

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

Anybody can keep—or anything—a miser, or a monkey, or a mouse; but to give is godlike. * * * "It is more blessed to give, than to receive." You felt it when you sent the ton of coal to that poor widow, when the deep snow fell last winter. You felt it when you watched the night, with that poor consumptive sufferer. Sir Philip Sidney felt it when at Zutphen, when he declined the cup of water from the dying soldier, (though he himself was dying), with these memorable words, "His necessity is greater than mine."

The man who seeks his own, and has not learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive, if he could reach Heaven, he could not stay there. He could have no sympathy; he could find no company. Dorcas is there, but she was full of good works and alms-deeds, which she did. Cornelius is there, but his prayers and alms had "come up, for a memorial, before God." Barnabas is there, but he was called, because he was "the Son of Consolation." The Twelve are there, but they left all to follow Christ. It is the home of Saints, but they had taken up the Cross. It is full of Angels, but they were servants to the Saints. And Jesus Christ is there, and fills it with His glory, but the wounds are in His hands and in His feet; and the thorn-prints are still upon His brow, and in His side the piercing of the spear. In all that blessed company the man that lived unto himself could meet with no companionship. And, in sheer self-defence, would ask to be excused from the intolerable solitude of Heaven.—Bishop G. W. Doane.

HOW TO WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. T. BEDFORD-JONES, L.L.D., ARCHDEACON OF KINGSTON.

How does our Church of England direct us to worship? It is plain that a great many of us never read the directions. Perhaps because they are printed in small type. Perhaps because the book is never opened except at service-time. Well, let us not mind details, but sum up broadly these four simple directions so much neglected.

1. We are expressly ordered, when we approach the Lord's immediate presence, to be reverent. Reverence is but another word for *good manners in the worship of God*. To be disrespectful to our Sovereign Lord, when we are in His very presence asking Him for favours, is the height of bad manners and vulgarity, as well as profanity. Our Church would teach us to be well-mannered toward God. So, when we offer prayer, we are directed to *kneel upon our knees*. Both Bible and Prayer-book enjoin this, "O, come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." When our blessed Redeemer prayed as a man to His Father *He knelt down*, (St. Luke, xxii. 41). So did St. Stephen. (Acts vii. 60). So did St. Paul and the clergy of Ephesus, (Acts xx. 26). So did the early Christians, old and young, (Acts. xxi. 5). So should we.

2. Every Church of England worshipper is directed to *speak out just as loudly as the minister the Confession of Sin, the Lord's Prayer, the Responses, the Amen, and the Alternate Verses of the Psalms*, when they are said, and not sung. Our usual muttering, growling, whispering way of addressing God in prayer is a poor business. It sounds as if we were ashamed of what we are doing, or were half-hearted about it, or were afraid of our loving Heavenly Father!

3. This applies equally to the singing; clergyman and choir ought to be quite drowned by the voices of the congregation. The worship is to be given *by the congregation*, not by the clergyman and choir. It does not matter if the singing be somewhat rough and out of tune. It will please God's ears; if not man's. The choir and organ are intended to set all this right if possible. They are not meant to be people's deputies or substitutes. They are the helps to *everyone* to be a real worshipper. Music has always been a great help to congregational worship. All the worship of heaven is musical. Our church-worship on earth, should be the best training school for that of heaven. Indeed, if everybody were to join, young men and maidens,

old men and children, aye, and old women too, and sing out vigorously, there would be few discords perceptible.

Let me offer a suggestion or two, gained by practical experience. It will be found a material aid to all when saying responses and prayer: (a) If they will *pay attention to the capital letters* which begin each sentence in the Confessions, Lord's Prayer, etc. [These capitals are not meant to mark the sense, but are expressly provided for the purpose of guiding the congregation in keeping together, and as they speak out, *waiting for one another*, so as to avoid gabbling and confusion of sound.]

