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# Parish Magazine.

## CHURCH OF S. MATTHIAS,

(BELLWOODS AVENUE, EAST SIDE OF TRINITY COLLEGE),

TORONTO.

### Services.

#### Sunday.

Holy Communion 8.00 a.m.  
Matins - - - 10.30 a.m.  
Holy Com. (Choral)  
and Sermon - 11.15 a.m.  
Choral Litany - - 4.00 p.m.  
Evensong & Sermon 7.00 p.m.

#### Week-Days.

Holy Communion every  
Thursday and Saint's  
Day - - - 7.00 a.m.  
Matins daily - 9.00 a.m.  
(Except Thursdays & Saints' days at 7.30 a.m.)  
Evensong daily - 5.30 p.m.  
(Except Wednesdays at 8 p.m.)

Bible Class for Young Men and Women, 3 p.m.  
Parish Church Sunday Schools - 9.30 a.m. and 3.00 p.m.  
Mission Sunday School, 3 p.m. - 135 Clinton Street.

Holy Baptism, at the Rubrical times, and also on Sunday  
Afternoons at 4.15 p.m. and Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.

RICHARD HARRISON, Rector, 6 Robinson Street.  
CHARLES DARLING, Assistant Curate, 36 Euclid Ave., } CLERGY.  
F. G. PLUMMER, 6 Robinson Street..... CHOIRMASTER.  
GEORGE VERRAL, 26 Mercer Street, }  
A. H. LIGHTBOURN, 181 Beverley Street, } CHURCHWARDENS.

*"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it."*

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ENVELOPE COMMITTEE. - P. Dykes, T. McCleary, and Miss Givins.  
AUDITORS. - John C. Wedd and John DeGruchy.  
COMMITTEE FOR ORGANIZING WORK FOR THE COLLECTORS IN BEHALF OF THE NEW CHURCH. - John DeGruchy, T. McCleary, and H. G. Langley.  
TRUSTEES NORTH MISSION CHURCH. - A. H. Lightbourn, George W. Verral, and A. Clubb.

N.B. - The Churchwardens request envelope subscribers to seal their envelopes carefully to prevent money slipping out.

THE ARCHIVES, DIOCESE OF TORONTO  
NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

Received 27 July 1966

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### SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

PARISH SCHOOL.—Superintendent, Mr. Chas. H. Shutt; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. John DeGruchy. MISSION SCHOOL.—Superintendent, Mr. H. J. Lane; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. Bullock.

### GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

Meets every *Monday* Evening in the School Room at 8 p.m. Presiding Associate, Mrs. Dykes.

### GUILD OF PERSEVERANCE

Meets first *Monday* in every month, in the Chapel, at 8 p.m.

### WOMEN'S AUXILIARY FOR MISSIONS

Meets every alternate *Wednesday* at 2 p.m., in the School Room. President, Mrs. R. Harrison; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Preston.

### DORCAS SOCIETY

Meets every alternate *Wednesday*, at 2 p.m., in the School Room. Manager, Mrs. Baker; Secretary, Mrs. Maltby. Cast-off clothing received by Mrs. Jolly.

### MOTHERS' MEETINGS

Take place every *Thursday* Evening, at 7.30 p.m., in the School Room. Mrs. Weld, Manager; Mrs. Hardinge, Secretary.

### WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Meets every *Thursday* Evening, at 8 p.m., 33 Manning Ave. President, Mr. W. E. Redway; Secretary, Mr. R. Jose.

## Parish Notes.

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### THE G. F. S. AT S. MATTHIAS'.

The usual quarterly Meeting of all the Toronto Branches of the G. F. S. took place at S. Matthias' on Thursday, Feb. 23rd, at 8 p.m.

The attendance, though large enough to fill the Chapel very full, was not as large as it ought to be, considering the meeting was meant to represent the full strength of the Society. Indeed it is a problem whether it is at all possible to obtain really successful corporate meetings of this Society, or of any other, in a town so large as Toronto. The building up of strong parochial centres appears to us the most sensible course, with say, the Annual Meeting once a year. Strong corporate life and showing, without strong parochial roots is a manifest impossibility.

We would, therefore, say to our Associates: "Don't be dispirited by weak corporate meetings, but pay first attention to increasing the efficiency of our own Branch." More Associates are much wanted, and any girl over fourteen years of age will be gladly welcomed on Mondays at 8 p.m.

Rev. Prof. Roper, the Chaplain of the Society, gave the address at the Meeting on the 23rd.

After Easter the Monthly Meetings of the Guild of Perseverance will be renewed.

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### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING AND RESPONDING.

We have always considered this one of our strong points at S. Matthias'. It is advisable, however, to temper our zeal with discretion. For instance, no Member of the Congregation should begin the *processional hymn*, until the whole Choir is in the Church: that produces confusion of sound. 2. Clauses of prayers, &c., that are to be said, "*after the Minister*," should not be begun by any one before the minister. 3. In alternate reading, as in the Psalter, one sentence should be finished *before* the next is begun. There is some talk of an "open practice" of Easter music before Holy week. So that members of the Congregation may hear and practice the new music before it is used on Easter day.

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### THE CONFIRMATION.—TUESDAY, 27TH, 8 P.M.

The Classes, under Mr. Darling's careful training, promise to yield a number sufficient to keep up this year the good reputation of our Parish in past years. The Bishop recently took occasion to remark on the very large average presented by S. Matthias', during past years in the Confirmation returns of the Diocese.

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### EASTER DECORATIONS.

We hope that those of our friends who have flowers will send them in for the Church in good time, if they can manage. Some of the people, we hear, are cultivating plants for this special purpose.

## LENT SERMONS.

We certainly cannot complain of want of interest or small attendance this Lent. The congregations on week days, as well as Sundays, are even larger than in previous years. Sermons are to be preached during March as follows:—Friday, 2nd, Rev. Provost Body; Sunday, 4th, Rev. Prof. Boys; Wednesday, 7th, Ven. Archdeacon Boddy; Friday, 9th, Rev. Prof. Jones; Sunday, 11th, Rev. C. E. Whitcombe; Wednesday, 14th, Right Rev. the Bishop of Niagara; Friday, 16th, Rev. A. J. Broughall; Sunday, 18th, Rev. C. B. Kenrick; Wednesday, 21st, Rev. Rural Dean Langtry; Friday, 23rd, Rev. O. P. Ford; Sunday, 25th, Rev. Prof. Clarke; Tuesday, 27th, (Confirmation) The Bishop; Good Friday, 30th, Rev. C. H. Shortt.

## SYNOPSIS OF LENT AND EASTER SERVICES.

## SUNDAY SERVICES.

Holy Communion .....	8 a.m.	Litany (Choral) .....	4 p.m.
Matins .....	10.30 a.m.	Evensong (Choral) .....	7 p.m.
Holy Communion (Choral) and Sermon .....	11.15 a.m.		

## WEEKDAY SERVICES.

Holy Communion, Wednesday ..	9.30 a.m.	Evensong and Sermon, Wednesday ..	8 p.m.
Holy Communion, Thursday .....	7 a.m.	Litany (Choral) and Sermon,	
Matins (daily except Thursday) ..	9 a.m.	Friday ..	8 p.m.
Evensong and Reading (daily except Wednesday); .....	5.30 p.m.		

## HOLY WEEK (daily until Good Friday).

Holy Communion .....	7 a.m.	Holy Communion .....	11 a.m.
Matins .....	10.30 a.m.	Evensong and Sermon .....	8 p.m.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

Matins .....	8 a.m.	Service in Commemoration of our Lord's Agony .....	12 to 3 p.m.
Litany and Ante-Communion .....	10 a.m.	Evensong and Sermon .....	8 p.m.

## EASTER EVE.

Holy Com. (followed by Matins) ..	7 a.m.	Evensong .....	5.30 p.m.
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## EASTER DAY.

Holy Communion .....	6.30 a.m.	Matins .....	10.30 a.m.
“ “ .....	8 a.m.	Evensong .....	7 p.m.
“ “ .....	11.15 a.m.		

## SUNDAY AFTER EASTER (SPECIAL.)

Children's Eucharist, 9 a.m.; Children's Evensong 3 p.m.—Rev. F. M. Webster.  
Canon Dumoulin will preach at 7 p.m. Evensong.

## ILLNESS OF MR. AND MRS. ADAMS.

As was almost expected all winter, the approach of the very trying months of March and April has made it necessary for the Rev. C. V. Adams and his wife to go for a few months into the Southern States. We hope to see them back in May. Meantime they will be sadly missed—especially at the Mission Room in Clinton Street, where Mr. Adams was so constant in attendance, and unsparing in his devotion to the work.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

*Pro Deo et Ecclesia.*

“**New and Old:**”  
FOR  
**SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.**

A PAROCHIAL MAGAZINE FOR ALL READERS.

*Edited by Rev. Charles Gutch, S. Cyprian's.*

No. 183.

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All Communications to the Editor must be addressed to him at 39, Upper Place, N.W. Letters requiring answers not later than the 12th.

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# "NEW AND OLD"

FOR

## SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

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MARCH, 1888.

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### THE OLD SIGN-POST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGAINST THE TIDE."

---

#### CHAPTER V.

"All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue."—*J. H. Newman.*



THE following day, Lance drove his little friend through the roads and lanes which were so familiar to him.

The child lay back on his cushions in the low pony-carriage, well pleased to listen to stories of his father's boyhood, as old scenes were brought back to Lance's memory.

"It was here," he said, as they passed a sign-post, "that your father and I had a dispute once about the shortest way home. We had been for a very long walk with our Bevis, and your father thought we should get home sooner, if we climbed over this hedge, and went by the fields."

"And you?"

