

Family Department

MORNING.

BY G. A. HAMMOND.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

'Tis morning, and the glorious sun
Flames like a cherub, as he wakes
From cloud-piled Night's imperial couch.

'Tis Morning to the mourning soul,
Lo, Christ, the Sun breaks through the gloom!

THE RECTOR'S HOLIDAY.

BY MARY R. HIGHAM.

(Continued.)

That day the children missed him at
Sunday School for the first time in nearly
a quarter of a century, and at the
afternoon service even the recalcitrant
Bill Hull felt sorry when he saw how
pale and sick the rector was looking.

Mrs. Whiting smiled faintly, and
was about to offer the threadbare argu-
ment that people on five hundred a
year couldn't travel, when her husband
spoke, with more firmness and decision
than she had heard for many a year.

New York! Four teaspoons dropped
simultaneously, and four pairs of hands
clutched little hands full of empty air.

And then the faded, sorry little woman
made a rapid mental survey of her many
blessings, and forgot, as she always did,
the crosses a together, in a fervent prayer
that this cup might pass from her.

where, in the city, he should find friends,
be used to know so many, and if he
could do nothing more, he would go to
the Bishop and ask to be sent to another
place—he did not so much care now
where the spot might be.

So the next morning he was up and
away. He sent a note to the senior ward-
en, saying he would be back before Sun-
day—remembering with a pang, that it
would be Easter such a happy day with
him always heretofore. His wife packed
his small leather valise, with scarcely a
question as to the reason of this sudden de-
parture. It was enough for her to know
that he was going to take a holiday, for
the first time since their short, inexpen-
sive, wedding journey, but the girls wer-
not so easily quieted. Bess looked very
grave and walked with her father down to
the gate, kissing him good-bye, and say-
ing with a combative air that "she'd at-
tend to the parish while he was gone,
watching him as he trudged down the
road, and then turning to her sister, say-
ing with settled conviction, "You may
depend upon it, good people, all of you
that poor papa has heard something. I
never saw him look so unhappy in all my
life before."

"What could he have demanded
Ellen.

"Oh, people are always gossiping.
Didn't I hear Mrs. Gray talk about the
poor old rector, last Sunday? and when
your parish begin to "poor" you, and
shake their heads, and sigh, and look so
fearfully sympathetic. I'm more afraid of
them than of a nest of black snakes."

"Hush! don't say a word to mother
about it," cautioned Ellen; and then the
three girls paused a moment to look back
and take off their aprons to wave at the
diminishing form of the rector, trudging
along the road, and who, looking back,
too, waved his valise at them, for, poor
man, it was quite light enough to use as
a flag, containing only a change of linen,
and brush and comb.

He felt lonely and strange enough
when he had bought his ticket and stood
on the platform waiting for the train,
but he was infinitely more lonely a few
moments later, when he found himself
huddled, valise and all, into a crowded
car. He dropped into a seat near the
door, which seemed to be the only spot
vacant for him, said "I beg your pardon,
sir," as he knocked his valise against his
neighbor's gaunt black legs, who, looking
up, rather suddenly, showed a fine set of
teeth as he nodded pleasantly, then settled
himself to his reading again. Having
disposed of the valise without further
injury to his companion's pedal extremi-
ties, the Rev. Mr. Whiting adjusted his
hat, leaned on his cane, and lost himself
in one of his reveries, his thoughts
keeping time with the steady click-clack
of the wheels. "Going away," they
kept saying "going away—away—going
away." He caught himself tapping his
cane to the monotonous measures, his
heart aching in unison with the words,
as it had never ached before. It was
something of a relief to be touched on
the arm by the conductor, who hastily
demanded a ticket, and then to watch
the brakeman put on the brakes as they
stopped at station after station; finally
to furtively glance at his companion.

