

Church Observer.

A JOURNAL ADVOCATING THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

"ONE FAITH—ONE LORD—ONE BAPTISM."

VOL. II.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, 5th MAY, 1869.

\$2 per An.—Single copies, 5 cents.

AGENTS FOR THE CHURCH OBSERVER.

Mr. Geo. Wilson.....Amherstburgh
Rev. F. Harding.....Aylmer, Ont.
Mr. W. D. Ardagh.....Barrie, County Simcoe
Mr. Alex. Gavilliers.....Bond Head, Simcoe
Mr. Schneider.....Carleton Place
Rev. W. B. Evans.....County Gray
Mr. A. Hewson.....Cobourg
Mr. A. M. Ballantine.....Hamilton
Mr. Reay.....Hudson
Mr. Stacey.....Kingston
Mr. J. C. Overell.....Belleville
Mr. John Golden.....Kingsville
Mr. E. A. Taylor.....London
Mr. John W. Menke.....Nanticoke
Mr. George May.....Ottawa
Mr. J. M. C. Delesderniers.....Pendleton
Mr. Isaac Robinson.....Peterborough
Mr. Highfield.....Quebec
Mr. Thomas Owens.....Stonefield
Mr. Henry Davis.....Stratford
Mr. H. T. Lonsdale.....St. Andrews, Q.
Mr. Wm. Drumm.....St. Johns, C. E.
Mr. M. Caldwell.....St. Thomas, Ont.
Mr. Rawlinson (Messrs. Chevit & Co.) Toronto

OUR PLATFORM.

The heading of this article is peculiar and American, but not perhaps the less expressive for both characteristics. "Our platform" simply means a statement of our principles made before the public for the benefit of our friends and those who may yet see fit to act with us, and last, though not least, for those who, either through ignorance or ill-will, misrepresent our views and sentiments on all matters relating to religion. We get upon our platform at the commencement of a new year, with our paper doubled in size, and we are happy to say, with a large and quickly increasing list of annual subscribers at our back; and we would now, once for all, state as clearly as we can the position which the *Church Observer* wishes to hold amongst the religious papers of the day.

1st. We claim to be a sound "church" paper. We desire to send into the families which support us, a paper that will not only instruct and amuse, but that will aid materially in extending and propagating unmistakable "church" principles. We claim to belong to a branch of God's divinely-instituted church. We claim for our three-fold order of ministry divine appointment; and we claim, as the right of our children distinctive teaching on these important matters. We have not the slightest intention of casting stones at those who differ with us on these subjects, while claiming the same privileges for themselves; but we do claim the right of making the clearest distinction between those doctrines of Grace, which to a great extent are our common property, and those principles of organization and government on which it is plain we cannot possibly agree. As far as the latter are concerned, we desire our children should be instructed from a Church of England stand-point, and that in tones so clear, conservative and decisive, as to aid in enabling them hereafter to fill (with honor to the church) our places when we are dead and gone.

2nd. We claim to be a sound PROTESTANT paper. We use the word in its plainest sense. Protestant as opposed to Popery and its somewhat deformed child "Ritualism." We desire to extend those views for which our fathers died, and with which we earnestly believe the "truth as it is in Jesus" is so intimately connected that to allow them to be clouded is to darken that narrow road which leadeth unto life eternal. We do not wish to be personal or needlessly offensive,—neither do we wish to seek out controversy for mere controversy's sake; but we are determined to be plain and outspoken against those who, calling themselves Anglican clergymen, who eat of the church's bread and drink of the church's cup, yet strive to turn our Anglican churches into Popish mass meetings,—our Protestant laity into enemies of that church in which they were baptized. We make no apology for writing thus plainly, when in our city aricular confession and priestly absolution are boldly preached, and we suppose put in practice. When it comes to that, silence would be a sin, and we will not be silent.

3rd. We claim to be an Evangelical paper. We need not define the term further than by saying that we will maintain and propagate those doctrines which present Christ's personal atonement, once offered as the only source of a sinner's salvation, and faith in that atonement as the means whereby the sinner must be saved. We take our stand on the articles of our church, and foremost among them the XI., XII., XVII., XIX., and XXXI.

Such in a few words is "our platform," and we ask all who can honestly endorse these views to aid and assist our effort, either by special donations towards our enterprise, or by subscriptions, or both. We ask our evangelical church clergy in our various dioceses not only to seek to extend the paper in their parishes, but also to aid us with literary contributions, or such items of church news as would prove generally acceptable to church people; and so we descend from our platform with hearty wish that our paper may be successful, and a credit and aid to the church with which it is connected.

ALL WORK FOR GOD.

"And we know that all things come of God, and without Him nothing was made."—1 John 5:5.

