

the river where he rolled over and lay motionless.

Back once more to the Indian Ranch trapped Mr. Wright, and two Indians were sent to look after the horse, which they found standing on the ice and apparently not seriously injured.

Next morning, after service and instruction, a fresh start was made for Lytton. The day was fine and bright and two Indians were taken to clear the trail through the snowslides and drifts till he could reach the flats, where it was easier travelling, though the snow lay 3 feet deep.

Some idea of the difficulties and hardships of the road may be gained from the fact that the last 6 miles to Mr. Seward's house occupied 5½ hours.

From there all was plain sailing and Lytton was safely reached, which meant rest, refreshment and home.—*The Churchman's Gazette.*

THE PARISH PRIEST.

Why is it that preachers need more rest than any other class of workers? Is it because of the greater quantity or difficulty of their tasks? They do not study more than lawyers, nor write more than editors, nor visit more than commercial travellers, who all seem to be busy the year round, though even these would gain efficiency from brief vacations. No, but in other pursuits business is simply business, while, with the priest, beneath and above all care for the parish, as an affair of outlay and income, success or failure, lies anxiety for souls. He is the sensorium of the whole congregation. He lives in all their lives. He feels their reverses, sorrows, sins. He wears them on his heart as the High Priest wore the names of the tribes on his breast-plate. Day and night the precious burden, the weight of jewels, is there,—never cast aside or loosened. He thinks of dear souls in his sleep, dreams about them, wakes with the dream to watch the night away and begin the day wearily. Souls in doubt, how can he see the truth clearly for them and give them his vision? Souls selling themselves to mammon,—a meaner bondage than ever bent a body in the stocks or under the whip,—greedy, stingy, purse-proud, trying to cheat God as they cheat men, and succeeding at last in cheating themselves out of everything that is high and holy—how can they be saved from spiritual pauperism and taught the nature of true wealth, which is well being, that accrues from well-thinking and well-doing, in a word, essential goodness? Souls in vice, and the misery that vice brings, extravagance, reckless speculation, gambling, incontinence, wretched homes, infidelities, brutalities, neglects, prodigal sons, skeletons in closets, that wife's solicitude for her husband, that mother's anguish for her boy,—things hidden from other eyes but bare to the pastor's, and seen only to be suffered by his sympathy until he staggers and falls under the cross of many sins, which, like his Master, he must carry. His private prayers are intercessions for them, his sacrifices at the altar lift them up to feel the blood flow from the wounds they make afresh in the Saviour's hands outstretched to take them away. And then there are the absences from the communion, the differences, the prejudices, the pitiful ignorances that will not learn, the headstrong conceits that imagine they can know theology without studying it, and ecclesiastical polity by running shops, and become partisans of nicknames which they mistake for ideas and shout for, while unable to guess their simplest meaning. These are some of the things that wear out the priest, just in proportion as he is true to his sacrificial office. He may not murmur. He must endure in silence. He loves these very souls in spite of their offenses. It is from these offences that by long suffering he would

save them. But patience itself may at last sweat blood, and the resort of prayer become a Gethsemane.—*R. A. Holland.*

HOME REUNION NOTES.

Earl Nelson, in *Church Bells* of 21st March, gives the following items from 'America':—

THE EVILS OF DIVISION.

'The rapid multiplication of denominational churches in these new towns is a hindrance to the manifestation of Christian unity. Every sect hastens to plant its standard. In one town I found fourteen denominations—several kinds of Baptists, such as the River Brethren, who immerse three times, face downwards; the Evangelical Brethren; the Dunkards, and the Christians known as Campbellites; several kinds of Presbyterians, Methodists, &c. There, also, I met one man who sneered at all Churches, and said he was 'outside the camp.' He accused ministers as hypocrites, and evangelists as money-lovers. He alone represented the Church of God, and maintained the unity of the Body of Christ! I told him that he had shown neither sweetness nor saintliness, and I had no proof from his conversation that he knew aught of fellowship with Him who said, 'There is no man which shall do a miracle in My name that can lightly speak evil of Me.' Alas! that men who claim to know truth should fail in showing grace.'

I also give extracts from a sermon by Rector Adams at St. Paul's Church, Buffalo.

'IT IS LIKE NIAGARA.'

