

WRIGHT'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING OFFICE,

COMMERCIAL, INVITATION, VISITING, AND PROGRAMME CARDS, IN ALL STYLES.

Vol. 3½

(No. 8.)

The
Church Magazine

ILLUSTRATED.

OCTOBER, 1867.

75 CTS. A YEAR,

IN ADVANCE.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM M. WRIGHT,

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, - (OVER SCOVIL'S BANKING OFFICE), - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

S. J. SCOVIL, Banker, General Agent for New Brunswick.

FIRE, MARINE, & LIFE INSURANCE.

First-Class Offices, Representing upwards of Thirty-two Million Dollars, Bona-Fide Subscribed and Invested Capital.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. (OF LONDON).

INCORPORATED 1803. CAPITAL TWO MILLION POUNDS.

Losses paid since Organized \$14,860,000.

Paid up Stock sells in the English Market six hundred per cent. premium, or higher than any other Insurance company doing business on this Continent.

INSURANCES against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE AND GAS EXPLOSION, effected on every description of Property at fair and reasonable rates. TRANSFER OF POLICIES to the "Imperial" may be made without expense or trouble to the assured. No Policy Fee charged.

The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

This Company transacts business on a purely mutual basis, and on the Cash Plan. Its

\$20,000,000

Assets afford ample security, and include no premium notes, fancy stocks, or other imaginary or questionable funds. The Assets of the Company are the property of the Policy Holders.

Dividends annually, in cash, available the first year, and may be applied to reduce the second and each subsequent annual premium, or to an increase of the amount insured.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.

GERMANIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.

MARINE INSURANCE.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1849. CAPITAL, —\$800,000.

Hon. J. H. CAMERON, *President.*

J. SYDNEY CROKER, *Manager & Secretary.*

Insurance effected on Vessels, Cargoes, and Freights, Time and Voyage Policies issued on favourable terms. This Company has paid in claims amounting to more than Two Million Dollars, and has an Annual Income of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Protests noted and extended. Marine or Fire Losses promptly and accurately adjusted, and Surveys made by ROBERT MARSHALL, Notary Public, Average Adjuster, and Portwarden. Apply by letter or otherwise at this Agency.

All fair losses promptly paid without reference to the Head Office,

ROBERT MARSHALL, *Manager & Sub-Agent.*



"I'LL PUT THEM IN FOR YOU, JOHN," REPLIED HIS SISTER, GOING UP TO HER.

Caldor Forge.

Cawdor Forge.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ELM.

OTHERS have asked the same question, and found it hard to answer. Poor Cathie in her perplexities was sorely tempted. In her own words, she had been "good long ago"—that is, she had known where to fly for help in the hour of need. But in those London days, amongst her workroom companions, no one thought of these things, and it was so easy to fall away. Often the work would drop from her weary fingers only as the dawn came stealing in, and the dulled brain would sink into a heavy slumber, unable to think one thought of prayer or hope; it seemed at times, indeed, a hand-to-hand struggle for bare life. And so the habits of childhood were dropped, one by one, till that Cross which had once been the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, became a dim thing far off; to be thought of, perhaps, some time, but forgotten now, and of none effect.

John Guest knew this in a vague sort of way; but to his generous heart it seemed all the more reason that a strong will and a tender love should shelter and help her. It would be too much to say that a shade of disappointment had not fallen upon him. She used to be so different, not only in this, but in many ways. For we all know that where religion fails in daily life, there also fails gentleness, there fails charity, and truth, and the love that thinketh no evil. John Guest never 'preached,' as it is called, to Cathie, but he did, at times, suffer his disappointment to be seen, and then she would coax him with loving words, confessing that she was not all she should be, but he would make her better.

He was thinking of this, and of the smart cousin Lewis, whose visits to the cottage had become common gossip by this time, as he worked at his forge one evening, and the handsome navvy, Dick Williams, sat perched on a vice, swinging his legs about and talking. John was not happy, and he must have looked as he felt, for the young navvy suddenly stopped in the middle of some jesting speech, and stared at him.

"Old chap," he said, "you're down in the mouth a bit. Never mind the fellows going against you; there's some that won't—myself for one. It's time to strike work, isn't it?"

Still John did not speak for a while. When he did, the piece of iron he was beating had gone cool, and the fire was low.

"It isn't that, Dick. I always think to myself, if the thing's right, do it, and don't worry about consequences. You know well enough what a place this used to be—a disgrace to the whole village. When I came here I meant to alter it, and so I told them fairly; if they choose to be offended, I can't help it; I don't want to be unsociable."

"Well, what is the matter, then? It's no tiff with the little milliner, is it? I tell you what, old boy; I'm very good-tempered to be friends with you. I—; well there, I liked Cathie Fayne as well as anybody could; but she's too high and mighty for a poor navvy. And I tell you another thing. In your place, I'd knock Payne's teeth down his throat; there."

John's face grew dark, and it seemed as if the shadows fell more

heavily upon it while his companion spoke. He kept silence, however, and the young navy went on kicking his heels about a little while, and then spoke again :

"I say——"

"Well?"

"The branch line is to be opened next week."

"Is it?"

"Yes; the Government inspector has been down, and it's all right. There'll be no end of cheap trips for Sundays."

"That won't matter to me," said John, shortly. He didn't know himself why this random speech of the navy's should fill him with a sudden sense of uneasiness. Of course it was nothing to him—could be nothing. He hardly knew what was the matter with him, or why the walls seemed to gather round him like a weight, and the smouldering fire to be intolerable. He shut up the forge, and went out, parting with his companion at the door. He wanted to be alone—to walk about in the starlight and think it all over quietly, if he could. As he turned the corner of the churchyard, a little figure came out from the shadow of the elm suddenly, and stopped. For a moment John drew his breath sharply, and then he said, "Cathie! It's late for you to be out, isn't it?"

"I wanted some things from the shop, John. You don't think I keep a troop of servants, do you?"

"No, but ——"

"But you think I might get them in the daylight? Well, so I might, if my fingers weren't worked to the bone. Candle light is less loss than daylight, you know. And—and—you mustn't act the spy, John. I don't like it."

John Guest looked down upon his dingy working dress, and sighed. He wasn't fit to go with her, and some bitter insight into her mind told him that she thought so.

