

anywhere than in the place where he has been appointed to stay.

Our parson was neither an Arab nor a cuckoo. On the contrary, he always showed the strongest desire to continue his clerical life where he had commenced it, viz.: in the city and diocese of Montreal. Moreover, his work, like all patient, continuous, persevering work, had already borne fruit, and his laudable wish was that it should bear more fruit. The duty of parish building had taken possession of his mind, and there was room enough in the place where his lot was cast for patiently carrying on further operations.

And the opportunity was drawing near when a new departure could be made with advantage alike to the church and to him. Montreal began, and with quickening strides, to grow westward. The fields of which I have spoken were already mapped into building lots, and houses, like exhalations, arose rapidly on them. The time therefore seemed to have come when our parson could without impropriety put in a petition for a remembrance on the ground that "God's acre" should always be found where men's dwellings are placed. Happily Mr. and Mrs. Phillips and others, to whom the fields mainly belonged, had acquired a taste for acts of Christian benevolence. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips in particular had watched the growth of St. Stephen's parsonage with almost affectionate interest. It was a fair emanation springing alike from their consciences and their estate, to which their hearts and purse had made willing contributions. Their "scattering" had not been unattended with increase, for good deeds are not only held in remembrance above, but they are beauty laden to those who practise them below. Having experienced some of those blessings that wait upon "cheerful givers" Mr. and Mrs. Charles Phillips were just in the mood to turn a willing ear and to open a willing hand to a further appeal for sympathy and help.

As in 1854 Mr. Ellegood began his work among the laborers and mechanics who had arrived to build the Victoria Bridge, so in 1863 he made his plans for building the church of St. James the Apostle among the educated and well-to-do classes. He took early counsel with several warm-hearted friends who had not only proved judicious advisers, but had shown their zeal and love for God's Church. A liberal parcel of ground on the Phillips property was at once given on St. Catherine street, which almost immediately was augmented by a further gift from the heirs of the Mackay estate. Mr. Phillips added a donation of \$4,000 in cash, while his wife, Mrs. Charles Phillips, built at her own cost the tower and spire as a monument to the memory of a dearly loved mother who had passed away, but whose memory was very precious to her. The tower at present is like a mouth without a tongue; it cannot articulate the reason why it was built, but it is conjectured that the time is not distant when a peal of eight bells will reverberate in the commercial capital of Canada, the morning and evening music of the Mother Church in England. With such noble contributions to start with, it was not difficult for Mr. Ellegood to continue an excellent work. The example was contagious and much help came in, and it arrived, so to speak, enclosed in wrappers of cheerfulness and good will from unlooked for quarters. The building that was eventually put up was substantial but plain. All adornment was postponed, for it was the earnest aim of our parson to avoid any hampering debt, that is any debt that would occasion anxiety or withdraw his attention from what is generally regarded as true ministerial work. It may be noted here that the debt after the church was built was \$6,000, and this was eventually paid, as every one believed it would be on the death of her husband, by his widow. Thus did Mrs. Charles Phillips add one more to her many acts of benevolence and Christian good will. School rooms were subsequently built and paid for. A rectory house has since then been added, on which some debt remains, which probably will be cleared off at an early vestry meeting. When that is done the church will no doubt be enlarged, as there is much need of more room. The interior of the church, which was very plain in design, has been made beautiful by costly gifts. The chancel window of stained glass is an offering to the memory of the late Prince Consort. Indeed the ma-

jority of the windows in the church are memorial gifts and preserve names very gracious to some. Thus through the medium of prismatic colors the light within the building is tinted, softened and glorified. Hard by the communion rails is a superb organ, which is unique in its way, for it is a double one, whose richly colored pipes brighten both sides of the chancel. The communion service, which is of great beauty and value, was the gift of an individual. The reredos of quaint Mosaic work was the gift of two ladies placed there by them in honor of one whose memory was dear to them and to the diocese. The marble pulpit with its carved angel supporters was the gift of one who deeply admired and wished to preserve in Canada some credence of outward regard for the memory of the late Bishop Wilberforce. The Holy Bible and Church books were the gift of the late Metropolitan. The brazen eagle, the symbol of St. John, on whose wings the great Bible rests, was also given by one Devonshire man to preserve the memory of another Devonshire man, for the eagle was placed where it stands by Mr. Gilbert Scott, as an offering to the memory of the late Mr. William Workman, who greatly wished that the church walls should be beautified with pictures, interspersed with objects of sacred art. The pictures that hang on the school house walls and the carpet that covers the school house floor were also gifts. Lastly, but not in the order of time, was the gift by a lady, who had given so much, but wished to preserve order and decency in divine worship, of thirty-six surplices for the use of the choir men and boys who give their gratuitous services in promoting the worship of Almighty God.

