

Church Observer.

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Poetry.

MY CROSS.

It is not heavy, agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless, crushing
weight,
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom;
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.
It is not sickness, with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain,
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again.
It is not poverty, with chilling blast,
The sunken eye, the hunger-wasted form;
The dear ones perishing, for lack of bread,
With no safe shelter from the Winter's storm.
It is not slander, with her evil tongue;
"Thy no 'presumptuous sin' against my
God;
Not reputation lost, or friends betrayed;
That such is not my cross, I thank my God.
Mine is a daily cross, of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart,
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward struggles, overcome in part.
My feet are weary in their daily rounds,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel;
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.
It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine;
It is not heavy, yet 'tis everywhere;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear;
I dare not lay it down—thou keep'st it there.
I dare not lay it down. I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect
day.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC QUARREL AT CHICAGO.

Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, as our readers are aware, has got into a serious quarrel with some of his clergy, and has suspended some half a dozen of them from their clerical functions. The last phase of the difference is the shutting of St. Paul's Church by the present incumbent, appointed by the bishop against a meeting of the parishioners called to express sympathy with their late pastor—one of the suspended. Though it was estimated through the newspaper that no meeting could be held, a large crowd assembled, and very strong feelings against the Bishop were expressed. Some were for breaking the doors, and were deterred only by being told that this would be burglary, and likely to be followed by very unpleasant results. Upon the whole there seems a great deal of very lively discussion going on through the newspapers and otherwise, and the doings of the Bishop in selling some cemetery property are canvassed with special vehemence. It seems that Bishop Duggan claims the right of disposing of all church property as he pleases, without giving account to any one, from the fact of the titles being all drawn in his name. This does not please a great number of the laity, who say that the German Catholic Bishops have no such power, and that they don't see why the Irish should. They call loudly for a balance sheet in reference to a sum so large as \$75,000; but we suspect they will call in vain. Why should they grumble against a system which they have deliberately endorsed, and which they say cannot be changed without being spoiled. Ecclesiastical management of money matters is, however, becoming more and more a ticklish matter, whether by Bishops or Presbyters. The laity like to see how the money goes—especially what they themselves have contributed.—*Globe.*

RITUALISM IN AN ORPHANAGE.

A question respecting the custody of orphan children taken from a workhouse has arisen at Chester. In consequence of religious practices to which they object, the guardians have demanded back, at present without success, five children they had entrusted to an orphanage in that city. The *Chester Record* says:—Miss Harriet Graham, (daughter of the late Bishop of Chester) some time since laboured for the establishment of an asylum, wherein children might be brought up in decency and Christianity. She herself contributed largely to its formation, and principally through her exertions subscriptions were received by which the asylum was established. The Chester Board of Guardians made an arrangement with Miss Graham for orphans to be admitted from the House of Industry, half the cost of maintenance being paid by the Board. Five orphans were sent under this arrangement. About two months ago, two ladies—whose attire it is usually adopted by the Roman Catholic nuns, who are said to be from Miss Sclon's ultra-ritualistic establishment of the Sisters of the Holy Trinity, Davenport—took up their residence in the orphanage as governesses or instructors. This drew attention to the state of religious training in the orphanage, and the Dean of Chester withdrew his subscription, giving his reasons for so doing. Mr. Bowdler, who was the treasurer, and the Bishop is known to have expressed his disapproval. The Dean's reasons, we understand, were chiefly directed against two points—vows of celibacy and auricular confession.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, conventionally known as the Propaganda, whose headquarters are at Rome, supplies very convincing evidence of the efforts which are being made by that church all over the world. During the year 1866 the latest report we have seen, the receipts amounted to 5,145,558 francs of which sum France furnished more than 3,500,000; Italy, nearly 450,000; Bel-

gium, nearly 100,000; Germany, 233,000; North America, about 100,000; the British Isles, nearly 140,000; Holland, only 80,000; Switzerland, nearly 50,000; Portugal, about 4,000; South America, 57,000; and Spain, a little over 5,000. It is worthy of notice that France is the greatest contributor, while in other countries where Romanism is strong the tribute is niggardly enough, and some five or six thousand pounds sterling from the British Islands is certainly a falling-off. North America has a much smaller population than South America, yet its contribution was nearly seven times larger. The agencies of Rome are numerous; the tributes she exacts is burdensome; but too often her advocates forget the fact, and try to fasten the impoverished condition of her dupes on other causes.—*Belfast News Letter.*

WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye, to frown at the merry outbursts of innocent hilarity, to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity. And, when they have been in fault, it is not to simply punish them on account of the personal injury that you have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault, while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke. It is to overwhelm the little culprit with angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise, to call him by bad names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant if applied to a fault of tenfold enormity; to declare, with passionate vehemence, that he is the worst child in the world, and destined for the gallows. But it is to watch anxiously for the first rising of sin, and to repress that; to counteract the earliest workings of selfishness; to repress the first beginnings of rebellion against rightful authority; to teach an implicit and unquestioning and cheerful obedience to the will of the parent, as the best preparation for a future allegiance to the requirements of the civil magistrate, and the laws of the great Ruler and Father in heaven. It is to punish a fault, because it is a fault, because it is sinful and contrary to the command of God, without reference to whether it may or may not have been productive of immediate injury to the parent or others. It is to repress with calmness and composure, and not with angry irritation—in a few words, fitly chosen, and not with a torrent of abuse; to punish as often as you threaten, and threaten only when you intend and can remember to perform; to say what you mean, and infallibly do as you say. It is to govern your family as in the sight of Him who gave you authority, and who will reward your strict fidelity with such blessings as He bestowed on Abraham, or punish your criminal neglect with such curses as He visited on Eli.

THE HOLY BOOK.

[BY HOOD.]

Oh that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from the Holy Book
Drink the warm breathing tenderness and
grace
Of love indeed! Oh that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and addressed its strife
To win the riches of eternal life!

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

HOSEA, XIV. 6.

The rich foliage of the olive arrests the attention of the traveller on all sides in the east; its fruits, too, are abundant, and a source of great profit, and its expanding blossoms are beautiful to the eye. Hence the appropriateness of the emblem when applied to the believer. There is another feature, however, in which its suitability is seen. The olive tree, unlike other trees, does not depend for its beauty or its fruit on the character of the soil in which it is planted; on the contrary, it is found beautiful and fruitful where least of all expected. It strikes its roots in the clefts of the rocks, pours its sap on the very ground that is covered with the stones of emptiness and marked with the blackness of desolation. Its beauty does not depend upon the ground beneath it, but on the genial influence of heaven coming down from above, and finding access to the vital parts through its leaves and blossoms. Hence it is flourishing and beautiful when all around is dreariness and desolation. So it is with the believer, he depends not for his fruit or his spiritual beauty on the soil beneath his feet, on the nourishment which he derives from earth and earthly things; he is sustained by heavenly influences which come down to him from above—by the "living manna," the "bread of life," and "the living water." He has food to eat which the stranger knows not of, and joys with which the stranger cannot intermeddle, and these are often the richest and most abundant when all other joys are gone—light shining out of the dark cloud, sweetness mingled with the bitter cup, the oil of gladness oozing out of the flinty rock. It is here, like the olive tree, his beauty is best seen—beautiful in the midst of desolation, and sending forth a fragrance, which, like "the smell of Lebanon," impresses all who come within his influence.

THE LINGERING SUN.

"Why art thou so late this morning, O Sun?" inquired the day. "I lingered," answered the Sun, "on the other side of the mountain, to warm two orphans sitting at a cottage door." The foregoing is a fable, but it is a very beautiful one. Reader! canst thou give as fair an account of thy delay of a duty that thou wert hindered or occupied by a work of mercy or a deed of kindness? "I lingered," said the Sun; "on the other side of the mountain, to warm two orphans sitting at a cottage door." Reader, if thou art a lingerer, how art thou occupied in thy lingerings? dost thou linger that thou mayest indulge in thy folly, or that thou mayest add to thy wisdom? that thou mayest do good, or that thou mayest commit evil? that thou mayest show mercy, or that thou mayest practice unkindness? To our reproach, be it spoken, we are all more or less

lingers in duty, and still more so in holy things, though we have but little disposition to linger when we can obtain a worldly advantage; trust us for diligence and assiduity and perseverance, when we can add to our possessions or to our pleasures. Call a meeting tomorrow, at which every comer will have a good opportunity of giving away a pound, and a small room will be large enough for the gathering; but give it out the next day that it was a mistake, and that instead of giving away a pound, every comer will have a pound given to him, and I will undertake to say that if the meeting be held in the town hall, the place will be crammed even to the very doors; there would be no lingering on such an occasion in attending the meeting; the lingering would be that of waiting for the money—the lingering of selfishness. "I lingered," said the Sun, "on the other side of the mountain, to warm two orphans sitting at a cottage door."

