

Bishop was chief officiant. The Rev. Canon Evans, M. A., Rector of St. Stephen's, preached an appropriate sermon.

On Thursday, the 20th inst., the mortal remains of Mrs. Constantine, wife of the venerable Incumbent of Stanbridge East, were consigned to their last resting-place in the Mortuary Chapel, recently annexed to the Church at that place. The funeral was happily distinguished by two innovations on the usual custom on such occasions, the first being a celebration of the Holy Communion (for which there surely cannot be a more fitting occasion; and the other, the absence of the customary oration, which so sadly mars the symmetry and beauty of our grand Burial Service. In the Eucharistic office the Rev. W. B. Longhurst, Rector of Granby, acted as celebrant, with the Rev. Canon Henderson, Principal of the Montreal Theological College, as Epistoler, and the Rev. T. W. Fyles, Rector of Nelsonville, as Gospeller. The Rev. H. W. Nye, Rector of Bedford, read the lesson; Canon Henderson committed the body, and the Rev. John Ker, Rector of Dunham, intoned the concluding prayers. The services were choral throughout, as is the invariable custom in this Parish. Besides the clergy mentioned above, were present the Revs. J. B. Davidson, Rector of St. Arnaud East, H. Montgomery, of Phillipsburgh, and T. W. G. Watson, of Dunham. We tender to our bereaved brother and his family the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in their great trial.

We desire to explain that the articles under this heading in the CHURCH GUARDIAN of the 13th inst. were not contributed by the present correspondent.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Rural Deanery of East Simcoe.—About fifteen months ago, Christ Church, Vespra, was burnt to the ground by an incendiary; and on the 16th inst., Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, a new brick building (the former was wooden) was opened in the same place for public worship. At eleven o'clock, the Rev. W. Farncomb, B. A., Incumbent, said Matins, and the Rev. W. W. Bates, B. A., said the Ante-Communion, and preached a sermon. At three o'clock, Mr. Bates said Evensong, and a sermon was preached by Canon Morgan, Rector of Barrie. The Church was crowded at each service, many having to go away for want of room in the afternoon. The canticles and hymns were sung well and heartily under the direction of Miss Leadley, upon whose father's farm the building has been erected. Although the Church is not everything that one could desire, yet the basement for heating purposes, the semi-vaulted roof, the stained glass in the chancel, and a very convenient vestry, all indicate a marked improvement in the architecture of country Churches.

On the following Tuesday, (St. Luke the Evangelist's Day), St. John's Church, Atherley, having undergone a thorough restoration, was re-opened for Divine Service. The erection of a suitable tower (the lower story of which forms the vestry, and of a commodious chancel, each surmounted by a plain Latin cross, are the chief improvements effected. After the Rev. H. W. Robinson (who has had charge of the Mission for the last four years, and whose hard work, energy, and prudence, have raised the people from the slough of Puritanism to something like an adequate apprehension of Anglo-Catholic Christianity,) the credit of the restoration of the building is mainly due to Messrs. Strange and Thomas, both young gentlemen lately out from England. Mr. Strange presented handsome stained windows for the chancel, and Mr. Thomas with his own hands made the chancel furniture,—and both in design and workmanship, it is quite equal to what one often sees in much finer buildings than St. John's, Atherley. Mr. Thomas also superintended the whole work of restoration. A handsome carpet for the chancel was given by Miss Adamson, and beautifully embroidered coverings for Paten and Chalice were worked and presented by Miss Nellie Adamson. These indications of improvement must be very satisfactory to the Bishop, as they plainly show that a change is taking place in that deplorable state of things which, in a recent Charge he described as prevailing in East Simcoe.

