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Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M. A., D. C. L.

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No. 5.

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MY BODY.

The house my Maker made for me
Received His likeness in its form,
His wisdom all its parts displayed,
His beauty cloth'd its chambers warm;—
If not so fair, as years go by,
What matter, for it is not I.

The lamps that light its rooms burn low,
Its rust and its decay I share,
And one, it may be friend or foe,
Knocks loudly, often at the gate;
I trouble them, I scarce know why,
My house He claims,—it is not I.

I am indeed a dweller there,
A winter and a summer guest,
Its rust and its decay I share,
But cannot look therein to rest.
I'm sure to leave it by and by,—
'Tis but my house—it is not I.

I sometimes think, when lying down,
For the last time I seek the door
And leave the home, so long my own;
That I may find it yet once more,
So chang'd and fair I scarce shall know
The house I lived in long ago.

THE NEW BIRTH.

I knelt beside thee, dearest babe,
On thy new birthday morning bright;
The dewdrops gleamed upon thy brow,
The Font seemed rayed with sudden light.

I almost saw the angel glide
Adown the lucid, golden stair,
With earnest face and snow-white wings,
Who took his place beside thee there.

Henceforth! thou art to be his charge
Through all the devious paths of life,
And thou hast now an Angel-guard
To aid thee in unequal strife.

Thou art enlisted 'neath the Flag
Of CHRIST our Captain! CHRIST the Son
And thou art called His Father's child,
Whose Precious Blood that guerdon won.

Within thine heart is radiance shed
From GOD the HOLY GHOST, this hour
Descending dove-like there to dwell,
In all His soft, yet mighty power.

Thy name is written now in heaven,
Thy Christian name that Angels know,
O sweet, unconscious innocent,
Thou know'st not thou art blessed so!

That unto thee, to-day, is given
A right that highest Angels prize,
The Royal Gift of CHRIST the King,
The *Right of Birth beyond the skies
—*Estrel.*

* "Our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven."

Mrs. Fuller
Apr 90

BWARE OF BABELS.

Want of interest in *Christian* education, as the necessary accompaniment of secular instruction, is very remarkable among all except Roman catholics in America. Unless a determined and successful effort be soon inaugurated to remedy this evil, history will look back upon the latter part of the nineteenth century in Canada and the United States as the evil time when protestants of all denominations could combine together upon nothing but the unrighteous effort to eliminate religious instruction from Free School education, thus playing into the hands of Secularism on the one hand, and Romanism on the other. There are infidel and ungodly protestants as well as christian protestants, and for this reason they cannot work together as a united body without grievous loss to the faith. The world will not believe that the Father hath sent the Son, (i. e., in the Incarnation and the atonement,) unless christians unite as one Body, shunning Infidelity on the one hand and Superstition on the other, for both of these undermine true faith. Rate-payers of all denominations and none are taxed for free schools, and the unbelieving and careless amongst protestants, combining with mere anti-Romanists, gradually expel the religious part of public education. This they do with the absurd idea of effecting such a union amongst pro-

testants as shall successfully combat the unity of Roman catholics in secular as well as religious matters; but "Except the Lord build the house their below is but lost that built it." The Lord will not bless any union amongst men which shall not have Jesus Christ and the doctrine of the Incarnation and Atonement as its corner-stone. "What union hath Christ with Belial?" "Can two walk together except they be agreed.

A band of union amongst protestants of all sorts, on a principle mainly secular, is but a rope of sand, and will but end in vastly increased disunion, as at the tower of Babel. God scattered the Babel-builders abroad over the face of the earth, dividing them by the confusion of tongues, for their unity tended only to the service of the devil, and the loss of the soul. Better was wide separation and the loss of mutual influence, than unity of influence tending towards infidelity.

Now, in these latter days, when God is wonderfully moving the hearts of those who love Him, amongst all denominations of christians, to pray and work for unity, it will be well to beware of Satan's old Babel device to bring about a unity amongst mankind for evil. Such would be a combination amongst those who adjure the errors of Romanism to reject with them that portion of God's truth which Rome still retains, and thereby to cast away a portion of God's defences against infidelity. Such

also would be a united effort against definite religious instruction in public schools and colleges, with a view to wider "liberalty" of sentiment, and the hindrance of the brave and determined effort of the Roman catholic Church in the religious education of her own children and those of all others, who—for the sake of cheapness—will intrust their children to her care.

A unity for purposes so ignoble always has failed and always will fail, for it is founded on the sand,—and the eventual flood of God's truth will sweep it away, and nothing will be left but the scattered fragments of the forsaken Babel at which Rome and Infidelity will point the finger of scorn.