And then for the first time he noticed
that he was a clergyman, a priest most
likely, since he was more monkish than
clerical in his dress. Poor Mr. Whiting
had not the slightest perception of "ad-
vanced" Churchmanship, in the modern
acceptation of the word; how then
could he be expected to understand ad-
vancement in dress? The figure by his
side was tall and spare (perhaps from in-
cessant fasting); the eyes behind the thin
steel-rimmed spectacles, looked hollow,
dark, and dreamy; the cheeks were pale
and sunken, and yet around the mouth
there was such an expression of infinite
womanly sweetness, that it took away all
the hardness and sternness of the rest of
the face. Something about that face
seemed so familiar, that he looked again
and again, pretending to study the land-
scape as it moved like a panorama swiftly
under his eyes; but he could not recall
anything definite or distinct. He turned
from the face; the faultless clerical dress,
the black tightly buttoned waistcoat, the
simple band collar about the throat, the
long frock coat, the broad-brimmed felt
hat, then down to the book he was per-
using—Goulburn's Thoughts on Personal
Religion.

(To be Continued.)

"I AM a professed divine," said Luther,
"who, amidst various dangers, have at-
tained some moderate experience and
skill in the sacred scriptures; but this

does not prevent my having daily re-
course to the Catechism, the Creed, the
Evangelium, and the Lord's Prayer. I
rehearse them to myself with a close con-
sideration of every word—what truth
it really conveys. And when a multi-
plicity of business or any other cause pre-
vents my doing this, I sensibly feel the
want of it. The word of God is given
us thus to exercise and quicken our
minds, which, without such a practice,
contract rust, as it were, and lose their
tone. We see into what snares men con-
tinually fall; and what else is the reason
of it but they are secure, they do not
pray, they do not hear and meditate on
the divine word; they are content with
having it in the book, where they may
read it when they please. Hence Satan
imperceptibly instills into their hearts
contempt for the word, and this leaves
them exposed to despair or other great
langer. A man has nothing to protect
him against the enemies of his soul
when he has lost the sword of the Spirit.

"Though the soul may seem to rule
the body admirably, and the reason the
vices, if the soul and reason do not them-
selves obey God, as God as commanded
them to serve Him, they have no proper
authority over the body and the vices.
For although some suppose the
virtues which have a reference only to
themselves, and are desired only on their
own account, are yet true and genuine
virtues, the fact is that even then they
are inflated with pride, and are, there-
fore, to be reckoned vices rather than
virtues, for as that which gives blessed
life to man is not derived from man but
is something above him; and what I say
of man is true of every celestial power
and virtue whatsoever."—S. Augustine.

Oh! may God give us all the spirit for
true devotion! It is this which will
bring us to Him as children to a loving
Father. Aye, and it is in hours of silent
devotion that we drink in a living faith
in the ever-blessed Son of God, through
the out-pouring of the Holy Ghost. It
is then also that "the love of God is shed
abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost
which He has given us." And, as
Faith and Love are nourished in hours of
devotion, so too is their sister grace of
Hope. For it is then, if ever, that we
realize the holy Psalmist's yearning de-
sire, "My soul is athirst for God, yea
even for the living God: when shall I
come to appear before the presence of
God?" It is then, if ever, that we
know what it is to long for the day when
our "eyes shall see the King in His
beauty, and shall behold the land that is
very far off." Oh! for a greater love of
prayer and a livelier spirit of devotion!
In this we join, though faintly and afar
off, in the angels' ceaseless work above.
In this we tune our souls for heavenly
joys. For, if we find no delight in God's
presence now, if it is no pleasure to us to
linger in holy meditation, to pour out
our hearts in a stream of blissful wor-
ship, to listen to God's voice speaking to
our souls, how shall we be fitted for
those glorious mansions, whose light and
bliss is the very presence of God; how
shall we be able to join those white-robed
choirs, who "rest not day and night, say-
ing, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Al-
mighty, which was, and is, and is to
come"?

Not long ago a Calcutta missionary on
a preaching tour in Eastern Bengal,
found in a remote village a number of
persons avowing their faith in Christ.
It was the first time that anything had
been heard of them, and he was anxious
to trace their history. He then discov-
ered that by some means a Bengali Bible
and Prayer Book had found their way to
the village. The reading of these books
had resulted in the enlightenment of
about forty persons, who were in the
habit of meeting together on Sunday
to read the Word of Life, and worship
God accordingly to the form of sound
words which had come to their hands.
All this had been going on without the
help or knowledge of the Christian
Church. Who can doubt that the Book
has a mission of its own?

CHEAP RELIGION.

