

rary there. I replied that I was under the impression that no degrees conferred by any other University or College in the Dominion were more highly valued than were those of Trinity. The writer is not a graduate of that University, but he knows that the heads of that University have been and are distinguished for their great scholarship and high sense of honour. He has, moreover, a large acquaintance with the graduates of Trinity College, and highly esteems them for their intellectual attainments, and when he sees any of them wearing their hoods, denoting degrees in Arts or Divinity, the latter generally comprehending the former, he has the satisfaction of knowing that they have been fairly and honorably obtained, and that those who wear them can fully justify before the world the ensignia of merit conferred upon them. There seems to be a rage at the present time for the possession of the degree of B.D. by men who have not graduated and could not fairly graduate in Arts, and there are some writers who advocate the lowering of the standard for that degree for their accommodation, but it is expected that Trinity College at least will maintain her present standard of requirements, and if such accommodation is anywhere afforded, the hood should be of flannel instead of silk, and the wearer thereof should be compelled to write after his name the small letters b.d. instead of the large capitals B.D.

QUIS.

ALGOMA DIOCESE.

SIR,—Kindly allow me space to acknowledge, received by last mail, towards the purchase of a horse and rig for this mission:—St. James' Sunday School, Toronto, per Geo. Harcourt, Esq., \$4; "R. R.," \$2; "a member of the Church with small means," Fergus 25 cents. Other amounts received have been personally acknowledged by me. More is still needed to purchase. Navigation will soon be closed. I am afraid, Mr. Editor, my cry must still be "give," "give." Do I please, "dear readers," send quickly the dollars, the cents too, to help us in this matter. Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, CHAS. A. EATON, Ontario, September 19th, '87.

SKETCH OF LESSON.

17TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. OCT. 2ND, 1887.
Edom and Israel.

Passages to be read.—Numb. xx. 14-22.

What makes a family happy? How pleasant to see brothers and sisters living together, loving and helping one another (Ps. cxxxiii. 1). Can they always live together? Generally must part—one goes to work here, another there—but if they love one another they do not forget—think of—pray for—perhaps still help one another. Many miles may lie between them—but hearts may be close together still. But sometimes people live together, and do not love—near each other in body, but far off in heart. Which nearness is best? To-day we are to hear of some people who were nearly related, but separate in heart.

I. *A People nearly related to Israel*.—Who was the father of the Israelites? (Exod. i. 1; Gen. xli. 1). All children of Abraham—and of Isaac—and of Isaac's son Jacob, who came into Egypt. What became of Isaac's other son? (Gen. xxxvi. 6-8). His family had settled in a country full of steep mountains, narrow valleys, wild and picturesque rocks. Here they drove out the *Horites* ("cave dwellers") the original inhabitants (Deut. ii. 12), built strong cities, planted gardens and terraces up the rocky slopes, hunted, traded with the neighbouring nations, and grew rich and great. While Israel were still wanderers, the Edomites were settled under a king (Gen. xxxvi. 31).

Israel had probably passed near the land of Edom on their way from Sinai to the promised land (Deut. i. 2), when they came to Kadesh. Now, after years of wandering, they are at Kadesh again, and want to enter the Land. Which way shall they go? If straight north, they will meet enemies all ready to oppose them. Once they were told to go forward and face these people, but now God has another design for them. They turn eastward, to go around the Dead Sea, and get into the land the other side, across the Jordan. The best way will lead right through Edom, a broad valley through the mountains. So Moses sends a message to the king, (v. 14-17). It is the message of a stranger? It comes from a brother, and a brother who has suffered much. What does he ask? Only leave to pass through without touching anything. Surely the Edomites will gladly receive their brethren, and give them help. But look at the answer—short, cold, and cruel (v. 18). Israel can hardly believe the words. Another message is sent, and they advance and reach the entrance of the Land of Edom (v. 19). What is this armed multitude that stops the way? (v. 20, 21). They are *Israel's brethren*—the people so nearly related to them. But what are they in heart?

II. *A People hating Israel*.—Will not Israel try to force their way through Edom? Look at Deut. ii. 5. They are not to attack their brethren. So they turn away, to take the long road right round the mountains—a trying and difficult journey. But at last they come out on the other side of Edom; here the country is more open, not so easy to defend, and perhaps Edomites are afraid, for they are willing to sell them provisions as they pass (comp. Deut. ii. 6-29; xxiii. 3, 4, 7). Still there is no brotherly help, although Israel does not return the unkind treatment.

