

the vestry, the choir singing as a recessional the Hymn, "Pleasant are Thy courts above." At eleven o'clock, Matins were said. The Rural Dean said the Prayers as far as the third Collect; the Lessons were read by the Deacon in charge of the Mission of Louisburg. The hymn at the introit was "Alleluia! sing to Jesus!" The ante-Communion service was then proceeded with, the Epistle being read by the Deacon, who also preached from the text, Hebrews xiii. 10. The Holy Eucharist was then administered for the first time from the new Altar, fifteen persons receiving reverently the spiritual food of the Body and Blood of their Saviour,—the entire congregation remaining reverently kneeling until the whole service was concluded. The choir sang the "Nunc Dimittis" during the passage of the clergy back into the Vestry. Thus concluded services which seemed most deeply to impress upon those who took part in them the lesson that not only is the House of God most holy, but also all the vessels adjuncts used in His service. The special "intention" at the celebration on this occasion was the asking of the blessing of Almighty God upon the work of His ministers in the Parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, London, as well as upon the work of His ministers in this Mission, and also His especial blessing upon the sisters who had presented the altar and furniture for His glory and honor. The Altar is of carved oak, neat and chaste; it bears on the back a brass plate, with the inscription: "To the Glory of God and His Blessed Sacrament, this Altar is presented by two communicants of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, London." The vases and candlesticks are of polished brass. The Altar Cross is also of polished brass, set with five amethysts, and is twenty-seven inches in height. The covering of the re-table and the super frontal of the Altar is of dark maroon coloured cloth. The frontal is of green cloth, embroidered in the centre with cross and monogram. The orphreys are embroidered with Lillies of the Valley, and the super frontal with the Rose of Sharon. A beautiful font, presented by English friends through the exertions of Miss Franks and Miss Lance, of England, was a short time since placed in the Church and blessed and dedicated to the Service of God—His Church. It is a matter for much regret that Mr. Selwyn H. Shreve, the energetic lay-reader of the Church at the N. W. Arm, Halifax, who is at present in Louisburg, and Mr. George H. Martell, Divinity Student of King's College, who has, in the capacity of lay-reader, been rendering valuable and most acceptable service in the Mission of Louisburg during their vacation, and who were both expected to be present and take part in the service, were unavoidably delayed in transit, and, although they walked six miles in their endeavour to be present, were not able to arrive until after the conclusion of the service.

ANNAPOLIS.—The meeting of the "Annapolis Rural Deanery," (to be held at Weymouth,) is further postponed until Wednesday, the 12th day of October next. Arrangements for services the same as before. By order of Dean. H. D. DELOIS, Sec'y.

DIocese OF ONTARIO.
(From our own Correspondent.)

THE usual quarterly Diocesan Committee meetings were held in Kingston, on the 7th inst., and were attended by most of the members. The financial statement of the Mission Fund showed an increase in voluntary contributions for the year, and on motion of Archdeacon Jones, it was resolved, that the Board observes with gratitude to God that the collections in aid of the Mission Fund during the past year has been in advance of the previous year by a considerable sum. The financial statement of the Divinity Students' Fund showed a balance to the credit of the fund of \$271.61. Mr. Robt. W. Jones, of Hollowell, was admitted as a student on the funds, his testimonials being of an excellent character. The balance at the credit of the Widows' and Orphan's Fund was reported at \$636.63. Two names were added to the list of assistants. The Annual Synod of the Diocese is summoned to be held in the City of Kingston, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 6th.

BERMUDA.
(From our own Correspondent.)

SOMERSET.—Since the present Incumbent came here, one of the churches has been added to and repaired at a cost of £2,000 sterling, and the debt upon it is only £240. The Bishop consecrated the new Chancel during his last visit. Since the Chancel was consecrated it has been enriched by the putting in of two costly stained windows, made by Preddy of Baker Street, London, England. They were presents, and are exceedingly handsome. The one on the north side represents the Visit of the Magi, and that on the south side the Presentation. These are quite distinct from the windows over the Altar, which were given by the Hon. J. Harvey, in memory of his two sons, and are very fair. The Bishop gave handsomely, which provided a chandelier, etc., for the Chancel. In the place of the old pane on the steeple a large, handsome cross now stands. The church is stone and accommodates about 300, and if it had room for as many more it would no more than meet the requirements of the Parish.

Family Department.

A PRAYER.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

ST. JOHN xv. 1-7.