"Don't you see it's only because I'm so tender over you, Cathie?" he said, wistfully. "Let me fetch the things, and I'll bring them up to the cottage."

"No, indeed. You'd forget the one half, and get the rest wrong. Don't be such a fidget, John; let me alone, I shall do very well."

John stood looking after the light figure for a while, irresolute; then he started forward, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Cathie, one word ——"

She shook him off, and turned angrily.

"I know what you are going to say. It's all because you saw cousin Lewis with me the other day, and it's mean of you, John. It is hard if I mayn't speak to my own cousin, and as I said before you mustn't act the spy upon me. If you do ——"

"Well, Cathie, if I do?"

His voice was firm and steady; no softening in it then; and the girl felt that she had gone too far. She took the great brown hand from her arm, and laid her own upon it lightly.

"John, I do love you. Don't be hard upon me. And —— come with me to the shop, if you like."

But John could be trusting as well as firm. He looked down into the pleading eyes, and smiled, drawing his hand away.

"No, Cathie, you would rather I didn't, and I won't. Good night, and God bless you."

And Cathie went her way. By-and-bye she came back, singing under her breath. And she passed the corner swiftly, never knowing that a dark figure had stood back in the shadow of the big elm tree all this while, to watch unseen that she got safely home to the little cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RUINS IN CAWDOR WOOD.

JOHN GUEST went out into the patch of garden before his door, and the Sunday bells were ringing for service, and the sun struggling up through the mist of the autumn morning. Of all days in the week this was the sweetest to him. To-day he was no longer the blacksmith; no trace of the forge hung about him, and no vision of hard work to come troubled his enjoyment. It was to him as it should be to all—a blessed rest; a pause in the mill-round of the world's work; a stage in his journey, where he might pause and gaze back over the past, possibly on into the future too. John looked over his garden, gay with a few scarlet geraniums, a white carnation or two, and some monthly roses; and there was a half smile on his face as he wavered in the selection of a flower for his button-hole. The young smith's dress would not compare with Lewis Payne's fashionably cut coat; and his muscular fingers would have looked rather odd with a ring upon them; but there was this peculiarity about John's clothes, the man looked at home in them. To-day he was happier than he had been for some time, for he had seen Cathie last night, and she had clung to him, and asked him, of her own accord, to take her to church with him. There was something unusual about her manner, he thought, but then, she was a woman, and women, as John reflected sagely, are so difficult to understand. Of late, he knew that her Sundays had been spent in a very different way, and it was so sweet to think that she should turn, of her own free will, and wish to go to church with him. He was glad now that he had never preached to her; it would all come right in time.

"Which looks the best, Nell?" he called out, in the sunshine of his happiness; "the rose or the geranium? Come, you shall choose."

"I'll put them in for you, John," replied his sister, going up to him.

The fingers that arranged the flowers were long and thin, and the face had a sickly pallor on it, but the great black eyes lighted up with a strange, tender light, as they bent over the flowers. Only a single scarlet blossom, a white carnation, and a green leaf. But the little bouquet had a grace and fitness of its own, such as it seemed to John no other hand could have given it; and the thought that came into his mind was a true one, if

awkwardly expressed. For God had given this girl, from whom so much was withheld, an intense love of the beautiful, which was happiness in itself.

"One person has one thing, and another another," said John. "Anybody would fancy you thought the flowers could feel, Nell, by the way you touch them."

The girl looked up at him quickly.

"Who knows for certain that they can't?"

"Odd fancies," said John, shaking his head. "Dreamy, Nell, dreamy. You read a bit too much, and mope. I sometimes think——"

"There, that will do, John. You'll be late for the singing, and I don't like to miss your bass. I suppose you are going by the cottage; be off, now."

John went up the village briskly, and reached the corner where the big elm tossed its arms about, and threw a shadow on the road, that seemed to warn him of a coming trouble. And every leaf that stirred in the morning air whispered to him, "Hush, be patient."

John leaned for one moment against the churchyard wall, sick at heart. Was the bright morning to break into such a day as this? He had only seen a group of people coming down the road to meet him; people who had done their best to dress themselves out like ladies and gentlemen, and had only succeeded in looking tawdry and vulgar. But John knew that one of these, very different to her companions, was Cathie—his Cathie—who had asked him so humbly only the night before to take her to church. And the man walking beside her was her cousin, Lewis Payne. He roused himself, and went to meet them. Cathie shook hands with him sheepishly; Lewis Payne nodded, and one of the others put up a brass-bound eyeglass, and stared at him. John turned his back upon these, with a certain dignity, which, perhaps, they felt without understanding it, and looked only at Cathie.

"I thought you were coming to church?"

She shrank a little from this new demeanour, thinking, at the same time, that she had never seen John look so manly.

"So I was; that is, I meant to—but——"

"I am going to take my cousin to see the ruins in Cawdor wood," broke in Lewis Payne, with cool impudence. "Perhaps, Cathie," he added, turning to her, "this—gentleman will join us?"

John never looked at him; never seemed to hear that he had spoken, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on Cathie.

"Are you coming to church?"

"N-no. I promised——"

"Promised!" echoed John.

He turned straight round and went away into the churchyard. He heard a loud laugh in the road behind him, and his fingers grasped each other tight as it reached him, for it was not a pleasant sound. Lewis Payne had called him the "harmonious blacksmith," that was all, and though Cathie did not understand the jest, she laughed at it because she thought that no one should see how

miserable she was. And John knew nothing of this misery; did not know that she would have given all she had in the world to undo the last few minutes; to be walking quietly with him into church instead of listening to the jests and coarse laughter of these friends whom Lewis Payne had brought with him for the day's pleasure. How she hated the wretched pride and fear of ridicule which had forbidden her to give way to John before such people! And yet how long would the remorse last?

John Guest went through his part in the choir that day like a man in a dream. He tried to rouse himself, but it was hard; harder still when all was over and he went home at night feeling that there was no more need for exertion; nothing for him to do but sit and think. He took his tea hurriedly, though there was not the least cause for haste; indeed, when he had finished, and leaned back in his chair while his sister put the things away, so strange a blank came over him that he was almost inclined to call for more by way of something to do.

By-and-bye Nell came up to him, drawing a stool to his feet, as she was in the habit of doing.

