

W. F. Swallow, E. W. Murphy, B. A., A. W. Spragge, B. A., W. W. Bates, B. A., and W. H. Clarke, M. A., who, belonging to another Rural Deanery, was present by invitation of the Incumbent of Cookstown. At 8 o'clock Evensong was said in St John's Church by Messrs. Swallow and Forster, the Lessons being read by Messrs. Spragge and Watt, and Mr. Clarke preaching an admirable sermon from the words, "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain that build it." The congregation was much better than is usual at a week-day service, the hymns were well and heartily sung, and the Psalms and Canticles were much better chanted than is usual in churches where (as at Cookstown) an intoned service is the rare exception. The writer of this communication is not vain enough to suppose that what he said in your columns about certain little incongruities that were apparent in the service held at the meeting of the Chapter last May can have had much effect upon those concerned; yet it is gratifying to know that at the two meetings held since that time much greater care was taken to have things "done decently and in order." Even yet, however, there is room for improvement. For example, the confusion almost necessarily attending the robing of nearly a dozen clergymen in a vestry where there is good room for but two or three might be avoided by robing in a larger apartment, a room in the Parsonage, say, especially when the building (as in Cookstown) is only a few perches from the Church. Then, too, when marching to their places, and back again after service, there is surely no reason why the clergy should rush along as if some military officer had given them the command to "double," especially when the processional and recessional hymns are sung by no means quickly. But all such little mistakes as these will, no doubt, be corrected in time; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Swallow, who has kindly consented to spend an hour or so at each regular meeting of the Chapter in giving its members hints as to the most effective manner of rendering the Church's public offices, may feel warranted in bringing such things before their notice. On the 28th, St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, there was an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist; and, as things go, there was a fair attendance of lay communicants. Messrs. Forster, J. Fletcher, and A. W. Spragge were celebrant, deacon, and sub-deacon respectively. The service may be described as semi-choral, the *Kyrie*, *Tersanctus*, and *Gloria in Excelsis* being sung. Ample justice having been done to an excellent breakfast at the Parsonage, business was commenced. The first thing considered was the proposed Revised Constitution of Synod; and the general feeling of the Chapter on the subject may be gathered from the following resolutions, which were passed unanimously:—"That section second is objectionable, inasmuch as it does not provide that, at least, a majority of lay representatives from each Parish must be resident in the Parish which they represent." "That this Chapter entirely disapprove of section eighteen, as it would increase the powers of the Executive Committee; and of section nineteen, which would empower the Bishop to appoint twelve members of the Mission Board, seeing that the tendency of such action is to take certain powers out of the hands of the Synod." "That this Chapter most decidedly disapprove of the 'Proposed Canon for Repeal of Portions of Canons inconsistent with the Amended Constitution,' inasmuch as it has a direct tendency towards the centralization of power in one committee."

Mr. Carry's motion (mentioned in the Order of Business) as to the assessment of Parishes, was next considered; and it was decided to support it, provided that "the whole revenue of a Parish" should, for purposes of assessment, be understood to mean only such revenue as is annually supplied by that Parish for ordinary Parochial expenses. Arrangements were next made for the Missionary meetings to be held in the Rural Deanery; and a programme will be issued as soon as possible. An Essay on the Rubrics commenced at the July meeting, by the Rev. J. Farncomb, B. A., is to be continued at the next meeting; a Paper on Sunday Schools is to be then read by the Rev. A. W. Spragge, B. A.; an Essay on the rendering of the Church's Public Services is to be read by the Rev. W. F. Swallow; and he also, at the urgent solicitation of the Chapter, consented to act as Precentor for the Rural Deanery. Cordial votes of thanks having been passed to Mr. Fletcher and certain of the Parishioners for their kind and lavish hospitality, there was brought to a close what was unanimously declared to be a very successful Ruri-decanal meeting. The next meeting is to be held, (D. V.), at Bend Head, towards the end of February. It was a matter of unfeigned regret that the Secretary, by the merest oversight, neglected to notify the Rev. Mr. Morley of the meeting.

THE DIOCESAN SYNOD concluded its labors on the 4th inst., at Toronto. Among other business transacted was the appointment of a committee to organize an English Church Diocese Temperance Society, which will include in its membership total abstainers and moderate drinkers. A permanent constitution for the guidance of the Synod was adopted, on the motion of the Hon. Edward Blake. The system of minority representation was approved of; this, it is thought, will harmonize matters between High and Low Church parties, and effectually put a stop to the frequent bickerings noticeable in past meetings.

