

motion was carried by 75 against 8. Some little sensation was created in what I may call religious-literary circles in London, by the serious attack with which the *Standard* led off, the morning after its issue, against the Revised Version. The article is ascribed by some to a very high ecclesiastical of eminent literary and classical attainments. Without hesitation, the translation is declared to be an absolute and mischievous future. Others also of our London papers took the same view, and protest solemnly against any attempt to substantiate the new volume for the work of King James's translators. Great offence seems to be taken from the fact that the new translation cuts down the Lord's Prayer to the dimensions it has held in the Roman Catholic translations, ascribing the final clause, so familiar to us all, to somewhat doubtful original authority. But this adverse opinion is only what must be expected; and, indeed one might almost say, what should be, for the hot fire of criticism will do far more to cause its general acceptance, and to call forth an examination into its merits, than a general consensus of praise and adulation; one brings forth an intellectual study of its contents, the other a dead, apathetic acquiescence, and there it ends.

It is expected that the two Universities will reap a good profit from their part of the transaction, although they gave £20,000 each for the copyright. One London bookseller sold, retail, fifteen thousand copies on the first day of issue.

The Church of England Working Men's Society having asked Mr. Gladstone to receive a deputation from their body, respecting the Rev. Mr. Green's incarceration, the Right Hon. gentleman has replied, not himself, having even dispensed with the Post-card on this matter, but through his Secretary, declining to receive the deputation. The Premier, through his Secretary, pleads pressure of engagements as preventing him entering into oral communication with the representatives of the Society on the subject. And he further reminds that body that a Royal Commission has been appointed to enquire into the working and constitution of the Ecclesiastical Courts. A more disappointing and unsatisfactory answer could scarcely be conceived. Mr. Gladstone is often puzzling and enigmatical. Himself a good Churchman, (apparently), yet we invariably find him allied with her enemies on most great questions affecting her interests. Is this political expediency, because the rank and file of his supporters are merely Nonconformists? It behoves Churchmen to watch the Right Hon. gentleman closely, and to seriously consider the question whether he is worthy their confidence. Time will show.

Convocation had a motion before it last week pointing at the attempt of Mr. Bradlaugh to enter the House of Commons. The Lower House of Convocation, on Thursday, discussed a motion brought forward by Canon Norris, objecting to the relaxation of the Parliamentary oath in favour of Mr. Bradlaugh. His contention was, that whilst it was important that the liberty of the constituencies should not in any way be interfered with or curtailed—but such a result would not follow from his proposition—the constituencies knew enough to be aware of the rules under which they could send representatives to Parliament, and, therefore, they must take the responsibility, if they sent those who would not be permitted to sit. If a man chose to proclaim on the floor of the House of Commons that an oath, if taken by him, would be simply a mockery, justice did not require that the rules of the House should be altered in his favour. The speaker was here interrupted by the Prolocutor, who seemed to be afraid that by discussing the forms of the House of Commons they would be guilty of something like an impertinence, and bring upon their heads the pains and penalties made and provided for a breach of privilege of the honourable House. For his own part, he thought its discussion an impertinence. But despite this protest, the motion was carried by 47 against 30.

The junior member for Northampton has given notice of a question to the Premier, as to whether the passing of this motion was not a breach of privilege and an act of gross impertinence to Commons House of Parliament. All this will give some idea of the heated feeling on this subject. There are many persons who would be in favour of relaxing the oath so as to meet the conscientious scruples of any who may have other than religious grounds for objecting; but Mr. Bradlaugh is the champion of so coarse a secularism, and is, personally, so obnoxious that they will make no alteration nor grant any concession that shall appear to be made for him or his benefit, or that will appear to, in any way, countenance his opinions. This is the true state of affairs. The fact that 200 Liberal members of Parliament refrained attending the House on the night of Mr. Gladstone's motion that this champion of Iconoclastic principles be allowed to perjure his soul and profane the forms of the House, shows how prevalent and strong is this opinion, and this, too, when a *four line* whip had been issued. It is now looked upon as pretty certain that Mr. Gladstone knows that any further attempt on his part would only lead to certain defeat, and that he will let the matter drop where it is.