The education of the young,—not a molluscous and vague, but earnest, and definite, and primitive education, is the means which God points out to us through which we may retain the faith of His pure and primitive Church and extend it to all sorts and conditions of men, so that all may be one, and mankind may believe that the Father hath sent the son. "Train up the child in the way that he should go." If "the way he should go" be merely the way of popularity, the way to the attainment of more secular learning, with a cavilling at Holy Scripture, the way to wealth, rank, power or pleasure,—the mere education of an immortal nature to satisfy its immortal cravings with things that

perish with the using, then—mere secular education is the way in which the generation now entrusted to our training should be instructed. But if man's chief aid is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever,—if man can be satisfied with nothing less than God, and a home with Him in everlasting habitations, the possession of a wealth which shall not perish with the using, then, the present craze for secularization of our public schools and seminaries of learning is but a judicial blindness, a fatal *missing of the mark*, another name for the essence of sin. May God grant that the Anglican Church on this side of the Atlantic may, without loss of time, set the example here, which is already being set by our mother Church of England, of shunning secularization as a device of the Enemy. Bad will it be for us if in future days history shall shew that the Anglican Church in America, in the close of the nineteenth century, left to the Church of Rome the sole credit of standing up valiantly for the definite religious education of the young, while she herself supinely followed in the foolish train of mere Babel-builders.

We append extracts from late English papers to shew the present direction of Church sentiment in England on this momentous subject.

Contemplating the dangers to Society and to the Nation at large, of the want of moral training in the schools and elsewhere, the Bp. of

London, speaking at a meeting of the G. F. S. at London. lately, said :

"They had found out that it was not altogether satisfactory if they just passed a child, and made it do just such and such a thing. Mere intellectual training did not necessarily produce a satisfactory result. They wanted the general tone of the school to be higher, and the whole character of the child's life to be strengthened. They wanted to teach their children self-knowledge, and self-control and self-culture. They should also teach them self-devotion. There was an immense amount of untrained character about the world, like land uncultivated and trees unattended to. They ought to pay more attention to individual training. Dr. Abbott, who had had a great deal to do with education in London schools, recommended a civic as well as a moral training. He (the Bishop) felt pleased when he saw that. He meant by that to step beyond the training of individuals to the relations that training bore to the community. They wanted civic training as well as moral training. They wanted people who would give attention to that, and give the children a greater knowledge and love for society. They wanted teachers to bring individual ability to bear upon individual children, and then bring them to see their relation first of all to their school and then to the community. If they did that whilst the children were at school, they would get them to carry it on in the family."

At the Rochester Diocesan Conference held on April last, a motion by Canon Evan Daniel well expressed the now recognized truth.

At the same Conference, Mr. Lay-

man foreshadows the true means of averting the social dangers of the present day by moving the following resolution :

"That in the present crisis of Church elementary education some organization in the shape of Church School Boards might usefully promote co-operation among Churchmen, and otherwise protect existing schools; and that this Conference requests the President to invite the Rochester Diocesan Board of Education to consider the matter without delay.' By Mr. Layman—"That this Conference deploras the inequity of opportunity between rich and poor, and urges all Churchmen to support such measures as may diminish it. This Conference is also of opinion that Christians should not only invest their money wisely, but should also inquire whether the profit on their investments is increased by undue pressure on the labouring classes."

The man whose feelings are most readily reached through his pocket will be strongly appealed to by the example which Mr. Chamberlain gave of the cost of free education, if it ever becomes an accomplished fact, according to the programme of the anti-religious educationalists. He took Birmingham, where there are Board schools providing accommodation for 41,900 children, at a cost to the rates alone—not the total cost of the education—of 72,000*l.* a year. There are also voluntary schools accommodating 26,000, which cost the rates nothing at all. But if the desires of the secularists come to pass the result will be the disappearance of these schools. If they remained fee-collecting schools the scholars would gravitate to the

free schools; if they became free schools they would have to be maintained out of the rates. In either case there would be 26,000 additional places to be provided in Birmingham, and an increase of sixpence or sevenpence in the pound on the rates. The same thing would happen all over the country. Even if there were much fault to be found with the voluntary system—and we maintain that it has done, and is doing, a work for the nation which has an incalculable effect upon its spiritual life and moral welfare—its extinction at so enormous a cost would be ridiculous and vastly extravagant.

The necessity of religious training for the young of to-day, who will be the nation of to-morrow, is perhaps brought more vividly home to us just now by a recent terrible crime, for which one of the perpetrators has paid with his life on the scaffold. The sympathy of the public went out at once to those young men when it was learned that their father had deliberately and wilfully deprived them of all the safeguards with which a religious training would have provided them. It is not too much to say they were probably made criminals by the absence of the restraining and training influence of religion upon their life and character.