"I thought a bit of fire would be comfortable, John. The nights get cold."

John nodded absently.

"And oh, John, the poor little flowers!"

Then John looked down at them and saw that they hung their heads, at his button hole, all withered and broken.

"The best thing they could do," he said, pulling them out and flinging them into the fire.

"John, you won't be angry and think I'm meddling?"

He raised his hand as though to stop her, but it fell again heavily.

"No, no, Nell; you always cared for me. What is it, child?"

"You know since the branch line was opened there have been cheap trips every Sunday to Wharfedale Castle, and lots of places."

"Well," said John, sharply

"You are sure you won't be angry?"

"Go on," cried John, "if you don't want to drive me mad."

"Young Payne has got up a party for next Sunday; a great lot of people you know, for a picnic and dancing; and—and Cathie is to be one."

John said nothing. He got up and walked about the kitchen, and those black eyes with the tender light in them watched him sadly. This poor deformed child had little patience with the girl who was, she considered, more of a torment than a blessing to her brother. Nell thought it must be a beautiful thing, worth all other joys the world could offer, to be loved by such a man as John. A little indignation against Cathie burnt within her. She thought of the night when she had heard Lewis Payne's slighting speech, and Cathie's cowardly acceptance of it. She was bitterly sorry for John at this moment, and yet with her nice tact she let him alone in his trouble and never attempted to comfort him. Presently he came up to her, and with an effort to speak in his usual manner, he said—

“You look tired, Nell. Go to bed, child; I may be late. Shake hands, and good night.”

John never knew how long he sat over that bit of fire brooding; staring into it with eyes that saw nothing, and with a brain that went over the same thing again and again, and could make no finish of it. When he went to bed, the roar of a railway train was in his ears, and when he got up it was there still. He went to his work with dogged perseverance, and stuck to it, trying to persuade himself that when all failed this would comfort him, as perhaps in a measure it would. If ever he left off for a moment in all that long day, there again was the roar of the train and the scream of the engine. Once or twice he heard these in reality, and he set his teeth hard as they reached him. Throughout the week he worked on and never went near the cottage. He could not make up his mind; it was so hard, so very hard. And Saturday night came, and his sister heard him go up to his own room to change his dress, and then she knew that the crisis had come.

(To be continued).

Plain Words about the Prayer Book.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.

THIS Litany deserves a commentary to itself.* No one who has entered into the deep spirit of devotion which pervades this portion of our Common Prayer-Book can fail to enter into the meaning of the above words.

The origin of Litanies is not a little curious, especially at the present time, when in London and other large towns we have been suffering severely, under God's hand, in the visitation of Cholera. It seems that in the fifth century the Diocese of Vienne was threatened with extraordinary calamities, and its pious Bishop, Mamertus, with the hope of obtaining God's mercy to avert them, ordained that certain short fervent prayers should be sung in procession by the clergy and people. Such prayers had been early in use both in the Eastern and Western Churches, but they appear first to have been systematised by Mamertus; and the first Council of Orleans directed that such Litanies should be used annually in the Rogation season. Though however we may thank those who first introduced these brief fervent prayers to the use of the Church, yet, as our own revered Richard Hooker reminds us, 'as . . . they have been of longer continuance than that we should make either Gregory or Mamertus the author of them, so they are of more permanent use than that now the Church should think it needeth them not.'† The special characteristic of Litanies is that they are short fervent prayers, gathering into a small compass almost all the needs of human nature. They are what S. Augustine would have called 'darts of prayer,' sent up to Heaven by God's faithful people.

* Bishop Forbes.

† Hooker's Eccles. Polity, V. xli. 4.

It is interesting to know that the Litany was the first part of our service which was translated into the mother tongue, and so used in our churches; and it is not without reason that it should have been so. Litanies have always been essentially 'popular services.' From their brevity and conciseness, they have won the admiration and retained the attention of congregations incapable of a more sustained effort of worship. The present Litany has been substantially in use among us for a thousand years, and thus has been well described as 'a precious monument of ancient Christian worship.'* In the middle ages there would seem to have been many of these Litanies, just as now, in the Church of Rome, there are such services belonging to particular religious orders, and commemorative of individual saints. One great change was introduced at the Reformation. The invocations of the saints, which had been inserted in some of the Litanies after the invocation of the Holy Trinity, were wisely expunged, as involving a principle which, if once admitted, might become a snare. With this exception, our Litany is the same as that which has been 'said or sung' in the Churches of Christendom from the very earliest times.

The subject-matter of Litanies may somewhat differ, but the skeleton, or framework of all is the same. Thus in the Church of Rome we have the 'Litany of the Name of Jesus,' the 'Golden Litany,' the 'Litany of the Passion,' and the 'Litany of the Saints.' These, however they may differ in details, may generally be said to be framed on a certain broad and definite principle, and to have a certain 'family likeness' among themselves. Whilst we value our own Litany as the most comprehensive of all, it must in justice be conceded that some of those in use in the Romish Church are full of beauty and devotion, though in many of them false doctrines are introduced, and sometimes interwoven into their structure.

Our Litany is in its character a penitential service; its use is prescribed on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays. Now Wednesday and Friday have from very early times been marked out as days of penitence, or 'station-days,' as they were called in the Ancient Church. The first was observed in memory of our Blessed Lord's Temptation, the second in memory of the Passion. Thus as Good Friday imparted something of its solemn hue to 'all Fridays in the year,' so Ash Wednesday might be said to give a sombre colouring to all Wednesdays. The use of a penitential Litany on Sunday is peculiar to the Church of England; but when we consider our national sins, for which supplication ever needs to be offered, we may recognise the fitness of this mode of penitential prayer even on that day, which is associated with the cheering and life-giving thoughts of our Blessed Saviour's resurrection.

The Litany was anciently said 'in the midst of the church,' † as it is still in most of our cathedrals. The reason for this is said to be that God's minister may kneel among the people, to deprecate His just wrath against them, according to the saying of the prophet Joel—'Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between

* Chancellor Massingberd's Lectures on the Prayer Book, 2.

† See 'Injunctions of Elizabeth,' and Bishop Sparrow's '*Rationale*.'

the porch and the altar, and let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach!' * The Litany is 'the collective voice of the Church,' and appropriately rises 'from the midst' of the Lord's people. However, the posture can matter but little, if in spirit this truly excellent and prevailing prayer arise 'from the midst' of the heart.

