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Church Work.

We speak concerning Christ and the Church.

A MONTHLY PAMPHLET OF FACTS, NOTES, AND INSTRUCTION.

Vol. IV. DECEMBER, 1879. No. 10.

JOHN D. H. BROWNE, } LOCK DRAWER 29, HALIFAX, N.S., } EDITORS.
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"The Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross."—*From the will of Bishop Ken, A. D. 1710.*

CHRISTMAS.

(Written for Church Work.)

DEAR HEAVENLY CHILD! with them of old
We worship by thy manger bed;
With love and wonder we behold
Our God in mortal likeness made.

A human infant, helpless, frail,
Our human hearts upon Thee yearn!
But oh, dread thought, behind this veil,
The awful fires of Godhead burn!

Yet shall not fear our souls oppress;
Lift we these ransomed souls above!
The Godhead in this mortal dress,
What is He but Incarnate Love!

Thou very God of very God,
Yet man, of lowly woman born,
Didst bend beneath the cruel rod,
Didst meekly bear man's impious scorn.

To teach us by this Mystery
Of Holy Meekness, that Thou art
The Friend of Sinners such as we,
And in all woes dost bear a part.

O, INFANT JESUS! we may hold
Thy tender form within our breast;
Thou wilt not spurn the dross-mixed gold,
Thou, even Thou, wilt be our Guest!

Lord! make us meek and pure like Thee,
That we may worthier offerings bring,
That thus our cleansed hearts may be
A cradle for our New-born King.

PREPARATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE Season of Advent is designed to be a time of *preparation*, and really a large portion of it is usually so employed and in making ready for *Christmas* too, as is contemplated by the Church in setting apart this Season; and this not alone by Church people, nor only by devout Christians, but by those of every name and profession, by all classes and characters; scarcely any one failing to make some preparation, and often such as are very elaborate and expensive, spending much time and, perhaps, more money in their efforts to get ready for the coming Festival.

But, alas! these preparations are most usually of a merely sensual character, and having in view nothing beyond social enjoyment, and the gratification of the bodily appetites and desires of themselves, their families and friends. The *soul* is not thought of, nor is there, in many cases, any attempt to prepare the heart and mind for the proper commemoration of a Saviour's birth. Indeed, that Saviour

is often wholly forgotten, and people are seen preparing diligently, and sometimes laboriously, to keep Christmas without a thought of Christ, or of the salvation which He then came to secure for them. Is not this strange? Perhaps it is so common that it has ceased to surprise us as it ought; and, certainly, it does not startle or appal us as it undoubtedly should; for surely there is not a sadder evidence of worldliness, and of its power over the hearts and lives of men, than to see how it can thus shut Christ out from His own Festivals.

It is not that the day and time is forgotten, and suffered to pass unobserved, as is the case with the day of the Crucifixion. No, it is remembered, and anticipated, and prepared for most assiduously.

We would here make an earnest plea for the right use of Advent, and urge that *your* preparation for Christmas shall not be wholly worldly and sensuous. If you are preparing presents for others and good things for your table, do not forget also to prepare a devout heart to present unto the Lord, and yourself to feast at *His* Table. Do not deck your own house for the Festival, while you take no part in adorning the House of the Lord, and leave to a few, and often feeble, if willing hands, the properly grateful task of bringing thither "the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of the Sanctuary, and to make the place of the Lord glorious."

It is indeed strange that any Christians can allow a single Christmas to come, while they are in health, without their doing something, however little, towards the proper and festal adornment of

God's House—that so many should be content to leave this to others, and, through sheer indifference, allow what should be esteemed a sacred work to be so often undertaken by the idle and frivolous, and made an occasion of mere frolic and mirth, or of flirtation and gossip. And, stranger still, that any Christian should, willingly and contentedly be absent, on Christmas Day, from the Lord's House, and voluntarily forego a participation in its services. Oh, if you keep the Feast at all, keep it as *Christians*, and with direct and thankful remembrance of God's great Gift to man. Endeavor for once to realize the astounding fact which Christmas commemorates.—that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—and to realize this to some purpose, and so as to lead you truly to present unto God, yourselves, your souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice unto Him. And thus will you be preparing, not only for the approaching Festival, but also for that second Advent of Christ, which the Church teaches us now to anticipate, and for the Judgement which we are then to undergo.—
[*Old Church Path.*]

REMEMBER your clergyman, and your clergyman's wife at this Christmas season. Few but those who know from experience can appreciate the trials which the latter has to undergo. Small salaries, irregularly paid, and cranky people set many a weary head to aching. Gladden their hearts by a gift from your abundance.

UNTHANKFULNESS.

