

answer her helm, and so is in danger of herself being run down.

Such was our plight throughout the night in question. It was an anxious time. Many of the men walked the deck till quite late, listening to the whistles and fog horns on every side, or straining the eye to pierce the gloom for red or green light of a passing ship. About one o'clock your correspondent turned in, confident that every precaution had been taken by the prudent and experienced captain. About three in the morning a slight shock, followed by the sudden reversal of the engines to full speed astern, told of something extraordinary. Going on deck, there loomed up in the fog a great mass, upon which the prow of our vessel was locked hard and fast, whilst the screw astern lashed the water as if in anger at this uncalled for delay.

Fortunately we had run upon the sandy point outside Dungeness, and as the tide was making, we were enabled to work off in about half an hour, much to the disgust of a steam tug which had hovered round us in hopes of a job of salvage. This danger avoided, we steamed up the channel and arrived in the afternoon at Gravesend, where, after undergoing the scrutiny of the custom house officers, we disembarked.

Arrived in Old England, I hope to send you, from time to time, a traveler's sketch.

Yours sincerely,

W.

PARTICIPATION IN THE SINS OF OTHERS PROHIBITED—(1st Tim., v. 22.)

MR. EDITOR,—Since you are just upon the eve of a very important movement in the city of Toronto, I beg a small share of your sheet.

Sins of others! Some are ready to exclaim, what have we to do with the sins of others? It is a sufficient responsibility to be held accountable for our own; for, alas, they are aggravated and numerous. The inspired Apostle, however, was commissioned authoritatively to say, "Be not a partaker of other men's sins." This injunction refers to a duty which a man owes to himself, a duty seldom thought of, and too frequently neglected. *This neglect is sin.* No doubt the prohibition has a special application to the election and ordination of ministers, but it must also be regarded as the general prohibition of a general evil.

It is what way, then, is it possible to partake of the sins of others? Those who would confine the act to the actual commission of a similar sin are in dangerous error. There is no necessity for a man to be drunk in order to share the guilt of the drunkard. He may lead another into the sin of drunkenness in many different ways, and thus he may have made that sin his own. Of old it was declared, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken."

A man may not have stolen his neighbour's property but he may have led others to do so, or he may have received goods illegally acquired; and, thus, if not the principal, he is a partaker of the dishonest deeds and open to the charge implied in the declaration, "When thou sawest a thief then thou consentedst with him." A man may not personally take the life of a fellow being, and yet be stained with blood-guiltiness in having contrived and excited to the commission of murder. David was the murderer of Uriah though he was slain by the sword of the children of Ammon. Saul was a blasphemer, yet his tongue had never uttered blasphemy, but he had compelled many of the saints to blaspheme, and thus was the father of the sin in others, and, in a certain sense, more guilty than they were in the sight of God. With this conduct ministers of the Gospel may be charged when they know that their people are addicted to certain vices, yet are silent on such subjects in their ministrations instead of crying aloud against them; or when they address their congregations and are aware that many of them are sinners and keep back Bible truth which might trouble the consciences of private transgressors. Conduct so offensive in the sight of God will subject the unfaithful minister to awful condemnation. When I say unto the wicked, "O, wicked man, thou shalt surely die, if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity but his blood will I require at thine hand," (Ezek. xxxiii. 8.) Magistrates are

participants in the sins of others when crimes are perpetrated which they might have prevented by the exercise of that authority with which they are invested. They are called to sustain the character of being a terror to the evil, and the executioners of judgment on offenders. But should any one bear the sword of office in vain, and so sanction the commission of sins, he might, by the power of his office, restrain or punish, he partakes of the guilt of those sins.

And just so will it apply in the case of parents if they fail to exercise duly that authority with which they are invested. Yours respectfully,

J. BLAIN, Malton, Ont.

THE MODEL OF THE SHINGWAUK HOME.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly allow me through your columns to inform the Superintendents of Sunday Schools that I have left my model of the Shingwauk Home in the care of the Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, at Kincardine, Ont., and that by paying the expense of its carriage by express, any Sunday School interested in our work can send for it and see it, and retain it until sent for by another Sunday School. It will be best I should think to keep it in the Huron Diocese at first, and then to pass it on to Niagara or Toronto. I should suggest also that each Sunday School on receiving the model, should put the following notice in the next DOMINION CHURCHMAN. "The model of the Shingwauk Home is now at—, Will be done with by—, Address—." As I cannot be present as heretofore to explain, it may be well to add that the model comprises a plot of about two acres of land, in the centre of which stands the Institution, a stone building with 70 feet frontage, facing the river southwards. At the north-west corner is the barn and farm yard with some cattle coming out of the gate; between the barn and the main building is the printing office. Within the main building at the back are the tailor shop and the bookmakers' shop. At the south-west corner across the road is the carpenter's cottage and workshop, and at the south-east corner is the laundry. Down the centre and crossing the road runs a tramway on which is a truck used for hauling water &c., from the river. The walls round the ground are built of stone and nearly everything is a fac-simile of the original. There is also a tinmith shop, but it does not come within the plan.

