

"Tribulation worketh patience." Indeed, the main argument for resignation under the mysterious discipline which educates us for heavenly bliss may be summed up in the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews,—“Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? for they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.”

But although the gracious design of Almighty God in the temptations, and other trials to which we are exposed is to work the peaceable fruits of righteousness in those who are exercised thereby, yet we must remember that the effect of all this discipline depends entirely upon the use we make of it. We see some appearances warranting the belief that the discipline to which men are exposed in this world produces the effect intended; but on the contrary, we discover fearful indications that the present state, so far from ultimately proving a school of virtue, proves to the greater number, through their perverseness, an actual school of vice. Circumstances calculated for their moral improvement, and to produce in them dispositions fit for heaven, produce an opposite effect, and strengthen them in sin. In these cases, prosperity instead of exciting gratitude to God, inflames self-confidence; adversity, instead of working resignation to the will of the Highest Being in the universe, produces impatience and irritability. Familiarity with the distresses of others hardens the heart which ought to be softened; and repeated temptations finds a heart more and more disposed to yield to its influence.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon mankind, that with regard to all the dispensations of God's Providence, whether prosperous or adverse, while they are intended to do us good, if they do not answer this purpose, most certainly do us harm—they make us either better or worse.

SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.

FROM time to time we receive information that the agitation which has recently been carried on from pulpit and press, in Toronto and elsewhere, upon this subject, has already been productive of most gratifying practical results. There are those who formerly never seemed to dream it to be their sacred duty to give more than the minimum of possible coins—the “one mite” of the niggardly worldling as contrasted with the two mites of the religious Widow, ‘who’ gave “all she had”—but recently have discovered that even a tenth of their income is *too little* for them to give. As each return comes in, whether of regular income or “lucky investment,” it is made to pay something like a moiety, or one-half, into the Lord's Reserve Fund, so that each deserving charity is met at once and heartily with a liberal donation. Thus these good men are now able to enjoy the pleasure of knowing that in their case the old saying “*his dat qui cito dat*” is exemplified fully. Many a keen hour and day—not to say week, or month—of suffering is now spared the sufferers by those who need not any longer say, “Go away, and come again, and to-morrow I will give thee,” because these good men “have it by them” in the most real sense—a reserve deposit for Religious purposes, sequestered from business and pleasure, and put in some safe place where the hand can easily reach it when required. There are various ways of managing the details of such things, differing under different

circumstances; but whether there is a “Charity box” in the clerk's parlour, or a “Charity envelope” in a special pigeon-hole of a lawyer's office, or a snug little “Charity account” at a merchant's bank, the result is much the same. We do not regret having dwelt upon this subject once and again in our columns: there are many thanksgivings to God on this behalf already, and we trust that they will abound yet more and more. Let there not be a hurried and often ineffective—certainly defective—“gathering” when the call of any charity comes—*provide for these things in time.*

CHURCH RESTORATION.

IN the midst of the busy employments and swift changes of the Canadian Church, it is well sometimes to cast a glance of loving interest towards “the hole of the pit whence we were digged,” old England and its Church. Such glances will often recoil pleasantly with encouraging and instructing thoughts, when we turn to our work again.

Consider, for instance, an account which has just come to hand, of the restoration of one of those quaint old churches which so beautifully dot the English landscape,—that of the church of the secluded little village of “Weddington,” near Nuneaton in Warwickshire. By-the-by, we noted recently that there were complaints of a scarcity of marriages in the same Nuneaton: perhaps the couples wend their way to this same little village with the significant name of Weddington. If so, the favoured spot can now afford a new inducement, a church well fitted for such interesting ceremonies. We read, “The square high-backed pews—where, in years gone by, the school boys probably indulged in ‘odd or even?’, or some other forbidden game, whilst securely hidden from the parson's eyes—are no more. The old-fashioned seats, where an unobserved nap might have been indulged in during sermon time, have been replaced by modern pews. . . . The original church was built in 1291, and dedicated to St. James.” Then follows the category of ‘new roof, mullioned windows, raised chancel, oak sittings for the choir, a Vandyke picture renovated, pulpit modernised, the old Norman font set up again, floor laid with Minton tiles, &c., &c.’ The architect was Mr. A. Blomfield, of London. The principal agents of the restoration were the people at the Castle, the Hall, and the Rector himself, Rev. Bracebridge Hall, whose special part, as rector, was the chancel.

