

nation of the Roman Catholics to permit the members of the Church of Ireland to hold their services. To prevent these services taking place the Arklow Romanists have disgraced themselves by behaviour so scandalous and brutal as to be incredible in a civilized country. Their conduct is indeed only comparable with what might be expected, but which is happily not often experienced, at the hands of the most barbarous aborigines of the African Continent. Last week we described the services at which the worshippers were only saved from actual maltreatment by the presence of armed policemen, who surrounded and protected them against the violence of the Roman Catholics. The service was, however, made inaudible and hideous by the din of fog-horns, bells, and by other means. At its termination armed men escorted the congregation to their homes. As for the clergyman, four policemen with loaded rifles were needed to take him that evening to his church. The members of the Church of Ireland in Arklow are, if we are not greatly misinformed, being most cruelly persecuted 'for conscience' sake.' They are boycotted, grossly insulted in the streets, maimed, and go in daily peril of eye and limb, if not indeed of life. The little band of men who, following Stanley, marched for months to and fro in Africa were not, in fact, in more danger at the hands of the barbarians, than are the members of the Church of Ireland and the dissenting bodies to day in Arklow at the hands of their Roman Catholic neighbours.

The spirit of Roman Catholicism, when it is dominant, is always and everywhere the same. Where it can, it persecutes to the death. It tolerates nothing but intolerance. In this respect, it well deserves the epithet which its friends are so fond of flaunting—'always the same.'

TOUCHY PEOPLE.

Of all the various classes of people with whom we are brought in contact, the race of touchy folk is the most troublesome to deal with. We always have to be so very careful, lest we tread upon their corns, and they seem to have so many corns! And the worst of the matter is that they will insist upon placing their corn encrusted toes just where we wish to tread, so that, however careful we may be, the luckless corns will get trampled on, and then there is an outcry and a scream, and many apologies will scarcely produce peace and tranquillity. It is very unfortunate.

Although there are exceptions to the rule, most touchy people are those who do little or nothing in the world, who have no occupation, and no food for the mind to thrive upon. A man or woman whose mind is fully occupied has no time to think about, and dwell upon, imaginary trifles, nor will he allow himself to brood over the unfortunate speech of his neighbor, which, by an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, can be twisted into an insult. Our touchy friend is very like a snail which draws in its horns and its head on the slightest provocation, and like a snail, too, the progress of the touchy person is remarkably slow. The energetic man has accomplished half his business while his snail-like neighbor is wondering what So-and-so could mean by saying so-and-so. We have known some members of this curious race who are by no means idlers, who are busily engaged upon some pet hobby, but if any one chance to trespass upon their domain, the touch of the intrusive foot is resented as if it were a mortal offence. The columns of local newspapers are often evidences of the strife which follows a trespass of this nature. A learned antiquary ventures to propound a theory upon some subject upon which another learned antiquary has

already delivered himself. The trespass is at once resented; in the local press a correspondence commences in which, amidst a display of research and antiquarian lore, we find a sorry exhibition of still more ancient things—'envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.'

Ladies, and particularly unmarried ladies of a 'certain age,' are, unfortunately, often very touchy. When they devote their time to Church work and become district visitors, they still retain the unhappy peculiarity, and how careful the poor clergyman has to be lest he should offend their susceptibilities by a chance word, or arouse the touchy jealousy of one by allowing another 'to interfere with her district.' 'Trespassers will be prosecuted—or persecuted,' is written up upon every tree, or wall, or shrub, of the touchy person's property.

In the ranks of the clergy, too, we find, alas! many of the race. The isolation of the country parson, the independence of his jurisdiction, the absence of continual occupation (if he lives in a small parish and has no resources within himself, no scholarly tastes or mental employment) all tend to increase the infirmity and make him intolerably touchy. A has a parishioner who has just left B's parish and falls ill; B, as a friend, calls to see the invalid, and inquires how he is progressing. A, who is a touchy person, is immediately offended, writes a furious note to B to expostulate, and tells him to confine his ministerial visits to his own parish and not to visit his parishioners. Again, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted!'

