

Family Department.

OUR LIVES.

(For the Church Guardian.)

Our lives belong to God, and one by one, The days are given us from His own hand;

The foolish "taking thought" that Christ re-proved,

Long years ago, in lives so like our own, Oft moves us to forget the Father's love

He thinketh for us, and He leads us on In His own paths, not always our way;

He knoweth what we need before we ask And loves to hear and grant His children's pray-ers;

Then let us live to-day as unto God, And leave to Him, to-morrow and its care.

THE RECTOR'S HOLIDAY.

By MARY R. HIGHAM.

(Concluded.)

By the time Albany was reached, Mr. Whiting felt almost a boy again. He stepped from the car with the alacrity of years gone by, and walked up to the hotel to dine with his old friend, who decidedly showed that he approved of din-ners, if not of lunches; finally, he yielded to the Rev. Mortimer Dayke's invitation, and consented to pass the night with him at the hotel, and pursue their journey the following day; and that evening, the two men—having satisfactorily disposed of the past—talked long and earnestly of the future, and Mr. Whiting unbosomed himself as he had done to his family. It seemed when he thought it over, that God had led him along to meet this new path. The Rev. Mortimer Dayke was possessed of ample private means, had a flourishing parish in New York, a chapel, an assistant, one or two missions, a parochial school and guild, and choir boys to train—indeed he had so many that Mr. Whiting had never heard of, that that poor man was quite bewildered already, and began to ask himself if it were not all a dream, part and parcel of his own dreams; and that his friend, after all, was not another clergyman, but a priest—forgetting that he himself had been ordained priest such a long, long time ago. He had forgotten a great many things since then.

Meanwhile Mr. Dayke had made his plans. For one thing, Mr. Whiting was to be his guest. He had a house in the city, adjoining his church—very elegant, but not luxurious, quiet perfect in its appointments, but almost monkish in its simplicity—for Mr. Dayke was a ce-libate, not after the order of Francis, but of more modern saints, who understand so wisely the art mingling esthetics with ascetics.

"You are my guest," he insisted; and that ended the matter. Mr. Whiting sent an incoherent letter to his family, that he had found a dear old friend, and should spend Easter with him; and another at the same time, to the young fellow what come over to the funeral, that Bill Hull and the senior warden had liked so much, asking him to conduct the services for him on Easter Day. And then, he wound up with a short note to Bess—the first letter she had ever received from her father—begging her to see that there were flowers on the altar. If Mrs. Whiting had needed anything to con-vince her of her husband's partial lunacy, this note was only another link in the chain of evidence. "Flowers on the Altar! Bess had always placed a modest vase on the Communion Table, but that was Bess' idea, not her father's. It was more than likely he had never seen them"

And while his family were speculative and anxious, the hours were flying by all too quickly for the happy rector. He went home with his old friend, saw the bronzes, pictures, and curiosities he had brought with him from foreign lands, turned over portfolios and rare old books, walked with him to visit his missions and schools, and saw the wonderful machinery of a city parish in perfect working order. He met brother clergymen—all of them had travelled more or less—of course they could preach. Men who had stood under the shadow of the Vatican and St. Peter's, and planted their feet where St. Paul's, aye, even where the Saviour's had been

landed; of course, they had something to say—he had no time to confess that he was not what one would be disposed to call an experienced traveller. It is true, that once in the course of ten years he had been down to Utica to attend a meet-ing of some sort, and once there he had paid a flying visit to the State Lunatic Asylum, but he mentioned this little cir-cumstance with a great deal of modesty, when he found that the others had done so much more. And it was like turning over the fresh pages of a new book, to listen to them. Then there was Broad-way, the crowded Avenue the Park, the churches—he wandered from one to the other. All through that Holy Week the bells were tolling "come" and he came. He stood under the gray shadow of old Trinity, looking up and listening to the sweet chiming ringing aloft, and then stole through the open door, and knelt down by himself in the spacious church, hear-ing the throbbing of the tumultuous or-gan overhead, like a great pulse beating through the stillness, the tears filling his eyes with excess of quiet happiness. And then he dropped into galleries with his friends, and saw beautiful statuary and pictures, he even caught himself looking into shop windows, gay with silks and lawns, praying with Philemon, "Lord turn away mine eyes from beholding tempta-tion," yet looking nevertheless—wonder-ing all the time if Bess wouldn't be as pretty as the girls sauntering up Broad-way, if she was attired as they were.