A WORD ABOUT ALBUMS.

An album is a letter'd feast
A store of mental food,
And every scrap the book contains
Should do the reader good.
Albums have some influence, and everything that promotes good or evil is an object of importance to mankind; this is the case whose influence is confined to the world that now is, but still more so when it extends to that which is to come. Doubtless many albums contains productions which have little to recommend them, but seldom does a reader turn over all the leaves of an album without his eye being arrested by some pieces remarkable for point, beauty, or piety. Remember that he who sets another thinking of good, does him good; for the more that which is good occupies our thoughts, the more likely it is to influence our deeds. If more care were exercised by the owners of albums in their application for contributions, and if a greater desire were manifested to profit as well as to please on the part of those who write in these books, they would form a very valuable addition to our existing means of doing good. Reader, if you have an album, what is your own estimate of its contents? is it likely to promote piety, as well as to impart pleasure?

AMUSEMENTS.

When Martin Luther threw his cares aside from time to time, and played on his flute, and jested with his friends, gambolled with his children, or gave himself up with delight to the songs of birds and all the joyful restorative influences of nature, he thus kept his soul sweet and his powers fresh, so as to renew at the fitting time, and finish the work which had been given him to do. Here we see the true place and office of amusements. They are not the business of the best intellects, sensations, refreshments, thrown in at intervals to save us from being utterly broken down by unceasing and perpetual toil. While we study or labor, while we do our part to work or to prepare ourselves for work, we have a right, nay, it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to give ourselves up from time to time to amusements. But when amusements become the chief thing, when they take the place of serious duties which God has imposed on every man whom He has created, then they undermine our principles, and impair our faith in whatever is noblest in virtue, or most holy in religion. The soul which lays upon itself no obligations, and seeks no higher ends, is lost. Even poetry, and music and art, so beautiful in their place as the handmaids of religion, only lead into the paths of death when they withdraw from their guidance, and demand for themselves the worship which is due to God alone. This, too, is the ruinous effect of an education of accomplishments. The education of taste, and the cultivation of the feelings, in undue proportion, destroy the masculine tone of the mind. An education chiefly romantic, or poetical, and not balanced by hard, practical life, is simply the ruin of the soul. And when such has become the character of the community, when esthetic tastes have greater influence than the love of truth, and amusements are allowed to stand in the place of better things, then, no matter what external show of prosperity or refinement there may be, the doom of that community is sealed. For, in the language of an able historian:—"Neither in sacred nor profane history—neither in the monarchies of the east, or the free commonwealths of the Western world—neither in Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Sardinic, or any other chronicles—could any exception be found to the law which dooms to ruin any people who, abandoning the duties for the delights of this transitory state, live only in the frivolities of life, and find only the means of a dissolute and emasculate self-indulgence in God's best gifts to man—in wealth and leisure and society, in art and science, in literature and philosophy, and in the domestic affections, which should bless our existence, and in the worship by which it should be consecrated."—*Pacific Churchman.*

HOW TO RELIEVE THE VOICE.

Numberless are the ways of a speaker to ease the voice, which follow upon the change of style of the composition. What is a rest to the preacher is also doubly a rest to the listener; and dull men must have time to digest the preacher's reasoning. At one time an anecdote may be introduced, either from history or from passing events. What is to be said of didactic teaching may be enforced by the same thing being personified, as having happened to some example of good living in modern times—of a Leighton, or a Henry Martyn, Donne and Laetiere, and Jeremy Taylor show us how anecdotes may be introduced effectively, and without injury to the dignity of the pulpit. A scene may be brought on the stage reverently by descriptive powers, and that picture-painting which, being real, has yet the attractiveness of dramatic effect. The style may be broken by short appeals to the audience, by pithy questions, by objections being introduced, and their objections answered in an imaginary dialogue; by an exclamation, a touch of irony, or the flow of a sentence being turned into prayer. The argumentative parts, which are generally heavy in structure, should be lightened by short remarks, so as to

break up the uniformity of thought and style; and then after a few broken sentences, short, pithy appeals, anecdotes, aphorisms, and the smaller artillery of oratory, we may well introduce a piece of sonorous and well-balanced rhetoric—some gem of eloquence, or a quotation from the rounded oratory of some master in Israel. These jewels of eloquence, set in inferior metal, like trees standing out in the foreground of a landscape.

NEW CHURCH AT GREENBANK.

