

PARISH NOTES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 1, 1891.

TO OUR READERS.

The last issue of that useful little pamphlet whose name we have borrowed states, in effect, that it is only issued "in default of a regular Parish Magazine which in some future time may become a realized hope." Through the efforts of the Young Mens' Association the first number of that Magazine is now published.

We expect to be able to give timely notice of everything of importance about to happen in our Parish, and to keep readers continually informed of all parochial work. We can even aim a little higher, intending to print from time to time articles and sketches by well known writers which, we hope, may be of interest not only to those connected with our Parish, but also to a general reader.

The "Forum" has been publishing a series of very interesting articles by distinguished divines and others showing the influences at work in the formation of their lives and characters. They are very instructive and suggest most serious thoughts to us that we should avoid those associations which do not tend to righteousness.

It was suggested at a recent meeting of the V. M. A. that the Association procure rubber pads for the stairs leading to the galleries of the church. We consider the suggestion an excellent one, as the defect to be remedied is most pronounced and annoying.

We hear with much regret that the Rev. J. O. Crisp has finally decided to leave St. Jude's, Carleton, about the end of March. With his departure the church will lose a most excellent man, faithful in ministration, full of zeal for his work, and one whom it will be difficult to replace at the present time.

It is rumoured also that the Rev. C. J. James intends to leave the Parish under his control, but we trust the report is without foundation.

THE TWO ARCHBISHOPS.

Although the legal ties which bind the Church of England in Canada to the Mother Church may be relaxed, there remains enough of loyalty and filial love to make each important event in the history of either body, a matter of more than passing interest to the other. And so the death of the Archbishop of York, and the recent appointment of a successor to the Northern primacy, have been to the churchmen of New Brunswick, something of far deeper import than a mere newspaper record, another step in "the old order changing, giving place to new."

Two men more different in every personal and intellectual quality than William Thomson and William Connor Magee, can hardly be imagined. The Englishman and the Celt, the ecclesiastical statesman and the pulpit orator, the logician and the master of the passions, it would be easy to prolong the antithesis. As the writer of these lines remembers the occasions upon which he heard them, the contrast comes vividly to the mind. Archbishop Thomson, a very king among men physically, with a voice which alone commanded attention (though certainly not a *'Vox et præterea nihil'*;) standing up in the pulpit, reading from his manuscript without a gesture except a slight movement of the right hand, compelling every hearer to listen, to follow his arguments, to accept his conclusions, he stood by himself and none who ever heard him questioned his adequacy as an overseer in the church.

But what a contrast to the other! It is a Sunday morning at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the papers have announced the Bishop of Peterborough. Happy if our entry is secured into that most guarded of sanctuaries! Many stand outside and find that no *"Open sesame"* is within their reach. We see at last the preacher, an intensely Celtic face, a voice vibrating and carrying an electrical power of absorbing sympathy, all this before a few sentences are uttered tell us that we are listening to a preacher of the first order, one who stands in the rank of Liddon and Farrar, Brooks and Spurgeon, Maclaren and Boyd Carpenter. It is no mere popular speaker that we listen to, no mere fluent instrument of platitude, but one who condenses thought and argument in the tide of his eloquence, so that one longs for the pause of repose and yet is eager to listen again.

The histories of the two Archbishops make another contrast, not less remarkable in its way: one is a history of uninterrupted success, and that in spite of an initial failure in the honor schools at Oxford. The story is told at Queen's College, Oxford, that once, when Dr. Thomson was Provost, an undergraduate of the College, having obtained a 'first-class' in the final schools, was seen displaying his satisfaction in a rather uproarious way. The Provost met him and asked the reason of his behaviour: "*Ah, Sir, you don't know what it is to get a first-class!*" was the reply. But like Newman, Thomson's first failure was his last. The highest place in his own College, the Preachership at Lincoln's Inn, a Bishopric, then the Primacy of York, all came to him. As his witty colleague, Bishop Wilberforce, said to him, 'there was only Canterbury and Heaven left to desire.' And his rule was wise and