

railroads, or in the reading rooms. A few friends know them, and recognize them when they meet; but a few miles from home they are as unknown as if they lived in the remotest part of the world. Of the millions of millions who have lived and died since Adam, how few have left any memorial. Of how few do we know the names even. What they did and what they were we know not. They are as indistinguishable as the grains of sand on the ocean shore, if then, nobodyism is the common lot, why should we not be willing to be nobodies? The men and women who have been discontented with the common lot, who have scorned the idea of being nobodies, have too often mistaken notoriety for fame. The world cares more for what is startling and sensational than what is useful. It prefers to be astonished, or even shocked to being instructed. Most people have pushed themselves into notoriety by some absurd eccentricities, some great fraud, or some startling crime. The honest, plodding cashier whose accounts balance to a penny is not spoken of. There are thousands of such in banks and offices; but they toil and die unnoticed and unknown just because they are honest, while a few embezzlers and defaulters have their names paraded in the newspapers and elsewhere, and the world is supposed to be interested in them. The best people, as a rule, are the least known, and the best part of human life does not get into history. History, for the most part, is a record of wars, catastrophes, of vices and crimes, rather than of the real progress of the race.

The nobodies have human affections and souls to live forever. For each of them Christ died, and by trusting in Him each of them may have their names written in Heaven. Why should any of us care about being famous in our day and generation. Is it not enough for us to do our daily duty in the fear of God, and trust in Him for the record and the reward.

However successful any man may have been in the world, he will confess that life has been full of disappointments. This, indeed, is the verdict which we must all pass upon it. When we begin life we are full of hope and spirit; the world is all before us, and we dream of great enjoyment. The future is all bright; our pathway looks as if it stretched away through a land of milk and honey. We do not think of any desert land, not of any enemies. But we have found that the objects on which we set our heart have not yielded us, when we obtained them, the enjoyment we expected. We have found that honor, wealth, pleasure and fame, are broken cisterns that have no water. Let the nobodies of the world be consoled, assured that the labor-loving, frugal and industrious and virtuous among them possess joys and happiness in this life, which the rich know not and cannot appreciate. It was the remark of a celebrated London physician, who enjoyed the most lucrative practice, that he had witnessed such harrowing scenes at the death-beds of the aristocracy, that he shrank with instinctive dread when called upon to visit persons of this class in their sickness. The fashionable follies and dissipations in which such persons generally spend their days, leave no room for serious religious reflection, until the stern messenger death surprises them. The nobodies have no cause to envy the men of fame, honor, or riches. Gibbon in his history of the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, gives an account of one of the Caliphs of Bagdad, one of the wealthiest sovereigns that ever lived, who luxuriated in magnificence and pleasure, who reigned fifty years, but during a life time only enjoyed fourteen days of happiness. No occupation or pursuit in this world can bring real happiness without the peace of God. Look at Cardinal Wolsey, Bonaparte, Mary Queen of Scots, Talleyrand, the great politician and diplomatist. Look at the vanity and emptiness of mere worldly fame in the closing scenes of the lives of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Burns, Savage, Campbell, Jane Shore, Lady Hamilton, Lady Hester Stanhope, and a host of others, showing the vanity and illusory nature of all human ambition and greatness. If everybody was eminent in literature and science, nobody would be eminent. If everybody was famous, fame would be like the billows of the ocean, none of which is distinguishable from the rest.

Where are those who began the journey of life with us, or joined us at any point on the march? Few can look back on happy hours without thinking of those with whom they spent them, and then comes the sad question where are they now? If we were to have a roll-call of all our early friends, and of all who were associated with us in any way, or known to us in youth, how many would respond to the call? Comparatively few indeed. Who could then have forecast how it would be with us when fifty years had come and gone. Where then are those with whom in life we started? Alas! all along the road they dropped out of the ranks and turned aside to die. And with this constant diminution of friends there comes a strange sense of loneliness, which no bustle of life and no accession of new friends can altogether remove. As we grow older this sense of loneliness deepens,

One of the greatest curses of the ancient Romans was, "May you outlive your friends."