Family Department.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has declared and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil;
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil:
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide,
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briars keen,
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How, by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true, He leads me still.
—Lampertus, 1625.

THE LATE MICHAEL KEDDY,
BENEFACTOR AND SENIOR WARDEN OF CHRIST CHURCH,
NEW ROSS.

To-day a household mourns its head,
A neighbourhood regrets its dead,
A widow's tears do freely fall,
And children gather round a pall,
While the Church bell, with solemn tone,
Proclaims it is her son that's gone.

Flowers—emblem of life—the altar spread,
And mourners kneeling near the dead,
Receiving comfort where alone 'tis found—
Surely this spot indeed is holy ground.
One family still they bend before the Throne;
Tho' he has passed the flood, they journey on.

The candlesticks are draped in mourning weed—
A symbol that a light is quenched indeed—
And reverend lips rehearse the closing scene
With words of eulogy, for he had been
One of the pillars who, with heart and hand,
Upheld the sacred edifice in which we stand.

Her portals stand open wide to-day
To receive "the casket" with its noble clay.
"Faithful unto death" her arms he bore;
"An active officer; his duty's o'er."
Well may his widow weep, his children mourn,
For from that bourne no traveller can return.

No sound is heard, save 'tis the mourners' woe,
All round is silent as the grave below,
As friendly hands uplift the honoured dead,
And throngs of sympathizers move with a solemn tread,
While from her steeple comes the Church's knell,
Saying, Faithful son on earth, farewell, farewell.
—Rockwood.

THE BROOK WITHOUT A BLESSING.

"Well, good-bye," said the Brook to the Spring;
"I am in a great hurry to get to the river. It's a beautiful morning, and I shall run straight down the mountain. I have no time to go twisting and twirling about like my sister over there."

"The shortest way is not always the best," replied the Spring. "If you take a straight line through everything you will miss a great many pleasant places."

"Never mind; I want to get to the river. If I reach it safely and quickly, it does not signify what I miss."

"Yes, it does. You'll fall into the river without a blessing, and not a flower on the mountain will be sorry when you're gone."

The Brook only laughed, and rippled away in the sunshine.

"Come and bathe my roots," called a Daisy, as he ran past her like a thread of silver shining in the grass.

"What! lose a precious minute, and make a curve in my course for the sake of a little flower like you? Nonsense!" cried the Brook; "wait till the dew comes down to-night."

So the poor Daisy grew weaker and weaker, and when the dew came she was dead.

"Cool my leaves for me," said a young Birch tree. "I've been standing here in the sun for a long time."

"I cannot possibly take all that jump over those great rocks," replied the selfish Brook. "There is my sister not far off; ask her to come round your way."

But the sister brook had other leaves to cool, and she could not help all the thirsty trees.

Quickly down the mountain went the Brook, only caring for his own will and pleasures, and the flowers and leaves called to him in vain.

"I must get to the river," he said; "and I really have not any time to waste over my neighbours."

His sister did what she could, and her course was very winding; for whenever a flower spoke to

her she turned aside to listen, and the grateful blossoms gathered dewdrops for her, and showered them over her as she passed by. The trees bent down to shade her from the sun when she came near to bathe their roots and cool their hot leaves; and she flowed so quietly down into the river at last that her brother never knew she was there until the River-spirit called her by her name.

"What have you done since you left the Spring?" he asked; and the little Brook answered that she was sorry she had been so long on the way, but that there were many thirsty flowers, and she could not bear to hear them crying. Then a beautiful sound came floating through the air like the very sweetest music, and the River-spirit said:

"Listen! The voices of the flowers are singing your praises, little Brook, because you waited and flowed slowly for their sakes."

Then he asked the other Brook what he had done on his journey down the mountain, and all the Brook could say was that he had hurried, and come the shortest way.

"There is not a voice to sing your praise," replied the Spirit. "The grass is no greener, and the flowers are no fresher along your course. You have come down into the river, but you are not welcome. You are hard-hearted and selfish, a Brook without a blessing."—Helen L. Taylor.

PERSEVERANCE.

A heathen girl had been allowed to attend a Missionary's school, and there learned to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. Suddenly her parents became alarmed, withdrew her from the school at once, taking away all her books. They sent her into the interior of the province, and married her to a heathen, entirely a stranger to her, severely forbidding her to read, sing or pray. The American missionary who relates these facts, writes further: "On last Wednesday I had again the joy of beholding L., and of baptizing her husband, her two children, and her brothers-in-law. They begged me to furnish them with books, that the young woman might teach them all she herself knew—to read, to sing and to pray."

