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THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND.

JANUARY, 1867.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

At the Evening Service on Sunday last a very successful attempt was made by the Clergy, Churchwardens, Organist, and Choir, to make the singing and musical parts of the Service more congregational in their character than has hitherto been the case. To induce the congregation, as well as the choir, to chant and sing the praises of God, and to use the organ as a *help* and *guide* to devotion, and not merely to *listen* to it as an instrument for producing the concord of sweet sounds, circulars suggesting instructions to all who *can* sing, but do not, were freely distributed over the Church. By these the congregation were earnestly requested to join heartily in the singing and responses. For the accomplishment of the desired end several of the members of the Morning Choir placed themselves in the body of the Church, and by well sustaining the various parts of the Service which, in the *responsive* system of the Church Service, belong to the congregation, and invite, by their very construction, all to join, produced a volume of sound inspiring in its effects and devotional in its character. The words of the psalms and hymns, were firmly and clearly rendered to the chants and tunes to which they were set. And it is felt that a little perseverance in the same direction, and united effort, on the part of all, will produce that cordial co-opera-

tion which will secure the praises of God, being sung "with one mind and one mouth" by all the congregation.

The Sermon, on the occasion, was preached by the Rev. Canon Loosemore, on the subject of "Church Music," founded on the text Ephesians, v. 19. "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

After referring to the Exhortation of the Apostles that the *inward* melody of the heart might accompany the *outward* melody of poetry and singing when the early Christians used their psalms and spiritual songs, the preacher went on to show that it was the ancient and general practice of the Church that the whole assembly joined with one mouth and one mind in singing psalms and praises to God. *Alternate* psalmody, or the *responsive* system of music, was shewn to be of very early date, such as is in use in Cathedrals and generally throughout Christendom, fulfilling the apparent intention of the heavenly mind, agreeing with the practice of the Jewish and Primitive Church, and bringing out more satisfactorily than any other method the sense of Holy Writ itself. The scientific or professional mode of treatment was disclaimed, as belonging more to the province of others; to guard and exemplify the practical part being the special prerogative of the Clergy, that

sacred music which is used in the Service of Almighty God, the science of music being infinite in its range, divine in its origin, and a special gift of God to man. Luther was quoted, "Music is a fair gift of God and near allied to Divinity. Next unto Theology I give the place and highest honour unto music." Also Paley, who, in his work on Natural Theology, enumerates *music* among the evidences of the love with which a creation abounds, that whereas the Creator might, had He so willed it in His anger, have made every sound a discord; He has peopled the very air which encompasses us with the ministrations of harmony, and has caused that the *sweet* sounds of nature shall indefinitely preponderate over such as are discordant and grating to the ear.

It was observed that the human voice had great influence over men in a variety of ways, but the reference on the present occasion was to its creating and stimulating religious devotion. All are not equally musical. The Giver of all good gifts had distributed with no little inequality the power of the human voice to produce vocal musical sounds, but as a rule no one should be silent in the services of the Sanctuary.

Allusion was then made to the position which music holds in Holy Writ, and various passages were adduced to make this clear, and to point out that music and singing are interwoven with the very texture of Holy Writ from beginning to end of the inspired volume. Then, with reference to the *kind* of music proper to the Church, that devotional music should be sober, dignified, severe, distinct in its character, such as the old masters have left us.

The preacher then went on to speak particularly of the Evening Service, a

musical service rendered in unison, tunes chosen which may admit of congregational psalmody, that one grand swelling sound of praise may resound throughout the capacious building, the choir doing its specific work of leading all others and not monopolising all the words and music themselves. Parts of the Service there might be in the morning and afternoon which the choir sing by themselves, according to the arrangement of a Cathedral Service, in which the congregation are invited to join in spirit and understanding if not in voice, as the service for the Te Deum in the morning, and the Anthem in the afternoon. But in addition to these two Services, there was the third, a Service more simple and yet diversified in its very simplicity. And it was remarked that if only the Churches in the city could bring the attendants on the public worship of the Church to feel an individual interest in, and take an individual part in the Service which is intended for all, there would be little fear of that most reprehensible practice of our young people and others, from whom we might expect better things, violating the principles of consistency before God and the Church, and wandering off to strange pastures, or gratifying the lust of the ear for melodious strains or alien pulpit oratory in forbidden places where a more showy and gorgeous ceremonial may ravish and entrance the sense and charm the ear, whilst leaving barren and untouched, the deep feelings of the soul. In invisible, yet distinct characters might be read over the threshold of the doorway the scroll of warning, "As a bird that wandereth from his nest so is a man that wandereth from his place," whether temporarily or permanently; in peril all the time.

The mere luxury of hearing, the mere lust of the ear, were deprecated, and allusion was made to the time, the industry, and the money spent annually on the development of the art of music for secular purposes, and the necessity of so holy a gift being religiously exercised in rendering praise to the Creator as well as pleasure to the creature, in "speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

Exhortation was specially made, to the choristers that no hurried manner in Church might disqualify them as acceptable worshippers, that they would allow no unchristian manner and demeanour to cause offence to the devout and the pious, that they would not despise their own youth, and think irreverence no crime because they were young. Samuel was instanced as younger than any boy in the choir when he lay down in his place in the Temple of the Lord, heard God calling to him, and answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." It was maintained that their services in the Temple were not less honoured, nor less honourable, nor less responsible than were Samuel's of old, nor Samuel's privileges and opportunities of growth in grace superior to theirs. So that Samuel was preached to them as a pattern and an example, and their responsibility set before them.

In conclusion reference was made to the solemn associations and inspiring thoughts of the House of God, setting forth that the services of praise, however imperfect, were intended to prepare for the Services of the Church triumphant where all would be gifted with song, all voices swell the melody of heaven, uttering a perfect language, and joining in a worship spiritual, pure, and true, prolonging the notes of the lofty anthem,

"as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

THE LATE BISHOP OF GEORGIA.

At the recent Anniversary of the Church Society of the Diocese of Montreal, the Rev. Canon Balch, D.D., at the close of his address, alluded to the decease of the late Bishop of Georgia, the Right Rev. S. Elliott, D.D., and said:—

"My Lord,—I can scarcely trust myself to dwell on one of the reasons why it has become my duty to speak to-night. You are aware that the late Bishop of Georgia had promised to be present, and favour us with his godly counsels. I knew him well, and loved him dearly, and felt singular gratification in the anticipated pleasure of letting the Church in Montreal see and hear one of whom it is no disrespect to the venerable House of Bishops to say was '*primus inter pares*.' Of noble and commanding personal appearance, gifted with colossal mental powers, endowed with the choicest and rarest graces which become a prelate, it may be truly said—'*Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit*.' He has gone to the grave mourned by the whole Church, and his diocese has wept for the loss of a father. But could that glorious spirit, redeemed by the Blood of the Lamb, sanctified by the Holy Ghost—could he be present to-night, as his purpose was, if allowed by the Providence of God,—sure I am, he would bear testimony, fresh from the joys of Paradise, to the all-absorbing claim of Christian Missions, and bid us be faithful unto death, in preaching the Gospel of Christ."

THOUGHTS ON THE "PRAYER BOOK."

BY A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

I think our 'Book of Common Prayer' is sadly overlooked; not so much neglected or thought lightly of, as not used and appreciated as what it really is, and what its name emphatically denotes, namely, a book of common, general prayer for daily use, suitable as well to the best cultivated understanding as to the highest learning and refinement. It is usually looked upon, and termed the "Prayer Book," to be used on Sunday when we go to Church, and then, generally, only as a *form* to enable us to go through the service regularly and decently together; but for its daily and common use it is seldom thought of. When getting ready to set out for Church the fashionable lady places it beside her gloves and scented handkerchief; or the tidy labourer's wife, taking it from its place on the shelf or in the cupboard, gives it to her eldest daughter who holds it reverently while the mother ties the strings of a younger one's hat or bonnet. If thought of, at any other time, it is with the idea or feeling that it is only fit or appropriate for Sunday use. Now this, I think, is limiting its use to a very narrow compass, making it a mere form, and betrays much ignorance of what that book really does contain, of what it is intended for, and under what circumstances it was compiled.

