

## ON, OR TO THE TREE?

By Ulester Pat.

Search the scriptures, search for yourself, and when you have there found any good thing, have a care that you get it accurately. The alteration of a word may mean your apprehension of a great truth. How often we hear "Be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in you." Now faith does not reason—only believes and trusts. But faith begets hope, and hope must have a foundation in reason.

In the excellent "Bible Truth" portion of the Montreal Witness I have twice or thrice read "He bore our sins TO the cross." This surprised me, but not so much as to read the same statement in the British Messenger for September. The publications of Drummond's Tract enterprises are so generally accurate and scriptural that it is something of a shock to find in them erroneous teachings. In the present instance it is the less excusable because I. Peter 2, 24 is correctly quoted in the same article: "Who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree," yet a little further on "His Son carried your sin to the cross." Now, if Christ was a sin-bearer throughout His career, He sinned in entering the temple. The goat upon which the sins of the people were placed was led away into the wilderness. If we say that the sins were placed upon Him after His arrest, or during His trial, or at any stage of His course from Gethsemane to Calvary, that is disproved by what we are told of how the Father regarded Him when sin-laden turning away from the loathsome burden, and wringing from the lips of the Saviour that bitterest of all laments: My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! It was then that the sin-bearer was feeling the anguish of the lost—shut out from God, which none can fully realize until his course is run, the measure of his iniquity full, and he comes into the presence of the avenging God.

When Jesus had passed this final stage—received the full penalty of man's sin, and His sacrificial work was finished, we find His human body re-asserting its needs in a way impossible during such mental and spiritual suffering as He had been passing through. "He saith I thirst." And lastly, the saint's joyful shout, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Is it not plain that up to the tree, yea, until He had received the repentant thief, Jesus was perfect man, yet without sin either in or upon Him. That He was laden with sins, but not His own, and the Father who had hitherto never withdrawn the light of His countenance, turned away from the loathsome spectacle, for "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." And is not this typified by the goat, which to the moment the priest laid upon it the sins of the people, was "without blemish?"

Not only was the goat of atonement sacrificed without the tent of meeting, but the sins of the people were laid upon his fellow "for dismissal" in the same place. Nothing but the blood entered into the holy place—typified by "within the camp"—which was Jerusalem; outside whose walls was accomplished the great sacrifice of atonement for all people.

The Rosebank congregation intend to call Rev. Mr. Riddell, of Union Point.

The new church at Darlington has a new coat of paint.

Mrs. Beattie, of Miami, has gone to the coast to visit her sister, who is reported dangerously ill.

A fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by being frequently sponged with water in which a little soda has been dissolved.

## ENGLISH CHURCHYARD TREES.

From very early ages trees have been associated with the burying places of the dead. The cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a sepulchre, was encompassed, we read, "by trees in all the border thereof roundabout." Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, was buried in the valley below Bethel "under an oak," to which was given the touching name of Allon-bacuth, the oak of weeping. The elm and the yew tree are the commonest of English churchyard trees, though in the north their place is frequently taken by the ash, the lime and the horse-chestnut. The lime avenue at Winchester Cathedral, the great Scotch firs which border Eversley churchyard close to Kingsley's last resting place, are marked exceptions to the rule of elm and yew.