The Church of St. James the Apostle was opened on the 1st of May, 1864. Canon Ellegood was requested, and very properly, by the late Bishop of Montreal, to take charge of the new parish of which he continues to be the Rector. Acting on the principle of establishing mission stations and of using the laity to assist him in carrying on the duty, he continues the work of parish building. One station was chosen at Cote St. Paul, and another has been established in Canning Street. The station at the former mission has now grown into a substantial brick church, named the Church of the Redeemer, which was opened for public worship on the 14th of January last.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We must remind our correspondents that all letters containing personal allusions, and especially those containing attacks on Diocesan Committees, must be accompanied with the names of the writers, expressly for the purpose of publication.

We are not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents.

REMINISCENCES.

MR. EDITOR.—As you some time ago intimated to the readers of the CHURCHMAN, that an account of anything pertaining to the Church work in our rural parishes, would be gladly received, I take this opportunity of sending to you the result of my observations during a recent visit to an inland parish.

"Breathes there a man," etc. One cannot but fully appreciate the sentiment contained in the words of the bard, which loses not one iota of its force from the frequency of its application; and yet it may be that, inspired with a keen love of home, and that pertains to our native land, we may be enshrining what which we know not, and which "having not seen we love."

I must confess that this was in a certain degree my own case, when I left Halifax a few weeks ago to visit a part of the country, heretofore unknown to me. Having driven over the distance separating the capital from Chester, the first day or the one following, I took passage by the coach, which goes semi-weekly, via New Ross en route for Kentville.

I was much impressed with the beauty of the drive as far as Chester Basin, and could well im-

agine that on a bright summer's morning the beautiful sheet of water, with its numerous islets, must be suggestive of many a pleasing train of thought. The Basin, however, we soon lost sight of, and plunged into the depths of the forest. In fact, it was a continuation of plunges, both as regards the horse and vehicle. One moment we were elevated to the top of some huge boulder, while at the next we dropped gently into a trench excavated by the cart-wheels of the industrious and hardy settlers, who, in plying their daily vocation, pass and repass to Chester.

Here were, I was informed (not being able to view the situation from a political stand-point) evidences of the fostering care of the late lamented Reform Government, whose lavish expenditure, (but not on roads though perhaps "Brydges") has produced this raised style of road made no doubt to vary the monotony of the drive.

After traveling some twenty miles we reached the settlement called New Ross. Have heard this place spoken of frequently, both by persons who had visited it and also through the columns of the late *Church Chronicle*. I felt some curiosity with respect to it, which was not one whit abated when I obtained my first glimpse of it and saw, as the driver informed me "the settlement." Stopping for an hour at Capt. Windsor's, where I was hospitably entertained, I proceeded in company with the Rector, a kind hearted and indefatigable priest, to visit the church, which promises to be the most beautiful gothic structure to be found in any of our rural parishes, and which has through the exertions of the priest, his people, as they should, co-operating with him, been lately erected. It is finished interiorly, with open roof; the walls, which are to be plastered, being yet unfinished. It is also wanting in windows, as yet, although made use of temporarily by the congregation. On the belfry a beautiful ornamental cross denotes that it is intended as a temple of the "Most High God," and teaching the congregation of truly catholic worshippers. I had the pleasure of seeing assembled within its walls on Sunday, that not by wandering like the dove away from the ark, not by toiling fruitlessly in vineyards of man's planting, even when of the respectable antiquity of 200 or even 300 years, but by earnestly contending for the "faith one for all delivered unto the saints," and by "asking for the old paths and walking therein," they should find rest for their souls. *In hoc signo spes mea.* Very bad wandering sheep are found here, but an earnest band of zealous and devoted churchmen, seemingly not actuated by the petty strifes and discords, which mar the harmony of many congregations. Working for their Church out of love for their Lord, using hospitality from disinterested kindness; following their Shepherd, and obeying His voice. It was a relief, amid the delightful scenery of that rural spot, to have in my mind, not an ideal, but a real picture, of what the Church should be.

One thing which struck me, was the absence of that modern element, which has in some places been engrafted on our system, viz.: *Lay Popery*.

My mind recurred in contrast to Bishop Cleveland Cox's picture of the old lady in her armchair, her face beaming with kindly good nature, as she dogmatically remarked: "It would not make any difference what we were, so long as we all got to Heaven at last," and decreeing that all who differed from her were in a "parlous state." Here, Catholic truths, and Catholic practices, as the exponent of those truths, shew that the labours of the energetic and devout priest, have not been in vain. And yet, much remains to be accomplished; the church must be completed for use during the coming winter, and the people, I am informed, have been taxed to their utmost capacity. One source of aid the church has been deprived of, the Lay Reader, Mr. Prat, an English gentleman, who, ten years ago, came to New Ross, was, some months ago, with his family, rendered temporarily homeless by the accidental burning of their house, which had been kindly offered and used for holding services in. Here, then, is an opportunity for the exercise of that Christian beneficence which our holy religion so plainly teaches. With an unfinished rectory, an incomplete church, and one of his principal parishioners feeling the effects of the severe loss so recently sustained, notwithstanding the efforts of his people, prominent amongst whom is Mr. Ross and