Before entering, however, more fully into the subject, and as a necessary step towards a full understanding of the value of our "Prayer Book," it may be as well to turn our thoughts for a moment to the subject of prayer itself; a clearer idea respecting which than we generally hold, would be very desirable, but which,

in its vast importance, can not be dwelt upon now, or even alluded to farther than may be necessary to show how useful in its simple words, how valuable in its very arrangement, how high in our affections as a channel for the expression of the holiest thoughts, how applicable to all our needs in its Confession, Creed, Thanksgiving, is this our book of common prayer. And this, not only for the time of public worship, for which it is more especially intended when we meet as a congregation to perform our daily worship, as part of a people, or, more properly, as a nation, but also as a form of words to shape and give utterance to our thoughts when we assemble as a family as well as when we kneel before our Maker in the silence of our chamber, or almost at any time when we address Him, "to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

There is one view of prayer to which I should like to call attention, and which is most particularly characteristic of the Christian faith, namely, that it should be Catholic; rising from the private prayer, whether uttered in the pauper's shed, the rich man's dwelling, or the noble's castle, and carried on through the worship of the family, meeting together for that purpose, to the larger worship of the nation assembled at stated times in its several congregations and that national worship only forming part of the service of God's Holy Catholic Church; and thus only can a people offer to their Maker and Redeemer that daily sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving which is required of us. As a means to this end our book of "Common Prayer" is invaluable; as a national liturgy it is unrivalled. Modern Europe, with all its surprising knowledge and mastery of

language, can produce nothing worthy of being placed beside it. Ancient literature, with the exception of those sources from which it is mainly drawn, can no where show, in words so plain and simple, thoughts so pure and holy, conceptions of Almighty power so grand and comprehensive, expressions of love so beautiful, or views of Redemption so complete.

Of the various forms and manuals for family worship, or private devotion, there is no end. Some of them most beautiful, such as Bishop Andrews' ; some very perfect, as that of Dr. Bevan's, for family worship, perhaps the most perfect of all. The best have the Prayer Book for their basis, both as to form and matter, but, with few exceptions, they are deficient in the social element. However sound in doctrine, or beautiful in expression they may be, they are but the prayer of the head of the family, listened to respectfully and reverentially, we will admit, by the other members, but in which they are not called upon to take part or join, and therefore wanting in the social element and feeling necessary to that unity of worship which is required of us.

Taking this view of family prayer it is clear that our best help will be obtained from the "Prayer Book;" but can we make such ready use of it as would bring it into general use? It is said that to the great mass of our people, the lower classes and the uneducated, the examination and selection necessary, is simply impossible, and this, to a great extent, is true; but yet to the many who can read, and education so far is very general, the difficulty is not so great as many imagine. But grant the difficulty, and that its use for family prayer must be much limited; yet such is its value, not only as a formula, but

as a sound, aye, the soundest theological work penned or compiled by man, that it should be made use of whenever possible. And here I might remind our Pastors that they are required, privately or openly, to make use of the morning and evening prayer; instead of which, I have known some make use of extempory prayer, which, with all due deference to their piety and talents, is simply an abomination. The very coursing over the Prayer Book, for the purpose of selecting a few suitable prayers, will reveal to us many a hidden thought of our own hearts, correct many an erroneous one, and strengthen many a half-formed one.

And this brings me back to what I set out with—a thought of what this book really does contain. What a lesson is contained in the very first sentence, where it makes the Prophet Ezekiel remind us now, as of old, that "when the wicked man turneth from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Then following Bible instruction, of similar import, comes the Exhortation, showing us that it is first necessary to confess our sins before God, not dissembling them, but "with a humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart," and especially so "when we assemble and meet together" in social worship, applicable to the family meeting as to the congregational assembly, as we are farther on reminded, or made to remind ourselves, and that, too, in the most emphatic manner, by prayer addressed to Him who had given us grace so to meet together, that should even only two or three be gathered together in His name He would be in the midst of them.

But to follow this out would be to recite the whole prayer book. The lessons it contains, are only to be known by

those who will study it. The pearls of instruction strewed through it are to be diligently sought for, and when found they will prove to be truly of great price. Its very arrangement and formula is a lesson as to how we ought to approach our God in worship, not carelessly, loosely or slovenly, as those who lightly esteem God's presence among them, but with due care, thought and preparation, quietly and reverently as those who know in whose presence they then more immediately stand, holding by God's holy word, and in humble faith seeking the fulfilment of His gracious promises.

And it is not only thus as a guide and channel to our thoughts that we are to use and value it, for as we go on through this wonderful book of wisdom and piety we find it a most instructive guide and guard against error. Take, for example, the very first of those collects appointed to be used throughout the year, that for the first Sunday in Advent, what a protest do we there, ourselves, enter against one of the great errors of Popery—Purgatory—when we pray for “grace that we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armour of light now, *now in the time of this mortal life.*” And again, in the very next collect, is a protest alike against another error of the Church of Rome, which withholds the Scriptures entirely from its people, as against the trash of a Colenso, who would fain persuade us that the Books of Moses are of no moment, for there we confess that God has caused *all* Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, and that it is necessary for us, not only to hear them, but when we can, to “read them,” to “mark, learn, and inwardly digest them;” and the lesson inculcated in that prayer is that we are to do so patiently and preservingly,

as it is by means of God's holy word that we embrace and hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life which He has given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. And herein is the great strength and value of this our “Book of Common Prayer,” that it does so entirely hold fast by the Gospel of our Saviour to the absolute exclusion of every thing else. I speak of it as a book of prayer alone, and have purposely avoided any mention of the Scripture contained in it; but the Scripture is there, and those who study its prayers will have to study the Scripture also. I would ask those who do so, what foothold is it possible for the various errors of Papal Rome, chiefly arising from its additions to the Bible, on one hand, or the various errors of Protestant sects, generally arising in taking away from the Bible, on the other, to obtain among its Creeds, Prayers and Collects?

This paper has already been carried to a much greater length than I intended, but I would allude to one more passage as an example of the teaching of the “Prayer Book,” namely, in the order of service for the visitation of the sick, where it is declared that the Almighty Lord, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey, is a most strong tower of defence to all them that put their trust in Him; and we are taught to pray that He will be our defence, and that he will make us to know and feel that there is none other name under heaven given to man in whom, and through whom, we may receive health and salvation, but only the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding.

THE BIBLE.

A CHAPTER FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Amongst the articles of Christian Armour enumerated by St. Paul is "*the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.*" It is a powerful weapon: the same Apostle, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of it as "piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit." Of its effects, in a hand nerved by the Spirit of God, we may judge from what is related of the temptation of Christ: "It is written," He said, and the adversary was abashed and fled.

It is ours to place this weapon in the hands of our scholars, and to teach them where to look for skill to use it aright.

Men are naturally as "slow of heart to understand the Scriptures" as were they who journeyed towards Emmaus on the day of the resurrection of Our Lord. And if the Spirit of God was necessary to the *Apostles*, for the understanding of Christ's *spoken* word, it must be more necessary to *us* for the understanding of His word *written*. After placing the Scriptures therefore in the hands of our children we must teach them to pray with David—"Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

In these days of scepticism many think it necessary to *argue* in Sunday Schools on the inspiration of the Scriptures. I do not. I believe that more young persons have been led to doubt by argument than to believe. To receive information yourself, and to act upon it, is the best method for convincing others of its truth. As information many and certain indications of the inspiration of the Scriptures may well be given *as information*, not as proofs, for proofs imply previous doubt and ques-

tioning which ought not to have been. Thus we may tell of

(A.) The wonderful effects of the Bible.

(B.) The harmony of its parts.

(C.) Its preservation.

(D.) Its truth.

(A.) Where St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, stood, in Roman times, a temple of Diana. The noble Abbey of St. Alban's occupies the spot whereon the proto-martyr of Britain, Albanus, fell. When St. Paul landed at Philippi the whole of Europe was darkened with idolatry; now Christianity more or less pure prevails throughout the continent—*throughout the continent*—for even in Turkey more than two-thirds of the inhabitants are Christian.

There is a series of books (published, I believe, by the Religious Tract Society) called "Manifestations of Divine Providence." One of them contains records of the remarkable effects of God's word as seen in certain individuals.

No man who reads the Scriptures humbly and prayerfully has any doubt of their inspiration.

(B.) The harmony of the parts of the Bible is wonderful when we consider,

(1.) The different advantages of its writers.

(2.) The different times at which they wrote.

(1.) Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; David and Solomon were kings; Ezra was a scribe; Nehemiah, a tirshatha; Amos, a herdsman; Matthew, a publican; Luke, a physician; John and Peter, ignorant fishermen; Paul, a learned Pharisee.

(2.) Moses wrote 400 years before David; David, 250 before Isaiah; Isaiah, 300 before Malachi; Malachi, 400 before Matthew. Between Moses

and St. John the Divine was an interval of 1500 years. And yet not only do the several parts of the Old Testament harmonize; but "the Old Testament is not contrary to the New, for both in the Old and New Testaments everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ," and "they are not to be heard which feign that the old Fathers did look only for transitory promises."

(C.) The Bible was preserved through all the vicissitudes that befel the Jews—under the Judges—during the 70 years captivity in Babylon, in the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes.

In the time of Josiah, King of Judah, the finding of a copy of the Scriptures was a great event; still the Scriptures were preserved.

