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But where shall we find this Office in the present Church; this union of authority to preach and administer Sacraments, with this individual right to ordain, and this Presidency over Clergy; this original, Apostolic Episcopate? Evidently, there must be somewhere in the Church at the present time, unless the Lord's word has failed, Officers, of whom it may be said, without arrogance, and in simple deference to the promise of Christ, that in all essential features of the Apostolic office, they are the Successors of the Apostles. Where are they?

That the Office of the Apostles did descend from them to successors; that it was communicated to others by the hands of those who received it from the Lord, is manifest.

The Bishop then gives the proof of this declaration with a clearness of statement which we have never seen surpassed, and with a fulness which should satisfy the most incredulous.

The Bishop says, and we commend his language to all evangelical Churchmen:

The truth is that a primitive Episcopacy and the claims of Popery are absolutely irreconcilable. Nothing does the Pope more labor to destroy than an independent Episcopacy. No barrier stands so much in his way as the Protestant Episcopacy of England.

In the famous Romish Council of Trent, the question was warmly debated whether Bishops were of a distinct Order from Presbyters. The Legates of the Pope did all they could to stop the debate. They wanted the question to be considered undecided, lest it should bring Bishops into unpleasant equality with him of Rome, whom they wished to be considered as the only Bishop by distinction of Order. It was long debated in the same Council, whether Bishops held their office "de jure divino," or "de jure pontificio," from Christ or the Pope; through the Apostles in general, or only St. Peter, as Christ's sole Vicar on earth.

The latter was strenuously maintained by the Regulars or Monastic orders, by the Jesuits (the Pope's body guards), and the Cardinal-Legates of His Holiness. Their doctrine may be seen from the following extracts from the speech of Laynez, General of the Jesuits. He said "the Apostles were made Bishops, not by Christ, but by St. Peter;" that Bishops "held their office and authority of St. Peter's Successor." He advised the Council to beware, "by making the institution of Bishops of Divine right, they should take away the Hierarchy and bring an Oligarchy, or rather an Anarchy." He censured those who held there is any power in Bishops, received from Christ, "because it would take away the privilege of the Roman Church that the Pope is the Head of the Church and Vicar of Christ."

W. J. MACKENZIE.

Family Reading.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom of heaven; the saints are made perfect through sufferings. No nation ever occupied a position of worth and influence in the world but after a long and weary trial. It seems a law of God's providence that their birth should be amid the throes of revolution and their baptism in blood. It is from the midst of the fire that we gain the burnished gold; it is only after forty-years' wandering in the wilderness that Israel enters into the promised land and places the Jordan between itself and its foes. Dark, dreary, and long was the night—the bones of a whole generation bleached amid the sands of the desert, but while a hope survived, and hope is the last gift of heaven that takes its flight from the human soul, there was no place for murmuring and despair; they might still trust in God, their Maker, who giveth songs. If they had not mourned they had never known what comfort was, it is the daughter of grief; but for the darkness of the night they had never learned to sing its songs or to behold the brightness of the dawn. Earth precedes heaven, and the cross comes before the crown. The heart ripens, like the intellect; by discipline, by labor, and trial we must work our way to distinction and success.

Had the Patriarch Job, for instance, remained in prosperity, he had long ago been forgotten like the men of his age. It was the trials of which he was disposed to complain that puri-

fied his nature and chastened his spirit. No one remembers or thinks of his wealth, but his patience and resignation have passed into a proverb. He esteemed, as we should esteem, as a calamity the sudden destruction that came upon his prosperity. It was really a blessing in disguise. It was the very lesson he needed to crown him with wisdom. As well might the block of marble complain of the rude strokes of the sculptor's chisel, unwitting that without them the thought of beauty hidden beneath its rough surface could not be developed. It was a mere cumbrous, shapeless mass. It is a statue which the labor of genius has made immortal.

So was it with Job. Being dead he still speaks, and soothes, and comforts the Christian, as erewhile he did his own people, until there was no need to ask where is the Maker, God, who giveth songs in the night.