'I want to ask your patience to speak of the long train of influences that is working to bring all Christians toward the Catholic position. What do you mean by the 'Catholic position?' you ask me. I mean the position of the Bible Christian who accepts the teaching of the Bible in their simplicity, who accepts their plain teaching concerning the Sacraments and the Church. I find in all Christian churches parallel lines of movement. Compare the average of the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist churches of only twenty years ago, and their ministers with those of today. The square buildings with their green blinds, their bare white walls, have given place to Gothic architecture and stained-glass windows; but you can't stop with Gothic walls and Gothic pews—you've got to carry out the spirit of the Gothic architecture, and so you find a bit of a chancel. The worship, too, has changed. Our good neighbors right across the street—compare their worship now and that of twenty years ago. Has it gone backward in plainness? No, it has gone ahead. They use our hymns, our anthems, our canticles, and many other things that used to be ours exclusively, and I'll venture that you'll find on next Easter that their worship won't be very different from ours. Think how people's ideas have changed. Why, it is only twenty years ago that I remember a Presbyterian threw a stool at his minister for reading prayers out of a book. Go to New York and listen to the Presbyterians there discuss their creed. Two-thirds have voted for a change. Is that a backward or a forward movement, and if forward, to what? Read that splendid plea of a New York minister who urged his hearers to go a step further, and take as their statement of faith the Apostles' Creed and nothing else. This is not progress toward Roman Catholicism nor toward Episcopacy, but toward Christ for His simplicity, so it is not only in the superficial matters of worship that there is progress, but in the deeper underlying matters of faith.

'How is it in the Episcopal Church? Twenty years ago were there any services like we now have? You remember. Why, we of St. Paul's are Low Church. I go elsewhere in the city

and I find Altar lights and processional crosses. I myself can remember when such an innocent thing as a white stole was looked upon among us with dislike as a savouring of Popery. Many of the things that we disliked once we would not part with now. We see, if we hadn't moved on, the Presbyterians would have pushed us rom behind and made us move on. 'But,' you say, 'there is no change in the Roman Catholic Church. Surely there is no progress there?' I think you are mistaken. The Roman Catholic Church is also moving; it is moving toward Christ. Do you know of Father Young in New York City? He is one of the Paulist Fathers. Some time when you are in New York go there on a Sunday evening. There is a modest, simple altar. The church looks very much like an Episcopal church. Note the hymns they sing, 'Lead, kindly Light,' 'Onward, Christian soldiers,' and others familiar to us. 'But not in English, you say? Yes, in English. Presently a door opens and a procession of little boys, dressed very much like my boys, come into the church singing a processional hymn. There is a vesper service in English. The preacher's surplice looks like mine, his stole looks like mine, his doctrine is like mine. This was the man who said at the late Council at Baltimore that it was a disgrace to the Roman Catholic Church that she should keep up the Protestant custom of having the choir in the gallery; that she ought to put it in the chancel.'

Mr. Adams referred to the incident of a Roman Catholic priest thanking him for a sermon of the Rector's he had listened to, and saying that if his people followed his advice they would be all right. 'What do all these things mean?' inquired the Rector. 'They mean that worship is really being simplified while you think it is being elaborated. They mean that the Church is getting back to the great principles of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; the simplest truths of Baptism and Holy Communion. I wonder if I'm talking to any Presbyterian or any Methodist who is backing against his High-Church pastor, or any Roman Catholic who does not like the idea of an English service? You had better come into the movement. Don't try to stop Niagara Falls even if you don't like it. The water is going to fall and you had better let it. If you are candid with yourself you will find that you have already moved up.'

The sermon closed with an eloquent appeal to those of the congregation who were not Episcopalians to go back to their Baptist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic Churches, and throw all their influence into the movement to simplify the doctrines and worship of the Churches, bring them closer together, increase the efficiency of the Church in practical work and their wakefulness to the needs of the times. All were yearning and hoping and praying for unity. It must come in order that the Church might in its strength bring to bear upon the evils of society the Divine remedies of which it is possessed.

A HINT TO CLERGY AND OTHERS.—A Parishioner—an invalid to whom writing is always more or less painful, finding no reference in our Home Field Columns to the Parish in which she is, writes:—"It is only the feeling that I do not like the Church in—to seem as one dead (which it by no means is) that makes me attempt it.—Besides when the people are reading about the Church in other places, they take more interest if they see something—about themselves?"

A Clerical subscriber in Huron Diocese writes: "I am much delighted with the paper. It contains the very kind of reading our people need, and I propose making an effort to have more of the families in this parish subscribe for it."