

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1877.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

IT is now some months since we announced that a great many of our subscribers are still in arrears. The amount as a whole is very considerable, although the sum to each individual is very small. We need scarcely say that we shall be glad of an immediate remittance. Each subscriber, by examining the address label of his paper, can easily see the date up to which he has made his payment. Thus, for instance, a label addressed—John Smith, 25 May 6, means that he has paid up to the twenty-fifth of May, in the year 1876.

TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

IF any of our city friends do not receive the DOMINION CHURCHMAN regularly, by representing the matter at the office, either personally or by postal card, it will be promptly attended to.

THE WEEK.

THE great fire that has swept away the largest and best portion of St. John is, of course, the topic most in the minds and nearest the hearts of Canadians this week. Such a calamity has, fortunately, no counterpart in Canada, unless it be in the fires from which Quebec has suffered. Everything, granite, freestone, brick, and wood, seems to have met the same fate; and, as far as we are at present informed, on the "hog's back" of the peninsula between the harbour and Courtenay Bay, absolutely nothing remains to the south of King street. All the old landmarks are swept away, and none will be more missed and regretted than "Old Trinity" Church, which from its commanding site was a noticeable feature in St. John, from whatever side the city was approached. Possessed of no architectural features which anyone could desire to perpetuate, there are yet associations of the present and past generations which cluster round the otherwise unattractive old building, and make us all regret its destruction. It was the "mother church" of the diocese, representing the traditions and the good old church feeling which the Loyalists brought with them, with whom indeed the Royal Arms, carried away from their New York church, maintained a very visible connection. The large school-room attached to the church has, of course, gone with it. We have no doubt that Mr. Brigstocke, to whose sound churchmanship and equally sound common sense, the Church in St. John and New Brunswick already owes so very much, will be equal to the occasion, and, though himself burnt out, will devote his great energies to rearing a building worthy of the site and the associations to which it falls heir, and of the purposes which it will serve. St. James' Church has also perished; and many buildings belonging to other denominations, and one at least very useful institution, the Wiggin's Orphan Asylum.

That our Synod, then in session, should feel and should express sympathy, not only with the Churchmen, but with all the community of St. John, is natural and proper, and also that all its members should wish to aid the relief fund which is now being raised, with such gratifying results, in all parts of the country—of the world, we might almost say. But we venture to think that the "rider" attached to the original resolution, asking the Bishop to appoint a day for collections in the churches, was, on several accounts, rather a mistake. As individuals we shall all of us, in the cities at least, contribute to the fund. As congregations, in the country at least, our funds are generally too low to allow of our being generous for outside purposes. The Wardens and Vestry have based their calculations on certain data, which should not be hastily interfered with. The general collection will probably do all that is necessary, and congregational aid, if afforded at all, must go towards helping our brother churchmen to restore churches and schoolhouses.

An objection to any increase of the English Episcopate comes from Lord Houghton, and a very curious one it is. He writes as a churchman, and he seriously argues that, in the Church's best interests, it is undesirable that she should have more Bishops. Her cumbrous Sees were sufficient for the needs of fifty years ago, and the increased facilities for communication, etc., have increased in more than compensating ratio with the increase of population: ergo, argues Lord Houghton, no more Bishops are needed, and the agitation for them arises from the increased fussiness of the age and the objectionable descent which most Bishops have now made from their old pedestal of dignified reserve and a seclusion as mysterious—and really as useless!—as that of the Tycoon of Japan. But here is a man seriously arguing that the Bishop ought to keep aloof from his clergy; that his influence over them should be the influence of "a superior being," the more regarded because little known, who from the quiet seclusion of a Palace should like the Epicurean gods, look with pity, if not with indifference, on the stormy troubles of the outer world. There is something comical in Lord Houghton's objection, but there is a lesson in it too. The world is undoubtedly too fussy. Our public men have to live at railroad speed. Look, for instance, at Mr. Gladstone; see his restless activity, which would be ludicrous were it not so conscientiously undertaken. Here a note, there a speech, there a sheaf of answers to political, personal, religious correspondents despatched on post cards, and so on. Bishop Wilberforce always wrote letters in the train, and on one occasion a friend met him, as each emerged from a carriage at the terminus, and said, "I knew you were in the train, from the shower of torn up letters that kept flying past the window." The truth is, as the

Guardian points out, we all should learn to economize time, and this can chiefly be done by sticking to our own work and not attempting, as so many men attempt, to do routine work which others could and should do. The life of a good Bishop is too valuable to be frittered away on mechanical drudgery. If he should withdraw from commonplace occupations, it should be not to enhance his dignity by maintaining a foolish isolation, but to economize his powers for more useful purposes; for, with due deference to Lord Houghton, what the Church wants in her Bishops is "less of the 'Lordship' and more of the 'Father in God.'"

The fourth centenary of the introduction of printing into England was fitly celebrated by a special service in Westminster Abbey, for it was under the shelter of the old Minster that the first press was set up. Dean Stanley used his rare learning and eloquence to bring before his hearers a vivid picture of the year 1477. "It was little more than twenty years since Byzantium had fallen into Ottoman hands. It was only five before that the last echo of the Crusades had passed away. It was but six since the last of the Barons fell on the field of Barnet. Just ten years before came into the world the greatest of scholars, Erasmus, and just four years later was born the greatest of reformers, Luther. The day of the Reformation and the reorganization of Western Christendom had come." And he concluded, "The day is approaching—a day, it may be, of more dazzling splendour, but it may be also of deeper changes and of wider difficulties than those which followed the printing of Claxton's books. With this 'Hymn of Praise' let me add the humble prayer that we may use this great gift aright, that we may be saved from the dissipation of promiscuous reading and from the overweening presumption of public opinion, that we may cast out from the press all the words and works of darkness, and clothe ourselves in it as in the refulgent armour of light, which shall reflect the radiant image of the Eternal God. Give us, O God, the sense of the value of truth, welcome or unwelcome! Give us the frank, upright, manly faith which rejoices not in darkness, but in light!"

To every stream there are two edges. It is the edges that, when the wind blows and the current is strong, brattle noisily over the pebbles, it is the edges that stir up the mud, it is to the edges that the scum and weeds gravitate. But noisy, necessary, and mud-stirring though they be, the edges very inaccurately and inadequately represent the solid useful mass of the whole stream which is too deep to be stirred, except on the superficial surface, by passing winds, and too dignified to brawl with the pebbles or stir up the noisome mud. After watching the proceedings of our Synod, for three days, we came to the conclusion that it is rather like such a stream. On either fringe or edge there is a