

or for viciousness in special care over the book—with respect to any think of this review of the bishops in and about the matter or in their instruction, if they and their to the causes of the and morals, which rules that its cradle is not their want of zeal in visiting, as in their overseeing and direct- the literature supplied the amusement of its been young them- and lower, knew that necessity. As those to the task of watching and girls, they know literature of the pre- into the mire of the countless hundreds of the ignoring, as they do, and physical ruin, the filthy of a grave dere- ceeding to some way of want are absolutely Devil, as represented the sensational weekly more openly immoral ing the land, to the in this way, the bishop untaritably perhaps, but dignity, and helps meet

ion arises, how can ended? The remedy lives, and if the clergy hers of families and ke the initiative. Of heathen as he was,

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rule would seem to althly in reading would case of young people. ar penitentiaries, how ries, how many girls ame, above all, how a fearful judgment fall to reading such have adverted? And have been saved had ward and fulfilled her healthy literature? day for Churchmen to that has to be faced; pastors and masters it, the better for the want is felt all over: apply it in its fulness. and in the matter, and tract Society to step py it. That Society was having it all his be it spoken, it has e prejudices as to pic- ed in the *Boys' Own* s a long way towards end served by the ent publication by the magazine, is served by oys and girls. And that which ought to

have been long since filled by the Church. We are quite aware that the Venerable Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge tried to accomplish the task by the publication of the *People's Magazine*—a journal intended to supply reading that should be both wholesome and amusing. It failed, however, and for a very simple reason. It ignored the popular craving for stories after the style of Sir Walter Scott, the fascinating tales of Indian life written by Fenimore Cooper, the highly interesting and romantic adventures as penned by Mayne Reid or Jules Verne, the touching and pathetic Irish sketches such as those of Gerald Griffin and Carleton, or those fascinating and realistic pictures of London life as drawn by Hesba Stretton in "Jessica's First Prayer," and the like. Heavy, goody-goody serial stories, however moral in design or Churchy in tone, intermingled with dry papers on science, architecture, or history, do not suit the modern taste. If, therefore, the Church is to do any good, she must accommodate herself to this taste, and afford the rising generation amusing literature that shall be at once perfectly orthodox and sufficiently sensational to satisfy the aspirations of the boys and girls of the period. The ostrich-like policy she has so long pursued of hiding her head in the sand and refusing to recognize this want, is worse than absurd; it is hurtful to herself inasmuch as it drives to vicious reading those who would otherwise be more than content with the fare she offered, provided only it were of a sufficiently appetizing sort to entice them to partake of it.

How this is to be done would seem to present no difficulty. It is a work that would more profitably beseech our Diocesan and Provincial Synods than much of the business that is now not done by them, and if instead of heated disputes about this or that doctrine, whose solution, in many cases, will only be known in heaven, they were to combine in arranging for some such publication as we have adverted to, they would do a thousandfold more good to the world than at present. If they will not, then Churchmen must act independently of them. The evil is admitted and must be met without delay—delay in such matters is sinful. It were better to act under authority, but if authority, as at present, makes no sign, then the only thing to be done is either to patronize the paper already existing—whose chief objection is that it is utterly colorless in tone—or to provide sufficient funds to start one that shall meet the views of Churchmen. What we do must be done quickly, unless we wish to see an ever increasing stream hellward of Church boys and girls. The responsibility in such a case will rest with Churchmen themselves, and most of all with those who, ministering to them in sacred things, have neglected one most obvious method of rescuing those children from a by no means unavoidable ruin both of body and soul.

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

No. 11.

THE MONKS' TALE.

OUR narrative is not the story or set of stories as told by the Monk of Chancer, but is based on fact, on the words of a Monk, spoken to us this Autumn. Chancer says:

"Tragedis is to sayn a certain storie,
Of him that stood in great prosperite
And is y-fallen out of high degree."

By this Canon our story is a tragedy, it will set forth how a young, noble spirit, born in great prosperity as a son of the English Church, fell

from high degree to servitude to Rome as a Priest-monk of the Order of St. Dominic. It will be a tragedy inasmuch as it is meant to beget a lively pity for the wronged and a wholesome dread of falling into his evil case. For this victim of treacherous negligence and false teaching on the part of a Low or No Church pastor, we have a most lively pity, his is a common, but a very sad case, yet, as Mrs. Browning writes:

he had some right
On his side probably; men always have,
Who go absurdly wrong."

