

in the responses to any portion of the service, on the contrary, my voice was lost in the swelling chorus of each 'amen.'

I asked a clergyman, the other day, this question: "How do you get so many workmen to church?" His answer was, "Free seats and a bright living service." I ask him further, "But cannot you have a bright service without 'intoning' and a surpliced choir?" "Perhaps," said he, "at least people talk about it, but I have tried every way, and I have never succeeded in drawing the working or middle classes regularly to church and securing their voices in the responses and hymns so satisfactorily as when I have had a surpliced choir, a choral service, and familiar and bright hymns, and," he added, "short practical sermons in terse Saxon."

This is the experience of a clergyman who is by no means an extreme man, and than whom none in the city is more beloved by his people of every class.

Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR.—As the curate of St. Jude's Church of this city, I feel it my duty to correct a slight error that appeared in your issue of the 20th inst., with regard to a harvest home held here of late. The harvest home was held in connection with St. Jude's Church, not Grace Church. These are separate and distinct parishes. The Rev. Canon Salter is rector of St. Jude's, and as intimated before, I have the honour of being his curate. At present I have full charge of the parish, my rector is spending a few months in England for the good of his health. The service at the harvest home was read by the Rev. Mr. Hill, and Mr. Starr, Mr. Cooper reading the lessons. The Dean of Huron preached. The harvest home was a great success in every way. There was a large attendance at the service at 3 p.m., the church being filled to the door at the festival which was held in the evening, we cleared \$150.00, which is considered exceedingly good these hard times.

Expressing my great satisfaction with the 'DOMINION CHURCHMAN' as a church paper, and commending it for the impartial spirit of its churchmanship, I have the honor of being yours truly.
Brantford, Sept. 26th. C. D. MARTIN.

THE LATE REV. CANON PRESTON.

MR. EDITOR.—I see by this day's Wingham news, that Rev. F. Kirpatrick has resolved to devote one week's offertory to the widow and family of our late brother Priest in Cornwall. Let us all do the same in the diocese which Mr. Preston served so long and faithfully.

It is my intention to follow Mr. Kirpatrick's good example on the Sunday after next, reserving next Sunday in order to bring the matter before my people. Carrying Place is a poor parish; still, *Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datus ultra.*

I am, sir, yours
CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY,
Rector, Carrying Place.

MINISTERIAL AUTHORITY.

SIR.—Believing that in the discussion of ministerial authority your aim is to promulgate the real facts and their teaching, I take the liberty of addressing this query: You state that "Cranmer is said to have been the writer of this preface" to the ordination services. I have read or heard lately that the words, "or hath had formerly episcopal consecration or ordination," were added subsequently, I think, in Bishop Laud's time. Does history bear out this statement, or is the preface now as it was in Cranmer's day? Yours sincerely,
A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH.

[The words, "or hath had formerly episcopal consecration, or ordination," are not in the edition of 1552, "in Cranmer's day." The paragraph was considerably stronger without them; as it then required, not only episcopal orders, but, also, that

they should be conferred according to the form following: whereas, now, episcopal ordination and consecration according to any other form will suffice.—Ed.]

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

SIR.—However unwilling to throw out a discouraging word upon the subject of missions to the distant heathen so zealously advocated in your last number by Rural Dean Givins, I cannot forbear drawing attention to the more immediate necessities which press upon us at home.

One great fault in all meetings for promoting missions to heathen people which it has been my fortune to attend has been the single sidedness with which their advocates urge the *all important* subject which they would promote; not regarding the loudly crying wants of those immediately within one's reach. The "Missions" in our thinly peopled Townships, when once established, are presumed to need no help, but on the contrary, are presumed capable of helping to propagate the interest of the church amongst others, and urged importunately to give out of their own necessities that aid which, in many cases, is urgently required by themselves.