In opening the case, please first remove the rope, then stand the case up on end, take out the screws (at the bottom only) and remove the bottom. The place the case flat on a table. Then take out the side screws which hold it in position, then let two people very carefully lift off the cover. But it is best to hold the lid open while doing this so as to guard against breaking anything. In packing it up the cover should first be carefully placed over it while it is flat on the table, and the side screws put in, after which it can be turned up on end for the bottom to be screwed on. Should any breakage occur there will probably be some clever fingered person who can effect the necessary repair.

Yours truly,

E. T. WILSON.

P. S.—Sunday Schools intending to have the model by and by would do well to cut these directions out, or it might be well if they were pasted inside the lid. The key can be sent by mail.

Family Reading

OUR NEW VICAR.

BY THE REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

XXV.

THE THIRTEENTH LETTER.

Sad news, alas! sad news with which to begin the new year. We have had a great calamity in the parish—our church burnt to the ground. Never had we in it before such beautiful services as on Christmas-day. Never, in the rude way which alone it would bear from its wretched unchurch-like form, had it been so beautifully decorated. Never had our congregations been so large, our communicants so numerous. We had

almost choral services, morning and evening; as much, at least, of choral service as I think desirable in ordinary parish churches. We had the Psalms chanted in addition to the Canticles. We had bright glorious hymns; an anthem, not merely for the villagers to listen to in open but silent-mouthed wonder, as something too grand to share in, lest haply in trying to do honour to God they should bring discredit on the character of the choir; but a full, glad, familiar, happy hymn, in which every voice joined, and with which every heart seemed rapt to heaven.

The Vicar, just beginning to regain his strength, preached for the first time since his illness, his voice tenderer, his manner more fervent, the words he uttered more thrilling, the thoughts they conveyed more holy and deep, just as might have been expected from one who, having been to the very verge of the eternal world, had come back with restored life and a large measure of the Divine Spirit to finish his work.

Never did I share in so solemn a communion; there was a quiet hush of peace over us all; every storm and dissension of life was still.

There, kneeling first at the Holy Table, were those dear Sisters who had been to us such an unspeakable blessing. Every one stood by to let them pass, and, as a sacred order in the Church—which we all felt them to be—left them to communicate alone. Then, one by one, amid the throng, came slowly up the aisle, here and there, the many whom God's mercy had brought back from sickness—pale, worn, some unable without help to stand, but all evidently full of gratitude and devotion.

How the "Gloria in Excelsis," as we all stood up and sang it at the close of the service, proved wings for every heart! It was the only part of the Communion Service which we sang; but I do think every one must have been glad that such a blessed vent was given to every swelling, labouring heart; and the long unbroken silence, without a stir, that followed the blessing, showed how deep into the very inmost soul of every being there had sunk the dews of its benediction. I assure you even that ugly church seemed glorified by the worship rendered thus heartily within its walls.

But alas, it is all gone! The Vicar had prepared us for a midnight service on the last night of the year. The weather was cold—the frost intensely severe, and so many of the invalids were resolved, even at the risk of their lives, to attend, that every effort was made to have the church warm. The whole day large fires had been kept up, and no doubt from the over-heating of the flues, and possibly from some portion of the old wood-work stretching into one of them, about eight o'clock in the evening there was a cry of "Fire!" and soon the rush of the people to the church, as well as the bursting out of the flames there, told the tale.

The Vicar was immediately on the spot. Every exertion was made; the people worked with heart and will, but all to no purpose. The utmost that could be done was the saving of the grand old tower, and all its beautiful bells. The moment it was found that the church could not be saved, the connection between it and the tower was broken down, till at length it, and its tuneful treasures within it, stood safe and uninjured by the side of the smouldering ruins; whose dying embers, as they threw their fitful gleams on the great shadowy mass above them, seemed like the vast looks of parting love and hope which one has sometimes seen rise from a death-bed to lighten the closing darkness of the survivors.

It was near midnight when the need for further exertion had ceased. There was a lull of fatigue and horror, as they all stood around, and watched that which they could no longer hinder. Quietly amid the crowd I saw the Vicar moving about, and picking out here and there some of the people. At the time I could not imagine what he was doing, but soon I understood it all. He was gathering together the bell-ringers, and giving them some special charge. A few minutes after such a mournful muffled toll sobbed itself out from the tower, as I had never, except at my father's funeral, heard before; a requiem for the old church—the great parish tongue tolling out the great parish sorrow for the loss sustained. Then a change into a muffled chime, such as I