

A GREAT deal of progress has been made at St. Augustine's, Shaw street, a church formerly known for its extreme Protestantism, but now conspicuous for its well-rendered and devotional services. The Rev. J. Adams was appointed Vicar in 1887: and since that time he has introduced the following improvements: Weekly Celebration: Early and Saints' day Communion; surplice in the pulpit; surpliced choir; attractive musical services. A chancel has also recently been added to the church, and other alterations effected which have increased its seating accommodation to 2,000, all the sittings being "free and unappropriated." It is no uncommon sight to see the spacious building overcrowded, and Mr. Adams now has one of the largest regular congregations in Liverpool.

Holy Week.

SONNETS OF THE SACRED YEAR.

By the REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., Rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall; Author of 'The Knight of Intercession,' etc.

MONDAY.

'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' Isa. lxiii. (Epistle for the day.)

Who cometh Zionward? The seraphim
"Twixt earth and heaven, in dread amaze,
reply,
'The Lord, to Whom continually we cry,
Adoring.' But, behold, His eyes are dim,
His step is slow, and none, to honour Him,
Sing now, 'Hosanna.' Nor girds He on His
thigh,
Or sways in hand, sword, sceptre, royally,
Only a mystic cup full to the brim
He bears, as towards the Valley and the Hill,
Where He must drink it, wearily He treads.
All of God's wrath and all of human ill—
Sin, sorrow—in that Cup begins and ends.
So comes He to His hour: Gethsemane
Is nigh beneath Him: o'er Him Calvary.

TUESDAY.

I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. I hid not My face from shame and spitting. . . . I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. Isa. l, 5-7. (Epistle for the day.)

No cheering rays His path to death illumed.
Warning Him back and shrieking in His ear
The hands and voices of His human fear
(Clutch at His heart and cry to Him of doom,
Loss of the dismal silence of the tomb
Than of its way of sorrows in the shame
Of scornful deed and word and hideous blame
That must precede the last and utter gloom.
Yet is His face set! Sadness soft and stern
Sits on His priestly brow and in His eye,
Stern to His fear, but in humility
Most gentle. This is strength that nought
shall turn;
Stronger than passion: in the still, drear
Vale,
Or on the blatant Hill, it will not fail.

WEDNESDAY.

'Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the Twelve.'—St. Luke xxii. (Gospel for the day.)

At Bethany, with His beloved alone,
I the calm ere the far-murmuring storm of
hate
Breaks o'er Him—when, as if they know 'tis
late
And the end near, the chosen few, His own,
Draw close about Him, wondering, fearful—ono

Is not. Son of perdition, reprobate,
He, though in secret guile he lies in wait,
Is to his Lord by bitterest anguish known.
'His own familiar friend!' Oh, deeper woe
Herein—to that torn heart intenser pain—
In thought of love's 'sweet counsel' all in
vain,
Than in all hate and hurt of fiend and foe!
By stealth the traitor wrought, shunning the
light;
So, later, went he out, and it was night.

THURSDAY.

'The same night in which He was betrayed.'—I Cor. xi. 23 [Epistle for the day].

This night was asked and answered in the gloom
The trembling 'Is it I?' This night the Feast,
Last, first—last Passover, first Eucharist—
Made doubly consecrate the upper room;
Therefrom this night He passed unto His doom.
Blood-red this night 'gan glow the mystic East,
What time fell earthward from the Victim-
Priest
The drops that marked Him from the Cross and
Tomb.

This night that visage, marred and smitten,
knew
In a kiss its foulest stain. This night in fear
Fled all who loved Him; and it deeper grew
As the loud oaths of Peter smote His ear.
O JESU! Human sorrow, grace Divine!
Was ever grief, was ever love, like Thine?

GOOD FRIDAY.

'He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost'—St. John, xix. 30 [Epistle for the day].