"I trusted my old friend the sign-post, and thought the road safer."

"And which way did you go?"

"By the road, because I was too tired to climb the hedges. See, Johnnie, the sign-post has only one arm left, pointing to Harrington. It will still guide us home."

"Though it is so old."

Lance started. His own thoughts were far deeper than his words, and it almost seemed as if Johnnie was carrying on his line of thought.

"New things are not always the best, Johnnie."

"But they might paint it and mend it."

Lance laughed, and touched the pony with his whip. He must not take this child out of his depth. After all he had decided to stay over Sunday, and return to Harmonth on the Tuesday, and

under these circumstances, he gladly acceded to the Rector's request, that he would help him on the Sunday.

"My yearly sermon," he said to the Squire. "I am afraid I have not kept that old compact, for this is only the second time I have preached here."

"What strange ideas we had then! I am very glad you have come now. Johnnie is so happy with you."

"He is a most loveable child."

"He wants to come to Harmouth."

"To Harmouth?"

"Yes. You may well be surprised. He says he is sure it is a most beautiful place."

"I thought he never travelled, or I would ask you to let him come and stay with me."

"He generally dreads a journey, but his heart is quite set on this."

"Then do let him come."

"What will you do with him?"

"I will try to make him comfortable, but you know our life."

"Here he is. He shall speak for himself. Johnnie, Mr. Dampier wants you to stay with him at Harmouth."

"With you, Lance?" said the boy, his whole face lighting up.

"Yes, if you like to come. But I must tell you that it is not a beautiful place like you imagine. It is quite different."

"I know it must be nice because you look so glad," said Johnnie, and he would listen to no objections.

"I could come the end of the week, and bring him home," said the squire, "but really it is too much to ask of you."

"We will talk it over in the evening. I think it can be managed."

Mrs. Harrington's consent was not so easily gained, but she gave way at last. Little as she cared for her sick boy, his wishes were generally law, for it made him ill to fret for anything.

"It is very sad that our only child should be such an invalid, Mr. Dampier," she said. "Everything will come to him, but he cannot enjoy it."

This it was that took the pleasure from everything, and society was beginning to lose its charm.

Her husband would not go abroad now, because the boy was at home, and life had a monotony for Mrs. Harrington, which she had never expected.

There were those who said the squire was a disappointed man, and that he cared less for the old place than he had done. He seldom went from home now, for he would not leave his child, but the paths he had chosen seemed to bring him little comfort, and he was constantly reading new books, and studying fresh arguments. Perhaps, in spite of his own opinions, he would have been glad that his wife should sometimes teach their boy the hymns and prayers he had learnt as a child. Religion suits a woman, and a



child cannot enter into scientific arguments ; but almost insensibly he had moulded, if he had not formed, his wife's opinions, and her shallow nature sheltered itself beneath the shadow of his deeper convictions.

He went to church sometimes as an example to his tenants, and because the force of habit was very strong, and Mrs. Harrington went, because it was expected of her, and it was an opportunity of wearing her Paris bonnet. And Johnnie went when his back was not bad, and when he could lie back on his cushions, and study the coloured window.

"We are all coming to church this morning, Mr. Dampier," said Mrs. Harrington, when the Sunday came, with a slight want of tact, which Mr. Dampier appeared not to see.

Johnnie could watch his window at his ease to-day, and notice the radiant brightness that the sunshine sent from the pale, suffering face on the Cross. He could understand it now, and he could understand a great deal more of the sermon than anyone, even Lance himself, would have expected.

"It will not be eloquent," thought the Squire, settling himself in his corner, "but it is sure to be good."

The subject interested him, and he forgot that Lance was preaching ; Lance, who had never been very clever or quick to grasp an argument ; Lance, who had all his life plodded on quietly.

It was an old story of a man seeking pearls, and finding one of great price, and selling all that he had to buy it. Johnnie thought of the philosopher's stone, and listened to hear where it was to be found.

Then the preacher went on to say, that they were all like this man, for their lives, whether they knew it or not, were a continued searching after goodly pearls. Not only was each man born with a firm conviction that life contained hidden treasure for him, but he demanded this treasure as a right, and expected it to be his.

In different minds the treasure would take different forms, with one it would be wealth, with another fame, with another success, but the pearl was really the same, they were all seeking happiness.

And often they found the pearl only to be disillusioned. Wealth was theirs, but it did not bring happiness ; sorrow and disappointment, and trial came, and life was a weary problem. They lost their faith in happiness, they took a cynical view of life, and grew to doubt themselves. What had once satisfied them, satisfied them no longer ; all was perplexing and false. The prize once reached, was no longer a jewel, but worthless glass, and the owner was disappointed.

Was this the end of life, to seek happiness which was not real, to grasp at shadows, to be dazzled by tinsel ? No, the merchant man went further ; he found one pearl of great price, and for it he gave all that he had. Then the preacher suddenly changed his subject and brought before his hearers the picture of those whose

Lives are passed in poverty and every hardship, and with a few graphic touches he described those among whom he lived, where happiness seemed to be almost cut off from their lives. And yet he had seen under these circumstances one in all the agony of a lingering illness with a brightness and happiness of expression which riches, success, or fame could never bring. The sun made that low attic almost unbearable, no cool breezes ever came there bringing the breath of summer gladness, no mother's hand stroked that fevered brow, but that lonely sufferer had a peace not to be bought by all the riches of the world.

Nothing outward can give happiness, and no mere outward circumstance can take it away. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Men are vainly struggling for what they cannot get. They run after pleasure and it pleases them not, while they shun the duty that would bring the pleasure.

And then the preacher in earnest, forcible words dwelt on the happiness that is to be found only in entire submission to the Will of God. He told them that if their wills were in accordance with His Will, no power on earth could take their happiness from them. An old writer had said that God's Will was like a straight line and our will was another line. If we placed ours on God's line all was simple; it was only when we placed ours across His that we made our crosses. This was the secret of life, this was the philosopher's stone—to work for God's glory and in accordance with His Will. It would bring happiness even in this world, but we should not work for happiness. Would not it content us to do the Angels' work on earth? We could wait a few short years in patience and hope till the end came, and then——. The preacher's face was lit up for a moment with a smile of wonderful love and rapture as he spoke of the great Home-coming and the final reward, and then the people rose to their feet.

"Ah, Lance," said the Squire that evening, as they strolled round the garden together, "it all might have been once, but I cannot believe it now."

*(To be continued.)*

---

## CREMATION OR BURIAL.

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**B**URIAL is right. It has been the practice from the beginning. At all events Abraham buried his dead and the Hittites before him, and the Chaldees, and all the nations whose traditions were handed down to Abraham's time. The Ancient Egyptians embalmed their dead. The Romans laid theirs in the Catacombs. And Christians by their reverent treatment of the body, which has been the Temple of the Holy Ghost, conform themselves to our Lord's teaching, and treat His members as He Himself was treated when laid in the Sepulchre.

## REVERENCE MY SANCTUARY.

**Y**E who approach God's House of Prayer,  
Remember God Himself is there,  
Though not beheld by eyes of sense.  
Do Him all lowly reverence.

Remember Christ the Crucified  
Was like a Lamb in all beside;  
But in His Father's House His zeal  
Did the avenging Judge reveal.

All that profaned He swept from thence,  
Dreadful in His omnipotence;  
And 'mid them, with uplifted rod,  
Stood terrible th' Almighty God.

There is He still, although unseen—  
Take heed no deed or thought unclean  
Enter within that sacred door,  
Or tread upon that hallow'd floor.

Let not the thoughts of merchandise  
In thine unheeding breast arise;  
Nor pleasure past, nor future care,  
Dare breathe within that hallow'd air.

To eyes of faith there God is found;  
The Angel hosts keep watch around;  
Upon thy heart are countless eyes,  
As if admitted to the skies.

Thus when men know not He is near,  
In His Own House shall He appear,  
And drive with scourge of endless woe  
All that defiles His Church below.

## THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE.

**A**ND Jesus went into the Temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the Temple; and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the House of Prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." Now, what is this transaction to us? Much, no doubt, in every way. As it is the only act of judgment and wrath recorded in the Gospel, it seems to put us back when we would approach Him, Who in meekness and mercy received all men, and warns us to pause and consider "*The Lord is in His holy Temple.*"

But what is the peculiar lesson our Lord would teach us with such altered tokens of His Gracious Presence? There can be no doubt but it signifies that it is of the very utmost importance how we keep holy the House of Prayer.

This lies at the very heart of all religion; it is the very fountain-head and spring from which flows the stream of life; and if this be polluted, all must be full of hypocrisy and wickedness.

Judgment must begin at the House of God. Worship God aright, and all will be well. Come before Him without fear, and all your life will be as a city over which Christ weeps.

To bring the case more closely home to each one of us,—the body of every Christian is called in Scripture the Temple of the Holy Ghost; it should be the House of Prayer. It is of infinitely more value in God's sight than the Temple of the Jews was of old; and He comes to it in the day of visitation, in various ways giving us tokens and warnings whenever He discloses Himself. He will come to it in the Day of Judgment, and be revealed therein in mercy or in wrath. What have we to regard with awe and reverence so much as the presence of Christ in our own souls?

We are to look to the Gospels as the treasure-house of all mercies, and therein to study all meekness, love, and goodness, as in the Face of Jesus Christ, and so to prepare for the coming of our King, Who will receive as His own the poor in spirit, the meek, and the merciful. This is putting on the armour of light, putting on the Lord Jesus Christ, and preparing ourselves for His coming. But, then, in the same Gospels we must remember the dreadful judgments He has declared will await impenitent sinners at His next appearing, and this awful token He has given us of the same when He appeared in His Temple of old.

