

whole or in part. The summarized financial statement for the year ending March 31, 1887, stood thus:—Free income, £116,761 3s 6d; receipts for Scriptures sold at home and abroad, £104,888 16s 5d; Roxburgh fund for colportage in India, £104 6s; making the total receipts £221,754 5s 11d. The expenditure had been £231,776 3s 11d, which was less than that of the previous year by £9,053 12s 4d, but £10,000 in excess of the receipts.

At the Bible Society meeting the Bishop of Manchester was severe upon the "Bibliolator"—"a man who thinks the Bible is a cyclopaedia of all knowledge; that it is a sort of *vade mecum* of the chronologists, and archaeologists, and historians, and physicists; that it is bound to be accurate down to its last figure and its last letter, and is bound to supply an explanation of the works of God, which shall be suitable, I don't say to the latest knowledge—that would be a very little thing, because the latest knowledge is not the ultimate knowledge—but which absolutely and finally explains the objective nature of all facts." This is the person, according to the Bishop, who supplies the professional infidel with his miserable stock-in-trade.

ON Sunday, May 8th inst., in a very large number of churches in London, the prayers of the Church were asked for "James Bell-Cox, a prisoner for conscience' sake, and the congregation of St. Margaret's, Prince's road." Canon Scott Holland, at St. Paul's Cathedral, said that we should all cling with unfaltering grasp to all the elements of unity in the Church, even though, as at present, it cost a priest's imprisonment.

MANCHESTER.—The Bishop of Manchester is promoting a scheme for the employment of workmen evangelists in his diocese. The men, (who will be under the immediate control of the Bishop), and licensed by him, will conduct missions in any parish to which they may be invited by the incumbent. To a diocese with so large a working class population as that of Manchester the advantage of such a scheme is obvious. Incumbents of populous parishes may obtain the services of well trained workmen missionaries without application to any society or to an organisation which is more or less independent of the parochial clergy; each missionary will live under rule, and will go forth to his work at the invitation of the clergyman of the parish; the central authority to be vested in the Bishop.

METHODISTS ALL: ATTENTION!—Earl Nelson, in his Home Re-union notes in *Church Bells*, quotes the following account of an Easter service in a Wesleyan Church:—

"We learn from the published letter of a correspondent of the *Methodist Recorder* that Easter has been celebrated by the Wesleyans of Bedford with *great pomp and ceremony*. 'Last Sunday morning,' he writes, 'we reached St. Mary's Wesleyan Chapel, Bedford, a little before the time of service. Outside the weather was dull and cold, but within the handsome sanctuary we found warmth and comfort, our eyes and thoughts being also refreshed by the simple but beautiful decorations which skilful hands had arranged in honor of the day. Punctually at half-past ten the first notes of the organ announced the commencement of the service, and the choir of men and boys, followed by the ministers, entered by the chancel door and took their accustomed places. Charles Wesley's grand Easter hymn, to the old familiar tune with its pealing Alleluias, was sung as the *Introit*. Then followed the Easter morning liturgical service, *chorally rendered*; 'Christ our Passover,' and the proper Psalms for the day being heartily sung. The *Te Deum* (from an MS. service) and the *Benedictus* (Dykes in F) were well rendered. Then was

sung the Apostles' Creed, "recited as a chant of triumph," with effective organ accompaniment. The anthem appointed for the morning service was "Christ is risen from the dead." In the ante-Communion service a really attractive feature was the grand rendering of the Nicene Creed (Woodward in E flat), than which a more devotional, simple and impressive interpretation of it we have never heard. After hymn 713, to the tune "Abridge" had been sung, and a short prayer offered, the Rev. G. S. Tyler preached a sermon on "Christ is risen" (1 Cor. xv.), in which he directed attention to the fact of the Resurrection, more especially in its relation to Christian faith and hope. The last hymn of the service was 712, to the tune "Rockingham," during the singing of which the offerings of the congregation were collected. The evening service at St. Mary's Wesleyan Chapel is also liturgical and choral. Last Sunday evening, Winchester's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* were sung. The anthem was Mendelssohn's, "But the Lord is mindful," arranged as a quartette; and the hymns were 715 (to Troyte's Chant, No. 2) and 716, which had been sung as the morning *Introit*."

CHURCH WOMAN'S MISSION AID, TORONTO.—The Sec. Treas., of the Church Woman's Mission Aid (which Society is now in connection with the Woman's Auxiliary), desires to invite correspondence from the clergy of Toronto diocese, and also the Missionary diocese of Algoma, and the N.W., concerning the needs of their Churches and parishes. Address Mrs. O'Reilly, Gen. Sec. C. W. M. A., 37 Bleeker St., Toronto.

