[October 1, 1903.]

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Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1903

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LESSONS FOR 'UNDAYS AND HOLY DAYS.

17 Sun. aft. Trin.

Morning—Jer. 5 Eph. 4, 25—5, 22

Evening—Jer. 22 or 35 Luke 6, 20

Appropriate Hymns for Seventeenth and Eighteenth Sundays after Trinity, compiled by Dr. Albert Ham, F.R.C.O., organist and director of the choir of St. James Cathedral, Toronto. The numbers are taken from Hymns Ancient and Modern, many of which may be found in other hymnals:

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 208, 213, 260, 321. Processional: 2, 36, 161, 242 Offertory: 165, 217, 275, 306. Children's Hymns: 330, 332, 571, 573. General Hymns: 6, 12, 162, 379.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER . TRINITY.

Holy Communion: 178, 311, 315, 339. Processional: 179, 215, 382, 478. Offertory: 212, 235, 366, 423. Children's Hymns: 240, 329, 334, 473. General Hymns: 220, 259, 384, 536.

Heather.

AD7ANCE \$1.50.

It is a trite saying that one must go abroad for home news. We find this letter from Ottawa in the Scotsman. Mr. John Henderson, city clerk, Ottawa, writes: "It may interest you to know that the plants of heather which I received through you about two years ago are thriving well. They are all planted out of doors, and came through last winter in fine condition. They are now in full bloom. That they will stand this climate is, I think, undoubted. There is, I find, a very pretty clump of it in one of our public parks here. It has been out summer and winter these two years. It has made a fine growth, and is now a mass of bloom." We have received many good things from Scotland, but also many bad ones. Good settlers and bad settlers, and among the bad settlers there is the Scotch thistle, which an unreasoning patriot introduced, and it has stayed like a poor relation. Heather is not Scotch. Sir Walter Scott writes of the "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood," but wherever there is bad land from one end of the islands to the other, there is heather. The heath is the name in England for these waste lands. If this bush grows here what will it become on our rich soils, even on the Scottish hills it has to be burnt down every four or five years. We have the "heather on fire" from Ottawa sufficiently already. The plant ought to be tested by the Government in the experimental farms before being turned loose like thistles or sparrows to destroy we know not what. It can do no good, it may do incalculable harm, as Mr. Henderson truly says in his letter, that if grown here it will not be valued as much as if from the hills of the Old Land.

A Unique Incident in Peking.

On the 21st of May there took place, in the chapel at the British Legation, a unique and most pleasant aftermath of the horrible days of siege, now nearly three years ago. During these dreadful times the great majority of the American missionaries slept, ate, lived within the sacred walls of this little chapel. As a lasting memorial of their gratitude for its shelter and their thankfulness for the preservation of life made possible by a refuge within the British Legation, the missionaries, together with the other Americans who shared the hospitality of the legation, presented to the chapel a very handsome brass lectern, or reading-desk. This was in the form of a huge eagle, on whose spreading wings rests the book support. The peaceful quiet of that Ascension Day which marked the lectern's dedication was in violent contrast to those days of whizzing bullets, booming shells, and roaring fires. United States Minister Conger, in words which brought tears to the eyes of many a listener, formally presented the lectern in the name of the besieged Americans. He recalled those days in the summer of 1900, when, as he said, "if it had been possible to press the button of a universal kodak, it would have disclosed the eyes of all the world centred on Peking," and, "if it had been possible to know the thoughts of all the world, it would have been seen that they all converged on that very spot," and spoke in unbounded compliment of the gracious opening of doors and hearts accorded to us all in that legation. The Rev. John Wherry, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Mission, and the Rev. W. S. Ament, D.D., of the American Board Mission, participated in these most interesting and unusual services .-Katharine Mullikin Lowry, in Western Christian Advocate.

Physical Deterioration.

A great deal of good will probably result in Great Britain from the Bishop of Ripon's enquiry as to the physical deterioration of the race. The authorities seem to be agreed that one prime cause is the desertion of the country and flocking into city slums, where the children of the poorer classes do not get sufficient food of a plain but nourishing character. And a great deal of this weakness is caused by the change which has taken place in the food consumed, and from so-called coarse to fine living. Tea and fine white bread made chiefly from American floar now form the staple of the labouring classes. Remonstrance is practically useless, as the poor imitate the habits of the rich, and the Bishop of Ripon and his supporters will find their efforts fruitless unless they begin with the upper classes. When the wealthy discard the fine for the coarser and more nourishing quality of food in use fifty years ago, and their own children show the result of the change, we can & then hope for a more hardy race from which to recruit the army.

Impiety.

We have been so shocked at noticing an intended operatic performance in New York that we now beg our friends and the clergy of that city to do what they can to prevent the outrage, and if it takes place to induce their people to stay away. We speak of the performance of Wagner's opera of Parsifal. This is the latest production of the great composer, but the subject is a terrible sacrilege, it is the Lord's Supper and Christ himself. It is within all our memories that the Passion Play was imported and represented on the stage, and even people who professed indifference were disgusted. How much worse would this representation be. It seems as if now nothing was sacred, and that the dollar really was in earthly things, almighty. Against the wishes and protests of Wagner's family, it seems to be able to bring this drama from Bayreuth to New York. The Wagner heirs rightly call it an act of gross impiety.

The Jewish Sabbath.

The following language, used by Rabbi Emil Hirsch, of Chicago, in a recent sermon, indicates the extent to which some Jewish leaders have departed from the fundamental Jewish belief: "The Sabbath of the Jews is dead. Let us bury it. God never ordained the Sabbath Day. It is an institution of man. Only millionaires and pedlars can observe the Jewish Sabbath in these days of activity. Sunday to all intents and purposes already has become our day of rest. The inspiration of the Sabbath can be restored only by participating in the flood of life about us, and recognizing as our day of rest the day set apart by the nations in which we live."

Thanksgiving.

The season of thanksgiving is at hand, and our people have much cause for thankfulness. We know all about the drawbacks of our own neighbourhoods or the weak points of our climate; but in order to realize how much we have to be thankful for we have only to look abroad. From Australia we have stories of tempest and flood. In semi-tropical North Queensland the destruction has been great. The Bishop of Carpentaria giving an account of the ruin which has overtaken the Cathedral of St. James', at Townsville, speaks of the utter desolation caused by a cyclone in March. The altar was gone and the altarpiece; the picture of the calm, triumphant Christ, holding the roll of the Gospel in lifting His hand in blessing, was covered with galvanized iron in an attempt to preserve it from the weather. The pulpit, erected in loving memory of the episcopate of the pioneer Bishop of the North, and associated with the teaching of those other Bishops who, within the short space of ten years had gone forth from North Queensland to become leaders of the Australian Church, was thrust into a corner where a partial shelter of roof remained. The organ cowered under wrappings which tried in vain to protect its delicate life from the drifting rain; the floor was one big pool of water, in some cases inches deep, and under which green slimy moss was already covering the stones. One of the doors had been hurled violently from its hinges. The choir and nave were utterly open to the sky. The horror of desolation cannot be described in words. It seemed as though God had been rejected, His altars overthrown, as though the fury of war had passed over and left only death, as though a huge flood had passed and left only destruction. All the hopes, the associations, the sacred memories of the place, seemed to be in abeyance. Here had knelt the blessed dead, there the comrades still fighting the good fight, but the com-