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THE

# PARISH MAGAZINE

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CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL

REGISTER.

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**FEBRUARY, 1867.**

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COMMUNICATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE SENT TO

"REV. ALEX. WILLIAMS, TORONTO."

CHURCH  
BOOK ASSOCIATION,  
TORONTO.

## Diocese of Ontario.

HILLIER AND WELLINGTON.—The congregation of Christ Church, Hillier, shortly before Christmas, gave a surprise party to their Clergyman, the Rev. E. H. M. Baker, and though prevented by the extreme inclemency of the weather from gathering at the Parsonage in such force as they would otherwise have done, they yet mustered so many, and brought with them such valuable and generous offerings, that not less than \$60 was realized by the incumbent from the occasion. Adding the Christmas Offertory of Wellington and Hillier, which, notwithstanding the above liberality, exceeded that of last year, we have the sum of \$76 contributed this season by this small but thriving parish to cheer and encourage the heart of its pastor.

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## Diocese of Toronto.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS.—The Lord Bishop of Toronto has been pleased to make the following appointments :—

The Very Reverend James Grasset, B. D., to be Dean of Toronto.

The Venerable Arthur Palmer, M. A., to be Archdeacon of Toronto.

The Venerable Thomas Brock Fuller, D.D., D.C.L., to be Archdeacon of Niagara.

The Archdeaconry of Toronto, comprising hitherto the whole diocese of Toronto, has been resigned by the Lord Bishop of Niagara, and is now divided into two Archdeaconries. The first is the Archdeaconry of Toronto ; which will comprehend the City of Toronto and Yorkville, West Riding of York, and the Township of King, the County of Simcoe, the Indian Territory north west, the Counties of Peel, Halton, Wentworth, and Wellington. The second is the Archdeaconry of Niagara ; comprehending the Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand, East and North Ridings of York (Township of King excepted), the Counties of Ontario, Durham, Victoria, Northumberland and Peterborough.

The Lord Bishop has been pleased to appoint the following clergymen to be Canons, and Honorary Canons, of the Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto :—

CANONS.—The Rev. James Beaven, D.D., the Rev. Thomas Bolton Read, D.D., the Rev. Ed. Baldwin, M.A, the Rev. Henry Brent, M.A.

HONORARY CANONS.—The Rev. Septimus F. Ramsay, M.A., the Rev. Wm. Ritchie, M.A., the Rev. Henry Bath Osler, the Rev. Alex. Dixon, M.A.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto having been pleased to reconstruct, and increase the number of the Rural Deaneries in this Diocese, has made the following appointments:—

1. The Rev. Saltern Givens, to be Rural Dean of the County of Peel West and North Riding of York, and the City of Toronto and Yorkville.
2. The Rev. William McMurray, D.D., D.C.L., to be Rural Dean of the Counties of Lincoln and Welland.
3. The Rev. James Gamble Geddes, M.A., to be Rural Dean of the Counties of Wentworth and Haldimand—Township of West Flamboro' to be excepted.
4. The Rev. Featherstone Lake Osler, M.A., to be Rural Dean of the Counties of Halton and Wellington, including the Township of West Flamboro'.
5. The Rev. Samuel Brown Ardagh, M. A., to be Rural Dean of the County of Simcoe.
6. The Rev. George S. J. Hill, M.A., to be Rural Dean of the East Riding of York, and the County of Ontario.
7. The Rev. John Wilson, B.A., to be Rural Dean of the Counties of Northumberland and Peterborough.
8. The Rev. Thomas W. Allen, M.A., to be Rural Dean of the Counties of Durham and Victoria.

INTERCOMMUNION.—The interest we feel in everything which manifests unity and harmony between different branches of Christ's Holy Church, leads us to place on record the fraternal greetings, which passed by telegraph between the American and Canadian Bishops on the day of the consecration of the Bishop of Niagara.

“NEW YORK, Jan. 25.

“The bishops and clergy assembled at the consecration of the Bishop of Maine, send to the Lord Bishop of Toronto warmest love and congratulation, on the event of the day in Toronto.

“BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

The following response was sent:

“To the Rt. Rev'd. Horatio Potter, D.D.—The Canadian bishops and clergy assembled for the consecration of the coadjutor bishop, reciprocate in the most affectionate terms the very kind and fraternal greetings of the bishops and clergy assembled at the consecration of the Bishop of Maine.

“JOHN TORONTO.”

WEEKLY COMMUNION.—Many churchmen will be glad to hear that Bishop Whipple of Minnesota has directed that the communion be administered every Sunday in the churches of his diocese. A subscriber wishes to know why in all this diocese there is but one church in which there is a weekly celebration, and not one where there is a daily service. Perhaps some of our clergy will answer. We may hope however that if

the recent appointments are to be anything more than a mere name, the Cathedral staff, under the direction of the Very Rev. the Dean, will make the services at St. James' a model for the Diocese.

PORT HOPE.—On New Year's Eve, a deputation waited upon the Rev. Dr. Shortt, with a very complimentary address and a purse containing upwards of \$220.

CHURCH SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.—A public meeting for the consideration of this subject was held in the Lecture Room of the Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday, 13th inst. The Chair was taken by the Lord Bishop of Niagara, who opened the meeting by setting forth in brief but forcible terms the importance of such an institution. Able addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Langtry, Darling, Palmer, McCollum, and the Provost of Trinity College, after which Mr. Vankoughnet moved, seconded by Mr. Strathy, "That it is on every account advisable, and this meeting hereby pledges itself, to further and carry out the object of establishing a Ladies' School in connection with the Church of England in this place." Carried unanimously.

We regret that by reason of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was comparatively small. But past experience has rendered almost proverbial the words "Small beginnings the way to get on," and we have no doubt the Bishop will carry out the work to a happy completion, supported in the undertaking by the generous co-operation of all the laity who desire the best welfare of our Church and Country.

There are now in this city three convents, each a centre of influence in favour of Rome, and a few days ago the handsome and valuable property known as Lyndhurst was purchased at a cost of \$16,500 for the Ladies of Loretto, by whom it is to be opened as a Boarding School for young Ladies. Here is wisdom—here is zeal, by which we ought at least to be admonished and roused to a sense of our own duty in the matter of making provision for the Daughters of the Church. If we neglect that duty it will be a disgrace to us and a sin before God, for the result will be a fearful loss to the cause of pure Religion in the land. We do not however anticipate any such evil issue; we believe the heart of the Church in this province will warm to the project propounded at the meeting; that if an agent were to visit various parts of the country, almost every one would be ready to give of his means towards the establishment of so desirable an institution, and that within a very few months we should have firmly established on a permanent basis a School, the influence of which would be full of blessings to our people.

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## Diocese of Montreal.

CHURCH SOCIETY.—The annual Public meeting of the Church Society of this Diocese, was held in the Mechanics' Hall on the 22nd ult., the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Quebec presiding. From the report read by the secretary we learn that "The Income of the Society derived from subscriptions and collections, which are the ordinary sources of revenue of the Society, compared with that of last year, is as follows :—

In 1865.....	\$5750.00
In 1866.....	5478.00

But in 1865 the sum of \$1980 was transferred to the Church Society from the Clergy Trust Fund, and the fund in charge from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and other funds, which made the income of last year larger in that proportion, viz., \$7730, leaving in fact \$272 of current income less this year than last.

The Church Society, after mature and careful deliberation on the part both of its Committee and those appointed by the Synod is about to be merged in a duly Incorporated Synod. Steps have already been taken to provide such an Act as is required, and no step will be taken without the greatest caution and deliberation, so as to preserve and guard in every way the interest of every one concerned. So that if this should be the first time that an old friend appears before the public when the Anniversary Missionary Meeting of the Synod presents the same cause of Missions to the Church in the Diocese, it will be seen that the operations of the Church Society are not lost or impaired, but under a new garb concentrated and improved.

In the mean time the Board would earnestly urge all to be "up and doing" to make the Church, whether ministering to "the sheep in the wilderness," or "taking heed to the flock" in more populous parts "a praise and a glory in the diocese. Some of the parishes, it will be seen have done; but it is, at the same time, manifest that all might do better in a cause which should stand first in every churchman's estimation, first in his heart's affections, and first on his list of charities, having Christ's promise, precept and example, to maintain, enforce, and recommend it.

*Co-operate* is the key-note the committee would desire to strike, the watchword they would desire to adopt, that no ground occupied by the Church may be abandoned, that new missions may be opened, the stakes strengthened, the cords lengthened. Never was there a time when united exertions were more needed. These are no days for contracting our operations, or relaxing our efforts in the Christian cause. Love, zeal, self denial, are needed for developing the Christian spirit in the parishes of the diocese and the putting forth all our strength. We need not only the co-operation of the laity in Synods for securing the practical

efficiency of the Church and for the assistance of the parochial clergy, but the need is that every Church family and every Church member of every family should be made aware of and practically recognize the duty of aiding the Missions of the Church according to our Lord's command, "Freely ye have received, freely give." And lastly your committee would suggest that the hearty thanks of all are due to Him, the Giver of all good, who has raised up willing hearts for the furtherance of those high objects which relate to the coming of our Master's Kingdom.