(D.) The Bible is distinguished for a wonderful regard for truth. In it the good deeds of men are never exaggerated; their sins never glossed over—*sin is sin—righteousness is righteousness.*

Many of the prophecies of the Bible have been literally fulfilled. Take for instance:

"Cursed be Canaan—a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren."

"Blessed be the Lord God of Shem and Canaan shall be his servant."

"God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."

The Canaanites were "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Israelites; and the Africans, other descendants of Ham, (who was cursed under the name of Canaan) have been, and are slaves.

God *has* enlarged Japheth—his descendants occupy America, the whole of Europe, and Northern Asia—he has

dwelt in the tents of Shem, and Canaan has been his servant.*

We must teach our children to take a proper view of the Bible. It is the "Sword of the Spirit" wherewith we may overcome the wicked one; it is a lamp to our feet, and a guide to our paths; it is a glass wherein we may view the image of the Almighty; but it was not intended to be a mere storehouse of historical facts.

We must not mistake a mere acquaintance with the historical parts of the Scriptures for *religious knowledge*. Our Gael Chaplains could tell us that very many of the criminals that come under their care have much acquaintance with Scripture History.

Whoever receives the Bible, and is blessed in the receipt of it, will be truly happy whatever his circumstances may be. Cowper beautifully contrasts a poor cottager and Voltaire in the following lines:—

"She knows, and knows no more, her Bible true:
"A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
"Oh, happy peasant—oh, unhappy bard—
"His the mere tinsel—hers the rich reward.
"He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come—
"She never heard of half a mile from home.
"He lost in errors his vain heart prefers;
"She safe, in the simplicity of hers."

T. W. F.

THE POOR.

To the Editor of the Church of Old England.

DEAR SIR,—In the November number of the *Church of Old England* there is an article on mendicity, or public begging in Montreal. Nothing, of course, can be said in favor of it; yet, as one who once had a good deal to do with the dispensing of the charities of one of the poorest and largest Parishes in London,

*For further information of a like character see "Nicholls's Help to Reading the Bible," a book which should be in the hands of every Sunday School Teacher.

I have often found that the honest and industrious poor, when overtaken by want and poverty, never, except in very extraordinary cases, parade their poverty in the public streets. They will seek for work; but a feeling of manly, honest independence will not allow them to beg. Hence many of the deserving poor endure privation, want and hardship, while none know of their condition and sufferings but themselves, and He whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good. An habitual and professional beggar should never be relieved; he should be punished. At the same time, however, search should be made for the deserving poor by those who having imbibed the spirit of Him who went about doing good, will, by their sympathy and manner and feeling, draw out the confidence of those children of want and wretchedness, and lead them by the kind and soothing word to tell, what they otherwise would not tell, their tale of want and woe.

As an illustration of my meaning I send you the following tale, which, while it shows how little we know of the sufferings of uncomplaining poverty, shows also the different ways in which that same poverty is treated. Again I say, *punish*, not *relieve*, those who make a trade of begging, for they are generally the scum of society, the *ticket-of-leave men* so to speak, and the proceeds of their mendicancy by day is spent in taverns, groggeries, and brothels at night. Therefore, if we would not be partakers of their sins let us not supply them with means of sinning, but rather let us search for the honest and unobtrusive poor, and for Christ's sake let us minister to their wants, remembering, for our encouragement, that, though they cannot recompense us, we shall be

recompensed with the Saviour's approval at the resurrection of the just.

In so large a family as that of Mr. T—— there was a good deal of sewing to do, and out of charity the work was taken from a seamstress who had sewed for the family for some time, and given to a poor widow woman with several small children. Ostensibly was this charity; *really* it was to save a little more money. How can this be? some one will ask. Let me sketch a little scene; premising that this poor woman's husband was just dead, and she left helpless and friendless with no apparent means of support; besides she was in very feeble health. By accident Mr. T—— had heard of her distressed situation, and, at the suggestion of the person who named her case to him, told his wife that he thought it would be charity to give her some sewing.

“I think it would, indeed,” says Mrs. T——

“Our sewing costs us a great deal,” replies the careful husband, “and in this thing we may benefit ourselves as well as do a deed of charity. No doubt this woman is rather an indifferent sewer in comparison with Miss R——, and therefore her work will not, of course, be worth so much; and she will, no doubt, think one half the price Miss R—— gets, a good one.”

“No doubt,” chimes in his frugal partner.

Mrs. —— was sent for. After she was seated the following conversation ensued:—

“Can you do plain sewing?”

“Yes, ma'am, as well as most persons.”

“What is your price for five shirts?”

“I have'nt set any price yet, but I will work as low as any one.”

“But, you know that to get work you

will have to do it a little lower than ordinary. People don't like to change."

"Well, ma'am, I am in want, and I will work at almost any price for my children."

"I suppose you will make five shirts for twenty-five cents each?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And calico dresses for the same?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that's reasonable."

"Boy's common shirts you will not charge over eleven pence for?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's reasonable, and I'll do all I can for you. It gives me pleasure to help the poor. Come down to-morrow and I'll have some work ready for you."

The widow departed.

"Well, wife," says Mr. T——, bustling in when he saw the woman depart; "at what price will she work?"

"At just half what Miss R—— charges."

"Well, that's something like. It gives me pleasure to befriend any one who is willing to work at a reasonable price. Why this will save us almost a dollar a week the year round."

"Yes, it will so; and if I keep her at it, or some one else, at the same price for a year, you'll let me have a fifty dollar shawl, won't you?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"Well, I'll do my best. It's shameful what some of those seamstresses do charge."

Let us now reverse this picture and follow Mrs. —— to her home.

Mrs. —— had always been delicate. When a girl she could never sew long at a time without getting a pain in her side. She married a hard-working, industrious mechanic, whose trade was not very lucrative, yielding barely enough

for support. Her health, after her marriage, was but little improved, and when, with several small children, she was left a widow, she yielded, in her first keen anguish of bereavement, to despair. But a mother cannot long sit in idleness when her dear babes are about her. She could think of no way of getting a living for them but by her needle, and, she was a neat sewer, she hoped to get work and earn food and scant clothing. But she could not work. No person knew her who wanted sewing done. She applied to several, and was still without the means of earning a dollar when the last one was spent. Just at this moment, the fact of her destitution becoming more known, Mrs. T—— sent for her.

As she carried home her work the day after the interview she was glad at heart with the thought that now there was a way of escape, at least from starvation. But little more her yearning heart could promise her. Boys' shirts at twelve and a half cents each were her first prices of work. Two of these, by hard work, she managed to get done in a day; had they been made plain she could have finished them early, and had time to give many necessary attentions to her children. But the last words of Mrs. T—— had robbed her of that chance. "You can stitch the collars of these anyhow; you can afford it, I suppose, and they iron better when that is done." The simple and touching "Yes ma'am," but in a sadder tone than usual, was the only response.

Next morning she was up early, though her head ached badly, and she was faint and weak from having sat so steadily through the whole of the preceding day. Her children were all taken up, washed and dressed, her rooms cleaned, and a scanty meal of mush and

milk prepared for the little ones, and a cup of tea for herself. Her own stomach refused the food of which her own children partook with keen appetites, and she could only swallow a few mouthfuls of dry, stale bread.

It was near ten o'clock when she got fairly down to work, her head still aching and almost blinding her. Somehow or other she could not get on at all fast, and it was long past the usual dinner hour before she had finished the first garment. The children were impatient for their dinner, and she had to make great haste in preparing it as well for their satisfaction as to gain time.

"Mother, we are getting tired of mush and milk," said one of the little ones. "You don't have all the good things now you used to; no pies, nor puddings nor meat.

"Never mind, dear, we'll have some nice corn cakes for supper."

"You'll have supper soon, won't you, mother?" said another little one, coaxingly, her thoughts busy with the nice corn cakes.

"And shan't we have molasses on them?" said another, pushing away her bowl of mush and milk.

"No, dear, not to-night, but to-morrow we'll have some."

"Why not to-night, mother? I want some to-night."

"Mother ain't got money to buy it with to-night, but to-morrow she will have some," said the mother, soothingly.

"O, we'll have molasses to-morrow for our cakes," cried a little girl who could just speak, clapping her hands with great glee.

After dinner Mrs. — worked hard, and in much bodily pain and misery, to finish the other shirt, in which the last stitch was taken at nine o'clock at night.

Soon after breakfast, next day, she took the four shirts home to Mrs. T——, her thoughts mostly occupied with the comfortable food she was to buy her children with the half dollar she had earned; for it was a sad truth that she had laid out her last dollar for the meal with which she was making mush for her little ones.

After examining every seam, every hem, and every line of stitching, Mrs. — expressed approbation of the work, and handed the poor woman a couple of fine shirts to make for Mr. T——, and a calico dress for herself. She did not offer to pay her for the work she had done. After lingering for a few moments Mrs. — ventured to hint that she would like to have a part of what she had earned.

