

THE CHURCH HERALD.

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It is earnestly hoped, that all the Clergy and members of the Church, will give their hearty support and encouragement to the efforts of the new publishers of the Church Herald, to bring it into general circulation; and especially to supply us with items of Ecclesiastical Intelligence. The Church Herald is sent to all its subscribers as their names stand on the subscription list at the beginning of this year. In communicating with the office, please do so by letter or Postal Card, as returned papers do not give post office address, and other correct information.

F. WOOTTEN, & CO., Publishers, Box 2530, Toronto.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The large Engravings promised, have been delayed by the English producers. Upon their arrival they will be immediately forwarded to all who are entitled to them, by having paid for the Church Herald for the current year.

CALENDAR.

June 20th—4th Sunday after Trinity. 1 Sam. xii; 1 Sam. xiii; Ruth i; Acts iv to v. 32; 1 St. Peter v. " 24th—St. John Baptist. " 27th—5th Sunday after Trinity. 1 Sam. xv to v. 24; 1 Sam. xvi; 1 Sam. xvii; Acts viii, v. 6 to 26; 1 St. John ii, v. 16. " 29th—St. Peter, Ap. and Martyr.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondence, containing items of Ecclesiastical Intelligence from all parts of the Dominion, is particularly requested, and will be carefully attended to. It should be very brief, and all offensive personalities must be strictly avoided.

The Church Herald.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1875.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are happy to announce that the interruption which has taken place in the issuing of THE CHURCH HERALD, during the progress of fresh arrangements for its management and publication, is at an end; and we have much pleasure in presenting to our old friends and supporters the commencing number of our re-issue. We may add that never before in the career of the paper have better prospects or more confident hopes attended it, that it will ultimately succeed in its mission to the Church, and command the sympathy and support of our clergy and laity throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Canada.

For in the first place, we beg to state that the new arrangements which have been completed in behalf of THE HERALD, have placed it upon a securer footing than ever it occupied before. The business rests upon a basis so unimpaired and inexpensive that its guaranteed subscription list will enable it to hold its way without faltering. While the proprietors are prepared to enter so vigorously and extensively upon their enterprise that it cannot fail to obtain additional subscribers from all quarters, such as will warrant further outlays for the improvement of the paper.

But in the second place, the Journal having passed through a period of adversity and trial, we have learned how many are the friends and adherents we can rely upon—friends who are ready once more to rally round us and hold up our hands, whose numbers and fidelity would alone justify us in a renewal of our undertaking, and whose active sympathy we can count on to aid our endeavours to extend our circulation.

In the last place, if we do not misinterpret the signs of the times, the Church is sighing for rest from party strifes, and is ready to welcome any faithful and loving hand which desires to pour oil on the troubled waters; and as this is what the publishers of THE HERALD promise and pledge themselves to be ready by all the means in their power to attempt, they feel that the heart of the Church will beat responsively its utterances in behalf of peace and good-will, and that the members of the Church from all quarters will befriend the enterprise, and bid THE CHURCH HERALD "God speed" upon its worthy mission.

In conclusion, no pains will be spared to make the articles, editorials, and general news of THE HERALD interesting, instructive, and comprehensive; and in

character and tone all that could be desired in a Church paper.

With confident hopes, therefore, in ourselves, our friends, and in the worthiness of our enterprise, we embark THE CHURCH HERALD once more upon its voyage, praying God to breathe upon it His Holy Spirit, and to deign to use it as a humble instrument for the promotion of truth, unity, and concord among Canadian churchmen.

OUR PRESENT POSITION.

Since the last appearance of the Church Herald the contemplated division of the Diocese of Toronto has taken place, a Bishop has been consecrated, and a Synod has been held, the proceedings of which we give in another page. Although we had all agreed on the separation, several times indeed, yet we confess to some feeling of loneliness now the separation has actually taken place. We trust it will be for the equal benefit of both, in the increase of Episcopal supervision which the change will permit, as well as in the increased stimulus which will doubtless accrue from the same diocesan appliances being exerted within narrower limits. But we cannot help keenly feeling the loss of so many old friends. And the loss is so much the greater from the disturbing influences which have now for some time been at work among us. However, we heartily wish our brethren God speed. We trust we shall still be one in the bonds of unity and love; and we pray that "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace" the new Diocese of Niagara may hold on its way, with ever increasing success, in advancing the cause of the Redeemer's Church. Having a Bishop of unquestioned administrative ability, and a Clergy of whose piety and zeal we are all witnesses, with laymen who have the best interests of the Church at heart, we doubt not the Church, in the new Diocese, will be abundantly blessed in large accessions to her numbers, and in a corresponding increase of strength.