By the way, it was a matter of extreme regret that his Lordship did not make it convenient to be present, especially as the chancel was ready for consecration, and Mr. Robinson had a class of catechumens prepared for Confirmation. These latter were very much disappointed, especially as they had fully expected to be admitted on that day to the Rite of the Laying On of Hands, and as some of them are about to migrate to the Great North-west, where for many a year they may have no opportunity of being confirmed. At eight a. m. there was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at which Mr. Robinson was celebrant, and Mr. Jupp assistant. At eleven o'clock Messrs. Jupp, Robinson, and Spragge said Matins, and a sermon was preached by Mr. Turton, of Roach's Point celebrity. At the mid-day celebration Mr. Bates was celebrant, and Messrs. Spragge and Turton were Deacon and Sub-deacon. The Collect, Epistle and Gospel were those for the day. "Onward Christian soldiers" was sung as a processional; "Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord" as an introit; "I am not worthy, Holy Lord," after the conse-

cration; and the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung as a recessional. The visiting clergy and a large number of parishioners having been most hospitably entertained at the Parsonage, services were again held at six p. m., when Evensong was said by Messrs. Jupp and Turton, and a sermon was preached by Mr. Bates. The processional hymn was "Hark, the sound of holy voices;" after the third Collect, "We plough the fields and scatter;" before the sermon, "Come, ye thankful people, come;" and "Praise, O praise our God and King" was sung as a recessional.

The weather being very unfavorable many from a distance who had intended to be present were compelled to remain away; but the congregations were quite as good as could reasonably be expected. Mr. Robinson is certainly to be congratulated upon the work he has accomplished; and it must have been very gratifying to him to hear the people express themselves as edified and delighted by the re-opening Services.

In my account of St. John's Church, Tecumseh, you make me say that the seats are of White Ash trimmed with Black Velvet, instead of Walnut.

Family Department.

THE SWEET OLD STORY.

Tell me about the MASTER!

I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in the shadow,
And only the evening is light;
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west,
But my heart is weary, weary,
And longs, like a child's, for rest.

Tell me about the MASTER!

Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of His anguish
Drooped down on Judaea's sod,
For to me life's seventy milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark,
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the MASTER!

Of the wrongs that He freely forgave;
Of His mercy and tender compassion;
Of His love that was mighty to save.
For my heart is weary, weary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of the falsehood, and malice, and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow,

Or pain, or temptation befall,
The infinite MASTER hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all.
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was bruised and broken
Grows patient, and strong, and calm.

—Selected.

A STREET-CAR SCENE.

THE amount of one's usefulness depends more upon the spirit than upon the means. The first movement to a noble charity comes often from the sympathizing poor calling the attention of the thoughtless rich to some immediate suffering.

No one noticed a humble market-woman seated in one of the crowded Philadelphia horse-cars as it made its way on a certain morning towards the centre of the city. She was middle-aged, and very plain of face and plain of dress—but her soul was beautiful, for she was one of the children of God, and very quick to a Christian deed. By her side sat a poor, worn-looking mother trying to hold two little children on her lap. She was evidently in trouble, for her face was very sad, and tears rolled frequently down her cheeks. When the market-woman saw this she kindly took one of her children upon her own lap, and began talking with her and the child, and trying to impart some comfort. The act of sympathy soon won the mother's grateful confidence, and she told her story. Her husband, a working mason, was employed at one of the great summer hotels in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and she had just received news that he had fallen and broke his leg. He could send her no money, and she had determined to go to him from Philadelphia on foot—a journey of more than fifty miles. "Bless you, poor soul," said the tender-hearted market-woman, "you're but a weak little body, and you'd never live to get there so, with the two little ones." Then reflecting a moment (for she had but ten cents in her own pocket), she spoke out to the passengers: "Ladies and gentlemen, will you listen to this woman's story?" and she repeated it exactly as she had heard it. Immediately one of the gentlemen passed a hat up and down the car, and a sum of money was collected sufficient to pay the poor woman's passage to her husband on the railroad, and her expenses in Atlantic City for a month.