The principal Parliamentary event since I last wrote has been the second reading of the Land Bill by a majority that counted, exactly, the same number as the minority; and the principal event in connection with this was another grand speech by Mr. Gladstone. Since the right hon. gentleman's indisposition it has been noted, with regret, that he

has resorted to a stick, and when he appeared with this ominous sign in his hand on Monday night, a fear became prevalent that he would not be able to accomplish any great oratorical feat. During the first part of his speech the Premier made good use of his stick as a support; but ere long, as he warmed to his subject, he put the stick on the table, and contented himself by resting his hand on the dispatch box before him; and as he further got lost to everything but the question on hand, letting out right and left at his maligners and traducers, the right hon. gentleman braced himself together, and, discarding dispatch box or any other support, stood upon his defence like a young gladiator. It was truly wonderful in so old a man; but the penalty thereto he paid the next day—the medical man, and orders for rest and care for a few days. But the grand majority must have been its reward to the hon. member on Friday morning.

Those yearly recurring Theological and Philanthropic events, euphemistically called "May Meetings," are now in full swing. To give but a list of the names of all the societies would fill a large portion of your space. However questionable some of the modes of operation may be, taken altogether it is a grand tribute to human nature, regenerate and Christianized. Most of the societies seem to have made fair headway during the year. The two great Church Societies, the C. M. S. and the S. P. G., are fully up to their usual standard so far as money receipts go, and they both seem to be doing an increased amount of good. But what struck me as a grandly successful work was the report of the proceedings of the Church of England Temperance Society. There was a time when a not altogether undeserved taunt was levelled at the Church for its apathy in the work of stemming the torrent of that mighty scourge—drunkenness. Now she has wiped out any such reflection, and is doing a work of which any section of the Church may be proud. The Society has 12 Clerical and 9 Lay Secretaries. On what may be called the Church Temperance Sunday, in London alone, 164 churches joined in simultaneous sermons. During the year, in Manchester 250 sermons, in Nottingham 40, and Newcastle 60, were preached. In 23 dioceses there is a grand total of nearly 400,000 enrolled members. Altogether a grand work is being done amongst the army, the navy, the mercantile seamen, and its ramifications spread all over the world. All these forces must have a powerful effect in removing the national blot of drunkenness, and its influence upon the masses must be, morally and spiritually, incalculable.

I see that the rumour respecting the probable return home of the Marquis of Lorne has received an official contradiction in the Canadian papers. Still the rumour remains current that it is "on the cards."

Family Department.

REPENTING.

'Twas midnight, and benignant sleep
Had closed the eyes of all,
Save those of one who did but weep
On them no rest did fall.

In vain she turned and tossed and wept,
And heavier was her breast
With added care, that she should weep
While others were at rest.

When struck by sudden half-fledged thought
Up from her bed she leapt,
In silence and with stealthy step
Out from the house she crept;

She stepped into the moonlight bright
So mellow, calm and clear,
Whose tranquil stillness oft have soothed
And checked the flowing tear.

Far from the shadow of the house,
With trembling steps she sped,
On further still, on further yet
She knew not where she fled.

At last she reached the graveyard gate,
She paused and shivering stood,
Then entered thro' the creaking gate
And wandered where she would.

The gravestones rose up thro' the trees,
Some grey, some ghastly white,
All looked so strangely weird and sad
In that unfeeling light.

She found no sympathetic glow
From cold rays of the moon,
Her heart had lost all harmony,
Her soul was out of tune.

No sound disturbed the silent night
Save where the gentle breeze,
With sighs so mournful, sighs so sad,
Blew softly through the trees;

With restless rustlings ominous
And signs of hidden might,
It turned the steady moonlight rays
To quivering shiv'ring light;

With growing power its fitful guests
Spread terror o'er the land,
As tho' it longed to be uncured
To toss a desert's sand.

Then paused, and sank to rise once more
With wild unearthly sounds,
From muttering weird and low it rose
And fiercely burst its bounds.

And in the raging of the wind
A voice arose to tell,
Of all the last four things to come—
Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

With one low cry of fear and woe
The maiden turned and fled,
But as she turned a greater voice
With tender accents said:—

"All ye that labor come to Me,
Oh! come! I'll give you rest,
And peace which this world knoweth not;
Oh! come with sins confessed,

And though 'twas hain to her distress,
She wept with bitter tears,
To think of Him who loved her so
Forgotten all these years.