This is the hour of darkness and of light.
Here Satan crowns his primal work of ill;
Here God consummates His redeeming will.
This is the very blackness of the night;
Yet, as the deepest gloom precedes the bright,
Absolving dawn, so on this shrouded hill
Doth God, through Satan's deadliest hate, fulfil
His love's long promise, bring sweet Hope to
sight.
O deathful sin! The sinner needs must die!
So dies Emmanuel in the sinner's stead:
Oh see, oh hear, the gloom, the passion cry!
Lo! 'It is finished': and the Christ is dead.
Dead! Thou live, Christian! Won from Death
and Hell,
Behold thy life in dead Emmanuel.

I am glad says a writer to a leading Denominational paper that you are to remind a great many people this spring of what they might otherwise recall in a less special and definite way, the daily events of that last week of the distinctively human life of Jesus. The life grows more real to us as we bear the incidents in mind day by day as they took place. Palm Sunday commemorates the entry to Jerusalem through the shady paths among the plaudits of the people whose hosannas were so soon to die away. The day was spent in teaching in the temple. There was one interesting interruption, that of the Greeks who would see Christ privately and bore to him, a tradition says, an invitation from their sovereign to find safety and listeners in his dominion. The following Monday and Tuesday were the last two days of Jesus' public teaching long days whose lessons and parables refreshed the disciples and incensed the Pharisees. It was as Tuesday was drawing to a close when his adversaries had failed to entrap him and his patient replies had met only scorn and anger, that the indignation of his soul broke forth in those burning words, "Woe unto you, hypocrites;" then he turned to leave the temple forever. No, not quite then, for lingering a little

in the court, his last words were of approval of the poor widow, who, in her two mites, cast in "more than they all" into the treasury. Then the disciples with their Master left the temple with its falsity and affectation, and in the gathering twilight, trod once more the familiar path over the Mount of Olives to Bethany.

Of Wednesday we have no record; of Thursday but little. They were passed in seclusion, in sacred solitude or among the few loved and trusted friends. On Thursday evening was that memorable supper followed by sweet converse and, later, those hours of mysterious anguish in the Garden. Then the arrest, by three successive trials, before Annas, as related by John, before Caiaphas of which Matthew and Mark bear record; and the last, before the Sanhedrim, of which Luke is historian. After the trial, the scourging, the walk to Calvary, the crucifixion, all in that one long Friday. How familiar these incidents. * * * Let us during this Holy Week bear them in our daily meditations that so we may, perhaps gain some new insight into the fullness of their meaning.

In their revolt from the historic church, our Puritan ancestors lost some good things * * * among the best was the commemoration, in holy days, of certain events in Christ's life. We have recovered Christmas. We are recovering Easter. Our lives should be gladder and better for the day.—*Advance, Chicago.*

Another significant strain proving an apprehension of the Church's ancient ways which have in them the brightest reflections of true Evangelical light.

HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.

(From *The Churchman's Gazette, New Westminster, B.C.*)

The last week in Lent has been observed with peculiar solemnity from very early times. It is certain that by the middle of the Third Century (A.D. 250) this week was specially set apart as a week of strict fasting and of prayer. It is called "the great week" by St. Chrysostom, who speaks of the importance of its proper observance. "Strive close and holy watch to keep," might well be our motto for the week. Let us learn in Holy Week to deepen our repentance, for the Passion of Christ shows us the fearful nature of sin and its deadly work. Let us learn to mourn over our ingratitude as we realize what our Lord bore and suffered for us. Let us learn that the peace of God is worth winning, cost what it may of shame and penitence.

In the Passion of Christ we see the perfection of gentleness, meekness, long suffering and forgiveness, set before us, that we may practice these same virtues more and more than heretofore, and become true children of God. The Passion of Christ encourages us to bear with patience and faith the trials and difficulties and sufferings of life, all the things that we speak of as "crosses," which may be for us as Christ's own cross, the true and only way to heavenly joy. During the great week we should be present at the service in Church as much as possible; or, if this is quite out of our power, we should read over some parts of the Passion. Our Prayer Book appoints Readings from the Passion for the Gospels for the days of the Holy Week, and we might at least take the Gospel for one of the days and read a part of it every day. The least in the way of more private prayer is to add the Collect for "the Sunday next before Easter," and Psalm 130 or 143.

Maunday Thursday, the Thursday in Holy Week, is so called from the commands or man-