People are trying to get their religion
too cheap and easy. Laziness, some one
has affirmed, is original sin. We want
a revival of religion in the general Chris-
tian intelligence, quite as much as else-
where. The demand for "Christianity
Made Easy; or, Religion in Twelve
Entertaining Anecdotes." It would not
hurt most Christians if their attention
were taxed occasionally by the great

fruits of religion, if they made occasion-
ally a few heroic efforts to do and get
good.—Christian Union.

In the cathedral at Lubeck, hangs an
ancient tablet, with the inscription:

Christ, our Lord, speaks thus to us:
Ye call me Master—and enquire not of me.
Light—and look not on me.
The Way—and follow me not.
The Life—and desire me not.
Wise—and obey me not.
Beautiful—and love me not.
Rich—and ask naught of me.
Merciful—and seek me not.
Noble—and serve me not.
Almighty—and honor me not.
Just—and fear me not.

If I condemn you—blame me not.

PREACHING TO INDIVIDUALS.

DANIEL WEBSTER once said, "Many min-
isters take their text from Paul and
preach from the newspapers. When
they do, I prefer to enjoy my own
thoughts rather than to listen. If they
would preach more to individuals and
less to the crowds, there would not be
so much complaint of the decline of true
religion. I want my pastor to come to
me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying:
'You are mortal; your probation is brief;
your work must be done speedily. You
are immortal, too; you are hastening to
the bar of God; the Judge even now
standeth at the door.' When I am thus
diminished I have no disposition either
to muse or to sleep." Charles the First
made the same criticism on one of his
chaplains whose direct preaching aroused
his conscience and rendered indifference
thomes of personal, immediate importance,
rather than remote, vague, and far-fetched
topics, such as befitted the lecture room
or philosophical club. Discussions of
protoplasm the Lost Tribes, and a score
of similar themes, have no place in the
short hour given to the consideration of
the claims of personal religion.—Homi-
letic Monthly.

The Kalendar says: Of our sixty-
two Bishops, only two, Bishops Williams
of Connecticut, and Seymour, are bache-
lors. There are among them seven
widowers, Bishops Pinkney, Gregg,
Bissell, Potter, Wells, Dudley, Smith;
of whom Bishops Dudley and Potter has
been married twice.

A DISTINGUISHED writer says: "I
resolved when I was a child never to use
a word which I could not pronounce be-
fore my mother without offending her."
He kept his resolution, and became a
pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.
His rule and example are worthy of imi-
tation.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received Oct. 19th, from Rev. R. Wainwright,
\$37.50, collected by Mrs. Maynard, Wind-or,
for Shingwank Home, for the support of an
Indian boy—George Wunday, &c., Black Crow.
Wm. Gossip,
Treas. B. F. M., Diocese N. S.

HARDLY any one who has a large acquaintance
or who reads the obituary or death notices in the
public prints, can fail to have notified how fatal a
disease Congestion of the Lungs is, especially in
this City. It really seems sometimes as if it
caused half of all the deaths that occur. Each
fall it appears to grow more dangerous. This
season it has been very virulent, owing, probably,
to sudden changes. Congestion of the Lungs in-
variably begins with a cold, to which scarcely
anybody attaches any importance, and the cold is
neglected until it results in the painful, and
always alarming disease. "Only a cold"
is the usual remark. "Only a cold"
is always to be feared. Colds have killed more men
than battles have." There seems to be no way of
guarding against Congestion of the Lungs. One
person is as subject as another to it. Rugged
constitution, vigorous health, general attention to
hygienic laws, have no power to prevent it.
Congestion of the Lungs slays a giant as quickly
as it slays a pigmy; an accomplished athlete as
quickly as a puny invalid. One meets this morn-
ing a friend flushed with youth—energy. Within
a few days he is dead. Congestion of the Lungs
has cut him down. Persons who care to live—
and the fact that they do live shows that they
care to—cannot be too watchful of the beginnings
of Congestion of the Lungs, which is one of the
most insidious and formidable foes of human ex-
istence. Mr. Fellows, the inventor of Fellows'
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, which is so
deservedly popular everywhere, says: "Without
offering any argument to enforce my opinion, I
most positively assert as fact, so long as the
patient continues to breathe, no matter how lan-
guidly, though abandoned by the physician, the
case is by no means hopeless. Fellows' Hypo-
phosphites administered with Cod Liver Oil, as
directed, will act beneficially and effectively. It
excites the movement of the secretions, stimulates
the nerves and muscles into action, and develops
the process of expectoration, clearing out the
tubes and air passages, induces appetite, strength-
ens and restores the sufferer to health. Let
the reader, whether physician or layman, reflect
that this is written not for mere mercenary con-
siderations, the writer has known many cases,
witnessed many cases treated by his syrup, and
has treated several himself, with his syrup, in no
doubt instances, unsuccessfully, all were restored
to health; and in several instances, they were
pronounced beyond the possibility of recovery by
attending physicians."

