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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1880.

ON the Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, the Rev. Enos Nuttall was consecrated in St. Paul's, London, Bishop of Jamaica; the Rev. G. E. Moule, Bishop of Ningpo; and the Rev. C. P. Scott, Bishop of North China.

The Rev. R. A. J. Suckling, of St. Edmond's Hall, Oxford, rector of Barsham, Beccles, has accepted the vicarage of St. Peter's, London Docks, vacated by the death of the Rev. C. F. Lowder.

A collection was recently made for the Church Missionary Society in the congregation of John's Chapel, Hampstead. It amounted to more than £500 stg.

It is intended to erect a church at Isandula, South Africa, to commemorate the loss of so many brave men.

The Bishop of North Queensland was one of the guests at the dedication festival of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell. At the annual supper, the Right Reverend Prelate said they knew there were certain traditions about a church which it was a kind thing to keep up. Now that he had attained his present position, he wished to be regarded as lifted entirely out of the region of party. He wished to hold the reins with an impartial hand, and was ready to work with all who could find a place within the comprehensive bounds of the grand old Church of England.

The Diocese of Rangoon has been chiefly founded by Churchmen in the Diocese of Winchester, in which the first Bishop, Dr. Titcomb, was formerly rector. At a meeting held in the Chapter House, Winchester, previous to his return to his Diocese, Bishop Titcomb stated that he had ordained eight clergymen—one Englishman, one Burmese, one Hindoo, and five Karens. He said that Buddhism was the most tolerant form of heathenism with which he was acquainted; and the converts to Christianity among the Burmese never suffered anything like persecution. He had published a tract against Buddhism, and it had already been introduced into one of their schools. No government aid was required, and there could scarcely be found a boy that could not read his own language. In Burmah there is no such thing as caste. At Rangoon there is a pagoda two thousand years old. The keeper of the sacred records at that pagoda, who was a Buddhist of the Buddhists, had told the Bishop that he saw no objection to his sons becoming Christians. Bishop McDougall, however, observed that the Buddhists were not so tolerant in China.

News from India mentions an expected raid on the Scinde frontier. A small force has accordingly been ordered, under Colonel Norman, to Sib

to strengthen frontier posts and protect railways.

A statue was inaugurated, on the 28th, in Christiania, Norway, to its founder and great benefactor, King Christian IV. King Oscar honored the occasion with his presence.

General Manuel Gonzales is declared President of the Republic of Mexico. He is to be installed on the first of December.

Terrific storms have raged around the coasts of Great Britain, involving great loss of life by shipwreck, inundations, &c.

The revenue returns of France for the last month show a surplus on the estimates of six millions francs, although the beet-root sugar duty shows a deficit of four million, seven hundred thousand francs.

England is shipping wheat to Russia. The United States are sending grain and tallow to the same country.

It is announced that the King of Burmah has easily suppressed a futile attempt at rebellion got up by Prince Nyoungoke, and is now preparing for a war with England.

A new church has been built in Killadeas, Ireland, and many churches have undergone improvement. In many parishes also large sums have been raised for glebes.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who recently resigned his office of Under-Secretary for India, in consequence of the introduction of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, has determined to reside with his family, on his Irish estate, during the winter. Earl Fitzwilliam, also has, at the request of his tenantry, determined to spend the winter on his property in the county of Wicklow.

It is stated that the Land League receives no countenance from the Roman Catholic Archbishop McCabe. At the harvest Thanksgiving services of the Roman Catholic churches of the metropolitan district, a pastoral was read from the Archbishop, in which he said that, while admitting that the land laws were bad, and gave bad landlords the power to oppress their tenants, a power which many had exercised, he knew there were many good landlords, between whom and the people good will should prevail. He deprecated the exciting language used at the land meetings by speakers who, if they did not mean what their words seemed to imply, yet met with no rebuke in the cries for vengeance and blood which they excited among their ignorant hearers—their conduct differing widely, in this respect, from that of O'Connell, who never failed, when a threat was uttered at any of his meetings to censure it with all the power of his grand eloquence.

The death of the eminent astronomer, Mr. William Lassell, took place on the 4th ult., at the age of 82. With a reflecting telescope, constructed by himself, he discovered the satellite of Neptune in 1847, and in 1848, simultaneously with

the late Professor Bond, he discovered Hyperion, an eighth satellite of the planet Uranus, (Umbriel and Ariel), anterior to the two discovered by Sir W. Herschel in 1787.

Since Sir Bartle Frere's arrival in England, it has been discovered that, "it is well to remember that the late High Commissioner in South Africa has performed elsewhere, and more especially in India, services to his country, far too great to be robbed of lustre by a recent example of misplaced daring and doubtful success."

The Social Science Congress, recently in session in Edinburgh, is regarded as not having been very successful. Lord Reay's inaugural address, which dealt with social science in its application to international law, was interesting in many parts. Mr. Hubert Herkømer read a paper on art, in which he did not shrink from expressing a doubt whether the artistic influence of masters on pupils was not injurious, rather than advantageous. He also said that art students, in our day, are most unreasonable in number. In this respect his language would be true, only on the understanding that all those who study art, do so for the sole purpose of getting their living by practising it.

The death is announced of the Rev. Henry Clarke, at the age of 76. He was born at Goa, in India, and was a son of the Governor of Seringatam. He was chaplain to the late Duke of Sussex, and was a Churchman of a very pronounced type, while Newman was yet in the English Church, and when the nicknames given in modern times, to close adherents to the Prayer Book were unknown.

## THE TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THE Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany should be used on this Sunday, in accordance with the Rubric at the end of the Gospel for the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, which states:—"If there be any more Sundays before Advent Sunday, the service of some of the Sundays that were omitted after the Epiphany shall be taken in order to supply so many as are here wanting. And if there be fewer, the overplus may be omitted; provided that this last Collect, Epistle, and Gospel shall always be used on the Sunday next before Advent." So that, if there are two of these Sundays, "the services for the fifth and sixth Sunday after Epiphany should be used; if only one, that for the sixth Sunday, which has evidently been appointed with a view to its fitness for use on the Sunday next but one to Advent.

On this Sunday, then, we have brought before us especially the final manifestation of the triumph and glory of Messiah, and the participation of Christians in that triumph and glory. "When our Lord said that men would see the Son of Man coming in the clouds with power and great glory, He certainly did not merely mean that they would see, in the destruction of the ancient city of David, a vindication and triumph of His own cause,—not merely that His coming in the clouds of Heaven was a kind of metaphorical equivalent for the destruction of the city of David, amid scenes of fire

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and blood. He dwells, indeed, on the destruction of the city, and predicts His own coming to judgment, and although in St. Luke's account the two events are distinguished by a separating particle, in this of St. Matthew He speaks of the two events together, as embodying that idea of judgment which is common to them both; and, perhaps, in the expression, "the tribulation of those days," He includes the calamities of the Jewish people, connected with their dispersion down to the period of their ultimate return to their own land. When Christ spoke in these solemn terms of Himself as coming in the clouds of Heaven, He was appropriating, as belonging to His own person, that vision of the prophet Daniel, in which "One like unto the Son of Man came with the clouds of Heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought Him near before Him; and there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom that all nations, and languages should serve Him." But Daniel says nothing of a judgment; and our Lord, therefore, is not merely applying the prophet's words to Himself; He is doing so with reference to a particular occasion which He announces. It is this, which, of itself, would have made it impossible to resolve the allusions to the clouds and the majesty and the glory into a mere metaphor, descriptive of the spiritual side of a great calamity, if our Lord had not, in the next chapter, so expounded what here He states more concisely, as to make this procedure impossible. That picture of the King on His Throne, with all the nations before Him, with the host of ministering angels around Him, with the impassable chasm between the saved and the lost, with the two-fold sentence, is either, in its broad outlines, a most substantial prediction, or it is a worthless figment. There is no room for doubting what the Divine Speaker meant by it, and He will be taken at His word, or otherwise, just as men do, or do not, believe that He is what He claimed to be.

#### RICH AND POOR IN GOD'S HOUSE.

ARE FREE SEATS ENOUGH?

FEW people are aware of the amount of trouble taken by clergymen and parish visitors to induce the poverty stricken to appear at public worship. They naturally shrink from a contrast which makes "odious comparison" inevitable with their well-to-do fellow-citizens, everywhere. You do not meet them—except in the case of beggars, who have lost all self-respect, or are driven to desperation—rubbing shoulders with silk and broadcloth on our fashionable thoroughfares, or gay street parades; nor do you find them in public meetings or assemblies, even where the admission is free. "Misery loves company," and this class of people loves to congregate where there will be no one so well-dressed and well-fed as to remind them of their poverty. This is the stereotyped feeling of the poor, and all the clergymen and visitors in the world—disregarding this essential element of their feelings—cannot make very perceptible headway in bringing these people to church, where they are sure to meet those who, (albeit unconsciously), remind them of their misery.

The question is, Do we go the right way about it? Do we really make allowance for the natural feeling? Or do we foolishly set it at defiance, and try to "make water run up-hill?" Again and again do we see churches erected with a missionary intention among the poor, and, at first, filled fairly with the class for whom they were chiefly or primarily intended, gradually lose their missionary

character and become depleted of their most desired material. The cause being that the Church has been invaded by people dressed with ostentatious regard to fashion and display. Visitors to St. Alban's, Holborn, used to notice that, at the ordinary 11 o'clock service, it was filled by a fashionable congregation, drawn from the West End of London; but the more observant and careful kind of investigators soon discovered that the poor appeared in considerable numbers at the earlier services, which happened to be too early for the West-Enders living four or five miles away. In process of time, the West End people have erected similar churches for themselves nearer home, and left St. Alban's, gradually, more to itself. The poor began to "crop up" at the mid-day services; but the process of weaning them back from a service from which they had been, as it were, frightened from by uncongenial company, is necessarily slow. So in hundreds, indeed thousands, of other churches, of very different types from St. Alban's. The advantage of St. Peter's, London Docks, was that it was situated in a part of the slums into which even the most rash and courageous "fashionable" would scarcely dare to penetrate, or, at least, care to repeat the experiment; and so the poor had their "Father Lowder" and their gorgeous services all to themselves, and could easily realize that they were "in a little Heaven here below," and in the very gate of the Heaven of angels.

The remedy easily suggests itself, viz., let the people who can afford to dress splendidly, keep their splendid dress for more fitting places—the ball room, the concert, the fashionable promenade, the opera; and never flaunt their prosperity in the faces of the poor! It requires self-denying effort, some judicious and careful management, to arrange a rich wardrobe so as to include that which will not suggest wealth too ostentatiously. The same thing is still more true of ladies. But is not the object worth the effort? Is not the achievement of getting our poorer brethren by our side in God's house worth the exertion of making the arrangements? It is true that the poorer classes themselves often show want of consideration amongst themselves; the families of the better kinds of mechanics dressing so flashily as to drive the laborers to despair. If, however, those who are supposed to know better, gifted with higher education, taste and refinement of social life, set an example of modest and unassuming dress, in church at least, the middle classes of our people will as quickly follow them in the good habit as they do now in the habit, and the poorest of all will be able to take their places comfortably in all our churches—once more, instead of being driven to out-of-the-way "Mission Rooms," and hole-and-corner services in some of their cottages. Not a few well-meaning, but shallow-trained, youths devote themselves to the fraternizing of poor people in "cottage meetings," instead of getting them to church, whence they have been driven by the over-dressing of these very youths and their friends.