**JUBILEE, ST. JAMES CHURCH, ST. JOHNS.**—The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of this Church, was celebrated on Friday, Jan. 18th. There was morning prayer with Holy Communion at 11 a. m., with a most appropriate sermon from the Lord Bishop of Quebec, from Hab. ii. 20. The offertory amounted to \$13.37. The service was well attended, and the worship of an animated character. A hymn composed for the occasion was sung by the choir. The clergy present were :—Rev. G. Dodwell, Rector of Chambly; Rev. G. Slack, R. D. of Bedford; Rev. T. Godden, Rector of Dunham; Rev. R. Lindsay, of Knowlton; Rev. J. Evans, of Christeville; Rev. J. Abbot, of Stukely; and the Rector, Rev. H. F. Darnell.

After lunching at the Rectory, the clergy again repaired to the church, where, in the absence of the Rev. Canon Townsend, a letter was read, written by that gentleman, January 23rd, 1861, and furnishing the particulars of the opening of the church at which he had been present, assisted by the Clarenceville choir, then of some note in the neighborhood. Interesting remarks were also offered by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, the Rector, Revds. G. Slack and R. Lindsay, and Charles Lindsay, Esq., with reference to the progress of the Church in this locality, and the obligations consequent on such an uninterrupted enjoyment of the means of grace. We note the following particulars: the church which is of brick and still in good preservation, was commenced A. D., 1816, and opened for Divine Service Jan. 19, 1817, being at that time the only church in the town. It remained unconsecrated till some years after, when that solemn rite was performed by the Right Revd. Dr. Stewart, second Bishop of Quebec. It was subsequently enlarged at some cost, and now seats about 500 persons. Since its erection five Rectors have been in charge :—The Rev. W. D. Baldwin, and W. Dawes, deceased; Rev. Canon Bancroft, now Incumbent of Trinity Church, Montreal; the Rev. J. Irwin, removed to the upper province; and the Rev. H. F. Darnell, now in the sixth year of his ministry in this place.

This commemoration could not but be of solemn interest to many of the old residents of this place; and if on the one hand it revive painful associations connected with those gone from us, it should on the other remind us of the privileges we have so long enjoyed, and stimulate us to a more diligent and devout use of them.—*St. John's News.*

## Diocese of Huron.

**ST. WILLIAMS.**—On Sunday 30th Dec. the Church of St. Williams was opened for Divine Service. The sermon was preached on the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Wood, who has been appointed to the charge by the Bishop. The text chosen was the 17th verse of the 6th chapter Ezra, and was very ably handled by the preacher, and was attentive

listened to by a large audience, the house being filled. The Church is a very neat and unique edifice, and is a great credit and ornament to the village of St. Williams. The Rev. Mr. Wood certainly deserves much praise for his persevering, as well as his pecuniary sacrifice, in erecting the Church, furnishing the lot, and subscribing very largely towards the erection of the building. Since his sojourn in this Parish he has helped to build two churches, and preached several years without any remuneration, and has been the means of doing much good to the Church of Christ in this parish, whose only motive is for the glory of God. May he long live to teach the word of God in purity and truth.

**HURON COLLEGE.**—It is understood that the Rev. W. Wickes, M.A., [late Trinity College, Cambridge, Eng.,] has entered upon his duties as Principal and Divinity Professor of Huron College, succeeding Dean Hellmuth in those positions. The London Free Press says: We feel sure that the community in general in this diocese will wish him abundant success, and that the important institution of which he has the charge may grow to become powerful for good in the western portion of the province.

**NEW CHURCH AT LUCAN.**—The Episcopalians of the flourishing village of Lucan have just completed a very fine new church. It is built on a similar plan to Christ's Church, London; is of brick, about 200 feet x 60, and forty feet high. The ceiling and pews are of stained wood; the pulpit and chancel are grained, and of a beautiful design; and a very pleasing feature in connection with the edifice is the stained windows, admirably executed by Mr. R. Lewis, of this city. There are three very fine windows in the chancel, and one in front of the building. The Rev. Mr. Sanders, the indefatigable incumbent, and the congregation over which he ministers, have every reason to feel gratified at the completion of the fine edifice. It is tasteful in design and execution, and will comfortably seat four or five hundred persons, and is highly creditable to the spirit and energy of the people in this part of the diocese.—*London Prototype.*

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## Diocese of Quebec.

**BISHOP'S COLLEGE, LENNOXVILLE.**—We are requested to announce the appointment of the Rev. R. Walker, M.A., as rector of the junior department of Bishop's College. Mr. Walker was a scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, took a first class in Mathematics and a first in the Natural Sciences, and is now one of the professors at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. He will enter upon his duties after Easter. His testimonials and the recommendation of the Most Rev. the Metropolitan, by whom he was selected from a large number of candidates, exhibit him as a gentleman in no way unworthy to be the successor in office of the Bishop of Quebec and the lamented late rector the Rev. G. C. Irving.

The Rev. Edwin Hatch, Professor in Morin College, Quebec, and formerly of Toronto, lately left the "ancient capital" for England. Prior to his departure he was presented with a purse containing \$537 by an address signed by the Bishop, Chief Justice Meredith and many of the principal English speaking residents of the city. Mr. Hatch, whose return to England is much regretted in Quebec, made a suitable

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—January and February. Hurd & Houghton 459 Broom St. N. Y. This Magazine has a cheerful, homelike appearance; the illustrations are good, and the tone of the Articles healthy. The Publishers inform us, that it will aim at satisfying the varied taste of the younger public with wholesome and genial literature, illustrated by attractive designs. It will attempt to represent the world in which children live, and to enlarge the boundaries of that world for them, by satisfying a healthy inquisitiveness in matters of fact; by pleasing the imagination; by exciting an interest in what is worth attention; by encouraging a taste for what is simple in form, pure in sentiment, hearty and Christian in principle.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM AND CONFIRMATION; *a manual of questions designed to assist parents and teachers.* By Thomas M. MacDonald. London.—W. Kent & Co. In a letter to Mr. MacDonald the Lord Bishop of Lincoln thus commends this little work. "I thank you very sincerely for your Questions on the Catechism, which I like very much. Indeed on all important points, I concur entirely with your explanations. I shall be very glad if the book should attain a wide circulation."

## The Church Book Association

Has been formed for the purpose of supplying a class of books which are not usually kept in stock by our booksellers. By reason of the comparatively small demand for sound Church Books, those of a latitudinarian tone are found much more profitable, and the shelves of the book stores are almost destitute of works which meet the wants of Churchmen. One result of this state of things is that many of our families and Sunday School children derive a great portion of their religious instruction from books which are hostile to the Church, or at least ignore the distinctive principles which we believe to be apostolic and scriptural.

If the system of government and doctrine held by the Church be of God, it is our solemn duty, as far as may be in our power, to take care that all our members be taught its distinctive principles as well as those truths which are more generally acknowledged.

The Association proposes to keep a supply of books suitable for Sunday School and Parish Libraries, and to meet the wants of the clergy by procuring for them any works they may require in the discharge of their professional duties.

All persons subscribing fifty cents per annum will receive the "Home" or "Parish Magazine and Church and Sunday School Register," and have the privilege of procuring Church books through the Association at a great reduction from the ordinary bookseller's rates.

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS, Secretary.



St. Andrew.

## St. Andrew.



**S**T. ANDREW was born at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee, on the shores of the lake of Gennesareth. He was the son of Jonas, a fisherman of that town, and brother of Simon Peter.

He is generally called by the early writers "the first called disciple," though in a strict sense he was not so, for though he was the first of the disciples that came to Jesus, and brought his brother Peter to Him, yet he did not then stay with Him, but returned to his home and calling. Somewhat more than a year after, our Lord, passing through Galilee, found the brothers fishing on the Sea of Tiberias, and satisfied them of His divine power by the miraculous draught of fishes; and when He then called them to become fishers of men, they left all and followed Him, and became His disciples.

Little else is recorded of St. Andrew in the sacred story, as his doings are comprehended in the general account of the rest of the apostles.

Ancient tradition asserts that the apostles agreed among themselves (by lot, some say), and we may believe not without seeking the guidance of the Holy Spirit, what parts of the world they should severally take, and that Scythia and the neighbouring countries were at first assigned to St. Andrew. Tradition further relates that the apostle travelled through Cappadocia, Galatia, and Bithynia, instructing the people in the faith of Christ, passing along the Euxine Sea, and so into the solitudes of Scythia.

In his further missionary journeys he is said to have traversed Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and at last passed into Achaia, where he suffered martyrdom at Patræ, a city of that province.