*Behold, the Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His Temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, Whom ye delight in: behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts. But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?*

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

---

### THE JEWEL.

I HAD a jewel once, of brilliance rare,  
Which my good lord did bring me from the wars  
In Paynim land. 'Twas set with curious art,  
And sparkled like the dewdrops in the sun.  
When morn hath woke the fair world into life,  
And I was proud of it for his sweet sake,  
And for the beauty of itself. It seemed  
To link itself into my inner life.  
And, when my soul was all at peace with God,  
Then it would sparkle; but when idle dreams  
(Who knows them not, save Mary and the Saints?)  
Clouded my prayers, then it would cease to shine.

Ah me, 'twas on the Eve of Candlemass,  
And my good lord had gone with all his men,  
(For there was war and trouble in the land.)  
When suddenly my gem, alas! was gone,  
Slipped from its setting,—and the cold, dark place  
Empty and mocking, stared me from the ring!  
All here and there we searched, in vain, in vain,  
I weeping, for I feared to meet my lord.



That witless oaf! why went he not to fight?  
 Maurice the Jester! with his "Lady fair,  
 The world is wide, wherein to seek a gem."  
 My little tiring-maid brought better cheer  
 To my poor heart; a modest child, in sooth,  
 Constant at Mass, and to her service true.  
 Quoth she, "Sweet lady, let us pray to God,  
 For sure your jewel lieth in His sight."  
 Yet it did seem to me too poor a thing  
 For Him to send some Angel on such quest,  
 Till when at Vespers, Friar Martin read  
 How He hath care for sparrows, then I prayed,  
 And lo! the gem lay by the Chancel floor.  
 I know not if some Angel placed it there,  
 But my glad heart went out in thankfulness,  
 And Friar Martin, who doth ever love  
 To turn the haps of life to golden thought,  
 Said "Daughter, it is well thus glad to be,  
 But in thy prayers remember that thy soul  
 Is yet a fairer jewel in God's sight,  
 So hardly won upon the bitter Rood.  
 See that thy thanks for that His greater love  
 Outweigh thy gladness for this lesser joy,"  
 And I was humbled, and gave thanks for both.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now came there tidings from the battle front,  
 And men did say the King was hardly pressed  
 By trait'rous northern Earls, and one sad night  
 Came spurring hard a trooper in hot haste,  
 All scant of breath to tell his doleful tale,  
 How that my lord was slain in faction fight.

\* \* \* \* \*

The great gold Chalice holds my jewel now,  
 And when at Sacrament I see it shine,  
 It seemeth me his spirit meets me there.  
 And so—God helping me—I patient wait  
 Till I may see my dear lord's face again  
 In the fair land where all God's jewels are.

F. G. W.

### THREE RESOLUTIONS.

BY DARLEY DALE,

AUTHOR OF "HELEN LESLIE, OR, A LITTLE LEAVEN," "UNTEMPERED  
 MORTAR," "THE JERSEY BOYS," &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

**T** was a windy afternoon in the beginning of March, when three young girls entered the dining-room of Peaktown Rectory; there was a large fire burning brightly, and the room looked very comfortable to the girls after their walk through the cutting east-wind.

Peaktown is a large village prettily situated in one of the midland counties; it lies in a valley and is surrounded by well-wooded hills, the church stands on the top of a hill, and the Rectory adjoins it; and on this particular afternoon the wind was

moaning through the trees in the Rectory grounds, and shaking the ivy which climbed all over the old church tower.

Noisy and blustering as the wind was, there was a feeling of peace and restfulness about the old church and its handsome Norman tower, which no wind, however high, could shake. It seemed as if the old church had strength to resist all the storms that beat against it, and even the ivy seemed determined to cling the closer, the higher the wind blew.

This thought struck the Vicar as he hurried home a few minutes after the girls, his pupils; and then another thought grew out of the wind and the strong old Norman building, viz: that the Church he loved so dearly, was strong enough to resist the chilling east-winds of infidelity, and the storms of heresy that beat against her and threatened to reduce her to a shapeless mass of ruins.

The church clock struck three as Mr. Rivers hastened past; and at three his class began; by five minutes past he was in the dining-room greeting his pupils. There had been a confirmation in the county Cathedral, the week before our story opens, and the three girls we saw blown up the hill had been carefully prepared by Mr. Rivers; he did not however consider his work ended with the Confirmation, so he announced at the last meeting that the classes would continue till Easter, when he wished the three candidates to make their first Communion, for which these lectures were intended to prepare them.

Mr. Rivers felt strongly what an important event in the life of a soul is the first Communion, and he was anxious that these young members of his flock whom he had watched over from their Baptism, should not approach the Holy Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood without due instruction and preparation.

On this Shrove Tuesday afternoon he told them that each Tuesday during Lent he would give them an instruction on Holy Communion, and at the close of each lecture would add a few practical counsels on self-examination and preparation for receiving the Blessed Sacrament. He then proceeded with his address, pacing up and down the room as he delivered it; at the close he sat down by the table, and, taking from his pocket three papers, he gave them each one, remarking on them as he did so.

These papers each contained a resolution for Lent, which Mr. Rivers had asked each girl to make and to show to him for his approval.

The girls had been very anxious about these resolutions all the afternoon, for they were none of them sure that Mr. Rivers would approve of what they had written. Maggie Dunloch was afraid her resolution was too trifling; Clara Lake, who had drawn up rather an elaborate rule for Lent, was half sure she had resolved to do too much; while Norah Hill was already beginning to fear she should never be able to keep hers.

"There is yours, Maggie," said Mr. Rivers. "It will do very well."

"Do you think it enough?" said Maggie, timidly.

"Yes, quite; a small resolution faithfully kept is better than a large one broken.

"And there is yours, Norah. It is a difficult one to keep, but try hard not to break it, and if you do, come and tell me; I mean you all to do that, by the way, will you?"

"Yes," said the trio, each thinking it would be a dreadful ordeal to go through.

"And there is yours, Clara. I have altered it, as you will see. If you remember, I told you all to make *one* definite resolution," said Mr. Rivers in rather a marked way.

Clara blushed crimson as she took back her paper, and then the girls said good-bye, and went home.

Clara Lake was an orphan, and lived with her aunt, Mrs. Dunloch, Maggie's mother, in a large old-fashioned house called the Hall, which stood in a small park, the gates of which were in the village street. This house and grounds belonged to Clara, who was an heiress, and Mrs. Dunloch, her mother's only sister, was her guardian. She was the widow of a clergyman, and was very poor, but so long as Clara lived she would never leave her; for Clara, who scarcely remembered her own mother, loved her aunt with all her passionate nature.

Maggie, on the other hand, was a little, quiet, modest, sober-minded Scotch girl, not at all demonstrative, yet with more love in her than people gave her credit for. She could no more have rushed up to her mother and kissed her at any hour of the day, as Clara used to do, than she could have flown; and yet Maggie never forgot any errand or message for her mother, as Clara often did.

Maggie was always good, Clara used to say. She had never disobeyed her mother in her life; she never left her things about like her cousin; her only fault seemed to Clara to be, she was often late for breakfast; but then she always took the scolding she got in good part, without answering.

Maggie was quite aware that late rising was her weak point, and her resolution was to get up at once as soon as she was called every day in Lent.

Clara was fifteen—a year older than Maggie—and a bright, pretty-looking girl, with eyes that could flash fire when they chose, and a small firmly-closed mouth, that spoke much for her strength of will.

Yes, that *will* was Clara's strength as well as her weakness; that *will* once thoroughly given up to God would enable her to resist all temptations, and would prove a great blessing; but so long as it was mere self-will, it could not cease to be a constant source of misery to her.

And at present, though her soul had been deeply stirred by her Confirmation, her will was not yet given up to God; she still wanted to be her own mistress entirely, she hated restraint



of any kind: obedience was a word not to be found in Clara's vocabulary; ask her to do anything, and she was willing enough; tell her to do so, and she would refuse point-blank.

Mrs. Dunloch was quite aware of this, and when Clara was younger they had had many a battle on the subject, but Clara was generally victorious; but now Mrs. Dunloch, who was a gentle, sweet woman, never let Clara feel she was under authority, and consequently she had great influence over her.

When Clara got home on Tuesday afternoon she went straight to her own room to see what alterations Mr. Rivers had made in her resolutions. She sat down and opened the paper, and by the expression of her face, was not pleased at the changes.

Clara had made up her mind to keep Lent very strictly this year, and so, although she perfectly understood Mr. Rivers only wished them each to make one resolution, to carry out her own intention it was necessary to make five or six. When, therefore, she found that out of her six resolutions only one had been allowed to remain, all the others being crossed out, Clara was very indignant.

"When I make up my mind to do a thing I do it," she said to herself; "and I have made up my mind to keep Lent very strictly this year; and I intend to do it, whether Mr. Rivers approves of it or not; and as he has crossed out five of my rules, I shall just make another stricter than any of them. Let me see; what can I do? He has put his pen through the three that relate to fasting, and though I by no means think he has any right to forbid me to do anything I choose, still I like Mr. Rivers very much, and I should not care to go and do the very things he has told me not to do, just now. He might not let me communicate at Easter if I did; and that would be dreadful. I must think it over. I daresay I shall find some other way of doing it. I can't think what Mr. Rivers means, he is always enjoining fasting on us as one of the three principal good works; and I know he will give us a course of sermons this Lent on mortification of the flesh, and yet, when I make up my mind to mortify my flesh, he won't let me. What is the use of telling me to read the Lives of the Saints, if I am not to try and imitate them? I suppose he thinks I should not be able to keep those rules; as if, when I say I won't eat this or that for such a length of time, I should be tempted to touch it the first time it came to table; why I would starve before I broke my rule; he does not know me yet, I can tell him. I will show him I am not so weak as he thinks; and when Easter comes, I shall just tell him what I have done. Well, I declare, I am not even to get up earlier, nor to go to bed later; no, the only rule I am permitted to keep is not to read any poetry or stories all Lent; it is the hardest to me, I must say, but of course he did not know that: I have no doubt he thought it would be the easiest; he is mistaken for once in his life. He evidently does not think me capable of any bodily morti-

fication; however, I will undeceive him. Before to-morrow night I shall have thought of something, I dare say, which, weak as he may think me, he shall find that I can accomplish, if I like. I wonder what Maggie's rule is, something very easy I daresay, and something she is sure to be able to keep to, she is much too prudent to make any out-of-the-way resolution. I wonder why Norah would not tell me what hers is, she tells me everything; I must try and get it out of her to-morrow."