All things, dear Lord!—without thee? No dark, too tangled web of design? No drop of rain too heavy for thy hand? Set in the cloud in order to shine?

I know that all Thy fulfils are bright; That darkest threads glow in Thy hand; That bending lines grow straight in the tangled right— The bitter drops all sweeten by Thy command.

Command the sweetest threads the crooked straight; And turn these dusky threads to gold; Swifter, dear Lord! I cannot wait; Faith hath grown weary, waiting to behold.

I know the promise; but I have the sight; I yearn to see the beautiful design; To hail the rose-tint of the coming light; To watch the straightening of the bended line.

Why these enigmas? Why these no receive? Their bright solution? Thy voice drew near: "Blessed are they who see, yet believe!" And One I knew approached, and wiped my tear.

With wounded hand, and bleeding, Ah! then I fell Down on my knees, and hid my face from Thee; My Lord! my God! All mine was well! With Thee, the dark is bright, the bitter sweet.

The Family Circle.

SPEECH OF THE CONTRIBUTOR.

An agent had addressed the congregation, a contribution had been taken, and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction, when all were startled by a voice from the Contribution Box, which the deacon had just placed on the table:

"Wait a moment, my friends, and give me a chance to speak. I have long had something on my mind, and must unburden myself. The truth is, I am much abused. Sometimes for weeks together I am allowed to report in all your Sunday services, though prayers and alms should come up together for a 'memorial before God.' But I am tucked away out of sight, where I get only dust and cobwebs.

"Worse, still, are my grievances when I am allowed to come around from pew to pew in aid of your devotions. I always come with a heart full of good will, ready to confer on you all the great blessings of giving. Yet, oh, what treatment! I don't mean now the tricks of fun-loving boys who give me old buttons for pennies. I can put up with their mischief, especially as I never get so full but that I can carry a few buttons extra.

"But I do mean you, for one, Mr. Blind. Why do you never see me when I come? Your face is turned toward the orchestra, or you are hunting for something in the hymn book, or your head is down, as though you had, just then, an extra touch of devotion. If it had been by accident, you would have sought me after service. But you hurried off right after the benediction. How much of the benediction did you carry home? You're rightly named Blind, for none are so blind as those who won't see." (Mr. Blind here put his head down out of sight.)

"Closest, you put in this torn bill. You knew it would be at a discount at the bank. Don't tell me it was accidental. You have done the same thing before, and it isn't for want of a whole one either. You had better go home and read what Rev. Dr. Malachi says in one of his discourses, about the man who brought that which was 'torn' as an offering to the Lord.

"Have you lost your pocket book, Bro. Prudence? (Prudence claps his hand suddenly on his pocket.) Don't be alarmed. You left it at home and brought only a little wallet, for fear, as you said, that your feelings would get the better of your judgment. You needn't be so prudent. Your benevolent feelings are the last thing to get beyond your control.

"Drop that veil over your face, Mrs. Display. You'll need it to hide your blushes while I tell the congregation that you have not given me so much this year as you have paid out for those ear-rings and that point-lace handkerchief, and here, to-day, you have been thinking about buying a \$500 diamond ring. And you profess to love the Saviour, and the heathen who are perishing for want of His gospel!

"What now shall be said to you, the richest man in the whole society, a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday-School, a regular attendant at the prayer-meeting? I see I don't need to name you. (Dr. Penurious is hitching nervously in his pew in the broad aisle.) You speak

and pray well. You have much to say of sound doctrine and liberality and consecration to Christ. But, whenever you are asked to give, you always say, 'I have too many calls, too many calls.' Yes, but they get no answers. If you answered any of them liberally, I could excuse you. To-day you have given me the one dollar, when fifty dollars would have been nearer your share. You have a call to study that book which says, 'covetousness is idolatry.' And soon you'll have another 'call' which you must answer, to leave those money-bags and go and settle accounts with him who owns them all.

"Now I have something for you all to hear. When at the end of last year, you footed up the contributions of the church, and said it was quite a fine sum, I schooled to tell you that your pastor and a ministerial secretary in the church, from their slender incomes, had given full one-third of the whole. It would have been still more but for Bro. Wholesaled and Bro. Generous, who are always liberal. And Mrs. Humble, too, dear good woman, let me not forget her; the five dollar bill she put in was fragrant with prayer and self-denial, and shed a sweet perfume through the whole. She hath done what she could. There was a quarter, too, that had dropped most lovingly from the little fingers that had made themselves weary in earning it. Ah! dear Mary, we shall want you for a missionary by and by.

"My good friends, the agents, (turning towards the pulpit) often mortify me. They are dry—don't give fresh facts—don't feel the facts they do give, or affect to feel them so much they whine and disgust folks. Or they don't know when to stop; talking an hour when forty minutes would open purses wider. I've seen many an X at forty minutes changed for a Y at fifty, and an I at sixty.

