

that no cathedral chapter or diocese will be complete until it possesses a diocesan, if not a canon-missioner.

OBITUARY.

ELIZA LILIAS GRIER.

On the Festival of St. Philip and St. James, there entered into the rest of Paradise, in full years and with a "sure and certain hope," Eliza Liliias, widow of the Rev. John Grier, formerly rector of Belleville, Ont., and eldest daughter of James Geddes, Assistant Surgeon Medical Staff, Kingston. She was born (at the Island of St. Joseph) on the 20th February, 1805, and had therefore attained the unusual age of ninety years. She had thirteen children, of whom eight are living. As the busy mother of a large family, and the active wife of the rector of the parish, she commanded by her untiring energy, her clear intellect and unvarying calm cheerfulness, the admiration and the love of all who knew her. She was an active leader in all plans for Church or charitable work. To her came all those who were in want and sorrow for comfort or relief; many who were at enmity with each other were through her gentle mediation reconciled; others who were weak and uncertain in their faith were, by her example and influence, strengthened and settled; she even found time for nursing the sick in their own homes. Yet, withal, her attitude through life was one of sweet Christian humility; "in lowliness of mind" she "esteemed all others better than herself." Incapacitated, for years, through her great age, from active work for her dear Lord, she found her greatest happiness in frequenting His house, in prayer, in reading and meditating upon His Holy Word, and in constant intercession for others. Blessed with a constitution unusual in these later days, she preserved to the last, by active use, all her faculties; her interest in all around her was warm and real; she liked to hear of, and to consider, the questions of the day, especially as they concerned the Church, of which she was a consistent and loyal member. For one of such ripe years and with a life of such constant waiting upon God, death could not come as a surprise. She was throughout her two months' illness always calm and cheerful, and, as the end approached, in firm faith, and fortified by the Blessed Sacrament, she smilingly bade good-bye to those who loved her dearly, and expressing clearly her hope of a happy re-union, resigned the sweet life which has been a blessing to all who knew her. Her remains were taken to Belleville, where, after services in St. Thomas' Church, she was laid beside her husband and two sons in the beautiful cemetery on the bay shore. She was borne to her resting-place by the loving hands of her three sons, Robert, Harry and William Grier, her son-in-law, the Rev. Canon Mockridge, D.D., and two grandsons, John Allan Grier, Chicago, and John M. Jellett. The Burial Service was read by the Rev. Canon Burke, the Psalms and hymns being very sweetly chanted and sung by a full choir. The Lesson was read by the Rev. John Mockridge, another grandson, and yet another, Mr. Charles Mockridge, presided at the organ. Many old friends were in the church, but, in accordance with the expressed wish of the family, the burial was strictly private, only the sons, daughters and grandsons being present. The respect in which Mrs. Grier was held in her old home was shown by the floating at half-mast of the flag upon the Town Hall, which was done by resolution of the Town Council. And now, until the great day of Resurrection, she rests—faithful

wife, tender mother, true friend, loyal daughter of the Church: "Her children arise up and call her blessed."

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

"A certain man had two sons."—St. Luke xv. 11.

An English emigrant, in the backwoods of Canada, wrote home lately to his friends, and said, "I would give thirty pounds to hear the sound of a Church-going bell." Many a prodigal son has felt the same after he came to himself. He has felt that he would give all he possessed if he could be as in the days that were passed, if he could stand once more within his father's house, and look again upon his father's face. Let me speak to you to-day of that old, old story of the Gospel, the story of the Prodigal Son. Like the ocean, although so old, it is ever new, ever displaying some new beauty, some fresh light. It touches the heart of the careless and disobedient to-day, as it touched such hearts in the past, when Jesus was here among men. It brings tears to the eyes of some awakening sinner now, as it did when it was first told by Him Who spoke as never man spake. It is a story, too, which appeals to each one of us, since who is there, high or low, rich or poor, who has not at some time, and in some sense, been a prodigal, wandering from His Father's house, wasting his substance, trying to satisfy himself with the dry husks of worldliness? It is not only for the hot-headed, inexperienced youth, with the blood of young life strong within him, that this parable has its lessons. There are grey-haired men, occupying, perhaps, high places in the State, envied and flattered by the world, who know that they are prodigals, who know that what the world has given them is merely husks which satisfy not, who know that they have left God and God's House, and joined themselves to some citizen of the world, and sacrificed truth, and honour, and principle, for the sake of gain or earthly glory. Such men may wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, but their soft clothing covers a guilty conscience and an aching heart. They know that when their earthly home is broken up, they have no home eternal in the heavens; they have wandered from their Father's house, and chosen deliberately the ways of sin; they have loved darkness better than light, because their deeds were evil. Of such an one it may be said—