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Jno. Oliver, Sr., Kildare Capes, do.; W. G.
Donne, Gunning Cove, N. S.; W. G. Snow,
do.; Thos. Foot, Moncton, N. B.

Marriages.

SEELYE—MILLIKER.—In St. Mark's Church, St.
George, by Rev. Ronald E. Smith, M. A.,
Rector, Mr. A. Judson Seelye, to Annie,
third daughter of the late Benjamin Milliker,
of that place.
OWEN—BLAISSELL.—In Emmanuel Church Ar-
rrior, on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, by the Rev.
K. L. Jones, Lemuel T. Owen, of the Cana-
dian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, son of the
late Thomas Owen, Esq., Postmaster General
of Prince Edward Island, to Genevieve Ada,
youngest daughter of Julius Clark Blaisell,
Esq., of Arrprior, Ont.
GREER—WILMOT.—At Christ Church Cathedral,
Fredericton, on the 27th of October, by the
most Reverend the Metropolitan of Canada,
assisted by the Rev. Theodore E. Dowling,
Rector of St. George's, Carleton, the Rev.
Wm. Greer, Rector of Burton, Sunbury Co.,
N. B., to Anna, youngest daughter of the
Hon. K. D. Wilmot, Lieut. Governor of the
Province of New Brunswick.
FENNEY—BLACK.—At Christ Church Cathedral,
Fredericton, on the 28th October, by the
most Reverend the Metropolitan of Canada,
assisted by the Rev. Finlow Alexander, sub-
dean, W. T. H. Fenney, son of George E.
Fenney, Esq., Queen's Printer, to Louisa
Rainsford, youngest daughter of the late
Rev. John Black, M. A., Rector of Kingsclear.
TROOP—MILLS.—At Granville, on the 27th inst.,
by Rev. F. P. Greaterox, John Troop, of
Bear River, to Annie E., daughter of
William Mills, of Middle Granville.
BROWN—PARTIDGE.—At St. Mark's Episcopal
Church, Cox Heath, on the 21st inst., by the
Rev. David Smith, Vincent E. Brown, of
North Sydney, to Margaret Isabel Par-
tridge, daughter of the late William Par-
tridge, of Albion, Ines, Pictou County.

Deaths.

PUDDINGTON.—At Victoria St., Portland, St.
John, Oct. 28th, after a lingering illness, J.
Edmund Puddington, of the firm of Pud-
dington & Merritt, in his 44th year.
PATRIQUIN.—At Kettle, Colchester Co., on the
8th Oct., in communion with the Anglican
branch of the Church Catholic, Maria
Emily, daughter of Stewart Patriquin, aged
19 years and 6 months, deeply and sincerely
regretted by a large circle of relatives and
friends.
MUNGO.—At Tatamagouche Road, Colchester
County, of consumption, Mary Mattalot,
beloved wife of John Henry Mingo, aged 21
years, 11 months and 11 days, leaving three
helpless children to mourn the loss of an
affectionate and loving mother.
SHEA.—At River John, on the 16th Oct., Wil-
liam Shea, aged 104 years.

BE YE LIKE FOOLISH.

"FOR ten years my wife was confined to
her bed with such a complication of ailments
that no doctor could tell what was the matter
or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in
humbug stuff. Six months ago I saw a U. S.
flag with Hon. Elders on it, and I thought I
would be a fool once more. I tried it, but
my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles
cured her, and she is now as well and strong
as any man's wife, and it only cost me two
dollars. Be ye like foolish."—H. W.
Detroit, Mich.