Besides the regular and more stated offices of Religion we need some shorter services, which may form a vent for the fervent outpourings of the penitent heart. As the Seven Penitential Psalms stand towards the rest of the Psalter, so the Litany may be said to stand in relation to the other services of the Church. It is the great cry of penitence coming 'out of the deep' of the contrite heart of the servants of Jesus. In other offices the Church seems to take good courage. In Holy Communion, she pleads armed with full confidence in the abiding Sacrifice of her Lord's Death. In Morning and Evening Prayer she offers up petitions for protection, united with praises for mercies received. In the Litany, however, the Church of Christ assumes a fresh position; she casts herself upon the ground. Like the Lord in Gethsemane, she pleads with God as in the agony of 'a broken and a contrite spirit, which surely He will not despise.' There is a vehemence of supplication, an earnest passionate pleading, which we seek for in vain in other services. The prayer of the publican has left its stamp upon the lowliest act of supplication with which the Church of Christ comes to the feet of the Lord. It is proposed at another time to consider more minutely the principle and structure of the Litany. In the meantime, let us desire to bring to the use of it a heart prostrate before God with the deep sense of its own sin. Let us use it in the spirit of devout penitence, in which the Royal Psalmist penned the fifty-first Psalm, and then we shall realise for ourselves, as we mark the power of the Church's availing supplication, the truth of the words—'A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise!'

Great and Good Churchmen

OF PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

BY G. W. BENCE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL.

THE REV. G. H. NOBBS, AND THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

ONE of the most cheering signs of life and progress in the English Church, in the present day, is the zeal so constantly exhibited in the promotion of Missionary enterprises; and of these, which are now so happily numerous, there is scarcely one perhaps which affords more genuine pleasure than the tale of the Pitcairn Islanders—a tale of almost romantic interest, showing us how a little community, who inhabit a solitary island in the South Seas, and whose fathers

were lawless and cruel men, received the knowledge of the Gospel, and became a united, happy, and contented people.

A few incidents of the past history of these islanders will give an idea of the change which, by the grace of God, has been so singularly manifested among them. We can scarcely form any conception of the horrors of a mutiny among a crew of sailors on the wide seas, but such is the opening page of this eventful history. There is a remarkable tree in the South Sea Islands called "the Bread Fruit," which is about the size of a common oak. The branches are covered with leaves of deep green, and have numerous twigs springing from them, upon which grows *the bread fruit*, as large as a penny loaf, which becomes like the crumb of wheaten bread after it has been baked in the oven, and is then found to be highly useful and nutritious. In the year 1787 Lieutenant Bligh, who had served under the celebrated Captain Cook, received orders from the English Government to proceed to these distant islands for some plants of *the bread fruit*, which he was directed to convey to the West Indies, with a view to their being cultivated for the support of the slaves.

The ship that was fitted out for this expedition was the *Bounty*, which was placed under the command of Mr. Bligh, who left England the same year with a crew of forty-six seamen on board. The voyage was accomplished with difficulty, and ten months passed away before they arrived at Otaheite. There he succeeded in securing all that he had desired, having procured 1,105 plants, with other choice specimens which a friend had recommended him to obtain. So far everything had prospered. They spent twenty-three pleasant weeks at Otaheite, and enjoyed a most hospitable reception from the king of the island, so much so that the crew were unwilling to resume their voyage. At length they set sail, but scarcely a month of their homeward passage had passed, when the following startling occurrence took place:—"The night of the 27th of April, 1789, was remarked for its beauty, even in the tropical regions, all nature being calm and lovely around, but it was the eve of a day of consternation and terror. On that night one whose name was Christian had the watch for two hours. Full of desperate intentions he began to sound Quintal and some others, and soon gained over the greater part of the men. Having rapidly arranged their plans, they got at the arms under pretence of requiring a gun to shoot a shark, which was astern of the ship. At the dawn of day they went to awake the commander, who, starting up in amazement on seeing his men about him with pistols and cutlasses, called out loudly for assistance. On his demanding what they meant, they cried out, "*Hold your tongue, sir, or you are dead this instant.*" "I continued my endeavours," said Bligh, "to turn the tide of affairs, when Christian changed the cutlass he had in his hand for a bayonet, and holding me with a strong gripe with the cord that tied my hands, he, with many oaths, threatened to kill me if I would not be quiet."

The commander, with eighteen men, were at once put into a small boat of only twenty-three feet in length and six feet nine inches in breadth, whilst the twenty-five mutineers, who had now

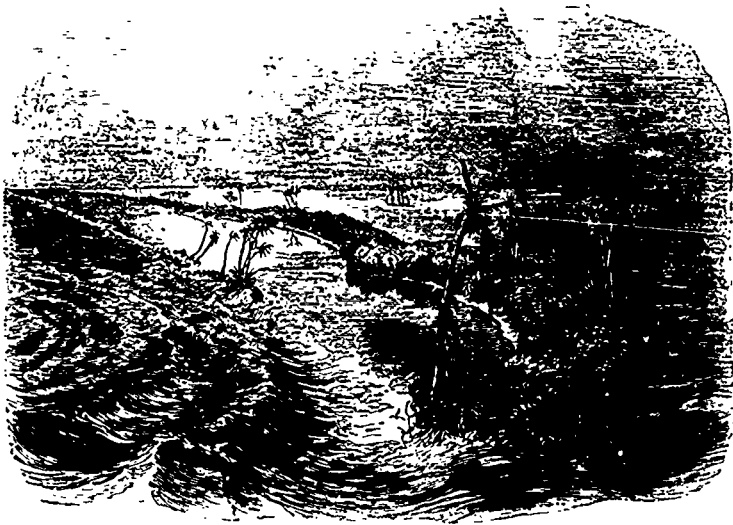
the sole possession of the *Bounty*, having flung them some pieces of pork amounting to 32 pounds, 150 pounds of bread, 28 gallons of water, and a few other things, sailed away with the intention, as was supposed, of returning to Otaheite. Considering the privations and horrors of a sea-voyage in a small boat, with a most miserable supply of food, it may well appear, in the words of Bligh, "scarcely credible that in an open boat, and so poorly provided, we should have been able to reach the coast of Timor in forty-one days, having at that time run a distance of 3,618 miles, and that, notwithstanding our extreme distress, no one should have perished in the voyage."