"The dear pastor is sometimes too timid, and instead of seconding the agent's appeal with all his eloquence will say that he hopes the people, though they have given to so many objects, have a little left for this good cause, when the truth is, few have denied themselves a pin for their contributions.

"I have one secret more to tell. I am something more than I seem to be. I think me only a wooden box—a convenience for gathering up your donations. Know, then, that a messenger from your Saviour is here. Yes, I represent His pierced hand outstretched towards you, and your returns to me are registered as an index of your love for Him. As I pass from pew to pew, I gather something more than money. These tales of your secret history, and a thousand others, are all put on record, and will be read in that day before the great congregation.

The voice ceased, and the good pastor, in tones trembling with emotion, said, "Let us all pray for pardon before the benediction."

DON'T TALK TO ME NOW

The western sun was disappearing behind the hills when a physician was seen coming from a house where a young man was lying dangerously ill. Had any one watched the doctor's countenance, he would have seen unusual sadness depicted there. It had just been his duty as a physician and friend, to inform the family that his patient's recovery was impossible. Life was rapidly closing.

The young man seemed partially conscious, and his relatives, in anguish of mind had begged the doctor to tell the sick man his condition, and if possible point him to the Lamb of God, for, like so many other persons he had deferred all preparation for death hoping to find a more convenient season. He had led rather a reckless life, setting at defiance the religious instructions of his parents, and of this same physician, who had once been his Sabbath school teacher. When told that he had only a little while to live, he seemed at first agitated, but soon became quiet. All efforts of friends to gain any satisfactory answers to questions proposed, were unavailing. He would say, "Don't talk to me now; I can't bear it."

His powers of mind and body were too much weakened by disease, to grapple with the stern realities staring him in the face. What a lesson to those who flatter themselves that on a sick or dying bed they can prepare for eternity!

You may not be brought to lie upon a sick bed.

Death comes to some as suddenly as the lightning's flash.

What are you doing? Have you consecrated yourself to God, and are you trying to live for the advancement of His cause and kingdom? If not, stop and think! You have no promise of to-morrow. Delay not, but while in life and health prepare to meet your god.

THE BODY AND SOUL.

"Brother," said the Soul to the Body, "we must shortly part; and now let us reckon together."

"Let us reckon, sister," said the Body. "You have been active in labor, toiling early and late, and have gathered much gold; will you keep it with you, or shall I take it with me?" said the Soul.

"Alas!" said the Body, "how can I take it among the darkness and dust, and corruption of the grave? What will it profit me there?"

"Nay," said the Soul, "but how can I carry it where earth and earthly things are not suffered to enter? I am able, all, but yellow earth."

"True. Then shortly it will be neither mine nor thine," said the Body sorrowfully.

"Our reckoning is not over," said the Soul. "How are we to meet again—for we must meet again—will it be in sorrow or joy? You have never allowed me to look heavenward, but have taken away my freedom, and used all my powers to minister to your selfish pleasure."

"Alas!" cried the Body, "you tempted me and now you cry out against me!" "What if we meet as fellow tormentors," said the Soul, "united together in eternal misery? I am defiled as you are. You have cared neither for my cleansing nor for your own. I am without right to heaven as you are. So, then, the lot of self will be our mocking acquaintance, and I shall forever reproach you with having destroyed me."

The Body answered, "I had a right to do as you for a governing purpose, which should have resulted in our mutual salvation. I now realize with deep grief, that each have been to the other an accursed tree, and I blame for our common destruction. Alas! and there is no hope!"

"Brother," the Soul replied, "holy words, long since forgotten, come to my remembrance; words spoken by the truly penitent by him who created us—Him whom we have forgotten, Him whom we have disobeyed—I even I am he that biotteth out thy transgressions, for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

"I have sinned," said the Body, "I have sinned and done evil in his sight. We do well to consider our ways; to-day to hearken to His voice. Let us kneel, in sorrow, in penitence, and in love, before Him who gave Himself for us, who for our sins hung on the accursed tree; and though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool."

"Brother," said the Soul, "let us now heartily give ourselves, and all we have and are, with our powers and affections, with the gold and silver, to Him that loved us and gave Himself for us."

"Yes," said the Body, "forgiven, cleansed, and purified, I shall become a temple of the Holy Ghost; and live or die for his praise."

"Brother," said the Soul, "you will die to rise again; but be comforted; He passeth with us through the dark valley. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. Let us together praise Him for our salvation."

WHO TOOK HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE?

"Who took him on the other side?" A pair of soft blue eyes, full of tenderness and tears, looked up into mine. Sorrow lay on the lips that questioned me.

"On the other side! What do you mean, my darling? and I looked, wondering, at the child.