That I may be of Thee, Th' Eternal vine,
A clinging branch—forever only Thine,
And to the parent stem may daily closer twine,
Is my prayer.

And may I closer to Thee ever grow,
And Thy communion ever sweeter know,
And may Thy love within me ever brighter glow,
Year by year!

Oh that I idly lumber not the ground;
But as the quick revolving years come round
Oh that some humble fruit be mongst the foliage found,
Pleasing Thee!

Oh help me then within Thee to abide,
To never stray away from Thy dear side,
And as Thou wand'ring, wayward tendrils back dost guide,
Pardon me,

For lost were I if Thou should'st let me stray
From out Thy holy keeping—far away,
For me would come instead of dawn and sunny day
Endless gloom.

In darkness lost—in fear and terror dire—
No sun—no fruit—the vineyard-keeper's ire
'Twere hard to 'scape; then would I meet in Hell's fierce fire
Speedy doom.

But Thou wilt never let me from Thee go—
Wilt never let me wander far—ah, no!
But ever in Thy likeness Thou wilt help me grow
Year by year.

Abiding thus in Thee, that I may stay,
And others lead beneath Thy gentle sway,
And thus that I may grow more fruitful ev'ry day
Is my prayer.

Halifax, Sept. 1881. B. G. H.

A LESSON IN HUMILITY.

An esteemed correspondent forwards the following touching anecdote of a well-known ecclesiastic: Canon Auriol was invited on one occasion, about the year 1867 or 1868, to preach an Ordination sermon, by the late Bishop Waldegrave, I happened to be staying at Rose Castle at the time. On the Sunday morning, as a large party, consisting of the Bishop's family, the chaplains, and the candidates for Holy Orders, were sitting around the breakfast table, the Bishop repeated a text of Scripture suited to the occasion, and then called on each of those present to do the same. This being a well-known weekly custom at Rose Castle, every one was prepared, and, as each text was repeated, it was most interesting and touching to remark what was the uppermost feeling in the minds of the several young men about to be ordained; some expressing bright, manly hope as to their future; such as, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me;" some breathing a prayer for grace and guidance; such as, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." But, when it came to Mr. Auriol's turn, there was a pause of a moment or two; and then it was seen that the old veteran was overcome by emotion. At last, he began: "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints—" here his voice completely gave way, and he wept like a child; but afterwards recovering himself, he went on, his voice gaining strength as he proceeded,—"is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." The effect was indescribable. The impression on my mind at least, was deep and effaceable. The thought was, as it were, forced on me, if such are the feelings of one who has spent so many years in the Master's service, and who has been so highly honored of Him as His minister in holy things; what ought to be the depth of humility, what the casting away of all thought or dream of self-reliance of us younger men, some of us holding the divine commission but a short time, some having not yet received it! A hush of reverential awe stole over us, as if the Great Bishop of souls were very near us.

There may be many who will see these lines, to whose minds the incident and all its surroundings will be as vivid as mine. For myself, I may say, that though I never had the privilege of seeing him before or since, that good old man's confession—in the presence of a score of young recruits—of his own nothingness, and of his Master's supreme excellence, taught me a lesson in theology which I trust, by God's grace, has never been forgotten.

WEALTH AND MEANNESS.

I tell you that, in nine cases out of ten, great acquired wealth lifts up in monumental testimony the meanness of its possessor. I knew two neighbours, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra, trying to reach the settlement, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountain, butchered them and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules

with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night and day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his house, where they could have shelter and rest. The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat, and mules, and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country, soon became almost a prince in fortune. But his generous neighbour died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud, and as he died among strangers by the roadside he was buried without even so much as a pine coffin. I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or a date. Nothing. But that boulder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seams, and dots, and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho. The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books, and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration and love which the new land once gave those two men, gathers around and is buried beneath that moss grown granite stone, and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and as empty as that dead man hands.—*Joaquin Miller.*

"HERE I AM!"

A lawyer had a cage hanging on the wall in his office, in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charlie came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned the bird was gone. He asked—

"Where is my bird?" Charlie replied that he did not know anything about it.

"But," said the gentleman, "Charlie, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?"

Charlie declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage door was open, and he guessed the bird had flown out.

The lawyer called out— "Starling, where are you?"

The bird spoke right out of the boy's pocket, and said, just as plain as it could— "Here I am!"

Ah, what a fix that boy was in! He had stolen the bird, had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from his own pocket which told the story of his guilt. It was testimony that all the world would believe. The boy had nothing to say. The bird was a living witness that he was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks, our conscience will reply, and give such testimony as we cannot deny nor explain away.