The spirit of the humble market-woman, and her genuine kindness, so pleased a wealthy and benevolent lady who happened to be in the car, that she made her acquaintance—and the result was an arrangement by which hundreds of needy ones besides the poor mason's wife received encouragement

and help. Ann B—, the market-woman, became the wealthy lady's agent to distribute her charities among the worthy poor, and for years in the homes of want and sorrow in the great city no name has been more welcome or more warmly blessed than hers. Everywhere the homely alms-bringer carried some treasure of cheerful counsel and words of Christian peace. Her business as a huckster brought her in contact with the roughest characters when she made her night purchases at the wharves, but her pure and simple goodness every one knew and respected. She made her station glorious. "I don't know anything about de big Churches," said a negro stevedore, "but I know Ann B—, an' I believe in her God."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

IN whatever sense the Sunday-school is a child of the Church, nothing is more certain than that multitudes of children do not go from the one to the other. There is supposed to be an excuse for this in the case of young children, but we have known the oldest scholars as readily steer clear of it as the youngest. Indeed, it is a common sight to see almost an entire school pouring out of church or chapel at the time the bell is tolling for the morning or evening service. Unhappily, too, the number of those who are leaving church is often twice or thrice the number of those who are entering it. Perhaps this is the way to make church-goers, but we doubt whether persons will ever attend any service with regularity which they do not attend in childhood. Is not this the inevitable formation of a habit which, in older years, leads away from the Church and makes her services irksome? Aside from this, too, it is a serious question whether all that is gained in the Sunday-school can make up for what is missed in the worship and associations of the house of God. The teaching or preaching is but a part. There is the whole matter of reverence and worship, in which the Sunday school is often generously lacking, and which certainly plays a most essential part in the formation of character. There can be no doubt whatever that this is a question which all parents who have at heart the best interests of their children should carefully look into.

A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

IT is not here asserted that learning is dangerous, but that a little learning is. The truth of this assertion is not self-evident, and I am not inclined to assent to it merely on the authority of the famous poet its author. What is the proof that "a little learning is a dangerous thing?" In proof of the assertion, it is commonly alleged that a little learning has the effect to make a man conceited; and we are told that we know, from common observation, that men of a little learning are very apt to be conceited. So are men of much "learning," and men of no learning at all. Some men are naturally conceited; just as some men are naturally amiable, and others the reverse. That a little learning is the seed of self-conceit is yet to be proved. Might not conceited men with a little learning, be just as conceited without their little learning?

If, however, it be a fact that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" because its legitimate effect is self-conceit, it is a danger against which we should be on our guard. An Apostolic injunction binding on us is, "Be not wise in your own conceit," and many are the passages in Holy Scripture of similar import. One of the sacred proverbs on record for our warning and instruction is, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him." Shall we avoid the danger by seeking refuge in ignorance? "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good." In the conflict with our self-conceit we may well call to our aid reason and reflection. "Verily, every man in his best estate is altogether vanity." We know but little at the most, and we have but little on which we can pride ourselves. That we may be victors in the conflict, we have only to ask, in humility and faith, for "the wisdom that is from above."

GOOD COURAGE.

Courage is a great virtue. We need it everywhere and at all times. Nobody ever did or ever will accomplish much without it. We pity a discouraged or despondent man or woman. Such cases are the hardest and most difficult we have to deal with. This element of character is absolutely essential to all success in the common, everyday business of life. But it belongs eminently to a true Christian. "Be strong and of a good courage" is a Divine injunction. In our spiritual conflicts we should utterly fail without courage, and the strength which courage gives to the soul. "If God be for us who can be against us?" The courage which springs from and rests in God is invincible. With it we are more than conquerors. When the Lord is on our side we will not fear what man can do unto us. It is amazing to see what a few courageous men and women can accomplish in a parish or a neighbourhood. They will make headway against fearful odds. Their example will inspire others, and ere long they will accomplish more than a hundred faint-hearted and irresolute persons. Sydney Smith says: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage." Says another writer: "We fear men so much because we fear God so little."

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR MISSIONS?

"Make Me thereof a little cake first."—1 Kings xvii. 13.
What a blessing all Christians would receive if all took this command as addressed to themselves! and what a burden it would lift from the shoulders of our missionary societies!

