

though the manager was an intelligent, nice fellow, very obliging when you could catch him. The whole journey down the Kicking-horse Kenyon seemed very dangerous, the mountains overhanging the track and rising to the height of from five to ten thousand feet; the rocks partially loosened made one feel a little bit safer when they were passed. Before long the Columbia River, wide and rapid, is reached. To our surprise we were told that it is navigable for nearly 1,200 miles through our territory, the valley and foot hills of the mountains varying in width from five to ten miles. The Columbia rises near the American boundary, runs north around the Selkirk mountains, then south into the American territory again. There seemed to be no settlers except at the stations. The land was rich and productive; we saw splendid crops of wheat and oats in the side hills and valleys, and the lumbering possibilities seemed illimitable. The railway runs along the Columbia for some distance, and then turning abruptly to the left enters the Selkirks through the gate of the Beaver River by a passage so narrow that a felled tree serves as a foot bridge over it. The ascent of the Selkirk now begins; the train creeps along the side of the mountain, rising at the rate of 116 feet to the mile; soon again the river is seen more than a thousand feet below. The mountains are covered with towering forests, their tops here and there crowned with snow; while torrents came down at intervals, forming weird gorges and beautiful valleys. These are spanned by wooden bridges which look none too strong; one, that which crosses Stoney Creek, is said to be the highest bridge in the world—295 feet above the torrent bed. Before long the valley of the Bear River, whose ceaseless windings we have been following for a long time, is compressed into a narrow gorge as it passes between Mt. Donald and the Hermit, the former of which towers a mile and a quarter in almost perpendicular height above the railway. The summit of the Selkirks is reached. The climax of mountain scenery is all around us. The descent is terribly rapid; before long a sharp curve in the line brings the great glacier in full view. This is by far the most enchanting spot in the whole journey. The winding valleys, the weird gorges, the towering mountains, the rushing rivers make a scene which cannot be described. Here the wonderful feat of loop engineering, by which the track drops nearly a thousand feet within the compass of a mile, has been achieved, and has made the name of engineer Ross forever famous. The Albert Kenyon is soon reached; here the Illicilliwick rushes through a gorge not more than twenty feet wide and three hundred feet below the track. It recalled the memory of Tivoli, though in weirdness it far surpasses that Appennine torrent. Before long we reached the great Shuswap Lakes. For fifty miles the line winds in and out along the bending shores, and one is reminded strongly of Lugano, though here the mountain banks are wooded to the top, and the Lake Sicamous is larger and more irregular than Lugano. Long before we had passed its shores, the moon had risen, and the gathering night closed a long day of enchanting mountain scenery.

SOME LITURGICAL STUDIES.

BY REV. DR. GAMMACK, EAST TORONTO.

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The second and third rubrics at the end of our Communion Office present but one complex idea, and in their form are not a little peculiar. Both

are negative and their aim is to prohibit all solitary masses, where the priest and probably an acolyte were alone in offering sacrifice for the living or the dead. In every parish there had been chantries and side altars where the stipendiaries were engaged in solitary masses, and the money devoted to these by endowments and personal payments was but one reason for the nations rising against them. Their evils infected the whole Church, and the oscillation of the tide that turned against them could not subside in a day. King Edward's First Book sought to regulate these by the rubrics directing how the priest should "always have some to communicate with him" or shorten the service "where there be none to communicate with the priest" or "none disposed to communicate with the priest," and the other rubric stating "likewise in chapels annexed, and all other places, there shall be no celebration of the Lord's Supper, except there be some to communicate with the priest:" even at the sick bed it was arranged that some at least might, if possible, communicate with the sick, and for "the celebration of the Holy Communion where is a burial of the dead" there was a special antiphon collect, epistle and gospel. The object of the reformers is thus clear, and it is still more made evident in the Second Book, where our present two rubrics first appear, but with "a good nombre" in place of the "convenient number" of 1662: the "good nombre" appeared again in "the Communion of the sick," but there was also the rubric, which is of much interest. "In the time of plague, swette, or suche lyke contagious tymes of sykenesses or dyseases, when none of the parysh or neyghbours can be gotten to communicate wyth the syck in theyr houses, for feare of the infecion, upon special request of the diseased, the minister may alonly communicate wyth hym." This exceptional case that is contemplated by the rubric is only an accentuation of the desire to repress all solitary or private masses: even the area of this rubric is limited to the one case of plague, etc., by the more general rubric that contemplates a patient being withheld from Communion "for lacke of company to receyve with him." The Funeral Office of Communion his disappeared since 1552. In the rubrics, however, the revisers had in view the usual parochial machinery for ordinary occasions and laid down the rule for even the smallest parishes; thus in 1552 there was inserted the curiously worded rubric: "And yf there be not above twentie persons in the parishe of discretion to receive the Communion: yet there shalbe no Communion, except foure, or three at the least, communicate wyth the prieste." Our Office has still this rubric, but the American Office probably thought it unsuited to the new circumstances of the American Church: in the "Book Annexed" its re-enactment was sought for, but with this note-worthy change, "yet there shall be no celebration, except three (or two at the least) communicate with the priest." "The Office of 1637 reproduces the English rubrics except that it asks "a sufficient number to communicate with the presbyter, according to his discretion," that it is probably "four or three at the least" mentioned afterwards. The Non-jurors in 1718 had to legislate for a depressed body, and changed the rubrics in a very significant way,— "and there shall be no celebration of the Holy Communion, except two persons, at the least, communicate with the priest;" again the priest is required to celebrate every Sunday and Holy Day, "except he cannot get two persons to communicate with him." Bishop Torry's edition of the Scotch Office, 1849,

