

OUR CHURCHES.

No. 3.—ST. GEORGE'S.

The Round Church—which by the bye is not round—is not from the outside a particularly attractive looking edifice; it has a sort of weather worn appearance, damp and cold looking; but to make amends for this, how hearty is the welcome vouchsafed when one enters!—and on looking at people as they come in, by their faces one can judge that they do feel really at home. It has never been my lot to visit a church where all seem so contented. Why this comes about I think I can make plain anon. I can fancy the inside of this church, with enough money spent on it, and an old oak screen,—I have the very one in my mind's eye, now in a church in England—in the chancel, would present the handsomest interior of any church in Canada; at present it looks as if one part had had all the moneyspent on it and the remainder been left out in the cold. The position of the pulpit is hardly the best that could have been chosen, certainly it does not tend to enable the congregation to hear that portion of the choir which is behind it so well. I was glad to see that it is the boys that are hidden and not the ladies. This choir is of what is vulgarly called the cock and hen order, and sings well, but personally I do not like this order, for experience teaches me that when a young lady with a loud voice sings in a choir she invariably makes the utmost use of it, at the expense of what really good notes she may have, and of the singing of the other members of the choir. If there be such an one in St. George's choir who feels that the cap fits, let her put it on and say "I will modulate!" Just one word more as to the choir: Why should not those dear little boys wear surplices, to hide their incongruous garments?

We see one boy in corduroys, walking with a boy in blue knickerbocker suit, followed by a boy in his best Sunday go-to-meeting black suit, alongside one whose clothes seem to have descended in a direct line from father to son, and so on. Now would it not look far neater and more decent if they all wore surplices; is it that this would be of the Pope, Popey?

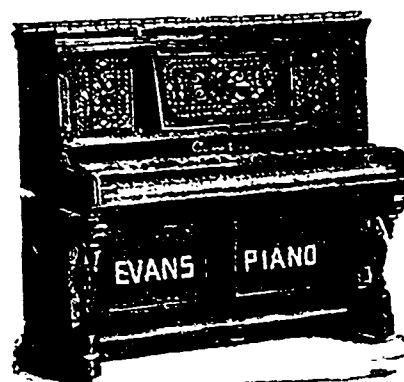
One thing that struck me very forcibly on my visit, was the great preponderance of the number of the women, over that of the men. Why is this? Have the teachings of the Rector been taken more heed of by the latter, so that they consider that they do not require quite so much church-going now, or is it that they stay at home in the evenings, to look after the children, while the ladies do the same service in the morning, combined with that of looking after Sunday dinner? For what ever reason it may be, it remains a fact, there were 7 women to 1 man. There was one man I could not help noticing, who on the text being given out, settled himself as comfortably as if he had been in his own arm chair, and did not open his eyes, until the rustle of the congregation rising told him the sermon was over and his tithes were required. But the innocent look on that mortal's face was superb, it actually spoke, saying "Do you really think I was asleep? Why I always shut my eyes when I want thoroughly to enjoy a discourse; my attention is not distracted!"

Now, who is it that makes this church so comfortable and so contented? Its rector, Dr. Partridge, assisted by willing church wardens. Dr. Partridge, unlike some I have known, can see things not only from the clergyman's point of view, but also from that of a common sense man. He knows, as a priest, that we must all go astray, and as a priest gives us spiritual advice; but as a man he is able, having seen many phases of life, to give such worldly advice as may be of use at the moment. He carries his services through in such a manner as to inspire confidence and command attention. In reading the prayers there is no whining as if he were apologizing to God for taking the liberty of praying to him, as is the case with so many of our clergy; far from it, he speaks in his natural voice, with a look that says, "I am proud to do this thing!" Why is it that so many of the clergy do go out

of their way to change their voice, and go through numberless gestures and contortions in the pulpit, such as would tend to get them put into a lunatic asylum in private life?

In Dr. Partridge's sermons I have noticed one thing particularly—he does not say "I say so," he says "*this is so*." Look for yourselves, study it for yourselves, and you will come to the same conclusion." Again, he preaches a sermon within the understanding of all, does not mount on the wings of Pegasus, with such flights of imagination as to require a metaphorical 19th century balloon to get at his meaning. Although at times he suffers from "Parson's throat," still his voice is very audible, and is so inflected that it must command the attention of the congregation: it is the monotonous whiners that send the poor sinners to sleep; and for my part I would prefer a veritable "pulpit thumper" to one of these. Among the poor of his parish he is deservedly loved for his kindness and charity. As to his business capabilities, it is sufficient to point to the work he has to do at the Church of England Institute. If the combination of all these qualities, in exercising which he has not one minute to spare in idleness, do not make up what a man should be, then my name is not

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