Thus soliloquising, Clara got ready for tea, and as we are in Norah's confidence, we are in a position to unfold her resolution which was as follows:

"Not to answer Reggie angrily when he teases me."

Norah was one of a large family of seven children, and Reggie, a boy of sixteen, was the eldest. Norah came next, and then followed Tom, Fred, and Charlie, three noisy boys of ten, twelve, and thirteen. The two youngest were girls and kept for the most part in the nursery.

The boys all went to a public school in Winbury, which was within a walk of Peaktown; in fact it was this school that induced Colonel Hill to live in Peaktown, which he would otherwise have avoided; but being a poor man, he was obliged to do so, as its nearness to Winbury gave him the means of providing a good education for his sons at a very low cost. Colonel Hill had spent most of his life in India, but, his health failing him two years before our story begins, he had been obliged to retire, and had joined his wife and children, who were living at the Priory, a large old house about five minutes walk from the Rectory.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE HEATHEN.



HERE is a very wealthy chief living in the neighbourhood of Magila, named Sekehufa, chief of Kiumba. He has great possessions, many slaves, very large farms, great herds of cattle, sheep, and goats; in fact he is the wealthiest man in the land, and naturally a man of influence, but he is a fierce and cruel man, and treats his slaves badly.

While I was last in England one of the junior members of the Mission made him a catechumen, but I would not allow him to be baptized, as, although he has but one wife, he has shown no signs of real conversion.

He has in times past killed several of his slaves, and during my recent visit to Zanzibar one of his slaves bore a child which was an Albino. It is the heathen custom to kill all children who are born with any strange peculiarity, but of course directly any one is made a catechumen all heathen superstitions must be abandoned, especially the killing of infants; but Sekehufa, thinking that I was well away, ordered it to be killed. When I came back I denounced him as a murderer and asked the other chiefs to punish him, but

they were afraid. I therefore sent word to him that he was a murderer, and that I would denounce him everywhere, and that he was not to pollute Magila with his presence.

After a time his conscience smote him, and he begged for an interview. I granted it, and when he came before me he threw himself on his knees, and begged for mercy. I told him I could give him no answer that day, but that I must lay the case before God, and ask counsel of Him. I knew that no law or government could touch him.

Accordingly, after prayer, I determined to make him appear in church on Sunday before all the people, chiefs, commons, and slaves, and there first confess his guilt openly, and beg forgiveness of God and his people. Then he had to take a solemn oath that he would never shed blood again, agreeing to submit to death or exile at my hands if he broke his oath. Next he signed a declaration to that effect, all the people, some seven hundred, being witnesses. It was done in the free sight of every one, on the Litany-desk before the choir.

The whole thing struck the people with awe at the power of the Gospel, that it should be able to make such a man do such an act of public shame. All thanked me, and said, "He will not dare to break his oath."

Some slaves of his that had run away lest he should kill them, as he had threatened to do, heard the news, and reappeared, going back to their homes in Kiumba, saying, "Now we are not afraid." Sekehufa is now going about, clothed in rags, meaner in his apparel than the meanest of his slaves. Will Dr. Oscar Lenz dare say, after such an incident as this, that Missions have no results?

*From "Central Africa," by J. P. Farler, Archdeacon of Magila.*

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### ANTHEM.—ITS MEANING.

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It is by no means easy to decide what is meant by the word *Anthem* in the Rubric after the third Collect, "In Quires and places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem."

But thus much seems to be certain.

The Rubric was inserted at the last Review, 1661. It does not appear in earlier versions of the Common Prayer. It would therefore seem to formulate and authorise the custom of that time, which had survived Puritan desecration, and had come down from earlier days. How far back the practice extended may possibly be made clear from Cathedral and other Records, and from these sources the meaning of the Word itself may also be discovered; but if nothing can be learnt from the old statutes of Cathedrals and Monasteries, and similar writings, we must fall back on conjecture and common sense.

Some people will tell you that it is derived from the word "Antiphon," which means literally *a sound responsive to*: and is nowadays

used to designate the verse or short passage, which is sung as a *key note* to the Psalms or Service.

But by what process of evolution do you get Anthem out of Anti-phon? As well may you derive *Monmouth* from *Macedon*, or *vice versa*, because both begin with M.

We shall find something more agreeable to common sense if we go to old Adam Littleton. He wrote a learned Latin and English Dictionary, about 200 years ago, and in the fourth Edition, which was published in London in 1715, he puts down the word *Anthema*, as a Latin-Barbarous word, deriving it from a Greek word, *ἀνθέω*, which signifies to shoot up, to blossom, and *Anthema* he says, means a holy oak, also an Anthem.

Not a word, you see, does this old writer say about Anti-phon; and as he lived not far from the time when the Rubric was inserted, he is more likely than most of us to know what the word *Anthem* really meant in the Church language of his day and previously.

Adam Littleton also gives another word, *Anthos*; its meaning, he says, is the blossom of rosemary. And hence you may come to a very legitimate conclusion; viz.: that *Anthem* is the blossom, or the choice flower of the music, the *posy* which is made up of the best flowers, and rendered with the greatest care.

### MAGGIE'S LESSON.

OUR Maggie was young, she was seven years old,  
 But Maggie, I'm sorry to say,  
 Was fonder of having a present herself  
 Than of giving a present away.

Said Mother one night—"Will my darling give up  
 The sixpence she has in her purse,  
 For poor little Jack who has nothing to eat,  
 Few clothes, and no Mother or nurse?"

It grieves me to say that her answer was "no,"  
 And pouting and haanging her head—  
 "I want it to buy a new dolly and cart,  
 It's mine, all for me, aunty said."

Then Mother the little one drew to her side,  
 And whispered in tenderest love,  
 "Give ye to the poor, and ye give unto Me,  
 Said Jesus who came from above."

That night in her cozy warm cot as she lay,  
 A wonderful dream Maggie had:  
 The weather was freezing, and she in the streets,  
 And also a poor little lad,

Who tearfully said, "Will you give me to eat  
 And something to warm me to drink,  
 Some clothes, for my garment is ragged and thin;  
 From want I am dying, I think?"

Ah, Maggie the thoughtless was sobbing indeed!  
 "Please take all the money in this.  
 Here's my little cloak, and come home with me too."  
 "Oh, bless you, God bless you, sweet Miss!"

And when they had stopped right in front of her home,  
His hand in her hand, Maggie cried,  
"Quick, open the door, Mother dear, I have brought—"  
She stopped—who was this by her side?

Who shone like the angels, and looked upon her  
With pleasure and love in His eyes?  
'Twas Jesus our Lord, and no poor beggar child  
She heid! Picture Maggie's surprise.

And gently He lifted her up in His arms,  
And softly He said, "Do you know,  
My Maggie, 'tis Jesus you please when you help  
The poor and the suff'ring below."

She woke, it was morning, a bright Christmas-Day  
The frost glittered fresh on the pane;  
"Lord Jesus" she murmured, "I'll try to be good  
And never be selfish again."

M. B.

## KNEELING DOWN DURING THE PRAYERS.

*A Rule to be observed by all those who desire to worship Almighty God acceptably in Church.*



**O**PEN your Prayer Book, look at "The order for Morning Prayer, (and Evening Prayer) daily throughout the year," and see what we are told to do there. Read what is written just before the Confession:—"A General Confession to be said of the whole congregation after the Minister—all kneeling."

The next Rubric is as follows: "The Absolution, or Remission of sins, to be pronounced by the Priest alone, standing; *the people still kneeling.*"

A following Rubric is, "Then the Minister shall kneel and say the Lord's Prayer with an audible voice; *the people also kneeling* and repeating it with him, both here, and wheresoever else it is used in Divine Service."

We are then taught in the xcvi. Psalm, which we recite, how to kneel when we pray:—"O come let us worship and fall down: and kneel before the Lord our Maker."

Our posture cannot be a matter of indifference, as some people think. If it were so, would Daniel have knelt at his window, looking toward Jerusalem, when he knew that King Darius had made a decree that if he were found praying to his God he should be cast into the lion's den? Might he not have prayed standing up or sitting down? Then the servants of Darius would never have found him out? But what do we read was his conduct? "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime." (Dan. vi. 10.)

Our posture cannot be a matter of indifference when we remember that our blessed Lord Himself kneeled down in the garden

of Gethsemane. "And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and *kneeled down* and prayed. (S. Luke xxii. 41.)

Surely if Jesus Christ, our perfect Example, *kneeled* when He prayed, how much more should we do so? It is well that our bodies should be in a reverent and humble posture when we speak to Almighty God: it helps us to feel our own weakness and misery; it is an outward mark of humility and dependence. If we speak to an earthly king we bow down very low, or uncover our heads, or bend our knee: how much more, then, should we kneel down in speaking to the King of kings and Lord of lords? It is most irreverent to sit or loll in our seat during prayers, and it is a very bad example to all around us.—*S.P.C.K.*

### A PRAYER FOR THE AFFLICTED IN MIND.

"Comfort the feeble minded, support the weak."—1 *Thess.*, v. 14.