"Baby I mean." The little one's voice trembled. "He was so small and weak, and had to go all alone. Whp took him on the other side?"

"Angels," I answered, as steadily as I could speak, for the child's question moved me deeply. "Loving angels, who took him up tenderly and laid his head softly on their bosoms and sang to him sweeter songs than he had ever heard in this world."

"But every one will be strange to him. I'm afraid he'll be grieved for mother, and nurse, and me."

"No dear. The Saviour, who was once a baby in this world, is there; and the angels who are nearest to him take and love and care for them, just as if they were their own. When baby passed through to the other side, one of these angels held him by the hand all the way, and he was not in the least afraid; and when the light of Heaven broke upon his eyes, and he saw the new beauty of the new world into which he had entered, his little heart was full of gladness."

"You are sure of that?" The grief had almost faded out of the child's countenance.

"Yes, dear, very sure. The Lord who so tenderly loves little children—who took them in His arms and blessed them when He was on earth—who said that their

angels 'do always behold the face of my Father,' is more careful of the babes who go to Him than the tenderest mother could possibly be."

"I am so glad," said the child. "And it makes me feel so much better. Dear baby! I didn't know who would take him on the other side."

GIVING TOO MUCH.

I once heard a story something like this. X— applies to Y— for some money for a certain object.

Y. "O, I never give to anything so far off. I think charity begins at home. We have our own poor at home."

"Well," said X—; "I will give ten dollars to the poor at home; for every five you will give?"

Y. "O, I don't mean that; but there are our Sunday schools, they are always wanting money for them."

X. "Ah, then, I will give ten dollars for every five you will give to our Sunday schools."

Y. "O, I didn't mean that; the Home missionaries are miserably supported. You ought not to give to those abroad when our own men need it so much."

X. "Well, then, I will give ten dollars for every five you will give to Home missions."

O, I don't mean that either," said Y—. "And, indeed, he did not mean anything, but to excuse himself from giving money, and to escape calls upon his charity. This is the point of the story; he did not mean that either." He did not mean to give away anything, if he could help it.

Now the fact usually is, that those who are most liberal abroad, are also the most liberal at home. Men's hearts enlarge; and then they must bestow their money intelligently, and therefore, make themselves acquainted with the wants of all. And that must be a heart of stone, which, with respect to contentment, can shut itself up against all the urgent appeals from those who are in darkness, or from those who want light.

How can men shut up their hearts? Simply by shutting their eyes and ears.

If you are abroad in the world, men may be in danger and calling for help; but if you neither see or hear them, you do not move to their rescue. Or, if you hear a faint cry, and "do not mean that either," you will not suffer your heart to be moved.

But we defy any one to read, to make himself acquainted with the various claims and the wonderful encouragements to faithful work, without being moved to give his money to the very extent of his ability.

"His money," said we? Nay, are we not all the Lord's stewards, merely bestowing of that which we have received of Him? When shall we fully understand the principles of this stewardship?

And when shall we believe God?

Obituary.

THE REV. HENRY ADDINGTON SIMCOE.

—Many of the inhabitants of the Province of Ontario are occasionally reminded of a former Governor of the country, General Simcoe, whose name still designates one of their lakes, and one of their counties; but few are aware of his having a son who was an exemplary parish priest and zealous promoter of every good work. The Rev. H. A. Simcoe was born about the beginning of this century, in Devonshire, devoted himself early to the service of God, and laboured, from his admission to orders, first as Curate, afterwards as Incumbent of the small parishes of Egloskerry and Tremaine in Cornwall. The principal part of the former parish became his property; but the possession of the land did not render him unconcerned about the souls of those by whom it was inhabited. We learn from the London *Christian Observer*, that he was a shepherd after God's own heart, faithfully feeding the flock committed to his care from the river of life and the healthy pastures of God's inspired word. That was ever the rule of his private teaching and public ministrations; and few things were more delightful than to hear from his rich and powerful voice the vital doctrines of the Gospel of Christ plainly, simply, and solemnly delivered, either from the pulpit regularly, or from the platform, when called on to advocate the cause of the Bible Society, or the Church Missionary, or the other evangelical societies of our Church. He adopted at an early age, and entirely carried out through life, the determination, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." (Josh. xxiv. 15) Not only as a true and faithful minister of the Church of England, ever living and preaching the scriptural doctrines of her Articles, Homilies, and Liturgy, and publishing by thousands—often writing them himself—books and tracts of a religious and devotional character, educating his children in the same ways of God's truth; but as a landlord, also, to the utmost of his ability, he made himself in all respects the watchful, fatherly head, guardian, and teacher of all the large families of his tenantry, throwing open his daily services of morning and evening family prayer to all within reach of them, so that sometimes as many as forty or fifty persons