Nor have we any misgivings for our own Diocese, if we are true to ourselves and true to the Church of which we are members. We must not forget that strength can only come from union, and that disunion can produce nothing but weakness. While we busy ourselves with stirring up strife and contention, the enemy is running away with the spoils. Let us refrain from exciting suspicions of our brethren, misjudging their motives, or misrepresenting their position. While we contend earnestly for the fundamental principles of our Faith—a crucified Redeemer, and the commission and authority He has given to the Church which He purchased with His own blood—let us be willing to give to others the same liberty in minor matters which we ourselves claim, ever bearing in mind that none have a right to confine the practice of churchmen within narrower limits than the Church herself has assigned. The bitterest dissensions almost always arise from the veriest trifles; and whatever philosophical explanation we may attempt to give of the fact, yet it is a fact that such is the case. Sometimes we differ on what are simply matters of taste or habit; sometimes they are matters of mere opinion; and sometimes they are only varying modes of expressing a deeper and a richer devotion in the cause of Christ. It is unquestionably our bounden duty to make ourselves more perfectly acquainted with the teaching of our own Church, not in bits and scraps, but in its entirety. If the Archbishop of Dublin could say that the Theologians in their Synod might be counted on the fingers of one hand, how would he express his feelings in reference to those who content themselves with the usual routine of a cant phraseology, fancying it to be both the key and the evidence of the highest knowledge, while they refuse to enter the vestibule of Truth, and neglect a deep and life-long study of the authorized formularies of their faith? Let us fix our steady gaze upon the success of Christ's Church—not only in regard to her numbers, but in her truth and purity, in her piety and zeal—and then all other considerations will dwindle into the faintest notes of the sunbeam, while our highest efforts will be directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Messiah.

CULTIVATION OF A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

We will not say that Christian Missions are the great end of the Christian Church, because that would be putting the means employed in the place of the grand result. But we have no hesitation in asserting that no branch of the Church can flourish, no Diocese can reasonably look for the blessing of the Church's Great Head, that does not look beyond itself, and seek the widest extension of Christian privileges. And that branch of the Church which lays down the rule, and acts upon it, that all its own wants must be attended to before it can extend a helping hand to the regions that are beyond, has already signed its death warrant, or it has made the first step towards a state that is worse than death itself. Nor will any thing really satisfactory be done until the Church in her integrity shall arise to a sense of her duty in this respect, and formally recognize her missionary character. The appointment of a day of intercession was a valuable step in the right direction, which has been productive of some very satisfactory results. But nothing really effective will be accomplished until more time than this has been set apart for the purpose. The difficulty of making a permanent impression so as to produce any thing really practical, demands that at least a week should be exclusively devoted to it. In reference to this, there have been two suggestions; one is, to adopt the octave of the Epiphany, and the other, Whitsuntide week. The Epiphany would doubtless be a suitable season, as it commemorates the first ingathering of the Gentile world. Whitsuntide would also have an appropriateness. Each of these however is already occupied with its own associations, and these sufficiently numerous and impressive as scarcely to admit of the deep consideration so important a subject would demand. If we pay attention to our Saviour's mode of preaching a missionary sermon, we shall find that it was his habit to point to the fields white unto the harvest. And why should we not follow that most sacred precedent? Why should we not have a week for a general Harvest Thanksgiving, and connect with it the great subject of the evangelization of the world? The Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity bears exactly the same relation to good Friday, as the Feast of Tabernacles, the Harvest Festival, bore to the passover. On such an occasion, the mission field would be the most suitable object to which to devote our attention and our offerings. The practical lesson would of course be lost at a later season, although among an agricultural population it might be difficult to devote so large a portion of time to this purpose till a later part of the year; and then the time fixed upon by our brethren of the United States, in November, would doubtless be the most appropriate. We are not however so solicitous about the season adopted, as we are to secure the fullest consideration of the subject in all its aspects, its importance to us individually and collectively, together with the ever increasing demands it is making upon us, in the consecration of our time, our talents, and our property in this channel. The great thing would be that, on one week at least in the year, every parish and congregation should turn their thoughts away from their own local concerns, their own difficulties and their own necessities, and think only of the spiritual wants of their brethren in the flesh, who are formally, or virtually, outside the Christian Covenant. When we consent to do this, and heartily join therein, and not till then, we may have some hope that our internal divisions will come to an end, that the Almighty Father will smile upon our efforts, and that the Church at Home will advance as she has never done before.

