

scene of some years since, when his Lordship, after reading from the chancel Bishop Colenso's excommunication, preached from the text, "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican." His energy, however, did not expend itself merely in polemics, Bishop Cronyn was eminently a practical man, and devoted himself personally and pecuniarily in the cause of charity, of education, and of social progress. One of those early servants of the Canadian church who are rapidly disappearing from among us, he has entered into his rest—a faithful steward, whose works, we hope and believe, will follow him into the presence of his Lord and Saviour.

NEED OF A "BOOK OF COMMON PRAISE."

It is with more satisfaction than surprise that we hear a rumor that the governing body of the S.P.C.K. has come to the conclusion that its existing Hymn Book, including the appendix, does not come up to the standard which English Churchmen are entitled to insist upon; and that a new general collection, on a much more comprehensive scale is both needed and likely to appear. At the same time that we say this, we would add the expression of a hope that, whilst no time may be unnecessarily lost, so no undue speed may be resorted to. The hymn book question is attracting attention in all directions; notably Convocation is taking it up, and now is the time for doing the work well. For Convocation to prepare a volume which should receive the especial imprimatur of the whole of the English Bishops, and for the S.P.C.K. to publish it, would be a division of duty which could not fail to be fraught with the best results. Before offering any further observations on the subject generally, which indeed is of such magnitude as to deserve several weeks' consecutive treatment, it might be well to consider as it were this preamble: "Is a new hymn book wanted?" Whilst the answer must assuredly be in the negative as to any more local and minor compilations, it must as certainly be in the affirmative as regards one general book for the whole Anglican Church. We have a "Book of Common Prayer." Can any valid reason be advanced why we should not have a "Book of Common Praise?" Indeed, should not the matter be presented in the inverted way: thus, "Is not the Church under a strong obligation no longer to delay providing her members with such a publication?" Nothing of the kind at present exists; *Hymns Ancient and Modern* in no degree come up to the literary requirements of the age, whilst doctrinally it is a medley of the most grotesque kind. An odd much that is strictly orthodox, it is disfigured by a leaven of heterodoxy utterly at variance with the spirit of the Anglican Church. But this collection is moreover very poor, viewed merely from the standpoint of literature. It contains an amount of vapid rubbish unmatched in any one of the twenty more ambitious Hymnals issued during the last dozen years. The collections of Mercer, Sir R. Palmer, Bishop Wordsworth, Alford, Hopkins, E. G. Monk, the Dublin Society, and Mr. E. Bickersteth, are all severally put together with more literary discrimination than *H.A.M.*, and the remark is especially true of the last named work, otherwise known as the *Hymnal Companion to the Prayer Book*. With these facts before us, one is justified in believing that the Hymn Book of the English Church has yet to appear, whilst that it should appear under auspices of Convocation generally, and of the bench of Bishops in particular, is a postulate which all loyal Anglican Churchmen ought freely to subscribe to. We shall probably advert to this subject again, because it deserves all possible consideration at the hands of Churchmen.—*English Churchman*.

The following anecdote was told with great glee at a dinner, by William IV., then Duke of Clarence—"I was riding in the Park the other day, on the road between Teddington and Hampton-wick, when I was overtaken by a butcher's boy, on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm. 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he. 'Pretty fair,' was my reply. 'Mine's a good un too,' rejoined he, 'and I'll trot you to Hampton-wick for a pot of beer.' I declined the match; and the butcher's boy, as he stuck his single spur into his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt, 'I thought you were only a muff!'"

EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE.

BEING EXPERIENCES IN THE TOWER HAMLETS.

BY A CURATE.

XL.—BESSIE'S PARISH.