"So fallen! So lost! The light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore!
All else is gone! From those sad eyes
The light is fled;
When faith is lost, when honour dies,
The man is dead."

Yes, the man is dead. He who deliberately forsakes His Father's house for the ways of the world, and the company of sinners; who breaks the commandments of his God, and becomes a law unto himself; who loses faith and love for his Father, and sells his heavenly birthright for a miserable mess of this world's pottage; who exchanges the bread of life for the husks of worldly pleasure; such an one is dead, dead to all that is pure and noble. From such a death there is only one resurrection, one way of escape, and that is the way of repentance leading back to our Father's house, and our Father's pardon. In speaking of this parable of the prodigal we shall look on the blessedness and peace of home in our Father's house. We shall look on the selfishness

of sin, on the so-called pleasures of sin, and on the sorrows of sin. We shall look on the precious picture of true repentance, and over all the story we shall see, like a light from heaven, the great love of God our Father yearning over His prodigal children, and offering a welcome home to the returning penitent. And first, we look on the son, not yet a prodigal, in peace and comfort in his father's house. As long as he was content to do his duty, and obey his father's will, all was well. His needs were supplied; he wanted no manner of thing that is good. That son is the type of ourselves. As long as we are walking in the way of God's commandments, making His Will our rule, striving to do our duty, and using the means of grace which He has given us, all is well. We are like happy children in a happy home; each day brings its duties and its delights, and we have no fear for to-morrow. The peace of God which passeth all understanding rests upon our hearts, because we are at home in our Father's house, close to God. Here, in our Father's house, we have all things for the asking, all things requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul. To us is the promise given, "Ask, and ye shall have; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." As feeble, trembling infants we are brought into our Father's house in Holy Baptism. The foulness born with us is washed away in fair water, and we are clothed in white, which is the badge of all our Father's children. Day by day we are taught the lessons of our Father's family. In time, strengthening hands of blessing are laid upon us in confirmation, and we are fitted for our daily battle with sin, our daily work in the way of duty. Our souls are fed and nourished with the holy, mysterious Food of the Altar; if we fall into the sickness of sin, there is the medicine of repentance, and the healing balm of absolution. All these belong to us now, and in the future we are promised such good things as pass man's understanding in some of the many mansions of our Father's house. And yet there are those who grow weary of their Father's house and their Father's love. It was so with the prodigal; it is so with thousands of others—sons and daughters, day after day. Believe me, there is no greater happiness to be found in this life than that of a contented, obedient child at home. There is no treasure in this earth half so valuable as the sweet, self-denying love of parents. The kiss of a good mother, the counsel of a good father, are worth more than thousands of gold and silver. Too often we do not value our blessings rightly till we have lost them. Esau was willing to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, but when he finds what he has lost, and the blessing gone also, he utters an exceeding bitter cry. We do not value our blessings till they are gone. We do not recognize the angel by our side till he spreads his wings and flies from us. We do not rightly understand the comfort of home till we are homeless, or realize the love of father or mother till the grave closes over them. The prodigal grows weary of home. Why? Because he has become selfish. As long as he loved his parents best, their wishes were his law, their happiness was his first thought. When he grew to love himself and his own way, all love for father and mother died out; he grew weary of their words, impatient of the rules and restraints of the household; he longed to be his own master, and to have his own way. His great desire was to get away from his father's house. Home life was all changed, a barrier seemed to have come between him and his parents. Once he looked upon them as his best