

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The name of Correspondent must in all cases be enclosed with letter, but will not be published unless desired. The Editor will not hold himself responsible, however, for any opinions expressed by Correspondents.]

To the Editor of THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of April 22nd, you have some excellent remarks upon the loose way in which the word "Creed" is used, and also upon the phrase, "Science says," calculated to do much good. Will you allow me to call attention to two other expressions in the same issue, used by Nova Scotian correspondents. In the account of the Windsor Easter Meeting it is said "*There is some talk of selecting a curate*" to assist the veteran rector of the parish, and a strong committee has been appointed to work up the scheme. Now if the writer had said "*of paying a curate*," I could understand that a strong committee might do the work quickly, but, I pity them if they have to "*select*." Moreover, I have an idea that, the rector being "*selected*" by the parish, they surely have confidence in him to "*select*" one to help him—and it is his right.

The other expression occurs in the Broad Cove notice: \$70, a very liberal gift for a man who is in his *ninetieth year*." I cannot see what his age has to do with the *liberality*. A millionaire of 100 years might give a cent—would that be liberal? I think I know what your correspondent means. "Looking to the near approach of death, and bearing in mind his duty to the Church, good squire Conrad (not being a millionaire) gave, from his means, the liberal sum of \$70, choosing to be his own executor, and hoping to hear on earth the sound of the bell he thus provided, which might toll his requiem when called to the rest of the people of God."

I have not noticed these things in a captious or critical spirit, but I felt they might teach two lessons: (1) Every rector should be allowed free choice of those who help him in his "*cure (or care)*" of souls. (2) How much better it is to be *sure* one's money goes for Church and charity while one lives, than to leave matters in other hands, whereby uncertainty and reduction may come, and the object one has at heart *may* be defeated.

Yours, CREDO ET SCIO.

To the Editor of THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.

SIR,—The Rev. D. C. Moore, in a letter which appears in your issue of the 15th inst., tersely expresses a truth when he says, "The 'Mission' of the clergy is the compliment of their ordination."

Substitute the word "bishops" for "clergy," and "consecration" for "ordination," and the statement applies equally to the Episcopate.

This reflection was forced upon me when reading in the CHURCH GUARDIAN of the strange doings of Bishop Whipple at Rome, where, we are told, he gave confirmation at St. Paul's Church.

It will not, I imagine, be contended that the City of Rome is within the Diocese of Minnesota. Who, then, gave Bishop Whipple "Jurisdiction"—whence did he derive "Mission" to execute his Episcopal office there? If it is true that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this Realm of England," is it not equally true that the Bishop of Minnesota has no jurisdiction in the Kingdom of Italy?

While it is a matter of congratulation that the Church of England is not in any way responsible for Bishop Whipple's act, still, it is most distressing to know that a Bishop of a Church in full communion with the Church of England has been guilty of so grave a scandal.

Yours truly,

Edward J. Hodgson.
Charlottetown, P.E.I.,
21 April, 1885.

DIOCESE OF HURON.

ERRATA.—In our account of the Wardsville and Newbury Vestry meetings, in speaking of the hopeful nature of the work, we should have said, the Church has lost, by removal and death, nearly all its *well-to-do* members. The words italicized were left out.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE ART DIVINE.

BY FLAVEL COOK, D. D.

How easy and how sweet it is,
Some happiness to give!
To make more smiles and fewer sighs,
It is worth while to live.

No costly means, no curious aids
This precious work demands;
But heart and mouth, and eyes and ears,
With willing feet and hands.

A kindly look, a gracious word,
A sympathising touch;
A sign without of love within,
Costs not, but yieldeth much.

To plant, if but one flower of hope
In some bleak desert soil,
Or cheer the lonely for a day,
Is worthy all thy toil.

Whatever thou dost needed see,
And hast it to bestow,
That freely give for Jesus' sake,
And think what thou dost owe.

Have Christ's compassion in thy breast,
His name write on thy palms,
Thy lips, while telling His dear love,
Will drop with healing balms.

Some arts there are which few can learn—
In this we all might shine;
May He who knew and proved it best
Teach me the art divine!

—Church and Home.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

IN HIS STRENGTH.

BY ETHEL N. JULIAN.

"Oh, dear me!" Polly said, sleepily, "I must get up."

She rubbed her eyes, and, after a lazy yawn, put on her shoes and stockings.

It was quite a new and unpleasant experience for Polly to get up early in the morning, and help to put the house in order, as she was accustomed to go downstairs only in time to eat a comfortable breakfast before she went to school.