AIMS OF CHURCH WORK.

[Extract from a Letter to a Clergyman.]

The items which you name as desirable for a Church paper are, of course, indispensable in a weekly or even in a large Church monthly,—though in the latter many items of news would be stale. Unfortunately too many of the laity and even some of the clergy, 'skip' over news from

all parishes but their own or those near by. But in a monthly they will read short, pithy articles, spiced here and there with some harmless pleasantries, capable of conveying a moral. My object is to fill my little pamphlet with such short articles, all bearing upon sound religious teaching, as understood and appreciated by—not extremists on either side—but those known in England as 'S. P. G. men.' My constant aim is, by this little paper, to obtain admittance amongst reasonable people of all names, and preach Christ and His Church in such a way as to teach nominal Churchmen the blessings and privileges of their portion of the Lord's vineyard,—(not forgetting their consequent responsibilities,)—and this in such a way as to say to outside christians, "Come with us and we will do the good," and to the narrow-minded and uncharitable amongst ourselves—"Friend, come up higher," "Let us worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

As to Diocesan notices, &c., in all parishes there are a number of people who prefer a daily secular paper to a church weekly,—not caring for the religious, or the sometimes narrow and uncharitable teachings conveyed by the latter. There is also another large number too poor to afford even a dollar a year for any newspaper. The former class contains many who do not object to a cheap Church monthly, if it is at all interesting, or does not occupy too much time in the reading. The other class do not find CHURCH WORK a serious tax on their means, or get it as a tract from their clergyman, who finds it nearly as useful as a lay-reader, or indeed as some curate. Its leaders are purposely writ-

ten in plain Saxon English, so that the poorest person in the parish can understand them. The aim in writing or selecting for it is to carefully avoid involved or complicated sentences.—[ED. CH. WORK.]

BEFORE GOD.

A heathen who lived in the days of S. Paul wrote these wise words: "Speak to man as if you knew that God heard you. Speak to God as if men heard you." What a world would this soon be, if Christians tried to act on this good advice! Did we all deal with one another as we would if we saw God looking on and listening, what a change would come over the ways of most of us. And yet we say we believe God sees and hears us always. None of us need to be told of a truth so plain. If we believe it, surely we cannot care much for what God thinks of us. We know that when some friend whom we look up to, and whom we wish to think well of us is by, we are more careful than we are tempted to be at other times. The favour of God and His thoughts about us should be at least as important to us as those of any human being. Our carelessness when "only God" is near seems to warn us that our faith in there being a God under whose eye we live needs to be tested.

The other part of the advice has to do with our whole life, not only with the words we say and the promises we make to God. Every wish speaks to God, every inward resolution to do better is a vow made to Him. In every means of grace, we come before Him for some gift, which we pledge ourselves to use. Alas, how unfit all is for even the eye or ear of man! How awfully

we are apt to trifle with the most High! People, whose word is their bond in dealing with one another, make vows to God, and do not think it any shame to be false. They beg for grace which they mean to waste or fling from them. How strange to men would many of our prayers sound, were they written down with all the thoughts of other things that have crowded into our minds, and have spoken to God, mixed up with them! Our minds, while we pray, are bare to God, and everything we let stay there is before Him as plainly as the words of our prayers. What would we think of a friend who asked to speak to us, and who in the middle of his sentence wandered off into talk to himself about all sorts of things with which we had nothing to do! We would think him mad, or at all events would say that he could not have much respect for us, or interest in what he came to talk about. What would people think of us, if all that passes in our minds while we were on our knees could be heard around us! If we shrink at the thought of this; how dreadful not to shrink at the thought that God hears all.

About pulpit oratory, Dr. Guthrie said: "Mind the three P's., proving, painting, persuading. One preacher became so affectionate in his manner as to say, 'dear souls,' and inadvertently he would say as passed from place to place, "dear Belfast souls," "dear Dublin souls," and before he knew it he found himself saying, "dear Cork souls," which convulsed the Irish audience and then he stopped.

Get wealth honestly, use it generously, and govern it discreetly.

*FOREIGN MISSIONS.*A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN
SCHOOL-BOY.

His name was "Sandosham." That is a Tamil word which means "happiness," and a right happy little man my Sandosham was. Let us go and have a look at him. See, he is busy with his books, and although only a bit of a boy scarce ten years old, and not four feet high, he is reading in the highest class but one in the school. He maintains his place, too, at the top of the class, and has won prizes for rapid progress and general proficiency. He is a clever boy and a good boy, and as happy as the day is long. Look at his face. It is round and smiling with two glistening, intelligent eyes as black as jet. His color is a dark brown, but Sandosham must not be called black—he would be indignant if he heard you say that he was black. His hair is cut much shorter than many of his school-fellows wear theirs, and he does not tie it up in a knot like a farmer's bob tailed nag, as other Hindu boys do. Although shorter than is usually worn, it is long enough to hang in little curls about his face. His body is sparely built—a mere framework to imprisonment as bright a little life as ever breathed out of God's paradise.