"Oh, dear! I never pay seamstresses until their bill amounts to five dollars. It is so troublesome to keep account of small sums. When you have made five dollars I will pay you."

Mrs. — retired, but with a heart that seemed like lead in her bosom. "When shall I earn five dollars? not for a whole month at this rate," were the words that formed themselves in her thoughts.

"We shall have the molasses now, mother, shan't we?" said two or three glad little voices, as she entered her home.

For a few moments she knew not what answer to make; then gathering them all about her, she explained to them, as well as she could make them understand, that the lady for whom she had done the work did not pay her, and she was afraid it would be a good while before she would, and that, until she was paid, she could not get them anything better than what she had.

The little things all stole silently, and

without a murmur, away, and the mother again sat down to her work. A tear would often gather in her eye, as she looked up from the bright needle glistening in her fingers, and noted the sadness and disappointment pictured in their young faces. From this state of gloomy feeling she was roused by a knock at the door, and a pleasant-looking young lady, somewhat gaily dressed, came in with a small bundle in her hand. She introduced herself by saying that she had just seen some pretty shirts at Mr. T——'s, and that she was so well pleased with the work that she had inquired for the maker. "And now, having found you," said she, "I want you to make and fit this calico dress for me, if you do such work."

"I shall be glad to do it for you," was the reply, encouraged by the kind and feeling manner of the lady.

"And what will you charge?"

Mrs. —— hesitated a moment and then said, "Mrs. T—— gives me a quarter of a dollar."

There was a bright spot for a moment on the cheek of the lady.

"Then I will give you three quarters," said she, with warmth.

Mrs. —— burst into tears and she could not help it.

"Are you in need?" inquired the strange lady, hesitatingly, but with an air of feeling that could not be mistaken.

For a moment the widow paused, but the sight of her children conquered the rising emotions of her pride.

"I have nothing but a little corn meal in the house, and have no money."

A tear glistened in the stranger's eye; her breast heaved with strong emotion; then, again, all was still.

"I will pay you for this dress beforehand, then; and I want it done very nice,

and I will pay you a dollar for making it. Can I have it the day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, ma'am; to-morrow evening, if you want it."

The dollar was paid down, and the angel of mercy departed. The widow and her children were made glad that morning.

E. SLADE.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a
bite!

Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't
be right.

Said he: I don't see why my Father should say
"Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day;"
I shouldn't have thought—now they're hang-
ing so low,

When I asked for *just one*, he should answer
me "No."

"He would never find out if I took but *just one*,
And they *do* look so good, shining out in the sun,
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he
wouldn't miss

So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mourn-
ful strain

Came wandering dreamingly over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently
played.

And he sung: Little Willie, beware! oh
beware!

Your Father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel, if you heard the
Lord say:

"This dear little boy stole an apple to-day."

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a
mouse,

Crept slowly and carefully into the house,
In his own little chamber he knelt down to
pray,

That the Lord would forgive him and please
not to say,

"Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Oct. 26th, 1861.

NOTES OF LESSONS ON THE APOSTLES' CREED, FOR THE USE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

LESSON No. 3.

Belief in the Holy Ghost.

I.—His nature.

- (a.) Spiritual.—He is called *Ghost* or *Spirit*.
 (b.) Personal.—*i. e.* the Holy Ghost is a person. This is shewn by the fact that qualities and actions are ascribed to the Holy Ghost which can properly belong to a *person only*.

1. He takes an active part in the Creation.—Gen. I., 2.
2. He assumes a visible appearance.—St. Mark I., 10.
3. He teaches and guides.—St. John XIV., 26, and testifies. XV., 26; XVI., 13.
4. He makes intercession.—Rom. VIII., 26.
5. He appears in the character of a personal agent.—Acts VIII., 29, 39; X., 19; XIII., 2.

(c.) Divine.—The Holy Ghost is God. This may be proved directly and indirectly:

1. The epithet *Holy* can only, in the strictest sense, belong to a divine being.
2. He is called the *Spirit of God* which is a certain proof that he is God.
3. He is engaged in a divine work, viz.: Creation.—Gen. I., 2.
4. He proceeds from God, and is with God, and knows the deep things of God.—St. John XIV., 26. (*Deep things*, I. Cor. II., 10, 11.)
5. He is said to dwell in the bodies of Christians as in a *temple*. A temple is the habitation of Deity.—I. Cor., III., 16, 17.
6. He is by implication called God.—Acts V., 3, 4.
7. He is associated with the Father and with the Son in a manner that would be improper and unintelligible if he were not a divine person. (The formulary of Baptism: St. Matt. XXVIII., 19; The circumstances that occurred at our Lord's Baptism: St. Matt. III., 16, 17; the relations between Father, Son and Spirit, in reference to the gifts and endowments of the Church.—I. Cor., XII., 4, 5, 6, 11.)

II.—His offices.

(a.) A teacher of truth:

1. He spake by the Prophets.—Is. LXI., 1; II. Tim. III., 16; II. Peter I., 21.
2. He guides the Apostles into truth.—St. John XIV., 26; XVI., 13.
3. He illuminates the minds of Christians.—I. Cor. II., 10, 13, 14, 15.

(b.) He sanctifies and renews man's nature.

1. Sanctification.—Gal. VI., 22, 23, 24; Eph. V., 9; I. Thess. IV., 3.
2. Renovation.—II. Cor. V., 17; Gal. VI., 15; Titus III., 5.

PARISH SKETCHES.

(No. 1.)

MARY DENNING.

"Hearts training in their low abode,
 Daily to love themselves in hope to find their
 God."

Christian Year.

To the clergyman of a Parish are presented more, than to most men, opportunities for the observation of human character in all its phases. His position is peculiar, and one that entails upon him a close association in the joys and the sorrows of his fellow beings.

He it is that performs for them the most sacred and affecting offices, that stands to them in the light of friend and adviser from the time when the little infant, white-robed, unconscious of sin and suffering, is brought by loving parent or friend and given to its God, to that last and solemn moment when the falling earth and the echoing coffin lid bespeak the warfare ended and the rest attained.

And if he be, as is most frequently the case, a married man, then his wife, the partner of his daily lot, the sharer of whatever cloud or sunshine falls to his inheritance, must of necessity partake with him in the communion and fellowship between pastor and people. She, too, has her place assigned her, her sphere of public duty in connection with that of her husband, and this leading her "in and out" among her fellow creatures, she also sees and takes note of many a thought, word and deed invisible to the general eye.

It is not intended in these pages to present to the reader the individual experience of any one clergyman or clergyman's wife within the circle of the writer's acquaintance, nor even to adhere

strictly to actual occurrences or names of persons and places.

But there will be found in them, I trust, little of an improbable and nothing of an impossible character; nothing which may not at some time have fairly and naturally happened, and which will, I hope, be read with no less interest because the scenes and characters depicted therein are drawn from our own land and times, and consequently are wanting in that "enchantment" which to many minds *distance* alone can lend.

I have always thought that every life, however prosaic, has had at some time its little tale of romance, that the quietest and least imaginative of those whom we are in the habit of meeting in our daily walks may have had in common with ourselves some experience of the workings of that great master passion which stirs, as with the wand of a magician, the waters of the human heart.

No life, however lowly, is exempt from human passion, and could we but read the history of each one whom we meet we should doubtless find that even in the humblest cottage homes, nay, even amongst those whose unhappy lot comprises neither home nor friends, who wander houseless and homeless, dependant upon the charity of a world that is often pitiless; could we, I say, but read the hidden, heart history of even such as these, how many an epic might be written!

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that wealth or beauty, or position, or a high-sounding name or great talent is essential to the production of a character worthy of a place in the pages of romance or history; nay, better still, worthy, through the imputed righteousness of a merciful Saviour, to be received into the

promised inheritance of the saints in light.

But amongst the poor the little romances, sad enough, and often linked with grief and trial, patient waiting, self-sacrifice, and trust in God and heroic endurance, common though they be, pass unrecorded, nay, almost unheeded by those before whose eyes they are enacting, but not, we know, by Him who marks the sparrow's fall.

To a careless observer there was little in the appearance or manner of Mary Denning to call forth particular observation; quiet, unassuming, middle-aged, and only passably good-looking; she was apparently in no way different from many another woman of her age and station. A respectable woman, one would say, meeting her in the long village street, just before sunset, carrying home the family washing of Mr. Greene, our county member, or of some other of her numerous employers.

I, who knew her well, would have said more than respectable, exalted, refined, purified—one of God's own and beloved children. Let me trace for you her humble history; let me tell you a little of her patient sufferings, her truth, her brave battle with misfortune, her never-failing confidence in the love and the mercy and the wisdom of her Heavenly Father, even when the hand of that Father lay heaviest upon her. Her youth has passed now, there are many wrinkles on her brow, and her hair is gray, but her smile is kind and cheerful and her voice a pleasant one to listen to.

