

ganizing and arranging each member's times for attending service, so that on no day there would fail to be an attendance of at least the "two or three" required to form a congregation, and, it is to be hoped, many more than that minimum number. In city parishes it might in some cases be found convenient for two or three adjacent congregations to combine in order to form a "Daily Prayer Guild," to meet at one of the churches—the clergy taking the services in rotation.

Many years ago, in Quebec, daily service was held in All Saints' Chapel, all the city clergy taking the service, each in his turn. It appears to me that some such practical means as these must be adopted in order to obtain regular satisfactory attendance at daily prayer, and the accomplishment of the concluding wish expressed in your article of last week on this subject.

S. G. Wood.

Toronto, Feb. 9th, 1888.

THE BISHOP FAUQUIER MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

SIR,—I am glad to say that I feel it scarcely necessary to make any further appeal on behalf of the above object. Out of the \$3,000 required, we have already about \$2,250 secured, and I think I can see my way to two or three hundred dollars more. So that the most we want to complete the building is \$500, and I doubt not that that will come in God's good time in the same way as has the rest of the money. My object in writing to you on the subject, and through you to your numerous readers, is rather to give those an opportunity of contributing something who have not already done so, before the account is finally closed. It ought surely to be counted a privilege to do so, and perhaps some who held our late dear Bishop in honour and esteem may now find it in their hearts to make some special gift towards the beautiful little chapel which is being erected to his memory. Among other things not yet donated, are—a font, a Communion set, an organ, chandeliers or lamp-stands, stoves, carpet, etc. Stained glass windows have already been presented by members of the Bishop's family. We have also books for the Communion table, and a set of handsome book marks, and a lectern has been promised; so that these things we do not need. Our Indian boys, besides providing the stone for the building, have denied themselves twice now during the season of Lent, some going without syrup, others without meat, and in this way have contributed very largely towards the erection of the chapel. The sum total of contributions from teachers and pupils at the two Homes amounts to \$213.89. For this I feel very thankful. It is also a cause of the greatest satisfaction to me that none of the money has been raised by concerts, bazaars or amateur theatricals. I resolved from the first that no money raised by such means as these should be applied to our little chapel, and I am thankful to think that not a cent has been contributed, so far as I am aware, in a manner dishonouring to Almighty God or at variance with the teaching of Scripture. Indeed, we have endeavoured to raise the money on the principle of not letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth—the initials only of the donors being published—and I think we have been successful. We hope (D.V.) to open the chapel the end of August.

Yours faithfully,

S. T. WILSON.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP AND THE CHURCH.

SIR,—I cannot sufficiently express my joy and thankfulness in observing the broad and conciliatory platform you have of late adopted in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, so truly in accord with the principles and spirit of the Church of England. I have read from time to time with much pleasure and profit the articles in your last few issues treating of the swiftly growing tendency among Churchmen of all shades of thought to agree to differ and to do their own work in their own way without harassing and hampering each other with "various disputations" about questions which the Church has tenderly and wisely left matters of individual taste. It will indeed be a happy, a thrice happy day when all Churchmen will thoroughly realize this, and relinquish for ever the suicidal endeavors to narrow down the broad and comprehensive limits of the Church to the petty groove of a cramping and dwarfing sectarianism, be it "High" or "Low."

What a happy augury for better days in store for the Church is the late most timely and opportune appointment of Dr. Benson to the primacy. If ever the Church of England required such a primate, it is now. On all sides we see indications of a more tolerant spirit and a growing desire to suspend party strife. Nothing proved this more conclusively than the won-

derful unanimity, comparatively speaking, with which nearly all schools of thought in the Church combined to do honour to the memory of the late Dr. Pusey. Of course, as might be expected, the irreconcilables took a kick at the dead lion, but how many moderate though pronounced Evangelicals gladly did justice to the real worth, the splendid talents and the unswerving honesty of this truly good and great man, thus evidencing the rapid decay of party rancour of late years, and the almost universal yearning among Churchmen to drop their barren controversies and draw closer to each other. At such a juncture all true Churchmen will see in the selection of Dr. Benson the finger of God. Endowed with broad sympathies, masculine catholicity, a thoroughly judicial appreciation of worth even amongst opponents, and untiring and well balanced energy and an enlightened utilitarianism, he is emphatically the right man in the right place. Conservative, yet progressive firm, yet conciliatory; reverent, yet enlightened; strong, yet flexible, he is exactly the man for the times. The time has come, and the man; and we may confidently anticipate that the Church will ere long enter upon the golden era of her history, and will rise to her true position as the home and fold of every type of Christian excellence.