But the school hours are over, and the boys are all flocking to the gymnasium. See that lad on the trapeze swinging high in the air, whilst others look on with admiration and fear. Something has gone wrong. Suddenly the boy falls to the ground. It is our Sandosham; but he is as light as a feather, and moreover, has fallen on a prepared bed of sand, so that he is not hurt much, and to

show his fearlessness he is on his feet in a moment, and in a twinkling has mounted the ropes and is flying through the air again as though nothing had happened. Watch him a little longer he has been lifted up to the horizontal bar, for he is too little to reach it by himself, and now he is whirling round and round the bar like a windmill, doing what is called the "music-grinder." He sits on the high bar, clasps his hands together to show that he is not holding to anything, then puts his head back, throws his feet over his head, and turning a graceful summersault in the air, he lands on his feet whilst your heart is almost in your mouth, as you wonder what is going to become of him. A minute later you see Sandosham with his feet where his head ought to be, for look! he is walking on his hands with his head down and his legs high in the air. He has won many a race in that fashion. The bell rings, and the choir boys are summoned to practice. Sandosham excels in leading the service of God just as in many other things. His motto seems to be, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and both at the Tamil and at the English service the boy's sweet voice may be heard carolling high above the rest. How beautiful he looks in his long, white cassock and his little surplice! He is the flower of the flock, and all the boys love him.

He is a favorite, too, with the clergyman, and goes with him on tours to congregations in the out-stations, for besides being clever and happy, Sandosham is useful in setting a devout example to other Christian children who come to church; and the missionary in India,

surrounded by heathenism, and indifference, needs a cheerful face near him in his trying work.

It is holiday-time, and Sandosham has gone home to a place seven miles distant to be with his father and mother, who dearly love him, not only for his good qualities, but because he is their youngest child.

India is not a very healthy country, and fever is very common. I am sorry to say that Sandosham has it, and, after staying a month at home without getting rid of the complaint, he was brought to Nazereth, where we have a medical mission. The clergyman sees him two or three times a day, and everything is done that can be thought of to combat the disease, but the little, thin form of Sandosham is fast wasting away with the burning heat of the fever, and he lies moaning on his bed, with parched lips and sunken eyes, though they are still bright and sparkling. He sometimes asks to see his schoolfellows, and many of them come to look at him. He takes little or no nourishment, and so I have just popped in, to tempt him with some sweet biscuits. Sandosham eagerly takes two or three with red and white sugar tops, which he thinks are of the right sort, and my device has succeeded, for the dear little boy's appetite is satisfied.

At night he is delirious, and imagines himself at play with the school boys, and flying in the air on the trapeze. During the daytime he is quite sensible, and when intercession is made to God on his behalf he is careful to repeat every petition in the Lord's Prayer. He is getting weaker and weaker, and at last says he does not want any more medicine. Listen to him. He says,

"God will certainly save me. Jesus is my Saviour. He will receive me."

* * * * *

As the end drew nigh he spoke to his parents and said, "You have watched over me so long, now do not trouble any more. It is all over." With a few more gasps and a short struggle, life's silver cord was loosed and the angels took the little soul to Paradise. Poor, little Sandosham! our tears fell fast, and the Indian signs of mourning and deep distress were heard far and wide. The same day the funeral took place.

Sandosham's little form was vested in his cassock and white surplice. He looked meet for that kingdom where Jesus still says, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." The cross-bearer headed the procession, and the choir boys followed with the clergy, and last of all came the little coffin, covered with white cloth and a blood red cross down the centre. The service proceeded with difficulty, for the officiating priest found it hard to read the prayers when all were sobbing as if their hearts would break.

Good-bye, my little Sandosham! May we all meet where you have gone. You were a sweet flower, spreading your odor all around, and now God has transplanted you to His own garden in Paradise. Good-bye, little Sandosham. Good bye!

"The Lord have need of these flowers gay,"

The reaper said and smiled;

"Sweet tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."

—Arthur Margoschis, *Missionary S. P. G., S. John's Mission, Nazereth, Tinnevely, South India.*

TOUCHING CEREMONY.

In the *Seminaire des Missions*

Etrangers at Paris, and singing "*In convertendo*, (Ps. cxvii) the young priests who are to be sent out to foreign lands, take their stand on the altar steps of the college chapel, and their fellow-students and relatives come forward and kiss their feet. Then follow the words of the Anthipon—"How beautiful are the feet."