We have now to follow the twenty-five mutineers, and to detail their history, as it is upon the subsequent settlement of a few of these in the beautiful little island of Pitcairn, that the interest of our tale mainly depends. As soon as the English Government became acquainted with the mutiny, they at once despatched an officer with orders to seize and bring home the offenders to justice. Three of the men surrendered, and were treated with great severity. Eleven others were captured and placed in irons. Two or three had been murdered.

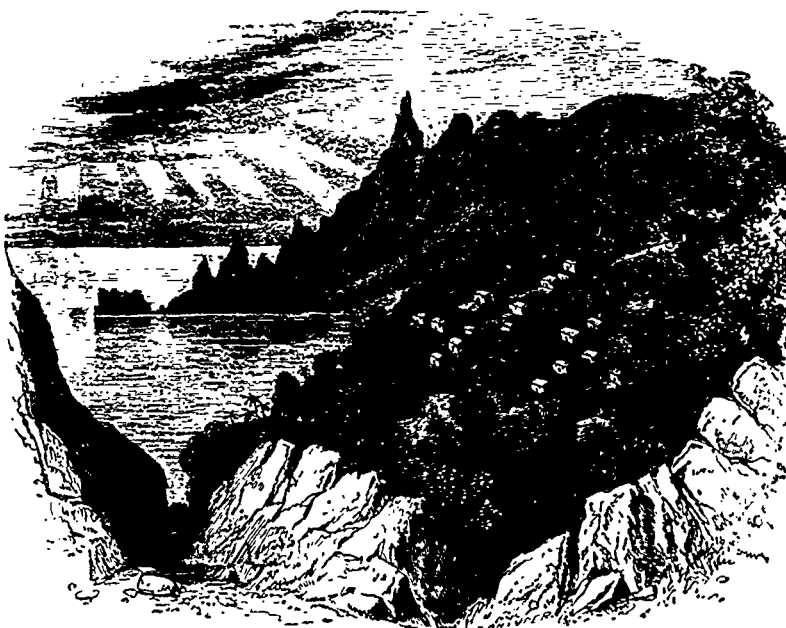
Nine, however, were missing, and nothing was heard of them for twenty years, when Sir Sidney Smith informed the Admiralty that, on landing on Pitcairn's Island in 1808, he had found one John Adams, the only man remaining of those that had sailed in the *Bounty*, who related "that, after putting Bligh into the boat, Christian, and the other mutineers, had gone to Otaheite, and that each had taken an Otaheitan wife, and then proceeded to Pitcairn, and afterwards destroyed the *Bounty*."

They had not long been in possession of this fair island ere they were engaged in acts of cruel outrage and bloodshed one towards another. Having escaped the tribunal of English justice, they were the miserable victims of their own lawlessness. Only two of the fifteen men died a natural death, most of them having met with a retribution strangely in accordance with the sin that they had committed.

Such is the dark foreground of our picture, in which we see a lawless band of men who, having set the laws of society at defiance, are living without hope of heaven or fear of hell, hateful and hating one another. A brighter side has yet to be unfolded. From the *Bounty's* stores there had been taken one English Bible and Prayer-book—mute witnesses, too long disregarded, of God and His service! Time passed on, and John Adams alone remained of the mutineers. As he read in silence the words of inspiration and devotion it pleased God, in His mercy, by the mysterious workings of His Spirit, to open his heart to a sense of his misery and his crimes. In one of his dreams he imagined that he saw an awful being approaching and about to thrust him through with a dart. Another vision represented to him the horrors of a future place of torment. "These terrible dreams not only alarmed him at the time, but produced on him a lasting and wholesome impression, and effectually moved his conscience."



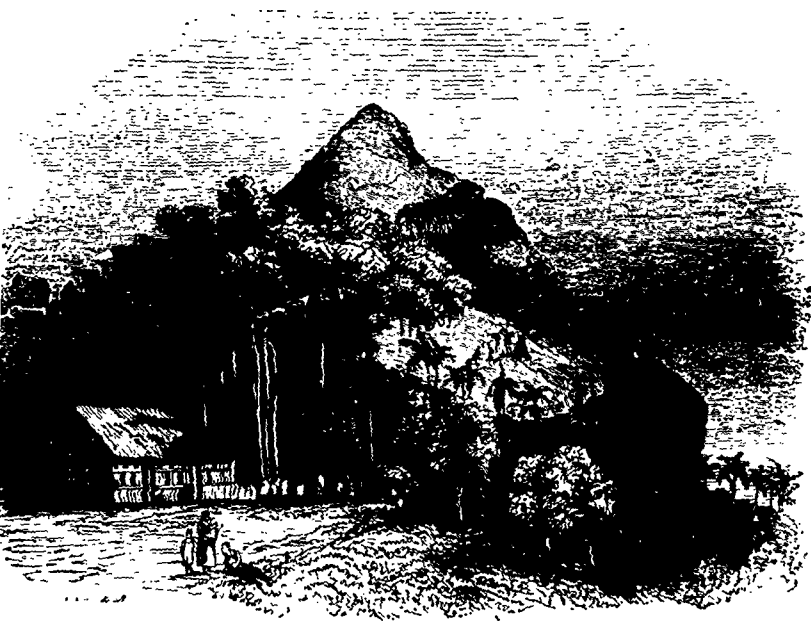
CORAL ISLAND.



BOUNTY BAY AND VILLAGE OF PITCAIRN.

Fifteen years may now be supposed to have passed away. The orphan children of those who have died a violent death have become men and women, and have been daily taught the precepts of religion from the Bible and Prayer-book, and the following

account is given by an eye-witness of their earnest piety and simplicity of life. "They cannot see the propriety of uttering what is not strictly true for any purpose whatever. The Sabbath-day is devoted entirely to prayer, reading, and serious meditation. No boat is allowed to quit the shore, nor any work whatever to be done, except cooking, for which preparation is made the previous evening. I attended their church; the prayers were read by Adams; the greatest devotion was apparent in every individual. In the course of the Litany they prayed for the Queen and all the royal family, with much loyalty and sincerity. The service



CHURCH AND SCHOOL-HOUSE, PITCAIRN.

thus performed was very long, but the neat and cleanly appearance of the congregation, the devotion that animated every countenance, and the innocence and simplicity of the little children, prevented the attendance from becoming wearisome. In about half-an-hour afterwards we again assembled for prayers. They may be said to have church five times on a Sunday."

