

## Church Chimes.

### Hymns of the Canadian Church.

EASTER, 1875.

I.

GREET we Christ in triumph now  
 GOD and King with thorn-crowned brow,  
 The long night of Winter done  
 Comes the Spring with MARY'S SON.

II.

Cold and dim our Easter-Day  
 In the North Land far away—  
 Poor the shrines to which we bring  
 Not a blossom of the Spring—

III.

Scarce a sign of Easter mirth  
 On the face of flowerless earth,  
 Save the silvered woods that show  
 Stole and Chasuble of snow!

IV.

Sad our hearts this Easter-Day,  
 From the home-land far away,  
 Where the Church's chaunted prayer  
 Peals upon the incensed air,

V.

Where with Cross and Banner go  
 Guild and Choir in goodly show,  
 As the vested Priest they guide  
 To the Altar's Northern side.

VI.

Where once more Love's threefold cord  
 Mercy's Sisters have restored,  
 Who by vowed devotion pure  
 Preach the Gospel to the poor.

VII.

Here, the Church of wealth and sway  
 Stripped by robbers on the way,  
 Scorned by Schism's apostate pride—  
 Faints upon the wild wayside.

VIII.

Now, nor will she shows nor power  
 To confront the threatening hour—  
 Shall her hands in sleep but fold?  
 Sleep so death-like in the cold—

IX.

Yet to Him in hope we plead,  
 For His own we intercede,  
 He can bid the maid arise,  
 Lift the light up of her eyes.

X.

He can bid the storm be still.  
 Ice and Snow His word fulfil—  
 Hope of brighter days begun,  
 Comes the SPRING with MARY'S SON.

### S. George, Patron Saint of England.

+ 330.

April 23.

SONG.

SAINT George is the pride of England's throne,  
 From East to West he holds his own;  
 And none may dare in their pride to say,  
 That Saint George's Cross has seen its day:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

When battle clouds at evening frown,  
 And the sun of peace in shade goes down,  
 The meteor flag shall its radiance cast  
 Lit up by the light of the gorgeous Past:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

When armies muster front to front,  
 That cross must face the battle-brunt;  
 For the heart of the Briton beats more warm  
 When he sees that beacon amid the storm:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Through England's fleet the watchword ran,  
 "SHE CLAIMS HIS DUTY OF EVERY MAN,"  
 And forth the standard of battle flew,  
 And what it signalled each man knew:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

He knew that England's mandate says,—  
 When life and duty point two ways  
 The whole world shortly witness can  
 There's but one choice for the Englishman.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Beneath that Cross he stood at bay  
 On the Belgian plain, through the livelong day,  
 That Europe's lords might the mettle try  
 Of Saint George's blood-red infantry.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

The sun sank low on the pride of France  
 As our Captain said, "Brave Flag, advance!"  
 And she quailed as she saw the last rays shine  
 On the triumph step of that thin red line:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Saint George's Cross bars the gates of Day  
 Where the snow ne'er melts on the Himalah:  
 That bannered Cross shall wave o'er them  
 While Japhet dwells in the tents of Shem.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Blazed high the Cross of the sea-girt isle,  
 When the death-reek rolled o'er the waves of  
 Nile;

By sea, by land, it peerless is,  
 For no cheer comes home to the heart like this—  
*Saint George for merry England.*

No plain of Europe lies so far  
 But has hailed that Cross in the van of war:  
 But the fairest motto that flag can claim—  
 "I fight for honour and not for fame."  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Old England loves her GOD too well  
 For Glory's gold her soul to sell,  
 And when she arms her for the fight  
 She arms, FOR GOD AND FOR HER RIGHT.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Unfurl, brave flag! as thou hast unfurled  
 Through a thousand years of the changing world,  
 And be thy Cross as pure from stain  
 When the thousand years come round again.  
*Saint George for merry England.* G. M.

### Clerical Pronunciation.

We clip the following from a late English paper:

SIR—I read in your last issue a charge against Messrs. Moody and Sankey, *in re* the Prophet Daniel. The charge was: "They treat the holy man very badly. They put his eye out, and make him rhyme with flannel." I don't write at all to defend these gentlemen, but I would remind the writer of your article that the "educated ministry," whose services he professes to prefer, often are guilty of similar crimes. A clergyman of the Established Church (presumably educated) was reading one Sunday, as the second lesson, I. Cor. xvi., and twice mispronounced the word Stephanas. Next morning he found the following poetical epistle on his breakfast table:

"Last night you said ye knew Stephanas:  
 This misconception, sir, doth pain us.  
 Stephanas is the man we know,  
 And we would have you call him so."

We think such rebukes are both deserved and needed. We have tried our hand upon the revivalists, and as we cannot give them poetry, they must be satisfied with doggerel. Be it known, then, unto you, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, that—

"We must a jury soon empanel,  
 If you go on to talk of Daniel;  
 A *Seer* must have at least one eye,  
 To give him that we hope you'll try."

### Poems of the Period, No. 8.

#### JINKS' HOOD—A SONG OF DEGREES.

I.

The Reverend Jinks in his pulpit see  
 With the bogus hood of a sham degree!  
 What others in College are forced to seek  
 With some little stock of Latin and Greek—  
 But Jinks no college need never go,  
 But Jinks no Latin nor Greek need know—  
 And learning to Jinks were as little worth  
 As brains, or breeding, or gentle birth.

II.

The pious Jinks in his glory see  
 With an Oxford hood, but no Oxford degree,  
 Flaunting before the astonished sun  
 The badge of honors he never won—  
 Over his surplice proudly thrown,  
 The Oxford hood he pretends to own  
 Like a servant-man who will wear no less,  
 Than his master's best "go-to-meeting" dress.

III.

In that hood, representing a sham degree,  
 The very moral of Jinks you see;  
 The vulgar soul's self-asserting claim,  
 The stolid impudence safe from shame.  
 The mind—half vanity, half pretence,  
 With talk for eloquence, cunning for sense,  
 Pretending to learning it never learned,  
 And sporting a hood it never earned.

#### Rhymes for Church Chimes.

I.

ALL round my neck I wear a black stole stove-  
 pipe-wise,  
 And I wear it for a year and for a day,  
 And if anybody asks me the reason of my wear-  
 ing it,  
 It is because the Rural Dean says that's the  
 proper way.

II.

The "Catholic Laymen's Guild" asked me  
 "How many Catholic laymen are we?"  
 I answered with plain appeal to facts—  
 "How many noodles write Ottawa tracts"!

III.

Mother, may I be a "Laymen's Guild"!  
 Yes, nothing can be neater,  
 But don't print tracts with nonsense filled,  
 And keep from doggerel metre.

#### DEDICATED TO THE TWENTY-SIX.

Church Association is vexation,  
 Revision is as bad,  
 Ontario's See doth puzzle me,  
 And Vestments drive me mad!

#### Ontario Church News.

Rev. K. JONES has been offered the new parish of West Brockville.

Rev. C. P. EMERY is promoted from Pakenham to Smith's Falls. We are glad to hear of this faithful Priest's advance.

Rev. S. TIGHE has left the parishes of Huntley and Hazledan after eleven months tenure.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

O. W. L.—The following is the syllogism to which you refer.

"Qui bene bibit bene dormit; qui dormit non peccat; qui non peccat salvatus erit!"

A WORKING MAN.—The "Guide to Heaven," edited by Rev. T. T. Carter, will suit you admirably. We believe it may be bought in Toronto, price 30 cents. For your children get the "Path of Holiness," by the same compiler.