The service takes place on the morning before the missionaries leave the college.

CAST IRON SYSTEMS.

It is a tyranny to impose upon every man a record of the precise time and way of their conversion to God. Few that have been restrained by a religious education can give such a one.—*Cotton Mather*.

INCIDENT OF A RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

At this time Mr. Avery, who had always kept a watchful eye upon us, had a special conversation with Harry and myself, the object of which was to place us right in our great foundations. Mr. Avery stood upon the basis that most good New England men, since Jonathan Edwards have adopted and regarded all young pupils, as a matter of course, out of the fold of the Church, and devoid of anything acceptable to God, until they had passed through a mental process, designated in well-known language, as conviction and conversion.

He began to address Harry therefore, upon this supposition. I well remember the conversation.

"My son," he said, "is it not time for you to think seriously of giving your heart to God?"

"I have given my heart to God," replied Harry calmly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Avery, with surprise, "when did that take place?"

"I have always done it."

Mr. Avery looked at him with a gentle surprise.

"Do you mean to say, my son, that you have always loved God?"

"Yes sir," said Harry, quietly.

Mr. Avery felt entirely incredulous, and supposed that this must be one of those specious forms of natural piety spoken of depreciatingly by Jonathan Edwards, who relates in his own memoirs similar exercises of early devotion as the mere fruits of the ungrafted natural heart. Mr. Avery, therefore, proceeded to put many theological questions to Harry on the nature of sin and holiness, on the difference between manly, natural affections and emotions, and those excited by the supernatural movement of a divine power on the soul—the good man begging him to remember the danger of self-deception, saying that nothing was commoner than for young folks to mistake the transient movements of mere natural emotions for real religion.

I observed that Harry, after a few moments became violently agitated. Two large veins upon his forehead swelled out, his eyes had that peculiar flash and fire that they had at rare intervals, when some thought penetrated through the usual gentle quietude of his surface-life to its deepest internal recesses. He rose and walked up and down the room, and finally spoke in a thick, husky voice, as one pants with emotion. He was one of the most reserved human beings I have ever known. There was a region of emotion deep within him which it was almost like death to him to express, There is something piteous and even fearful

in the convulsions by which such natures disclose what is nearest to their hearts.

"Mr. Avery," he said, "I have heard your preaching ever since I have been here, and thought of it all. It has done me good, because it has made think deeply. It is right and proper that our minds should be forced to think on all these subjects; but I have not thought, and cannot think, exactly like you, nor exactly like anyone that I know of. I must make up my opinion for myself. I suppose I am peculiar, but I have been brought up peculiarly. My lot in life has been very different from that of ordinary boys. The first ten years of my life, all that I can remember is the constant fear, and pain, and distress, and mortification, and want, through which my mother and I passed together,—she in this strange land,—her husband and my father worse than nothing to us, oftentimes our greatest terror. We should both of us have died, if it had not been for one thing: She believed that her Saviour loved her, and loved us all. She told me that these sorrows were from Him, that He permitted them because He loved us,—that they would be for good in the end. She died at last alone and utterly forsaken by everybody but her Saviour, and yet her death was blessed. I saw it in her eyes, and she left it as her last message to me, whatever happened to me, *never to doubt God's love*,—in all my life to trust Him, to seek His counsel in all things, and to believe that all that happened to me was ordered by Him. This was and is my religion; and after all that I have heard I can have no other. I do

love God because He is good, and because He has been good to me. I believe that Jesus Christ is God, and I worship God always through Him, and I leave everything for myself, for life and death in His hands. I know that I am not very good. I know, as you say, I am liable to make mistakes, and to deceive myself in a thousand ways, but *He* knows all things; and He can and will teach me; He will not let me lose myself. I feel sure."

"My son," said Mr. Avery, "you are blessed. I thank God with all my heart for you. Go on, and God be with you!"

It is to be seen that Mr. Avery was a man who always corrected theory by common sense. When he perceived that a child could be trained up a christian, and grow with the love of a heavenly Father as he grows in the love of an earthly one, by a daily and hourly experience of goodness, he yielded to the perceptions of his mind in that particular case.—"*Old Town Folks*," by H. B. Stowe.

Sunday Schools were first established in Nova Scotia in 1789. This fact rests on the authority of a printed sermon of Rev'd Roger Viets, "preached at Digby, in Nova Scotia, April 19th, 1789," in which he says: "But the abuse of the mornings, noons and evenings of Lord's days is in part obviated by the late excellent institution of Sunday Schools, for the establishment and support of which we are very much indebted to the piety and assiduity of our worthy Prelate, who is never weary in well-doing."—*Pioneer Missionary*.