The pew system is already moribund in Canada, but to little purpose, if the still more offensive dress system be not sent after it. In a pewed church there is commonly provided a separate quarter for the poor, where they may sit together without being brought into close contact with their well-dressed brethren; but in a free church, the close local contact brings out the painful contrast more clearly—a poor man cannot sit anywhere but that he is liable to find his next neighbor

dressed like a lord. It is a pity their minds are not strong enough to stand the trial of this odious comparison; but they are human, and, (by reason of their misery), peculiarly sensitive about such matters. We must take them as we find them, make allowance for their infirmities as well as their misfortunes, and then we shall experience the pleasure of carrying out the Golden Rule. "That the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak" is one of the chief precepts of the Gospel; and one of the least practiced. Let us give up lamenting over the callousness of the poor, in regard to the duty of public worship, and the practice of abusing them for it; and set ourselves to remove from ourselves the very obstacles that stand in their way. We need not go to church in rags; but we can dress so plainly that neatness and cleanliness will become more conspicuous in us than costliness and splendor. Then the poor can and will imitate us.

#### A STRONG PULL—ALL TOGETHER.

A CHURCH newspaper, such as ours, is a *Live Trust*; it depends on the good will of its subscribers, as evinced, not only by the prompt payment of their individual subscriptions, but in their efforts to promote the spread of the paper, and the enlargement of its subscription list. A rich corporation—half-a-dozen millionaires will do—can pay a handsome salary for an editor, print a paper, circulate it gratis, or at a nominal subscription, without difficulty; but, if the paper be a private enterprise for the good of the Church—the editor and proprietor require, meanwhile, to live in order to do their work—those who are interested in the paper must put their shoulder to the wheel and HELP.

We have to thank not a few of the clergy and laity, including the ladies, of Canada, from Sandwich to Halifax, for noble-hearted help during the past year; but these have only made, by the light of their good works, the darkness of the inactivity of others visible. Those who have helped—some of them under great difficulties—by getting people to subscribe for our paper, have demonstrated how much might be done if all, or nearly all, were to do likewise. The result would, indeed be exceedingly satisfactory.

Meanwhile, "every little helps," every man, woman, and child among our subscribers, [for we have, for instance, a round dozen subscribers among the Sunday School children of one of the poorest parishes in the Diocese of Toronto, can do something to lighten the load of our labors and difficulties. The DOMINION CHURCHMAN is now an assured success, probably without parallel in the history of the Canadian Church; but the "trust must be kept alive," the success should be increased. We have confidence in our good friends through the length and breadth of Canada, that, amongst the fruits of the bountiful harvest and returning prosperity of our country, will be found, not only arrears of hard times, in past years, paid up, but a goodly number of NEW SUBSCRIBERS among the "comfortable farmers," and other thankful inhabitants of Canada. Let the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, [as is the case with the papers of Methodists, Baptists, etc.], be at the fire-side of every Churchman *this winter*; and we promise to give them articles that they will enjoy reading, and which will add to their comfort.

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## CHRISTIAN UNION.

BY THE REV. G. J. LOW.

Paper read at a late Visitation of the Bishop of Ontario and first published in the "Churchman," U.S.

(Continued from last week.)

3—The Doctrines of Predestination and Free Will.—Here we have two doctrines entirely contradictory of each other; yet each start from premises which we must needs admit. On the one hand concede, as we cannot but do, the unlimited sovereignty and omnipotence of God, that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father," then all the system of Calvinism logically follows. God has ordained everything, otherwise His power and sovereignty are limited; therefore He has ordained sin. Some are saved, therefore He has ordained who shall be saved. And so on, until we come to the conclusion which has been arrived at by consistent logicians on this side of the question, viz.: the Doctrine of Limited Atonement, the Reprobation of Infants, and all that whole scheme, at which even modern Presbyterianism shudders; in which the Father of All is represented as a monster, capricious and cruel, who elects some to be saved, do what they may, and others to be damned, do what they will—a conclusion at which Calvinism itself stands aghast, as it sees the Frankenstein of its own constructing, and hears the words of Holy Writ, like the echoes of mocking phantoms:—"God so loved the world," "Who will have all men to be saved," "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

On the other hand, start with the proposition that man is responsible, therefore a free agent, and that will land us logically at the conclusion: That God's omnipotence and sovereignty and knowledge are all circumscribed, and that, too, by the action and will of man, His creature; that God's action is contingent upon the conduct of man; that there are certain things over which He has no control; that God, in short, is no God at all.

Now, let any one study the controversies of the past—let him take Toplady and the Calvinists, on the one hand, and Fletcher and the Arminians, on the other—and he will, I think, agree with me, that each starts from premises true in themselves, yet each abhors and repudiates the logical conclusion which the other forces upon him from those premises. And how are we going to get over the difficulty? How can the great champions on either side reconcile matters? I venture to state none of them do, and none of them ever will. Let us, then, as in the two former cases, accept both propositions.

4. We will take another case, which, like the rest, should be entered upon with all humility and reverence: the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. Do we not see that here, too, the curious and carnal logic of men has led them to conclusions from which we must needs recoil?

On the one hand, we have Zwinglius maintaining that the words of the Lord are merely metaphorical. And the result of this is, that we must look upon the Holy Ordinance simply as our act, and something we "make" a profession, as, indeed, it is popularly termed. It is not "the Communion of the Body of Christ,"—it is only a badge or token, which it is optional with us to assume or not. It is not, "the food the weary pilgrim loves," it is only his palmer's hat and scallop-shell. It is not the strengthening and refreshing of the combatants for the strife,—it is only the self-imposed medal in token of his self-adjudged victory.

On the other hand, trace the course of logic in the opposite direction. We begin with stating, after the great Anglican divines, that there is something more in this holy mystery than the bare metaphor. There comes Cobb, in his "Kiss of Peace," showing that the old Anglican Doctrine is not altogether illogical—that we must take the words of institution as either strictly figurative, or strictly literal. Under the latter alternative, it follows that the bread, after consecration, is the Body of Christ, and nothing else; then that it is Body, Blood and Divinity of Christ, since these are joined together, never more to be divided; then, the cup is precisely the same. If so, the distinction in the words of consecration over the two several elements is without a difference, and the words themselves might be transposed. If so, the taking of the cup is superfluous. Then, owing to fear of accidents, of intemperance, &c., the cup should be withheld. And so on, until we arrive at all the absurd and unprimitive doctrines of Rome. Here, again, does not true wisdom consist in simply accepting, however illogical, both propositions. It is Bread and Wine; it is the Communion of the Body of Christ; it is the Communion of the Blood of Christ—and giving up as a hopeless and useless, and, I may add, profane, task, all attempts at harmonizing, explaining, or defining.

5. And lastly, to take the great question which agitates the Christian world to-day so much: What is the ultimate rule of faith—private judgment, or Church authority? I stop not to consider what some would call the middle ground—that "the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants"—because I conceive that ground is untenable. And, besides, the formula is now not true; "the Bible and the Bible alone" is now no longer the religion of all Protestants; many reject it in part, others wholly. Nor does it meet the case to say that most orthodox Christians hold it true, on private judgment or on authority? The formula "the Bible and the Bible alone is the Word of God," is itself a dogma, and, like all other dogmas, must be submitted to the test. The question, I repeat, must ultimately be: Do we accept private judgment or authority as our guide of life and rule of faith?

And much may be said on both sides, and the partisans of each may start from premises which we will have to concede, and yet arrive at opposite conclusions, neither of which we would be willing to accept. For, on the one hand, private judgment would logically bring us, as it has actually brought Protestantism, to confusion and disintegration; and on the other, authority would logically bring us, as it has actually brought Rome, to autocratic power and personal infallibility. Neither of these conclusions do we accept. May not the truth lie, as in the previous cases adduced, in accepting both propositions?

And, after all, is this spirit of comprehension so absurd? Is it not precisely what we see in God's Book of Nature? Is not the course of this world, and of all the universe, maintained by two laws of diametrically opposite tendency? Philosophers tell us that there is a force, which they call gravity, which tends to draw everything to one centre, which force, if uninterrupted, would at last produce one universal deadlock; but that this gravity is counteracted by a centrifugal force, whose tendency is the direct opposite of the other. These two forces do not neutralize one another, rather they co-operate, and the sublime movement of the spheres is the resultant of the two. Now, if a purblind philosopher were to concentrate his attention upon either of these laws, he would logically prove to us either that the world had long ago flown into a myriad pieces, or that it had been swallowed up in the sun.

And the analogue of this can be traced in all human associations. All governments contain the two forces in various proportion. The centripetal force is the type of union, of submission to authority, of Toryism; while the centrifugal symbolizes individualism, private judgment, Radicalism. Either force, alone and uncontrolled, would bring things to a disastrous issue; and the Body Politic would either gravitate to a slavish autocracy, or fall to pieces in the lawlessness of a French revolution.

Such, then, is the general principle which, which, I think, must be laid down as the basis of all union; and such is the broad ground on which the Church must stand, not because it is politic, but because it is true. And if this be so, must we not thank God, and

congratulate ourselves, that such seems to be peculiarly the ground of the Anglican Church? And may we not believe that what has been so rightly called the "Middle" than a compromise, but with the great Bishop Warburton said he did rather exceed comprehension, shall yet prove itself to the Christian world to have been the true wisdom? And that those Fathers of the Church, whom extremists of all kinds, from the days of Milton down to our own, have derided for their "halting and impotent conclusions," shall yet be deemed, of all men, to have been moved by the Spirit of God?

But it may be asked, Is everything to be held in this duplicate and ambiguous fashion? Is there nothing whatever upon which the Church may pronounce definitely and categorically? Far be it from us to state this. We must remember our holy religion consists not only of doctrines, but of facts. Now, whilst doctrines concerning Scriptural things must necessarily stretch beyond our comprehension, yet all can be cognizant of facts. And such facts can and must be stated distinctly and categorically. And these must form the *Articulus Ecclesie*. And, thank God, concerning these, the Holy Catholic Church has never given an uncertain or wavering sound. Wherever she has been planted, though she may have been befogged with religious speculation, she has ever proclaimed the great historical fact, that JESUS CHRIST HAS COME IN THE FLESH; though she may have been corrupted in doctrine and practice, and torn by intestine strife, she has ever declared that He, the Son of God, "was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate;" and through all her existence of 18 centuries—which existence is itself a great, a marvellous fact,—down through all the Apostolic line, each Prelate of which has been, in his day,

"A link among the days, to knit

The generations each with each;"—Tennyson.