'The wildest colts make the best horses,' said Themistocles, 'if they only be properly broken in,' and wild little Creases, very soon after she had been lured into it, became one of the best scholars in our Sunday-school. A good many of the children, like Bessie, went to no other school, and therefore we had a great deal of a-b, ab, b-a, ba work to get through—most necessary under the circumstances, but rather distasteful to both teachers and taught. Bessie, however, revelled in the dry, rhyming columns, and rang their changes backwards and forwards as merrily as if they had been a peal of bells, as soon as she had learnt her letter. 'You look out, Fred—I'm a-ketchin' of ye up fast,' she exclaimed proudly to her young friend and fellow-pupil, the bird-seller's protegee, when she was promoted to words of one syllable in sentences. And although Fred, thanks to his mother's care, read remarkably well for a child of his age, Bessie's was no vain boast. It was not long before she was Fred's class-fellow. She threw her whole heart into what she was about. So long as she supposed that 'learning the markets' was all that she needed to learn she devoted herself entirely to that study; but now that she had arrived at the conclusion that there were other things in the world worth learning, she learnt those other things with an equal ardour. Whatever she took in hand, she pulled at with a will, as the sea-phrase goes. As soon as she had picked up our chants and psalm tunes, her voice, not only in the school-room, but in the church also, rose above all others—sweetly shrill. We were in the habit of singing the Old Version Psalm, in which these lines occur:—

"And on the wings of cherubim
Right royally He rides."

The tune had something of the irresistible motion of a march in it, and that and the alliterative music of the latter line, between them, quite carried Bessie away. For some seconds after the rest of the congregation had finished the verse, her 'ri i—i—i—ides' could be heard ringing up in the rafters.

The variety of characters over whom our Blessed Lord exercised, so to speak, a magnetic influence during his life on earth is one of the most striking facts in his earthly history. The doctors in the Temple and the Baptist in the desert, Peter and Pilate, Mary of Magdala, and Joseph of Arimathea—those who agreed in scarcely anything else agreed in recognising in their various ways the divinely exceptional personality of Christ. And throughout all the centuries during which Christ's life has been read, that marvellously many-sided influence has continued to act. Every one who reads this must be able to count up people by the score who have scarcely anything in common except a reverential love of Jesus of Nazareth. Social circumstances, dispositions, tastes, modes of thought, may seem to have dug impassable gulfs between the sharers of that love, but that makes them feel akin. It was curiously interesting to note the gradual way in which the character of Christ exercised its attraction on the little London street girl. At first she greatly preferred the Old Testament to the New. There was 'a deal more fun an' fightin' in it,' she said. The story of Sampson and the foxes greatly took her fancy. 'Worn't that a knowin' game?' was her admiring comment on it. The trick by which Michael saved her husband's life was another exploit which made Bessie chuckle in a very infectious indecorous manner; and she gloated over accounts of pitched battles and sieges, combats. Owing to the bellicosity which her street-life had bred in her, the gentle forgiveness of the Saviour was to her at starting a disagreeable puzzle. She liked him for 'goin' about docterin' poor folks, an' givin' 'em bread an' fish when they were hungry,' but, according to her original notions of nobility of character, it was cowardly not to resent an injury or 'take hour own part,' and therefore the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount perplexed her sorely, and she was utterly at a loss to understand why Peter was told to put back his sword into his sheath. 'He'd ha' fought, anyhow, if he'd been let, though they did all on 'em cut away arterwards,' remarked Bessie, trying in vain to make her newly-acquired belief that all which Jesus did must be right, tally with her old faith in the manliness of fighting. The first time she read the fifth of St. Matthew, she had a stiff argument with her teacher over 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.'

'It can't mean that, I know,' exclaimed Bessie, decidedly. 'Do it, teacher?'

'It means what it says: it's in the Bible, and that's enough,' answered the teacher.

An unsympathising, typically, authority of this kind, as a settler, or rather silence, of moral difficulties does not, however, satisfy children, any more than it satisfies adults. It is far more likely to weaken the weight of the appealed-to authority in the estimation of those who are morally muddled. Bessie was not to be so put down. I have no doubt that she half became a little infidel—fancied that, after all, the Bible could not be true, if it taught things like that.

'But, teacher,' she persisted, 'if anybody was to fetch ye a clout a-one side o' yer face, would you let 'em give ye a clout a-t'other? Ketch me a-bein' sich a soft. I'd do all I know to give it to 'em back agin.'

But, as the months went by, Bessie's character underwent a very striking change. She was as self-reliant a little body as ever, but self (with half-grudged sacrifice to Granny) was no longer the centre of her little system of the universe. One Sunday morning, when she had been at the Sunday school about two years, and I had happened to look in just as the children were filing off for morning service, Bessie stepped out of the rank, and walked up to me with great aplomb, and yet manifestly in great distress. She waited until she had seen the backs of the last scholar and teacher, and then explained her trouble. (In spite of her readiness in reading, and the near approach to correctness which the purifying and enriching influence of music gave her 'vocalisation' when she sang, Bessie's spoken English, down to the last day I saw her, was very nearly as heteroeopic and syntax defying as on the morning we spent together on the Monument.) 'If you please sir,' she said, 'I want to do some good to somebody, but I don't know how. He was alays a-goin' about doin' some good to some body, but I don't do no good to nobody, though I goes about pretty much. I'm workin' walnuts now, and how's ye to do any good to anybody out o' them? 'Cept ye give 'em away, an' then how's Granny to live—let alone me?'