It is natural that we should be averse to suffering and trial, there is inspired authority for believing that no chastening for the present is joyous but grievous. It is hard to see the accumulations of a life time melt away like frost before the sun. We love to bask in the sunshine of prosperity, to walk in green pastures and by quiet waters, to have all things go well with us, we are then readiest to sing songs. But reason, experience, scripture, all unite to teach us that we do not always love what is best for us. We are like sick men, and ask only to breathe the cool night air, reckless of the miasma with which it is fraught. We are like men benumbed with cold; let us sleep, we say, though sleep is death. It is then that God, as our father, physician, and friend, puts upon us the restraint we need. He rouses us from the deadly lethargy by the touch of sorrow. He mingles bitter ingredients in our cup, and despite our reluctance, requires us to drink it that it may prove a salutary medicine to the soul. He appears to us in His terrors, the dark clouds arise, we are overwhelmed with darkness and with night. Riches take wings, friends depart, health fails. It is the discipline, of the heart, the refiners' fire, the tribulation through which we enter the kingdom. But if we enter the night, God our Maker goes with us and gives us songs. So have we seen a song-bird, its cage covered in darkness, all light excluded, that its song may be blither when once again it sees the sun; so have we read, that the swan sends forth its most melodious notes, in the notes that prelude its death.—*L. N. in N. Y. Churchman.*

THE HEALER AND THE HEALED.

It is said of Jesus that they "brought unto him all that were diseased; and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched him were made perfectly whole." It is instructive to note here that it was not as many as were nigh Christ who were made whole, nor as many as heard and admired him; for mere outward nearness availed nothing, and multitudes declared, "Never man spake like this man"—"He hath done all things well," who yet continued strangers to his healing power.

The real statement of the sacred historian is this, and nothing could be more cheering: "As many as touched him were made perfectly whole." Of these, it may be, some might only touch feebly, others tremblingly, and even perhaps stealthily; nevertheless, if they had but faith to touch at all, the healing virtue came flowing out to them. Even so is it in the salvation of the soul. Every thing depends upon the touch or look of faith; and as the dimmest eye that ever looked at the brazen serpent found healing, so the feeblest touch of faith draws forth from Christ life everlasting.

"Tis knowing thee that heals,
Tis seeing thee that seals
Comfort and peace;
Show me thy cross and blood,
My Saviour and my God,
Then trouble cease."

We see this touching in faith striking exemplified in the woman who had an issue of blood. Hearing of Jesus, and needing him, she came in the crowd behind and touched his garment; for she said, "If I but touch his clothes, I shall be whole." And immediately, it is added, "She felt in her body that she was healed of that plague." The sequel is full of interest. Jesus, knowing that virtue had gone out of him, turned round and said, "Who touched me?" It was not because he was ignorant of the hand that touched, or grudging she healing virtue thereby drawn forth, that he so questioned, but simply because hidden faith must come to light, not for the glory of the Lord only, but also for its own confirmation and for the encouragement of others. There was need of open confession, as well as real faith; and as soon as she learned this great lesson, he immediately and tenderly calmed her fears by adding, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague."

UNFAIRNESS OF UNBELIEF.

Not only in dealing with God's Book, but in dealing with God's witnesses, men are accustomed to employ the most illogical methods, and to evince the most singular unfairness.

In a court of justice when a case is on trial, and a multitude of credible witnesses have concurrently and conclusively testified on one side, nobody would be silly enough to suppose that their testimony was invalidated because another witness on that same side should be subsequently proved to be unworthy of belief. Nobody refuses to receive bank notes because an occasional counterfeit has been passed upon the public, or puts contempt upon real diamonds because a pebble may be polished into the similitude of a diamond. Nobody absurdly pretends that there is no such thing as patriotism among public men, because here and there may be found a conspicuous official, who is the patron saint of saloon-keepers and the guardian angel of thieves and thugs, nor because of a sad succession of business irregularities and social scandals does any one unwarrantably conclude that among men there is no honor, and among woman no virtue. Any man who should jump to such a generalization would be pitted as a lunatic, or branded as a villain. And yet in the infinitely higher sphere of which I have been speaking, it is supposed to be an argument unanswerable, if on the side of Christianity can be found an occasional witness who is inconsistent or contradictory. That settles it beyond all controversy, they insanely imagine and exultingly proclaim. A single counterfeit, a single worthless pebble, a single sanctimonious hypocrite, from whose face the mask has not been torn—that—that is supposedly sufficient to brand the Christian system as a delusion and a snare. Toward nothing else in all the world do men evince such gross unfairness, and in the name of the Lord and our holy religion we indignantly protest.—*Selected.*

There are some people who seem to go through the world with their eyes shut. They certainly have our sincere pity, for we think they have no idea of the pleasure they lose. To such, and the public generally, we would extend a most cordial invitation to call and inspect our stock, which, we have no hesitation in saying, contains some of the finest works of Art that has ever been turned out, in Solid Silver and Electro-Plated Ware, Bronze Statues, and fine Watches. WOLTZ BROS. & CO., 29 King St. east.