

in indicating in a general way, how that idea may be retained, and the office made of great practical use in the administration of the diocese. It is surely nothing less than "utterly disgraceful" that, as you state, some, and as one of your correspondents asserts, nearly all the "men ordained for the last fifteen years have been sent down to the country to make the best bargain they could with their people; and to try to live on whatever pittance they could obtain." Could anything be more calculated to humiliate the clergy and bring scorn upon their office? And yet we have had archdeacons, and rural deans, and canons *ad infinitum*. What do they all mean? What have they all been doing? It surely ought to be the duty of some of them, if possible, to be the duty of the Archdeacon to attend to this. The higher the dignity of the office the greater the likelihood of success. And this, as you have intimated, is only one of the ways in which this ancient office might be turned to practical account. I will not occupy your space with any detailed consideration of the way in which this might be done. I have only written for the purpose of suggesting that it is the duty of all who have the interests of the Church at heart to use any influence they may have to prevent hasty action in this matter, and to contribute whatever help they can towards making the office a practical, living reality. Let the claims of individuals be left out of sight, and the interest of the Church alone considered. And when it is determined what the Archdeacon is required to do, then as you say, let the best man that can be found be selected to do it, without reference to individual claims or party interests.

Yours,

J. LANGTRY.

## MARIOLATRY.

STR.—S. Bridget was favoured by the B. V. with a revelation *de judicio particulari*, viz., the Judgment of her son Charles. She says she stood by his death-bed, guarding him from sin, and defending him from a crowd of demons. A few days after, she informs S. Bridget that she would be "permitted by the Divine Goodness, to see and hear how the judgment was passed on the aforesaid soul." Whereupon she immediately saw "Christ the Judge, crowned, surrounded by a vast army of attendants, saints and angels, and near him his most worthy mother standing and attentively listening to the judgment. A certain soul seemed to stand before the Judge, in great fear and trembling, naked as an infant just born, and wholly blind, so that it saw nothing, yet through conscience understood all that was said or done. An angel also stood on the right hand of the Judge, near the soul, and a devil at the left; but neither of them touched or laid hands on the soul. At length the devil cried out, saying: "Hear, O Judge, most omnipotent, I complain that a woman, who is both my Lady and your Mother, whom you love so much that you have given her power over heaven and earth, and over all us infernal demons.—I complain that she has done me an injustice in regard to this soul that stands here. For on all grounds of justice, after this soul had left the body, I should have forthwith taken it for mine, and in my company have presented it before your judgment. And behold, O just Judge, that woman, your mother, took this soul in her hands before it had gone out of the man's mouth, and with a strong guard brought it to your judgment." And then Mary the Mother of God and Virgin replied thus: "Hear, you devil, my reply."—which goes into a considerable theological discourse; but the chief point is, that the B. Virgin had taken Charles into her special care "because of the great love he had to her." So great, that he "preferred to be tortured eternally in the depth of hell, rather than, were it possible, she should for one least moment be lessened in the dignity in which God had placed her."

The devil is not content with this reply, and is confident at any rate the man's works would after judgment hand him over for punishment. "Now, O Queen, I ask you why you drove all us demons from the presence of the body at the soul's departing, so that none of us could strike any horror or fear into him?" The Virgin replied, "I did this for the ardent love he had to my body," *corpus meum*. I don't know enough of mediæval Latin to be sure that this is not the equivalent of "me;" if not, it is much like a good deal I can produce. Again the devil addresses the Judge: "I know though you are power and justice itself, you can no more do wrong to a devil than an angel. Therefore adjudge me this soul," saying that he had artfully treasured all his sins. An angel now answers him, that his mother S. Bridget, prayed for him in his youth, as soon as she saw him inclined to evil, and succoured him by her good works. The devil replies: "I feel bound to recount his sins." And as soon as he thought of doing so, he at once began to cry out and beat his breast, and to examine all his members; and all in a tremble, and in great agitation he exclaimed, "Wo is me miserable! How have I

lost my long labour, for not only is the list forgotten and destroyed, but the very material on which all was written is totally burnt up." The angel replies, that this too was the result of his mother's prayers and tears. The devil again declared "that he had yet a sack full (*sacculum plenum*) of the aforesaid soldier's good intentions, which he had never carried out; and therefore he was bound to torment him till satisfaction should be made." The angel replied: "Open your sack, and look for the judgment on the sins for which you should punish him." At which word, the devil cried out like one distracted, "I am robbed of my power. For not only is my sack taken away, but the sins of which it was full." Again the angel explains this by the mother's prayers and tears. The devil, however, has a supply of venial sins to produce; but the angel again disappoints him with the assurance that they are all done away by the Church's indulgences, which he had obtained by pilgrimages to holy places. The devil is sure they were not all done away, for he had thousands upon thousands of them written upon his tongue. The angel says: "Put out your tongue and show the writing." The devil replied with a great howl and outcry like a madman, "Wo's me! I haven't a word to say, for my tongue, with all its powers, is cut out from the roots."

This sort of thing goes on for three pages or more, till the devil, out of all patience, shouts, "I must not put it in English." "O quam maledicta est illa scilicet sen pœra mater eius, quæ tam prolium habuit ventrem, quod tanta aqua in ipsam infusa fuit, quod omnia ventris ejus spatia impleta fuerunt humoribus lacrymarum." Cursed be she by me and all my company! This is far more like Billingsgate than Pœdenonium.

But how horrible to think that this stupid and irreverent nonsense should ever find a place, not to say patronage, in the Christian Church! There should be no trifling with Mariolatry. Even Protestant lack of tenderness and reverence can be no excuse for any revulsion in a direction so palpably profane.

