

Dean Close was in every respect a remarkable man. Physically he was almost a giant, and mentally, endowed with an overpowering individuality, he was a born Pope. Yet withal he was as full of fun, as ready witted and as humorous, as the traditional Irishman. Hundreds of good stories still linger in Carlisle Church circles in which the old Dean is the central figure. He was said to be incapable of resisting the making of a pun. He thus drew down upon himself the censure of some of the sterner Puritans of the north, who nevertheless revered him as the Colossus of Protestantism, and one of the great buttresses of Evangelical truth.

One of his puns I may mention, which I believe took place at my father's house, (these were my nursery days). The Dean had inserted his ponderous person into an armchair, and when attempting to rise lifted the chair off the floor. Most men under the circumstances would have been somewhat taken aback at cutting such an absurd and undignified figure, not to say a venerable Church dignitary. But he was equal to the occasion, and remarking that it was a *close* fit turned the laugh the other way.

When he preached the Cathedral was literally packed. Those "Dean's days" formed occasions not easily forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present. An immense (at least to us Canadians) congregation of over seven thousand citizens of every rank and creed would surge into the fine old Cathedral, filling up chancel, side aisles, stalls and pews. Then, as the great organ struck up, following the choir and Chapter, would come trudging in the old Dean, Bible in hand, with that peculiar and well known, sturdy, emphatic gait—a very Saul among his brethren. After prayer, some popular hymn, such as the Old Hundredth, would be sung, which, with the organ and choir leading and the vast congregation joining in, had a sublime effect. Then followed the sermon, generally occupying an hour, delivered without notes and listened to with rapt attention. His towering form, great leonine Cromwellian visage, trumpet-like voice, and commanding delivery, stamped him as a natural born king amongst men. With all his dogmatism, he had such a genial, parental way with him, that few could resist the magnetism of his attractiveness.

In no part of England do there linger among the country folks more relics of the old Romish days in their customs and expressions. For instance, the parish clergyman is invariably called "the priest." Midnight wakes are still kept up, palms carried on Palm Sunday, new cloths worn on Easter Sunday, Easter eggs (or Paschi eggs) on Monday and Tuesday following, are all the rage among the young folks. Witsuntide is also observed, and not unfrequently white clothes are worn by children at church on Whitsunday. Still Puritanical simplicity (and too often slovenliness) vastly predominates among the people and the clergy.

Once, however, Dean Close fell from the pinnacle of his popularity, viz., during the Irish Church disestablishment agitation, in 1868. Like all Low Churchmen he was a fierce Erastian, and with his characteristic impetuosity he threw himself heart and soul into the breach, and took sides with the Conservatives. The election in Carlisle was one of the hottest remembered in the last half century, and the Dean was soon at loggerheads with his old temperance allies—Sir Wilfred Lawson and the dissenting ministers. He was attacked in press and platform, and lampooned in election squibs, but he was in his native element where hard knocks were going, and did valiant battle for the doomed Church, appearing on election platforms and preaching thundering political sermons. He was bitterly taunted with having sacrificed his Temperance principles by allying himself with the Conservatives and the liquor interest, but he fought it out to the bitter end, and lived to see this great "bulwark of Protestantism," as he used to call the Irish Church, disestablished and renew its youth and strength.

It is to be regretted that Nature, in liberally endowing him in every other respect, had denied him—as is not unfrequently the case with remarkable men—the faculty of seeing both sides. He was utterly blind to any good points in his adversary, and thus his name has become associated with narrow partizanship and rancorous sectarianism. It is melancholy to reflect upon this tremendous waste of power, which might have been turned to such good account in promoting the general welfare of the Church, which in his own way he loved so well, instead of being engaged in stirring up strife and in intensifying animosities which should have long since been dead and buried. But let us do him the justice to remember that he was always actuated by the best motives, and that his were eminently faults of the head rather than the heart.

His successor, Dean Oakley, is a High Churchman of the Benson type, an able and enlightened man, and promises to be a worthy dean and parish priest. The two are fair representatives of the past and present

types of Churchmanship. The first rigid, irreconcilable, unbending, one of the last of the old Puritan guard, "who die, but never surrender"; the second, liberal, broad and progressive, willing for the sake of peace to con promise anything but truth.

Yours truly,

R. F. DIXON.

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Family Reading.

SAINTS MAY DOUBT ABOUT MANY THINGS, BUT NOT THAT GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

A man of enfeebled mind once became possessed, it is said, with a strange idea of the whole postal system of his country was such an unreal thing that, however many the letters sent, no replies to them could ever be received.

His neighbours, of course, merely smiled at his fancies, and went on as before, acting on the facts.