THERE is no human failing more frequently and universally condemned than unthankfulness. We speak of it as a *baseness*, as something to which even the fallen and depraved among our fellow-creatures are often superior, for the vilest criminal will sometimes in this one point prove that he still possesses the common feelings of humanity. There may be deep down in his heart a sense of *gratitude* to some man or woman who, at one period of his life perhaps, put forth a loving, pitying hand to stay him in his downward course and whom he would not, base and vile as he may be, willingly injure. The greatest of our poets speaks of ingratitude in its effects as "sharper than the serpent's tooth" and a thousand passages might be cited to express the reprobation and ad-horrence felt by man for what is so unmanly and unworthy.

This being so we may well feel startled at the FACT that we are one and all guilty to the highest degree of what we so strongly condemn in theory. To THAT FRIEND of all others whom we should love with all our soul and all our strength of oart and mind, THAT FRIEND who has given us all that we possess, "life and breath and all things", who beside the countless blessings of this earthly existence did not withhold from us that priceless gift—His Son! to that Being whom we can only figure to ourselves as the Eternal Fountain of Love and Power, we are constantly showing an ingratitude which, if we pause to reflect upon our relations to Him, seems little short of madness. "Lord what is man that Thou art

mindful of him and the Son of Man that Thou regardest him!"

It shocks us when we read of the indignities, the impious mockery and scorn heaped upon our most blessed Lord by those amongst whom He had done His countless deeds of love. we think "How differently should we have acted had we been amongst those who had enjoyed His Gracious Presence." But how can we for a moment be sure of this? It is all very well to speak of their base ingratitude, and the miserable cowardice even of the best of his followers; but are we tried as they were? and are we not day by day, and hour by hour guilty of an ingratitude, less shocking to our sensibilities, perhaps, but not less real than theirs? and are we more excusable than they? If his bodily, visible Presence is not amongst us, we believe, if we have *any* Faith, that He is spiritually ever present. If we have not seen with our eyes the miracles recorded in the Gospels—are we not witnesses of His perpetual Love, and long suffering? If we are not among His *own* people, are we not among those to whom He extended the arms of world-wide compassion. *We from infancy* have lived under the influence of His Holy teaching, and if we were not of those who eat of the loaves and were filled, for *us* there is a HEAVENLY FEAST of which whosoever rightly eateth shall never die. What ingratitude then could outweigh ours when we live on without realising all this? When we account these priceless treasures as common things, and allow the things of this life, which perish with the using, to engross our thoughts and our affections?

DECORATION FOR CHRISMAS.

THIS is sanctioned by constant usage from a period long before the Reformation.

Stowe, in his "Survey of London," (A. D., 1598), says:—

"Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also their *Parish Churches* were dressed with holme, ivy, bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green." The evergreen "Holly" is evidently a corruption of "Holy," showing the antiquity of the custom of decking Churches with holly leaves and berries. After the Reformation, the practice was continued. The Church Wardens' accounts in various parts of England are full of items of expenditure for Christmas decorations.

For instance, in the Parish accounts of St. Margaret, Westminster, of which Canon Farrar is now in charge, we read in 1647, "Item, paid for rose marie and bayes that was stuck about the Church at Christmas, 1s. 6d." Even in the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth, the custom was not altogether discontinued. George Herbert, in the "Country Parson," 1656, says, "Our parson takes order that the Church be swept, and kept clean, without dust or cobwebs, and at great festivals, *strawed and stuck with boughs.*" There is a peculiar propriety in using our evergreens, the symbols of immortality to deck our Churches, and express our joy at the Birth of the Redeemer of the race. They are the outward expressions in the House of God, of the inward joy which the soul should feel on the anniversary of the first Advent. Let harmony pre-

vail among the workers, and good taste be shewn in the decorations. Let the temples be wreathed in green, and art symbolize the coming of the Infant Saviour. As Bishop Coxe has sung:—

"Go ye to the forest,
Where the Myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel,
Bend beneath the snow:
Gather them for Jesus,
Wreathe them for His shrine,
Make His temple glorious
With the box and pine."

"Wreathe your Christmas garland
Where to Christ, we pray
It shall smell like Carmel
On our festal day;
Libanus and Sharon
Shall not greener be,
Than our holy chancel
On Christ's Nativity."

THE VALUE OF RELIGION.

I HAVE known men, and still oftener women, nearly all of whose culture had come through religious activity. Religion had helped their intellect, their conscience, even their affection; by warming the whole ground of their being, it had quickened the growth of each specific plant thereof.—[Theodore Parker.