"Pray one for another, that ye may be healed."—1 *S. James*, v. 16.



**BLESSED** Lord, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are anyways afflicted or distressed in mind; cheer the melancholy; restore hope to the hopeless; protect the unconscious; calm the violent; suffer them not to do harm to themselves or to others, and let no one do injury to them. Dispel all vain delusions; confirm the health of the recovering; comfort the sick; receive the spirits of the dying. Lay not to their charge whatever evil any of them may say or do in time of their affliction; bless the endeavours of all who labour and pray on behalf of the afflicted in mind; and bring us all to Thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

### ALWAYS LOOKING AT THE DARK SIDE.



**GOOD** many people do that. They get up in the morning and the very thought of what a number of things they have to do in the day benumbs them.

I knew a working man in Yorkshire who was speaking about this matter, and he said, "Jones worked with a man of the desponding, moody sort, and it was perfectly dreadful. He looked upon things as though a black pall hung over them. There happened to be a panic—they have panics occasionally in the North, you know—and this poor man was talking about a panic in his usual manner." "Well," said my friend, "cheer up, John; will be going away soon."

"No," he said, "it won't, it will always be panic."

"Oh, no," said the other, "don't talk that way, I don't like to hear you."

In time, of course, the panic went away, and the brightness had

come again, and my friend happening to meet the complainer, said, "Well, John, you see the panic is gone."

"Yes," he said, with a frown, "but there will be a panic again soon."

Ah, there is no comfort with such a spirit. I remember a witty French poet, who said to his friend—

"The worst of your troubles you have cured,  
The rest you still have survived;  
But what trouble untold you have endured  
From those that have never arrived!"

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## CONGREGATIONAL MUSIC.

FROM A PAPER BY THE VEN. T. BEDFORD JONES, ARCHDEACON  
OF KINGSTON.

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### CHAPTER II.

1. There are many hindrances. They begin at an early period of our religious education. *Our children are never taught to sing their Church's service of praise.* It is hard to know really what our children are taught, to prepare them for such a service as they have to take part in when they grow up. In the Sunday School, usually, they are made to kneel down, or to sit on their haunches, while *listening to somebody saying a prayer which they little understand, and in which they never join.* Then a hymn is sung by the teachers and a few older pupils, and what is in fact a lecture follows. Then comes another prayer and another hymn, and all is over. Now is not all this a beautiful training for a religious function, which may be held in places not belonging to the Catholic Church of England? Are we not educating our children admirably for the service of the Meeting house? Why should they not be taught at once to sing a responsive service and do their own praying, according to the Model of the Prayer Book? it can be done. *Credo experto.* I have no more time to dwell on this point. But it is the first hindrance—*neglect in training of the young.*

2. Another and serious hindrance (though you may be surprised at my saying it) is this. Our congregations, like our children, as a rule, have not been made to recognize, as a fundamental requisite for all Catholic worship, the fact, the very blessed fact, of *the Lord's Presence in His Sanctuary.* Do you think that if our people, young and old, were made to feel that, when they entered what we call, and what our Lord called "His House," they were on holy ground and as near the Person of the living, listening Lord as was Moses before the burning bush, or Solomon before the Tabernacle in the Temple, they would be silent—silent in doing the very thing which they come to do, and which He comes to hear? Do you think that the choir, *aye, and often the*

clergyman too, would sing or say so flippantly those solemn words, thinking of the effect *not* on the ear of God, but on the ears of the "miserable sinners" around or before them, if they saw with their eyes of faith the living Person of the Christ of God, as close to them as His Altar throne—that outward symbol of His Presence? I believe that if that awful yet gracious Presence of our King Jesus were recognized by the congregation (who come, remember, expressly to hold communion with Him where He promises to meet them)—I believe that when His Ambassador turns, after Confession and Absolution to the pardoned penitents, and cries "*Praise ye the Lord,*" not a voice could refrain from responding with a burst of gratitude, "*The Lord's Name be Praised.*" No, we are silent because we are thinking of what we may enjoy or gain for ourselves, forgetting that we are where He is also, and have come to give Him the honour due to His Name—an offering of holy Worship.

(To be continued.)

### THE BITTEREST DROP IN THE CUP.



WE are once more, by God's mercy, drawing near to that Holy Season in which our spiritual Mother, the Church, bids us turn our thoughts to the Cross and Passion of our Blessed Lord, so that we may gain a little more knowledge of His great Love for us, and a little more thankfulness towards Him who has done and suffered so much on our behalf. Many of us, I suppose, have felt distressed at such times, that, notwithstanding all our efforts to bring before our minds the Agony and the Grief which was borne for our sakes, we still remain cold and hard, and but slightly affected by what we know ought to melt and soften us into penitent and adoring love. It may be a help to our endeavours after this spirit of loving thankfulness if we can succeed in realizing, more thoroughly than we have hitherto done, one of the bitterest drops in the overflowing Cup of Him who drained all sorrow to the dregs.

Perhaps it has never struck us, in meditating on the Sufferings of the Lord Jesus, how infinitely His holy Sorrows were increased by His perfect Fore-knowledge of each one of them. The beloved Disciple tells us that He entered on His Passion "knowing all things that should come upon Him;" and we also read how at different times He warned His Apostles of the Mocking, the Scourging, the Crucifixion which awaited Him. We have only to remind ourselves of the way in which our own weak nature shrinks from the suffering that we know to be coming upon us, so that the dread of pain and sorrow is to many of us, perhaps, worse than the actual pain and sorrow itself, in order to have some slight idea of how much more is included in our Lord's Cup of Agony, than those last events of His Life, which we generally call His "Passion."



Let us remember that the shadow of those awful Hours must have been ever present to the mind of the Sinless One, from His holy Boyhood onwards, darkening the peaceful shelter of the blessed Home at Nazareth, and, it may be, closing ever deeper and deeper around His Sacred Heart as years passed on, and the Hour of One Great Sacrifice approached.

To understand this more fully we must not forget that our Blessed Lord was most truly Perfect Man, as well as Perfect God ; that he therefore shared all the weaknesses, all the feelings, all the natural instincts of our humanity, so far as those weaknesses and feelings and instincts are sinless. Our All-Holy Lord then, shrank from pain, just as we do ; He felt the fear of future suffering, just as we do ; although this fear and shrinking could never, for even one instant, turn aside His Human Will from a complete agreement with the Divine Will. His Human Body and His Human Soul were alike Perfect, and endowed with every faculty of which man's nature in its highest perfection is capable, so that His Feelings and Perceptions of every kind were infinitely keener and more intense than ours can be. To His Sacred Body, therefore, and to His Spotless Soul, pain was far more painful, and sorrow far more sorrowful, than to the most refined and tender of the children of Adam. It was no bluntness of feeling, no stoical indifference that enabled Him to bear unflinchingly, and with perfect patience, the agonizing woes by which He became indeed the Man of Sorrows. What must it have been to Him to carry about with Him continually, the thought of the Agony, the Scourging, the Crucifixion, whilst, as the supposed Son of the Carpenter, He was occupied in the course of His daily work, with objects which reminded Him of His future sufferings, as day by day in the carpenter's shop He handled the Wood, the Hammer, and the Nails.

But besides the anguish of body which awaited the Saviour of the world in His Passion, there lay before Him still more bitter anguish of spirit. His holy Soul dreaded, as our souls dread, the pang of wounded affection ; the sorrows of those He loved awoke in Him the same sympathizing throb that we ourselves experience ; or rather, He, the Second Adam, the Pattern Man, the Founder of the New Family of regenerate human beings, felt all such trials with an acuteness which we cannot imagine or understand. For He possessed, in its fullest degree, every tender affection, every noble quality, every pure and holy impulse which has been, so to speak, faintly sketched out in the characters of the best and wisest of men. "A Son that never did amiss," He loved His Blessed Mother with a Love far surpassing that which the most dutiful of sons has ever felt for the tenderest of mothers, and yet He knew how sharp would be the sword which must pierce through her soul, when she saw Him hang bleeding, forsaken, dying upon the Cross. He loved His friends and disciples with a purer and more unselfish affection than any merely human friend, and yet He saw all along, how one of

His chosen ones would betray Him, while the rest forsook Him and fled. He loved His own people and the land of His Birth with a deeper patriotism than all those whom the world praises as heroes ; and yet He foresaw from the outset, that He would be misunderstood, hated, rejected by those for whom He came to die.

More bitter still, He Who knew, as only God can know, the value of the human soul, He Who alone can reckon the woes of the lost, and the joys of the redeemed, saw also, that for some men His Love and Sorrows would be of no avail, because they would wilfully choose evil instead of good, by turning from Him, Who bought them for Himself, to the Enemy and Destroyer of souls. He sorrowed, not only over the guilty City Jerusalem which cast Him out and slew Him, not only over Judas who betrayed Him, but also over every sinner who, from the beginning to the end, has despised His Mercy and wasted the Love which longed to gather all men safely to Himself for ever. What are all the yearnings felt by pious parents over the eternal destinies of beloved but wayward children, or the anxious cares of those who watch for souls, compared with the awful Fore-knowledge of the Saviour of the world, whereby He saw all the hideous mass of sin with which ransomed sinners would yet "crucify Him afresh, and put Him again to an open shame." "No eye but His might ever dare" to look into the depth of man's blindness and ingratitude, and of the unalterable doom of wilful, impenitent sinners.