He is generally believed to have been crucified on two pieces of timber crossing each other in the shape of the letter X, a form of cross which has become known by his name.

St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, and also of Russia, the ecclesiastical historians of the latter country affirming that this apostle preached the gospel to their Muscovite ancestors in Scythia. The order of St. Andrew is the principal Russian order of knighthood.

In England, *six hundred* churches are dedicated to this apostle's honour. In ecclesiastical and devotional pictures St. Andrew is commonly depicted leaning on his cross, and holding the book of the gospel in his hand.

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## Grey's Old Court.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"DIDN'T I say he'd maybe take a fancy to the lass?" said Mrs. Tozer, with a discontented ring in her voice. "A good thing for her if she can creep up his sleeve. I'm not like old Mother Flam: there's no jealousy in me. But then she drinks, poor body, and her husband beats her."



The widow stopped to put her iron to her cheek, but it wasn't exactly that sort of heat which brought the sudden colour over it.

"I shouldn't like Mattie to creep up anybody's sleeve," she said, "least of all, *his*; she isn't going to do it, Mrs. Tozer; and if it comes to that, I don't quite believe in Richard Grey's money. He had some once, but his son must have drained him pretty dry."

Mrs. Tozer sniffed incredulously.

"Well, it's nothing to me. There now, did ever anybody see such frills and furbelows to a petticoat before? The ladies don't think how it worrits one to get 'em up."

"We're paid for it," said the widow, quietly.

"Aye, to be sure. And I must say you are wonderfully patient, considering you're not well. One thing, these little collars and cuffs are a blessing; I hope they won't go out of fashion. Where's the lassie this evening, Mrs. Grey?"

"Gone to take some clothes home," replied the widow. "I like to send her. She isn't used to being shut up in a town, and the walk does her good."

"Ah. Well, I must be going. There's a heap of muslins waiting to be starched, and that flighty girl of mine is worth nothing when my back's turned. You are lucky to have a good daughter; I know that."

Mrs. Tozer said this in a repining, injured sort of way, as though the load laid upon her were altogether unjust and undeserved; but it never occurred to her that very opposite examples and precepts had been set before the two girls who were so different.

Meantime Mattie had emptied her basket and turned back in the direction of the Old Court. She turned reluctantly, for there was a suspicion of country up here amongst the grand houses with their large gardens, and the trees in front, and peeps of gorgeous flower-beds beyond. Mattie began to speculate. How much money had old Richard Grey? Enough to live out here if he chose, no doubt; perhaps even to take one of the fine houses with the sloping lawns and flowers. But then he didn't care for flowers.

It was a fact which cannot perhaps be explained, that these two had an odd attraction for each other. The old man had taken to count the days of the week till Friday came, and then he would set his door open and listen all day till the light footstep sprang up the stairs, and the girl stood before him, radiant with youth and life and hope. She was like a sunbeam coming to shine upon the dust and cobwebs and mould that surrounded him. And then he said quaint things, which Mattie liked to ponder over until she understood them. She was sorry for him too in his loneliness. She never told him this, but by some subtle instinct he felt it; and the knowledge that in all the careless indifferent world one fresh heart had a tiny spot in it for him, the worn-out miser, touched him strangely. In her turn, Mattie must have known this too. She always spoke of him to her mother with a sort of gentle pity which had an element of affection in it; and she thought of him compassionately this evening as the fresh air blew softly upon her and the birds sang in the tall trees that were fast vanishing behind her.

Grey's Old Court.

All at once, however, Mattie's quick step slackened, and she was shaking hands with young James Woodford, the wheelwright. And she had come back with a throb of pleasure to the present, to the actual life before her, and its possibilities. As it was yesterday so it is to-day; so it shall be to the end of all time. The old, old story, with tender light and shadows upon it, whose very heartaches are sweet and its clouds hopeful, because of the sun that anon shall shine out of them. So, old man, sink back now amongst the cobwebs, and be patient. Such as your life has been, you have lived it out and sit in its ashes; but for these children it is only beginning, and the sun shines upon it.

James Woodward walked on by Mattie's side, silent. He had taken her basket from her with a sort of pleading gesture which she did not resist. By-and-bye he said a few commonplace words, which she answered, but they did not talk much just at first. They were in a dream, these two, and it was very pleasant.

Presently Mattie stopped and pointed away over into the west. There was a break in the line of houses, and through it, like a framed picture, lay stretched the green meadows with the river Dyke below them; the faint hills beyond, and the glory of the setting sun tinging the waters of the silvery Dyke.

"Oh, I would like to be there," said Mattie. "I'd like to feel the buttercups and daisies under my feet, and hear the ripples once again."

"Let us go some day," he said. "Shall we? Townspeople often do, you know, and make it a sort of picnic. When the summer weather comes we'll take a holiday, you and I, and your mother, if she'll come. Shall we? But you're not listening. What are you thinking of?"

"They say," replied Mattie, turning absently to him, "that God made the country and man made the town."

"Ah," said James, a little disappointed. "But the town must be, you know. I dare say a poet wrote that, and poets see only one side of the thing. They don't stop to pick it to pieces always," said the young philosopher, with deeper truth than perhaps he was aware of. "As well say God made the stones and man built his house—in the country, you know. And if it comes to that, there's enough wickedness out amongst the green fields and lonely woods, only perhaps it can be kept quieter there. But about this holiday; should you like it?"

"Like it! I shall dream of it. Shall we go down there, where the willows are? And see the blue sky in the river, with the tiny white clouds on it; and fishes leaping—the dear little fishes?"

"Yes," said James, smiling, "we'll see it all."

"But oh," said Mattie, "I've been so long away. I ought not, for we are busy at home, and my mother isn't well. I must go."

James lingered a little.

"I haven't found it long. But there, I won't keep you, and I won't come to the end of the lane either, because—"

"Because what?"

"Oh, nothing. I had better not. Won't you shake hands?"

He had meant "Because people will talk," but he saw that this

did not occur to Mattie, and so he checked himself. And he went away into his workshop, stumbling about amongst the shavings, and began planing away vigorously at a deal board.

As for Mattie, a rough blow struck the golden dream away. When she got home the widow had left the ironing table, and sat in an old wicker chair by the fire, doing nothing. It was so unusual a sight that Mattie, startled, went up to her mother with an exclamation of wonder and alarm.

"I'm out of sorts," said the widow, trying to be cheerful, and breaking down signally. "I'm just one ache all over, Mattie, my dear, and I've kept up as long as I can. This place is so low and damp; I'm afraid—oh what shall I do if it's that fever again?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FOOTSTEPS IN THE FOG.

THE summer weather was come, but the holiday poor Mattie dreamed about had vanished into dim uncertainty. No one thought of it, except perhaps the young wheelwright over his work. He had seen but little of Mattie since her mother's illness threw so heavy a burden on the girl's shoulders, for she had scarcely a moment to spare; and James did not know—how should he?—that a very terrible shadow hovered about the widow's door, and oppressed her daughter with a host of vague fears. This was poverty. To be sure the widow was recovering, but she still lay on her bed helpless from rheumatism; and then the doctor ordered her wine, and meat; what he called kitchen physic was all she wanted now, but how was Mattie to get it? She went on with her ironing, and the blinding tears would gather and fall down over the delicate bits of lace and muslin till she was fain to give up and sit, as her mother had done so many nights ago, in the wicker chair, doing nothing. But it was Friday, and she had to go to Richard Grey's as usual; indeed it was past the hour at which he always expected her, and Mattie threw on her bonnet hastily and went out. She passed down into the drying-ground, and thence to the little wicket which divided it from the strip of neglected garden. There Mattie stood still for a moment to look at the river fog which had come up thick and heavy, and the forms of distant trees like ghostly giants, dimly visible through it. Some sudden chill sense of her own forlorn condition, and of the lightheartedness which it seemed was gone for ever, crept over the girl at the sight, and she leaned on the wicket and broke into a passion of sobs. Gradually, as she grew quieter, a sound like stealthy footsteps struck upon her ear; it ceased when her sobs ceased, but, perhaps for the first time in her life, Mattie was terrified at an unseen danger, and she hurried to the miser's door, and knocked loudly. The clanking of heavy chains followed, and then the door creaked and groaned on its hinges, and the sour face of the housekeeper looked out upon Mattie.

"I think you might make less noise," said the woman. "Come in if you're coming, and you'd better not be long. I don't want the bother of undoing these chains for you again, so I shall

leave them. *He'll* hear if any one should come in; never fear him."

It was on Mattie's tongue to say, "Better bolt the door," but she dared not brave the housekeeper's sneers. And so she went up the stairs quietly, with a vague, horrible sensation of being followed; with the stealthy footsteps, which after all might only have been fancy, in her ear still; and presently with the real, bony presence of the housekeeper stalking into the miser's room beside her.

The old man started when he saw Janet; his hand wandered to the table and clutched a canvass bag, producing a musical clink of gold coins, and he pointed angrily to the door.