"One dollar—which all can surely afford" says your zealous correspondent—one dollar may surely be contributed, and he wishes to see every parish represented at the proposed meeting; but does it not occur to him that whilst thus urging country congregations to contribute out of their means to such an object these very parishes are themselves struggling for that means of supporting the ministry of the church amongst themselves? Does not the worthy Dean know, and if he does not *now* know—has he not formerly known cases in which a hard working and zealous missionary has united his energies and his life in the heart rending struggle to maintain himself and his family upon the niggardly doled out pittance which is either coming from the down trodden pioneer of the forest or woods, or withheld by those who habitually attend the church at which his exhausting duties are administered? Are there not at this moment instances of very worthy men who are either on the verge of squalid poverty, or wearing out their sensitive minds and hardly worked bodies in the struggle to maintain a position, so far as regards the comforts of life, inferior to a hard working man of the labouring class?

It may be replied that provision has been made against this by the guarantees of a fixed salary under the direction of the Mission Board; but, alas!—like too many very excellent rules—this is very liable to become a dead letter; and the man who administers with zeal to the suffering and the poor is himself too often the more worthy object of compassion.

Give, then, by all means, ye who can afford it, your contributions to Foreign Missions—and in Foreign Missions I include those to the Indians. But do not in your over-reaching zeal, forget that there are objects nearer home to which your aid is most imperatively required—make sure the foundations of your own house before you seek to build one for your neighbour.

If the attention of the many who now vent their sympathy upon Foreign Missions would but acquaint themselves with what is wanted at their very doors, I think much of the present too sensational ardour might be more usefully and with more Christian charity employed nearer home.
Yours obediently, PHILANTHROPOS.

FRIDAY PICNICS.

DEAR EDITOR.—In your Diocesan news for this week accounts are given of a Harvest Home Festival in the Diocese of Montreal, and of a Sunday School picnic in the Diocese of Ontario, both being held on a Friday. Surely this is no way to teach the laity to obey the church's voice, when the clergy themselves select as a day of feasting and enjoyment for their people the *one day* out of the seven, which the church so plainly directs to be observed as a day of fasting and abstinence.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Sept. 28th, 1877.

Children's Department.

THE BEGGAR CHILD.

"We have travelled far to-day, mother!
My limbs are aching sore;
Shall we reach the city soon, mother?
I can wander now no more.

"You told me we were near mother,
More than an hour ago;
So I have dragged along, mother,
O'er many a rut and stone.

"I am sick at heart, mother,
We've little got to-day;
The people here are poor, mother,
And nothing give away.

"You do not speak to me, mother;
Ah me! you look so old!
Let us lie down and rest, mother,
I feel the biting cold.

"Oh, do not try to move, mother,
Let us rest here a while,
Beside yon old church path, mother,
Near to the worn-out stile.

"Is it beyond the vale, mother,
I see our place of rest?
I'll try once more to move, mother,
And lean upon thy breast.

"Now, now I see the town, mother,
Far off, beyond the sky;
How bright it looks, and warm, mother!
I'll reach it ere I die.

"But we are swimming round, mother;
Oh, take my aching head
Into your lap once more, mother"—
The beggar child was dead.

THE CHILD-TEACHER.

Backward and forward in her little rocking-chair went Alice Lee, now clasping her beautiful waxen doll to her bosom, and singing low sweet lullabys; then smoothing its flaxen curls, patting its rosy cheeks, and whispering softly, "I love you, pretty dolly;" and anon casting wistful glances towards her mother, who sat in a bay window, busily writing. After what seemed to be a very long time to the little daughter, Mrs. Lee pushed aside the papers, and looking up said pleasantly, "I am through for to-day Alice; you may now make all the noise you choose." Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the little one had flown to her, and nestled her head on her loving heart, saying earnestly; "I am so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" And she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote; you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired after a while of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back!

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is *one why*, mamma; but not the first one, or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

"We love Him because He first loved us," whispered the mother; and fervently she thanked God for the little child-teacher.

Great God, how solemn is the thought,
That I am known by Thee;
Oh, may it always cheer my heart
That "Thou, God, seest me."

The health officers of Bombay condemn chemical disinfectants as concealing disease rather than destroying it. They recommend a perfect system of drainage.