simplifies it still more, and probably shows a trace of usage that was induced by the penal laws: "In cases of necessity (not otherwise) the priest may celebrate the Holy Communion though there be but one person to communicate with him, but it is desirable that there should not be fewer than two besides himself, according to the promise of our blessed Lord, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them.'" It is said that the saintly Bishop Tolly, who had five public celebrations in the year, reserved the consecrated elements for his own private use, and, as related by Dr. Walker (*Life of Bp. Tolly*, p. 57), "on every Sunday and holiday when an epistle and gospel were appointed by the Church, he brought forth from their usual receptacle as much as was required for the single act of Communion, with none but God and good angels for his companions." Bishop Dowden is right in characterizing this as "probably unique," but it is the extreme opposite to the solitary mass, and could never in any sense become popular. A recent rubric in some Scotch Offices gives but *half a truth* and is not beyond criticism. According to a venerable [or universal] custom of the Church of Scotland, the priest may reserve so much of the consecrated gifts as may be required for the Communion of the sick, and others who could not be present at the celebration in church."

REVIEWS.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.*

It is not quite easy to review with perfect impartiality the work of a lady, especially when that lady is one so highly esteemed personally and for her work's sake as is the author of the pretty volume now before us. For it is a very pretty volume. Paper, type, illustrations, are very attractive, in spite of a somewhat large crop of errata; and the binding is decidedly pretty, although, on consideration, we recommend to the author the adoption, in her second edition, which is sure to come, the ordinary manner of connecting the printed pages with the boards.

We have said that it is not quite easy to handle a volume like the present as though it were the work of a man; but we can add with perfect truth that the writer needs no indulgence at the hands of the critic, and that a simply honest judgment must also be a favourable one. Indeed, we have read very few books of travels which carry one so pleasantly along as this one does. Whether the writer is describing the localities she visits, or the people she meets, or the incidents of the journey, she is always lively and interesting. And yet her wit and pleasantry never degenerate into levity.

In the very first chapter we meet a number of pleasant people, not least natural among them being the inevitable bore who interrupts the storyteller by unnecessary and idiotic questions; until he is very properly put down by a sensible woman; and one wishes very much that there was always a sensible woman at hand on such occasions. But the other dramatis personæ were interesting; and we would gladly transcribe the accounts of some of the situations and conversations, if, by doing so, we could do justice to the author; but this would hardly represent her general work better than the sample brick could represent the house from the walls of which it was taken.

The first place visited by our tourist was Antwerp; and though this ancient and famous city has often been visited and described, we are glad to have our memories of its churches, pulpits, and pictures revived in these bright pages. We suppose that no two people ever entirely agree about the painting of Rubens; but at any rate some of his work at Antwerp is of the highest, and Mrs. Denison gives us her impressions in a very pleasant manner.

*A Happy Holiday. By Grace E. Denison. Row, sell & Hutchison, Toronto. 1890. Price \$1.00.