The world is a world of changes; there are changes in the natural world, changes in the political world, the commercial world, changes in our homes. We fail to see the children of yesterday in the busy men and graceful women of to-day. The times have changed, and we have changed in them. Is there anything unchanging. We long for something which will abide. We cannot find it in ourselves, we cannot find it in our surroundings. If we wish for something on which we can rest with unshaken confidence through the vicissitudes of life, we must find it in God. Then of how little consequence will it be, that we have been placed among the nobodies.

March, 26th.

PHILIP TOCQUE.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

No. 8.

BISHOP ANDREWS, A.D. 1555-1626.

On Job xix. "See God: and so he may in spirit, as do the souls of the righteous departed: it skills not for the flesh. Yes, see him in the flesh. That, as proper to this text and to this day (Easter), which offers more grace. This day Christ rose in the flesh, and this text is, we shall see him in the flesh. It is meet, the flesh partake the redemption wrought in the flesh, and He be seen of flesh that was in the flesh. He will do it for the flesh; it is now His nature no less than the Godhead: He will not forget it we may be sure. It were hard the Redeemer should be in the flesh, and the flesh never be the better for it. For the soul is but half, though the better half, yet but half; and the redeeming it is but a half redemption, and if but half, then imperfect. And our Redeemer is God, and God's works are all perfect. If He redeem He doth it not by halves; His redemption is a complete redemption certainly. But so it is not except He redeem the whole man—soul, flesh and all; his soul from hell, his flesh from the grave, both to see God. His redemption is imperfect till it extend so far. Therefore, at His coming again, they are willed to lift up their heads, their redemption is at hand, their full redemption, then full, when both soul and body shall enjoy the presence of God. And what we say of God's work, the same we say of the soul's desire: it is not full, neither without this every man, yea the saints, St. Paul, by name, professeth all our desire, *Nolimus capoliare sed supervestiri*, we would not be stripped of this flesh, but be clothed with glory immortal, upon soul and flesh both, which desire being both natural, and having with it the concurrence of God's spirit, cannot finally be disappointed."

Again, on the sign of the prophet Jonas:—

The heart of the earth (with Justin Martyr, Chrysostom, Augustine), I take for the grave, though I know Origen, Nyssen, Theodoret, take it for hell, for the place where the spirits are (as in the body, that is the place of them). And thither He went in spirit, and triumphed over the powers and principalities, in His own person. But for His body it was the day of rest, the last Sabbath that ever was; and then His body did rest, rest in hope, hope of what? That neither His soul should be left in hell, nor His flesh suffered to see corruption. For Christ had His Psalm too as well as Jonas. David composed it for Him long before the xvi. Psalm, the Psalm of the Resurrection. And so the evening and the morning were Christ's second day, Easter eve.

EARNEST APPEAL.

SIR,—Will you allow me space in your valuable paper for a short and earnest appeal to your many good and interested readers?

Cheddar is but a small and newly established mission of the Church of England, far removed from any town or village, and situated in the midst of the back woods of Ontario, with many miles of wild uncultivated scenery on either side, without a railway nearer than a distance of thirty miles. This settlement may sometimes be visited by outsiders, but not without difficulty, as the track is often in a state utterly unfit for travellers to pass through. So rare is the communication between other towns and Cheddar that while passing through the nearest places on our way from England to this mission a few weeks ago, we were surprised to find no one possessing any knowledge of the place, and many who had never even heard of it. So that the ordinary method of obtaining help such as we should adopt at home, must be set aside. Nevertheless we have in this remote settlement of Cheddar about eighty families, most of them are small farmers, and many of them very poor. There is a small plain church, well built, and suitable for public worship, but in its present unadorned condition could hardly be distinguished from an ordinary school room. Our first service was held there on Sunday last in the afternoon, conducted