Amid all her wanderings, all her strifes, all her superstitions, all her sins—she has ever uttered, with unfaltering voice, that which St. Paul himself declared was THE Gospel, "How that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again according to the Scriptures."

The question remains, What is to bring about this unity on such a basis as has been sketched? Do we trace anything which will precipitate this consummation? Surely the times are pregnant with such signs. Surely we see that everything tends to point out, as the great battle-ground of the future, not this or that recondite doctrine of Revelation, but Revelation itself. When we find learned men of this world calling in question the facts of our blessed Lord's life,—when we find miracles utterly repudiated,—when we find the philosophers of the continent maintaining that matter is all in all, and the President of the British Scientists taking up the cry,—when we find all religious worship ridiculed, and Christians scornfully challenged to a prayer-gauge,—surely it is time that all those who believe in anything at all should unite and fall into rank to repel the attack. And I firmly believe the great tide of infidelity will thus tend to unite us. I believe that all religious thought is rapidly resolving itself into believing less and less, until at last everything supernatural is rejected, or into the coalescing of those who receive the dogmatic faith of the ancient creeds. I think that, even now, we can trace how the lust of private judgment has conceived and brought forth the sin of schism and disintegration, and how sin, in its turn, has brought forth the death of rationalism and infidelity; and, on the other hand, how religion, startled at the fearful progress of its great enemy, threatening to take her doctrines from her piece-meal, is unwittingly gathering her forces together and unconsciously fulfilling the prayer of our Lord, "That they all may be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." I think the time will come, and that before long, when the distinction will be between those who reject all religion whatever, and those who accept the Faith of Christ, the historical Christ, as ever represented by the historical Church.

Then, when that lawless one shall be revealed who opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God, and against all worship, shall that Church be heard still singing, as she has done through all generations:—

"We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

And when the wisdom of this world shall have uttered its intimation, *there is no God*,—when men, in general, shall begin to wonder if there be any Deity, or whether they should fall down and worship the primal molecule, or adore humanity as its highest development—then shall that Church of God, purified by trials, united by these fightings without, standing forth sharp and clear from all the mists which have shrouded, but never stifled her, be heard declaring, as she has never ceased to do, through all these ages past:—

"That which was from the beginning, which we

have heard, which we have seen with our own eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life."

"For the life was manifested, and we have seen it and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us. That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you."—I John i, 1-3.

## Diocesan Intelligence.

### MONTREAL.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT].

**Personal.**—The Rev. J. C. Davidson has removed from Hemmingford. His address is Frelighsburg, P. Q.

**RAWDEN.**—A most successful confirmation service was held by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, at this place, on Sunday the 17th inst., when the rite of laying on of hands was administered to seventy-three candidates—by far the largest number ever confirmed in that mission at any one time. His Lordship preached most eloquently on the Scriptural aspect of Confirmation in the morning, and on the Lord's Supper in the evening. Over one hundred partook of the sacred feast after the confirmation service in the morning.

**SOREL.**—On Sunday 24th inst., the Bishop held an Ordination at this place, by which the Revs. Alfred Lee, B.A., and the Rev. Alf. Bareham were admitted to the order of priesthood. The Rev. A. Lee has been appointed to the mission of Eardley, vacated by the Rev. W. B. Longhurst, who has become rector of Granby.

The rectory of Granby, it is believed, is now filled by a gentleman that proves acceptable. The Bishop's choice is considered as in every way a wise one, and suggests the thought, that, considering everything, it will be found on a review of the past, both here and in the U. S., where the elective system has had full and ample exercise, that parishes that have elected their own rectors, have not, on the whole, made a better choice than when the entire nomination was left in the hands of the Bishop.

The Rev. A. A. Allen has accepted the rectory of Clarenceville. The rev. gentleman is to be congratulated upon entering a parish of which the late rector speaks most commendably, notwithstanding the arrears of stipend for the last year, which it seems are but of a temporary character. Doubtless this is true, but how are on side readers of reports to know whether they are temporary or not? We will credit that Clarenceville arrears were of a very temporary character, but are the arrears elsewhere; some too that are never published, of the same character? If but temporary, they prove oftentimes very, very, "inconvenient." The late rector of Clarenceville takes exception, in a local paper, to my statements regarding this parish being ruled by a *coterie* of rich men. I have not that number of the Dominion Churchman by me, but, if my memory serves me right, I don't think I said it was so in Clarenceville, but that there was a tendency to this sort of thing in parishes where the rector was elective. And I repeat that not only is it a tendency, but I express myself further, that in the American Church, where, as already expressed, the elective system is general, it is an unpleasant fact. Perhaps not so much so now as it was when Dr. Norton wrote "The Rector of St. Bardolph's," as well as other works that depicted clerical parochial life. The remarks of your correspondent were not intended to be either personal, or pointed to any one parish. Canon Duvernet knows, I fancy, as well as any man, that very few of his clerical brethren get even the minimum of \$600 per annum. He knows too, that there are to be found many in our parishes who think that that ought to be the "maximum." And I think the clergy are to blame for this in great part. They are not true to themselves. The \$500, or say the \$600 is paid in many cases, in articles of secondary value, rated at first-class prices. Do not some of us know this as a fact? Do we not grumble at it and protest mentally, and, therefore, ineffectually? And yet are we to turn round, or when called upon to express ourselves, and say, "Oh yes, my stipend is fully paid up, I have got \$500; my people are first-rate, and I give them my thanks, &c.?" Is this attitude going to help the Bishop in his laudable endeavor to raise up the clerical stipends to the Synod Standard? And if it turns out that arrears are only of a temporary character, not merely in one parish, but in scores, and if it is a thing always recurring, is it to be considered satisfactory? Are our clergy to find fault because attention is called to this? No wonder they cannot get their children educated,

cannot add to their libraries, when they are content to smooth over everything, and say, "everything is agreeable and satisfactory," when the reverse is nearer the truth.

The Missionary Meetings of the Deanery of Bedford, that have been held during the earlier part of the month, proved to be very satisfactory, that is, comparatively; whenever the hour of the meeting was convenient and the weather at all agreeable. As it was, however, for many nights, we had most disagreeable nights, wet, rainy, dark and cold.

The Wesleyan Methodists, (or Methodists, as I think they call themselves, having repudiated Wesley), have had their missionary meetings in the city of Montreal, and they report that, in the city of Montreal, alone they raised for their Mission Fund \$24,000. Can this mean their Home Missions? If so, how they outstep the churchmen of Montreal whose united and extra efforts brought up less than \$6,000. I just give the fact, comment is unnecessary.

### ONTARIO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT].

**OSNABRUCK.**—The Incumbent, the Rev. Arthur Jarvis, having signified his intention of availing himself of the Bishop's leave of absence, with the intention of paying a visit to the old country, a deputation from the congregation met at the parsonage on Thursday last and presented him with a "vaticum" of \$100. The conventional addresses were happily dispensed with, those present expressing their kindly feelings towards their clergyman *vice voca* and wishing him "God Speed" on his voyage.

This is only one instance out of many of the generous conduct of this congregation towards their minister during the last five years.

**TYENDINAGA.**—*Mohawk Mission.*—Tidings of Canon Given's sudden death occasioned great consternation in this mission, the field of his earliest labors, which he had very recently visited, and by the people of which he was exceedingly beloved. In the absence of the Missionary, Rev. E. H. M. Baker, on the Sunday immediately succeeding the sad event, notice was given by the clergyman who took his duty, that the churches would be draped in black the next Sunday and a memorial sermon delivered, but as both that Sunday and the next following turned out unfavorable for a large attendance, owing to the storminess of the weather, two postponements took place, the last being to the first Sunday in November.

The churches on this Reserve have lately undergone very extensive repairs, and now look as new as when they were built. The buttresses and tower of Christ Church, which were tumbling down, have been renewed, the spire re-tinned, the roof shingled, and the walls painted throughout. The woodwork on the outside has all been painted, and galvanized iron eavetroughing supplied. On the upper, or All Saint's Church, the repairs consist of the painting of the walls, re-shingling of the roof and painting of the outside wood-work. The Mohawks deserve great credit for their enterprise in making these timely improvements, seeing how heavily it taxes their means. The outlay was \$1,215.

**MILL POINT.**—The work on St. Mark's Church gets along slowly but surely, and hopes are entertained that it will soon be ready for the roof. The congregation have been holding lately fortnightly reunions in aid of the building fund, which have been in "real fact Reunions," all classes coming together and helping. Besides being very entertaining—fer much talent in reading, recitation and music, has been displayed—they have been profitable. On Tuesday, Oct. 19th, as well as a Reunion, a Bazaar was held by the ladies, and the gross receipts of both amounted to \$50—expenses very trifling. The credit of starting the Reunions belongs to Mr. Thos. Nasmith, who is indefatigable in promoting church work.

### TORONTO.

**SYNOD OFFICE.**—Collections, &c., received during the week ending Oct. 30, 1880.

**PERMANENT MISSION FUND.**—Sir Alexander Campbell, subscription for 1879-80, 100.00; Hon. George W. Allan, subscription for 1879-80, 100.00.

**MISSION FUND—Missionary Meetings.**—Cavan, St. Thomas', 9.00; St. John's, 5.00; Christ's, 5.00; Trinity, 2.30; Seymour, 4.60; Percy, 2.40. *Thanksgiving Collection.*—St. Bartholomew's, Toronto, 9.63.

**WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.**—*October Collections.*—St. George's, Toronto, in full of assessment, 117.75; Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, in full of assessment, 102.00; Berkeley, 7.01; Chester, 1.75; Trinity

College School Chapel, Port Hope, 22.55; Craighurst, 1.62; Vespia, St. James', 1.56; Midhurst, 82 cents.

**CRAIGHURST.**—A purse was presented by Thomas Addison, churchwarden, on behalf of the members of St. John's Church, to the Rev. A. R. Chafce, on the eve of his departure for his new field of labor, Perrytown.

The Rev. gentleman assured Mr. Addison that he would never forget the goodwill ever displayed to him by all the members of the Craighurst congregation, and begged that for all, and for this special mark of favor, they would accept his heart-felt thanks.

At a large meeting of the "Ottawa Clerical Union," in the parish of Smith's Falls, in the parsonage of the Rev. Rural Dean Emery, after a good deal of earnest discussion and deliberation, the following resolutions were adopted, and petition was drawn up:—

"It is earnestly hoped that the Bishops and clergy will, throughout this ecclesiastical province, press this matter to the fullest extent. Now is the time to act. Bye-and-bye we shall regret if the Bill becomes law, and we have done little or nothing to hinder it, and Members of Parliament will say, and say so they will, 'You did not care much, for you offered no protest, at all events, not any showing any very deep earnestness in the individual parishes and Dioceses of the whole Church in the Dominion.'"