On Sunday, the 27th ultimo, the "Church of St. Agnes," at Greenbank, Ont., was opened for divine worship, with three services during the day. The Rev. R. S. Forneri, A.B., incumbent, conducted the first; while the Rev. Mr. Ellery, of St. George's, Toronto, conducted the second and third services. Both gentlemen delivered eloquent and appropriate discourses to overflowing congregations, many being disappointed, on their arrival, to find that all parts of the sacred edifice were already fully occupied. The space in front of the chancel, the aisles, the porch and even the vestry being occupied. The choir of St. Paul's, Uxbridge, furnished the music. Miss Forneri presided at the Melodeon and conducted the musical part of the service to the satisfaction of all present. After the sermons collections were made, amounting to \$43.60. On the following day the promised festival came off, and although the morning was unsettled and gloomy, a large congregation assembled within the church, to listen to various chants and hymns by the Uxbridge choir, who kindly remained to assist. At one o'clock the congregation repaired to the large hall, erected for the concert given by the band of the 13th Hussars. Tables were placed on each side of the spacious hall covered with the most tempting substantial and delicacies. The appetites of all being appeased, Mr. Brown of Uxbridge addressed the assemblage, referring to his having attended a meeting only 12 months ago to appoint a committee for the building of an Episcopal church; he was privileged now to enjoy this opportunity of celebrating its opening by the worship of Almighty God. He expressed his admiration of the beautiful edifice, and praised the energy of all concerned in its erection. The Rev. Mr. MacArthur, of Brock, next addressed the meeting, adverting to the chaste and well appointed Temple. Rev. Mr. Smith also spoke very earnestly, expressing himself delighted with both the discourses he had listened to the previous day, and also with the chasteness and beauty of the church. He fully believed and hoped that its erection would prove a blessing to the rising generation in the vicinity of Greenbank. He adverted to the Rev. Mr. Forneri's great ability as the architect of the building, and to Mr. Janson's attention to the details of the beautiful Temple, concluding with the hope that the people interested would relieve the pastor and committee from all anxiety as to the debt remaining unpaid, and thereby enable the Bishop to consecrate the church at an early day. The collections (not including the concert) amounted to \$105.60. Thus terminated the proceedings which reflect much credit on all concerned. The entire cost will be over \$100,000 hundred dollars—all of which has been paid except \$400. Mr. J. Janson with his accustomed liberality, offered to pay down \$100 if the congregation would pay the remaining \$300 at once. The net proceeds of the Sunday collections, festival, and concert, amount to \$114.59 after paying all expenses connected with the opening.

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER.

The color of the sky at different times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a bright sunless promise fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicate wind; a pale yellow wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening—an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep unusual hues betoken wind and rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

A CLERICAL MISTAKE.—It certainly is a melancholy thing to see half the Episcopalian clergy of England busying themselves, and distracting their congregations and the church, with puerile squabbles about embroidered vestments, genuflections, lighted candles, &c., whilst so many perfect heathens are in their neighborly d. Bird-fairs are regularly held on Sundays in Shoreditch, London; and tens of thousands in the metropolis have never been taught the merest elements of morality, or the cardinal doctrines of Christianity. Yet, amidst all this darkness and depravity, clergymen can be found either totally ignoring it, or striving to dispel and exercise it with the fumes of incense, and in burning candles to the Virgin Mary, as if the latter could enlighten these benighted masses, and disperse the shadows of their spiritual midnight. While canvassing impossible schemes for the outward unity of Christendom, they are neglecting to gather into the fold those who, while nominally Christian, are going astray like sheep-breakers of Shoreditch. What do these Sabbath-breakers of Shoreditch and elsewhere want? Not spectacles and man-millinery; not even church music; not the meaningless monotony of intoned prayers;—not, in short, worship, but warning; the Bible rather than the prayer-book or missal; the labor of the God-fearing and fearless man, rather than the ritual silly show of the formalist.

To strive to enlighten ignorance with these trumpety tapers, to be engaged in controversy about altar-lights and apostolical succession, while the foundations of Christian faith are being assailed, is like Nero fiddling while Rome was on fire. But it has too often been the course of those in authority, whether lay or clerical, to neglect, for their own whims, the urgent

business of the hour; to mistake their own crochets for the great questions of the day.—*Witness.*

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY has been granted in Spain as a means of rendering the new government popular. Thereby hangs a tale. The people must have wanted it, and the question arises, Is the desire for religious independence the cause or the effect of civil liberty, that it is always found associated with it? Is it clerical, or monarchical tyranny which is most galling and most productive of discontent, and therefore of revolution? Protestant churches are to be permitted in Spain, and we may safely hope that should evangelical religion once take root in that country, nothing short of St. Bartholemew can eradicate it again.—*Id.*

UNITED STATES.

