

accepted the petition and proceeded with the consecration service, the deed being handed to him by Mr. Charles Howard, one of the principal donors. It was laid on the Communion Table till the conclusion of the Services. The Bishop then administered the Rite of Confirmation to eight males and eight females, after which he gave a plain, practical address, and the Lord's Supper was partaken of by about forty-five persons, including the candidates, the services closing with the benediction.

BALLEVILLE.—The usual Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held in Saint Thomas' Church on Sunday the 24th September. There were three services during the day, all of which were largely attended, the Church being filled to its utmost capacity. The church was profusely and tastefully decorated for the occasion with fruits, flowers, wheat, barley, grapes, mosses and vegetables, arranged in artistic devices, and the effect was very beautiful. Mr. Oldham, the organist and choir-master, presided over the musical portions of the service, and was assisted by the choir with several gentlemen with orchestral instruments.

BOOK NOTICES, &c.

SEVEN ADDRESSES ON THE DYING WORDS OF JESUS, delivered on the Wednesday evenings during Lent, 1882, by Rev. Richmond Saxe, M. A., Curate of Holy Trinity Church, Yarmouth, N. S.

Speaking of these addresses the Yarmouth Herald says:—"Glancing through this little volume we notice that these exquisitely tender addresses of the Rev. author to his parishioners are substantially the same as when extemporaneously delivered from the chancel step. Those who heard them then, and caught the deeply devotional spirit which distinguished them, must now feel pleased to be able to keep in permanent form the words that once thrilled their hearts. The theme itself droops under the burden of its grief and love, for it unfolds the dying utterances of the broken-hearted Saviour. In these addresses the rare power of illustration and the fine poetic taste of their author are plainly visible. The delicate touches of sentiment, the sudden glow that flashes occasionally through the sentences, and the faithful, earnest appeals that form a climax to each chapter, stamp the Rev. gentleman's efforts as masterpieces of hortatory theology.

They are addresses which may be read with pleasure and profit not only by the parishioners of the Church of England here, to whom they are addressed, but by all Christians of whatever creed or denomination."

We heartily endorse this review, for we have read the addresses "with pleasure and profit," and think very highly of them.

For sale at the Bookstores of Messrs. Gossip and Morton, Halifax; and Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, St. John. Price 20 cents.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Preaching before the members of the British Association at St. Mary's, Southampton, the Bishop of Truro said: Religion itself was a science, in which effects led up without a break to the cause; and the same spirit of inquiry which animated scientists had made short work, not only with the baser religions of the world, but also with the baser points of the Christian religion, and was the only key now wanted to unlock certain doors and chambers. The New Testament taught man what the latest scientists only now taught him—namely, the unity of life; for St. Paul said, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." From liberty of inquiry sprang liberty to express results. Science could no more submit to be controlled than theology could be affected by every little alteration in scientific opinion. Intellectual work of every kind must be free, and the New Testament was the only book of religion which accepted that statement. The New Testament, moreover, taught man that his two great losses were recoverable, that his innocence might be recovered through faith, and his dominion over Nature by the arts and sciences. He prayed that this great Association, by its reverent freedom and noble research, might become the Divine instrument for the recovery of both these losses.

Family Department.

IN MEMORIAM.

CLARA DARRON PARKINSON, obiit. 10th September, 1882.

Hushed is the voice that once whispered in tones sweet and low,
Pale are the cheeks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow,
Dimmed are the eyes that once looked on hope's wide-spreading field,
The dying lies dead. . . Earth to earth, dust to dust, we must yield.

She sleeps the sweet sleep of peace. The Christian's calm, peaceful rest
Awaits her who sorrowing bore, clasping wearisome, close to her breast,
Life's cross with its earth-burdened sorrows, with meekness, and patience, and love,
Till released by the message of mercy, that swift sped from Heaven above.

Let lightly your footsteps fall, lightly, her sleep is the sweet solemn sleep

That knows of no earthly awaking,—a slumber most holy and deep.

Cold lies she in death, yet from death by the Master's atoning grace won,

When death's dreaded portals unlock, and the life everlasting begun.

Smooth back from her forehead the tresses,—the tresses that kiss from her face

The deep lines of sorrow and anguish, leaving Heavenly calm in their place.

Clasped as in prayer are her hands, as when drawing life's brief fatal breath,

So let them be clasped even now,—even now in the presence of death.

Mourn not for the loss of the loved, why sorrow, now should we weep?

The Saviour hath left us a comfort. "The maid is not dead but asleep."