"In the South of England," wrote Gilbert White, "every churchyard almost has its yew tree, and some two." This is specially true of Hampshire, as was noticed by the early botanist, Thomas Johnson, in his famous edition of Gerard's Herbal. "In Hampshire," he writes, "there is good plenty of yews growing wilde on the chalkie hills, and in churchyards where they have been planted." It is, however, not a little remarkable, as the author of the Flora Vectensis pointed out, that while we find a yew planted and religiously preserved in front of nearly every ancient parish church in the country, yet "I cannot call to mind," he adds, "the existence of this tree in any one of the churchyards belonging to the thirty parishes into which the Isle of Wight is divided." This is doubtless to be explained by the curious fact that while the yew-tree is common, and undoubtedly indigenous, on the downs of Hampshire, it is almost entirely unknown in the Isle of Wight. Some of the Hampshire yews are of vast size and of most hoary antiquity. We may speak perhaps without exaggeration, in the words of the In Memoriam, of their "thousand years of gloom." Gilbert White wrote that the Selborne tree, which he found to be upward of twenty-three feet in the girth, was at least coeval with the church. When Corbett, on one of his Rural Rides, visited the beautifully situated churchyard, he was naturally struck with this venerable tree. "According to my measurement," he notes, "the trunk is twenty-three feet eight inches in circumference. The trunk is short, as is generally the case with yew trees; but the head spreads to a very great extent, and the whole tree, though centuries old, appears to be in perfect health." This was written in 1823, and since then the trunk has increased to twenty-five feet two inches in circumference. This is one of the largest churchyard yews in Hampshire, but many others fall not far short of it. There are enormous trees in the churchyards of Dursley and of Farrington, parishes served at one time by Gilbert White as curate. Beside the little Saxon church of Corhampton, in the Meon Valley, now shading the Saxon sundial, a magnificent yew, with a girth of over twenty-two feet, may be seen. William Gilpin, in his Forest Scenery, thus speaks of a giant yew in Dibden churchyard: "Another tree worth pointing out in the New Forest is an immense yew, which stands in the church yard at Dibden. It is now, and probably has been during the course of the last century, in the decline of life. But its hollow trunk still supports three vast stems; and measures below them about thirty feet in circumference—a girth which perhaps no other yew-tree in England can exhibit. Though its age cannot be ascertained, we may easily suppose it has been a living witness of the funerals of at least a dozen generations of the inhabitants of the parish."

The object of planting yews in church yards has been much disputed. Some

antiquaries have asserted that the custom arose in order to supply bows for the purpose of archery, but this idea is in the highest degree unlikely. Gilbert White suggested that one object might have been to serve as "a screen to churches by their thick foliage from the violence of the winds." They might also, he thought, have been placed as a shelter to the congregation assembling before the church doors were opened, or as an emblem of mortality by their funeral appearance. Perhaps rather as the learned Ray suggested, the yew was planted in churchyards because, from its evergreen foliage, and the great age to which it attained, it was regarded as a symbol of immortality.

Now and again a record may be found in old church accounts, or in some other parish document, of the planting of trees in the churchyards. When Thomas Ken, the author of our Morning and Evening Hymns, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells, was rector of East Woodhay, near Newbury, he planted, we learn, a yew-tree in the churchyard. The tree stands on the north side of the church, and though planted over two hundred years ago, its trunk only now measures in circumference some seven feet seven inches. At Portchester, on the north side of the Norman church which is situated within the castle walls, there stands a yew with an interesting history. It appears to be the tree which formerly stood there was killed by the soldiers from the kitchens of the French prisoners, some eight thousand of whom were confined in the castle during the war with Napoleon at the beginning of the last century. The churchwarden's book records the fact that on the departure of the French prisoners a new tree was planted in the place of the one that had been destroyed. The trunk of this yew-tree, at the height of four feet from the ground, now measures seven feet two inches in circumference.—The Saturday Review.

## SAYS PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH:

The Catholic religion and the Papacy, it should always be borne in mind, are different things. The Catholic religion is a form of Christianity which, though it may not be our form, we are bound to respect. The Papacy, the work of the monk Hildebrand, in the eleventh century, is an assumption of temporal power based on a religious usurpation. A Pope in the time of Elizabeth carried his pretensions to political supremacy so far as to absolve the subjects of an English sovereign from their allegiance; and the power then asserted has never been renounced. The other day a member of the English royal family was not allowed to marry a Catholic King till she had before all the world repudiated in an offensive form her national religion. Let King Edward be as kind and courteous to Catholics as he can; but we do not want him to be paying homage to the Pope. He had much better, instead of making a pilgrimage to the Vatican, be revisiting Ireland, where his presence has the best effect.

The Grand Trunk are receiving a great number of letters from their patrons praising the excellent service on their dining cars which is beyond comparison. A commercial traveller writing to a friend recently says—"On dining car No. 2802, train No. 1, between Port Huron and Chicago, I had as nice a dinner as I had ever been served within any dining car. The service was excellent, employees courteous, and everybody seemed to be anxious to give good service."

If we cannot speak the language of the Kingdom it is evident we have gone ashore at the wrong landing.