Two or three years after this, in 1828, Lieutenant Nobbs, who had been four times round the world, and who had long indulged the good desire of becoming useful to his fellow-creatures, came to Pitcairn; and the very next year, singular as the event will appear, John Adams died, and Mr. Nobbs, who had already devoted himself to the instruction of the young, was appointed the teacher of the community. No one could have been more adapted for this important office. Possessing the knowledge of a surgeon, he could

minister to the sick, and having the faith of a zealous Christian, he could sympathise with the flock of Christ. So deeply attached did the people become to their kind friend and helper, that when Admiral Moresby visited the island, and urgently desired them to allow Mr. Nobbs to proceed to London that he might be duly ordained by the Bishop as their Clergyman, it was with much hesitation that they could bring themselves to agree to a temporary separation. On his return from England we have the following account of him by Captain Morshead:—

“On landing I was met by the whole population, with their highly esteemed clergyman, Mr. Nobbs, at their head; and I took the opportunity of attending Divine Service on Sunday, when the whole adult congregation received the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper from their minister; and I feel it must be gratifying to all who are interested in their welfare to hear of their increasing attachment to him, since his return among them as their ordained minister, respected and loved as he has ever been; all were perfectly aware of the additional advantages which his ordination has conferred upon them.”

The present sketch gives but a faint notion of the many excellent qualities which these distant islanders possess, but we must not fail to mention their singular skill in music, and the simple pathos and energy with which they sing. Their favourite melody is the following, which has a touching beauty of its own.

THE SAILOR-BOY’S EARLY GRAVE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| “SHED not a tear o’er your friend’s early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone; Nor, if the slow-tolling bell you should hear, When I am gone, when I am gone. | “Come at the close of a bright summer’s day, Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray; Come, and rejoice that I thus pass’d away, When I am gone, when I am gone. |
| “Weep not for me when you stand round my grave, Think Who has died His beloved to save; Think of the crown all the ransom’d shall have, When I am gone, when I am gone. | “Plant ye a rose that may bloom o’er my bed, When I am gone, when I am gone; Breathe not a sigh for the bless’d early dead, When I am gone, when I am gone. |
| “Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me, When I am gone, when I am gone; Sing ye a song, if my grave you should see, When I am gone, when I am gone. | “Praise ye the Lord, that I’m free from all care, Love ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share; Look ye on high and believe I am there, When I am gone, when I am gone. |

Within the last few years the Pitcairn Islanders, by the assistance of the English Government, have been all removed to Norfolk Island, which, from its fertility as well as beauty, is more adapted for the maintenance of their increasing population. They have had a most interesting visit from the Bishop of New Zealand, and as the same holy and happy work is going on at the present time, our readers will be interested in the concluding words of their chaplain’s sermon.

"The population of this settlement now amounts to 170 persons, who are living without any dissensions, and with one form of Church government—that of the Church of England. The Holy Bible and the Prayer-book of the Church of England are their chief rules of guidance; their motto is, '*One Faith, one Lord, one Baptism!*' And when I, their pastor, took a sorrowful leave of them about three months since, they were strong in faith, giving glory to God. That they, and all who hear me this day, may be included in that most precious invitation, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world'—may God of His infinite mercy grant for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."*

The Poetry of the Bible.

BY H. T. HILL, M.A., RECTOR OF FELTON AND RURAL DEAN.

POETRY often exists while escaping the notice of many persons, and yet its presence, when we have learned better to discern it, has a charm to light up many a dreary spot, or soothe many a sorrowful moment. Poetry is, though in one sense silent, the sweetest and most powerful of all music, although it falls not on the ear in the soft notes of lyre or lute, in the thrilling cadences of the harp, the mellow tones of the organ, or with the loud clash of the cymbal and trumpet. Poetry is music which the deaf may hear, which the sickly and feeble shrink not from, which the dumb may delight in, and which solaces even the mind of the dying, when it comes to them in the soothing strains of the sweet singer of Israel.

"All visible things," it has been beautifully said, "become to us the chanted poem of the universe."

Can any one, who has no love for true poetry, at all thoroughly enjoy beautiful scenery, or even beautiful pictures? I was almost going to say, can he even thoroughly enjoy beautiful music? If a landscape beneath his feet, or far above him, or in the bright-edged cloud fantastic and grand, affords him no real pleasure, can he enjoy or understand poetry? If his heart leaps not up when he sees a sun-ray broken into beauty in the driving spray of an ocean wave, can he be a poet? Can he even understand what manner of man a poet is? Good poetry will always help to improve the taste and form the judgment, as well as to charm the senses. By really good poetry the soul will always be refreshed and delighted, and the mind benefitted, so that there will be no relish, comparatively, for anything less pure and profitable; while we drink from this stream our thirst will be allayed, and our whole soul informed and elevated. There is nothing so certain to give a man a distaste for all which is hurtful, vulgar, and unworthy a Christian, as a growing and true appreciation of that which is pure and beautiful.

And, above all, the 'poetry of the Bible,' is a subject which

* "Pitcairn," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, price 2s., to which we are indebted for these particulars and illustrations, is a most interesting book that ought to be in every lending library.

