

me. Here is no mere lecture-hall. Here is a holy place, the shrine of the supernatural. Restless, troubled ones, come hither, and take your place as meek scholars in the School of Christ. The preacher concluded by a reference to St. Luke, "The beloved physician"; and to the General Convention then in session in Boston, a Convention singularly marked by peace and harmony and the absence of all party opinion; and said that surely the work now accomplished here, and the work now going on at the great Council of the Church should lead us reverently to lift our eyes to Jesus, the good Physician, who binds up our wounds and gives us the deep and blessed peace we now enjoy in our branch of His Holy Catholic Church. After the sermon an anthem was sung, "Thou, O God, art praised in Zion." The offertory was then taken up for the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church, the Bishop of Vermont reading the sentences. As the alms and oblations were being presented to the Lord on His Holy Table the whole congregation rose and sang, "Praise God," &c. After the prayer for the Church Militant, a pause was made for non-communicants to withdraw; over 250 remained. The exhortation down to the sursum corda was read by the Bishop of Wisconsin. The celebrant was the Bishop of Fredericton. The Trisagion and Sanctus were sung to music by Marbeck. We should have mentioned before that the service was choral. After the consecration prayer a hymn was sung, "Bread of heaven," &c. The celebrant was assisted by the Bishop of Maine and the other Bishops in the distribution of the consecrated elements. The Gloria in Excelsis was sung to music by Tallis. The post communion prayer was read by the Bishop of New Hampshire. The Nunc-Dimittis was sung as a recessional while the procession marched from the chancel, down the centre aisle, and back to the Bishop's residence.

The service throughout was of the most dignified, impressive, and yet hearty and earnest character. Many Unitarians, Congregationalists, and others, were present, and could not fail to have been impressed by the solemnity and grandeur of the service, as well as by the simple yet sublime beauty of that great cathedral of Northern New England.

In the evening of the day the Bishop of Maine had a large reception at the spacious rooms of the Falmouth Hotel, where many had an opportunity of congratulating the Bishop on the great event of that happy day. We were glad to learn from the Bishop that Dr. Dix's sermon will in all probability be shortly published in pamphlet form.

## Correspondence.

### THE CLERGY AND POLITICS.

SIR,—Telegrams say that the Roman "Archbishop of Quebec, in concert with the other Bishops, has ordered all the priests in charge of cures not to meddle in any way with political matters or elections."

Now how can they be made implicitly to obey such a mandate, I have heard of one who having received such a command told his people "henceforth you are to allow no one to bribe or to influence you—you must vote strictly according to your consciences—and recollect that a good conscience is needful or you cannot enter heaven—to which we all wish to go; and above all things beloved remember that the heaven to which we all wish to go is blue, blue, and the hell which we all wish so much to avoid is red, red, red." In short, will not such an order be evaded? Must it not be so? Will not every man of every denomination, in one way or other, advance the cause that will most benefit his ideas in religion, education, nationality, &c.? We all know they will, and must; let us therefore not be lulled into a deceptive security that our Roman friends will not advance their own political interests; but let us ever be vigilant, nor let the public imagine that when ordination admits one to the ranks of the clergy he thereby forfeits his political rights as

A MAN.

### CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Under this head you have an article which I infer alludes to a sheet which I have great pleasure in stating does not serve to fan the flame of irreligious hate in this neighborhood. Can it be that the editor has any "ancient grudge" against the "Right Reverend Preacher at the Provincial Synod?" I have heard remarks made upon the bishop's expression "kitchen table"—as if his lordship meant to say an altar-form table alone was fit to be used. I feel sure this was not the way the term was applied. To those who knew England well 40 or 50 years ago the expression conveyed the just idea that in those days the Lord's table was often of the commonest material and workmanship, covered, at best, with a piece of green baize, and dragged out as a writing table on every occasion of a parish meeting. Indeed the writer has a specimen in his vestry in the diocese of Nova Scotia, which has only of late been replaced by something a little better. Nor need we go 40 or 50 years back (as proved by the following extract) to show that churches at home were quite deserving of all that Bishop Medley said of them and more too. The words are from a speech at a late meeting of an English Archaeological Society:

"The Church, dedicated to St. Margaret, is very simple in its form and architecture, and of the Early Decorated period. The tower fell in 1850, and was rebuilt in 1851. On my coming to the parish in 1855 I found the whole church in a wretched state, filled with square pews, while, to use the words of Heygate's old Essex clerk,

"First came clerk's desk, then the parson's, the pulpit top o' that. Like yer neck, and then yer face, and then over all yer hat."

The chancel, although not in ruins, was held together by iron rods across from wall to wall. That something has been done to make all things decent and in order I leave the members to judge; but I did my best to restore on old lines."