But the crowning joy of all was Easter, the magnificent churches, the white robed choristers, the singing, the wild-ness of flowers, the chancel heavy with perfume, the Easter joy everywhere. He rose with his friend at early dawn, and took Communion in the dim quiet church, with a new feeling in his heart of having for the first time come to the open tomb "while it was yet dark."

So it came to pass that when he stood in his own pulpit, a week later, he preach-ed to his people with a vigor and fresh-ness that he had not known since he stood before them, a beardless youth. He had brought so much of the Easter joy home with him, how could he help but put it into speech! If he had not "after the fashion of men" stood under the shadow of St. Peter's, he had tarried long enough under the shade of old Trinity to dream newer, fresher dreams, and to bring some of them back with him. People nodded and smiled to each other, when they came out of church, and shook hands with their "dear old rector," compliment-ing him upon his improved health, yet hoping he would not leave them for so long a time again. But before another week had gone by, the "dear old rector" had called a vestry meeting, (when had he ventured upon such a proceeding before? and laid before them a proposition from his friend, the Rev. Mortimer Dayke of New York, of whom all Deacons' Corners had heard of course—a man distinguished in his profession, as well as in the literary world. The Rev. Mr. Dayke needed an assistant—some one versed in mission work—and he offered this place to his friend; indeed, the latter could scarcely be called a business letter, as it began "Whiting, my dear old fellow," and ended with a compliment, as he spoke of the talent which he had been content to bury away in an obscure town. This was bearding the lion in his den, truly! The parish rose, and by one consent voted their dear old pastor an increased salary. "Let it be a thousand dollars this time," advised the warden's lady. "We cannot afford to lose our rector, after such years of patient toil on his part." And so the thousand dollars was offered and accepted, with a dreamy pleasure on Mr. Whiting's part, and open joy on that of his wife and daughter. Thereupon, the parish fell back into its ordinary security; even Bill Hull coming up and saying, as he shook hands with a contented air, "We couldn't afford to lose you, Dominie, nohow,"

So the rector staid on and on, and is staying there still. He has changed only in one respect; every year, he allows him-self a holiday. It is not always to New York, although, as and his old friend, with a gulf of opinions wide and deep to sepa-rate them, bridge it over with loving letters and friendly counsel. Sometimes, he goes to Boston; once, he went up the wonderful Saguenay; and, another time, he visited the Centennial, and his wife and daughters went with him. Perhaps it would have been better for him, in a pecuniary sense, if he had accepted the position offered him by his friend in the city, but he has never regretted his choice. He will live and die among his

people—what more could a faithful pas-tor ask? For some good fairy had worked a charm into this twofold life, though the people never knew wherein lay that charm. Short-sighted mortals!—they took all the credit to themselves; they had forgotten entirely that the rector had taken unto himself a holiday!

NEWS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

The Central Board of Domestic Mis-sions says:—

"Ten years ago, the North-West was practically unknown, and the few living there, were settled on the banks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. The in-habitants were then mainly half-breeds, and a few missions existed, created and supported by grants from the S. P. C., the Church Missionary Society, and the Colonial Church Society, of England. At that time, Winnipeg was but little more than a Hudson's Bay Co's post, with less than 500 persons living round the old fort. Now it has a population of about 12,000 persons. It has at present two Churches,—one entirely self supporting, and the other very largely so.

East and West of Winnipeg, popula-tion is rapidly pouring in, and spreading over a very wide area of country.

West of Red River, in a district of country, extending at present upwards of 250 miles in length by about 120 miles in width, settlement is progressing with great rapidity, and the opening of the railway now being built in that dis-trict, will very rapidly indeed fill up the country. At present, our Church has hardly any missions, beyond those originally established for the half-Breeds on the banks of the two rivers, and now happily becoming the centres of import-ant parishes.