will repay any one for a close examination of it. Where, indeed, can we find truer poetry, more majestic language, more beautiful illustration, more touching pathos, than in that most ancient and most precious of all books, the Bible? There are passages there which are the highest examples of true poetry; passages which tell upon those inner feelings which always mark the poet; passages which no one of any poetic taste can read without being impressed by their depth and fitness and beauty. It may be asked, "Where are these passages?" I reply, "They are to be found in Genesis, in Numbers, in Deuteronomy, in the Book of Ruth, in the histories of Elijah and Elisha, in the Book of Job, in the Psalms, in the noble prophecy of Isaiah, and here and there, in the writings of the other prophets, and also in the New Testament. As to the latter, is there no poetry in the seventh and in the fifteenth chapters of St. Luke? Is there none in the eleventh chapter of St. John's Gospel, and none in the concluding chapters of St. John? Is there no poetic grandeur in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans? Macknight says that "the latter part of that chapter, if compared with the most shining passages of the Greek and Roman writers, will be found not inferior to any of them in sublimity of thought, variety of figures, and beauty of language." Then, as to the Old Testament, where can you find anything more touching and simply beautiful than Judah's humble supplication to Joseph in behalf of Benjamin? Also, Joseph making himself known to his brethren, and Jacob's blessing on his sons, and his death? Where is more true poetry than in the parables of Balaam, or in that description of the friendship and love of David and Jonathan, and the death of the latter? Where are surpassed, or perhaps equalled, those passages which place before us, as in very life, Ruth and Naomi, Elijah at the Brook Cherith, Elijah and the widow and her son, Elijah in Horeb, Elijah taken up to heaven; also, Elisha with the Shunamite, and Elisha with Gehazi? Then there is the Song of Moses in Exodus, the Song of Deborah and Barak in Judges, and David's Psalm of Thanksgiving in the Second Book of Samuel. Where is anything grander than some of the descriptions in the Book of Job, and in the Prophets? Where is anything more perfect in our language than those pathetic words of David, "Thy rebuke hath broken mine heart; I am full of heaviness; I looked for some to have pity on me, but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me. They gave me gall to eat, and when I was thirsty they gave me vinegar to drink." And again (a perfect sentence of true Saxon English), "My heart is smitten down and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread." And that ever-remembered verse, "I have watched, and am even as it were a sparrow, that sitteth alone upon the house-top." And again, "He brought water out of the stony rock, so that it gushed out like the rivers." Then there is Psalm cxxxvii., "By the waters of Babylon"; and Psalms civ. and cxviii.; and there are those wonderful Psalms the twenty-second and four following; who but such a true poet and "sweet singer" as David could have penned them?

It is to our English Bibles that we must go to find the "pure well

of English undefiled," the best examples of true Saxon speech, as well as the highest models of poetic grandeur and beauty. We can scarce believe that any one can rise from a devout study of the "Poetry of the Bible" without having his soul elevated, and his taste refined, and, what is more, without feeling "This is the finger of God."

Adolphus Hornberg.

A TRUE TALE, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



IN a little town of Southern Germany lived Adolphus Hornberg. He was a day-labourer by trade, a good and pious man, full of love to God and his neighbour, obedient to those placed over him, patient, thoughtful, quiet, and delighting in the services of God's house.

He was very industrious, and his contentment and trust in God made him happy, though he was poor in this world's riches. His wife was, like himself, diligent and Godly. On Sunday evening she would sit with her Bible before her, gathering strength and comfort for the coming week, or she would take a country walk with her husband, admiring God's beautiful works, and finding everywhere proofs of His love, power, and wisdom. One Sunday afternoon, Hornberg went out alone into the woods. He became lost in thought, and, without noticing where he was going, he found himself at last in the depth of the forest. He seated himself by the side of a brook, but was presently startled by a rustling sound. He saw, on the opposite bank, by the side of a moss-grown rock, a hunting hound, which seemed to have lost his way, digging and scratching in the earth. Hornberg drew nearer, and the dog ran away. In the hole which had been made by the animal Hornberg saw something glitter. He pushed aside more of the earth, and he found a large silver vase. His heart beat with pleasure. Lifting up the vase he found it very heavy. He took off the cover, and saw that it was full of gold pieces. Hornberg fell on his knees, and thanked God for what he had found. But how should he manage to take it home without anyone seeing it? He decided to put it into the hollow of a tree, and come for it again at night. He then walked homewards with a quick step, but presently stood still. The thought forced itself into his mind with a power which he could not resist.

"Does this gold belong to me? Can I keep it with a good conscience? Whoever buried it, did he leave no children, no relations behind? But," thought he, endeavouring to quiet himself, "no one will find it out here."

"That is no matter to you," replied his conscience. "God will look to that, and it ought to be sufficient for you that the gold is not yours."

His step became slower and less cheerful, for oh! how glad would he have been if he might honestly have kept the gold. But he strengthened his resolution with the thought that whatever is right *must* be done; and in this frame of mind he reached his

home, and told his wife of his discovery. She was delighted at the news; but when he told her his scruples about keeping what he had found, she grew silent, and trembled, for she, too, felt that he was in the right. She kept trying to find some plea by which they might satisfy their conscience, and yet keep the money. But the more they thought it over the more they both felt,—“No, the treasure is *not* ours, we will strive, as before, to live honestly, and work hard, and that will bring us a greater blessing than this gold.”

The next day Hornberg said—“I will take out the vase, and go to the clergyman for his advice as to what I am to do with it.”

He did so, and the clergyman said to him, with great feeling,—“You have done right, my honest and good friend; God’s blessing be upon you. It is possible that no one may arise to claim the vase, but in that case it belongs to the Prince of the country. In order that you may be able to speak to the Prince yourself about it, I will write a letter for you to take to the clergyman who is his chaplain.”

On the following morning Hornberg took his treasure to the chief town of that part of Germany in which the Prince lived, and which was about twelve miles from his own home. On reading the letter from his brother clergyman, the chaplain looked upon the poor but honest man with feelings not only of love but of respect. He led him into the large, handsome room where the Prince was sitting, saying to him, as he did so, “The man whom I have brought to your Highness is only a common labourer, but he has the heart of a true nobleman.”

Hornberg came forward, told the whole tale very simply, and presented the vase to the Prince. Several of the Prince’s attendants examined the treasure, and found that it came to about £800 of our money, in gold. The pieces of money were old-fashioned, and seemed to belong to the time when the dreadful Thirty Years’ War was being fought in Germany. Everyone praised the honesty of the poor man, and the Prince gave him twenty small gold pieces, and assured him that he would not forget him. Cheerful, as he alone can be who has been kept by God’s help from giving way to some strong temptation, Hornberg returned to his wife, showed her the twenty gold pieces, and said:—“See, this gold is ours by right, and it will bring us more blessing than all that was in the vase would have done.”

The Prince caused the vase to be cleaned, and at the bottom of it was found a parchment, whereon was written, in a neat, clear, old-fashioned handwriting:—

“In the year 1628, on the night of the 28th of June, this was hidden by me, Hans von Hornberg, of Rosendern. Whoever finds it is requested to give it to me or to some member of my family; but on him who refuses to do so, there will rest no blessing.”