Yours, &c.,

ORDER.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me through your columns to thank the unknown "Member of St. Luke's, Toronto, who was so thoughtful of me in the wants and distress occasioned by the sudden burning of the Kitley parsonage during the night of the 3rd of October, and the consequent prolonged illness of my wife. We both feel deeply thankful to God that our lives were preserved when everything else so quickly perished, and for the numerous, thoughtful and kind remembrances of friends, some of whom are unknown to us. I shall pray for these friends, and am sure that God will not forget their kindness to His ministering servant. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

J. W. FORSYTHE.

Carleton Place, 31st Oct., 1877.

### CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR,—Archdeacon Sweatman, in his sermon last night, speaks of "Cotterill Senior Wrangler, Bishop of Graham's Town". He certainly was Bishop of Graham's Town at one time, but he was several years ago promoted to the first Diocese of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, that of Edinburgh, where he is much beloved and esteemed, not only by his own people, but by all who know him.

SCOTUS.

Toronto, Nov. 6th, 1877.

### THE MISSION ST. PAUL'S, LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me through your columns to inform our church friends in Canada of the urgent need I have long had of a light conveyance for enabling me effectually to shepherd the ever increasing number of Indian converts connected with our mission in this vast inland District of B.C., as well as to visit the white town and settlements which are also under my care.

Having exceeded my means already in establishing this Mission, I am under the necessity of appealing to the Church to supply my lack. I humbly trust by means of a dollar subscription to raise a sufficient amount by next spring to provide the outfit I require, and I shall be deeply thankful to any one who will forward this sum to my friend and former fellow-student, the Rev. R. H. Pollard, of Ottawa, for transmission through the Bank to me. To save trouble they need only with their contribution enclose their card with the word, "For Mr. Good's outfit, &c.," written on the blank side, and Mr. Pollard will duly advise me of all so subscribing, who will not be forgotten by me in days to come.

Commending myself and work to the prayers and sympathies for all who desire the extension of Christ's Kingdom amongst men. I am, dear sir, yours respectfully, J. B. Good. P.S.—Native communicants, 140; native confirmed, 350; native baptized, 470.

J. B. G.

Oct. 15th, 1877.

### BISHOP OF FREDERICTON'S SERMON AT MONTREAL.

MY DEAR EDITOR:—"Poor Parson," in your issue of yesterday is evidently unaware that the sermon of the Bishop of Fredericton has been published in pamphlet form by His Lordship's kind permission.

The 1st edition having been bought by members of the Provincial Synod, a 2nd edition was published, 200 copies of which are for sale at Miss Bond's Church Literature Depository, 254 St. John St., Quebec; the cost, including postage, is 5 (five) cents per copy. I am yours very truly,

SIGMA.

Quebec, Nov. 2nd., 1877.

## Family Reading.

### THE PENNANT FAMILY.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE FOUNDLING.

The sacred drawer in Mrs. Pennant's bed-room was unlocked with trembling fingers; but that good woman stood long before it ere she pulled it out. When she did so at last she sank on her knees, and burst into tears. "Phoebe, my child! my darling!" she cried looking upwards, as if to explore the heaven where her little one dwelt. Then she rose and turned towards the bed where the foundling lay. The child was still asleep. There was colour on her cheeks and lips, and a slight wave on her hair, giving promise of future curls. One chubby little hand lay close to her cheek and mouth on the pillow, which drew from Mrs. Pennant the words—"How strange! little Phoebe sucked her thumb." This fact seemed to give her courage to return to the drawer. She drew out its contents slowly, one by one, while her tears fell upon them, and her sobs broke the stillness of the chamber. She tried to repress them, however, for the sake of the living child who was to wear the pretty clothing of the dead. There was true pathos in her act and manner. As she touched each tender memorial of the mortal now made immortal, she kissed it, and then laid it reverently on the snowy covering of the chest. By degrees she grew calm, and she was surprised to feel that the effort she had made had relieved her of a burden that had hung about her for four years—the burden of a suppressed grief. Everything belonging to her little Phoebe had been hidden from her sight because her friends feared lest the melancholy that seized upon her should end in loss of reason; and so her mind had preyed upon memory until all she did had become mechanical. The touch and sight of what had belonged to her child had removed the machine, and laid bare the waters that it worked. In all cases what is natural is best, and wisdom lies in thinking and speaking of those who have gone before us just as if they were still amongst us, which, virtually they are, in the "communion of saints."

A call to breakfast broke in upon her hallowed grief. It was followed by the entrance of Caradoc. "Mother fack, what are you doing?" he said. "Oh, Carad, I am better!" she sobbed. "It