In South Western Manitoba, there is one mission of our Church at Nelson-ville, lately established, covering a dis-trict about 45 by 75 miles in extent, con-taining about 85 townships, each having upwards of 24,000 acres. 66 of these townships have already rapidly increas-ing settlements of about 20 families each. Churchmen are scattered over the whole district, in many parts predomi-nating in number.

In the same district the Presbyterians and Methodists have each established five missions, making an aggregate of 10, com-pared with the single mission of our Church.

In the district of Western Manitoba, and the country traversed by the Little Saskatchewan River, the process of settle-ment is rapidly advancing, and towns and villages are already springing up. The only point in a district stretching 140 miles through a splendid country, at which a mission of our Church has been planted, is Rapid City. In the same district the Presbyterians and Methodists have each, at least, 5 missions, making again 10 missions of other churches as compared with one of our. A member of the Synod stated that he had lately driven for about 600 miles through that section of country, and had hardly ever been out of sight of a house, or of farms in progress of cultivation.

East of Red River, to the shore of Lake Superior, a distance of upwards of 400 miles, through which a line of rail-way is being constructed, not a single church of any protestant denomination is found. Thousands of men are now at work on the railway,—large lumber-ing establishments are springing up,—and towns and villages are having their foundation laid. At one of these places—Rat Portage—our Church is about to estab-lish a mission trusting that funds will be forthcoming to maintain it.

Our Church people in Winnipeg, and throughout Manitoba, are doing their ut-most to meet the demands for church ministration, but their power is totally inadequate to the crisis.

In addition to a large emigration from Europe, growing in extent every year, great numbers from all parts of Canada, are every month passing into the North-West. A considerable proportion of these belong to our Church, and desire earnestly to continue within it. But unless immediate aid, and with no stint-ed hand, is intended to those members of our Church, who are planting their homes, and the homes of future generations, in that new country, they must of necessity be lost to us, and absorbed into other religious bodies.

The Societies in England have done much to establish the foundations of our Church in the North-West, but it will be

wholly in vain to appeal for further help until we have given substantial proof of our desire to do all we can to supply the spiritual need of the Country.

A new and we trust what will prove a blessed work has been inaugurated by Rev. Dr. Williams, of St. George's church, New York. It will be opened for free evening services. This done in order to meet the religious wants of work-ing men and women, of persons who have no church ties, of young men from the country who have into the city to earn their living, of those who live in boarding and tenement houses, and of all who are unable to pay for a pew or sitting. St. George's opens its doors on Sunday nights, with free sittings—and cordially invites every man and wo-man in the city who will come, to enter its wall, to join in congregational singing, and to listen to the gospel. A free church, a free gospel, hearty singing and a cordial welcome to every soul who en-ters the church, is offered to the people by this night service. A choir of one hundred voices is being trained to render the musical portion of the service effec-tive and to lead the people in hearty con-gregational singing.—Ex.

NO USE.

THERE is no use in putting up the motto, "God bless our Home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents to the children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The greatest of the-e is charity," while the tongue of the buckbiter wags in that family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while the money chinks in the pockets of "the head of the household," groaning to get out to see the light of day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but posi-tively not one cent for the Church. In how many homes are those mottoes stand-ing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire? The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful hopeful, free-handed, free-heart-ed, charitable lives, is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colors of pigment and the worsted and the floss have faded, and the frames have rotted away in their joints.—Epi-s. Reg.

"I BELIEVE IN GOD."

"I believe in God," said the old Bishop, beginning the Creed, in the ser-vice, and there was no response.

"I believe in God," he again repeated, and still there was no reply."

Then, in a voice of thunder, he said: "Am I the only one here who believes in God?"

Of course, the response came. They believed in God, but were ashamed of the fact.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

All the great heresies of the ages are here denied and rebuked in this brief sentence. *Atheism* is denied, for God is asserted had declared to be the univer-sal Creator. *Polytheism* is rebuked for one God only is declared. *Materialism* is scouted, for matter is not recognized as eternal, but created. *Pantheism* is for-bidden, because God is represented as distinct from His works, and above them. *Fat-lium* finds no place, for the freedom of the Creator in Creation is clearly es-tablished.