**Resolution No. 1.**—Moved by the Venerable Archdeacon Lauder, M.A., D.C.L., seconded by the Rev. K. L. Jones, M.A., That the "Ottawa Clerical Union" recommends that a petition, against the proposed Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister and with a deceased husband's brother, be sent up from the various Rural Deaneries of the Diocese of Ontario, and handed to the Lord Bishop of Ontario for presentation to the Senate and House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada.

**Resolution No. 2.**—Moved by Rev. S. Tighe, B.A., seconded by Rev. Rural Dean Nesbitt, that a copy of the petition be sent to the Rural Deans of the Province of Canada, asking their hearty co-operation.

**Resolution No. 3.**—Moved by Rev. E. A. W. Harrington, M.A., seconded by Rev. A. Stundern, B.A., That this Union considered it desirable that the Most Reverend the Metropolitan should invite the Bishops and Clergy of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada to assemble at Ottawa to take part in the presentation of the petition of the Provincial Synod, and that we respectfully ask the Lord Bishop of Ontario to communicate with the Most Reverend the Metropolitan on the subject.

**Resolution No. 4.**—Moved by Rev. H. Pollard, seconded by Rev. Rural Dean Emery, That the Secretary be requested to forward a copy of the above resolutions to the newspapers.

A. C. NESBITT,  
Secretary.

**PERRYTOWN.**—On the occasion of the departure of the Rev. J. A. Hanna from this parish, a gold watch was presented to him, and also the following address:—

To the Rev. John Alexander Hanna,—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The members of your congregations at Perrytown and Elizabethtown desire to convey to you on this occasion their deep regret at your near departure from them, they feel that, during the five years you have labored here, you have been, not only a faithful pastor, but a near and dear friend, to each and all, and though you are now to be removed, they venture to express their hope that you will carry away with you many pleasant memories of your sojourn in the township of Hope. That your ministrations in your new charge may be as thoroughly appreciated and valued as they have been here, is the fervent wish of all; and, whilst bidding you "Farewell," the accompanying gift is offered for your acceptance, as a token of respect and esteem, and a memento of the friends you are now leaving, and who part with you, feeling that they are experiencing a great loss.

Signed in behalf of the above congregations,

J. S. WILSON, J. LESLIE, THOMAS WILSON.

To which the reverend gentlemen replied in a suitable manner.

Thanksgiving day was generally observed in the city churches. All of them had services in the morning which were well attended. Some of the churches were tastefully decorated. The sermons were preached in most of the churches by their respective incumbents. His Lordship the Bishop preached in St. James' on Nehemiah 8-10. The usual form of thanksgiving sanctioned by authority was that used in the services.

**Trinity College Convocation.**—The annual meeting of Convocation is looked forward to with great interest by

all who have the real welfare of the Church in Canada at heart; for from this fountain of learning in Theology, flows forth an uninterrupted stream of clergy and laity, drawn from the highest social strata of our country, to exercise powerful influence on those whom they meet in the various walks of life. Trinity College has always maintained its reputation for excellence in two respects, viz., the sterling quality of its educational instruction, aiming at nothing less than the highest possible attainment in each branch; and (2) the prevalence of that honorable and gentlemanly feeling which rises from association with those who have enjoyed the privilege of good breeding and home training of the old-fashioned Churchly type. Such a reputation is sure to win the kindly interest and respect of the public at large; and the handsome Convocation Hall—even in such unpropitious weather as last Thursday—bears annual testimony to this feeling in the large crowds of the best of our citizens, who crowd it on such occasions.

This year a notable new feature in the day's proceedings had been announced—choral matins in the chapel at 11.30, followed by hospitality, in the shape of luncheon for all who might find it convenient to stay for the afternoon. Professor Boys intoned the service, and the Provost read the lessons at the service. It is not necessary to say the effect from so many male voices in unison, was grand in its effect, with a majesty of sound beyond what is observed in choral services under ordinary circumstances. The college, too, always enjoys the advantage of musical talent, both vocal and instrumental, in no small degree, among the students. It seems a pity that such rich material should be unused except on rare occasions, and that visitors, at ordinary times, carry away an impression that the authorities might do more to make the chapel service of the students bright and joyous by a choral rendering.

Early in the afternoon, a procession of the advanced graduates, brought up by the Bishop, Chancellor and Provost, filed into the hall from the library; and the Chancellor, in his robes of office, took his seat in the centre of the dais, supported on the right by Lieut.-Governor Robinson and the Bishop, on the left by the Provost, as Vice-Chancellor. Other seats on the dais were occupied by the various Professors, together with Chief-Justice Hagarty, and a number of clergy and laity. The gallery at the back was occupied by the younger graduates and undergraduates in full force, who, with a vigor worthy of their predecessors in the same role, enlivened the proceedings in a manner that, we presume, they are not accustomed to greet their professors in their lecture classes.

The Chancellor, with his usual good taste, spoke of the main thought of the hour, the lustre reflected on *Anna Mater* by her sons, both in the college course, and out in the busy works of public life; and paid a graceful compliment to the Lieut.-Governor in paying tribute to the late Sir John B. Robinson, his Honor's father and namesake, and first Chancellor of this University.

The Lieut.-Governor, following him, spoke of the great attention paid by the people of Canada to the pursuit of education, and congratulated the College on its steady progress in surmounting the difficulties by which its pathway had been beset.

The Bishop, in a speech which evidently chimed in with the hearty sentiments of those present, referred to the educational reputation of the College, the goodly audience of the day, and the call for greater versatility of acquirements made by the time and place in which we live. In concluding, he spoke with evident emotion, of the apparently inevitable severance of the Provost's connection with the College, at no distant day, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary.

To this, the Provost responded in terms creditable to his sentiments, dwelling upon his predominant desire that his longer stay, for the time being, might give time for the acquisition of the best possible talent to succeed him in the future direction of the College.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of all present in applauding the Provost's remarks, and any compliments which the previous speakers paid to him; all this giving abundant evidence of the reluctance with which the thought of the impending departure is entertained by the students and friends of the College. The admirable portrait displayed against the walls of the hall, can only be a cold and insufficient substitute—though an efficient reminder—of the loved and revered presence of one who has for nearly a generation, presided over the studies and destinies of the University. Many a person present must have questioned, "Why should it be necessary for one so valued and so useful to cross the ocean in order to enjoy rest and leisure, after his life of intense labor?" Cannot the Church in Canada devise some means of retaining the presence, and the rich counsels, of the best of her "pillars"? It is to be hoped that some solution of this difficulty may yet be found, short of a

second voluntary expatriation of one who originally expatriated himself to perform such noble work here for the Church, which he thus declared to be dearer to him even than fatherland.

The following is the list of degrees, honors, and prizes, which has marked the Convocation of 1880:—

DEGREES.—B.A.—W. M. Crittenden, G. B. Sage, J. M. Kinney, G. W. Allan, J. S. Howard, R. J. Moore, Rev. T. T. Rowe, H. L. Inglis, G. R. Caldwell.

M.D. AND C.M.—John Nimmo Forbes, H. W. Smith, M. D. Stark, F. Bentley.

C. M.—John McIlhargey, Stuart McCarton.

M. A.—Rev. H. Austin, Rev. R. S. Forneri, Rev. John Farcomb, Rev. O. P. Ford.

B. C. L.—J. A. Worrell, C. Z. Ferguson.

MATRICULANTS IN ARTS.—G. H. Broughall, S. D. Hague, — Sproule, W. Moore, G. A. Oliver, A. J. Fidler, C. B. M. Murray, D. O. R. Jones, F. Farncomb, J. G. Hooper, W. H. Hamilton, W. L. Roberts, J. B. Hamilton, J. Plummer, G. Matross.

LIST OF HONORS, PRIZES, AND SCHOLARSHIPS, 1880.—Honors in examination for B. A.—1st Class in Classical Honors, Crittenden; 2nd Class in Mathematical Honors, Crittenden; 2nd Class in Classical Honors, Sage.

Prizes in the Divinity Class.—Hamilton Memorial Prize, 1880, William Farncomb; Prize in Divinity Examination for the years 1879-80, Wm. Farncomb.

Prizes in the 3rd Year in Arts.—Prize in Classics, Crittenden; Prize in Mathematics, Crittenden; Prize in Divinity, Crittenden.

Prizes in the 2nd Year in Arts.—Prize in Divinity, J. Tanner; French Prize, J. Gibson.

Prizes in the 1st Year in Arts.—Prize in Classics, A. Lampman; Prize in Mathematics, T. O. Townley; Prize in Divinity, C. B. Kenrich; Prize in Chemistry, R. N. Hudspeth; Prize in French, J. Carter.

Scholarships.—Third Year.—R. N. Jones, 2nd Burnside, vacated by his entering the Divinity Class. Second Year.—Lampman, Wellington Scholarship; J. C. Davidson, 1st Dickson Scholarship; T. O. Townley, 2nd Dickson Scholarship. First Year.—G. H. Broughall, 1st Foundation Scholarship; S. B. Hague, 2nd do.; — Sproule, 3rd do.

Holy Trinity.—The Rev. W. S. Darling is holding throughout the winter a course of classes on the subject of the Book of Common Prayer. All who desire it are invited to attend them. They will meet in the upper school of the church on Tuesdays, at 7.30 p.m., and on Wednesdays at 3.30 p.m.

Last week we gave some account of the anniversary of the dedication of this church, which was probably one of the most noteworthy ever held in connection with the Church in this city. On Wednesday, the 27th, there was an early plain celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a.m. The Rev. J. W. Knox-Little gave an address, and was also the celebrant, assisted by the other clergy.

At the High Celebration at 11 a.m., the church was crowded, and the service was of a most impressive character. The choir, accompanied by the following clergy, viz., the Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Harrison, Leslie, C. Darling, Ogden, Ford, Edwards (Detroit), W. S. Darling, and Knox-Little, proceeded down the south aisle and up the centre aisle to the chancel, singing the 392nd hymn, A. and M., "Forward be our watchword." The celebrant was the Rev. John Pearson, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, of Holy Trinity, Detroit, who was Gospeler, and Rev. Mr. Ogden Ford, of Woodbridge, who was Epistoler. The Kyrie was sung to an arrangement by Aimes, and the Credo was Marbeck's. The Rev. Mr. Knox-Little preached from Eph. 6, 10:—"My brethren, be strong in the Lord." The sermon throughout was an eloquent appeal to all to imitate the life of our Lord, and to remember His great sacrifice, and was one of the most evangelical sermons preached since the days of St. Paul. Not only in great things but in every little matter, the fullest exertions were to be used, and every one should try to sacrifice himself to Christ. In the course of the delivery of the sermon, we could not but regret the presence of an enormous stove under the pulpit, evidently occasioning great inconvenience to the preacher, as was seen by the excessive perspiration flowing from his brow. How so slender and so frail a physique could endure such a strain upon it several times a day for three days in succession is more than we can comprehend.