Your obedient servant,

J. CARRY.

Port Perry, July 9th, 1881.

## THE CHURCH IN THE NORTH-WEST.

STR.—We have been waiting, waiting, waiting, for the action of our eastern friends in the momentous question of missions in this great country. The *Montreal Gazette* has been doing, and is still doing yeoman's service in advocating instant action by the Church in old Canada on this subject. Several excellent correspondents of your paper have made good suggestions. The Mission Board of Montreal has issued an energetic appeal, but after all, nothing is done. The Presbyterians are sending in their missionaries and their thousands of dollars; the Methodists are following their example with their usual promptitude and foresight; the Congregationalists are rapidly coming to the front here, while the great and wealthy Church of England seems paralyzed. Now, we blame no one, and no organization. The blame, nay, the sin of this inactivity is the result of one great cause, and that is, a defective organization. Churchmen may blink the matter as they will, but the broad and humiliating part remains that the Church of England in Canada is wretchedly organized; it is a mere string of disconnected dioceses, stretched across the continent, without any central power to combine their powers and means in one decisive movement, wherever the necessities of the Church requires such action. The present position of the North-West has applied a cruel test to the strength of our Church system, and it has broken down hopelessly. Let us look at this position as it really is. Suddenly \$10,000 are wanted for a pressing and urgent occasion, the establishment of additional missions; everyone admits the urgency, and everyone is willing, nay, anxious, that the money should be supplied. Every Synod of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Ontario, warmly expresses its sympathy with the North-West, and eloquently describes the future greatness in store for the Church in these magnificent possessions. Strong appeals for funds are made at public meeting, in resolutions, in newspaper correspondence, and from the pulpits of old Canada. Warmhearted Churchmen offer their \$100, and their tens, some suggest weekly five cent collections in each congregation, while others suggest something else. Like a disordered crowd at a fire some call out "water, water!" making no effort to get it, and others in absolute inanity cry out, "fire, fire!" feeling that they should make some noise, and thinking one cry as good as another. The desire to assist us is strong and healthy, but there is literally no organization by which this desire can expand itself into action. The Provincial Synod has no power to levy a dollar either on the dioceses or the congregations of the Dominion; it can merely suggest, and

vote money which it has no power to collect. The several dioceses are as powerless in their own jurisdictions; they also may suggest and vote quotas of assistance, but not a single clergyman feels under any obligation to act on the suggestion, and even if he were to exert himself he is just as powerless as the Provincial Synod, or the Synod of his own diocese, since he has no machinery by which one cent can be gathered from his people. The Church of England in Canada is like the bundle of little powers which formally disgraced the European system under the generic name of the "German States." Too small to be respectable, too poor to be powerful, too jealous of each other to be magnanimous, and too selfish to band together for any great purpose, they were for centuries the curse of Europe, and to-day they would have been testering in the body politic of Germany had not Providence produced Bismarck to crush them all out of existence, and of the mass produce that splendid power, the German Empire. Until some Ecclesiastical Bismarck arises in the Canadian Church, she will be weak and poor, and cannot possibly until then, be the grand power which Providence intends she shall yet be in British North America. In the meantime, you ask me what we are doing. Well, we have for some months been looking wistfully to the east, hoping against hope, and trusting that every eastern gale was waiting for us the so much needed assistance. But it does not come, and we have pretty well made up our minds that it isn't coming at all. We have, however, not folded our arms in helpless inactivity. We have adopted the system of monthly collections in small sums, and the result is that our church, Holy Trinity, here, has seen its way clear to offer \$400 per year to the Bishop to assist in the support of a missionary. The other Churches are following the example, and though they do not hope to be able to meet all, or nearly all, the demands already made on the Mission Fund, they feel that they are doing their part. Now, to be practical, see how easily, under a proper organization, \$20,000 per year could be raised in old Canada for missions in the North-West. If the machinery existed, how easy would it be for each Church of each diocese, to appoint three, or six, or a dozen, young people of its congregation, charged with the duty of collecting from each member a monthly sum, say of five, or ten, or twenty cents, expressly for Rupert's Land. These sums could readily be obtained; all that is needed is organized effort, and if such a system were worked out among the hundreds of congregations now composing the Church in Canada, there would be no dearth of missionaries in the North-West, and the Church of England would at once take, and for all time keep her position in this wonderful country as first among the foremost. Perhaps some of your Churches will yet take this course, and although it may not be possible to combine them all in the movement, yet "every little helps," and the example of one would doubtless induce others to adopt the scheme. It is impossible to over-estimate the supreme importance to the Church that she be not coerced by poverty into a secondary position in this New World, for this country is so magnificent in its extent, so wonderfully rich in its soil, its mines, its fruits, and its waters, so admirably adapted to be the cradle of strong men and fair women; so splendidly endowed by its munificent Creator as the future granary of Europe, and the happy home of the noblest of all men, the Anglo-Saxon, and the cherished seat of the sublimest of all religions, that of our Saviour, that it may well be called a New World, which the Allwise has cast into the hands of the British people, to govern in the interests of Christian freedom, and nurture in the interests of that best form of Christian worship, the grand and stately old Church of England.

Yours,

W. LEGGO.

Winnipeg, July 6th, 1881.

## Family Reading.

## THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE COUNCIL.

THE first part of the year 1642 was a time of harrowing suspense and anxiety to all England, and the city of Lichfield shared the general excitement. Being situated at a considerable distance from the metropolis, and the communication with the remote parts of the kingdom being slow and irregular, the arrival of every courier or traveller was expected with intense interest; and the news which was brought in this desultory manner was far from being calculated to allay the apprehensions of the inhabit-