Do you call yourself a professing Christian, dear reader, and yet at this blessed Christmas Season harbour envy, malice, or hatred, against your neighbour? Think of your quarrel, or your difference of opinion with *you know whom*,—think of your estrangement, or your petty falling out with neighbours. What trifles they are! How absurdly small they seem! Go and make them up! Do your best, to any rate, to be friends. Let the blessed influence of the Holy Child be in your heart. Forgive, as you

hope to be forgiven, and then kneel at the Lord's Table, happy at being "in love and charity with your neighbours." If they decline your advances, your conscience is clear.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

A UNITARIAN clergyman of distinction—Dr. Bellows—gives high testimony to the value of Public Worship. He says "I never knew one man or woman, who steadily evaded the House of Prayer and Public Worship on the Lord's Day, who habitually neglected it, and had a theory on which it was neglected, that did not come to grief and bring other people to grief." Is not the reason found, in the fact that when the habit of staying away from church is begun, it is in violation of conscience, and of the sense of duty? The moral nature is thus weakened, the power to resist temptation to evil is lessened, and we add sin to sin, until conscience becomes seared. We go on from bad to worse, and at last come to live without God and without hope; wrong doing overmasters us, and becomes part of our nature; we are bound hand and foot. We thought it a little sin to stay away from church, but it is the beginning of evil, and is like the letting in of water; no man can tell in what ruin it may end."

IGNORANT persons sometimes assert that the rule of the Bishop of Rome was cheerfully, and as of right, submitted to by the English Church, and only thrown off to suit the purposes of Henry VIII. On the contrary, for nearly one thousand years the Church never ceased to protest against it.

NOTES ON THE OCCASIONAL SERVICES.

I.—BAPTISM.

(Continued.)

AFTER the two opening prayers the people are to stand up to hear the Gospel. This is from St. Mark 10. It tells us that Christ received little children, "for of such is the kingdom of God." In precise language it is "the kingdom of God *belongs to such.*" The "kingdom of God," or the "kingdom of heaven" is most frequently used for "the Church." Christ took these little ones in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them. There is no other way now in which Infants can come to Christ, except in this Sacrament.

The brief exhortation. This is founded on the words of the Gospel, and is addressed to the congregation. It recites the points contained in the Gospel, and bids them earnestly believe in God's good will towards the present Infant. God's part is conditional. It is: 1. Favourable reception. 2. Embracing in the arms of His mercy. 3. Eternal life. 4. Partaker of his everlasting kingdom. The whole congregation are then invited to recognize the great mercy of God to them by repeating together a prayer, thanking Him for their call to knowledge and faith, and asking that the Holy Spirit be given to the Child.

No doubt remains that God is willing to perform His part of the Covenant. Through His commissioned Ambassador, representing Him, this has been made plain. The child now has to promise his part. He is represented by the *Sponsors*. These are mentioned by

the very earliest writers. When Kings are crowned in their infancy, some person takes the oath for them. Ambassadors and guardians act for their principals. It is right to lead a child to repent, believe and obey, because the salvation of the soul is of the most tremendous importance. It is right that he should have some deputed to instruct him as to the vows he has made. If he repudiates them, or sins away his grace, on his own head will rest his destruction.

The sponsors are now reminded of their prayers, and God's willingness to grant them. But the child must by them promise four things for his part. God's part of the Covenant can never be broken. The result depends on the fulfilment of the Child's part. The four conditions are then proposed in the form of questions and answers. Observe particularly, that though the minister directs himself to the Sponsors, he speaks by them to the Child. **THE CHILD ANSWERS** by the Sponsors. The contract is between an invisible being and a helpless child. Each party has therefore to be represented. The first proposition is the vow of renunciation.

Renounce means to declare opposition to. It was put in the place of *forsake* in 1604, because we cannot actually forsake the devil, world and flesh, but declare our hostility to them. The three great enemies are evil angels (the devil), evil men (the world), evil self (the flesh). *Pomps* mean vain outward display. *Vanity* comprises forms of petty pride, of dress, good looks, and such like. *Lusts* means desires, or bodily appetites. Against these the Child declares enmity. The

unwilling service, and though the this Faith?" God will have no is made, "Wilt thou be baptized in clos of belief. Then the demand tianity is then proposed as the art-containing the great facts of Chris-for Baptism. The Apostle's Creed, Faith is a necessary qualification next vow is the vow of Faith. child cannot understand, yet the sureties may well answer for him, since, if he understood the deep importance and excellency of the Christian Religion, he would be ready to say, "That is my desire." The third vow is the vow of obedience. As the child has declared his enmity against the three great foes, it is proper that he should take Christ for his Master, and vow obedience to Him before he is admitted into the Christian Church. The child, as he is growing up, is required to be instructed as to the "solemn vow promise and profession" he has made, and when he is come to years of discretion, is supposed to come in repentance, Faith, and obedience, and in his own name, before the highest officer of the Church, ratify these vows, and receive the grace of the Holy Spirit. Confirmation is a supplement to Baptism. The neglect of the baptismal covenant, the child must answer for at God's tribunal.

(To be Continued).

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

PARISH VISITING.

PARISH visiting in these degenerate days has practically resolved itself into periodical visitations of one's flock socially, and this ordinarily being a pleasant thing to the people, they are likely to complain if such calls from their Rector are of unfrequent occurrence.