As long ago as she can first remember Mary Denning was accustomed to labor. First it was at home in the small humble tenement where Mrs. Denning and her family of five children, Mary the youngest of the number, lived after the death

of the husband and father, afterwards as a domestic servant in the house of a respectable tradesman and mill owner, then as a laundress, in which latter capacity she has for many years been employed.

It was while at service that Mary made the acquaintance of Richard Browne, a young man employed in the mill owned by her master.

Brown was well-conducted, intelligent, a good workman, a regular attendant at church, and, when his acquaintance with Mary had ripened into something warmer and her influence began to tell upon him, a communicant and member of our Weekly Bible Class.

I was greatly pleased to notice the state of affairs between these two young people; I thought that two better suited to each other could scarcely have been found, and I pleased myself by fancying how happy they would be in their future life as husband and wife.

Their engagement was of course soon known to me, indeed to all in the village, for Richard was so proud and happy at having obtained Mary's consent that he made no secret of it. He would have persuaded her into an immediate marriage, although his wages were not sufficient for the support of even such a modest establishment as theirs must necessarily be, and he had nothing saved for the purchase of furniture.

But Mary was a prudent girl for her years, and thought it unwise to begin married life under such disadvantages. She was not unwilling for herself to make any sacrifice for the sake of the man she loved, but religion as well as the natural rectitude of her character made the prospect of debt, which to Richard, conscious of his *intention* to pay, was by no means alarming, a con-

tingency so dreadful that she could not willingly rush blindly to meet it.

So it was arranged that they should wait a year, or two or three years if necessary, until they should, by their united earnings, have laid by sufficient to set up house-keeping in a humble way, but honestly and without fear of the consequences. The first year passed happily to both, very happily, I think; and the little stock of silver dollars and quarters was all changed into bills and sent off and deposited in the Savings' Bank of one of our cities.

But about the middle of the second year I began to notice a change in Richard, and soon my worst suspicions were confirmed.

It was one night at the Bible Class. Our class was conversational, each member being permitted to offer any remarks or to ask any questions that might suggest themselves on the portion of scripture under discussion.

Richard had come in a little late, and long after Mary had taken her seat. The lesson had begun.

I fancied that as he walked in and sat down near the door his face had a strange flushed appearance, and when it came to his turn to read a verse his voice was thick and unsteady.

Mary had not looked up at his entrance, but that she was conscious of it I felt sure, for the quick color suffused her face and the book she held in her hand began to tremble. I who was sitting near her could plainly see this.

I did not look at Richard Browne when he began to read, though almost every one in the room involuntarily did, but I glanced at Mary, for in a moment the distressing truth flashed upon me, and a faint despairing hope that she might not have perceived it made me

turn my gaze upon her. Again the painful flush spread over her face, and this time her eyes filled with tears.

There was a moment's distressing silence when Richard had finished reading, or rather attempting to read, for he had staggered through the passage in an almost incoherent manner, and I am sure it was only pity for both of them that prevented Mr. R. from at once rebuking and silencing him. Then some one asked a question and Mr. R. was about to reply when Richard, apparently not conscious of what he said, offered an observation wholly irrelevant, and of a light and trifling nature.

Poor Mary! This could not go on. "Richard," said Mr. R., in a grave and sorrowful voice, "you had better go home; you cannot stay here."

There was something in the tone and manner that roused the dormant comprehension of the unhappy young man, and awakened in him a sense of bitter shame and mortification.

Without a word he took up his hat and left the room, suddenly sobered, I suppose, and alive to all the horror of the shameful scene.

From that time Richard Browne's intemperate habits became known to all the village.

Unhappy man; the slave of a degrading appetite. Again and again did Mr. R. remonstrate, pray with him, urge him and appeal to all the better feelings of his nature in vain. Again and again did Mary put forth all the influence she possessed to allure him back to virtue and happiness.

She clung to him as faithfully now when he was debased and unworthy of her love as in the happy days when he was respectable, honored for his industrious, quiet habits, and to all appearance

a God-fearing man. It was a sad time for her.

Poor thing; my heart ached when I noticed how the youthful color was fading out of her cheeks and a look of anxious care becoming habitual to her face.

I saw her as often as possible during this sad period. Her master and mistress were very kind to her and sympathised to a certain extent in her trouble; but they were people incapable of appreciating the finer feelings of her nature. They wondered why she did not at once dismiss Richard and, as they expressed it, "look about her for a better man." The love that, like charity, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, was beyond their comprehension. But it must not be supposed that it was at once, and without a struggle, that Richard Browne yielded to temptation. His fall, swift enough at the last, was gradual at first. His father had, I learned, died a drunkard, and there was in the family a hereditary tendency to the fatal disease.

Richard's first serious outbreak was, I believe, on the occasion of one of our annual municipal elections, too often, alas, the source of intemperance and similar excesses; and his indulgence at that time was bitterly repented of, confessed to Mary and her pardon asked and granted.

But where an appetite for strong drink exists it may not be safely tampered with. The fatal step once taken it is not easy to arrest the downward course.

When matters had gone in a very distressing way for nearly four years, Richard who was now without steady employment, a habitual drunkard, a frequenter of the tavern and a Sabbath-breaker, added to his misery by marrying a wretched woman, the companion

of his vice. He had long previously ceased to hold any intercourse with respectable people, or with Mary, and she, poor thing, as she said to me, "could do no more for him than pray," "and that," she added, "I shall never cease as long as we both live."

Such an union as Richard Browne's could not promise aught but misery.

Night after night their wretched abode, home I cannot call it, was the scene of drunken brawls, of discomfort and wretchedness.

Two hapless children, twins, were born within the first year of the marriage, and for a time the advent of their helpless creatures seemed to awaken in the breasts of both parents holier and better feelings.

Richard kept sober for nearly a month, and his sickly slatternly wife made some feeble attempt, when her illness was over, to reform.

Mr. R. and I visited them often at this time. Richard, when it was possible to avoid meeting us, always did so. And if forced to an interview was silent and reserved, unwilling to converse and barely tolerant to prayer or reading which he sometimes unwillingly heard.

After repeated solicitation on our part, Mrs. Browne was induced to allow her children to be baptized, but all our efforts to persuade her or her husband to bring them to Church for that purpose were in vain, and the rite was administered in the wretched hovel where the unhappy little creatures had drawn their first breath.

Heirs of immortality we knew them to be, and over them were spoken words of prayer and lofty faith, and on their foreheads were imprinted the symbol of a Saviour's dying love. We knew that that love was all comprehending, and

we doubted not that it would embrace in the arms of its mercy these helpless little ones.

They did not live long; they were puny, delicate little things from the first, and first one and then the other passed away.—Happy little creatures, taken early from sin and suffering!

In the meantime, long before their children's death, the parents had relapsed into their former courses, if indeed they could be said to have ever abandoned them, and when their third child was born in bitter mid-winter weather, the miserable mother and infant must have perished of cold and hunger and neglect, but for the charity of their neighbors. I have said but little of Mary all this time. Let me now tell you more of her.

Her mother had died years ago, and her elder brothers and sisters were married and settled in different parts of the country, and she herself had had to my knowledge an opportunity of following their example; after her engagement with Richard was at an end.

But though the offer made her was an eligible one, indeed more so than her position would naturally entitle her to expect, coming in fact from a cousin of her master, and a respectable tradesman, well to do in the world, she gratefully but firmly declined it, alleging as a reason for doing so, what may seem absurd to those who cannot believe in "the beauty and strength of woman's devotion," except it be associated with a certain amount of wealth and good breeding; that she could not give her hand without her heart, and that had been given long ago.

True the object of her love had proved an unworthy one, and this might seem to many a sufficient cause for casting

him out entirely from her heart; but with all Mary's practical good sense, with her clear views of right and wrong and her strong religious convictions, she was yet not sufficiently lifted above the weakness, if you like to call it so, of clinging to the past.

In her eyes Richard Browne was still sacred; she saw him, not as he now was, fallen and degraded, but as he once had been, an upright, honest, God-fearing man, one with whom she had taken sweet counsel and walked to the house of God, one who had gained her youthful heart, and with whom she had looked forward to spend, if God should spare them both, many happy days. All this was altered long ago; Richard had forsaken her, had forsaken virtue, and had given himself up to all that was low and base, all that could tend to efface the image of the divine and lower man to the level of the brutes.

Mary saw all this, and it wasted her youth and made her sober and old before her time. She knew that the past, with its innocent delights, could never return, and with her womanly delicacy and her horror of vice in its grosser forms, I doubt if she would ever have renewed her trust in Richard Browne (even had he remained unmarried) to the extent that it had once been exercised; but equally impossible was it to bestow that trust on another. So this poor girl, being only a foolish loving woman, turned a deaf ear to her well-to-do suitor, and with nothing but a memory left her, mingled the name of a miserable drunkard with her daily prayers.