DON'T CENSURE.

REMEMBER the good old rabbi who was awakened by one of his twelve sons saying—

"Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who awakens to praise and pray."

"Son," said the wise father, "you had better be asleep, too, than awake to cen-sure your brothers."

No fault can be as bad as the feeling which is quick to see and speak of other people's wrongs.

THE CHARGE

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To the Clergy. July 1880, is now published.

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RELIGIOUS DUTY.

MANY persons have an idea that they are free from religious duties until they agree to be bound by them. They think that the attendance upon public worship, the support of the Church, the avoidance of unprofitable amuse-ments, and the maintenance of high Christian character may be binding upon the acknowledged Christian, but they do not apply to the irreligious man, espe-cially the avowed skeptic.

But moral obligation is not created by contract, nor does it depend upon belief. It requires no contract to bring a man within the range of God's physical laws. Disregard of the laws of health is pun-ished, irrespective of the ignorance or disbelief of him who disregards them. Strychnine would kill, even though the victim did not believe in the power of poison or the fact of death; and so of the civil laws. It requires no contract to obligate a man to obey the laws of the State. He may be ignorant of the laws; he may refuse to obey them; he may deny their existence; yet they bind him, and for their violation he is justly pun-ished. And so of the moral laws; it requires no contract to bring man under their authority. By the very nature of his being he is under their authority.

There can be no evasion of the laws by which God carries on his moral gov-ernment. They must be obeyed or dis-obeyed. Among those laws are the duties pertaining to the Church of Christ. The Church is a most important part of the moral government. It is the duty of of every one to whom that Church is pre-sented, to enter it, to sustain it, and to be conformed in conduct to its teachings. Each one of these duties is binding; and the non-performance of the first—that of entering the Church—by no means less-ens the obligations of others; nor does disregard of them all either change their nature or diminish their force. The Divine law which lays these duties upon every one, is an eternal fact; and nei-ther its existence, or its power is in any way affected by men's belief concerning it.—N. Y. Guardian.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Received, \$250 from Newport, for Alabama; also \$6.75 from Walton. Total, \$256.75.

Wm. Gossip, Treas. B. F. M., Diocese N. S.

An error occurred in last week's "Foreign Missions" article. Second and third lines of 4th column should read "especially the Cambridge Mission—the Diocese of Bombay, and the work carried on by the Wantage Sisters." The words in italics were omitted.

NOT A BEVERAGE.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing opium and other drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains in it, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every Druggist in Roch-ester sells them and the physicians prescribe them."—Rochester Evening Express on Exp. Bitters.

Marriages.

HARNISH—DOREY.—On the 3rd inst. by the Rev. Henry Stamer, Rector of Hubbard's Cove. Jas. Robert Harnish, to Susan Dorey. SCHNARE—MANUEL.—On the 4th inst., by the same, John David Schnare, to Annie Manuel. BRIGLEY—SMITH.—On the 4th inst., by the same, Robert Brigley, to Adelaide Smith. WESTHAVER—MILLER.—On the 6th inst., by the same, Simon Westhaver, to Sarah Miller. ROSS—PORTER.—At Pugnash, on 3rd inst., by Rev. R. F. Brine, Rector, Mr. Albert Ross, to Miss Martha Porter, both of Victoria.

Deaths.

WORRALL.—At Halifax, on Saturday evening last, Margaret Jane, wife of H. F. Worrall, aged 49 years. PEASE.—At Beaufort, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 2nd inst., suddenly, of diphtheria, Edith Alice Madeline, only and dearly be-loved daughter of James and Edith Pease, aged 9 years. GORDON.—At Albion Mines, of diphtheria, Wil-ham, eldest child of Joseph and Margaret Gordon, aged 14. BURNS.—At Port Greville, Parramora, on Mon-day, the 8th inst., in the 35 year of her age, Mrs. William Burns. Also, at the same place, on the 11th inst., Mr. Wm Burns, widower of the above.