"You'd best give me that," said the housekeeper, with a significant nod towards Mattie, which however the girl did not see. "I've let you have it long enough, and it isn't safe for you to keep so much about you. You'll be dropping it in some of those chinks."

"I shan't," he retorted. "That is—you mustn't put it away yet, Janet. I—I haven't counted it; I'll finish when she's gone. You go now; I don't want you."

The woman hesitated a little, and then Mattie heard her slipshod feet falling hollow in the long passage just as she used to fancy the miser's would fall.

"What—what is it?" asked the old man, still clutching his bag, and peering up into the girl's face. "You've been crying, my dear. The mother isn't worse?"

"No, sir, she's getting better. That is, she would be if—if—" said poor Mattie, breaking down again.

"If what? Don't be frightened. What's the matter now?"

For Mattie had suddenly fixed her eyes on the door, and was trembling violently. She had seen, or fancied she saw, the handle turn softly, the door itself open a few inches, and a shadow like the shadow of a man's head and shoulders fall upon the wall beyond. It was gone in a moment, and she tried to persuade herself that she had fancied it.

"Well?" continued the miser, impatiently. "She would get well if what, Mattie?"

"The doctor says she must have wine and meat, sir, and I can't do so much work now, and, and—"

"See here; see here, don't cry," whispered he, fingering in the bag, and glancing over his shoulder. "She—that's Janet—keeps me very close, but it's for my good. For I'm poor, you know. Come closer and I'll tell you something. Do you know why Janet hates you? Hates you like poison; beware of her. It's because she thinks I'll give you something, or leave it to you; some of the money—it isn't much, for I'm very poor—that she means to have when I am—gone, you know. I don't like *dead*, it's an ugly word, isn't it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! Full of life and health, with long years before you—not know! Ah, it will come time enough. But now see here, Janet will say it has gone down a chink, won't she?"

He took a sovereign from the bag and rubbed it between his thumb and finger lovingly. It seemed to Mattie that he had only taken it out to clean it and put it back again, he hesitated so long. But with a sudden convulsive movement of his thin fingers, he thrust it into her hand, pushing her away.

"For Mattie—for Mattie Grey. Take care of it, it's a deal of money. Give her the wine. There's the bundle of clothes; take them quick, and go away. Oh, it's a dreadful thing to be poor, my dear. Good night; go."

That night Mattie sat beside her mother's bed talking merrily and even laughing, for the widow had food and wine, and would soon be well again, she thought. But into the girl's dreams when she slept there came a vague oppression and dread. Dim at first, and then shaping itself into a form out of which the housekeeper's eyes looked upon her, and the housekeeper's harsh voice spoke.

With the dawning day, a little rumour arose in Grey's Old Court like the swaying of branches before a coming storm. It grew louder; the sound of many feet was on the widow's threshold, and clamorous hands knocked at her door; the door which presently Mattie opened, with her fresh young face a little paler than usual from her dream-oppressed sleep. First in all this throng of curious and condemning, Mattie met those eyes of the housekeeper twinkling upon her with a mixture of malice and triumph; and the sudden deadly hue that whitened the girl's face was taken by the experienced policeman for conscious guilt.

The old man had been found late at night flung forward from his chair, evidently by a violent hand, since both his own were raised as though to ward off some threatened blow, and the bag of gold was gone.

And Mattie, turning from one to the other in terror and dismay, cried out with trembling lips, "Is he dead? Have they killed him?"

Have *they* killed him! Men repeated it with a sneer; women shook their heads in conscious virtue, and pity for such depravity; they had long known she was no better than she should be, with her meek airs. So this was what she had crept up the old man's sleeve for! No, he was not dead. In all probability he would live to bear witness to her guilt. And when Mattie sighed out, "Thank God he isn't dead!" these people lifted up horror-stricken hands and said that she was even worse than they had thought. But who was to tell the poor helpless woman up-stairs? Who was to go and say to her, "This food and this wine is the price of your daughter's soul. It is robbery and attempted murder?"

For that was the charge under which Mattie was to be taken into custody. The poor child scarcely understood it. She went where they conducted her blindly. No one in all that curious throng spoke to her; they only stared. And in that scene which seemed so unreal, only one thing roused the girl from her strange stupor. A dressmaker who lodged in the court, and whom she knew slightly, came down from her room as the procession passed it. She forced a way through them all, and took Mattie's cold hand in both her own.

## A Legend of Bregenz.

"Mattie Grey," said the generous little woman, "keep a brave heart, and say your prayers. I'll see to your mother. Trust to me."

And then two big tears gathered slowly in the black eyes, but they never fell; the girl looked wistfully through them at the Samaritan, and her lips moved, though no sound came from them. They formed the words "God bless you!"

(To be continued).

## A Legend of Bregenz.

GIRT round with rugged mountains  
The fair Lake Constance lies;  
In her blue heart reflected  
Shine back the starry skies;  
And, watching each white cloudlet  
Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of Heaven  
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,  
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down  
Upon her own calm mirror,  
Upon a sleeping town:  
For Bregenz, that quaint city  
Upon the Tyrol shore,  
Has stood above Lake Constance  
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,  
From off their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep:  
Mountain, and lake, and valley,  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved, one night,  
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,  
Nor asked for rest or change;  
Her friends seemed no more new ones,  
Their speech seemed no more strange;  
And when she led her cattle  
To pasture every day,  
She ceased to look and wonder  
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spake no more of Bregenz  
With longing and with tears;  
Her Tyrol home seemed faded  
In a deep mist of years;

She heeded not the rumours  
Of Austrian war and strife;  
Each day she rose contented,  
To the calm toils of life.

Yet when her master's children  
Would clustering round her stand,  
She sang them ancient ballads  
Of her own native land;  
And when at morn and evening  
She knelt before God's throne,  
The accents of her childhood  
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley  
More peaceful year by year;  
When suddenly strange portents  
Of some great deed seemed near;  
The golden corn was bending  
Upon its fragile stalk,  
While farmers, heedless of their fields,  
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,  
With looks cast on the ground;  
With anxious faces one by one  
The women gathered round;  
All talk of flax, or spinning,  
Or work was put away;  
The very children seemed afraid  
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow,  
With strangers from the town  
Some secret plan discussing,  
The men walked up and down.  
Yet, now and then seemed watching,  
A strange uncertain gleam,  
That looked like lances 'mid the trees  
That stood below the stream.

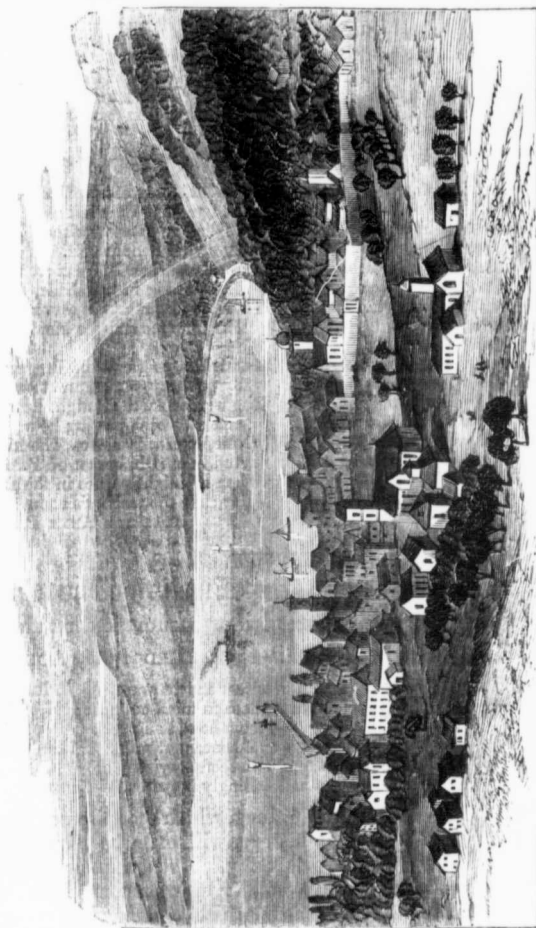
At eve they all assembled,  
Then care and doubt were fled;  
With jovial laugh they feasted;  
The board was nobly spread.  
The elder of the village  
Rose up, his glass in hand,  
And cried, "We drink the downfall  
Of an accursed land.



## A Legend of Bregenz.

"The night is growing darker,  
Ere one more day is flown,  
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,  
Bregenz shall be our own!"  
The women shrank in terror,  
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,  
But one poor Tyrol maiden  
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;  
Once more her towers arose;  
What were the friends beside her?  
Only her country's foes!  
The faces of her kinsfolk,  
The days of childhood flown,  
The echoes of her mountains,  
Reclaimed her as their own!



BREGENZ AND LAKE CONSTANCE, SWITZERLAND.