In our time some gifted but prayerless men seem to cherish a similar idea regarding prayer. They hold it to be a mere delusion, and assert that from the fixity of nature's laws they can scientifically prove that prayer never has been answered, and never can be. No Christian man, however, who knows his God and trusts him, prays the less on this account, or is in the least degree influenced by utterances like these. They go for nothing with him, because, while he believes in *laws*, he believes as firmly in a supreme, living, personal, and almighty *Lawgiver*; and that all the laws, which are just the expression of his will, must from the very perfection of his nature, be ever entirely under his control, and consistent at the same time with his own express teaching, that "men ought always to pray and not to faint."

It would be strange, indeed, were this world so made, and its laws so framed, that God, all wise and all powerful as he is, would in all after-time be so painfully fettered by them as to be unable to render the help his love might prompt or his lips had promised, and be actually less free to aid others than the very creatures of his hand. Surely if, in spite of the alleged fixity of nature's laws, the mother can hear the cry of her babe, and supply in need and protect in danger, how much more must the great God over all be free to hear and bless the children of his love, the adopted heirs of the purchased inheritance!

You may puzzle me with your reasonings," said a plain man to a learned objector, "but I can baffle you with my facts." Indeed, that God answers prayer, in temporal and spiritual things alike, is to countless thousands, from long and varied experience, the very surest of all sure things.

"The law of gravitation," says Mr. Spurgeon, "I might doubt, but the law that God hears my prayers I cannot doubt. I can say honestly that hundreds of times about all sorts of things, I have taken my case to God, and have obtained the desires of my heart, or something far better, and that not by mere coincidence, as objectors assert, but in a manner palpably in reply to my pleadings."

But in the answering of prayer, it is often with the Lord as it is with ourselves. When a skilful harper comes to our door, giving sweet voice to his harp, and waking to the full its richest harmonies, if we have no ear to appreciate, we at once give him the mite he requests and send him away; but if we are pleased, we let him play on, and bid him play more, just because his strains delight us, and then in the end we double our gift. So is it with the Lord.

If he delays answering the prayers of his children, it is because *he takes such pleasure in hearing them*, for "the prayer of the upright is his delight," and because, too, delays test sincerity, exercise patience, invigorate faith, and deepen the gratitude felt when the blessing prayed for finally comes.

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THE SINNER MUST DIE, OR THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

In no part of the word do we find a clearer revelation of the great truth, that Christ for us is as all-essential as Christ in us, than in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

It was this chapter that the eunuch of Ethiopia was reading when Philip met him on the desert way, and in which these precious words occur: "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." Yet though he read them carefully and anxiously, he could not understand them. "How can I," he said, "except some man should guide me?" Then Philip preached to him Jesus, the divine Saviour and loving Substitute, suffering, the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God; and did so with such enlightening and saving power, that the eunuch did not merely heartily believe, but went on his way rejoicing.

Happily, what in the beginning was so dark to the eunuch has since been clearly revealed to many a babe. A poor African put the matter with touching simplicity, yet blessed truthfulness, when he said, "He die; me no die."

This fact embodies the very essence of the gospel; and no gospel that leaves it out can ever meet the anxieties or satisfy the longings of perishing men. Those words alone which reveal the substitutionary work of Christ can calm the troubled soul when guilt presses, and fears arise that there can be no escape from the threatened doom: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." They show what nothing else can, that forgiveness is not inconsistent with truth or righteousness, and that the pardon which in mercy God bestows upon the sinner is bestowed in justice to the well-beloved Son who accepted and discharged the sinner's obligation.

This is an infinitely precious truth, and the hearts of thousands in every age have been sustained and gladdened by it. A good old Christian woman in humble life, so fully realized this, that when a revered servant of God asked her, as she lay on her dying pillow, the ground of her hope for eternity, she replied, with great composure, "I rely on the justice of God;" adding, however, when the reply excited surprise, "justice, not to me, but to my Substitute, in whom I trust." In this way mercy and justice alike befriend the sinner who believes. "If you wish to know," says Mr. Moody, "the secret of our success, it lies in this, that we have stood fair and square on the Bible doctrine of substitution. Ah! that is what is needed by a dying world."

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The remark was recently heard that "the Gospel should be run on business principles." How would it do to reverse it and say that business should be transacted on Gospel principles?

RARE GEMS.—The rarest and most precious of Nature's productions have been chosen by the world for the adornment of women. Many of our fair friends, whose beauty would be enhanced by such adornment, are probably not aware that all kinds of jewellery set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc., can be had at Woltz Bros. & Co's—the leading diamond and jewellery house, Toronto. Everything will be found as represented. 29 King St. E.

Children's

HOW TO LEARN.

An easy lesson is
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