

May 27, 1886.]

DOMINION CHURCHMAN

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wonderful the words, the sermons, the quiet talks of Jesus. All that heard Him marvelled. They were so different to anything they had ever heard before. He and well they might, for think who He was. He adopted a method of conveying deep spiritual truths in the form of parables, which were to those who took no heed to search for the golden grain concealed in the imagery, familiar to all, mere pretty stories; but which were to those, who in an honest and good heart, humbly sought out the meaning, precious truths, able to make them wise unto salvation, and these parables were given for our sake too. How important, therefore, that we should draw the lessons intended we should from them, and show our love to Him by following His advice, by obeying His commands, Jas. i. 22; may the teaching of His parables lead us all to be good Christians.

Family Reading.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree,
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter loud and high.
"In and out through the motley rout"
Pale ghosts stole on unseen,
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word
Of the love that once had been,
But never a lip there spoke their names,
Never a tear was shed;
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market place,
Singing a tender lay,
But no one heeded his sorrowful face,
No one had time to stay.
He turned away; he sang no more;
How could he sing in vain?
And then the world came to his door,
Bidding him sing again,
But he recked not whether they came or went,
He in his garret dead.
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"Tis the way of the world," he said.

There sat a queen by a cottage bed,
Spoke to the widow there;
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed that humble peasant's brow,
And then she bent her knee;
"God of the widow, help her now,
As thou hast helped me."
"Now God be thanked," said the old, old crow,
As he sped from his lofty bough;
"The times are ill, but there's much good still
In the way of the world, I trow."
F. E. Weatherly.

SOME ENGLISH CLERICAL TERMS.

Readers of English papers are often much puzzled by the use of so many terms, all denoting what to us seem pretty much the same thing. For instance, there are "Incumbents," "Rectors," "Vicars," "Perpetual Curates," and "Assistant Curates." As a help to extricate one from his confusion, we give the following:

An "Incumbent" is one who holds any benefice. He may be a Vicar, Rector, or Curate. Incumbency is the general term applying to all benefices alike. The benefice, or "living," as it is most generally called, has hardly any corresponding term in use with us, unless it be "Rectorship."

A "Rector" in the English Church (and there are comparatively few possessing the title) denotes that he is possessor of the great tithes.

Where only the lesser tithes are received as the stipend, the priest is called a "Vicar." The term Vicar, implies that really he is only the deputy of a non-resident Rector, in whose favor the benefice at some time or other has been impropriated, and to whom the greater tithes are really paid.

The greater tithes are often held by a layman. When the Church was robbed by Henry VIII., in many instances he gave the greater tithes to laymen.

A "Perpetual Curacy" signifies a benefice which has never been either Rectory or Vicarage, in some cases an old appropriation, and in others a newly erected and endowed parish not supported by tithe; and the word "Perpetual" denotes that

the incumbents of these parishes are not subject to removal, like a stipendiary or ordinary Curate at the Bishop's pleasure, but can be deprived only after regular legal process. This title is no longer in use. It has been abolished of late, in fact, and Perpetual Curates are now called Vicars, although they are in no sense deputies of any Rector.

The ordinary "Curate" corresponds with our Assistant Minister. His real title is Assistant Curate.

BEFORE A JOURNEY.

In ancient times, when people made pilgrimages, and were careful to give their journeys a holy object and a holy meaning, they always had a short service before starting, or on the way. When I go on a journey—even a common business journey—cannot I turn it into an act of devotion by seeking to do the will of God in this as in every thing else? And if I pray before I start, and during my journey, I may obtain blessings not only for myself, but for many I may meet on the road. At the end of my journey or voyage, I must praise God and seek for a continuance of His protection. Am I careful to do this? The following prayer may be used:

"O God! may I never begin a journey without imploring Thy blessing and protection upon it, may I never end one without thanking Thee for Thy presence and Thy help. Be with me in my going out and my coming in, and so safely guide me through the journey of this life that I may rest in Thy heavenly home forever."