At the offertory, "As pants the hart," (Thomas), was sung, and *The Sanctus* and *Gloria* were by Aimes. The *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei* were sung to an arrangement of the organist, F. G. Plummer, and after the reception of the elements, the hymn, "O, Saving Victim." The Post Communion was the 117th Psalm, and the *Nunc Dimittis* the Recessional. The choir arrangements and the singing were admirable. There were about 150 communicants.

At 4 p.m., there was a third service, which was attended by a moderate congregation. The Rev. John Pearson sang the Litany, at the close of which a hymn was sung. Mr. Knox-Little again preached, on St. Peter 5: 7:—"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." The sermon was exceedingly earnest in tone, and making much of the helplessness of man and the all-sufficiency of Christ. The Recessional hymn was "Abide with Me," (No. 27, Ancient and Modern).

At Evensong, the church was crowded to the door, every available seat in the nave, transepts, west and organ galleries being occupied long before eight o'clock. At that hour the organ struck up the Processional hymn, "Hark, the Sound of Holy Voices," (536, Ancient and Modern), and by the west door, there entered a long procession of white-robed choristers and clergy, the former numbering 26. The clergy were fifteen in number, most of them being from Toronto and its neighborhood, though some came from distant missions and other dioceses. The rear was brought up by the assistant rector, the Rev. J. Pearson, and the rector, the Rev. W. S. Darling, who were immediately preceded by the Rev. R. Harrison, (St. Matthias, Toronto), and Rev. R. Sutherland, (St. Mark's, Hamilton), who assisted by reading the Lessons. The proper Psalms, 26 and 84, were, as were the Canticles, to Gregorian tones, and were heartily joined in by the congregation, the sound being as the sound of many waters. The prayers up to the Third Collect were intoned and the versicles sung by the Rev. John Pearson, those succeeding the hymn being taken by the Rev. W. S. Darling. The first Lesson was 2 Chronicles, 6: 6, &c., and was read by the Rev. R. Harrison; the second was Rev. 21: 9, &c., and was read by the Rev. R. Sutherland. The hymns sung in choir were "Blessed City, heavenly Salem," (215, Ancient and Modern), the Recessional being, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," (391, Ancient and Modern). These were given with great verve and a highly devotional effect.

The sermon, by the Rev. J. W. Knox-Little, was on Rev. 3: 10:—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." We gave an abstract of it from the *Toronto Globe* last week.

On Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, and a good congregation. The celebrant was the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little, and the assistant, the Rev. Charles Darling. The Rev. Mr. Knox-Little delivered a short but practical address on "The Inner Life," and pointed out, in the most forcible manner, the life that should be led to prepare for eternity.

At 11 o'clock matins were said by the Rev. W. S. Darling, the other clergy present being the Revd's John Pearson, C. Darling, Ingles, Edwards, and the preacher of the day, the Rev. Mr. Knox-Little. The *Vente* and *Benedictus* were sung to Gregorian tones, and the hymns were, "Jesus, meek and gentle," "Rock of Ages." The whole singing was congregational and was most effective. The Rev. Mr. Ingles read the first lesson, and the Rev. Mr. Edwards the second lesson.

The Rev. Mr. Knox-Little addressed the congregation. He said he had been asked to say some words concerning the spiritual life. The great necessity was the deepening of the spiritual life. People were getting in a way of making religion either an every-day humdrum business, or else an excitable matter that passed away. Low Churchmen protested against ordinances, and High Churchmen went to the other extreme. Young people went too extensively into the practice of bowing, and others scorned the idea. All these religious differences were simply tearing up the body of Christ, and the real want was the continual deepening of spiritual life, when all these minor difficulties would be done away with. If religion was what it professed to be, it was the real business, and to make it that, it was necessary to have a time of retirement. A time of retirement did not mean listening to sermons, or having theological discussions, but it meant to look back and realize the full presence of God, and get into that presence, even if it were only for half an hour. Opportunities were given during life to draw near to God, but the same opportunity never occurred twice. If God was only approached, He would draw near, but He would never come twice in the same fashion. A time of retirement meant a time alone with God. Alone was man created, and alone he would have to die. And it was best to look God straight in the face at once. The words he was speaking, they must remember, were only his words. He was simply, *Vox et preterea nihil*—a voice and nothing more—but if he should speak anything that went to the hearts of his hearers, then they should remember that the word came from God. A time of retirement was a time to give a thorough account of oneself to oneself and to God. It was not a pleasant thing to look back over one's whole life, and take account of every action, but it must be done sooner or later, and these two days was not a long time to do it in. Spiritual slothfulness was another thing to be considered. Many people would take the trouble to listen to a sermon, but never thought of it

afterwards. Others thought of it but never took it to themselves, and what most people really feared to find out was what they really were. If they began they must go the whole way to God, and not say they would give up some sins and keep others. The governing thought of the spiritual life should be looking to the end of our being, and what was that end? God! The preacher concluded by urging on all to meditate on the will, the courage, the strength, the tenderness, and all that God had given them, and to see if they had used them loyally in His service.

At the afternoon service, the Litany was said by the Rev. W. S. Darling, the hymns sung being, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour Dear." Mr. Knox-Little then continued his discourse on the Spiritual Life. Referring all our actions to God as the beginning and as the end of our being. His glory should be our chiefest aim. Following out this would achieve for us the highest spiritual blessings; and surely it was an incentive worth some trouble, if it succeeded in getting us nearer our highest end. One great obstacle to advancement in the spiritual life was the fact that people do not sufficiently concentrate their thoughts on this one thing, the advancement of God's glory. It was the prevailing fault of the day, and if it were the same in business and in education no progress at all would be made. Hence, nowadays, religion was such a miserable sham, such a rose-water boudoir affair. The chief hindrance to God's glory was sin, human sin, and sin might be defined, any departure of the will of the creature from the will of the Creator. It might be divided into two classes, one not being of the same dreadfulness as the other, for it was untrue and contrary to common sense to look upon each and every sin as alike in its hideousness. To do so was to give color to the popular notion that, because we add sin to sin as day to day, it was no use to struggle against sin. Some sins were rather imperfections and blemishes, slight scratches, and not fatal wounds; others were of the deadliest sort, as when a sinner sins in a grave matter with full advertence thereto, and with entire consent of will. And this might be done in a moment. At the same time men must not make light of their "little sins." Their spiritual effect was bad. They served to diminish the force and power of divine grace. They were the little foxes that spoiled the vines, whose shoots were so tender. Their dreadfulness consisting in weakening the soul, and in diminishing the glory of Jesus and tarnishing its sheen. They were terrible in that they were cumulative in their effects, and paved the way for sins of a deadlier kind. For men to allow themselves in bad habits, was to grieve the Holy Ghost, whose temples their bodies are; that Holy Ghost of whom comes all good gifts and desires, the best and the stateliest of gifts. These lesser sins, therefore, detracted from His presence and His glory; and could men but recall their past petty transgressions, how much nearer they would find themselves to Jesus. The most deadly sins of all represented sin in its own inner evil. But if God were the end of our being, all these deadly sins—all sins in fact—must be met, and fought, and conquered. Sin formed an enemy that had to be slain by the divine help. In this way, therefore, sin was in reality a part of our probation. Another inducement to avoid sin would be to look at it in the light of Him, who was God's first-born; to gaze on it face to face with God's attributes. If we subjected it to the blaze of God's holiness, we should find each one contradicting the other. They were two incompatibles which could not co-exist. If we contrasted it with God's majesty, we should find it, so to say, shouldering God out of the way, and daring naught for His dignity. It was the *lesus majestas* of the Roman, the "lese majestie" of the old English law, the high treason of the present day. Gaze on it in the light of God's immensity, which knows not to be bounded by limits, which was self-possessed, entering everywhere, possessing, and possessed by everything, it would be found to be a something fearful that dragged God, by the power of His immensity, into what He hated, but also compelled Him to sustain it. Gaze on sin in the light of God's wisdom and it made Him a fool, inasmuch as he said, "This is the way, walk ye in it," while Sin said to the eternal wisdom, "Get Thee hence out of Thine own way, and walk in mine. Thy saying is that of a fool, for I have made Thee go my way." As far as possible, sin killed God, as it did when Christ gave it the chance, and was hung by it upon the cross. That was an exhibition to the eye of faith as to how a wilful and persistent sinner would act if he could. For instance, what did pride do? It was a miserable, puny atom indeed, but still, so far as its power could effect it, this vice took the Eternal by the throat and dragged Him from His throne. All a sinner wanted was to go his own way and to kill God. Sin was intrinsically evil. It was not evil because of its consequences. They were evil because sin was. Sin was also a loss, a dead loss to the sinner so far as concerned things spiritual. It was a loss of true, innocent joy, of happiness, of grace, of peace, of the ever-abiding Jesus in this world. It was the *pona*

*damni*, to punishment of loss in the next. And if damnation nothing entailed more than this, it would be punishment enough. To be cut off from the vision of God, from infinite joy. It were, therefore, the better part to avoid sin in this world, as to indulge in it meant paralyzing the soul and risking its eternal loss.

At evensong the rev. gentleman preached on St. John 8:7 "So when they continued asking Him he lifted up Himself and said unto them, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast the stone at her.'"