(b) If they will take the *same one note* when speaking, as they take the same many notes when singing. This is termed *monotone*, and is the natural, and not the artificial manner of recitation. The effect of a multitude of voices, 3,000 or 4,000, as I have heard them in St. Paul's Cathedral or in Westminster Abbey, speaking out together in *monotone*, is electrifying, and makes one realize a little of what the worship of heaven must be. The Confession, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer thus said by all in a grand unison of voice, as if the utterance of a single man, once heard can never be forgotten. It is the same with a Hymn of Praise in which all heartily join. I once heard the Old 100th sung by 20,000 people, whose voices in unison almost drowned the crashing harmonies of a magnificent organ and five military bands, besides 200 instruments in the orchestra. The effect was indescribable. Scarce a cheek in the vast multitude but was wet with tears, so strong was the emotion, so great the sympathy of feeling, as the splendid homage of pure praise was offered by Christians of all sorts and conditions, making a heaven of earth. The truth is, my good friend, it is only ignorance and want of experience which create a prejudice against what our Reformers and Prayer book direct, and what our brethren in the mother land have found so edifying and inspiring. Why our Church worship in Canada should be so tame an affair, so dull, so cold, so formal, is not the fault of the Prayer Book and Liturgy, but of *ourselves*. Our worship was never meant to be what we usually make it, as unlovely as it is unreal;—a few persons, parson, organist and choir, doing as deputies what *all* the worshippers are expressly assembled to do for themselves. It is as sad as it is shameful that our people do not realize and assert their *spiritual priesthood*, which alone of all the Communion of Christendom English Churchmen have the privilege of enjoying not merely in theory, but in practice. It is a noble, precious heritage—*this right of the congregation to offer to God their own worship*; all doing on earth as all hope to do in heaven.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY THE LATE BISHOP FRASER.

Bishop Fraser, in one of his latest addresses, made an eloquent assertion of the impossibility of impressing sound principles of social science upon men's minds without an appeal to religious sanctions and motives.

"The great social doctrines of Christianity," said the Bishop, "are all based on the idea of brotherhood. 'Do to others what ye would they should do unto you,' 'Masters, render to your servants that which is just and fair,' 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,' 'We that are strong ought to support the weak, and not to please ourselves,' 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' It is only, in my judgment, by the steady application of these principles to the practical details of life that society can be saved. If you think it is too strong a phrase to talk of 'society being saved,' just look for a moment on the picture drawn by a master-hand of what the state of society is. 'The ignoble love of ease and pleasure,' wrote the Bishop of Peterborough, in one of his charges; 'the degrading worship of wealth; the demoralizing frauds and dishonesties that come of the lust to possess it; the senseless extravagance of luxury that follows too often on its possession; the effrontery of vice that, flushed with pride and fulness of bread, no longer conde-

scends to pay to virtue even the tribute of hypocrisy; the low cynicism that sneers away all those better thoughts and higher aims that are the very breath of a nation's nobler life; and, springing out of these, the strife of interests, the war of classes widening and deepening day by day, as the envious selfishness of poverty rises up in natural reaction against the ostentatious selfishness of wealth; the dull, desperate hate with which those who want and have not come at last to regard the whole framework of society, which seems to them but one huge contrivance for their oppression; the wild dreams of revolutionary change which shall give to all alike, without the pain of labor and self-denial, those enjoyments which are now the privileged possessions of the few, but which the many long for with a bitter and persistent longing,—these are some of the seeds of evil, which, sown in our own soil and by our hands, may one day rise up an exceeding great army more to be dreaded than the invading hosts of any foreign foe. The glare and glitter of our modern civilization may hide these from our view for a time; we may fail to see how some of the most precious elements of our national greatness are withering in its heated atmosphere, or what evil things are growing to maturity in the darker shadows that it casts; but they are there nevertheless, and if we heed them not and reform them not, the time may come when we may wish that the sharp and sobering discipline of war—nay, even the terrible trials and sorrows of defeat—had visited us in time to save us from the greater horrors bred of our own sins in times of profoundest ease and peace."

In closing his address the Bishop added:—"I do not wish to take leave of you in a despairing frame of mind. The world is God's world, not the devil's. Good is stronger than evil; truth than falsehood; right than wrong. There are remedies for each and all of these evils, if we knew where to look for them, and if, when found, we have courage to apply them. He, whose Divine words have echoed from the Galilean mountains to the furthest limits of the civilized world, has taught us 'seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things,' on which our hearts may awfully be set, and which it is good for us to have, shall be added unto us."

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe,
'Tis the law of our being, "*We reap what we sow*;"
We may try to evade them—may do what we will—
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects, in a moment, the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or worth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then when we fail, the world bears the blame;
But, nine times in ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a screw somewhere loose in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn with this hard, earthly
strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember, this great truth has often been proved:
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Tho' life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back;
This law was enacted by Heaven above—
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone;
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces that blossom within
Grow shrivelled and die in the Upas of Sin!

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old;
Ah! did we the same for beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above!

"*We reap what we sow*"—oh! wonderful truth—
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But at last it shines out, as "the hand on the wall,"
For the world has its debit and credit for all.

—H. Clay Preuss.