Nothing she heard around her,  
(Though shouts rang forth again).  
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,  
The pasture and the plain;  
Before her eyes one vision,  
And in her heart one cry,  
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,  
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste, and breathless,  
With noiseless step she sped;  
Horses and weary cattle  
Were standing in the shed;  
She loosed the strong white charger,  
That fed from out her hand,  
She mounted, and she turned his head  
Towards her native land.

## Godly Laymen of the English Church.

Out—out into the darkness—  
Faster, and still more fast;  
The smooth grass flies behind her,  
The chestnut wood is past;  
She looks up; clouds are heavy:  
Why is her steed so slow?  
Scarcely the wind beside them  
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “oh, faster!”  
Eleven the church-bells chime:  
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,  
And bring me there in time!”  
But louder than bells’ ringing,  
Or lowing of the kine,  
Grows nearer in the midnight  
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters  
Their headlong gallop check?  
The steed draws back in terror,  
She leans upon his neck  
To watch the flowing darkness;  
The bank is high and steep;  
One pause—he staggers forward,  
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,  
And looser throws the rein;  
Her steed must breast the waters  
That dash above his mane.  
How gallantly, how nobly,  
He struggles through the foam,  
And see—in the far distance—  
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,  
And now, they rush again  
Towards the heights of Bregenz,  
That tower above the plain.  
They reach the gate of Bregenz  
Just as the midnight rings,  
And out come serf and soldier  
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight  
Her battlements are manned;  
Defiance greets the army  
That marches on the land.  
And if to deeds heroic  
Should endless fame be paid,  
Bregenz does well to honour  
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,  
And yet upon the hill  
An old stone gateway rises,  
To do her honour still.  
And there, when Bregenz women  
Sit spinning in the shade,  
They see in quaint old carving  
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,  
By gateway, street, and tower,  
The warder paces all night long,  
And calls each passing hour,  
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,  
And then (Oh, crown of Fame!)  
When midnight pauses in the skies,  
He calls the maiden’s name!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

## Godly Laymen of the English Church.

BY G. W. BENICE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL.  
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, BORN 1554, DIED 1586, AGED 32.

“He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,  
“And doubly fair wax’d both in mind and face;  
“Which daily more and more he did augment  
“With gentle usage and demeanour mild,  
“That all men’s hearts with secret ravishment  
“He stole away and willingly beguiled.”—*Spenser*.



HE life of Sir Philip Sidney, which occupies so prominent a page in English history, will ever be regarded as a gem of graceful biography. As a scholar, an ambassador, a poet, and a soldier, there shone forth in him a refinement and piety which commend themselves at once to the reader’s appreciation, and linger in the memory, when the details of their display have lost their novelty.

Sir Philip Sidney was descended from a noble family. His father, Sir Henry, held an office in the household of Henry the Eighth; and subsequently the youthful Prince Edward, whom he designates “his most dear master, prince, and sovereign,” was entrusted to his care. Sir Henry was present when King Edward

died, and was one of the witnesses of that closing scene, of which the following prayer forms an impressive incident:—

“Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among Thy chosen; howbeit, not my will but Thine be done. Lord, I commit my spirit to Thee. O Lord, Thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee! Yet, for Thy chosen sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve Thee. O my Lord God, bless Thy people, and save Thine inheritance! O Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England. Defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that I and Thy people may praise Thy holy name, for Thy Son Jesus Christ’s sake.”

After this he said, “I am faint. Lord have mercy upon me, and take my spirit.” Then looking towards Sir Henry Sidney, he fell into his arms, and so expired.

Philip, the subject of our present sketch, was the eldest son of Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney, and was born at the beautiful village of Penshurst, near Tunbridge Wells. Possessing parents of singular worth, it is not a matter of surprise that he should inherit so many excellent qualities. “Though I lived with him,” wrote Lord Brooke (who was educated with him at Shrewsbury School), “and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years; his talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind, so as even his teachers found something in him to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught.”

Education in those days was never divorced from religion. The cultivation of the intellect was not the chief thing which a parent had at heart. Sir Henry was indeed proud of his son; but the very first letter he ever wrote to him exhibits his own exalted idea of the primary purpose of mental culture. “*Let your first action,*” he wrote, “*be the lifting up of your mind to God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you.*” A postscript was written, breathing the same devout spirit, by his excellent mother—“At this time I will write to you no other letter than this, whereby I first bless you with my desire to God to plant in you His grace; and, secondarily, warn you to have before the eyes of your mind these excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not continually, once in four or five days, to read them over. And see that you shew yourself as a loving, obedient scholar to your good master, and that we may hear that you profit so in your learning as thereby you may increase our loving care for you. Farewell, my little Philip, and once again, the Lord bless you! Your loving mother, MARY SIDNEY.”

At the very early age of fourteen he was sent to Oxford, where he excelled in classical learning; but, being driven away by the

plague, he appears to have gone to Cambridge. A few years later we find him spending three months at Paris, and he there happened to be an eye-witness of the now widely-famed massacre of the French Protestants, which took place at the festival of St. Bartholomew. Such a scene, so harrowing in its details, could not fail to make a deep impression upon a mind so tender and ingenuous.

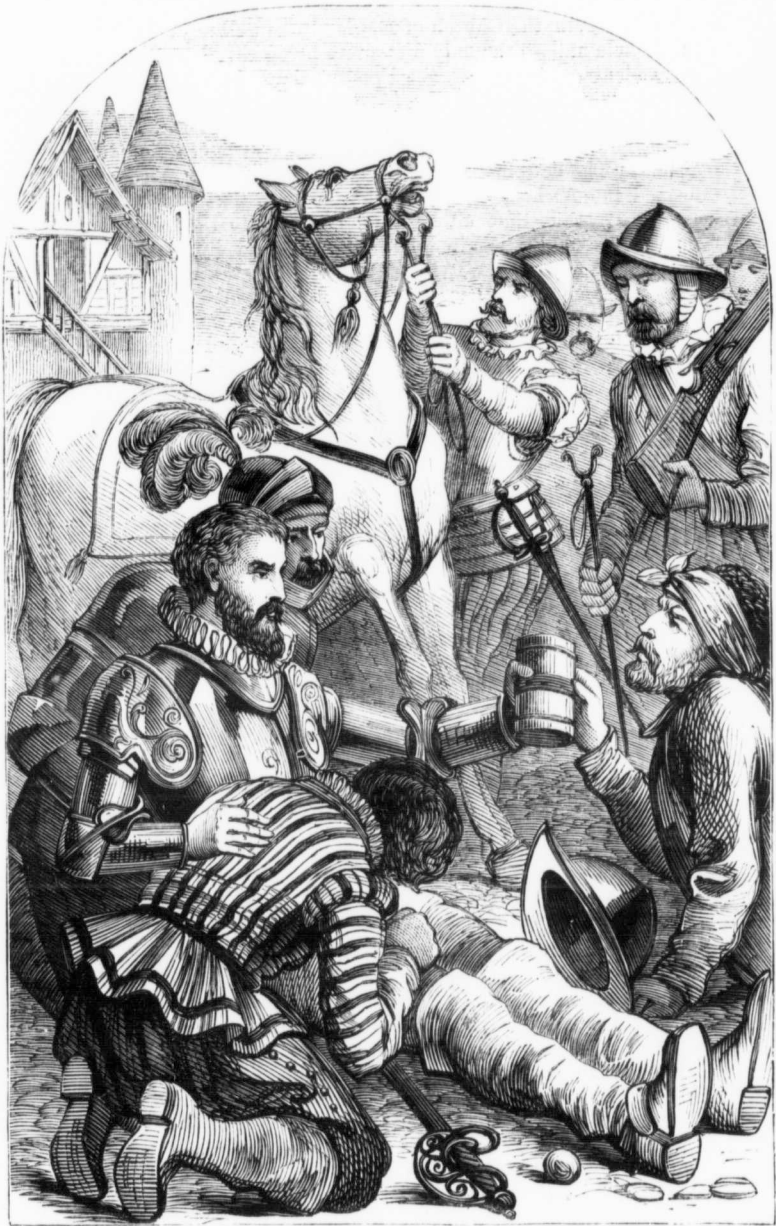
"The city seemed asleep when, at an hour and a half after midnight, the palace clock gave an unwonted sound. In an instant lights were placed at every window, soldiers emerged from hitherto dark corners, and thousands of men, armed and muffled, with the mark of the Cross fastened to their sleeves, streamed out of the houses, and joined in the cry, 'For God and the King'! Then all was confusion; half-naked men and women rushing out to be slaughtered; a strange mingling of prayers and curses, of laughter and wailing. In most parts there was indiscriminate butchery of all Huguenots. According to the lowest estimate, five thousand Protestants were murdered in Paris, and about a hundred thousand in the provinces. For seven days the slaughter lasted, and through that time blood flowed in the streets like rain."