MAY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Some American humorist says, 'You can't bet on dreams;' and the same uncertainty applies to the English climate generally. Perhaps the one feature in it that is most to be depended upon is the prevalence of the east wind in spring. May is an especially treacherous month, and as a rule does not justify the character which poets have given to it. In excuse, however, it is alleged that under the Old Style it began ten days later than now. Popular medico-meteorological sayings, both in England and France, bear witness to the danger attending its bright suns and cold winds. In England we have, 'Till May is out cast not a clout,' and in France the cold of the second decade of the month is so regular a phenomenon that the name of 'saints de glace' has been given to those whose birthdays fall on May 11th, 12th, and 13th. It is thought by many that these chills are due to the thaw of ice and snow on the mountains of Northern Europe. In France, however, the cold is popularly attributed to the moon which is new in April, and which becomes full at the end of that month or the beginning of May. This moon is called *la lune rousse*, because the cold of its clear nights often freezes and turns red the young buds and leaves. There is an anecdote of Louis XVIII., that he asked the great astronomer, Laplace, to explain how it was that *la lune rousse* produced this effect. The puzzled astronomer replied that this was a question which did not belong to his department—the Bureau des Longitudes. The injurious effects of these late frosts on vegetation, which has been stimulated by the sun's warmth, are much dreaded by gardeners. In the northern half of England it is quite unsafe to put bedding plants out until the end of the first week of June.

Pepys, in his *Diary*, speaks of the pretty custom of women going out early in the mornings of May to bathe their faces with May-dew, in order to make themselves beautiful—a practice much more sensible and likely to be efficacious than most of the devices that are tried by credulous women for obtaining or preserving beauty.

In Germany they say, 'Stick to your winter things till the 40th of May;' and in other northern countries, 'Don't put off your great coat in May.' Even as far south as Italy they say, 'May! lovely May! to thee thy roses, but to me my furs!'

In England, May is about seven to ten degrees warmer than April, and June is about as much warmer than May.

With respect to the cold week in the early part of

May, we may add that 'Mr. Joseph Henry, Secretary to the Smithsonian Institute, mentions that the meteorologist, Dove, pointed out several years ago, that a remarkable cold occurs generally in Europe about the 11th of May.'

The occurrence of this cold spell about the end of the first decade of May has, in fact been, observed by many meteorologists, and is embodied by the proverbial philosophy of various countries. A common French saying is,—

'A la Mi-Mai,
Queue d'hiver.'

'In Mid-may we've winter's tail.'

The Germans say, 'Um mai mitte, Winterschleppe,' and, 'Who shears his sheep before Servatius' day' (May 13th) loves more his wool than sheep.' In Edinburgh the cold weather about the 8th to the 14th of May, is called 'Assembly weather,' from the fact of the Presbyterian Conference taking place at this time.—O. D., in *Church Press*.

A STORY OF THEODORE PARKER.

"When a little boy in petticoats," he said, "in my fourth year, one fine day in spring, my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone.

"On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide. A rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower in my neighbourhood, and one which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw the little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub.

I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature yet, I had seen the boys out of sport destroy birds and squirrels and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow their bad example.

"But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'it is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me, 'It is wrong.'

"She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear and disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice.' I am sure no event in my life ever made so deep and lasting impression on me."

I AM NOT PREPARED.

How very many of the congregation gathered together in God's house do, as a matter of course, turn away from the table of the Lord so frequently spread before them! What is the reason given by those who retire? 'They usually say, "I am not prepared." Now I am far from proposing that any wilful or wicked soul should rashly approach the table of the Lord; but what is the meaning of the answer, "I am not prepared?" The meaning is, that some evil habit is still preferred and cherished; that the flesh is as yet the master; that Satan is still the God. The man is prepared to follow his own bent. Whatever his sin is, he is prepared to follow it; he is prepared to be unclean; he is prepared to be intemperate; he is prepared, perhaps, to be dishonest; he is prepared to be wrathful, envious, or slanderous; but he is not prepared to meet Jesus Christ. Who, then, is the God in all such cases? Surely if we desert God to obey, to serve some sin, that sin, be it what it may, is our God, that is our worship, and to what we sacrifice ourselves.

—The Rev. Richard R. Boyle, a priest of Portsmouth (R. O.) Cathedral, has been received into the Church of England.

27, 1886.

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