But now she sees her sinfulness,
In penitence returns,
And grieving o'er the sins thus learnt,
Weeps more as more she learns.

In humble frame she seeks the church
And trembling enters in,
Where now she finds the longed for peace,
And pardon for her sins,

And humble, grieved and penitent,
Resolves, with grace, to tear
The weeds of sin from out her soul,
With watchfulness and prayer.

The above was written by a young lady 15 years of age.
WINDSOR, N. S.

THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

A SERMON BY THE BISHOP OF IOWA.

THE PRAYER BOOK has a hold upon our hearts, and tends to spirituality and the attainment of a deep, reverent piety, by its associations with the Church's past. It is not the work of a day nor an age, but the gift to us of all past time. In its varied offices, in its solemn hymns, its prayers, its rubrics, standards, doctrines, words, it epitomizes the Church's history; it links the saints militant here on earth with the saints triumphant in the heavens. Think of the memories of the past clustering around each portion of our Book of Prayer! Think of the faces that have hung over its pages! Think of the lips that have made its words the language of their soul's communion with God! Think of the sources whence its rich mosaic of devotion has been gathered. Each age has given us of its spiritual treasures, till the incense-wavings of our worship are offered up as in the heavenly temple, "with the prayers of all Saints," before the throne of God. Surely there are incentives and helps to spirituality in these historic associations of our prayers. Shall we listlessly, or without deep earnestness, use words heard of old from the dungeon's depths, from the rack, from amidst the inquisitorial fires, or from the dens and caves of the earth, where the faithful, of whom the world was not worthy, bore testimony to the truth? Can we fail to have a deeper love for those precious formularies of ours, or to feel a fuller confidence in their agreement with the word of God, when we recall the fact that the attachment of our English martyrs, during the Marian persecutions, to their hallowed words, formed a special article in the indictment under which they were condemned? Is not this book of our devotion still more endeared to us who claim to be Catholics reformed and protesting against the mediaeval corruptions as well as the modern developments of the Latin Church mindful, too, as our Fathers were forced to be by blood and fire, of "the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities," when we remember that godly man who clasped it to his heart, even at the stake, and died with it in his stiffened grasp? Is there no quickening of the pulse, no lifting of the soul, when at the solemn recitation of the creed of all Christendom, we are reminded that Crammer began his death-avowal of faith in England's reformation doctrines with this symbol of the primitive belief. Is not the *Miserere* made more thrilling, more touching to us, as we remember that England's proto-martyr, John Rodgers, passed through weeping crowds to the stake, chanting its solemn strains; and that its words of sweet preparation prefaced the headman's stroke when that noble young Christian, Lady Jane Grey, exchanged an earthly for an immortal crown? Come there not with the solemn monotone of litanies no memories of him, the faithful Bishop, who first breathed forth their words of rapt devotion, amid the crowning horrors of a Roman pestilence? Augustine, Ambrose, Chrysostom, saints of the early days are brought to mind with every service when the grand *Te Deum* recalls the legend of that solemn baptism at Milan, or the words of prayer find fitting close in the sweet language of the golden-mouthed Patriarch of the East. A book so wrought into the history of the Church; a liturgy so associated with the most trying and triumphant days of the Church's struggle; a formula drawn from antiquity, and used by the faithful of later days, cannot but be hallowed, cannot but become a help-heavenward by these historic associations. Creeds become to us chronicles of the faith. Articles bring us into fellowship with the goodly company of the Bishops who wisely set them forth in days of bitter controversy, and times that tried men's souls. Prayers came down to us with memories of those who have penned their sacred words, or passed to glory with their loved phrases sounding from dying lips. Worthy of these rich associations, this spirituality and truth, are these words of prayer. For they are words which the ear of the child is ever ready to welcome, and the lisping tongue of infancy refuses not to repeat; and words, are they, of such reverent adoration, and uttering man's needs with such intensity of feeling,

that the heart of maturest, noblest manhood, or the saintliest womanhood, cannot but confess them inexhaustible.