Sidney having seen with his own eyes this revolting spectacle of dire persecution, deemed it his duty to retire from Paris without delay. He accordingly proceeded to Frankfort, in Germany, where he happily formed the acquaintance of one Hubert Longuet, a zealous member of the Reformed Church, whose Christian advice and devoted fidelity proved at this time of eminent service to the youthful Sidney, in helping to establish him both in the true faith of Christ's Church and the principles of godliness.

Upon his return to England, in 1575, Sir Philip was received at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, where he won universal favour, so much so that, on one important occasion, when Sir Francis Drake was about to embark on his second expedition against the Spaniards, the Queen issued a peremptory command that Sidney should not accompany him, *lest she should lose the jewel of her dominions.*

Prized and beloved by the whole English nation, and sharing the honours incident to so high a position, he was exposed to many temptations; but neither the blandishments of the gay world in which he moved, nor the incitements to ambition, which caused the downfall of other great men around him, ever gained the mastery of his nobler self. Scarcely believing in the good influence which he exercised, he would fain have retired into the quietude of private life. "I am very much grieved," wrote Hubert Longuet, "to hear you say that you are weary of the life to which I have no doubt God has called you, and that you wish to flee from the glitter of your Court. I know that in the splendour of a Court there are so many temptations to vice that it is very hard for a man to hold himself clean among them, and to stand upright upon such slippery ground; but you must struggle virtuously and boldly against these difficulties, remembering that the glory of victory is always great in proportion to the perils undergone."

Unfortunately, little is known respecting Sir Philip Sidney's observance of the public ordinances of religion, but, in the time of



"THY NECESSITY IS GREATER THAN MINE."

Queen Elizabeth, the Church of England was well nigh the religion of the whole nation, the only dissenters being the Romanists. The Independents, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and the Wesleyans, had not come into existence in any part of the world. The Prayer Book had been reformed on the model of the Primitive Church, and the Holy Scriptures were read in the ears of all the people. "The determination upon which the Queen acted, as she informed the Archbishop of Canterbury, was, that no man should be suffered to decline, either to the left or to the right hand, from the drawn line limited by authority, and by her laws and injunctions."

We can scarcely realise such a state of things now, but the influence for good which the simple services of the Church then exercised is abundantly seen in the consistent and devout lives of such men as Sidney and other English worthies. One object that he had at heart was the improvement of the Psalmody, which had been rendered into verse, in 1562, by Sternhold and Hopkins, and the following quotation from Sidney's pen will be read with interest:—

"The Lord, the Lord my Shepherd is,  
And so can never I  
Taste misery.  
He rests me in green pastures His;  
By waters still and sweet  
He guides my feet.

"He me revives; leads me the way  
Which righteousness doth take  
For His name's sake.  
Yea, though I should through valleys stray  
Of death's dark shade, I will  
No whit fear ill."

One striking feature of his character was moral courage, which gave additional grace to his noble and truth-loving nature. There was scarcely one in England that dared to remonstrate with the Queen, especially upon subjects in which she took a personal though unadvised interest; but when she was meditating a marriage with the Duke of Anjou, a foreigner and a Romanist, Sidney wrote so courteous and yet so manly a protest, that though it greatly displeased the Queen for a time, it proved unanswerable.

This great and good man was destined, in the order of a mysterious Providence, to furnish but one more example of his worth to the gaze of an admiring nation. A war having broken out between the Netherlands and Spain, the Queen espoused the cause of the former, and appointed Sir Philip Sidney governor of Flushing. A fierce engagement ensued under the garrisoned walls of Zutphen. Sidney's horse was shot down, and he was placed in great danger; but although he was thus exposed he promptly mounted a fresh horse and joined in the second charge. Then there was a third onset, and he received a musket-ball in the left thigh, a little above the knee. His new horse, not well trained to battle, took fright and galloped off the field; but the brave rider, though faint and bleeding, retained his seat. He was carried out



of the battle-field, "in which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his lips before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, '*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*'"

"Oh, Philip," exclaimed the Earl of Leicester, who had kept himself well out of danger, "I am truly grieved to see thee!"

"Oh, noble Sir Philip," cried Sir William Russell, himself bleeding from wounds, and letting manly tears fall upon the wounded body of his friend, "Oh, noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honourably, or serve so valiantly as you."

"I have done no more," replied the hero, "than God and England claimed that I should do; and my life cannot be better expended than in such a service as I have been engaged in this day."

He lingered in great pain for several days, and when at length he was told that he must not expect to live many hours longer, "I know it," he said, "I know it." And after the clergyman had reminded him that all things were to be left in the hands of One whose love and wisdom were alike infinite, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed with much emphasis, "*I would not exchange my joy for the empire of the world.*"

One of the company spoke of the comfort which godly men were wont to feel, at the hour of death, from recalling those passages of their lives in which God had helped them to work most purely, and most to the enlargement of His glory. "It is not so with me," answered Sir Philip; "I have no comfort that way. All things in my former life have been vain, vain, vain." Looking stedfastly as he was now to the things of heaven, he was regretting that he had spent so much of his leisure time in writing a poem entitled the "Arcadia." Turning to one of the friends near him, he bade him collect all the scattered leaves of the manuscript and consign them to the flames; but this request was only listened to in silence. About noon he became weaker, and the grief of his friends was unrestrained. Loudest of all in the utterance of his affliction was his loving brother Robert; but it was too much for the dying man. He requested him to leave him, after clasping his hands for the last time. "Love my memory," he said; "cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will of your Creator, in me beholding the end of the world and all its vanities."

These were the last words of Sir Philip Sidney. He sank down upon the pillow quite exhausted. His eyes closed. His cold hands lay as if lifeless, just where they had chanced to fall. "Sir," said the clergyman, after a pause, "if you hear what I say, let us by some means know it; and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand." Immediately the hand, which they had thought powerless, was lifted up and held out at full length for a little while, which caused "the beholders to cry

*Plain Words about the Communion Service.*

out with delight that his understanding should still be perfect, and that his weak body should give such a ready token of the joy of his soul."

His body was conveyed to England, lay in state many days, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, the funeral being attended by thousands of all ranks of the people, who gave every possible expression of their regret. There was a general mourning observed throughout the land, the first of the kind that had been ever known in this country. "It was accounted a sin," we are told, "for any gentleman, for many months after, to appear at Court or city in any light or gaudy apparel."

**Plain Words about the Communion Service.**

BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMOCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



THE Communion Service has been compared to some great cathedral.\* Just as there every part acts directly or indirectly as an approach towards the choir, so in this service we shall find that prayer and exhortation, reading of scripture, and singing of holy hymns, all tend in one direction, viz., to prepare us for the act of communion itself. It is very important thus to regard the service as a whole, and to see how one part is necessarily intertwined with another, so that we feel we could not afford to spare any of it, because the removal of a part must injure the whole structure. A somewhat detailed examination of the entire service will, it is hoped, interest our readers, and repay their careful study of it.

The Communion Office opens with the Lord's Prayer. There is something very beautiful in this. It is as if the Church, in approaching to the highest act of communion and worship, dare not begin with man's words, but finds nothing equal to the needs of the worshipper, save the words of the Son of God Himself. Twice is this prayer used in the service,—to sanctify its beginning, and to express the chastened joy of the communicant at its close. When it is used at the beginning of the service, the ascription of praise, commonly called the Doxology, is omitted. There, as in the Litany, our attitude is one of penitence, and we are to be led on step by step to praise. At one time both our Morning and Evening Services commenced with the Lord's Prayer. 'The Church of Christ,' says Bishop Sparrow,† 'did use to begin and end her services with the Lord's Prayer, this being the foundation on which all our prayers should be built.' The rubric does not seem to contemplate the people joining in the Lord's Prayer in this portion of the service. It would rather seem here to be said by the priest, in the name of those about to join in the sacred service, just as we find in the following collect a petition that the hearts of minister and people may be cleansed and purified.

\* See "Lectures on the Communion Office" by the Dean of Norwich (Rivingtons).

† Bishop Sparrow's 'Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer,' ed. 1684. It seems that some ancient writers, among whom are S. Jerome and S. Augustine, affirm that our Lord Himself instructed the apostles that the Lord's Prayer should form a portion of the Communion Office.

### *Plain Words about the Communion Service.*

The succeeding collect anciently was part of the priest's private preparation for the office, but now the congregation are, according to the arrangements of our Prayer Book, permitted to participate in this beautiful prayer. The collect is attributed to very ancient times, and is said to be the composition of that good Bishop Ambrose, whom God used as such a blessed instrument in the conversion of S. Augustine. Whether this be so or not, we may at least conclude, with Bishop Sparrow, that it is 'an excellent prayer.' It teaches us that purity of heart is the great qualification for true spiritual worship.