May we not reverently believe that thoughts such as these were present to the Loving Heart of our blessed Lord, in the garden of Gethsemane, causing the Bitter Agony and the Bloody Sweat ? May we not also be sure that He Who knows in its fulness the bitterness of sorrow for the sins of others, will on this very account, fully sympathize with, and one day comfort those who by their griefs and anxieties for others, are in a very true sense made "partakers of His sufferings ?" Happy will it be for each one of us, if, by sorrowing with Him over our own sins, and over the sins of others, we are enabled through His Grace to gain, during this Passiontide, a fuller sense of His Love to sinners, and a deeper hatred of the sins that wound His Love, so that we may for the future truly die to sin, and live with our Crucified and Risen Lord in newness of life.

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### S. MARY MAGDALENE.

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**F**ASTING at haughty Simon's festive board,  
 Mourning in time of pleasure,  
 She pours upon Thy Feet her garnered hoard,  
 Her life's unsealed treasure ;  
 And her sweet tears, like Thy sweet Blood, my Lord,  
 Flow without stint or measure.

A. M. H.

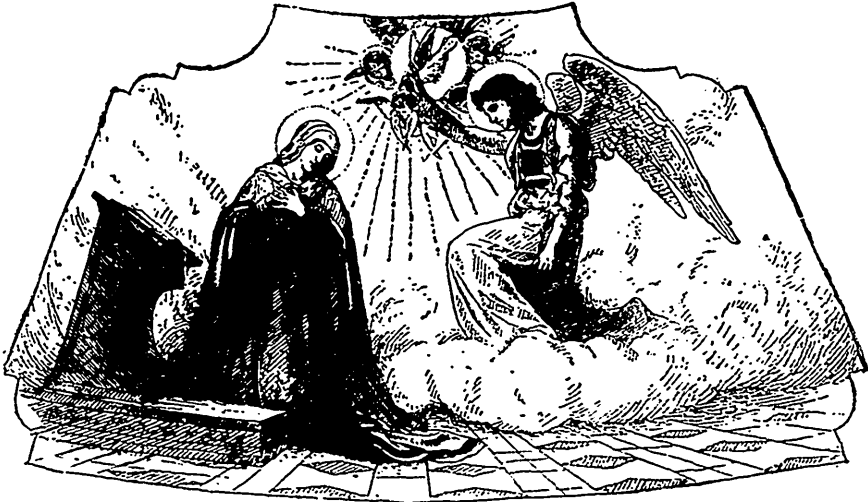
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VALUE OF GOOD MOTHERS.—An ounce of good mother is worth more than a pound of clergy.

## THE ANNUNCIATION.

**A**ND Mary said, Behold the Handmaid of the Lord ; be it unto me according to Thy Word. (S. Luke i. 38.)

Wonderful moment, on which depended all the destiny of mankind ; for in the things of the Spirit the will of man must ever co-operate with the Divine call. And here was perfect faith, humility, and submission. Sanctified by the Holy Ghost, her heart had already by faith conceived the Son of God before He was conceived in her womb. Calm as deep waters and thoughtful : as the morning cloud that discloses the rising sun ; as the star that first appears when the storm is retiring. Sarah laughed at the strangeness of that Salvation beyond all that she



looked for ! but Mary is composed and reflective, as one that wondered at nothing from the power and the goodness of God. Zacharias doubted, and by a sign was corrected ; Mary doubted not, but by a sign was strengthened. But as in the Blessed Virgin all was of Faith, so “ if ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.” “ Blessed is the womb that bare Thee,” said one to our Blessed Lord Himself ; but He said, “ Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.” Blessed, indeed, to have conceived Christ in the womb, and to have given birth to the Saviour of the world ; more blessed is it to have conceived Christ in the heart by faith, that He may there indwell and abide for ever.

Blessèd is the womb that bore Him, blessed  
The bosom where His lips were pressed ;  
But rather blessed are they  
Who hear His Word, and keep it well,  
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,  
And never pass away.

—From Daily Gleanings of the Saintly Life.

### LENT.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."—S. John iv. 32.

SAD, solemn season! meet for thought and prayer,  
 And calm seclusion; yet not loved the less,  
 If, fasting with my Saviour, I may share  
 His feast of duty in the wilderness.  
 Lone—yet not lonely, if my Lord be nigh;  
 Sad—yet not joyless, if He deign to bless;  
 Fasting—yet feasting, if His Grace supply  
 All that is wanting in earth's emptiness,  
 A guest of Jesus,—where, tho' mortal eye  
 Can neither table, bread, nor Host perceive;  
 Yet for the soul, which—Heaven taught—doth believe,  
 Faith with its finer senses can descry,  
 Dropt from the heavens, drawn from the waters still—  
 My meat and drink to do my Father's will!

—*Monsell's Parish Musings.*

### EASTER EVE.

ALL is over; Life is past;  
 Close the Eyes in peace at last.  
 Here within the sunset's balm,  
 Fold the Torn Hands, Palm in Palm.  
 Lay the Pale Feet, travel-sore,  
 Where They toil and bleed no more.  
 Where the valley lilies blow  
 Hide the Crowned Head so low.  
 Life is past, and Death is best;  
 Leave the Broken Heart at rest.

ADELAIDE M. HERBERT.

### CURRENT NOTES.

**A**S it is a truth generally acknowledged that nothing tends more to increase the practical energy of the Church than the increase of the Episcopate, the development now going on in the English Episcopate may be accepted as a very hopeful sign. Last month we mentioned the appointment of Archdeacon Earle to the Suffraganship of London, under the title Bishop of Guildford (since changed to Marlborough). This month we can add a Suffragan for Lichfield, Archdeacon Sir Lovelace Stamer, who will receive the title of Bishop of Shrewsbury. This happy addition to the Episcopate has, it seems, taken the Church rather by surprise, as it had not been publicly reported as in contemplation.

The new See of Wakefield is to receive for its first bishop the Bishop of Bedford; a splendid appointment in itself, no doubt, but a rather sad one for the East of London, which will feel shorn of its working head. It must be assumed that the Bishop of London will speedily supply the vacancy, but it will be no easy matter to

find a second Bishop Walsham How sufficiently equipped to fill the great gap left by this translation. The two Suffragans-designate now awaiting consecration will receive it, as at present arranged, on S. Matthias's Day.

The Bishop of Rochester has intimated that he may soon have to call for a Suffragan should the diocese remain as at present constituted. But he is evidently prepared to consent to the erection of Surrey into a new independent diocese, in which case he believes the Bishop would require the help of two Suffragans of his own.

It should never be forgotten that all of this we owe primarily to the simple resolution of Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, after even so stout a prelate as Henry of Exeter had, many years before, given up the attempt in despair at the difficulties thrown in his way by the lawyers.

Worthy, indeed, is Bishop Wordsworth of his noble memorial monument in the cathedral, worthily dedicated on Feb. 11, with a solemn service and a beautiful and bishop-like address by his worthy successor.

Southwell Cathedral was opened, after restoration, on the Feast of the Purification, and now takes a fair place among the secondary Cathedrals of England.

The diocese of Nova Scotia has at last found a new bishop in the person of Dr. Courtney, Rector of S. Paul's, Boston, U.S. He was unanimously elected and has accepted the See.

The public meeting to decide on a "Mackonochie Memorial" has decided to add a memorial chapel to the church of S. Alban's, Holborn, the place where so much of his heart ever abode.

The *Church Times* announces that the February Number of *The Animal World* has a full-page picture of the scene of his death, taken from a photograph lent by the Bishop of Argyll. There is also a separate engraving of "the two dogs," which have earned for themselves a niche of honour in the history of the English Church.

The same paper extracts the following advertisement, as from *The Rock*. "PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN in Priest's Orders, willing to secede from the Establishment, WANTED, to take CHARGE OF MISSION CHURCH in Ritualistic parish in the midlands. Full parochial organization. Large Sunday Schools. Stipend £150." This may possibly be a temptation by the so-called "Reformed Episcopalians." If so, it is not very surprising. If not, it is difficult to see why they should care about having a separatist minister, "in Priest's Orders." In either case there is considerable effrontery in the advertisement, and a "Church of England Newspaper," worthy of the name, would not have inserted it.

Mr. Hakes is said to be anxious to prosecute his persecution of S. Margaret's, Liverpool, by attacking the assistant Curate. But the Bishop of Liverpool has had enough of it, and will give him no more assistance in any way. He will be no party to the suit, and will not withdraw Mr. Paine's licence.

The *London Diocesan Book* for this year has stirred up a small wasps' nest by publishing the numbers of persons presented for Confirmation for each parish in the diocese presenting any. Many of the returns are extraordinarily small, some of which must surely be due to great negligence somewhere. The publication is not in the least to be regretted. It is very important that the Church should know how this part of pastoral work is discharged; and nothing can be gained by smothering facts. It may be that next year the good effects of this year's statistics may begin to show themselves in print. We shall know better, perhaps, who are lazy and who want special help.

The Bishop of Llandaff has embarked on a contest in which, from the particulars known at present, he seems to deserve the full sympathy and support of Churchmen. A noble patron having nominated a priest for a cure in Monmouthshire, where there is a considerable portion of Welsh-speaking folk, and the nominee being quite ignorant of their language, the Bishop refuses to institute him. The patron has commenced an action to "compel" him. The Bishop declares that if he loses it he will appeal from court to court; and if finally beaten will resign his See; for institute he will not. We thoroughly respect him for his steadfastness; but think that, even under the extreme circumstances contemplated, he should not resign in haste. Of course the law could dispose *de facto* of the temporalities, but the spiritual question might be pressed some way further, especially if the Metropolitan would stand firmly by his suffragan. On true principles we may doubt whether this is not a purely diocesan question, in which the Metropolitan, as such, has no right to interfere; but even if he may lawfully interpose provisionally, the Provincial Synod is the only authority qualified to constrain the Bishop in spirituals. The question at issue, as one touching the cure of souls, is a very important one, and the Bishop of Llandaff would seem to estimate it duly.