And she did more than pray. Many a time when distress and want visited, with even more than their ordinary terrors, the miserable abode of her former lover, her hand was stretched out to re-

lieve. At first her charities were administered secretly, for she shrank from meeting Richard Browne or from subjecting him, fallen though he was, to the humiliation of receiving assistance at her hands.

Sometimes Browne would keep steady for a week or a fortnight, and obtain work here and there and bring home his wages, and matters would look up, and the unfortunate wife who, to do her justice, was not utterly depraved, would, in her feeble, querulous way, encourage him to reform; but it always ended in a relapse into their old habits, and for weeks together their angry voices and discordant shouts would disturb the street in which they lived.

I have said that their two first children died. The little one that was afterwards born was the personification of misery—small, feeble and crippled—people wondered it could survive amid the wretchedness that surrounded it, and the neglect that aggravated its sufferings to a degree that would have been painful to imagine in a grown person, but in an infant made the heart sick and sad.

It struggled on through the bitter midwinter weather, through our chill Canadian spring and into the beautiful summer time, fragrant with the incense of a thousand censer flowers, and bright with bloom and beauty.

Poor soul! God had a wise purpose in preserving that helpless, crippled form. The little wan white face looks brighter now; it has learned to smile, and the limp frail hands are daily folded in prayer. One winter's night when all the village was silent and still, those who lived in the same street as the Brownes were awakened out of their slumbers by a succession of piercing shrieks, and

soon it was ascertained that the hovel of the wretched family was on fire.

People hurried to the spot, and upon reaching it and perceiving apparently nothing but a burning mass supposed at first that the inmates had perished in the flames, and this supposition was strengthened by the fact that the cries which had given the alarm had now ceased and nothing was heard but the sound of crashing timbers and the roar of the blazing dwelling.

Search being made, however, around the premises ; in a field near the house Mrs. Browne was discovered crouched upon the ground in a state of half insensibility, and holding in her arms her poor little helpless babe.

The faint moans of the little creature were piteous to hear. It had escaped injury from the devouring element, but seemed nearly dead from cold and fright.

The wretched mother was badly burnt. When she could speak her first words were : Richard, Richard ! Oh, will no one save him ? Will no one save my husband ? and she attempted to rise to her feet, still clutching in her frantic grasp her terrified infant.

But Richard Browne was beyond the reach of human help, even when that help first arrived.

Sunk in the heavy sleep of intoxication he had probably perished almost immediately, and without making an effort to escape ; and his charred and blackened remains were found amid the ruins that same night.

Mrs. Browne's account of the fearful disaster was as follows :

Richard had come home late, and after hard drinking. He had been unusually quarrelsome, and, after some angry words with his wife, had gone up stairs

to a sort of garret or loft, locked himself in and fallen asleep.

Mrs. Browne had then thrown herself upon her comfortless bed, and in a few minutes was also slumbering.

About twelve o'clock she was awakened by a bright light and a strange roaring sound, and springing from her bed she perceived that the house was on fire in every direction. The flames were bursting out even around the spot where her infant's cradle lay, so snatching the child in her arms and wrapping it in a blanket she endeavored to make her way up the burning stairs to her husband's apartment, screaming wildly all the time and imploring him to open the door and save himself ; but the flames stopped her progress and forced her back, and no answer came from above, and on every side the fire bursting out and spreading with awful rapidity compelled her to hurry from the house if she would save her infant's life.

All had occurred so rapidly, and the flames had made such headway before assistance arrived, that it was impossible to save anything, and Richard was of course utterly beyond help ; the part of the building in which he lay having fallen in at an early stage of the accident. Indeed the fire must have originated there—kindled, probably, by a spark from the pipe of the unfortunate man—and spreading afterwards to the lower rooms.

Mrs. Browne never wholly rallied from the events of that awful night. A subscription was at once raised for her, she was placed in lodgings and her health carefully attended to, but she failed rapidly.

It was an affecting sight at this time to see poor Mary Denning, herself suffering acutely from grief and horror at

the fate of the wretched man who had once been so near to her heart, devoting every moment that could be spared from the duties of her service in Mr. A.'s household to attendance upon Mrs. Browne and her infant. And not unrewarded, even on earth, was her faithful love and labor of charity! She, as well as we, had the satisfaction of beholding the amazing miracle of grace in the heart of the awakened sinner, and when at length, after great trial of body and mind, borne towards the end with touching submission, Mrs. Browne departed this world, we felt it was not too much to say over her:—"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Oh, wonderful love of Christ; well may it melt the stoniest heart!

This woman had been hard and coarse and cruel many a time, and oft from her youth up; she had set God and virtue at defiance; and though sometimes a softening influence had seemed to work within her, though, indeed, she had always appeared attached to her children, and even to her husband, still her life had been a sinful one, and her character unlovely in the last degree. But now when God's Holy Spirit breathed upon the troubled waters as of old, upon the Galilean wave, saying unto passion's angry tide: "Peace be still," how changed was all. Gradually she became gentle, humble and penitent. Many a time when I have been reading to her sweet words of mercy from the precious book that tells of a consolation for the suffering, a hope for the despairing, a refuge for all, a pardon free and full, through Jesus' blood, she would shed tears of joy and gratitude unspeakable. I think her repentance was indeed sincere; I think she truly mourned over

her past evil courses and placed her sole dependance upon the mercy and the merits of a Crucified Redeemer.

So we laid her down to rest, and glorified that God whose mercy is over all His works.

And now if you will come with me into one of the quietest streets of our village I will shew you a little peaceful home, humble and unpretending, but full of that peace which dwelleth not often in earth's palaces.

Here Mary Denning has founded a house for herself and for Richard Browne's little crippled daughter. She has taken the little one as a sacred charge, and henceforth it is hers to train for Christ. And here for the present we leave them, and you, too, dear reader, but we hope to meet you again.

PSALM CLX.

"When sentence is given upon, let him be condensed, and let his prayer be turned into sin"—Verse 6.

"Acts I. 20 hath taught us to apply this Psalm to the murderers of the Messiah * * * * In this light was this Psalm considered and interpreted in the ancient Church by Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, Theodoret, and others."

Now most of the verbs in this Psalm, after the 6th Verse, are in the Imperative Mood, and thus make the sentences in which they stand "dismal, demoniac imprecations," that is, according to your correspondent "Mag."

But the above quotation from Bishop Horne shows that the Psalm is prophetic, and the following extract from the same Prelate divests the verse alluded to of its "dismal and demoniacal" imprecatory character:—

"As most of the following verbs are in the future tense, and the rest have evidently a predictive and future import, I have here, as in Psalm LXXIX, rendered them in that tense; by which means the curses pronounced in this Psalm appear to be of the same import with those in Deut xxviii."

E. SLADE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

"What then is public Worship?" Now, if to this query an answer were returned from the actual practice of the vast majority of so-called "worshippers" in either town or country, it would undoubtedly be, "to sit and stand alternately, with as much patience and as little show of weariness as possible, while prayers, and psalms, and lessons, and canticles and litany are monotonously talked or preached to them by the curate—a kind of long, long sermon from the reading desk—and then perhaps be rewarded for their pious endurance by listening to something a little more lively in the shape of another sermon from the pulpit by the rector or vicar; thronging out of church *en masse* when the Lord's Supper is administered as if that were a thing with which they had no concern whatever."

This is no imaginary picture, as we all know from sad experience, and merely realizes the Apostle's words, "ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." And whence has this state of things arisen? Whence, but from the modern theory that the grand purpose of "assembling together" on the Lord's Day is the *edification of man*? For that this is the popular view of the present day is only too manifest from the phraseology used commonly in connection with it, which describes the clergy as *preachers* and the people as *hearers*; the grand duty of the former being obviously considered to lie in the delivery of hebdomadal orations; and of the latter, in coming to listen to and criticize them, as evidenced by the fact that the laity seldom or never give the parson his proper designation, and speak of him as their parish priest, but call him the "minister they sit

under," and talk of going to this or that church or chapel where they think they can "get most good" (not from *God*, observe, but from *man*, in the shape of "ear-tickling,") while the clergy on their part do much to encourage them in this notion by arranging their churches or calmly acquiescing in their arrangement, as houses of preaching rather than of prayer; the vast majority of our sacred buildings being "religiously" closed at least five days out of seven, and, when open, found to possess every possible accommodation for *sitting to hear* but little or none for *kneeling to pray*. Nor can this, strange as it may sound to uninitiated ears, be thought out of keeping when it is seen that the one conspicuous object within, the grand centre of attraction, the cynosure of every eye, the be-all and end-all, apparently, of the whole edifice is a huge sermon-tower, looking for all the world like a monstrous wooden idol from an Indian Temple or Chinese Joss-house; round which, penned up in boxes and galleries, as at a theatrical spectacle, sit the *audience* with "rapt attent and eager gaze," evidently regarding this "pulpit ministration" as *the grand business of the day*; the one special thing for which they came, and without which the great majority of them would unquestionably have staid away.