To this succeeds the rehearsal of the Ten Commandments, with the insertion of a prayer between each, that we may be enabled to keep God's holy law. This practice is peculiar to our own Liturgy, and the recital of the Commandments in this place was not introduced among us until we find it in the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI. Exception has sometimes been taken to it on the ground of its novelty, and from the idea that the rehearsal of the Law can have no legitimate place in a Christian Liturgy. 'Though I cannot say it is ancient,' writes Bishop Sparrow, 'yet, surely, it cannot be denied to be very useful and pious. And if there be any that think this might be spared, as being fitter for poor publicans than saints, let them turn to the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee going up to the Temple to pray (S. Luke xviii), and then they shall receive an answer.'

There is another reason, too, why the Ten Commandments seem to have an appropriate place in the Communion Service. In the Invitation to the Holy Communion we are directed to the duty of self-examination, and it is specially declared that this examination is to be made 'by the rule of God's Commandments.' The moral law, as interpreted by Christ, is to be the standard, to which our conduct is to be squared. It is well, therefore, that at the beginning of the service the worshipper should be reminded of his previous self-examination, and instructed to pour forth a prayer for grace to keep the Commandments which he has hitherto broken.

A few words, perhaps, ought to be said about this prayer inserted between each Commandment. The title, *Kyrie*, usually given to it, shows its ancient origin, for this title is derived from the first word as it stands in the Greek. The substance of the prayer, as has been pointed out by an eminent liturgical scholar, is derived from Deut. v. 29. It is an expansion of the petition used in what is called 'the lesser Litany,'\* adapted especially to the keeping of God's Commandments.

To this succeeds an act of intercession for the Queen, in accordance with the exhortation of S. Paul to Timothy.† These prayers are not found in exact words in any ancient liturgies, but in their spirit they are conformable to them. It is one of the instincts of

\* It may be well to remind the reader that the term 'Lesser Litany' is applied to the threefold prayer, 'Lord, have mercy, etc.,' used in the Morning and Evening Services, and in the Litany.

† 2 Tim. ii. 2. 'Though there hath been a prayer for the King in the Morning Service, and another in the Litany, yet the Church here appoints one again, that she may strictly observe S. Paul's rule.'—*Bishop Sparrow*.

the devout and loyal Christian to bear upon his heart one who occupies the earthly throne of the country in which he dwells, when he himself approaches to worship at the Throne of 'the King of kings and Lord of lords.'

This may be said to conclude the introductory and comparatively new portion of the Communion Office. We are now coming to that part where the Church treads yet more directly in the ancient track.

### On Uncommon Sense.



HE quality which we most rarely see exercised is good sense in common subjects; I call it, therefore, "Uncommon Sense." It is our most valuable sense, for it affects every-day matters, in the life of every individual.

Great and uncommon subjects seldom demand our energies, and to not many are given great talents for such things; but all have their own little sphere to fill, and for the wise and happy fulfilment of it nothing is so needed as sound (so-called) "common sense."

Another reason why I desire to call your attention to this quality is, because, instead of its being prized, as valuable things should be prized, it is too often despised as trivial. We had rather, like Naaman, do some "great thing" than attend to little common duties. We fancy it shows a mean and petty spirit to be occupied with such matters; but it is a far higher spirit which can "with the lofty sanctify the low," and which calls nothing little which has to do with human happiness and welfare.

"A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy cause  
Makes that and the action fine."

"He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little." For small things have a fearful power to avenge themselves on those who neglect them; while, if attended to, they form a pleasant habit, diffusing sunshine within and around us. He that is "faithful in that which is least shall be entrusted with the true riches" of the life to come.

Let me point out, first, how little this quality is exercised as regards *Time*. How many are always living in a hurry, and seem all day to be running after some duty which they never catch. To these I would suggest two simple remedies:—Rise early; employ the golden morning hours, since none are so fresh and free from interruptions, and use order and method in all you do, and you will find you can get through at least twice as much in your day. I have heard of a great and good man, who made a list of all he had to do, and wrote "done" to each as it was accomplished. It gives a healthy, noble satisfaction to complete what we attempt, and saves from miserable frettings over unfinished, imperfect work. Much time is also gained by using up all spare minutes. Have some little things in hand always to turn to, and you will be astonished at the results. "Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

Secondly. How few show good sense as to how they spend their *Money*? You hear some say, "I can't afford it," with regard to really needed and laudable objects, while they waste money in foolish fancies. Always *feel* a want before you *supply* it. Some spend their money in mere show and foolish display, and so cannot buy what is for real comfort and health. Some give largely in charities when they cannot pay their just debts. There is a good Spanish proverb, "Do not steal a goose to give the giblets to the poor." Some fritter their money in trifles which give no lasting pleasure, and then have none for great and useful objects. Some keep no accounts, and wonder how fast their money goes, and become suspicious. Some miscall themselves liberal, because they spend freely on themselves, and so have little to spend on others. We should aim in all things at a "*wise liberality, and a liberal economy.*"

Thirdly. *Health* is much more affected by attention to simple daily rules than by expensive and painful remedies. Pure water and fresh air are our best doctors. Early and regular habits, cleanliness, and simple food, would save many an ache and many a doctor's bill. In this, as in the other points named, it is not so much instruction as to what is best that is needed, as simple, practical *acting out* what we very well know is best.

"To know what's right, not only so,  
But also practise what we know."

The last subject I shall notice is really the first in importance,—*Religion*. What strange want of ordinary sense is shown here! How anxious and active we are in what concerns this short, uncertain life; how cold and careless as concerns that life which shall last for ever! There is a story of a nobleman giving a gold wand to a Court-fool, and telling him he might give it to anyone who was a greater fool than himself. Soon afterwards this nobleman was dying, and he said to the Fool, "I am going on a long journey." The Fool said, "Shall you ever return?" He said, "*Never.*" The Fool said, "Have you made any preparation for it?" He said, "*None.*" The Fool gave him the wand, and said, "Well, I am not such a fool as that!"

Shew your sense in using all rational means for your soul's good. If you were ill in body you would try all likely remedies. So, if our sin-sick souls need healing and strength, we must use God's appointed remedies. If you feel the burden of your sins, ask to have them washed away in the "Blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin." If you desire God's Holy Spirit, pray for it. If you desire to know His will, study His written Word. If you wish to hear that Word explained, go to church. You cannot convert yourself, but God will bless the use of means. He does not force our will, but treats us as rational, intelligent beings. Oh! let no logic, or perverted human reasoning, ever make you doubt that great promise,—"*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.*"

I have heard of a medical book, in which was written after each prescription that had been proved good—"Try it." I would earnestly say this to each of my simple moral prescriptions.

## Short Sermon.

### The Parable of the Sower.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

St. Luke viii. 5.—“*A sower went out to sow his seed.*”



OUR Saviour has in this instance given us the explanation of His own parable; we need but endeavour to amplify and apply it. “*A sower,*” He tells us, “*went out to sow his seed,*” and this “*seed is the word of God.*” The word, no doubt, is so called because, received into the heart, it is the germ which, acted upon by the Spirit of God, produces faith, and love, and holiness—the fair harvest of the Christian character. “*So then,*” as St. Paul writes, “*faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.*”\* And St. Peter speaks of Christians as “*being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.*”† It possesses, indeed, its active and, if I may so speak, its vegetative power, only by virtue of that blessed Spirit by whom it was originally given; but, under His mighty though gentle influence, it convinces of sin, works repentance, brings sinners to the Cross for pardon, increases faith, implants hope, cultivates charity, tells of righteousness, and peace and joy, and becomes the daily food of those who are really and in earnest journeying toward heaven. And the sower goes out to sow his seed whenever the word of God is read or preached; that is, whenever God speaks to you through the inspired penmen of the Bible, or by us, his accredited, though most unworthy ministers.

It is worth remarking, before we proceed, that our Saviour makes no mention of those unhappy men who altogether reject or neglect the word. All the classes spoken of in the parable received the seed, though in the first it remained lifeless; in the second, had no root; in the third, was choked; and in the fourth only was both rooted and fruitful. Our subject, therefore, does not apply to those who disbelieve or disregard religion entirely, and who look upon the worship of God as an idle ceremony, the remnant of a mistaken and exploded superstition (alas, that there should be such in a Christian country!), but to those who prove by their attendance in the House of God that they are not altogether without a sense of religious duty, and who at least call themselves, and claim the privilege of, Christians.

To proceed then with the parable. “*As he sowed, some fell by the wayside, and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it.*” The explanation is as follows:—“*Those by the wayside are they that hear; then cometh the devil, and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved.*” We have here a description of a sadly large class of hearers in most congregations. These are the inattentive and careless, who, never reading or listening with a view to their own practice, go away perfectly unchanged; or if an impression be made, it is like characters just traced on sand, which the first breath of wind obliterates.

\* Rom. x. 17.

† 1 Pet. i. 23.



Such persons listen to the word of God, when read, without interest, because they have heard it so often. They criticise the sermon, perhaps, to themselves and others, and even apply those parts which are of personal application to such of their acquaintance as they think they may best suit. At times, probably, their own consciences are somewhat pricked; but the effect vanishes generally during the walk and conversation which succeed the service.