But a week before the servant had been taken ill and gone home, and, with four little children to be cared for, Polly and her mother found work enough for busy hands and feet. It was rather a hard lesson in patience for the little girl, of which the mere work was a very small part, since it was much easier to sweep, dust, and wash dishes, than to be unfailingly kind to the little ones, or never to grieve her mother, by looking unhappy when her girl-friends passed by on their way to school.

"Yesterday was rather a failure," Polly said, reflectively, while she dressed; "but I'm going to have this day perfect, and written with golden letters," she added, remembering a story Miss Bevan told her the night before. When Polly had gone home with her after Sunday-school.

A fair white page was turned each day in our book of life and our thoughts, words and deeds were written upon it; then at evening, before the page was sealed, an angel came and touched the writing. The record of those actions and words, or even thoughts, that were for the Master's service, and brightened by love for Him, changed to pure gold, while the deeds of pride, unkind words, or wrong thoughts, became black and dim, sully-ing the fair page.

"I must do as much good as possible," Polly said, thinking how beautiful a pure white and golden page would be. "Then, being kind to the children will make me feel pleasant too."

Just at that moment Mrs. Almon called: "Are you nearly ready, dear?" And after a hasty prayer, in which she forgot to ask for help against besetting sins, Polly ran downstairs.

There were a number of trying things that morn-

ing. The porridge burned while Polly was setting the table, then Elsie fell half-way downstairs, and her crying woke the baby, so it was sometime before quietness was restored. But Polly bore it all with wonderful patience, thinking complacently of her golden record.

"There's nothing like making up your mind to be pleasant," she said, with satisfaction, clattering the dishes cheerfully; "and people can be nice and sweet if they choose."

Jack came in just then, and, balancing on the window-sill, he said:

"Mother, can we play with that new boy who lives next door? He is looking over the fence now."

"Yes; and he's such a nice little boy," Mabel chimed in, coaxingly, from the door-way; "and we're so lonesome, mother, dear. Please say 'yes.'"

"He is a nice-looking child," Mrs. Almon replied, doubtfully. "Well, you may ask him over to-day; but I must find out something about the people before you have him again."

"Now I will put the parlor in order, mother," Polly said, cheerfully. "You look so tired that you had better lie down for a little while, and I will watch the children, so you need not worry about them."

"If you are able to sweep, dear, I should be glad; and do it very carefully, Polly, using plenty of tea leaves."

"That means the carpet did not look nice the last time, only mother is too kind to tell me so," Polly said to herself, after her mother had left the room.

Taking the broom from the peg she was reminded of Aunt Ruth's "sweeper," which was quite unlike one of the modern dust-boxes, being a quaint old verse, that wonderfully lightened the labor.

"Nothing can be so mean,
But with this tincture: "For Thy sake"
Will not grow bright and clean.
A servant, with this charm,
Makes drudgerie divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes them and the action fine."

The words and broom were all linked together in Polly's mind, and they gave her an added sense of pleasure in her work that seemed to prove the truth of Aunt Ruth's theory.

Half an hour later Polly stood at the door surveying the clean fresh room, with the warm sunshine resting on the polished furniture, and a gentle breeze waving the curtains.

"That looks lovely!" she said, exultingly, after placing a vase of flowers on the table, "One good sized golden deed anyhow."

She was going upstairs, to make herself cool and tidy, when she thought of looking into the kitchen to see that the dinner was cooking satisfactorily, and found, instead of a bright blaze and steaming pots, the stove looking black and cheerless.

"Dear me!" Polly cried, surely that fire can't be out, and its nearly dinner time, too; oh, I remember that mother told me to pull out the draught, and I forgot it. How very provoking!"

She opened the door with a bang of vexation, and saw the gray, charred coals inside, without a gleam of light, while the meat was cold and uncooked in the oven.

The only thing was to build a fire as quickly as possible, and after several ineffectual relightings the blaze caught, and Polly was delighted to hear a feeble crackling. But "troubles never come singly," and just at that moment a din came from the garden, where the children were playing, and, fearing the noise would disturb her mother and the baby, Polly left the fire and ran out. She found a merry band under the window, happy in making as much noise as was possible.

Jack, seated on a flower-stand, drummed energetically, with Mabel beside him, her feet on an upturned pot of English violets, while the "new boy" managed to make deafening music from a big tin kettle, on which little Elsie also battered.

(To be Continued.)