Nor are these elevating and improving associations of our services confined to the comparatively limited range of ecclesiastical history. The words of our Book of Common Prayer have most interesting and uplifting memories connecting them with our country's past. While, by their countless applications and uses in her days of old and by her great and good, England's record is on every page found linked with these prayers and praises, whose history, composition, doctrines, phrases, words are all part and parcel of her national career, it is the same with us children of the mother land who, with the English Bible, have received from her the English Book of Prayer. On adventuresome voyages of discovery, at the founding of new settlements, at the framing of governments, in hours of peril by land or sea, in solemn thanksgiving for national deliverance, at public humiliations, obsequies, inaugurations, commemorations, festivities, these words have sounded on the air, till from these connections with historic events they have become themselves integral parts of history. Even the dullest heart cannot but feel an added interest in that eucharistic services were heard three centuries ago amid the northern snow and ice, when for the first time in these western wilds the symbols of Christ's broken body and outpoured blood told of that precious sacrifice which is our only hope. Can we ever forget, or can we remember without a thrill of high and holy joy, that landing in August, 1583, on the shores of Newfoundland, by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, when the cross was raised for the first time on our coast, and solemn possession taken of the continent for England's Queen and England's Church, and the use of prayer "in public exercise, according to the Church of England," established first of all the laws of this new settlement?

That which is so true with reference to the historic associations of our Book of Common Prayer, is equally so when we pass from the outer world into the inner shrine, and find our souls lifted to God as we pray the prayers our fathers, mothers, children, friends, have prayed. What heart is there that feels not the power of these associations? For these words of prayer are linked with memories of soul-struggles and heart triumphs which only those who have experienced them can know. There are records of earnest supplications and gracious answers, when the burdened soul has made the Prayer Book's petitions the means of its effectual asking, emblazoned in letters of living light in the Books of God's remembrance, or transcribed on the fleshy tablets of hearts which no human eye can read. Ah! these heart-memories are links binding us to the spiritual world; and when there are collects consecrated by their oft-repetition by the lips of the dead, and offices speaking to us of the births, the christenings, the confirmations, the communions, the espousals, the visitations, the death-beds, and the open graves of those we have loved, how do their hallowed words come to us, laden with memories of parting counsels or saintly examples, till the book is illuminated by affection, and the soul is borne upward to God by these recollections of the dead. Who will say that the pencil-marked Prayer Book, found with a few bleached bones on the ice plains, all, alas, that was left of Franklin and his crew, save a fragrant memory of their high and holy aims, is not, to the mourners for those noble dead, more than a cherished memento? Are not those sacred pages to those left behind "means of grace?" Have not those Prayer Books brought back to England from the scenes of the East Indian massacres, sprinkled, it may be, with the blood of the dead, richly spiritual and sanctifying associations linked with them as we remember that they to whom they once belonged were martyrs, and that through much tribulation, through a fearful trial, they washed their robes white in Jesus' blood, and passed to their reward? And will any one say that the Prayer Book of that fair maiden who was Washington Irving's early love—she who "died in the beauty of her youth," and so in his memory was ever "young and beautiful"—that treasured volume which, through life, from the first hour of wild agony at his irreparable loss, was ever by him, and at death still laid by his side, was not, from its sweetly sad associations, the means of bringing that gifted man to bow before the cross in his maturer years?

Hardly a Christian home is there without some such copies of our Liturgy, which wealth untold could not buy; and when the living use their hallowed words, "church bells beyond the stars" are heard; the dead come from Paradise to Earth to visit us, and those who are left behind are linked in blessed union with friends who have changed the worship of Common Prayer for that of ceaseless "Prayer in the Church's words," irradiating the dying chamber, like that of Elizabeth Walbridge, the Dairyman's Daughter; called for even by those whose spiritual ties were not those of our Communion, such as the Wesleyan Richard Jackson, who died with their loved words sounding in his ears; made the last utterance of the venerable Bede, whose lips closed on earth with the cry: "O God, King of Glory, leave us not orphans!" the words we use each Sunday after Ascension; prayer so spiritual in itself, that it quickens into spirit life the dullest heart, and, by these precious memories make even the most earnest piety more rich and full, and world embracing, in its grasp of faith; this is our heritage. It makes the Church's worship suited to all our spirit-needs.