[For the Church Guardian.]

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels."
—2 Cor. iv. 7.

Weary, dispirited, the preacher flung His tired limbs upon his couch, smoothed The dark hair from his forehead restlessly, With nervous hands. He even now had preached A sermon that had come to him in one Bright and inspired moment, and his thought Had been of how he now might touch the hearts Of his loved flock. "The thought was not mine own Dear Lord," he said, mounting the pulpit stair, "'Twas only Thine, and Thou wilt let it lead My people onward upward unto Thee." Filled with his faith, and strengthened by the love He felt within him for the sinning souls For whom Christ died, he poured forth tirelessly His glorious thought. And then a great hush fell On all the assembled people; they had caught Somewhat of the holy fire, and love that burned Within the preacher's heart. And, joyfully, Feeling that kindly influence, he went Glad to his home, to rest, and muse, and pray. —But, e'er the bright warm flush that dyed his cheek As he had poured forth all his heart, had quite Faded and died away, a gloomy thought, Bred of the great Arch-enemy, thrust itself Between him and his thankfulness to God. "If not the *thought*, at least the *words* were mine "That clothed the thought. How faulty then and vain! "And, though, methought, I spake no sentence save "For His great glory! yet I know not if "There may not still have lurked within my heart "Some feeling bred of wordly fear of men. "May it not be that even while my voice "Raised itself high to sound the praise of God "Feeling itself secure in righteous aim, "My vain weak nature, speaking through my voice

"Poured the praise not now of God but men!
"The sympathetic thrill that seemed to run
"Between me and my people, was it not
"Perchance a momentary feeling, growth
"Of choice of words, some sudden eloquence?
"My soul is not yet purged of all the dross
"Of worldly aims, and how then can I dare
"To hope by word of mine to fitly shew
"The glory of the Eternal's majesty?
"Those who have quite subdued *themselves*, perchance,
"May know to lead Thy people, but for me,
"Proven so weak e'en in my holiest hours,
"How can I hope to gather souls for Thee?"
Thus tortured with sad fears, tormenting doubts
As to the fruitage of the best seed sown
By hands unworthy,—slow the preacher paced
This study floor, his slender fingers tight
Clasping each other, as it were in pain.
Filled with his mournful thought, he, absently,
Drew near his study window; it looked out
Upon a granite wall, and a small path
Lay just between, which oftentimes was used
As a short passage by pedestrians.
The walk was old, and through the crevices
In places he could see the water drip
Left from the last night's rain; which, carefully,
Had caught itself in hollow places formed
In the wall's ledge. So clear and cool it looked
In the hot morning, that the preacher thought
Straightway, and with a sigh; "So should the
Word
"Of God be to the thirsty soul, which looks
"To it for comfort." As he spake, there passed
Two beggar children, on their way may be
To some poor wretched home. They quickly
saw
The fresh cool water, and the elder placed
Her little thirsty lips against the stone
Where flowed a tiny streamlet copiously.
The other child was younger,—a mere babe
In years, and so she could not reach to where
Her sister slaked her thirst, at the one spot
Where there was plenty, and the little drops
That flowed low down, were but a mockery
To make her wish for more, and so she cried
Not hopelessly: "O sister, get me some
"Of the nice water, for my mouth is dry."
She did not doubt the love that oft denied
itself to give a little more to her,
Nor yet the sister's power to grant her prayer.
The elder child looked up, around and down,
"Oh for a cup to reach the little one
"Her wished-for draught." The tears were
trickling down
The child's pale cheek, when, with a cry of
joy,
She darted towards a little dusty spot,
Triumphantly unearthed a shapeless bit
Of broken crockery, and dusted it
With the poor remnant of a tattered gown.
She held the treasure, soiled and broken still,
Yet beautiful to her, beneath the place
Where oozed the precious streamlet, and when
he,
The preacher, saw the clear, fresh water brought
In triumph to the little childish mouth
He turned away, and bowed himself before
His Maker. "The pure water of God's Word
"May flow through vessels broken and defaced.
" 'Tis God who chooses, and if He designs
"To give His fulness through an instrument
"Poor and unworthy, should it therefore say,
" 'Nay, Lord! the task is far too great for me?'
"And not full humbly yield itself to do
"His mighty purpose? Oh, my Lord forgive
"The pride that questioned Thy great power
to act
"Through me, Thy poor unworthy instrument,
"Broken by earthly losses, soiled with sin!
"I thank Thee for the lesson Thou hast taught
"Sent at the moment when my doubting soul
"Most needed Thy divine encouragement."

S. M. ALMON,

Fairfield, Windsor, N.S.