This extraordinary and uncomfortable defect appears to rise from too much self-consciousness. The touchy person always regards everything that is said or done by his neighbor in its relation to himself. Selfishness is the root of all sin and unhappiness; and if touchy folk thought a little less about themselves, their own dignity and importance, if they occupied their minds a little more with some useful branch of study or employment, if they would only take down some of those hideous and unsightly 'notices to trespassers,' there would be a great diminution in this somewhat numerous race, and society would be greatly benefited by their removal.—P.H.D. in Church Bells.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

'The first thing you ever memorized was the Lord's Prayer. The first lesson you ever liaped was the beatitudes,' the Sermon on the Mount, and I know, when you are dying, the last words will be something from this Book. This revelation is made to you and me and all men, and is a gift from the God that 'was made flesh and dwelt among us.' * * *

'Do we understand? I believe there is no Church that reads half so much of this in the year as ours. The epistle, gospel, one lesson from ancient Scripture, another lesson from the New Testament, when the faithful come day by day, and the Church of which we have the joy to belong stands with this Bible and the Prayer Book.

'At Nicea, in the year 325, when 318 Bishops met, the open Scriptures lay before them, as if to say, this is the light, the Word; tell them what they have to say, not what you have to say! And when our own Bishops meet in General Convention, day by day, these Scriptures are always read first. I trust that it will always be so, and that this Church may always teach her people to revere the Word of God.

'Is it because it is so daily read that her children read so little of it? How can one be trained and not love the majestic music in these lines! It would seem that he would turn to them, that his thirsting spirit might drink. * *

'Look into it! Are you sad, are beaten down by disappointment? See if God hasn't

something there of cheer for you! Are you in the toils of some besetting sin? Look at it and see if God doesn't show you the difference between good and evil!

'In doubt? Look into it and see if He does not have in it the promise and pledge of immortality! And God is there to vindicate your hope. Look into it!

'Theories of inspiration and doctrines! You do not need theories of inspiration, but you need the voice of God speaking to you.

'The wondrous things of God are not outworn, will never be overthrown as long as the clod is heard on the coffin lid, and there is hope for the new day of the Son of Man. Because God is the author of it and the peace.

'Will you not study it more and more, that your children may love, reverence and understand? May you not study a little and see and know what treasure God has given you in it?

'Will you not, in the freshness of your life, go apart and listen to what God has to say? When your life is quiet, will you not put it in the centre of your family and make them understand that you love it? They will never understand, if you do not. And how unjust to them if you let them know that you have this treasure and don't tell them of it!

'It does not require scholarship! If you will come out of the toil of the day and learn what this Bible is to you, it will be the most precious thing to you this side of heaven. It shall be a light to your feet speaking in tones from heaven.'—Sermon by Bishop Fallaher, in Church News.

EXTRACTS FROM CONVENTION ADDRESS

Cf Bishop Whipple, Minnesota.

A spirit above our weak wills is stirring the hearts of Christians to seek a regained unity. Our danger is lest we seek it by our human plans and concordata, which will only be a rope of sand. Unity will come; our Lord's divine prayer will be answered; but it can only come as all other good gifts of God come, from above in answer to prayer. It will not come until the love of God has made Christian hearts ready to receive this precious gift.

Brethren since I came to you almost thirty-one years ago, I have never sought to win men to the Church by the concealment of her faith and order. I have not been guided by the makeshifts of expediency. I have not had entangling alliances which violate principle. I have honored all Christians who speak out as manly men in defense of their faith. I have loved and do love all who love Jesus Christ. There will not be one who has washed his robes white in His precious blood who is not our own kinsman in the Lord.

There are grave questions looming on the horizon of the future—the relations of capital to labor, the employer to the employed, the rich to the poor. No legal enactments, no compromises can heal these irritations, jealousies and strifes. There is only one solution. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ which teaches us that we are the children of one God and Father, which places before men not the clamor for rights of one class against another, but the duties which we owe to one another as members of one brotherhood. If I am right, if the highest duty is 'to love one another,' is there not danger, brothers, lest the poor, the neglected and the sinful shall feel that they have no right in the house of our Father? It must not be that when these church bells peal out their call to prayer that they shall have no message to those who are lost unless they pray.

This year the Lord has led me by a way I knew not. I can say with the prophet 'I am