone the wine-press trod,  
And hung to save mankind upon the Tree!

But now refulgent with unfading light,  
The brow that erst had worn the crown of thorn;  
And awful in its majesty and might,  
The form that meekly had the scourging borne.

But still the same—the gentle, loving Lord  
He followed neath the palms of Palestine,  
Though now by all the Hosts of Heaven adored,  
Blending the human nature with Divine.

And then the vision passed and he was left,  
Again a captive and again alone,  
Of all the dear ones whom he loved bereft,  
And round his prison isle the sea made moan.

A few years more with meekness he sustained  
The load of life—then gladly it resigned,  
And passing through the Gates of Death, he gained  
The Kingdom of the Saviour of mankind.  
Toronto.

—TREVELYAN RIDOUT, LL.B

## A VALUABLE CONVERT.

The late Dr. Richardson, editor for many years of Church papers in the United States, who died on the 7th inst., became a Churchman in the following way:—

It seems strange to us, in such a day as the present, to conceive of a Prayer Book as a possible novelty to any who has attained the years of manhood, who has for some time been resident in a literary institution interested in the religious life. But until his senior year in Yale College, Conn., young Richardson had never seen the Book of Common Prayer. During that year, on calling on a friend, he found that volume lying on his table, and carelessly taking it up and glancing through it, inquired, "What is this?" He was informed regarding it, and told he might take it and examine it if he desired to do so. On returning it not long after, he was asked if he was pleased with it; and on his replying in the affirmative, was invited to attend a service of the Church some time with the owner. His first attendance was at Trinity Church, New Haven, then under the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. Crosswell. He seated himself in the gallery, and for the first time, with a curiosity which cannot be adequately described, witnessed a liturgical service. The contrast to all that he had previously known was most impressive, and eventually issued in his calling on the rector, who lent him several works which explained the nature of the Church services. Careful examination and study resulted in his conviction of the claims of the Church. The year of his graduation was the year when he received confirmation, and entered upon that service in which he so earnestly and successfully "laboured till the day, and it might almost be literally said, the hour of his death."—Extracted from the obituary of the Rev. G. S. Richardson, D. D., in the *Church Guardian*, New York, Aug 18th 1888, by T. B. N.

HE IS BEYOND MEASURE RICH  
WHO CAN SAY, "MY GOD."

One of the things that gives peculiar sweetness to the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," is the "my" with which it begins. It is not said, "God," or the "great God," or the "gracious God" shall supply, but, "my God" shall do it. Before his conversion, the apostle could not in sincerity and truth have so spoken. But it was altogether different after it. His whole relationship became changed, for, having obtained mercy through Jesus Christ, the condemnation without and the alienation within were completely gone, and therefore, like Thomas, he could now say from the very heart, "My Lord and my God!" Having now a soul-satisfying possession of unlimited fulness, mere outward troubles were never allowed to disturb his peace. In every varying circumstance he could still, as it were, say,—

"These surface-troublings come and go,  
Like rufflings of the sea;  
The deeper depth is out of reach  
To all, my God, but thee."

This was Paul's experience; and as it may be ours also, none should be content without it. We do not say that such an assured and appropriating faith is absolutely essential to salvation; far from it. There have often been timid, trembling ones in the Church of Christ, "bruised reeds," who, in speaking of their God, would fain say "my," but are afraid to say it, and who consequently go on their way with saddened heart and weeping eye; but they are God's jewels notwithstanding, and shall yet sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But though not indispensable to safety, such an assured hope is yet so essential in many respects to strength, and joy, and blessed usefulness, that we are ever urged to give all diligence to secure it.

When Dr. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, came out of the Tower of London, and saw the scaffold on which he was to be beheaded, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and, looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "Now O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye glanced on the text, "This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." He instantly closed the book, and said, "Praised be the Lord! this is sufficient for me and for eternity."

## THE TRUE SECRET OF STRENGTH.

It was one of the marked peculiarities of Samson's history to have his birth announced beforehand by an angel of the Lord:—"Lo, thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb; and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines." He was thus from his very birth consecrated to the Lord for worship and service; and in all likelihood this consecration, in the beginning, at least, was inward in part as well as outward. When reading and thinking of his marvellous exploits, we almost instinctively invest him in our minds with the outward characteristics of some mighty son of Anak, for this seems the readiest and easiest way of accounting for his mighty deeds.

In judging thus, however, we miss entirely the real secret of his strength, which lay, not in the mere shape or build of his physical frame, but in the helpful presence of his God. It is not from mere uncertain inference we gather this, but from express declaration.—Thus it is written:—"The Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan." "The Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire." It is plain from this that he was a mighty man mainly because he was a consecrated Nazarite, set apart for God's service, and relying on God's help.

So is it more or less still. If we are to be spiritually vigorous and helpful, we must be heartily the Lord's, and thoroughly consecrated. So long as we thus feel and act God will be with us, and make gracious use of us. Though in ourselves utterly feeble, and in the world's eyes, it may be, the very weakest of weaklings, yet united to the Lord, on whom we lean, we become giants in spiritual might, and can remove mountains.

Blessed are they who can so trust the Lord. "With men," says Bishop Hall, "it is a good rule to try first, and then trust; with God it is the contrary. I will first trust him as most wise, omnipotent, merciful, and try him afterwards. It is as impossible for him to deceive me as not to be."

So the existence of the monster sea serpent is at last proved beyond a doubt, several Toronto gentlemen having made oath, that they have seen one in Murray Bay. But the serpent sinks into insignificance, when compared with the handsome and tasteful collection of oxidised silver lace pins, brooches, &c., which we have lately added to our stock, and to which we invite your attention, WOLTZ BROS. & CO., 29 King St. East.

The handsome parochial schools just completed, at a cost of £3,000, in connection with St. Mary's parish church, Crumlin Road, Belfast, were formally opened by the Bishop of Down and Connor on the 28th ult. The Rev. C. H. H. Wright, D.D., incumbent of the parish, deserves much credit for bringing his undertaking to so successful an issue. Several handsome subscriptions were made towards the cost of erection, including £500 from Mr. W. Ewart, M.P.; Mr. Houston, £250; Mr. Henry, £200. The Bishop pronounced the schools to be a real credit to the town of Belfast.