If former customs were revived, and a Rector should systematically call from house to house to read the Scriptures, exhort, pray, by searching questions to discover the spiritual maladies of the members of households, we opine he would no longer hear complaints from Mrs. Talker that he called at her house less frequently than he did at Mrs. Mute's.

A Rector must mingle with his people sufficiently to know their shortcomings and peculiarities, for, unless he is familiar with their spiritual needs, he cannot administer from the pulpit and in private those timely warnings and wholesome words which are essential to the soul's health of his congregation.

One part of a Rector's duty is preaching. To preach effectively, he must study men, and he must study Holy Scripture. If a Rector is a parochial peripatetic, perpetually perambulating from house to house, making social calls as some would have him, we are of the opinion that it will be impossible for him to prepare new and forcible sermons every week for the edification of the thinking men and women of his flock.—*Church Guide.*

THE Rev. Dr. Starkey, Bishop-elect of Northern New Jersey, was in early life a civil engineer.

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

"THANKS be to God for his unspeakable gift." So writes the Apostle. What feelings of gratitude should be in our hearts, as we hear the echoing strains of the first Christmas Carol, sung by the "choiring angels," and go in spirit with the shepherds to Bethlehem, and gaze upon the Holy Child.

There in a mother's arms is a little Babe, not clothed in royal purple, but born to poverty, yet He is the Christ for whom generations have longed. And the meaning of the word "Bethlehem" is the *house of bread*. How suggestive this is! As we gather in God's House on Christmas morning, surrounded by evergreens and decorations which testify to the work of loving hands, and the joy of a Christian people, let us feel that it is for us, too, a "house of bread." There Christ, the "living bread," draws nigh to us. The Sacred Feast is spread, called sometimes the "Holy Eucharist," that is holy thanksgiving. It is a most solemn act of thanksgiving and as the term implies, surely, it is most important that Christians should unite in offering the "sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." Let us offer of the best we have.

The sacrifices are spiritual, but no less real than under the old dispensation. We offer "ourselves, our souls, and bodies", praise, thanksgiving, prayers, alms, bread and wine. These are our "spiritual sacrifices" Let then our bitterness and malice and wrath be put away, kneel together as members of the same household, and partake of the Holy Communion. Most solemnly and affectionately do we urge you by the love you profess to bear your

Saviour, in the words of the Prayer Book "Draw near with Faith". If there are obstacles in your way when you read this, there is time to remove them before the Feast is spread. There is time to repent, time to forgive, time to amend. Resolve to make this Christmas Day a happy one in the true sense of the word.

SUNDAY WEATHER.

THERE is a mystery about the effect of the weather on piety. Sunday heat seems hotter, Sunday cold colder, and rain wetter, than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat or cold or rain, on a week-day, will not keep a man from his usual business. We need a Sunday almanac, calculated for churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on Sunday by going to the house of God. Such an almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of schools to know whom they could depend on in church, and Sunday-school. I have recently been examining microscopic views of snow flakes, a hundred or so of them. I would suggest to our curious savants an examination of Sunday snow, to see if it has a peculiarly sharp and injurious crystal.—[Selected.]

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

THE *Christian News* (St. Louis) says:—

"The *Methodist Christian Advocate*, of this city, complains that in some Confirmation manual which it has recently picked up, the recommendation made is that those

who who are confirmed should not attend other worship. A correspondent writes, wishing that notice should be taken of it. But we suppose that a Methodist would hardly give different advice to a new convert. It would tell him to go regularly to meeting and class, and would certainly discourage all wandering off to strange worship. We have, to say the least, an equal right to protect our own children. This aimless gossiping attendance at different places does not promote sturdy spiritual growth."

ABOUT PARISHIONERS.

THREE kinds of parishioners may be found in most parishes.

The first may be called the *indifferent* parishioner. If matters go on well, *well*; if not, it is all the same; it is no concern of his. Of course, somebody must look after the affairs of the Church, attend to its finances, teach in the Sunday School, do the work generally; but it is not the indifferent parishioner—it is too much trouble for him (or her).

It is probable that the great number of those whose names are found upon the clergymen's visiting lists come under this head.

The second kind we may call the *grumbling* parishioner. To some extent, this kind are interested in church matters. Their eyes and ears, at least, are wide open. They have a keen scent for any thing that goes wrong, or which can be made to go wrong; a sharp lookout for difficulties and troubles ahead. If a pin-hole appears in the clergyman's armor, it is found out with astonishing precision, and magnified into large dimensions. If any

little difficulty or friction occurs, the grumbling parishioner is in his element at once; he (or she) "always said so." There is a buzzing about "like a bee in a barrel;" the Church is going to the bad—going to the *bow-wow* generally; "something must be done!" If there is no real cause for complaint, our grumbler must make it out of hand; an occasion must be found, and he (or she) will wait in great anxiety for it to present itself. Of course, when it comes, the most is made of it, and the ears of the unlucky parson (if he be the object of attack) tingle in earnest.