And as regards our beloved Canadian Church, may we not hope better things. May we not anticipate that she will cease to be the battle field of parties, and the arena of party strivings. I think there are few but who would rejoice at the prospect. Are we not weary of our unholy bickerings, our exasperating squabbles, our tea-cup tempests, our pointless straw splittings, our trumpery shibboleths, our venomous jealousies, our slogans and slanders, and all the miserable features of internecine strife. I for one think that thoughtful and enlightened Churchmen are heartily sick of this "much ado about nothing," and will thankfully hail the advent of peace and brotherly love. And as the new Archbishop is not above paying his respects to the Methodists, may we not learn a lesson from them at present in their endeavours for unity and their willingness to sink minor differences for the common good. On all sides we see this desire for unity, which is the one great sign of the times. May we learn this lesson from the sects, who are often wiser in their generation than we are, and thus once and for ever solve the great world problem of the reunion of Christendom; for once let the various parties in the Church agree to differ and to co-operate against the common enemy, and this most heavenly object will be achieved.

Wishing you God speed, and trusting that the DOMINION CHURCHMAN may become more and more the focus and exponent of true Catholicity.

Believe me to remain, very truly yours,

R. F. DIXON.

The Parsonage, Bothwell, Ont.

Family Reading.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

Kneeling fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray;
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His little feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brim full of glee.

"I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
O, mamma! I've had such fun to-day,
I hardly can say my prayers.
I don't feel just like praying;
I want to be out doors playing,
And run, all undressed, down stairs."

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
Oh! everywhere is so fine out there,
I want to put all in my prayer.
(Do you mean I can do it by 'Yes?'—)"

"When I say 'Now I lay me'—word for word—
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would 'Thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mammy,
And papa and Sammy—
O, mamma, you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began,
His mother's no! and sanction sweet
Has led him close to his dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran:

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice,
(I wish I could keep right on.)
I thank you, too, for every day—
Only I'm most too glad to pray.
Dear God, I think I am done."

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute—
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
I wish I could say my prayers!
When I get big I know I can.
O! won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs!"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good night."
And treasured his every word,
For well she knew the artless joy
And love of her precious, innocent boy,
Were a prayer her Lord had heard.

Mary E. Dodge.

IT IS GRACE THAT DOES ALL, NOT NATURE.

Never was any man more marvellously changed than Saul of Tarsus. In thought and desire, in aim and effort, and in every action and habit of his life, he became so entirely a new creature, that in the end the once chief of sinners became, as it were, the chief of saints.

What wrought the change? Was it any mere effort of his own, or the loving energy of any of his fellows? No, verily, but divine grace alone. He himself again and again emphatically said: "Not I but the grace of God which was with me." "By the grace of God I am what I am."

When reading these words, which were so strikingly applicable to his own case, John Newton once remarked: "I am not what I ought to be, I am not what I wish to be, and I am not what I hope to be, but by the grace of God I am not what I once was." So is it more or less with all the redeemed. Conscious of their unworthiness and deeply feeling their manifold shortcomings, it is one of the readiest and most heartfelt of their utterances, "Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

Scripture says, "A threefold cord is not easily broken," and nowhere is this seen in diviner form than in the threefold grace and love of the Holy Trinity as revealed in redemption; and verily a salvation in which Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are concerned, cannot possibly miscarry.

Some years ago, an English seaman, who had escaped from a wreck, appeared in the Coroner's Court with his right arm in splints. That broken arm was to his honour. It was a memorial of his generous eagerness to save. As the vessel was sinking, he had grasped the hand of one of the sufferers and held it firmly, till a falling beam fractured his arm, when he was heard to cry, "My God, I must let go for I have no more strength!" Here was willingness to save, intense willingness, but ability was wanting; but never is it so with our great Redeemer. He has an arm that is full of power, that cannot be broken, and will never let go, for His promise is express: "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

No gospel save that of the grace of God in Jesus Christ can avail for highest ends. After preaching morality in vain to his people for many years, Henry Venn was so discouraged that he was about to give up his ministry in despair. When subsequently, however, led to preach, not mere morality as before, but Christ, he found, to his joy, that his people grew holy, not so much as when told to be holy, as when they were gazing on the wounds of Him who died to redeem them from all iniquity, and to purify to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Children's

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