Referring to the previous services of the day, the object of which was to encourage a deeper repentance, he desired to assist them in measuring the disastrous consequences and possibilities of human sin, and then contemplated that great disaster through the eyes of Christ. This verse brought before us the kind of teaching we wanted. There were scenes in Holy Scripture which, although dealing with people and sin belonging to the long buried centuries, yet held up in a startling manner a plain mirror to the people of to-day. Christ was a great social Reformer, none so searching and determined. Yet there was this difference between Him in this character and those coming after Him—He did not wish to reform society, that things might go easier, but for the sake of each individual of which society is but an aggregate. There was in this text a clear, incisive, severe rebuke of a dreadful error, and also an exposition of a true principle, by the contemplation of which we could learn Christ's valuation of human sin. The scene in the court of the temple brought before us the magnificent moral loveliness of Jesus Christ. He had been in "retreat" alone with God. He came into Jerusalem and immediately there was a multitudinous sound of voices and hurrying feet, as they poured into the Temple. They were not a rabble, but persons of high respectability and distinguished intellect. As they entered the presence of the living Christ they drove before them or dragged after them the form of an abandoned woman. It was a pitiful spectacle. Christ turned, and at a glance saw what was before Him. He stooped down and wrote upon the ground. At last when He had borne with them in majestic silence, He rose and said, "He who is without sin among you let him cast the first stone," and stooping down wrote again. Then the oldest among them felt what fools they had made of themselves, and perhaps the youngest, possibly from pure motives, followed their example. Alone in the court of Herod's temple there was left the living image of the living God—the lost woman and the Christ. What was erroneous about the character and action of these people may be explained in the one word Pharisaism. They were guilty of a miserable criticism. We are all endowed in a higher or a less degree with the critical faculty; but the sin of these people was that they criticised without sympathy, and when we seek to judge our fellow-creatures without a touch of human sympathy we are sure to be wrong. Some people throw back our sympathy as a rock throws back the waves of the sea. But their natures may be different from ours, their trials larger. So are our characters crossed with varying motives, and we have no right to lay down a law about their motives. Amidst much sin and degradation we seldom meet those who are wholly bad. A further feature of these men was their worldliness, meaning by that not riches or great social positions; but that which takes God's gifts and builds a wall with them to stop the way of the Creator, a temple which has about it a considerable amount of respectability, of fair appearance, and of religious professions; but, at the bottom of it all, an unmitigated hatred of Almighty God. These are the men who are truly worldly. What these men wanted was to make a point against Christ, and the poor woman was to be a text for a clever sermon which was to mean nothing to themselves but simply a shot aimed at the Messiah. A cruel heartlessness was also exhibited here. The sin, which in these days shows that Anti-Christ cannot be far away, is the want of natural affection. The bible teaches that we must not tolerate heartlessness, and Jesus with his loving heart that belongs to representative man could not bear it. Another feature in relation to this Pharisaism was the patronising spirit displayed. Men patronized God when they put respectability in place of holiness; when they go to church and never pray; when they attempt to go into the Divine presence in any spirit other than that of lost and ruined sinners. Cynicism was also an ingredient in their treatment of this woman. The cynic is almost worse than the patronizing man. When the high character is dragged low, and human weakness is too weak to bear the strain of a higher purpose, then the cynic smiles his bitter smiles and says, "I told you so." Amongst that crowd there was something of this which was hated by Christ. There is no doubt about the respectability of your Pharisee. Christ cared nothing at all for that respectability which is determined to stand well with the world whether or not they stand well with God. Men may be as respectable as they please, and may stand well with the world, while

there are poor suffering human beings in the street who will go into heaven before them if all they have to offer when they stand in His presence is respectability. Christ was left alone with the woman. No doubt the sunlight of that dear face of Jesus shot through the darkness of that clouded earth, and she was stricken with her sorrow as she was stricken with her sin. Certainly she repented. The preacher then noted the fearlessness of Christ and His tenderness, not only towards the woman but also towards the Pharisees, and exhorted his hearers to go forth filled with the authority of Christ's tenderness and love, thereby moving men unto repentance. There was no power that pierced the heart, but that which came from the heart; nothing moves humanity except the heart. Repent in the brightness of Christ's splendid humanity, and the illumination of His tender, forgiving words. There are many different ways of dealing with sin. The world cares nothing about it till it ceases to be respectable and becomes a social difficulty; then it is handed over to the police. Remember that amid all Christ's love, fearlessness, tenderness, and authority there was heart-broken sorrow for the sad act. He loved the sinner well because he hated the sin. Behind these Pharisees minds lay the curse of infidelity. This want of faithfulness was dragging down the minds of the young from any possibility of that high conception that is shown to them of God. Mr. Knox-Little concluded by drawing a picture of the unchangeable love of Christ.

The service was intoned by the Rev. John Pearson, the Revs. R. Radcliffe and Charles Darling reading the first and second Lesson respectively, being those for the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude. The congregation was again very large. During the day the church was open to all who desired to use it as a place of quiet and retirement. Many availed themselves of the privilege. The number of non-church people who have attended the service and gone away edified has been very noticeable.

(To Be Continued)

## HURON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN.—On Thursday, the 28th ult., the Right Rev. Bishop Alford, visited this parish and confirmed 30 candidates, 14 being males, the largest number ever confirmed at once in St. John's Church, which was crowded so that many had to stand throughout the service.

His Lordship's address to the candidates was most practical and impressive. This parish is prospering under the care of the Rev. Dr. Beaumont, being almost free from debt, the services being well attended, including the weekday services, begun by the Rev. E. W. Murray. The Sunday School has a very large attendance for the size of the congregation, and a Mission School has lately been begun by two zealous ladies in the adjacent town of Waterloo, where it is now intended to hold divine service.

LISTOWEL.—*Christ Church*.—For several weeks past there have been no services in this church, as the edifice has been undergoing extensive improvements, which impart a new appearance to the building. The roof has been re-shingled. The interior of the church has been re-plastered, and the walls and ceiling have been greatly enhanced in appearance. The former being covered with a fine paper of Italian marble pattern, and the latter being calcimined in a pearl-grey color, with a slight crimson tinge running through the whole, giving it a "warm tint," which harmonizes with the color of the pews and woodwork, these having been painted and grained in mahogany. All the doors have been painted and grained in oak. A decided improvement has been made in the Chancel, which has been elevated by two steps at the arch, and a third step at the communion rail. An entrance door from the vestry has been placed in the side of the chancel. In the place of the two unsightly boxes formerly used for pulpit, &c., two desks have been placed in the church. These are in oak, handsomely carved with pilasters and ornate gothic apertures. Two *Prie-Dieu* chairs in oak, to match the desks have been placed with kneeling stools at each end of the altar. The chairs are finely carved, surmounted with *fleurs-de-lis*, and are upholstered in crimson rep. A new crimson cloth embroidered with monogram, has been placed upon the altar. The floor of the chancel, and in advance to the first range of pews, is covered with a crimson and black carpet, and cocoa-nut matting has been placed in the aisles and porch.

The accommodation has also been much improved, seats having been erected on either side of the chancel, which are tastefully got up with *fleurs-de-lis*, screens, and elevated book boards for the choir.

New chandeliers in blue and gold have been ordered, but did not arrive in time for the opening. We believe it is the intention of the congregation to purchase a new organ,



On Sunday, 24th inst., the re-opening services were as follows:—

11 a.m.—Matins, Ante-Communion, and Sermon.  
2.30 p.m.—Litany and Sermon.  
6.30 p.m.—Evensong and Sermon.

The Very Rev. Dean Boomer, M.A., L.L.D., Principal of Huron College, preached morning and evening, taking for his texts Exodus xx.,-24, and Psalm 89, 15-16. The venerable and talented gentleman's sermons were very suitable to the occasion, and apparently left a deep impression upon his attentive hearers.

The sermon in the afternoon was preached by the Rev. N. Bartlett, from ii Sam xxiv., 25. It was very appropriate and eloquent.

The services were heartily rendered. The amount expended we believe altogether was about \$800; \$400 of which was raised by the indefatigable exertions of the Incumbent, and the remainder was the proceeds of a Bazaar held by the Ladies' Aid Society, therefore, we believe there is no debt upon the Church.

LONDON.—The Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 3, appointed by the Governor-General, was well and religiously observed by our churches here. In this city there was morning service at St. Paul's, a united thanksgiving service of the seven churches of the city and suburbs. There was, as might be expected, a large congregation. There were present Right Rev. Bishop Alford, Very Rev. Dean Boomer, Rev'ds Canon Innes, A. Brown, J. B. Richardson and E. Davis in the stalls and chancel. The assistant-minister of St. Paul's read the prayers, the rector of the Memorial Church and of St. James' read the lessons, the Dean of Huron the ante-communion service, and the rector of St. Paul's read the Epistle and Gospel. Bishop Alford was the morning preacher; for his text he took the words of Ecclesiastes:—"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." The collection was for the Diocesan Missionary Fund. The sum received was \$51.

Protestant Home.—On Tuesday, Nov. 3, the Rev. Alfred Brown, of St. Paul's, at morning service in the Protestant Home, administered the sacrament of the Holy Communion to fifteen inmates of the Home, and baptized four infants.

St. Paul's Parochial Association.—On Tuesday afternoon, the clergy of St. Paul's and many of the ladies and gentlemen of the congregation met in Bishop Cronyn Hall, for the re-organization of Church workers. Rev. Canon Innes, in the chair, having opened the meeting with prayer, spoke of the pressing need of the hearty, energetic work of the laity. He knew, from the experience of past years, the valuable aid the clergy of St. Paul's would have from the lay members, especially the ladies. There was work for all to do. Work in the Sunday Schools, in the choir, in the visiting the sick and afflicted.

The Association was re-organized. The Rector and Assistant-Minister are President and Vice-President. Miss Strathy was elected President of the Ladies' Visiting Committee; Mr. J. B. Laing, Chairman of Strangers' Reception Committee; Mr. J. F. Jewell, of Sunday School, and Mr. J. B. Sippi, the Committee of Music. The Association adjourned till next Tuesday, when all arrangements will be completed. The great amount of Christian work carried out by the laity of our churches, is one of the visible manifestations of the vitality of religion. Each of our city, suburb, and, we believe, our town and village churches, has its band of noble Christian workers.

NIAGARA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ACTON AND ROCKWOOD.—The Bishop held Confirmation Services on Sunday, the 24th, when over twenty candidates were confirmed.

Mr. Pigott, the Incumbent, is erecting a very neat and commodious stone church at the latter place. He has very properly secured the funds for it before commencing, a very desirable but unusual arrangement.

Rev. Des. Brisay has been appointed to the incumbency of All Saints', Hamilton.

It is said that Rev. Mr. Thick is to be curate at the Church of Ascension.

Thanksgiving service was well kept by some of the churches in Hamilton—that is, some churches were opened, but some were not, at least until the evening.

ALGOMA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE REV. MR. CROMPTON, has gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of \$5 from Mrs. Girdlestone, Galt; \$1 from a "Working Man," for the buildings he is

erecting as places of worship; also, an electro of his Log House from S. P. G., England, per Rev. H. M. Tucker.

Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe,  
Cler. Sec. Diocese of Niagara.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will excuse my sending a reply to your very kind note of the 13th inst., through the columns of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. I do this because your letter opens up a subject of the very greatest importance.

You have kindly sent me a pamphlet called, "Proceedings on Centenary Celebration, held in the City of Hamilton, Diocese of Niagara, on Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th of June, 1880, with papers read at Committees." You tell me that you attended the late S. S. Convention of the Diocese of Huron, held in London, and you add, "Like our own, it was not very practical; but the large attendance showed the deep interest taken by our Church people in the subject." I have italicized these lines because they contain the ideas on which I wish to speak.

I attended all the proceedings of the Centenary held in Toronto, and of it I may, like you, say that "it was not very practical."