Unhappy men! whose hearts are so hardened by carelessness and habit, that they can be compared to nothing so well as to a beaten road, where, should the good seed perchance fall, it lies idly on the hard and barren surface, to be picked up by the fowls of heaven, or trodden under foot by the passing passenger. And know ye not, ye careless hearers, that there is one who is ever on the watch for souls, and goeth about seeking whom he may devour—who is eager to take away the word out of your hearts, if by any means it seem to be fixing there, by stifling conscience, diverting the attention, suggesting some trifle to the fancy, or some object to the senses, lest you should believe and be saved. And thus you are blinded, and led about by Satan at his will, even on the verge of eternity.

The cause of this sad result is evident. You did not listen with any sincere purpose of doing what you hear. You do not meditate on what you have heard with prayer, and steady resolutions, with God's grace, to perform His will. You are, at the best, but one of those hearers and not doers whom St. James describes, and are "like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass. For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."\* Oh! listen seriously to the words of the preacher, as he endeavours to sow the seed of the word in your hearts—as he testifies to you that the wages of sin is death; that you are not only born in sin, but that you have broken God's law and your own promises; that therefore you are condemned, and may be called at any moment to receive the punishment; and yet that God has given His only begotten Son for you; that Jesus Christ has atoned for your transgressions on the Cross; that if you will turn from your carelessness and sin, and with a hearty faith receive Him, and serve Him as your Saviour, your sins shall be blotted out for ever, and strength given you to live henceforward to His glory, and to show your love in the sincerity of your obedience. Meditate, I beseech you, on these truths; pray over them, not to-day or to-morrow merely, but day after day, in patience and reliance on God; and thus the dew of God's blessing will descend upon the hard and barren soil, and Satan be disappointed of his prey; and the seed remain, and take root and flourish, and bear in God's good time a plentiful harvest.

But the parable adds, That some seed "*fell upon a rock; and as soon as it sprung up it withered away, because it lacked moisture.*" "*They on the rock,*" that is, "*are they which, when they hear, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away.*" What minister has not

\* St. James i. 23, 24.

reason to mourn for hearers such as these. They are those who would enter into the gate which leadeth unto life, if it were not strait, and follow Jesus, if they need not take up their cross. They have listened with attention and pleasure to the word of God—they have admired its beauty and mercifulness—they have felt perhaps uneasy at their state, and anxious to escape from the condemnation which they are conscious they deserve—they catch eagerly at the free mercy of the gospel offered to all penitent sinners, through faith in Jesus Christ. "*They receive the word with joy;*" they even become zealous defenders of the doctrine they have received, and either condemn or pity those who have false or imperfect notions of the truth. But they have not counted the cost. As long as there is nothing to suffer, or no occasion to deny themselves, all is well; but "*when tribulation or persecution ariseth—in time of temptation—they fall away.*"

The temptations which try their faith are of two kinds. Either they are outward persecutions which follow the consistent profession of the gospel, and which, though, God be thanked, they are comparatively uncommon in our day, are still, in the shapes of displeasure and alienation of friends, detriment to business, and the galling lash of ridicule, sufficient to scare many an unstable Christian from the course his better thoughts approve. But the great persecutor of all men, and in all ages, is Satan. He knows that our faith, unless fruitful in obedience, is vain, and he therefore strives, through the medium of our own passions and corrupt will, to tempt us from the ways which God commands. It is thus that most acts of obedience require, at first, at least, an act of self-denial; and this it is which causes the falling away of those who are represented by the seed "*which fell on the rock.*" As long as the gospel speaks of promises and privileges, such persons hear it gladly; but when it speaks of duties—when it insists upon holiness, the cutting off the right hand, and plucking out the right eye, in the shape of some bosom sin, "*by-and-bye they are offended.*" Some of you recollect the time when you heard and read the word gladly, and took delight in prayer, and even felt some joy and peace in believing; and you formed good resolutions; but when temptation came you broke them. The seed fell on the rock, and though it sprang up, it had no root. Your hearts, though warmed by the gospel, were not softened. They need softening now; and though you cannot do it yourselves—though the preacher and the word itself cannot do it—yet there is One, the Holy Spirit, who "can take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and can give you an heart of flesh."\* As you value your hopes of eternal life, then, which is the heritage of those only "who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, and honour, and immortality," † ask humbly for grace in fervent, persevering prayer. Plead the merits of your Redeemer at the mercy-seat of God, and claim the promise of the Comforter which He has given us. But be careful, by no one act, or word, or thought—by trusting in your own strength, or following your own inclinations instead of God's

\* Ezek. xxxvi. 26.

† Rom. ii. 7.

word—to grieve the Holy Spirit, or to quench the flame just kindled in your breast. And then the rock will surely be softened by that gracious influence, and the word of God will take deep root in your hearts, and bring forth abundant fruit to His glory and your eternal salvation!

The parable says further—“*Some seed fell among thorns; and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it.*” And these are they “*which, when they have heard go forth, and are choked with the cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection.*” Alas! how easily are religious impressions obliterated, and the aspirations of a growing piety stifled within us! There is many a one whose heart is on the Lord’s-day touched with a sense of divine things, and who begins the week with some of the effects of his Sabbath’s devotion about him, who gradually becomes absorbed in the business of his calling, or the pleasures of life, till his resolutions are forgotten, and his prayers grow cold, and he reaches the end of the week as worldly, as selfish, as far from God and heaven as before. And thus, too, there are those who have experienced a time when the word of God came powerfully home to them—a Sabbath, as it were, in their spiritual life; and, sinners as they felt they were, they knew the comfort of throwing themselves upon their Saviour’s merits, and trusting their all to the love of the God who had made a covenant with them in righteousness. They felt for a time as if they could not wilfully disobey so gracious and merciful a Lord. They hated sin. They purposed, and sincerely at the time, to give themselves up to God’s service. But they were not careful to watch and pray lest they entered into temptation, and the cares of this world gradually stole into their hearts; they became more and more absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, or wrapped up in their daily occupation; covetousness, under the name of prudence or honest industry, grew upon them; or they indulged themselves in pleasure till it became the chief object for which they lived; or they sank into slumber of self-indulgent ease. Their religious feelings are stifled, conscience is ill at ease, and makes an occasional struggle, but is overborne; the promise of their former profession is contradicted; the seed fell and took root you may in moderation innocently enjoy; the cares of life will in their hearts, but *the thorns sprang up with it and choked it*, and it brings no fruit to perfection. Are any of these correct pictures of anyone who reads these words? Be assured, my brother, that you cannot serve God and Mammon—you cannot serve God and be a constant votary of pleasure—you cannot love God with all your heart and mind, and soul and strength, while you love yourself and the world so much. “Choose, then, this day whom ye will serve.” “If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.”\* You are, indeed, to attend to business, and not to be slothful in it; you are blessed with many pleasures, which demand some share of your attention; but let them not choke up the seed of the Word. Let the love of God hold the first place in your affections; let the will of God take precedence in your lives;

\* 1 Kings xviii. 21.

let the glory of God be the end proposed in all your actions; daily dedicate yourselves in sincerity, your souls and bodies to His service; endeavour to do all things as in His sight, and for Him; and the thorns, if not rooted out, will be checked and kept down, and the word of God will have room to grow and flourish in your hearts, bringing forth the fair fruits of holiness and peace.

But God be praised! there is yet another class. For "some seed fell on good ground, and sprang up and bare fruit a hundred-fold"; which is thus explained—"That on the good ground are they which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience." This, then, is what is required, in order to hear profitably the word of God—sincerity and singleness of purpose, and that purpose, a full intention, with God's help, to do what we hear. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways;" and he who hears and reads the word of God with a wavering spirit, shrinking from this part, or slurring over the other, has not the honest and good heart which is alone the good ground for the seed. We must resolve to accept *all* we find there, even though pride may revolt from it, or our prejudices may be shocked by it, or the carnal heart dislike it. It is the word of God, and is, therefore, essential truth. And further, our sincere purpose must be to keep the word—to do what we hear. The word of God is neither given us to make us intellectually wise, nor even chiefly to instruct us in certain doctrines; but to fit us for the service of God which is there required of us, and for the heaven which is there offered us, by furnishing us with the objects of faith, the motives of love, and the rules and requirements for obedience. To take the Word of God sincerely as our rule, and to act upon it with diligence, this is to receive the seed in good ground. Thus received it will bring forth fruit abundantly, "*some an hundred-fold,*" adds our blessed Saviour—"some sixty, some thirty." There are degrees of grace, as there are, probably, degrees in glory; but the lowest of either is worth infinitely more than all the world can offer. One step of advancement in holiness, which is at the same time a step towards the enjoyment of heaven, is in intrinsic value far beyond the highest honour man can give or take away. And this is that holiness of which an abundant harvest is promised to the faithful and practical hearer of God's word—a harvest of good works here—a harvest of immortality hereafter.