There is heresy in charity as well as heresy in faith.

*THINGS WE OUGHT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE
CHURCH.*

I heard an old question asked the other day. "Do you mind telling me why people always kneel down when they first go into church?—on Sunday I mean. I kneel down too, but I have not the least idea why."

This is what an educated girl asked, and she spoke with perfect sincerity.

Now I fancy most of us could have answered this particular question. Nevertheless, there are questions of the same kind which we might not meet so comfortably, for it is quite surprising how much that goes on in church we take for granted.

All our lives we have seen certain done, we have certain things said, and it has never occurred to us to ask ourselves, "*Why* was this done?" "*Why* was that said?" and if a stranger were to put us through an examination, very likely we should come off rather badly.

Supposing, for instance, this stranger were to ask, "Why does your clergyman kneel down at one part of the prayers, and why does he stand at another part? Where did your services come from? Did some one person invent them, or did they come together bit by bit? Is it true, as I have heard, that your Church began at the Reformation? If not, when did it begin? Does the dress the clergymen wear in church mean anything? Who pays the clergy? Why should the Church have State endowments more than other bodies of Christians in England?"

In many a workshop have such

questions been asked, and in reply false assertions have been made respecting the Church, and have been upheld and believed, not because there were no loyal churchmen present, but because those churchmen had not their facts at their finger ends: and, of course, no Englishman cares to give a flat denial, especially about religious matters, unless he sees a way to make his case good.

A few notes, then, on these points may not be found without use and interest to our readers.

Let us start clear. When did the Church of England have her beginning? Not, you may be sure, at the Reformation. We must look for her birth far into the dim past—before England was even called England, before it was a United Kingdom, before the State had any existence.

The oldest native historian, Gildas, mentions that a Briton, who had been carried off to Rome a prisoner, brought back to his own country the knowledge of Christianity about six-three years after the birth of our Blessed Lord.

There are, also, historical hints which strongly suggest that S. Paul visited this country. At any rate, by the year 314 the church had taken root, for history tells us that in that year some British bishops were present at a council held at Arles, in France, and we hear of them again at later councils.

For nearly two thousand years, then, has the Church lived in England. Think of that! It is great idea and worth taking in.

A thing is not of necessity good because it is old: but when we have read a little history, remember how

through those slow-passing centuries, the Church has withstood and lived down the opposition that has beaten her like waves upon a rock, then we cannot but believe that there is a spring of life within her that will carry her on to the end of the earth.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE CHURCH.

Everybody knows there are different ways of building churches; plan and shape, pillars and arches, windows and porches, vary in every one.

We are not in this paper to consider the *architecture* of a church, but the *meaning* of the way in which it is built.

Perhaps it is a new idea to you that there should be any meaning at all; but to the first builders (and we still follow in their steps) a church was a kind of parable, and every part of it had its own story.

Since the days when they built their churches of basket-work, or of mud, and thatched them with straw, the same meanings have attached to the various parts.

Let us see what those meanings are, and we will take a church very simply arranged.

You will observe at once that, roughly speaking, it has three parts: the *nave*, the *chancel*, the *sanctuary*.

The *nave* is that larger part in which the congregation remains; the *chancel* is that part in which the choir and organ are usually placed; and the *sanctuary* is the smaller space where the altar stands.

You will have noticed, too, that the altar is always placed so high that worshippers at the other end of the church can see it.

On the other hand, the font for baptism, which one would naturally consider a holy thing, stands quite near the door by which you enter the church.

There is no accident about this. The font is the very beginning of the Christian life, and, therefore, is placed by the door. Presently, the little Christian takes his place as one of the congregation in the nave. A few years more, and he goes forward to kneel at the chancel step to receive the laying-on of hands, or Confirmation; and then he is permitted humbly to seek the altar to receive the Bread of Life, which is to strengthen his soul on his way through this wilderness to the Heavenly City.

The altar is, of course, the most sacred spot in the Church. In some churches you will see people bow and curtsey to it. I think it may be useful to explain why.

We must go back a long way to get at the meaning—so far back as the first act of worship we hear of outside Paradise. What was that? The offering of a lamb in sacrifice by 'righteous Abel.'

God ordained sacrifice from the beginning of the world; and if you look into the Old Testament you will find sacrifice running through it all. There it is—from Jacob alone in the wilderness, pouring out his oil upon the stone, to the dedication of Solomon's Temple, when 'the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud,' and on through a thousand years till the Temple was destroyed.

It all meant one thing; it all pointed to the sacrifice on the Cross of the Lamb of God.

