

Morning and evening services were specially adapted to the joyful occasion; and at both there were large congregations, Rev. James Smith Rector of the parish preached at the morning service, and Rev. J. Kennedy in the evening.

On Monday evening the Harvest festival in the basement of the church was crowned with success. A bountiful supper was given by the ladies and after supper a sacred concert; singing, and addresses were heartily enjoyed by all.

**GERMAN SERVICES AND CONFIRMATION.**—In the Sister Church in the United States the home mission embraces labours among the people of many nationalities, and not least the Germans, who for large congregations in all the important towns in connection with the Anglican Church. In our Dominion, being more a homogeneous people, we have but few German Anglican Churches, but we have a few. On Sunday, the 23rd inst., the Bishop of Huron visited the colony of German Protestants in the township of Aldborough, under the pastoral care of the Rev. S. Eddstein. The services, with one exception, were entirely conducted in the German language. The Rev. S. Eddstein having read morning prayer, the Rev. W. B. Rally delivered the sermon from Heb. 10, 23. The Bishop administered confirmation to eight persons, whom he addressed in the German language. He also added an English address, many persons being present from the adjoining parishes of Morpeth and Tyrconnel who were unacquainted with the German language. The Bishop then administered the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. W. B. Rally and the Rev. S. Eddstein. The Rev. J. Downie, of Morpeth, and the Rev. A. E. Miller of Tyrconnel, were present. The missionary, the Rev. S. Eddstein, is a convert from the Jewish faith, a native of Poland, and a graduate of several German Universities. He has also commenced holding a service in the English language in the village of Rodney, which is well attended.

#### OBITUARY.

Thomas Hunt, Esq., the subject of this obituary, was born at Limerick in or about the year 1789. He was carefully trained in the faith of his forefathers, which was that of the Established Church of England.

About 50 years ago, and when the subject of our memoir was thirty-eight years of age, he came out on what he regarded as a visit to Prince Edward Island, but afterwards decided on making it his home. For about fifteen years he resided at Malpeque, and during a large portion of this time sustained the office of High Sheriff for the County. At the expiration of this period the Court House and Jail were erected at St. Eleanor's, and Mr. Hunt removed from Malpeque and established his residence at this place, where, for the past thirty-five years, he was known and highly esteemed as a gentleman of high honour and urbanity in all his civil and social relations, and as a most sincere and earnest attendant upon, and supporter of, the services of the parish Church. He was, in a singular degree, blest with a vigorous and sound constitution, which carried him to an advanced age without even the occurrence of those occasional indispositions which the vast majority experience. In fact, up to within a comparatively short period before his death, his testimony was that he had never been sick. About a year ago he met with a trifling accident which caused a slight abrasion of the skin on one of his legs, and which, while not attracting any attention at the time, never healed, and was a source of much annoyance and disquiet up to the last. A few weeks before his death he seemed to experience much difficulty in respiration, and his physician pronounced him to be suffering from "water on the chest." The oaken constitution now gradually yielded to the inroads of a disease against which there was no youthful vitality to oppose, and it was evident to all that the end could not be far off. Just a week before his death he received, in his bed-chamber, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and it was at once affecting and edifying to witness his unavailing efforts to get upon his knees, the enfeebled body being quite incapable of responding to the devout intention of the soul.

From this time forward the change was daily visible. The grasp upon life relaxed hourly, and while the mind appeared self-possessed to the last, physical prostration rendered expressed impossible, until at length, on Friday afternoon, the 7th instant, at about 4 o'clock, surrounded by loving watchers, the venerable and silver crowned brow, which had felt the blast of 88 winters, yielded to the caressing wand of sleep,—and the shores of paradise were reached.

And, I would refer to that which made a very deep impression on my mind during my daily ministrations in the chamber of this good man. I never before had an opportunity of appreciating, as I then did, the beautiful adaptation of the most familiar offices in the Prayer Book to the hours of weakness and pain. No matter when I knelt by his bedside,—no matter how unconscious he might appear to be,—the utterances of faith and prayer with which he had become familiarized by a life-long use, never failed to arrest his attention and evoke the *correct* response; and even when the power of utterance had left him, the motion of the lips told plainly that through the mists of oblivion to other objects and to other words, the prayers of his youth, manhood and age afforded a note which the spirit now trembling on the verge of death was able to catch and to follow, when thought had lost the power to concentrate itself for a moment upon aught else. Selections from the "Visitation office,—the Confession as contained in the Order for the Holy Communion,—and portions of the Litany specially appropriate to circumstances of weakness and affliction, together with the Lord's prayer, were the devotions in which he most heartily and constantly engaged,—never failing to respond with perfect accuracy until the gradual dissolution of the "earthly tabernacle" deprived him of the power of expression,—and this was only for a few hours before he entered into rest.