From "The Choral Service Considered," by the Rev. J. Sidney Boucher, M.A.; published by the Church Press Society—price eightpence.

PREDESTINATION.

If we consider the omniscience and immutability of God, the rationality and certainty of predestination will appear so evident, that, as it hath been proved, (page 14 of the 4th vol. of the *Gospel*

Magazine) we shall see an inconsistency in believing a God, if it be denied; for it is a self-evident truth that nothing can be infallibly foreknown, that is, not infallibly predetermined; consequently God's foreknowledge and omniscience must fall to the ground, if there be no predestination. God, then, hath decreed all things; notwithstanding (as hath been before observed) sin is decreed no farther than in a way of permission, for all the fault or blame of it lies at the door of man's free will, and thus, theologically, the divine justice is manifestly vindicated on that account. But if we take a step farther and logically inquire how the fault of sin justly lieth to the charge of man's free will whilst God hath predetermined the salvation of mankind, irrespective of good or evil, according to Rom. IX. 11, 18, here, I apprehend we lose the bottom, and are constrained to cry out, "O, the depth!" 'Tis true, we may most justly and rationally argue with the Apostle that God hath certainly a right to do what he will with his own, as the potter with the clay; and well may we say with Eli at all times, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," without entertaining the least shadow of fear that he will do us wrong, for, according to Abraham, "shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It is utterly, it is infinitely impossible he should do otherwise. Notwithstanding, I apprehend the Apostle does not here attempt logically to solve all the difficulty wherewith this doctrine is attended, but only to put a stop to our audacious objections by the authority and sovereignty of an infinitely just, wise, and gracious God, with whom we have no more any right to find fault than it is impossible for him to do us an injustice. But if

the Apostle waves a direct logical answer to the grand objection against the seeming injustice of this doctrine, by still resolving all into the right of the divine sovereignty, and that, when urged home (by the foreseen objection of free-willers) to give one, much more have we reason to lay aside the fruitless task. "What can a man do," says Solomon, "that cometh after the king?" meaning to discover whether there be something more than vanity in the world which this king could not find; with like reason may it be said, what can we do, who come after the Apostle, to search out the logical equity of this doctrine more than he could? It is not our business then, I think, logically to demonstrate the equity in itself farther than the Apostle did, but chiefly to set forth the privileges and advantages of it. If it is asked what these privileges are, I answer, that predestination, or, which is the same, the everlasting love of God, is the only moving cause of our salvation, and therefore, as was shewn before, one of the greatest bulwarks of free grace or of securing the glory of salvation to God alone, and the sure mercies of David to believers. Thus it is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons as being the blessed means, under grace, of establishing and confirming their faith of eternal salvation to be enjoyed by Christ as well as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God, according to the article. —From "*Elementa Christiana*," by the Rev. Thomas Hervey, Kendal, 1791.

They that are of a froward heart are abomination to the Lord; but such as are upright in their way are His delight. Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished: but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered.

GOD'S ACRE.

"The field of God sown with the seeds of the resurrection."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

When the green turf of God's Acre for a coverlet is spread

For friends whom we have gently laid within their earthy bed,

Their beauties, still more loveable than they in truth were known,

Are, to the mourners' tearful eye, in memory's mirror shown.

We wonder greatly that we did not hold in more esteem

The dear departed whom we now inestimable deem.

Our love all their good qualities in one "immortelle" binds;

And every day a thousand things recall them to our minds.

So, in less degree, we cherish, when we hear the wintry blast,

The mem'ry of the pleasures of the summer that is past.

We marvel all the dreary day that we could lightly prize

The sunny hills, the laughing rills, the tender azure skies,

The honey'd note from the wild bird's throat, and the hum of the golden bee,

And the whisper'd tale of the southern gale, as it swept along the lea.

But, though the signs of death surround, though nature mourns her dead

With wailing winds, and pallid brow, and bare wild arms outspread,

There is mingled with our sadness for the summer that is gone

The hope, that breathes of gladness, that the spring will shortly come;

Will come with all its voices, will come with all its flowers,

Will come with all its freshness and its life-awakening showers.

Behold a token, where the blast, that swept the bloom away,

Scatters the seed, to reproduce the charms of yesterday.

And shall we deem the lov'd ones whom we mourn, forever lost

Like momentary meteors that night's dark brow have cross'd?

Are their lives' rivers mingled with the waters of a sea

From which the sun shall never raise bright drops of purity?

Have they, like summer roses, been shatter'd by the wind?

Have they, unlike the roses, left no germ for hope behind?

Oh, Death, who nipt the blossoms, hath left the seed, and when

The glorious spring-time opens the flowers will come again.

T. W. F.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Oh, for a heaven attuned lyre
Wherewith to praise my God and King!

Spirit Divine, my soul inspire
With holy rapture as I sing.

I sing in praise of Him who gave
The rolling world its mantle green;

Who bound the ocean in its cave,
And feeds it with the swelling stream.

Who gave the golden orb of day
Its portion of celestial light;
And bade the silver moon display
Her modest beauties to the night.

Who paints the heavens with tender blue;
Who hangs the leaflets on the tree;
Who strings the grass with morning dew,
And brews the nectar for the bee.

In praise of His Omnipotence,
Ye Christians let your voices rise!
Praise Him ye saints departed hence!
Praise Him ye seraphs of the skies!

Praise Him who left His throne above,
To meet for man a felon's end;
Whose Name is—as his nature—LOVE:
Let all mankind the name commend.

He still will bind the broken heart;
He still the mourner's stay will be—
O, sinner, weary of thy smart.
"Arise, and go; He calleth thee."

Praise Him all creatures here on earth!
Strike your high harps ye heavenly throng!
"Worthy the Lamb, (How great His worth!)
Be this the burden of your song.

Worthy the Lamb all beautiful,
Who came, His Father's will to do!
Worthy the Lamb all dutiful!
Worthy the Lamb all just and true!

The utmost bounds of heaven shall ring,
While through its courts the chorus grand
Rolls, that exulting n. ads sing:—
"Worthy the Lamb! Worthy the Lamb!"

T. W. F.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S DAUGHTERS.

What More's views really were of the studies and pursuits fit for women, we may learn from his practice in his own household. His three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, and his adopted daughter, another Margaret, were placed under the same tutors and instructed from the same books as his only son John. The knight insisted that, if the reflections commonly cast on the female understanding were sound, they would but afford so many additional reasons for bestowing on it all possible cultivation. His reasoning, and still more the success of his experiment, made a convert of his friend Erasmus, who, as he himself tells us, had previously shared the vulgar prejudice. In his letters and colloquies, the famous scholar commended the precedent which "fortiter contemptâ novi exempli invidiâ," the author of the *Utopia* had made, to the imitation of Europe. More's house he denominated "musarum domicilium," and extolled it as more admirable than Plato's Academy. In the same strain of panegyric, but yet with manifest sincerity, he celebrated the studies and accomplishments of its female inmates. The acquirements of all these young ladies were certainly remarkable for that age, and those of the eldest daughter would have been remarkable in any age. They all wrote themes and verses in Latin, and studied logic. But the performance of Margaret More attracted by far the most admiration. When Reginald Pole was shown one of her letters he could hardly be persuaded that it was written by a woman. She was not only a Greek and Latin scholar but a diligent reader of philosophy and theology. A specimen of her scholarship has been preserved in an emendation which she suggested of a corrupt passage in Cyprian. She translated Eusebius's *Ecclesiastical History* from

Greek into Latin, but was anticipated in the publication by Bishop Christopherson, a noted Grecian who had undertaken the same task. She also composed sundry discourses and declamations, both in Latin and English, some of which her fond father preferred to essays of his own on the same subjects. Exercises of this kind were the fashion of the day. Only in rare instances did learning produce the fruit of true literature. All More's children seem to have married early; but they continued to reside with their father, and notwithstanding the birth of eleven grandchildren, to prosecute their studies. These were blended with the cultivation of music, painting and poetry. The knight's house at Chelsea was also a little museum of natural history. Its inmates formed, in fact, a sort of private school. From a letter written by More to his favourite daughter, after she had become Margaret Roper, we find that she was then studying astronomy under a Mr. Nicholas. "Commend me kindly," says the father, "to your husband, who maketh me rejoice for that he studieth the same things that you do; and, whereas I am wont always to counsel you to give place to your husband, now on the other side, I give you license to master him in the knowledge of the sphere. Commend me to all your schoolfellows, but to your master especially." After More's death the tradition of a liberal education for daughters was faithfully preserved in the family. The celebrated Roger Ascham informs us that Mrs. Roper was very desirous of having him for the instructor of her children; but he could not at that time be induced to leave the University. Her daughter, Mrs. Bassett, was lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary. This Lady translated into English a part of her grandfather's "Exposition of our Saviour's Passion," and imitated his style so successfully that the translation was thought to have been made by Sir Thomas himself. Another of Mrs. Roper's daughters was Mrs. Clarke, whom Ascham praises for love of literature.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Look northward, where the blue of heaven
By the Aurora's blaze is riven !
Like flaming swords of Cherubim
Its flashes glance while stars grow dim.
Pennons and spears they seem, up tost
By some unseen and mighty host.
They fire, they fade, they rise, they fall,
They're lights in heaven's high carnival,
And nobler forms to them are given—
They seem awhile the gates of heaven ;
And now the throne of God ; and now,
A Crown of brilliance for His brow.