'Don't despise the walnuts, Bessie,' I answered, 'if they help you to earn an honest living. Whilst you are getting that you are doing your duty so far—just as much as when you come to church all day long, and leave other people to work for them and their wives and children, that would be laziness, and not religion. Besides, Bessie, 'doing good' doesn't mean giving only. That is one way, and a very good way when people give away what they really have a right to give, and take care that the people who have no right to get it don't get it. But there are scores of ways in which you can do good, though you haven't a penny to spare. If you only want to find them out, you're sure to find them out. Just look about you when you get back to Granny's. Charity begins at home, you know. It isn't doing good to make a great fuss about people out of doors, and then go home and sulk or be lazy. I don't mean you, Bessie. I don't think you sulk, and I'm sure you are not lazy. But if you look about perhaps you'll find that there is something you could do to make Granny more comfortable or happier in her mind, and when you have tried to do that, there are the other people in the Rents—the children and the grown-up people, too. You might do something for them. But I cannot talk to you any longer now. I ought to have been in the vestry five minutes ago. Some day this week I will come to the Rents, and we will consult together then.'

When I called at Mrs. Jude's I found that Bessie had very speedily acted on my hints. The floor had been scrubbed; the mantle-piece was no longer furled with dust. A little bunch of wall-flowers stood on it in an old medicine-bottle. The scanty crockery of the establishment was clean, and arranged along the mantel-shelf. The window had been cleaned, too, and the few articles of furniture tidied up in some way. The battered flat candle-stick had been rubbed until it shone like polished silver. Bessie, who was sitting at her grandmother's knee with a book on her lap, glanced proudly at this last proof of her industry, as it gleamed in the evening sunlight, flanked on both sides with the clean crockery.

'Why, Mrs. Jude,' I exclaimed, 'you look quite smart. The old woman was evidently pleased with the altered appearance of her abode, but, of course, she could not refrain from grumbling. 'Humph!' she answered, 'I don't know what's come to the gal. She come home from school last Sunday, an' says she, 'Granny how can I make ye comfort'bler an' happier in your mind?' 'Well,' says I, 'I should be comfort'bler if I'd things a bit more like what they used to was afore your father treated me so bad, an' left me with a great gal like you on my 'ands.' 'How was that?' says she. So I told her about the nice furniture I used to have—real mahogany, sir—an' sich like. 'Can't we do summat with what we've got, Granny?' says she. 'Stuff an' nonsense, child,' say I, 'in a mucky hol like this.' 'Well, Granny,' says she, 'I'll do what I can if you'll tell me how.' An' so she went on botherin' till somehow, between us, we have made the place look a bit more Christian-like, I won't deny. But Bessie must needs clean the window, though I told her not, an' so there we've got another broken pane, as if we hadn't got enough afore. Spendin' her money, too, on them flowers for the mangle-shelf!'

'They didn't cost nuffink, Granny,' Bessie objected. 'Jim Greenham give 'em to me.'

'An' if ye can git flowers give to ye, why didn't ye never bring me none afore?'

'Why, Granny, I used to think they'd choke like in here,' answered I; 'but now I'll bring ye some whenever I git the chance. I do like flowers. They make ye feel somehow, when ye smell 'em, an' they look at ye, as if you could be good somewheres or other. An' there's about flowers in the Testament, Granny—in the very chapter I was a-readin' when you come up, sir.'

'I didn't hear about no flowers,' growled Mrs. Jude.

'Becos, ye see, I was on'y jist a-comin' to it. Here 'tis, Granny—' Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

'Well, sir, I don't deny that that do sound pretty,' said Mrs. Jude, in a condescending tone—as if she thought that courtesy compelled her to compliment the New Testament in the presence of a clergyman. 'But what I should like to know is how we're to follow what she was a-readin' jist