Such people are found in nearly every parish. They have their uses, perhaps,—so do wasps—and mosquitoes; somewhat inscrutable it may be, but useful, doubtless, after all. In one way, they keep things moving; they are a kind of fly-bliſter on the parson's back, (and he may need it too,) a counter irritant to the parish generally; even sometimes such have been known to stir up vestries from their chronic Rip Van Winkleism. Somebody has got to get "mad" usually, in a parish, before anything can be done; and the grumbler—chronic or acute—may be the instrument of bringing it about! We must give these people their due; they are not comfortable, not nice; we do not like them, we dodge them, we cross the street or go around the corner when we see them coming; our quills (metaphorically speaking) rise like a porcupine's when we cannot avoid them; they are never happy unless making some one else miserable; they manage to keep parishes and communities by the ears, most of the time.

It is not necessary to complete

the portrait; all know the parish grumbler, and fault-finder on sight; he (or she) needs no introduction.

But thankfully we write, there is a kind of parishioner other than those described. It is not necessary to give him a name, he is known by his works. He is, to begin with, a Christian man. The spirit of the Gospel has got possession of him. He is the friend of the Church; he is the clergyman's friend, his adviser, his good angel, enters sympathetically into his work and his difficulties, has kind words for him now and then to his face—more frequently behind his back. He knows that his pastor is human, "of like passions" as other men, but he holds him in esteem for the sake of his office, and makes all due allowance for him as a man. He is, of course, a worker in the Sunday School and church generally. If a member of the vestry, he makes it a point to see that the pastor's salary is promptly paid. He does not expect an unknown somebody to do the work, and then grumble because it is not done. A part of his business is patiently to pick out of the machinery the sand and gravel-stones which the grumblers and fault-finders and non-doers have so industriously thrown in. It is not necessary to complete this picture, either. We all know the *good* parishioner, when we see him (or her).

It may not be that all parishioners can be distributed into these three varieties. It may happen that a good grumbler may be a good worker,—we say a *good* grumbler, for there are grumblers *and* grumblers. For good honest grumblers, we have much sympathy; but the grumbler who grumbles for

the sake of grumbling, is a nuisance to himself and to all the world.

“Gentle reader!” what sort of parishioner are you. — [*Living Church.*]

FAITH.

EVIDENTLY man is but a very babe in knowledge, for he cannot yet solve the secret of physical existence. All the wonderful achievements of natural science are but surface examinations after all. We are still at the threshold of discovery; and while we are pondering the great questions that are seemingly unanswerable, the grave opens beneath us and we disappear. What can we do, after all, but lean on infinite love and wisdom—grasping by faith that divine hand that is stretched towards us in the gospel of Christ? “Of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord.”

A CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

It is the duty of every Christian person to be all the time aiding in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and aiding after the full measure of his power. By a holy life with its good examples, by devout care of his own spirit, and sanctifying influences in his own household, and by helping in all works of his parish, and by a ready will to bear his full part in contributions for the maintenance of Divine service therein; by these things and by such as these deepening the gracious work, is a large part of the Christian believer's duty discharged.

But his duty does not end here. It is not enough for a society of the

faithful to combine to provide for themselves and their families the ministrations of religion. They must have thought also for their brethren scattered in the midst of this naughty world, that they too may be saved through Christ forever. We must not forget the regions around, and our Master's command, Go preach the Gospel to every creature.”

In brief, a part of our personal religion, a part of our domestic arrangements, a part of our life, must be plans for having something to set apart to the unselfish work of missions—the unselfish work of publishing the glad tidings everywhere.—*Bishop Ni'es.*

OUR PROSPECTS.

“WE are at a period of no small interest for its bearing on the future. There is very much in it to recall past seasons of religious revival, past times of conflict, past struggles for life and godliness. There is very much in our present condition to encourage hope. Perhaps never was there more. Can we point to any period in the history of England, or of England's Church, when so much was doing for the faith of Christ and the souls of men as now? Was there ever a better educated clergy, or a larger number of the clergy zealously working preaching, praying, toiling? Is there any period of history, even the palmiest days of English piety, when 30,000,000*l.* of money, and probably more than that, was spent on building churches and restoring those that had fallen to decay? Was ever education so cared for? When did so many laymen and so many devoted women give themselves to