by my husband, the Rev. A. E. Whatham, who is taking charge of the mission. The congregation was good and every one seemed most attentive and desirous of showing a hearty appreciation of the efforts of their new pastor proposed to make on their behalf, but the mere good will and sympathy of a congregation is not sufficient to make our beautiful church service as bright and attractive as it is capable of being. In order to make our service more helpful and complete we need try to have the singing better than it is at present, and this can hardly be done without the help of an organ of even the simplest kind. We intend to invite all who are willing to meet with us once every week for a little musical training, and to practise over the chants and hymns to be sung on the following Sunday, but this cannot be efficiently done without the aid of an instrument. Our church services are confessedly a little more difficult to engage in than those of the Methodists who hold their services in the school room of the place. Are we to add the further drawback of chants, either badly sung or read, and hymns less familiar, though so much more beautiful, but without any help that could give the hesitating voices confidence in singing? The congregation seem very willing to do their share, but I cannot count upon much help from them as they are poor people. We are without any friends in Canada to whom to appeal, having only just left England; but it occurred to me that amongst your many readers there would surely be some who could perhaps spare a simple instrument that had done good service at home, or contribute something towards our needs in money, thereby adding to the success of our work and the pleasure of our people. Your sympathy would not be given in vain, and your generosity would be rewarded in having supported a truly worthy and deserving cause.

Cheddar Mission,
Ontario.

Yours very truly,
Kate A. M. WHATHAM.

COMMUNION WINE.

SIR,—Will "Veritas" kindly inform me where in the Bible the word wine is used in connection with the Lord's Supper. I find the terms "cup," "fruit of the vine," but nowhere the word wine. I would like to remind him that, during the Passover Feast, all leaven was ordered by the Lord, under a severe penalty, to be put out of their houses (Exodus xii. 19). The very term, "fermented wine," shows that leaven has been at work to bring it to that condition.

HOPK.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

SIR,—Since my appeal, which you were good enough to insert, a fortnight ago, on behalf of the Parochial Mission to the Jews' Fund, I have received Bishop Blyth's earnest appeal for Good Friday offertories for the same Society. The Bishop says:

"The Parochial Missions to the Jews Association has promised me that they will take up Alexandria as their first foreign station. They want at least £1,000 a year for this purpose, including medical agency. This is a sound Church Society, well officered under the Dean of Lichfield; but it receives only such cold support as, alas! Jewish work at present receives in England. Alexandria is now what Egypt has ever been to the Jews, a focus of national interest outside Palestine; and the enterprise there is a splendid one. I earnestly ask the support of the Church for this Society. It is young and promising, and its success will take the measure of the support given to it by the Church. There is ample room and need for its action. There is not a station, nor any branch of its work, which does not need development. In the face of such openings as perhaps no other outpost of Church work can present, my hands are absolutely tied by the want of money."

I have no doubt that many of my brethren have already seen Bishop Blyth's appeal in the *Guardian* of March 17th, and that it will determine the destination of many Good Friday collections in aid of the Bishop's Alexandrian Mission. Allow me to beg the clergy in sending their collections to the Sec. Treas. of their diocese to be careful to say that they are for Bishop Blyth's Alexandrian Mission to the Jews.

J. D. CAYLEY.

Toronto, March 28. Honorary Secretary, P. M. J.

WHY THIS DEARTH.

SIR,—Bishop Anson speaking of a recent visit to Port Arthur, says:—"The people residing outside the town could partially support, at least, two or more clergymen, but the men cannot be found. The Bishop of Rupert's Land has seven or eight stations vacant for which he has sufficient funds, but he cannot find the men. In this diocese (Assiniboia) we have been, for a year, in great want of three more clergymen in priest's orders. And this is but a sample of the need

that is being felt the stipends are inadequate to get amply sufficed were only more among men—and be spent for the sake of known, would

The church slow progress. different deno- fic. The sound west as the ri the hunter's r the city. Eve gathering in ti so far short of made equal to where it is pr ters. In some of three. An number of mi young men of ministry as t the voice of t are yet hinde and without a increase the prayer, ferv harvest, to se More faith, n would produ kindled by t the clergy wi make busine cause the cle young men a the service o owing to the that it is bec money is th have attaine felicity. Fo fessional m profession d 'leveling up' towards the we often her have their sional men. stand on the our.—Men e in that they souls of mer practice. I profession, still immatr see the sam lie against deficiency c When the r lost its pow and self-deu sionalism. it is pursue be on fire I is pursued the inadeq ence in det sometimes what they upon them Is not this of the defti mission w teachers, s hands to d ent to be c To procur of the chu parents al rising ger wanted be scarce in t out that t offers no i to-day a s part by 12 vations of perplexiti able and wise mig for life. ministry, bring onl happen ti the missi church lit bers, and youth are doctrine, missiona