Now,—Why do all these gatherings end in nothing practical? They are largely attended by both clergy and laity—very good papers are read—very good addresses are delivered—a great deal of good advice is given to everybody concerned—a large amount of zeal is displayed—and yet, nothing practical comes out of them. Why waste our breath in lamenting the dearth of good teachers, when no real, honest, practical mode of producing them is ever suggested? Why point out the defects of our teaching, when no organization to supply those defects is adopted? What we want, and what we must have, before our Sunday Schools can be placed in even a respectable condition, is a complete system of lessons in each Diocese. No school can be a good one without a staff of good teachers; no such teachers will ever be secured until we have a thorough system of normal teaching, and this we will never have until we build up a complete Diocesan organization, supplied by the best literature. And besides this, we must have an organized system of lessons and studies for the pupils, to be arranged by the best clergymen and superintendents the Diocese can furnish—headed, of course, by the Bishop. Organize! Organize! Organize! You may bill conventions till your hearts all break—you may read papers till your voices all crack—you may deliver speeches till you are all hoarse, but, depend on it, the true and only way to raise our Sunday Schools out of the slough, in which they are now nearly submerged, is to form Diocesan Institutes. Form an institute, then let a committee of our best men prepare a scheme of lessons for every class, giving the minute teaching of the Book of Common Prayer a place second only to the Bible, to be followed by each School in the Diocese. Let the Church of England S. S. Institute literature be adopted. Let a depot for the admirable works issued by that body be established in each Diocese. Let it be an especial object to organize weekly meetings, at which the teachers, after being bountifully supplied with proper books, shall themselves be taught. And let the medal system—which I consider of very great importance—be adopted.

When this is done in each Diocese, then establish a Dominion Institute, whose chief duty will be to call together, annually, the Sunday School workers, when an interchange of ideas would be invaluable. There is, at this moment, burning in the hearts of our laity, an ardent desire to see Sunday School work pushed forward. You may depend, with the utmost confidence, on the warm support of our people. Let them see that good, zealous work is being done among their children, and you will never fail for want of funds, good teachers, or any other support.

But who shall do all this? I say, emphatically—the laity, under the direction of the clergy. And they will gladly do it, if invited. One zealous layman in each Diocese, heartily supported by his Bishop, will easily revolutionize the Sunday Schools of Canada—if he be but asked. For, the moment he offers himself, he will be surrounded by hosts of friends, willing and anxious to identify themselves with what I cannot help thinking the very noblest work a Canadian layman can now engage in—the organization of our Sunday Schools.

This is the last letter I shall ever probably ever publish in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, and the last effort I shall, perhaps, ever make in support of Sunday Schools in this Diocese, as I shall, in a few weeks, be a resident of Winnipeg, where I propose to

remain. I did hope to identify myself with this great movement, which I clearly see is going on in Ontario; but I may, perhaps, find some compensation for the loss of this honor, in the Province of Manitoba, where, perchance, I may be able to make myself useful in similar work. Your Bishops are ready,—your clergy are ready,—your laity are ready for a revolution in our Sunday Schools. All you need is organization, and real work. Conventions are indispensable as forerunners; but if they be allowed to break off without practical results, I question if they will do more than deepen the sleep into which our Sunday School system has fallen.

I remain,  
My dear Mr. Whitcombe,  
Yours very truly,  
WM. LEGGO.

Toronto, 386 Sherbourne Street,  
Oct. 14, 1880.

"QUERY."

SIR,—Permit me to say, in reply to G. M. Hobsons "Query," in your last issue that some Commentators have conjectured that our Saviour, at this death, ascended, immediately, to the Paradise of God, from whence He returned again to earth. See Alford in loco.

It is more reasonable to suppose, however, that the idea entertained by the Jews of old with respect to the word Paradise, is the correct one, and the interpretation that renders the passage in question more readily understood, viz.: That it is the peace of happiness to which the disembodied souls of the saints are immediately conveyed, and where they await, in joy full expectation, the sounding of the Archangel's trumpet-blast and the second coming of their dear Lord.

It was to this place that Jesus Himself "descended" the "Hell" of our creed, and it was to this place that the soul of the penitent thief accompanied Him.

Yours truly,  
VINCENT CLEMENTI.

Peterboro, Nov. 4, 1880.

MEDALS IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

SIR,—Will you allow me through your columns, to offer my tribute of thanks to the Rev. J. Bedford-Jones, for his letter which appeared in your issue of the 28th.

That the subject on which he writes so ably, and with so much forbearance, has not received an earlier notice has been to me a matter of surprise. It was after reading the letter alluded to by Mr. Jones, that my heart ached, for the successful and the unsuccessful candidate for the medal—for the seeds of pride, ambition, and self-satisfaction, which were being so well planted and watered in the one, and for the stricken heart of "the gentle, retiring child."

So much pain and indignation did the letter give me, that I wrote to a clergyman, a subscriber to the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, and expressed the hope, that he, or some other clergyman, might be induced to enter a suitable protest against a system so pernicious in its effects. To my blank astonishment the system met with his entire approbation and recommendation.

A very excuse may be made for a layman whose zeal outrips his spiritual knowledge—the more when we are informed that he is a "novice" himself before the public. But surely it belongs to the sacred office of the ministry to teach and warn the little ones, whom it brings up in Church principles, that out of the "heart" are the issues of "life." Of what avail would it be to have two or three children in every Sunday School, with memories as well stored as a Bible Dictionary, whilst among the greater part of the scholars, emulation, wrath, strife, envyings, variance, and the like, held high carnival in the heart? Where would be the "rivals," in the day, when the Master comes to seek his own?

It is hard to bring oneself to believe that any reflection, (or at most the feeblest) of the Kingdom of Heaven could be found, in a Sunday School, where the Medal System obtained.

Yours truly,  
C. A. DYKES.

Galt, Oct. 29, 1880.

Ours is not a splendid, but it is saving religion; it is humbling now, that it may be elevating hereafter.

Love thy enemies.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

## Family Reading.

OUR NELL.

7

CHAPTER V.

When Nell carried the toast into the parlor, she saw her father in his usual place at the table, at her mother's right hand. The emotion of last night had, indeed, passed from his face, but there was a new expression there; there was a relaxation of the hard lines, as of a bent bow let go. Jack and Bob—who feared their father rather than loved him, and were wont to tone down their turbulence when he was by—unconsciously acted upon his different mood, and rioted secure from check.

After breakfast, Nell and her father started on their usual morning round. A night of pouring rain had succeeded many days of blazing heat; and they passed through the kitchen door into a world green and cool as from a new birth. The sultry haze, which had so many mornings blurred the hills, had given place to a pure clearness in the air, in which outline was distinct, and color brilliant. The very earth sent up a grateful fragrance, and at every step a new perfume was carried on the breeze.

Now it was the elder-trees at the pond, now the wallflower in its cranny, or the heads of the clover in the grass. It was impossible not to feel an impulse of new life in this new-created world. The swallows sailed around in graceful abandonment, the finches twittered their loudest in the helges, and the yellow ducklings dipped their little heads and plumed themselves, rejoicing in the swollen waters of the pond. By the time they reached the field where the Irish mowers were at work, the oppression in Nell's breast had insensibly lightened, and the calm in her father's face had grown deeper. The work of the haymakers was at a standstill, for though the greater part of the field had been mown the day before, the grass now lay waiting for the sun to dry the ground before it could be spread abroad.

"It's a good job we got in the Brook Pasture crop yesterday. I doubt we've had the best of the weather."

Mr. Masters spoke, after a long silence, with his every-day manner, and a mind wholly bent on the prospects of his harvest.

Nell felt a sharp pang of disappointment. Her heart was yearning for expression on her side and on his.

On their return to the homestead, the young stock must all be inspected, and the round of the premises made, for Mr. Masters had a hearty belief in the slipperiness of hirelings when from under the master's eye. Finally, they went into the stack-yard to inspect the stack of hay that had been finished the night before. It was a goodly sight, firm and even, and covered up safe from the rain. But as they were turning to go, a puff of wind lifted an inch or so of the canvas. A quick intelligence lit up Nell's eyes. On the other side the stack, Mrs. Masters could be heard with her "chuck-chuck-chuck" to the fowls, and a scatter of handfuls of corn. Bobby was officiously helping her by driving the fowls like a flock of sheep, and scaring the more timid ones out of their wits. Nell made as though she were going to her mother, and said—

"I'll be after you directly, father."

As soon as her father was at a safe distance, she darted to the ladder that rested against the stack, climbed swiftly to the top, and thrust her arm under the canvas. The hay was soaked with rain. From the stable, which had a window looking into the stack-yard, a quavering whistle struck her ear. Job must be there. Just then Mrs. Masters came round the stack, her yellow basin empty

and Bobby caught sight of Nell descending the lower rungs of the ladder.

"Nell, Nell! wait for me," he cried as she walked rapidly from him towards the gate; but she heard neither his call nor the piteous cry which her desertion wrung from him. With burning cheeks and flashing eyes, Nell strove on, unconscious of anything around her, till she reached the door of the stable, where Job was leisurely swilling the floor, and William stood cleaning the gig harness.

"Eh, miss, what's t' matter?"

"Matter enough, when men like you turn out sneaks and cowards. You find it easy enough to cheat the master, now his eyes are going. Why should you think to cover up the stack at night when the fault can be mended in the morning? It's easy to cover it up with the rain in it, and save the blame and bother."

"Old Job, who had known Nell as a child was too understruck to utter a word in reply, but remained standing, mop in the air, with his eyes and his mouth getting larger. William tried to look away, but could not, and only shifted his feet uneasily.

"Yes, you may look at me, both of you; and the longer you look the better, for you'll be more likely to take it in, that though your master's blind, there's some one that isn't. I've got to be my father's eyes from this time, and you and me will have to work together, and if we can do it pleasantly, why, so much the better. For shame that we should have men to work for us that want a girl to look after them! And you, Job, for shame! that's been with us all these years! Go and get on that cover, and do what you can to set right the mischief that's come of your carelessness."

Nell turned to go; and now that the spell of her eyes was off him, Job murmured—

"Eh, but t' little miss be for all the world as bad as t' feyther. I allus meant to take the cover off when t' master's back were turned."

As Nell crossed the threshold, the fire within her died out, and her heart leapt to her throat, for her father was sitting outside. He must have heard it all. He would be angry and hurt—how hurt and angry she did not know—for not only had he found out that his men took advantage of his blindness, but would he not also think that she could cheat him too, that she had tried to tick him out of the knowledge of it? But whatever he thought, Mr. Masters said nothing. He took Nell by the arm, and walked hastily towards the house. Nell felt the grip on her arm, and feared to look up at his face. When she did so, a thrill went through her, for tears were running slowly down his cheeks. He was not angry? out, oh, what pain it must have given him! When they reached the parlor, Mr. Masters sat down in his chair, keeping Nell close to him.

"Nell, my lass," he said, "I've something to tell thee."

Coming after the late suspense, and the power of anger which had quite died out, the tenderness of his tone o'ercame Nell. She knelt beside him sobbing.