The frequent accounts in English papers of such tasteful and appropriate improvements might well put to shame many a locality in Canada, where any attempt at such things too often becomes the occasion of parochial contention. Not long ago we read of a case which occurred not a hundred miles from our Canadian London, where a Churchwarden obstinately interfered with the improved position of the Reading-desk until the clergyman had to call in the assistance of a policeman to march out the refractory obstructionist. In many a case the slightest alteration for the better is looked upon with suspicion,—even if it be only such a trivial matter as the position of the alms plates when not in use. How can intelligent beings think it their duty to be such sticklers for “things as they are” as to protest against the slightest alteration for the better. There is many a case where all attempts at improvement are paralyzed by this stupid species of conservatism on the brain. No doubt there was a time when in England the same

spirit prevailed, and the appearance of carved corbels of angels' heads at the chancel arch was saluted as an introduction of “graven images,” &c.; but the energetic march of the Church revival has irresistibly swept away such obstructions to progress, even in secluded villages.

It is high time that the same thing could be said of Canada; and it would be well if an archdeacon, or some qualified diocesan officer, would make an occasional visitation of places where the Temple of the Lord is made contemptible by the careless and tasteless way in which its appointments are arranged. There are places in which local magnates would be very much astonished and enlightened by the information which such an instructor, in a lecture or otherwise, could impart.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF CHURCHMEN.

THE REV. W. B. MATURIN.

CURIOSITY is so universal an instinct of our race that we are fully convinced that it has been gnawing at the vitals of many persons since, not many years ago, a certain order of our clergy were described as “monkeys on the mast.” This clerico-zoological animal never having been seen by those who heard this language, and what was then palpable enough to a few, and is now almost publicly notorious, never having been seen by the imaginative author of this description, is now known to sight by a vast mass of persons in Canada, and among these many who cheered wildly the words of him who in this phrase was pandering to the most vulgar, the most ungodly, the meanest human passion—the love of mendacious slander.

The first specimen of this strange being which Dr. Tyng, junr., called “Monkey on the mast,” came to us in the person of the Rev. Knox-Little, whose portrait we have sketched.

The second specimen, as we write, is closing a fortnight's Mission in Toronto, the Rev. B. W. Maturin. The very name of this clergyman was unknown, save to a dozen people in Toronto, a fortnight ago; he came unheralded, the local press has been so full of a boat racer that this great preacher has hardly been named by the papers. The whole of the press notices alluding to him would not occupy as much space as is usually given to a report about the state of Hanlan's stomach day by day; and services which have drawn a total attendance of close upon forty thousand persons have been passed over by the daily press more curtly than they notice a street brawl between abandoned women. But secular education has strange products and phenomena, and among them is the fact that the secular press gives to its news the relative prominence which would have been given in heathen Rome. Mr. Maturin is of spare figure, he looks all ages from early to mature manhood. His voice is a baritone of keenly penetrating power and rich resonance, its whispers in a full church are heard at the furthest point. He draws the bow of a mighty hunter for souls, the force of the arrow's flight being the divine passion of the Cross, the skill of the bowman being the no less divine gift of oratorical genius cultivated and consecrated to the Cross. A soul so vehement that a frame of oak and iron needful to contain it, is held in a thin though most wiry body of flesh and bone. A great master of English said of his friend, “He could take no rest, his rapidity was as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightnings.” When and how Mr. Maturin rests is mysterious, how any frame stands firm under such a strain we know not

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