The five years of anxious waiting seemed long to L., but her faith did not fail. It has prevailed, and she is now happier than words can express.—From the French Journal des Missions.

ONE STEP AT A TIME.

A little girl was sent on an errand one day to the neighbouring village. Her path lay through the beautiful fields. On her way she had to cross a wide but shallow stream. The bridge was a long way off, but there were firm, tried stepping-stones all the way over.

"Oh, I am afraid!" said the child to a lady who was passing.

"But you see the stones, my child; they go all the way across."

"The water is so wide!" she said tearfully, looking across the stream.

"Yes; but it is very shallow. See how easily I can cross it." So, carefully picking her way, she went quite over and then returned.

Very timidly the little girl began to cross. "Just one step at a time is all you have to take," said her kind guide.

So one step followed another—the first few were the hardest to take—and soon she was safe on the other shore, smiling at her fears.

"It is not so hard, after all," she said, looking back on the watery way. "Just one step at a time brought us over."

"Remember this walk, dear, when you have harder things to do. Go forward, and the way will look easier and easier. When troubles come, as they are almost sure to do in this world—don't look at the waters before, but at the stepping-stones Jesus places for your feet. The thing that we feared very often does not come upon us, or if it does, Jesus sends such comfort as we never could have imagined. Here is a strong, firm stepping-stone that has often saved me from sinking: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

There came many times in her after life when Mary remembered that day's lesson, and it brought cheer and peace to her soul.

THE LORD'S DAY AND THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

VERY recently, the following appeared in the English Church Bells: "The writer of an otherwise able and temperate article in the Guardian for Sept. 7, on 'Sunday Rest and Sunday Labour,' makes the following strange assertion: 'No person moderately well informed is now ignorant that the Lord's Day and the Sabbath are two wholly different things; that neither Scripture nor Christian antiquity gives any authority for the supposition that the Sabbatical obligation of the Fourth Commandment was formally transferred (with such modifications as our Lord's teaching suggests) to the Lord's Day.' Why, then, in the name of common sense, do we go through the wearisome mockery of repeating the Fourth Commandment every Sunday morning?"

"The highest scientific and historical intelligence of mankind cannot fail to observe that, wherever a human being is persuaded that the Son of God came from Heaven to be his Saviour, he always honors and confesses Christ before men by keeping one day in seven; that is to say, a Sabbath Day,

holy unto the Lord. Every true and sincere believer in the Divine Redeemer has always denied himself in mind and body by going diligently and devoutly to the Lord's House and the Lord's Table on the Lord's Day. If this is not keeping a Christian Sabbath, what is the meaning and the use of language?"

OUR DUMB TEACHERS.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying-point of the Poona host.

At the beginning of the fight he lost his master; the mahout, or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still, while the battle closed round him and the standard he carried. But he never stirred a foot, refusing either to advance or retire as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood, straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again.

At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted; the Mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe; but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place.

For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to "halt." No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son; the noble hero seemed then to remember how his driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away,—another dumb teacher of fidelity, uniting in his master's service the strength of a lion, the docility of a horse, and the faithfulness of a dog.

SPARE MOMENTS.

A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr. —," said he.

"You want a breakfast more like."

"Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments?

WHAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE?

Suppose the enemies of Christianity should succeed in destroying it. This is what they mean, if they mean any thing. Suppose the Bible burned, the churches closed, pulpits silenced, all Christian schools of instruction stopped, all Christian institutions of whatever kind overthrown, all Christian doctrines, Christian piety, Christian duty, Christian worship, Christian influence, Christian life in public and in private, in the church and in the family, by individuals and communities, to be wholly a thing of the past, and no trace of them permitted to remain anywhere in all the land. This would be the result if they should succeed in their insane crusade against Christianity. What would we choose instead? What systems now prevailing anywhere in the wide world would we adopt in places of discarded Christianity? Where would we look for a better system than that which we would so wholly denounce? We have cut down this tree; where do we find another that bears better fruit? Let us look around and see what systems prevail in the world, and under whose control larger numbers of the people are now living. Which would be selected in place of Christianity renounced?—E. Greenwald, D. D.

THE Church of Christ is like an army well disciplined and officered; and under its Captain, the Lord of Hosts, shall go on to certain victory. To its aid everything good must be brought—talent, learning, eloquence, experience, personal piety and zeal. The Church which goes thus to the work of God, will be reflected on the world around, and many shall see it and will turn unto the Lord.

It is particularly pleasing to meet with polite children. We like their soft "please." We like to see them pick up mamma's gloves, hand papa's hat and stick, and jump to open the door for half-blind grandma, who is feeling with shaking hands after the knob.