JOB AND THE BEHEMOTH! DISCOVERY OF MAMMOTH BONES IN CANADA! THEIR PREHISTORIC CHARACTER, &c. &c.

Had Job been describing an animal larger than the hippopotamus it would have been found on Canadian territory. His description was doubtless limited to a creature of his own period and arena of observation; for had the behemoth present in his mind held greater proportions than any animal of his own times, it must have lived at a date when the

bones lately discovered near the junction of the Grand River with Lake Erie were clothed with integuments and flesh, and roamed upon this planet. His description of a huge beast is easily reconcilable with the characteristics of the hippopotami. But the same cannot be said of the once animated skeleton which for ages has been preserved in the quicksands of the valley of the Grand River. A farmer, by the name of Wardell, in digging for water on the 10th January last in a boggy place, struck, at eighteen inches or two feet below the surface of the earth, upon what he supposed to be an oak-root. Subsequent observation proved it to be an immense horn or tusk, which, when constituting part of a living crest, must have extended ten or eleven feet beyond the skull. Its curvature and proportions, along with its mate, which is in an excellent state of preservation, are precisely similar to those of the horns of the Durham, California or Spanish well-developed ox. To carefully handle one of these horns or tusks requires the joint efforts of three stout men, so great is its weight. The teeth are perfect, while the structure of the jaws, the vertebra, ribs, shoulder-blades, and other minor parts now obtained, indicate that they belonged to an animal probably twenty-two feet high and thirty feet long, and weighing, if in good condition, as many as eighty or one hundred tons. There are so many striking points of similitude between the bones obtained and the corresponding ones of an ox, that imagination readily portrays their living embodiment as but one of a giant bovine species. And were fancy correct, the animal would possess the tractable disposition and useful qualities of the ox, along with its symmetry of parts and lithesome walk. Opposed to this ideal representation, however, is Professor Wright's microscopic examination of the horn or tusk. He clearly establishes the fact that its fibre is not of the horn, but that of the tusk, and consequently ivory. We have, then, very good specimens, as far as they go, of the American mastodon, and are deprived at once of the fond idea of a magnificent colossal ox.

The reader may draw some conclusion as to our own hypothetical value of these prehistoric remains, when we narrate that for the benefit of THE CHURCH HERALD we proposed to purchase them. Impenitency and the Professor's revelations as to the ivory properties of the tusk held the reins of enthusiasm in check, and we all are now where we were before—travelling back over the space of time to speculate in periods and regions inhabited by the mastodon, the megatherium and the moa, and to find ourselves lost in the ages preceeding the histories we possess.

OBITUARY.

A paper in the city of Detroit gives the following biographical sketch of a lady for many years well known in and about Brantford. It will be read with much interest:—"At Ottawa, Canada, there died recently Jane Cameron Richardson, widow of the late William Richardson of Brantford, the last surviving of eleven daughters of the late Commodore Hon. Alex. Grant, President of the Council and Administrator of the Government of the late Province of Upper Canada. Mrs. Richardson was sister-in-law of Mr. Richardson, one of the collectors of customs in Windsor. Her mother was Miss Theresa Barthe, of Detroit, a member of one of the French families of distinction who came from France and founded the colony on the Detroit frontier in 1688. Mr. Grant was a Commodore in the British Navy when he married Miss Barthe in 1774, Detroit being then garrisoned by British troops, and Michigan forming a part of Canada. The Commodore for some time after his marriage lived at Grosse Pointe, and the Indian chief Tecumseh was occasionally his guest. Mr. Grant died at Grosse Pointe in 1818. The father of Mr. Richardson, of the Windsor customs, was one of the early English judges appointed in Canada, and his son has yet his father's sheepskin appointment, expressing a love and admiration felt for him by the English monarch, the appointment being dated several years prior to the American war. Thus the family is one of the ancient ones of Canada, and calls up to the memory times and events long faded from the sight of living men."