work among the sick, the young, the ignorant, and the simple? It would be hard to show a balance sheet of work, or money, or devotion more hopeful and encouraging from any age in history, or from any Church in Christendom. Oh, if this were all! if it were all work, all giving, all praying, all enduring, all waiting upon God, the augury would indeed be sure. No fear but God will bless what God has inspired. But on this goodly escutcheon of the achievements of the Church I seem to see stretched all across the shield a bar sinister, on which is written large, "Impatience." We are zealous for God, we work for God, we speak for God, and we hope in God; but we would hasten the hand of God, and have Him keep our time, when we ought only to abide His. There is a great work for the Church to do. Never was there a greater. There are great and precious promises of which she is the undoubted heir. Glorious things, indeed, are spoken of thee, thou city of God. "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." I believe that the time—yea, the set time—is come, when God will have mercy upon her. I believe, moreover that this national Church of ours, this branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, which God for so many centuries has kept alive in this island land, has a great mission and a great promise and a glorious future before her. "Lift up your eyes round about and see" what teeming millions of human souls in other lands beside our own, in Europe and Asia and Africa, and America and Australia, and in the isles of the seas, are hearing our voices and speaking our tongue and submitting themselves to our government, and even learning our

Bible. All these things have been given to us. The primal blessing, "Increase and multiply and replenish the earth," has been renewed to us. The great command, "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them," comes down in deeper, louder tones to our Church. "Lo, I am with you always," is assured to us and to her. How shalt we do the work? How shall we reap the blessing? No nation, no national Church, none from the Apostle's days to this, have ever had such a call, such a commission, such a promise of harvest, of conquest, and of glory. Shall we make the choice of Jacob or of Christ? Shall impatience, self-will, party faction, worldly wisdom, write upon our banners "Failure and Disinheritance?" Or shall we choose, as Christ did, patient, humble, gentle following of God's guidance and God's will, Who, from never sparing self or indulging in self-will, has exalted Himself, and us with Him to the right hand of the Majesty on high? — [*Bishop of Winchester.*]

FOLLY OF PRIDE.

TAKE some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man. Behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the Universe, every wind of Heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, like dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath.

Is this a creature to make for

himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he not often stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection. [—*Sydney Smith.*]

At a sitting of the French Academy upwards of five years ago, M. Lesseps stated, upon the authority of the reports made by his Engineers, that "at the time the Israelites left Egypt under Moses' leadership the ebb and flow of the tides of the Red Sea reached up to the foot of the Saragaim, near Lake Timsah." If this be correct, it follows that the spot where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea was situated not to the south, but to the north of the present extremity of its northern arm. In his paper, *Les Mondes*, Abbe Meign has traced the course of the Children of Israel day by day, in accordance with these new data, and he asks the whole Christian world, since the spot is now known where the Egyptians were swallowed, with "the horse and his rider," chariot, and everything, to subscribe the requisite funds to enable the excavations to be made and "the relics of the army overcome by the Almighty himself to be brought to light." The learned Abbe will undertake the work if he succeeds in getting together 300,000 francs, "because the finding of the remains

of Pharaoh's army would be a powerful reason in favor of the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

A WORD OF SILENT PRAYER SERVICE.—After the benediction, let there be some time allowed by the congregation for final devotion. A pause of silence should always be made. If A or B do not desire any such period for his or her final silent prayer, C or D may. Let not, then, those who do not, interrupt those who do. The grabbing of the hat, and shuffling on of over-coats, until, among our less reverent—brethren, the final doxology has come to be called the "over-coat doxology;" or anything, be it what it may, which looks as if you felt,—"well, all this is over, and I am glad of it," is, to say the least, out of taste.—*Selected.*

God watches over all this busy world of ours, as the shepherds did over their flocks that night—only in a far deeper sense. Jesus calls himself "the Good Shepherd," "who putteth forth his own sheep, and goeth before them, and they follow him." (John x: 4.) While they remain under the Shepherd's care, no evil can come nigh them; it is only when they leave him that they meet that "roaring lion," who will devour them.—*Selected.*

In giving to strangers the benefits of the Church, we should do it in a genuine, Churchly way. Let them, at the very start, see the Church just as she is, not as a Sect among Sects, nor as a mere conservative promise between truth and error, but as the Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth—the faithful Witness

against heresy and schism of every shape and size.—*Selected.*

ACCESSIONS.—We record the following accessions for the past month:—Mr. McK. Pittinger, formerly a Presbyterian minister, has been ordained by the Bishop of Southern Ohio. The Bishop of Ohio, on Oct. 28th, advanced to the Priesthood the Rev. T. J. Mellich and J. H. Logie, and ordained deacon Mr. Charles A. Hayden. All these gentlemen were ministers in non-Episcopal Communions.

TWENTY-TWO Deaconesses are employed in the Diocese of Long Island.

Children's Corner.

LOTTE'S CHRISTMAS.

[Written for Church Work.]

WHAT a lovely toy-shop it was! A perfect fairy-vision to the little girl who stood looking through the plate-glass windows upon the numberless, beautiful things so temptingly displayed, and so brilliantly lighted up by the gas-jets.