"MAKE." Make the meal into a cake and bake it. Take some little trouble about your gift so that it shall be the more easily rendered serviceable for the object needing it.

"ME." God's prophet; therefore, as God's representative, asking for it in God's name. Whatever we give, let us give it to God first, and then to His representatives on earth (Matt. xxv. 40).

"THEREOF." Out of a large fortune? No, the last scanty meal of a poor widow, who had no earthly prospect of replenishing her store. How many of us excuse ourselves from helping in God's work because of the badness of the times! Let us follow this poor widow's example, and, if the store be ever so scant, give God the first-fruits of it, and be sure a similar blessing (if not such a miraculous one) will rest on the remaining portion.

"A LITTLE CAKE." Not a great gift, but what she had, and what God asked of her. Do we all give that?

"FIRST." Surely here is the secret of her gift and her blessing. Faith in God's Word and entire consecration. When we receive our income (daily wages, weekly pay, or quarterly salary), let us give the first-fruits to God as an acknowledgment that all is His, and simply trust that He will make the remainder sufficient for our needs. Are there not many who can testify, after having done this, how it has been expended to meet them, as was the widow's store?—E. H. B., C. M. S. Gleanings.

THE end of marriage is to love in each other that which is eternal, and to have the home guarded from evil, the sunlight, if God pleases, guiding every apartment, and a smile irradiating every face. When Dr. Guthrie became a family man, he determined, busy as he was during daylight, always to give his evenings to his wife and children. These latter turned out well, ornaments to society, and a blessing to the Church. One may settle down in this conviction—if we cannot be happy at home, we shall not be happy at all. We may be excited and amused away from home, but happiness is not ours. No doubt there is sin and so no perfect home; no doubt there must be partings and so chastisement. But it may be with all others as with Bunsen, who declared—"it is sweet to die." He had striven after the best and noblest only; but he said, "The best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

There is a form of Sunday dissipation indulged in by people who feel a sincere regard for religion, and who are, at least, uncomfortable if they do not spend a portion of the day in church. It is so common that it excites no particular notice. "I did not see you yesterday—were you ill?" is the inquiry put by one friend to another. "Not at all. I went to hear Mr. So-and-So. He is wonderfully eloquent," will be the reply. The desire "to hear" men of whom the popular voice speaks favorably, is not in itself reprehensible, but when it is yielded to till it becomes the Sunday habit, till it is quite as like the church members will be absent from his own place, and forming one of the throng of strangers in a rather place, it is no longer innocent. It is a form of Sunday amusement-taking. The wish to be entertained is with many a far stronger motive than the wish to be instructed. Many have forgotten that the pulpit has a higher mission than merely to charm away an hour with beautiful rhetoric, and though their pastor speak to them of the noblest themes in the simplest way, they ask for something more. They want to be delighted, astonished, and electrified by strains of dulcet or of fiery eloquence. Their unfaithfulness is at this very time rendering it almost an impossibility for their own minister, depressed and grieved by a vista of empty pews, to deliver his own message with life and enthusiasm. The decreased feeling of personal responsibility, on the part of the pews, reacts inevitably on the pulpit.

He who knows not Christ, bids you shun all thoughts of death and the grave. He thinks of the tomb only as the place where his expectations shall perish. The language of Christianity is far different. She addresses her children in the accent of the Angel, "Come see where the Lord lay." She bids them view it as the chamber into which they must enter to hear the voice of the Son of God calling them forth to life, to immortal life in heaven.

SHAKE hands with somebody as you go out of church. The more of it the better, if it is expressive of real interest and feeling. There may be a great deal of the spirit of the gospel put into a hearty shake of the hand. Think of St. Paul's four times repeated request, "Greet one another," after the custom then in common use, and one which is expressive of even warmer feeling than our common one of hand-shaking. Why not give your neighbors the benefit of the warm Christian feeling that fills you to your finger tips, and receive the like from them in return? You will both be benefited by it; and the stranger will go away feeling that the church is not, after all, so cold as he had thought it to be.