See what became of Edom and Israel afterwards. Israel had settled in Canaan. How did the Edomites act towards them? Joined the other nations in attacking them (1 Sam. xiv. 47, 48). At length David subdued them (1 Sam. viii. 14); but they revolted again, and took every occasion of attacking and harming Israel. See Ps. lxxxiii. 6-9; 2 Chron. xx. 1, 10, 22. Look at the awful picture of their hatred (Ps. cxxxvii. 7; Ezek. xxxv. 5, &c.; Amos i. 11).

There is no other nation whose hatred against Israel was so persistent as that of Edom. Besides the passages referred to we find it mentioned in 1 Sam. xxii. 18, 19; 1 Chron. xviii. 12, 13, and 2 Kings xiv. 7. Josh. xv. 62; Ezek. xxv. 12; xxvi. 5; Obadiah i. 9, 14.

Was there any cause for this hatred? Israel had desired to be friends—and look at the command of God (Deut. xxiii. 7, 8). Even after the unkind treatment they had received, they were to look upon an Edomite as their brother. But Edom was like Cain (1 John iii. 12). Now look at the end of the two nations (Joel iii. 19).

The judgment on Edom is announced by Malachi as accomplished (Mal. i. 2-4).

Family Reading.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

Mysterious in its birth,
And viewless as the blast,
Where hath the spirit fled from earth?
Forever past.

I ask the grave below,
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show—
They will not tell.

From earth's remotest strand
All tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers
To wanderers o'er the wave,
But no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star to roam;
But reaches not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
This mystery of heaven;
But where all knowledge is denied
To hope is given.

A LEGEND OF WINCHESTER.

In a letter to the *Hants Chronicle*, the Dean of Winchester says the small charge made for showing the crypt of Winchester cathedral has produced a sum sufficient to pay for the rebuilding of one bay of Walkelin's Lady Chapel, and also to defray half the cost of the handsome tomb wherein to deposit the remains of Bishop Courtenay, whose coffin was found last December in the crypt. Dr. Kitchin adds: "The Gloucester Fragments, an Anglo-Saxon life of St. Swithun, written toward the end of the tenth century, tells us that the solemnity of moving the good saint's bones from the churchyard to St. Ethelwold's new church was heralded by a crowd of miracles and marvels. In one of those tales the saint appeared to an aged smith, bidding him let Bishop Ethelwold know that it was the time for the translation to take place. The smith demurred, and did not go till the saint appeared thrice to him; then, thinking the matter serious, he went into the churchyard where the saint's tomb was, and taking hold of an iron ring fastened into the block of stone which formed the top of the coffin, prayed that if he who appeared to him lay buried there, the ring might

come easily out of the stone. Then he gave a pull, and behold! it came out as easily as if it had been bedded in sand. He next stuck the staple of it back in the hole whence it had been drawn, and now it stuck so tight that no man can move it again. This is the legend; now for a curious coincidence. I had set the men to drive a trench due north from the north-west door of the cathedral, because constant tradition has affirmed that just there, under the drip of the eaves of the church, St. Swithun was buried by his own command. Our trench crossed the exact spot at which he was said to have lain till moved by St. Ethelwold; and there at the depth of nine feet, below the present surface, well beneath some interesting chalk cists containing bodies, which had certainly not been there for many centuries, the men threw out the iron ring and staple attached. The ring is nearly four inches in diameter, the staple just five inches long. Though, through lying for ages in the damp soil, ring and staple are much corroded, still there cannot be the least doubt as to their character and original intention. It is just such a ring as the legend mentions. Have we found there a genuine relic of the saint? He would be a bold man who should declare that we have; all I venture to say is, that the coincidence of its discovery with the Anglo-Saxon legend is very curious, and that every one may think of it exactly as he will."

WHO HIS OWN SELF BARE OUR SINS.

Some time ago a war raged in India, between the English and a native monarch named Tippoo Sahib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded and was suffering from pain and weakness. A gray haired officer said to the native official;

"You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?"

"There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn."

"Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me. I will wear his as well as my own."

The end of the story is that Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city, but the generous friend died in prison. He wore two pairs of fetters. But what if he wore the fetters for all in the prison? What if, instead of being a captive himself, he had been free and great, and had quitted a glorious palace to live in their loathsome dungeon, to wear their chains, to bear their stripes, to suffer and die in their stead, that they might go free! Such a thing has been done. For all who receive the grace of God's Son, the chains are struck off, and the prison is thrown wide open.

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible? Is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the look out against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself, you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under His direction."