Would there be anything there, she wondered, within reach of the small, very small sum she had to spend. Perhaps she had better go to one of the smaller shops where she had seen cheap wooden dolls and tin soldiers, and such-like wares. But oh! how lovely all this looked; and perhaps there might be some cheap things amongst them. Lotte had just one florin to spend, a coin about equal to fifty cents. She had saved very carefully for months past, to be

able to spend this now. It was her very, very own, and it was to be spent for her own pleasure. She looked very solemn and anxious as she turned her florin over and over in her pocket, and hesitated whether to enter the tempting shop. At last she slowly went in. There were quite a large number of ladies buying, and the shop-people seemed all engaged, and Lotte stood for some time, unnoticed, looking from one to another. Presently, she discovered a large family of pretty dolls, dressed in bright tarlatan dresses, and near them was a table with small gilt trumpets and wooden horses, and balls and babies' rattles. Yes, Lotte thought very wisely; this was the place for her; here she could get her florin's worth. A lady had just finished purchasing, and the young woman who had been attending on her now noticed Lotte. "Well, little girl, what do you want?" she said. "I want a florin's worth of toys," said Lotte seriously. "I want five different things—two dolls, and something for a baby, and for two little boys." "Well," said the young woman, "you can make your choice at that table, but you cannot get much for a florin." Lotte began to make her selections, but, alas! things were much dearer than she had calculated, even among these cheapest kinds of toys. The shop girl would have, probably, lost patience with her, had not the lady who had been making such large purchases seemed to be looking with interest at the pale, serious looking child, trying to make the most she could of her florin. But Lotte was quite unconscious of being observed. At last, she had really secured two pretty pink-

cheeked dolls in bright blue dresses, a tiny drum, an old Father Christmas with a red face, and a baby's rattle of the brightest colours, and all for the florin; the toys were securely tied up in a parcel, and Lotte laid her money upon the counter.

"Have you been buying these things for yourself?" said the lady who had been watching Lotte. "No ma'am,—I mean yes—it was with my own money," said the child, as she was about to leave the shop. "Wait one moment, I would like to speak to you." "Yes ma'am" and Lotte, looked up into the lady's face. It was such a kind face, that the child stopped very willingly. "You have been buying for your little brothers and sisters?" "No, ma'am, I haven't any,—there's only me home; the toys are for Widow Werner's children." "And who is Widow Werner?" asked the lady, for she had taken a fancy to Lotte, and did not want to let her go so soon. "She's a very poor woman," answered Lotte; "she lives in the same house with father and me." "And are you going to make the children a present of the toys?" Lotte blushed and looked down, "Yes, ma'am; I thought I would like to give them a Christmas." A sweet, kind smile came to the lady's face. "And did you earn the money?" she asked, glancing at Lotte's neat and clean, but worn and faded clothes. "Some of it, ma'am; but father gave me a groschen towards it now and then." "Where do you live?" "Up behind St. Stephen's Church, ma'am; in the street with the tall, old houses, No. 3. Father works at house-painting when he can get a job." "And your mother?" "Mother's been dead these five years." "I

would like to come and see you some time, and I would like you to show me the little children you are going to give the toys to." "It's a very poor house, ma'am," said Lotte, apologetically; "but if you would come, I'd be very glad." "Well, I will not keep you any longer now, but tell me your name." "Lotte Lobrecht, ma'am" "Good night then, Lotte," and the lady stepped into her carriage, while Lotte, having looked after it for a moment, hurried home.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and all the bells from the many towers and steeples of the city of Dresden were ringing in the holy Festival of our Saviour's birth. Passing through the streets you might see in almost every house great or small, the illuminated Christmas trees decked, some with costly toys and sweetmeats, and surrounded by beautiful presents, some with only a few rosy apples and gilded nuts, but each with its group of happy children's faces gathered round. In the row of tall old houses behind St. Stephen's Church, there was scarce any light at all: the people living there, were, for the most part, *very* poor, and Christmas brought but little cheer to them. One room at No. 3, however, was an exception to this. Here was a Christmas tree with its circle of happy faces,—though the tree was a *very* small one, with a dozen or so of cheap candles, some gilded nuts and gingerbread, and a few apples and shining glass beads among the green,—and the children showed only too plainly that coarse and scanty food, and the poorest clothing was all that they were accustomed to. But they were very, very happy, as they stood about the

little table on which the tree, firmly planted in a little wooden pail, was placed. They were almost too happy to speak, and only indulged in some of the guttural German *achs!* and *o du liebers!* as they pointed to the various treasures on and beneath the tree. Yes, beneath too, for there stood two pink-cheeked dolls, dressed in gorgeous tarlatan dresses, and an old Father Christmas, with a very red face, and a snow-white beard, and there was a gilded drum and a handsome rattle for the baby, who was seated in a chair to look on, and plainly enjoyed it as much as anybody.