THE POETRY AND MUSIC OF IRELAND.

FROM "LECTURES AND ESSAYS" BY HENRY GILES.

Ireland is a land of poetry. The power of the past there, over every imagination, renders it a land of romance. The past is yet an actuality in Ireland; in all other parts of the British Islands it is a song. The tragedy of Flodden Field moves a Scotchman's feelings, but it does not disturb his business; the battle of Bannockburn calls up his enthusiasm, but it never keeps him into from the counting-house. The imprisonment of the poet-king, Jamie, softens his affections, but it leaves his judgement perfectly clear on bills of exchange and the price of stocks. Even the battle of Culloden is gone long ago to the calm of impartiality of the things that were. The Welshman takes English money without remorse, and says not a word about the assassin, King Edward, and the murder of their bards. Even the English themselves have but faint remembrance of the Heptarchy, the revolt of the barons, the Wars of the Roses, the death of the first Charles, and the abdication of the second James. But events do not pass away so rapidly in Ireland. Ireland is a country of tradition, of meditation, and of idealism. It has much of the Eastern feeling of passion added to fancy, with continuity of habit, as in the East, connected with both passion and fancy. Monuments of war, precedent and religion, cover the face of the land. The meanest man lingers under the shadow of piles which tell him that his fathers were not slaves. He toils in the fields or he walks on the highways with structures before him that have stood the storms of time, through which the wind echoes with the voice of centuries, and that voice is to his heart the voice of soldiers, of scholars and of saints.

Much there is in Ireland that we most dearly love. We love its music, sweet and sad, low and lonely; it comes with a pathos, a melancholy, a melody, on the pulses of the heart, that no other music breathes, and while it grieves, it soothes. It seems to flow with long complaint over the course of ages, or to grasp with broken sobs through the ruins of historic fragments or historic thought. We are glad with the humour of Ireland, so buoyant and yet so tender; quaint with smiles, quivering with sentiment, pursuing up the lips while it bedews the eyelids. We admire the bravery of Ireland, which might have been broken, but never was bent—which has often been unfortunate, but which never has been craven. We have much affection for the Irish character. We give unfeigned praise to that purity of feeling which surrounds Irish women in the humblest class, and amid the coarsest occupations, with an atmosphere of sanctity. We acknowledge with heartfelt satisfaction that kindred love in the Irish poor, that no distance can weaken, and no time can chill. We feel satisfied with our humanity, when we see the lowly servant-girl calling for her wages, or drawing on the savings-bank for funds, to take tears from the eyes of a widowed mother in Connought, or fears from the soul of an aged father in Munster. We behold a radiance of grandeur around the head of the Irish labourer, three thousand miles away, as his hand shakes as he takes a letter from the post-office, which, rude as it may be in superscription, is a messenger from the cot in which childhood lay—is an angel from the fields, the hills, the streams, the mountains, and the moors wherein his boyhood sported. We remember with many memories of delight, too, the beauties of Ireland's scenery. We recollect the fields that were evergreen; the hills that bloom to the summit; the streamlets that in sweetness seem to sing her legends; the valleys where the fairies play; the voices among the glens, that sound from her winds as with the spirits of her bards; the shadows of her ruins at moonlight, that in pale and melancholy splendor appear like the ghost of her ancient heroes.

IRISH CHURCH.

Dr. Pusey has written a letter from Oxford to Archdeacon Lee, of Dublin, approving his proposal to build a church for members of the late Established Church who will not recognize the authority of the so-called Irish Synod, and enclosing a subscription of £50 on condition that the old Prayer-book should be used, and that the officiating clergyman should formally repudiate communion with anybody who should adopt the "deformed Prayer-book, and the jurisdiction of any archbishop who should accept it." He says the Puritan party in the "so-called Irish Synod" would by ambiguous formulae make the Irish Church a mere Presbyterian body. Several other subscriptions have also been received.

The fine new Saw-mill erected by Messrs. Gilmour & Co., at the confluence of Bingham's creek with the Ottawa, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 6th inst. The fire was the work of an incendiary. The structure was the most complete in the Dominion. Loss \$150,000.