His right was this, to quit a church which left him unpastored in the foodless wilderness of Puritanic Sectarianism, to turn in despair to a church which gave him a loving welcome, pasturage, guidance, and shelter him in a church fold when wandering like a shepherdless sheep. Bound to us by ties of blood and affection, judge our surprise, when he of whom we write appeared as our guest when en route to California, in the picturesque garb of a Dominican. "I suppose you know I am a Monk" said he, with a sweet smile,—a Monk, a Romish Priest, yet the son of parents, one an ultra low Churchman, the other a Presbyterian! *A tree is known by its fruits.* While under our roof, and a more genial guest never made hospitality a delight, for he proved a highly cultured, well read, much travelled, polished gentleman and scholar, hespontaneously opened out the story of his life so as to reveal the causes of his perversion. He shewed us a photo-portrait of another Priest-monk whom we had known as a child, the son of Methodists. A parish having the extraordinary and very significant distinction of sending out from its ultra Protestant bosom two Dominican Monks, is worth study. In a town named in Ivanhoe, is a church of cathedral-like grandeur, whose beauties of proportion and enrichment no parish church outrivals. During the youth of our kinsman, the Vicar was extreme Low Church. The services were a mere mumbled duet between Parson and clerk; the sermon was the grand "objective point," and what sermons! No Church teaching, no allusions to Church life, or history, or duty, or privilege, or responsibility, or principles. Baptism was never named, Confirmation was ignored, Holy Communion never noticed, seldom administered, and then to some half dozen only, sick visiting neglected, house visiting left utterly undone. The pulpit rang with a mere screed of Calvinistic jargon called "deep spiritual teaching" by modern Pharisees, but which has never been known to engender or nurture the Spirit of Christ or build up His church, but only to puff up a select few with insufferable religious conceit, and pride, and party ambition, such as developed the agitation in the Toronto diocese.

The Vicar, a sworn servant of the Church of England, taught the notions of her enemies, giving to church language a gloss, which if done in business would be condemned as jesuitical and dishonest. Strange to say, however, in sacred things the attainment of superlative spirituality releases the Low Church clergy from the obligations of truth, and frees them from the necessity of being manly and straightforward in dealing with church formularies. This Vicar, who was so saintly as to despise Baptism and Holy Communion as mere ceremonies, and regarded one Church as good as another after the Evangelical Alliance style, was not too spiritual to take a large stipend for serving a church as Pastor, whose interests he betrayed, and whose sheep he let run into the wilderness of dissent with complacency. He was a Low, very low churchman, low to baseness, he took the Church's money, and

Judas like betrayed her cause by a gushing kiss, after his kind. Our kinsman heard much of "Election," "Assurance," and many mysterious phrases of Calvinistic effeminacy, but never heard in Church or out, one word of his relationship to Christ, and Christ's body, the Church, by Baptism. He confessed to us that he never knew the Church of his fathers, and his country eyes claimed to be Catholic and Apostolic, he was always taught to consider it one of the innumerable sects of Protestantism, and as this phrase includes Mormons, many of whom lived in this parish, it did not convey to his mind anything very definite or attractive. Endowed with a rich, loving, pious nature, to live in such an atmosphere of negations was enough to drive him, as it did many, into infidelity, which Low Churchism has developed into fearful strength by its neglect of pastoral duties and want of sympathy with young men. But the Spirit given in baptism kept him and inspired him with yearnings for sympathy and guidance in his Christian course. He felt instinctively that the house of God should satisfy his longings after such worship and the Church nourish such spiritual life as would engage his whole heart's devotion and lift his spirit to the very gate of Heaven. But alas! his yearnings were mocked by the duet between Parson and Clerk, and his very soul chilled and benumbed by the characteristic coldness of a Low Church congregation.

By a mere accident he attended service in a Roman Catholic Chapel and heard therein a sermon. He describes the impression made upon him as a startling revelation, as the sight of foliage to an Esquimaux, as a first vision to one born blind, as the first touch of sympathy to a child reared in a loveless home. Here he saw earnest, living, reverential worship, vital godliness, forms indeed but throbbing with life, here he heard a bold, distinct appeal in the name of Christ's Church challenging his allegiance, his service to Christ as being one who belonged to Christ of right. The contrast of worship and teaching between his own and this church was as between earnestness, reality, reverence, bold confidence, tempered by humility on the one hand, and on the other the soulless formalities and artificial teaching, the indifference, deadness, and dullness, of Calvinistic Puritanism.

Here on one hand he reflected, "I see a people one in heart and soul, instant in prayer, full of good works and claiming that their unity, zeal, and fervour, arise from the constant presence of Christ, as He promised, in His church and with His people. On the other hand I find a belief that the Church of Christ no longer exists as one body but is broken up into a thousand irreconcilable and warring fragments, and these sects while pretending to the loftiest spirituality, I know to be honey-combed with immorality and incessantly being split up by self-seekers, ambitious, turbulent, most ignorant men." Who can wonder that in his agitation he sought counsel, and who can wonder that he went not to the Parish clergy, but sought the sympathy and help of Dr. Newman, who having been himself, placed in a like dilemma when a Low Churchman, was able to sympathise with and solve his difficulties as he did by leading him into the fold of Rome. When visiting a local convent he was asked by a Nun to pray for our conversion or perversion, to which he answered, "I'm afraid it will take an immense amount of praying to change his mind," and gave us to understand that it was almost impossible to make a Romanist out of a Churchman who had an intelligent grasp of the doctrine of its Catholicity, but that it was easy enough to shake the belief of those who