Asleep in the arms of His mercy, secure from the world's sad restraint,

With the throng of the blest departed, amid the ever-blest concourse of saints.

O, Father above, Great Jehovah, Who sits on cloud-canopied throne,

O, Jesu, our Saviour most Holy, Whose death for our sins did atone.

O, Spirit Celestial, Mighty, Infuser of grace in our hearts,
Spare, spare us, poor suppliant sinners, when the soul from the body departs,

Let the light of Thy presence be near us, when darker earth grows to our view,

Let Thy heavenly radiance guide us, as death's darksome vale we pass through;

And to those who are now gone before us, no more by earth's troubles oppressed,

Grant, Heavenly Jesu, Thy mercy: May they with Thy saints be at rest.

Hushed is the voice that once whispered in tones sweet and low,

Pale are the cheeks that once bloomed with life's health-giving glow,

Dimmed are the eyes that once looked on hope's wide-spreading field,

The dying lies dead. . . Earth to earth, dust to dust, we must yield,

B. W. ROGER-TAYLER.

SHELBERNE, N. S.

THOUGHTS FOR EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

No. XVI.

"What think ye of Christ?"

"What think ye of Christ?" It is a question for all time—a question put to every soul—until all shall stand in the very Presence of Him who first put it to the blinded and perverse Pharisees, condemning them out of their own mouths for their unbelief. How do we answer it? It must be answered with heart and soul and mind—not with the lips only, but with the life itself. We LIVE the answer.

We profess our Faith in words, but our actions must prove or disprove its reality. We must worship Him with "holy worship," with deepest awe and lowliest adoration, as Very God of Very God. We must love Him with love unspeakable, as Love Incarnate. We must give Him thanks with every power of our being for the compassion which drew Him down to a sin-defiled and ruined world, and which made Him lay down His precious life for us "miserable sinners." We must look up to Him as our Strength and Stay; we must live in Him and He in us; we must feed on Him, as the Life of our soul, while we pass through the "wilderness of this world." And this will be the answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" Such thoughts will result as naturally in a life striving after holiness as light follows the sunrise. There will be light in our souls and in our lives if to us, in very deed, Christ is He whom David "in Spirit called Lord."

"What think ye of Christ?" If our lives do not tend upward, if we are not, however imperfectly, proving our allegiance to Him, the answer *must* be, "He is nothing to us; we have no part nor lot in Him."

Our lips may profess a Faith with which our lives have nothing to do, and which is therefore a mockery. Let us put the question to ourselves, "What think we of Christ?" Is He a reality or a mere name to us? Is He in no way influencing our lives? or have we a LIVING FAITH IN OUR REDEEMER?

THE question is often asked how we shall get the masses to attend public worship. The answer may be supplied by an incident of my boyhood. On the mantle shelf of my grandmother's best parlor, among other novelties, was an apple in a bottle. It quite filled up the body of the bottle, and my wondering inquiry was, "How it could have been got into its place?" By stealth I climbed a chair to see if the bottom would unscrew, or if there had been a joint in the glass, throughout the length of the pipe. I was satisfied by observation that neither of these theories could be supported, and the apple remained to me an enigma and a mystery. But as it was "that other wonder, the source of the Nile—

"Nature well known no mystery remains,"

so was it here. Walking in the garden I saw a plial placed on a tree bearing within it a tiny apple, which was growing within the crystal; now I saw it all; the apple was put into the bottle while it was little, and it grew there. Just so must we catch the little men and women who swarm our streets—we call them boys and girls—and introduce them within the influence of the church, for alas! it is hard indeed to reach them when they have ripened into carelessness and sin.—Selected.

THE characteristic service of God's House is worship—not merely a minister praying for the people, but the people praying with the minister, as well for him as for themselves, making it to be a reality in the necessarily limited sense of the words that they are "priests unto God." This mode makes prayer to be common prayer, just as praise, in congregational use of the prescribed words of Psalm or hymn, becomes common praise.

A PRETTY story is told about the Princess Eugenie, sister of the King of Sweden. She recently sold her diamonds to raise funds in order to complete a hospital in which she is interested. When visiting this hospital after its completion, a suffering inmate wept tears of gratitude as she stood by her side, and the Princess exclaimed: "Ah! now I see my diamonds again."

KNOW, dearest brother, says St. Francis of Assisi, that courtesy is one of God's own properties, Who sendeth his rain upon the just and upon the unjust, out of His great courtesy. And verily courtesy is the sister of charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love.—Fioretti.

WHOEVER looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.