And as the Jewish sacrifice looked

forward to the 'onetrue sacrifice,' so our Christian sacrifice looks *back*. On every altar this memorial is offered 'till He come.' Is it not fitting, then, that the altar should be raised high, that Christians should salute it in honour of their Lord, and that it should be made more beautiful than anything else in the church?

Every part of a church has its own meaning, and all meanings are gathered up, so to speak, round the Holy Table.—*Mary Bell*.

THE PIONEER CHURCH.

"As by the royal letter of instructions given to the early colonists, the religion and polity of the Church of England were distinctly established, and as religious services were held, and a sermon preached on the day of the debarkation of the colonists at Kennebec, by their chaplain, who also officiated during the time the colony remained, it is certain that on the shores of Atkins' Bay, the hallowed strains of England's ritual were heard at no infrequent intervals during the autumn of 1607 and the succeeding winter. And these are the first instances of the use of the liturgy and the performance of the rites of the Episcopal Church in any part of the present United States, north of Virginia. And not only so,—this was THE FIRST PROTESTANT WORSHIP AND PREACHING, BY AN ORDAINED MINISTER, IN ANY PORTION OF THIS VAST TERRITORY."—*Frontier Missionary*.

Irish Churchmen have voluntarily contributed £170,000 5s. for Church purposes during last year, being an increase of £22,343 6s. 8d. as compared with the previous year.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE.

In the seventeenth century a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner. He treated him with the greatest barbarity. The slave—for such this cruel master made him—was yoked with an ox, and obliged to drag the plough.

But the tide of war took another turn, and the Turk was captured by some Hungarians, who freed their fellow-countryman, and said to him, 'Now take your revenge upon your enemy.'

The Turkish prisoner, thinking he could not expect anything less horrible than to be tormented to death by one whose life he had made one long agony, swallowed hastily some poison that he had about him, hoping thus to die an easier death.

But the Christian 'had not so earned Christ.' He sent a messenger to his former master, bidding him go in peace, for he had nothing to fear. The unhappy Mahomedan was so amazed at this heavenly kindness, that he cried with his dying breath, 'I will not die a Moslem, but a Christian; for there is no religion but that of Christ, which teaches the forgiveness of injuries.'

The following words of the late Prof. Henry B. Smith are worth remembering: One thing is certain, that Infidel Science will rout everything excepting thorough-going Christian Orthodoxy. All the flabby theories, and the moluscuous formations, and the intermediate purgatories of speculation will go by the board. The fight will be between a stiff, thorough-going Orthodoxy, and a stiff, thorough-going Infidelity."

TENTH THOUSAND PER CENT

Mr. Stuart dropped into the office of his friend, Mr. Morris, in a mood decidedly 'depressed, occasioned by a business investment that had proved a failure. It was a little after business hours, but Mr. Morris was still in his office and alone. He laid down his pen and greeted his friend with a cheerful nod and a cheerful "How are you, Stuart?" "Sour as an east wind," was the response, as he looked at the beaming countenance of his friend, whom he had known for many a year, and whose counsel he had sought many a time and scarcely ever been disappointed.

There appeared to be a little more than the usual brightness in Mr. Morris' face as he wheeled his chair round and bade his friend be seated in another. Mr. Stuart noticed it, and said :

"What are you up to, Morris? Had some good news, eh?"

"Oh, no, Stuart," he replied, "nothing unusual or new in particular. I was only thinking of a little investment I was just about making."

"I thought so," said Stuart; "and a good one I'll be bound."

"I think so," was the reply. "What would you say to ten thousand per cent?"

"Ten thousand per cent! You are raving."

"Not a bit of it," said Morris. "And the very best of security—a regular royal pledge."

Now I know you are crazy. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Crazy? Not a bit of it," said Mr. Morris. "This," wheeling round his chair and laying his hand upon a paper on his desk, "is a cheque

which I have just signed and intend for a poor missionary whom I know. I have just heard he is sick and in much need. The Scripture says that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' but I was never awakened to that fact of what interest He pays until yesterday, when our clergyman startled me by saying that He had promised ten thousand per cent. I pricked up my ears at the statement, and waited curiously to hear the proof; and there it was, sure enough, in St. Matthew xix:29: 'And every one that hath left house, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or children or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold and inherit eternal life.'"

"I was struck at the sound of ten thousand per cent., but I figured it out and found it correct. The preacher was very much in earnest as he declared the Lord's dividend. He was as enthusiastic as a stock broker, only in an infinitely more noble cause. I was very much impressed at the time with the thought, and, in fact, have been ever since. It was in my mind when you came in. Not that I can lay claim for a moment to the spirit of self-sacrifice which the text quoted indicates, but my gift to the poor is a loan to the Lord, and I am not afraid but that I shall reap a good dividend."