In their own thawless realms of snow
They cheer the stunted Esquimaux.
Enlivening, with their ruddy light,
Their weary winter of long night.

From western forests they are seen,
By the Red Indians, who deem
That in their wild unearthly fires
They see the spirits of their sires,
Dancing amid the ruddy glow,
That veils the mighty Manitou.

In southern climes mankind have seen,
Strange omens in their wavering sheen ;
And thus we read the Glendour bold
Of burning fiery cressets told,
That, on the forefront of the sky,
Appear'd at his nativity,
Betokening that his should be
A life of strange fatality.

Whatever more mankind have learned
From them, one thing they have discerned—
His power, who sits on Heaven's high throne,
Their silent tongues that power make known,
Their brightness publishes the might
Of Him who is the perfect Light,
Their glory eloquently tells
Of Him who in all glory dwells.

T. W. F.

MENTAL PRAYER.

Here is God's worship exercised which doth chiefly consist in the inward deeds of faith, hope, and charity ; for what is it else to behold God as present, but to lift up our hearts to Him, to believe in Him, to love Him, and to sigh after Him with mourning ! This holy exercise, I say, the scriptures do often repeat in those places wherein they do commend it ; that is, that we pray without ceasing, and that we may watch in our prayers. For truly our thoughts and desires are voices and words with which our soul doth speak, and therefore, so often as we, meditating of God as being present, do direct or lift up our cogitations and petitions to Him, it may be truly said, that we do pray ; and if we do it very

often, or most often, it may be most rightly said that we pray always and without ceasing. For although in the Holy Scriptures the vocal prayer is also commanded to us, even as truly it is commanded principally unto the ministers of the Church, notwithstanding in the above-mentioned, the prayer of the mind which is only in the heart, is also praised. The vocal prayer hath times on certain hours limited by the Church, in which space of time the aforesaid prayer is used ; but the prayer of the mind hath not so ; it doth comprehend all time and place ; for at all times, and in all places, we may have God present, and we direct our prayers and petitions to Him. For what a man doeth often, and as it were ordinarily, in the usual manner of speech, he is said to do it always. And in this sense the holy and expert men have satisfied that advice or precept of praying continually. Neither doth this attention to God hinder the functions of outward works in the servants of God ; yea, it doth greatly further them, that they may be done diligently and perfectly, according to an earnest desire and zeal which God doth participate to men of this sort, who are busied as in His sight. Yea, for His great mercy's sake, He doth impart to some so admirable and notable gifts of His grace, that not only without labour and difficulty, but also with exceeding great pleasure and facility, they may have their heart affectuously conjoined and united to God. Wherefore, with a great and cheerful mind, every one ought to apply himself unto this holy exercise, and he shall easily understand how ready God is to stay as present with us ; as often as it shall please Him to behold us, let us speak to him, and familiarly talk with Him. From whence doth proceed such aids and help, that what doth seem hard to the strength of nature, yea, impossible, it may be made most easy and pleasant to any one. That one may have access to an earthly king, and that he may speak and intreat with him is very hard, neither may it be obtained but by the favour and

grace of many ; yea, there is need of the labour and service of many years, before they can come to familiar acquaintance with the king ; but God, although he is endued with infinite majesty and glory, he is always prepared in every hour and moment to admit us into His sight, that we may lift up the eyes of our minds to Him, to behold His beauty and greatness, to desire His glory, to love his goodness, taste His sweetness, in being busied familiarly with Him, and in requiring some grace of Him. Neither only is He prepared to do this, but he doth also wish and invite us with most great rewards propounded of His favour, and glory, that we may do so. Neither doth he bid some only, and those which excel in holiness, as there have been many ancient holy men, who have given themselves wholly day and night to divine service, but also all the faithful, as many as with pure heart do seek the honour of God, and to serve Him. O, how devoutly and religiously do they perform their duty, who do desire and carefully seek such a good, who do not neglect such an honourable exercise, whereby they may have God always present, and continually enjoy His company ! They may truly fear, whosoever refuse in this life to use this so heavenly a benefit, that in the hour of death the gate will be shut, as to the ungrateful, and to them that neglect the clear sight and contemplation of God as being present, which then shall be open only to just and blessed men.—*Dr. Christopher Sutton.*

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

One of the strangest and most powerful of Edgar Poe's sketches describes the feelings of a man whose boat, on passing the Strom Channel from the island of Moskoe to the mainland on the coast of Norway, was drawn into the terrible whirlpool known as the maelstrom, and which sailors have called the navel of the earth. Omitting the previous account of how he and his brother, who were daring Norse fishermen, had

got into this perilous position, we may take up the exciting narrative where, all efforts to get clear of the suction having failed, they found themselves drawn into the belt of the surf that always surrounds the whirl :—

I thought, he says, that another moment would plunge us in the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth ; I began to reflect how magnificent a sight it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make ; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity ; and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession ; and this was the cessation of the

wind, which could not reach us in our present situation; for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean; and this latter now towered above us a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more in the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I never let go of the ring bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not, however, care to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all: so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and

rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam; with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun round, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and

footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level, and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Musselmen say is the only pathway between time and eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist I dare not attempt to describe.

Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible.

Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony upon which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building-timber, and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house-furniture, broken boxes, barrels and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocity of their several descents toward the foam below. "This fir tree," I found myself at one

time saying, "will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappear;" and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant-ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my knees again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that had been strewed on the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoë-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly remembered that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones that had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of *any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical and the other of any

other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words "cylinder" and "sphere." He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or mast of a vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tells you this tale—as you see that I *did*

escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sank very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the wind had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoestrom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the "grounds" of the fishermen. A boat picked me up exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*; and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.

SELECTIONS.

When many voices join heartily in prayer, it is hardly possible to remain undevout; when many voices join heartily in praise, it is hardly possible to remain indifferent. Every one feels this. In a congregation where the responses are generally left to the clerk and the children, how difficult it is to pray! whereas, if the majority join, one is drawn in almost unconsciously, and cannot keep back his cordial Amen. Thus, also, in a congregation where few attempt to sing, how difficult it is to magnify the Lord! But who can resist the rush of many voices? Whose bosom does not swell, as old and young, rich and poor, mingle their notes of adoration and thankfulness? You may tell me that there is not necessarily any religion in all this emotion. I know that; and I would not have you mistake emotion for religion. But we are creatures so constituted as to be acted on through our senses and feelings; and whilst emotion is not religion, it will often be a great step towards it. In teaching a people to sing with the voice 'the songs of Zion,' we cannot but believe that, God helping, much is done towards teaching them to sing with the understanding and the heart. A faculty is developed, which God designed for His glory, but which has, comparatively, been allowed to remain almost useless. Yes, a faculty which God designed for His glory; and if so designed, it cannot be idle without injury, nor be rightly exercised without advantage. Nay, there is music in Heaven. They who stand on the "sea of glass mingled with fire," have the "harps of God" in their hand; they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb. Why then should music

ever be out of place with those whose affections are above?

Let us be an example of godliness. Let us be a light to them that yet abide in darkness. Let not the name of God be evil spoken of through us. His name is holy. "Woe be unto the world," saith Christ, "because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come; but woe be unto that man by whom the offence cometh." . . . The light of God shines in the darkness of this world. It is the sweet incense and savour of God. Wheresoever the breath thereof is received it bringeth life.—*Bishop Jewell.*

Why should we, to so very little purpose, hover uncertainly about these lower regions and spend our time and pains in groping in the dark? No, let our minds rather enlarge their thoughts and take a nobler range; let them leave all created objects behind, and run, and mount, and fly aloft; and taking Faith to the assistance of Reason, fix their eyes with the utmost intenseness, our nature will bear, upon the Creator, the universal cause. . . . For no beauty is so charming, no pleasure so transporting, as that with which our eyes and mind are feasted, when our greedy sight and eager affections are elevated and bent upon our God and Saviour, as to their only proper centre.—*St. Augustine.*

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