SERMONS BY REV. DOCTORS BALCH AND BANCROFT, IN NEW YORK.

(From the New York Times.)

Yesterday morning Rev. Canon Balch, D.D., of the Cathedral, Montreal, delivered a sermon at St. Bartholemew's Church in Lafayette place. The Rev. gentleman took as his text the 21st verse of the 1st chapter of Philippians: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He considered the subject under three heads—the life of the believer, the life of the believer in Christ, and the practical application of belief in Christ. He showed that the true believer lived a life of which the unbeliever could know nothing, and experienced emotions and joys of which he could have no conception. The practical application of this belief was best shown by the acts of Christ himself. He did not disdain to mingle among men, and to share their joys and sorrows. He was present at the marriage in Canaan, and he even went there before visiting the house of mourning to alleviate the sorrows of the broken hearted. This should relieve the Christian religion of the charge of asceticism. Christ also told his disciples to buy what they needed, thus recognizing the rights of property and the laws of trade, rights and laws which, among a certain set of men, it had become the fashion to denounce. The reverend gentleman then spoke of the end of the true believer, and showed what St. Paul meant by saying that to die is gain.

On the conclusion of the sermon, the preacher made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the missionary work going on among the Indians in Canada, and a collection was taken up for the furtherance of that object. It was announced that the regular service at St. Bartholemew's would recommence yesterday. The pastor made an appeal to the congregation to provide homes for such members of the Episcopal Convocation as might be during their stay in the City.

The services at St. Ann's Church, corner of Sands and Washington streets, were peculiarly interesting. In the morning a sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Powers, President of Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa. Immediately after the regular service, the congregation partook of the communion, administered by Right Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine, D. D., Bishop of Ohio, formerly a Rector of the parish. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Bancroft, of Montreal, formerly one of the assistant ministers of St. Ann's, preached a sermon to a large congregation. This Church has been a nursery for Bishops, as a brief glance at its history reveals. For more than forty years this was the only Episcopal parish in Brooklyn. Its origin dates back to 1766, but the name of St. Ann's was not adopted till January, 1793. Its new corporate existence began on the 22nd of June, 1795. Mrs. Ann Sands devoted her energies, her time, and large pecuniary resources, during her long life, to this Church, and it was called St. Ann's, it is said, by way of compliment to her high Christian character, and her great and unwarred benevolence. On May 30, 1805, it was consecrated by Right Rev. Benjamin Moore. From 1807 to 1814, Rev. Henry Feltus, D. D., was rector, and for the three following years, Rev. John P. K. Henshaw, D. D., who was, on Aug. 11, 1843, consecrated Bishop of Rhode Island. He was succeeded from July, 1847, until November, 1849, by Rev. Hugh Smith, D. D., entered upon the rectorship, and remained until October, 1827, at which time he was elected Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, succeeding to the sole charge of that diocese at the death of Bishop White. The next Rector was Rev. Chas. P. McIlvaine, D. D., who officiated with great acceptance and success from the Autumn of 1827, to April, 1833, when he resigned to enter upon his duties as Bishop of Ohio. The next Rector was Rev. Dr. Benjamin C. Cutler, now deceased, who, in a discourse delivered in May, 1858, made the following allusion to the growth of Brooklyn during his ministry up to that time: "Twenty-five years ago, when I was invited to take charge of this church, Brooklyn was literally a village. It contained 15,000 inhabitants. Now, transformed into a city, it includes within its limits a population of 200,000. And, standing on the hill which commands a view of its whole extent, observing how rapidly it is filling up in every direction—with so large an area yet unoccupied—one needs not the spirit of prophecy, safely to predict that, at the end of another quarter of a century, our elder city will find Brooklyn no inconsiderable competitor. It is not improbable, however, that long before that time, the two cities will have been united in one, and that the great Metropolis of this western world will stretch along on both sides of our noble river. When St. Ann's Church was erected thirty years ago, the bell which now tolls out the hour of prayer, could easily be heard over the whole village; but now, without having lost any of its strength or sweetness of tone, it lifts its voice in vain to our distant parishioners in the broad avenues and extended streets of this wide-spreading city. The old building has been abandoned by the congregation, who are building a new and handsome structure at the corner of Clinton and Livingston streets. The old church is used as a mission chapel, but it will soon succumb to the ruthless axe, and be torn down to make way for business purposes."