Feb. 16th.

J. W. L.

## OUR PARISH BOOK GUIDE.

**A SHORT CHURCH HISTORY**, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell, and revised by a Committee of Clergy. (Masters & Co.) A valuable Summary, arranged according to subjects, viz.: Church Organization, The Creeds, Rise of the Papal Power, Missionary Work, &c. Each chapter is followed by a short list of the principal men engaged. A valuable compilation; much is wisely and thoughtfully compressed in a small space.

**NEW AND CONTRITE HEARTS**. Forty brief meditations for Lent, by H. J. Wilmot Burton. (Skeffington). 2s. 6d. It is not too late to recommend this excellent Manual.

**BE KIND TO YOUR OLD AGE**. (S.P.C.K.) An admirable little book showing how you can escape the Workhouse, and provide for old age, by saving during the ten years of your life when you have most money and fewest incumbrances.

**THOUGHTS FOR OLD PEOPLE**. (S.P.C.K.) Short Addresses to the Aged in Workhouses and Homes—in good type and very telling.

**PAX**. The new Orthodox Church Christmas Card. (Hollis Harris, Elizabeth

Street, Pimlico). After all the trashy, insipid cards which are "made to sell," it is a relief to come across a really good one, which will be valued for its subject and its artistic beauty.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE POOR IRISH LADIES.

To the Editor of "NEW AND OLD."



DEAR Mr. Editor,—Here is all the information I can at present give you about distressed Irish ladies.

A Home has been opened in Dublin to assist a small number of these ladies. Those that can possibly do so are willing to do any kind of fancy work, knitting, or to execute bazaar orders, embroider and initial handkerchiefs, make poor-clothes, also trousseaux and layettes.

Up to the present time 450 ladies have been aided by means of the "Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund;" 350 of these can do plain or fancy work to help themselves, and a depot for its sale has been opened at 106, Patrick Street, Cork. The very old and infirm that had been getting Workhouse relief, now get small monthly pensions from the above mentioned fund. Every case is first carefully investigated. Of course more money will be continually wanted to keep this good work going. Old clothes will be most thankfully received by Miss Rose Thunder, 34, Rutland Square West, Dublin.

A rich friend of mine paints very pretty landscapes in oils, and sells them for poor ladies at a very moderate price. At present she has several to dispose of; perhaps Mrs. ——— might order one?

Here is an extract from a letter I got to-day.

"When I was last in Dublin, I went to see the 'Home' recently established for the *most infirm* old ladies who are quite destitute, and where they are taken in, according to means, over 70 years of age. I also called to see Mrs. Power Lalor to find out for myself, and also to give her some little sums I had got for the poor ladies. She told me of Miss ———, the poor lady too ill to be moved to the 'Home,' who was staying with her former lady's-maid. So altered, Mrs. Power Lalor found her, that she did not recognise the former handsome woman she had often met in society. I cannot give this lady's name, as she prefers not. She has heart disease, brought on from want of food and clothes. The underground room has now been made more comfortable for her. Mrs. Power Lalor also told me of three ladies she knew who had only one set of clothes between them, and two of them had to remain in bed while the third went out to look for work." These sad stories ought to make people eager to help them. I will give you details of a few of the cases that have been assisted; but more, just as sad, come before us continually.

I.—Mrs. D., a widow and her daughter, were boycotted about a year ago, their gates pulled down, their windows broken. They were afraid to continue living in the country, went to Cork, and, not receiving one penny of their rents, are subsisting solely by their needlework ever since provided by the Cork Emporium.

II.—The Misses C., four sisters, totally dependent on a small property, let at little more than half its value, have only received one-third of their rents during the last four years; and this year, having *received none*, they are utterly dependent upon their work.

VIII.—Lady in decline, of old family, supports herself by painting on glass and making slippers in bed.

IX.—An orphan girl supporting her dying mother solely by her work.

X.—Lady with large landed property now utterly dependent on her work. Her sight has failed latterly through constant work at night.

XI.—Lady of very high family, with a delicate child. No rents paid. She worked by day and night, though afflicted with an internal complaint, to get nourishment for her child, until aided by the Fund.

XII.—Two old ladies, once rich, aged 82 and 96, are unable to keep a

servant to attend upon them; a former land agent pays their lodging for them out of charity: they were found dining upon half a herring; one is bedridden and suffers much.

XIII.—Blind old lady, now childish, requires constant care; no rents paid. Her only daughter has taken a situation in order to keep her out of the work-house for the few remaining weeks of her life. The daughter feels this separation keenly.—Very sincerely yours,  
PADDY.  
(Any help can be sent to the Editor.)

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## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

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### MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEWIN COURT," "BESSIE MORGAN," &c.

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#### CHAPTER III.

**B**Y the next morning the weather had changed again, and it was very cold, and Herbert thought with satisfaction (of which he was half ashamed) of the prospect of speedy release from his present employment, and dreamt of the great things he meant to do as a man and a scholar. Suddenly a loud scream fell upon his ear, and turning hastily round, he saw a small child in the very middle of the road, almost under the feet of a kicking horse, in a hansom cab. One thought of his mother—one prayer that he might do His Father's business, and springing forward, he seized the horse's bridle, and held him back, while a bystander caught up the child, and placed it in safety; Herbert, exhausted, released his hold, and when the horse could be secured and quieted, was lifted insensible and bleeding from under its feet. He was carried to the hospital, and all that skill and tenderness could do was done for him, but it was not till the following evening that he recovered consciousness, and then it was to wake to terrible suffering. His first glance fell on his mother's face, his second on his kind friend Mr. Wentworth. He looked from one to the other in bewildered surprise, but as recollection returned, he asked anxiously. "Is the child safe?"

"Quite safe and unhurt, my darling," answered his mother, with the tears running down her cheeks.

He closed his eyes with a groan of anguish, but opened them again, with a smile of unearthly brightness, as he whispered, "Is it really true, have I saved a life for God?"

"Yes! my child," and Mr. Wentworth laid his hand on the young head "God has granted you that great mercy, and He has said, 'Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these your brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' May He of His goodness, accept your offering, and bless you now and for evermore."

"My Father's Business," murmured the boy, "how can I do it now?"

"By submitting to His will, by being patient under suffering, by being ready for whatever He sends, whether it be life or death." A sob here bursts from Mrs. Moore, and a look of awe though scarcely of fear, came into the boy's face.

"Am I dying?" he asked.

"We cannot tell yet, my boy, but you are very ill. But you must not talk more now; I will say a Prayer for you, and then you must be quite still. Your mother will stay with you." Herbert folded his hands reverently, and after the Priest's parting blessing, laid very still, though often during that long and weary night his mother wiped the dew of agony from his brow.

It was Maundy Thursday, and Herbert Moore lay on his little bed, with his mother kneeling beside him. The faded screen was drawn around them, but on both faces there rested a strong look of calm peace. Mortification had come on, and all pain was over for Herbert. He had just received his first and last



Communion, and after due preparation and a deeply repentant confession of the many times and ways in which he had neglected to do his Father's business, he had thankfully received the blessing of Absolution, and now strengthened with the Presence of his Lord, was prepared to do his last work for Him—to die.

"It is God's will, mother," he said, as he looked lovingly at her, "we shall still be one in Him, and when your business is done, you will come too. Will you read me again about the Garden of Gethsemane?"

His mother strove to comply, but her voice failed, and Mr. Wentworth took the book from her hand, and read it for her. Herbert thanked him with a look, and murmured, "He drank the cup for us; I have failed, but He did all my Father's business," and then with a radiant smile he added, "My Father's House!" and fell back—dead.

There is a sweet-looking nurse in the hospital, with calm blue eyes, whom all the patients love, who, though she never looks otherwise than grave and sad herself, is ever ready to share in other's joys, and sympathize in all that concerns them; and her most earnest prayer is, that she may so do her Father's business here on earth, that, with her dashing boy, she may hereafter be counted worthy, through Christ, of a place in her Father's House. ETTA.

THE END.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Communications for the Editor of "NEW AND OLD" and of "S. CYPRIAN'S MAGAZINE" (not of any other Local Magazine) should be sent to 39, Upper Park Place, Dorset Square, N.W. Letters requiring answers should be sent not later than the 12th, and should enclose an *addressed and stamped envelope*.

PERSONS wishing to insert among these Notices their wants about Collections, Sales, Vessels, and other matters for Church and Parochial purposes, may send their Advertisements to the Editor, not later than the 12th of the month. The charge will be One Shilling for every 20 words, or for any number under 20.

ENGLISH Illustrated, and Cornhill Magazines, for 1886 and 1887. Unbound, good condition. Half price. Address, *Meta, care of Mr. Hayes, Bookseller, 17, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

LACE prints for Lent or Easter; great variety, 3d. each. Packets on approval. Profit missions.—*Miss Macdonald, Prestbury, Cheltenham.*

WILL anyone contribute towards maintaining a fatherless girl of six, who is going into S. Cyprian's Orphanage? Address, *Miss Harris, 5, Sussex Place, N.W.*

PLEASE SEND TO-NIGHT for a Large Holland Apron (with or without Bib) 1s. 3d. post-free; Pocket, 3d. extra. Useful for gardening, &c. *Do have one.* Profits towards building a Temperance and Mission Room here.—*Miss A. S. Marshall, Westcott Barton, Oxford.*

R. ENQUIRER.—1. A Ritualist, strictly speaking, is one who has made the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church his special study. So, a Hebraist is one who really knows the Hebrew language and its literature. 2. The Symbol is made up of the first three letters in Greek of the word Christ. 3. Reverence for the Lord's Prayer. 4. The Canons can be bought for a small sum at any S.P.C.K. Depôt. 5. Kneeling and standing are both reverent postures for the *Gloria in Excelsis*. 6. *The Guardian, The Church Times.*

EASTERN.—The Word may signify two things; it may simply mean that a thing is not according to Western "use;" or, that it is Oriental, practised by Eastern people; as many customs mentioned in the Bible. In this latter sense Prostration is Biblical, Oriental, ancient; whereas Genuflection is comparatively modern, Latin, Western.