GENTLE MOTHERS,

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eye opened, and the quiet voice said, "Mamma, you ain't always gentle." In self-justification I replied, "But you know, darling, mamma has to scold you when you are naughty." "Yes'm," The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking the little truth teller, I reproached myself for deserving his remark, and gently questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is this world defined? "Railing with clamor; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, it seems to us. First, for lack of self-control; second, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublesome sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not compatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline and prayerful struggle.—*Good Words.*

SHAME is not the loss of other men's esteem, it is the loss of our own.

THE RUBRIC OF REVERENCE.

"And if any of the consecrated bread and wine remain after the Communion it shall not be carried out of the church, but the minister and other communicants shall, immediately after the blessing, reverently eat and drink the same."—*Rubric after the Communion Service.*

"Reverently," as used in this rubric, cannot mean to jump up and rush out, leaving the elements unconsumed on the Lord's table.

"The minister and other communicants," cannot mean the minister alone.

The common decorum of well-bred society requires that, unless for some great and urgent cause, the entire family remain till all are ready to go from the table. Why should a different rule prevail in God's family? And then why should we show such haste to get away from the House of God, and the "sacred feast which Jesus makes," as a crowd of tired school children rush from the task of their studies? Rather should we linger as unwilling to depart from the place of such inestimable blessing.

We affectionately wish that all our beloved flock who are communicants would ponder these things, and make it a rule, as many do, to remain in their places till the elements are reverently consumed.—*Rev. Dr. Spalding.*

GOING TO CHURCH.

"No one wants you Free-thinkers to go to Church; but if you do go, you should recollect that Churches are not built, like lecture-rooms, to afford you intellectual amusement. Preaching or prophesying is an ordinance of the Church and a means of grace, and however humble the instrument may be, the good is done by the spirit of God, and if we are humble-minded, we may find in the dullest sermon some one sentence which may be applicable to our own case. I know the instance of one of the most acute men that ever came under my pastoral care. He was a lawyer and a unitarian. He was ill, and continued long an invalid, and I had talked much with him, to lead him to his Saviour, but talked apparently in vain, though we always prayed before we began the conversation. He went to Church on one occasion; where the dullest and most stupid of men was preaching. One sentence, however, in that man's dull sermon acted like a spark to set fire to a train of thought in my friend's mind, and he respected the ordinance of preaching ever after.—*Dean Hook.*

DO YOU REPEAT THE RESPONSES?

This question is easily answered by any one attending our Services, for on the part of the majority of nominal worshippers, there is a dead silence throughout the Service. Why is this? Is it because it is not generally understood that all are supposed to join, and lift up their voices in the congregation? Or is it because the minister is looked upon as the proxy for all present, and that the congregation is but an audience? A responsive Liturgy has the best of reasons for its preservation. Imagine the difference between the worship of a congregation of which a few feeble voices are saying the General Confession with the Minister, and that of a body of voices uniting in saying: "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts."

It may, perhaps, be said that we cannot respond, because it would not be the expression of the desires and emotions of the heart. But we are told "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." If we learn to give ourselves up to worship when we are professedly engaged in it, we shall soon learn to make what the Church puts in our mouths our own, we should soon get to see that the secret wishes, and desires of our hearts are therein contained and laid before God.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.

Make a boy feel that the dime novel is vulgar. I remember that, in "Telemachus," Ulysses tried to convince a man who had become one of a herd of swine that it was shameful to be a pig; but he did not succeed. "The flooding of the land with dime novels and with infamous periodicals of the cheaper and coarser kind acts like Circe's enchantment on wide circles of youth. No doubt it is a frequent incitement to crime, and, on the whole, is one of the most monstrous of the undisguised evils in the modern days of cheap printing. Let a boy learn that some publications are not fit to be handled with the tongue. Let parents exclude from the family mansion the frogs and vipers that swarm forth from the oozy marshes of the Satanic press.—*Select.*

"KEEP YOUR MINDS IN THE KNOWLEDGE AND CARE OF GOD."—How necessary it is to bear this in mind, and how wisely the Church has sounded these words last in the ears of all worshippers at her Services, because unless there is this constant summoning of the minds of her children to dwell and meditate upon the presence of God, the spiritual life is soon likely to droop and fall. The longer a man continues in a state of forgetfulness, the less he is inclined to shake it off and turn again to the Lord his God.

For every one who reads the Bible, there are twenty who read professing Christians.