"You take a worldly-wise view of the matter, don't you?" inquired Mr. Stuart.

"Perhaps I do; but it will bear it, although it is only one view."—*Selected.*

Hypocrisy never forwarded any good cause. The secret tippler, for example, is the worst foe of temperance.

Stand up for your faith.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

We are all coming to feel that Church music is a great help to Worship. It opens with singing, and the way in which the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate Deo* ascend to the throne of God on High, plays a very important part in the way we worship Him, and has an edifying effect on ourselves. I feel that if members of the choir accept from God and the minister the privilege of taking part in the services, the one thing they owe to Almighty God, to the congregation, and themselves, is reverence. I know choirs, where their singing is almost a means of Grace: it is done so beautifully, so reverently, and with so much care, that it lifts up the whole service to a higher level. I have also, I am sorry to say, seen choirs which, during the service, were turning over their music books, or whispering, and were not praying; and people see it, and a chill comes over the service, and those who ought to be nearest to God when in His presence, and helpers of the service, are actual hindrances. I again impress upon you one secret—reverence.—*Bishop Thorold.*

LOOK AT HOME.

"With that clog on your leg, Ned, I wonder you attempt to mix with respectable people," said Silver, the white cow. "Really, I'm quite ashamed of you."

"Your servant, ma'am," answered the donkey. "I don't see that I am to blame for it seeing that I did not put it on myself."

"No, you were not likely to do that; but if you hadn't taken to opening the gate with your nose, and

wandering off, nobody knows where, so that you could never be found when wanted, the master wouldn't have fettered you. You needn't look at me so boldly; it's a disgrace, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Neddie, looking steadfastly at the knobs on the ends of Silver's horns; "but I was so taken up with looking at those things which the master put on your horns that day you broke down the hedge and tried to toss the dog, that I did not quite hear you. Please say it again."

It is best, you see, to look at home—to look at your own faults instead of those of others. If we do this we shall be quite busy.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Roman cult, with its double violence of a latin liturgy, and such absolute choral absorption of even that, has all the while muzzled the congregation, and imprisoned them under the subjection of absolute silence in the House of God. The breath and voice of public praise and worship are asphyxiated. For the people, there remains neither personal confession, Creed, Lord's Prayer, response, psalm, not even an Amen!

In the providence of God it has remained for the Anglican Communion to re-instate, and build up afresh this threefold, tripartite, liturgic worship, in which priest, choir, and congregation are constitutional and hereditary participants. The liturgy in a "language understood of the people," is the perpetual guaranty and surety for all this.

Speak out for your church.

THE DISCOVERY OF QUININE.

A poor man travelling about in America fell sick of fever by the way-side. Water was his one cry. But the pool near him soon dried up and failed, so with aching limbs and dizzy head he crawled a half-mile further, and stooped down by the next pool. But when he tasted the water it was so bitter that he shrank from it. Yet, he must drink or die, for he could go no further.

That day he felt a little better. Still he drank of the bitter water, and still he murmured at it. How hard it seemed for a sick man to be compelled to drink such nauseous stuff! As soon as he could, he would seek a better spring. Each day now found him rapidly gaining strength, he knew not why, till he discovered that a certain tree had fallen into the pool and given the water its bitter taste, and also its healing and restoring powers.

Affliction may be to us like those bitter waters. When we cannot see the use of a trial, when our discontent would say that it was needless, think of the story of the first discovery of 'bark,' and how that bitter water had hidden virtue in it.

Mr. T. F. Bowen, late the Congregational minister at Emmetsburg, has become a postulant for orders in the Church. Mr. Bowen is scholarly and accomplished, and his addition to our numbers will be a decided gain.

The Church of England is the most powerful Protestant church in Christendom to-day. They have more godly men and more vital piety than any organization I know of in the world.—*Mr. Moody.*

SCRAPS.

It is an interesting fact to know that there is now a larger number of Jews in Palestine than at any other period since the time of our Lord. There are more than 42,000 Jews now in their Fatherland, which is almost the same number as returned from the captivity in Babylon.

At a recent Wesleyan missionary meeting some damaging statements were made in regard to the success of the work done in South India, as compared with that achieved by the S. P. G. and the C. M. S. It appeared that the Wesleyans spend annually in educational work £13,582 and have 2083 members. The C. M. S. in the same region, spends £3000 more than the Wesleyans, but it reports 67,533 members. The S. P. G. spends £600 less than the Wesleyans, but it reports 46,466 members and 12,717 catechumens.

"It is not rank, or wealth, or state,
But 'get up and get' that makes men
great"
These few lines that look so solemn
The printer put in to fill up the column.

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others
—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

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