DOUBTFUL.—Cannot you answer such a question? Do as you would be done by. Here is a small parable. If you have in your pocket a doubtful or bad

coin, what ought you to do with it? Pass it on to your neighbour; or test it and, if bad, destroy it?

**BEATIE.**—Verse 17, Ps. 38, is rendered in the Bible Version, "*My sorrow is continually before Me;*" and in the Latin (*Vulgate*, Ps. 37, 18.) *Dolor meus in conspectu meo semper*. The Hebrew word for *sorrow* sometimes stands for the *cause* or *source* of pain, as a wound: so it might possibly be taken to signify the Cross.

**ENQUIRE.**—You will find the saying—"See, how they love each other," ascribed to the heathen by Tertullian on his Apology, section 39. See *Oxford Library of the Fathers*, vol. 10, page 82.

**GREATLY TROUBLED.**—1. Do not trouble yourself as to the Sunday duties of Cooks, 'Busmen, Post Office Assistants, &c., unless you regulate those duties. Pray for such people and set them a good example. 2. Do no week-day work on the Lord's Day, if you can possibly help it. Sell nothing which is not necessary for health or life, and take no unnecessary journeys; give your horse and ass a rest. 3. You forget that this life is a time of trial for rich and poor alike. In the next life all will be made plain and set straight. Who sends earthquakes? Permits accidents, as you call them? Why is evil permitted? Study Ps. 73.

**A HUNGARY CREATURE.**—Have you sought work in the right quarter? Have you asked your elder Brother to find you work? See S. Matt. vi., 33.

**ANXIOUS TO KNOW.**—All such changes are trials of faith and patience and submission to God's Will. He permits them in order to test our principles of loyalty and love. What should you do, if you were laid on a bed of sickness? or persecuted, as the early Christians were, and driven out into the desert? No one can deprive you of the power of Prayer. Pray more. "Stir up the Gift," and all will be well. Think of the Blessed Virgin Mary living for thirty years in Nazareth? Think of our Lord attending the Temple Services, or paying respect to the Priests, and such Priests!

**F. E. W.**—Why not try *Scudamore's Steps to the Altar*, or the *Treasury of Devotion*; or *Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper*. This last is very plain. Get his *Sacra Privata*, if you want to learn to be a true Christian.

**GIFTS FOR HOME FOR AGED POOR (H. A. P.) 10, LITTLE PARK STREET, DORSET SQUARE, N.W.**—2 wool shawls; a plum cake; biscuits; sweets; ginger-nuts; oranges; a sponge cake; tin of turtle soup; parcel of clothing; a son's thank-offering, £6. There are several vacancies. Apply to *Lady Superintendent*. Cash, 17s 6d.

**GIFTS FOR THE HOME FOR INCURABLE POOR (H. I. P.) 4, NORTH BANK.**—Flowers; pot of lilies of the valley; Postal Order from S. Cyprian's Aid Society; Cash—£3 15s., including cheque for £3 from Ascot: received with many thanks. *Four Vacancies.*

St. Alban's, Holborn,] **P A X.** [Easter Card.

*Designed by a Member of All Saints', Margaret Street.*

The demand for the Pax Christmas Card, approved by Lord Halifax, was so great at the last, that to prevent disappointment of our customers not getting our PAX EASTER CARD in time, we shall feel obliged if they will send in their orders at once. The Card teaches as follows:—In Latin, "Glory be to God on High," "He is Risen," "I. H. S.," "A. O." printed over, the whole side is a large cross with the *Agnus Dei*, Blessed Sacrament, Earthly Pilgrimage, Peace, Grace, Faith, Hope, Charity, and the Ark of Rest. Inside is a coloured picture of the Resurrection, and by unfolding two extra doors at the back a view of the Altar of St. Alban's, Holborn, is seen. When held up to the light the effect is very beautiful, it becomes transparent, and the altar is seen in colours. The Blessed Sacrament is also seen to rest just above the altar cross. Below, the words "Faithful Priest." "In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life." This Card stands on table. Order at once, for we have reason to know that the demand will be very great. Price, by post, 1s. 1d. If stamps are sent, 1d. extra. From HOLLIS HARRIS, Church Bookseller and Ecclesiastical Jeweller, 57, Elizabeth Street, Belgravia, London.

PHOTOS OF BISHOP OF LINCOLN in COPE and MITRE, by post, 2s. 1d.

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Send Stamps or P.O.O. to the Editor, 89, Upper Park Place, N.W.

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Have sold remarkably well. It now remains that those who have not yet paid for them should forward their money as soon as possible to Mrs. Harrison, so that the net profits may be handed in for Choir expenses.

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### GENERAL NEWS.

The most interesting sensations to Churchmen lately have been connected with the Statistics lately published and commented upon in regard to the strength of the two organizations of the Roman Catholic Schism and the Salvation Army. They seem to be singularly alike in one respect. They are both remarkable for "much cry and little wool." Only while the Salvationists indulge in flaming posters, battlemented buildings, drums, tambourines, &c., the Roman Catholic organization have become famous for the cunning way in which they "work the Press,"—Books, Reviews, Magazines, and especially Daily Papers, are so industriously handled as to make the general public fancy that Roman Catholicism is making "great strides" in England, while the fact is that they are fully *one million* behind their natural proportion of the population. They gain an occasional hundred or so, while they are losing thousands! They loudly trumpet the little gains, while they carefully hide their great losses. On the other hand the 'Salvation Army,' which was supposed to have a great stronghold in South London, is shewn to have a contemptibly small portion of that immense population. Meantime, the "Church of our Fathers" moves quietly and grandly onwards in the middle course.

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Our readers will be pleased to hear that a very influential meeting was lately held in England, at which it was decided to erect a "Side Chapel," to St. Alban's, Holborn, as a memorial to Father Mackonochie. Among the speakers were Earl Beauchamp, Sir Walter Phillimore, Revs. A. H. Stanton, and Berdmore Compton.

Another good piece of news is, that Mr. Knox-Little is able to preach several times a week in residence at his Canonry in Worcester Cathedral. He is nearly well again.

He who had become so famous as "Canon Hole," now speaks from the prominent position of the Deanery of Rochester. This is good news for the "Workingmen" among whom he had become a great favourite, and deservedly so.

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### C. E. W. M. A.

The Members of this Association are working quietly, and are doing some good work in the way of visiting through the parish. As seen by this month's Magazine, the Parish is divided into districts, each man having his district set for him to visit. A long felt want has at last been met. The Members have long felt the want of something as

an introduction. When visiting a house this want is met by the Association having had printed some thousand cards stating the objects of the Association, its place of meeting, &c. All who have seen them speak of them as being one of Mr. Timm's best productions. Get one, and see for yourselves.

The Secretary is glad to be able to state that Mr. Charles Powell, General Secretary of the English Society, intends paying us a visit this summer. It is hoped he will spend a week or so in Toronto.

Our Branch of the C. E. W. M. A. feel very much the kind interest taken in their welfare by the English Society by the General Secretary sending them over a number of its Leaflets and a large number of its last Annual Reports, which contain a vast amount of valuable information.

On Thursday, the 23rd ult., a large number of members and visitors attended the club room, to hear the rector, Rev. R. Harrison, give a short lecture on Lent. After which the members present discussed the question; some really good points were brought out, and, after selecting the subject to be discussed on Thursday, the 8th March, and the two alternate Thursdays, the meeting closed, all present expressing themselves as having spent a very profitable evening.

For the first time since its formation have the members of St. Matthias' Branch of C. E. W. M. A. been called upon to perform the last and solemn rite of burying one of its members; it having pleased Almighty God in His goodness to take unto Himself the soul of our late Bro. Henry Robert Scrivener, 2nd Vice-President of our Association.

An address of sympathy was sent to the widow and relatives of Bro. Scrivener by the Association.—“R. I. P.” R. J., *Secretary*.

## PARISH REGISTER.

### BAPTISMS.

- Feb. 1.—Mabel-Emily, *d.* of John-P. and Annie-F. Halsted.  
 5.—Lily-Anne, *d.* of William and Margaret Callan.  
 8.—John-Harkins, *s.* of George and Jessie Hawkins.  
 19.—Thomas-Henry, *s.* of Thomas and Elizabeth-J. Burns.  
 20.—Enright.  
 22.—George-William, *s.* of John and Mary Richardson.  
 29.—Thomas-Charles, *s.* of Charles and Louisa Kelly.

### MARRIAGE.

- Feb. 1.—John Oliver to Phoebe Goddard.

### BURIAL.

- Feb. 2.—Goodman.  
 23.—Henry-Robert Scrivener.

N.B.—Churchmen should bury in the *consecrated* ground of St. James's Cemetery.

The following subscriptions to the Magazine have been received:

Mr. Easton .....	\$0 75	Mr Whitworth .....	\$0 75
Mrs. Preston .....	1 00	Mr Hill .....	0 75
Mr. Northcott.....	0 35	Miss Boulton .....	1 00
Mr. Carter .....	0 75	Mrs. Searth .....	1 10
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N.B.—We hope to get up a particularly good number for April.

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