"Nay, nay, lass; it is nothing to grieve thee. I have it in my mind to tell thee how things stand with me. I've just made up my mind to face this trouble that's come upon me, and to bear it like a man; but there's a deal of pride in me, Nell, and it's been a bitter night—a bitter fight; and if I've been a bit hard on you and the others of late, it's been because I was hit hard myself. But I've been thinking there's a many things that would be worst to bear than this; and till the worse has come upon a man, there's little to be said for him if he lets the spirit go out of him. How should I stand up under it if it was a thing that would bring shame upon me, if I'd done a wrong, or if any that belonged to me had done a wrong? And it's not as if I had needs be beholden to any one, for as long as I've got my Nell here, I canna want help of pity from strangers."

CHAPTER VI.

Walter Derwent, during a ramble one morning, found himself before the farm-

house at Elm-tree Corner, and the desire to sketch it arose in his mind. When he came to the garden gate, he stopped, and looked over it. He saw paths of glittering grey spar, a clump of tiger-lilies by the side of the gate, and a lawn beyond, gay with flowers. To his right was a path, damp and shady, under tall evergreens and bushes. Trusting himself to this, he soon found himself at what was evidently the front entrance. The door stood open and disclosed a passage very cool and retired, containing a so-called clock, an antiquated barometer, and a stuffed dog in a glass case.

"This is unpromising. I must try the back door," he thought. "In this kind of place life centres in the kitchen. If one wants to study the habits of this species in nature, and not under the influence of best-parlor manners, one must go there."

He found his way to the back door. Here, this hot June morning, had Mrs. Masters, with flushed face and floury hands, been scouring these two hours to and from flour-bin and pastry-table, larder, and preserve-kettle.

Already a row of pies stood on the dresser, with the browning of a delicate baking on them, and a great beef-steak pudding simmered over the fire. It was eleven by the kitchen clock, half-past ten by the day, and care sat on Mrs. Masters' brow, for the week's baking was yet before her. Derwent knocked at the door and introduced himself. Her habitual complaisance towards the gentry, struggling at first under the pressure of her morning's work, and a discomposing sense of her work-a-day cap and gown, needed Derwent's pleasant speech to fully gain the day, and it was with a beaming face that she said—

"Well, to be sure! Come in, sir—come in. To think of your coming to the back door, and me in the midst of my cooking!"

"Pra, don't apologise, Mrs. Masters. I only came to beg permission to sketch this charming old place of yours. I have quite fallen in love with it."

"It's very kind of you to say so, sir, I'm sure. If we'd knew you was coming, we'd have had the garden done up; it's but untidy, I doubt, for it gets neglected when the hay's about."

When Nell returned from an errand in the village, Derwent was established in the shade of a clipped box-tree in the garden, using his pencil swiftly. Nell beheld him over the garden wall, and marvelled how a man could be idle at that time of the day, if he had any muscle in him.

In an hour's time he had had enough of his occupation, and set off for the kitchen, in search of amusement there. In that region business was in full swing again. The bread was set down to rise, and Nell was in the dairy, making up the butter. Plainly there was no room for him.

"I shall take the liberty of coming back to finish my sketch some day soon, Mrs. Masters. No, thank you, I won't come in. I should not like to hinder you one moment from the composition of those appetising dishes which I can see and smell. But my cousin tells me you have a 'holy well' on your farm, which used to be much visited by the curious, and which I should like to see for the sake of the pretty dell in which it lies. Can you make it clear to me how I am to get there?"

"It's t' sick well I expect you mean, sir; but I doubt you'd never find it yourself. Here, Nell, love," called Mrs. Masters, going to the door of the dairy, "put off your hat, and show Mr. Derwent the way to t' sick well."

Nell appeared, but not with great alacrity. Her level brows were contracted, and a little furrow showed between them, which was her usual sign of inward discomposure. The butter was on her mind, and she had an aversion to the necessity of putting on company manners to attend a stranger. She reflected that Sally might with more propriety have been selected for the office.

Walter patte the shaggy shepherd-dog that lay basking in the sun outside the door, and smelt the bunch of wall-

flowers that stood on a jug on the window-sill.

"Some one has an eye for color in your house, Mrs. Masters. What an admirable arrangement—the deep red of these wallflowers against the dark blue of the jug. The effect is perfect."

Nell was taking her hat down from behind the door. As Walter said this, he looked up, and discovered her eyes upon him, with a keen look of scrutiny in them.

A cordial farewell exchanged with Mrs. Masters, the two set out. Nell, with a sense of compulsion within her, walked behind on the narrow field path. This did not suit her companion, who was accustomed to be on friendly terms wherever he found himself.

"I believe you know my cousin—Miss Oliver?" said he, moving to one side, that she might walk on a line with him. "I ought to, for she's lived in Hazlewood ever since I was born, sir."

Nell made no movement to join him, and Derwent had a sense of discomfiture. Miss Lettice as a subject seemed unfruitful. He tried something else.

"What do you call that house over yonder?" and now he stepped back to walk by her side.

"Why, you must mean Beechover Hall," Nell laughed. "Don't you know that?"

"You forget that I haven't lived here ever since you were born."

"But long enough to know the name of the hall, sir."

"You uncompromising young savage!" was Derwent's inward comment. "I will try what equal coolness will do." Then, aloud, "Well, to tell you the truth, I did know, but as you would not talk to me, you see I had to talk to you, and that struck me as something to say."

Nell experienced a growing wonder. Here was a man who felt himself so much obliged to talk that he would talk nonsense rather than not talk at all. Derwent felt somewhat uncomfortable under her steady gaze. He had intended to make acquaintance with the girl much as a naturalist inspects a new species, and now he had a vague sense that the girl regarded him in like manner. As Nell said nothing, he continued—

"Well, whatever be its name, the hall is a picturesque old place; I must walk over there some day. There must be some fine old trees in the park, are there not?"

"Yes, there's a deal to many of them. It's but a gloomy place, to my thinking."

Evidently the girl was difficult to talk to, and Walter did not like difficulties; they walked on in silence. He had not thought her a girl of this kind, as he watched her in the hay-field. A vivid recollection came to him of her merry face and musical laugh. He must find some way to make her look at him like that. Presently they came to a stile, Walter vaulted it first and held out his hand to Nell, who came over with as much agility as he, and without need of assistance. At the moment when Nell could not avoid looking at him, Walter said, with a smile—

"What a temper you were in when your mother sent you with me!"

Nell looked at him with astonishment for a moment, quickly changing into a friendly comradeship.

"Yes, that I was!" said she; "and I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir."

"It is that I should beg your pardon, and thank you for your kindness in coming with me, in spite of your reluctance."

"Nay, you can't think there's any cause for thanks, since mother sent me against my will."

"Well, then, we are quits, and understand each other. Shake hands, and be friends with me."

Nell colored, and shrank back.

"The proud little monkey!" thought Walter. "I have lost my ground again."

Here they came out into a lane, against a row of cottages. The door of one stood open, and Derwent stopped before the little gate to admire.

"What an exquisite study of color!" he exclaimed. "Just come here, where I am standing, and look at the delicate blue tone of these walls, and the vivid scarlet of the geranium; the spotless

floor and the oak settle complete the picture. Who is fortunate enough to live in this most charming of cottages?

Walter turned for Nell's answer, and saw a look of pained dismay on her face.

"Do you think it's right, sir, of a gentleman like you to come and make game of people like us? I doubted you were making fun when you talked like that about the jug, and now I'm sure of it."

Walter burst out laughing, in spite of efforts to keep his countenance. Nell observed him gravely, and tears of mortification rose to her eyes.

"You'll find your way easy from here, sir, if it's the sick-well you really want to go to. And I'll say good morning now, for there's my butter waiting me." Nell walked away with more than her usual dignity.

"Miss Nell, oh, please don't go away like that," cried Walter, suddenly sobered. "How shall I convince you that I am in earnest about the cottage? Have you never dreamt of such things being thought pretty? Ask my cousin Lettice, ask any one, and they will agree with me about it. Indeed, I assure you the way in which you regard it is quite as strange to me as mine is to you."

Nell looked him full in the face with a penetrating gaze. Apparently she was satisfied, for she said, before she turned to go, "There's a many new things for me to learn, I think."

(To be continued.)

### Children's Department

#### GOD'S TITHE.

- One-tenth of ripened grain,
- One-tenth of tree and vine;
- One-tenth of all the yield
- From ten-tenths' rain and shine.
- One-tenth of lowing herds,
- That browse on hill and plain;
- One-tenth of bleating flocks,
- For ten-tenths' shine and rain.
- One-tenth of all increase,
- From counting-room and mart;
- One-tenth that science yields,
- One-tenth of every art.

- One-tenth of loom and press,
- One-tenth of mill and mine;
- One-tenth of every craft
- Wrought out by gifts of Thine.
- One-tenth of glowing words
- That golden guineas hold;
- One-tenth of written thoughts
- That turn to shining gold.

#### PLUCKY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter. "Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you?"

It must have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down at the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking at them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manshij calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"Oh yes, I can, and I'm growing fast—there! see if I can't look over the counter!"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they copped?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough, I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might your age be, sir?" responded the man with emphasis.

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see my mother hasn't any body but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it—and I—haven't had—any—any—breakfast, sir."

His voice again hesitated and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

"Humph! Where's your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! you don't say so. That's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his.

"Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "Is Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his left ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"Work, sir—work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight, creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement-house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it mother! I'm took! I'm a cash-boy! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerks call, 'Cash?' Well, I'm that! Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you never cry again, for I'm the man of the house now!"

The house was only a little ten-by-fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it! At first the mother looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now.

A Nebraska monument to a horse-thief is simply a stake at the head of a grave and a sign reading, "It would have been cheaper for him to go afoot."

### A MISSIONARY MEETING, SIR!

A gentleman in London saw a lady, an acquaintance of his, coming on a run. He stopped him with the inquiry:—

"Whither away in such haste?"

"Exeter Hall."

"What is there at Exeter Hall that so interests a chimney-sweep?"

"A missionary meeting, sir."

"I have an interest in the concern, sir."

"You have an interest in the great London Missionary Society? How came that?"

"I gave my penny, sir."

This but illustrates a law of the human heart, which the Creator himself announced when he said:—"Where the treasure is, there the heart is also." That to which we donate our toil or our money, becomes an object of regard. That investment draws our interest. That which costs little is of little value. That which costs our all is of great worth. Would it be well to be more deeply interested in the cause of Christ? Then do more and give more for it. If we do less and give less and pray less our interest will diminish.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

### A BRAVE GIRL.

A poor servant girl of Noyou, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which, being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen stepping to the front, said quietly:—"I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows;" and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant, but fearful, mission. Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing, but unconscious, men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening the rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her, and, loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up; and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

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 The School will re-open after the Christmas Holidays  
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 Under the direction of the  
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**ROBERT WILKES,**  
 Toronto, 48 & 50 Yonge street (up stairs),  
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 Monday, 2nd August, 1880

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 All goods in stock are being listed at special clearing prices.  
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