I feel perfectly convinced that we sometimes make a great mistake in resorting to extemporaneous prayers, or unfamiliar forms in our visitation of the sick. However edifying a little variation may be in those cases, where but slight alteration is manifest in the sufferer from week to week, we must, if we reflect for a moment, all feel that, in extreme weakness and approaching death, the most familiar words of prayer are those which the soul can most readily appropriate to itself in the hour of its extremity. With such aids the disciple's spirit appears to be able to retain its hold upon the devotional expression of the Church Militant, until it reaches the very gate of paradise,—and we who are left behind can realize the truth contained in those beautiful lines we are accustomed to sing,—

The saints on earth and those above  
But one communion make;  
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love  
All of His grace partake.

One family we dwell in Him:  
One Church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Joining most earnestly in the prayer which the Church places in our mouths when we stand over the christian's grave, that it may please Almighty God, of His gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of His elect, and to hasten His Kingdom;—"that we, with all those that are departed in the true faith of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory."

I am, &c.,

THEOPH. S. RICHEY.

St. Eleanor's Rectory,  
Sept. 20th, 1897.

#### British News.

##### ENGLAND.

TRAVELER'S SKETCHES, No. 7.—Dear Sir.—It is not an uncommon experience to go up to an examination well crammed, and then, when the question paper is laid before one, to discover that

one has nothing to answer. That which we knew would not fit what the examiners required. So, to-day, I thought I should have no difficulty in writing my accustomed letter; but, in sitting down to my desk, I find a difficulty in fitting any news into these sheets.

My travels have come to an end, and, until I take the long road across the Atlantic Ocean, I hope to rest. I mentioned in my last the excitement anent the Colorado Beetle; well, since then, he has certainly arrived but has been, so far, destroyed. It really causes as much excitement as did the Rinderpest in years gone by.

We have had a great deal of rain and cool weather this summer in England. I cannot tell you the reason, but it is a fact, that English rain does not appear to wet, at least, people do not make such a fuss about a shower as they seem to do on your side of the Atlantic. The last two or three days have, however, brought us great heat, and the present weather, though favorable for the harvest now going on all over England, is not so pleasant as the cooler season.

Last Sunday your correspondent preached in a parish in the suburban parts of London up the Thames—in aid of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. As I propose to say something of the services, I withhold the name of the parish. The parish church, a relic of the 16th century architecture, was a model—of its sort. Very square, very dark, very dank, very soporific in its effects upon its pewholders, it reminds one of the age of deadness and dulness which marked the early portion of the present century. The service is essentially dull. I will not hurt anyone's feelings by giving it a distinctive name. The prayer desk faces the people; indeed its arrangement seems equally suited to the nature of the liturgical service therein rendered. The prayers are monopolized by the clergyman, a clerk when present, and I think I heard a few feeble voices in the far western gallery. I was placed in a chair, within the rails, upon the north side of the altar table, and really during the latter prayers I was shocked to observe the echo with which my apparently solo voice rung through the building in the responses. I hope the congregation joins in the service of prayer *inaudibly*, still I could not but express to the curate in charge an opinion, with which he quite agreed, that the spirit of public prayer and the intention of our inimitable Litany, would be more effectually carried out if the people would take their part audibly. The Lectern from which God's word is to be read in the ears of the people being almost behind the prayer desk and pulpit, and far beneath the galleries, I do not think much more than one-half the congregation could see the reader,—though every effort is made to render the preacher conspicuous—and I am sure, unless he be possessed of stentorian lungs, he could not possibly be heard by the whole assembly.

O, when will these dreadful pulpits, ascending by a winding staircase, these immense masses of wood hiding from view the Holy Table of the Lord, these galleries, to which the sound of the preacher's voice alone can penetrate, be done away; and the House of God be always so arranged that the reading of His holy Word, the rendering of due praise to Him, shall be in the ordinary celebration of Divine service made, outwardly, of more importance than the sermon of the individual. The delights of a service of praise, rendered heartily and congregationally by priest and people with one voice and one mind and one accord, are very great, and can not, or at least are not, secured where the service is flat, and the central object of 'churchgoing' made the hearing of a preacher rather than the united worship of a people.

How different this to the throng of voices at the workmen's service at St. Paul's, when, drawn by the invitation "Come in your working clothes," an immense congregation, of which at least four thousand were *bona fide* artisans, united in a service of praise, sung by the congregation and led by a surpliced choir of one thousand voices, of which 50 were clergy of the Church in London.

In the afternoon, I preached at a church, attached as a chapel of ease to this parish, where the service was the very reverse. Bright and cheerful, with surpliced choir, anthem, and choral throughout—here I had not to take a 'solo' part