And who was presiding on this happy occasion? A little girl with a grave, womanly face, just now full of the truest happiness,—our friend Lotte. This was Lotte's home, where she lived with her father, and the children were those of the widow Werner, whom she had invited to this Christmas tree, got up for their sole benefit. It was *their* tree, she told them, only she had it *here*, because there was more room, and she could make her preparations without their knowing, for it had been a surprise, a complete and beautiful surprise! Lotte's father, to fill up the measure of his little daughter's contentment, had brought her home the tree, and given her a few more groschen to buy the candles, nuts, and cakes. He was sitting now near the stove, and beside him the poor widow, whose eyes were filled with tears of grateful joy. "And now," said Lotte, "we will sing our carol," and the little childish voices struck up one of the lovely old German Christmas Carols, and Joseph Lobrecht joined in with his good tenor voice. Lotte had taught the little

ones, and they sang it very sweetly with her, and I think in all the city there were no hearts in which there was a purer light of Christmas joy than in these.

When the carol was ended there was a gentle knock at the door, and Lotte on opening it saw, to her great surprise, the lady whom she had met in the toy-shop. She begged them to excuse her for interrupting them, but said that she had felt an interest in the little girl she had met, and had come to see the Christmas she had prepared for her little friends. She sat down amongst them, and talked to them all, but most of all to Lotte, and she was so gentle and so kindly, that they did not feel ill-at-ease. When leaving she asked Lotte's father to come with her to her carriage, and asked him to accept a gift from her for his little daughter and the poor widow. "Do not give it now," she said; "I want all the Christmas pleasure to come from Lotte, and she will be happy enough in making others so. I shall not lose sight of her; she has taught me a beautiful lesson."

And the lady was true to her word. God had given her the means of doing good, and a kind and generous heart, and Lotte, as she grew up, enjoyed her care and affection. How often in after years did she look back with a feeling of grateful happiness to the evening when they first met, and her preparations for the children's Christmas.

WAWANOSH HOME.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Once more the Holy Season of Christmas is drawing nigh, and our thoughts go out into all lands; and we pray

God that His Kingdom may come unto all who have not yet learnt to call upon the Name of the Holy Child Jesus.

During the past year you have given \$166.70 to the Wawanosh, and \$10.55 to the Shinwauk Homes. Again, comes the yearly offering "For Mother." Oh! dear children, how this faithful human love is made beautiful and glorified by Divine Love, which prompts the offering of this gift for the furtherance of CHRIST'S Kingdom among the Indians of our own dear land.

In January, we hope to send you a letter from Mr. Wilson, whose time has been so fully occupied since his return from England, that he has been unable to write. Let us each go faithfully to work in the coming year so as to strengthen his hands, and merit the praise from the Master. "She hath done what she could."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO WAWANOSH HOME.

"For Mother,"	\$10.00
M	.60
St. Paul's Church S. S., Caledonia, Ontario,	1.80
Miss Mary Ray, per Miss E. Playter,	.25
Miss L. Fisher,	.10
	\$12.75
Contributions in full,	\$132.23

ALGOMA AID ASSOCIATION, DIOCESE OF FREDERICTON.

Parcels from the following parishes and individuals have been received since October, 1878, and forwarded to Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma, on October 20th, 1879:

- (33) Mrs Tippet, Fredericton.
- (34)—St. George, per Mrs. Thos. Barry.
- (36)—Mrs. Pippet.
- (37)—Little Girls, Cambourne House, Fredericton
- (37)—Mrs. Hurd Peters, St. John.
- (38)—Mrs. Steeves, Fairville.
- (39)—Florence Peters, St. John.
- (40)—Class 2, St. George's S. S., Carleton.
- (41)—Lucy MacLauchlan, Fairville.
- (42)—Widow, St. Stephen.

Mrs. DOWLING,
Carleton, St. John,
Miss MURRAY,
Wellington Row, St. John,
Honorary Secretaries.

Advent, 1879

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Rev. W. J. Taylor, Alvinston, Ont., \$1.70;
Mr. John Quin, Quin St., Halifax N. S., 30;
Wm. Keyes, Esq., Caledonia Ont., \$10; Dr.
W. A. Cochrane, Tuskalooma, A. A. U. S. A.,
.30; J. N. Tyler, do., .30; Mrs. Harriet Wood-
hill, do., .0; E. N. C. Snow, do., .30; Mrs.
John M. Martin, do., .3; Mrs. M. K. Jones,
do., .30; Mrs. J. H. Gindrat, Montgomery,
Ala., .30; Rev. F. Codd, Carp Huntly, Ont.,
\$2.10; Jacob Hennigar, Northville, Nants, N.
S., .30; Rev. T. B. Roagh, Frenon River, P.
E. I., .30; Hon. Judge Des Brisay, Bridgewater
N. S., .30; Mr. Wm Fenerty, Chatham,
N. B., .30; Mrs. Fred. Brown, Wolfville,
N. S., .30.

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