The Prince commanded that search should be made among his state-papers for any writings which could throw light on the history of this family. “I suppose,” he said, “their papers came into possession of my family along with the property of the Hornbergs.”

The Prince had in his keeping, in fact, all the estates that had

once been theirs, their family having long been lost sight of. It was a large property, and had been first taken possession of by the Royal Family in the time of the Prince's great-grandfather. In the government archives there was found a packet of documents covered with mould, but endorsed on the back—

“Information relative to the family of Hornberg.”

When the packet was opened, it was found that Hans von Hornberg had been slain in the Thirty Year's War, and his castle stormed by the Imperialist soldiers, that the widow and her daughters had taken refuge in Denmark, and that the eldest son was named Hans Dietrich. They also gave the information that Nicholas Dilkon, bailiff to the Hornberg family, had been in the habit of sending the widow £20 annually. They also found that in the year 1640 the bailiff had been unable to send the money, both on account of the public disturbances and also because the estate had ceased to yield any profit. There was also a letter among the papers, in which the widow lamented to the bailiff that her son had married a peasant-girl, and that the prosperity of the family was ruined. This was the last letter in the packet, and no further information could be gained from it. But when the Prince had read the papers, he determined to send into Denmark to gain further particulars. He there learned that Hans Dietrich had lived in the condition of a peasant, but had always conducted himself well, and had died in 1692. His son and grandson had lived in the farmhouse which he and his father had occupied, but the grandson and his wife had long suffered from bad health, had left the farm encumbered with debts, and had both died young. Their only son had returned into Germany, and had lived as a labourer at Bayreuth. The Prince was greatly surprised, for Bayreuth was his own territory. But he caused it to be announced in the churches that any one bearing the name of Hornberg, and coming originally from Denmark, was to appear on a certain day at the Town Hall at Bayreuth. Nobody at Court thought of the man who had brought the money to the Prince. They did not, in fact, know that his name was Hornberg. Adolphus went as usual to Church. Great was his surprise at the proclamation, for his name certainly was Hornberg, and his family had come from Denmark. What could he think about it? However, on the day that had been named, he made his appearance at Bayreuth. He entered the place appointed, gave his name and address, and asked what the gentleman required of him. The Chancellor looked at him and then said—

“Are you the man who found the treasure?”

“Yes, I am the same.”

“That is singular,” replied the Chancellor. “Well, come tomorrow to the Prince at the Castle at nine o'clock.”

Hornberg appeared at the time fixed.

“You are the man,” said the Prince, kindly “who came here the other day with the vase. What do you want with me?”

Hornberg replied—“I heard the other day that any one of the name of Hornberg whose family came from Denmark was to come to Bayreuth, and appear in the Town House yesterday. Hornberg is my name, and my family are from Denmark.”

"Do you know anything about your family?" enquired the Prince.

"My father used to tell me," replied Adolphus, "that his family was of a noble stock, and came out of Denmark. He told me that my great-grandfather, Hans von Hornberg, was the last nobleman of the family, but where he came from I am sure I do not know."

He then mentioned the names of his father and grandfather. The Prince asked for his baptismal register, which Hornberg procured. When the sovereign had examined it, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and exclaimed:—"How wonderful are the ways of Providence! The treasure which you discovered, and so honestly delivered to me, belongs to you in the name of God and justice. The estate of Rosendern, which I have been holding, belongs to you in the name of God and justice. I am in your debt for the sum of at least 60,000 florins, which I have been enjoying from the profits of your estate. I pay it all back to you in the name of God and justice."

Hornberg stood before the Prince, and with tears in his eyes said, "No, no, let your Highness keep all."

"I cannot keep your rightful inheritance," answered the sovereign; and then he ordered the vase of money to be given to Hornberg, and he sent a request to the Emperor to inscribe his name among the nobles of Germany. The estate of Rosendern was also made over to him, but of the 60,000 florins Hornberg would hear nothing; and as the Prince could not, indeed, easily afford to pay it, he thanked him for it as a gift. Hornberg was now at the height of prosperity, but he and his wife lost nothing of their former piety and simplicity of character. As a nobleman he was as much distinguished by charity and kindness as he had been by industry and contentment when he was poor.

J. Y.

Short Sermon.

On Prayer to each of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTELTON, RECTOR OF HAGLEY.

"Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."—
Eph. ii. 18.

THE question to which I wish in this sermon to give an answer* relates to the doctrine of the Trinity. I will first speak on that great doctrine in general.

When our Lord just before He ascended into Heaven sent out His Apostles into the world to preach the Gospel, He told them that when they made any man a disciple

* This sermon is an abridgment of one written by the Author in answer to a question asked by a parishioner, in accordance with a custom which he would be glad to recommend for adoption in other parishes. In order to give his parishioners the opportunity of sometimes choosing for themselves the subjects of the sermons they are to hear, they are requested, if they should wish to hear any particular question

they wore to baptise him in a certain Name (S. Matt. xxviii. 19), or (as it should rather be translated) into a certain Name. Now it is evident that that Name must have expressed and summed up the chief points in the faith into which the converted man was come. It was the Name of that God whose he was to be, to whom he was thenceforth to belong, and into knowledge of whom he was more and more to grow. And the Name which our Lord taught His Disciples was not one, but threefold,—“Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” These great and wonderful words are very familiar to us; but it does not appear from Scripture that they had ever before been spoken in the world. Men were new, for the first time, taught that these three made up the Name of God. And when they reflected upon them, many questions of awful interest would occur to them as to what they meant. The fact that these three Names were so put together would of itself show that the Three must be of similar greatness and dignity. For consider, how utterly impossible it would be to put the name of any man, or even angel, with the Name of God in that way:—substitute the name of any man or angel, however holy and majestic, for any of the Three, in the baptismal formula, how irreverent and utterly blasphemous it would sound!

When men began to read the writings of inspired Apostles, they would find the same Three Names continually occurring together, as when S. Paul says, “The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.” (2 Cor. xiii. 14). And these agree with those mysterious passages in the Old Testament, in which God speaks of Himself in the plural number, as if it was not One Person but more who spoke. In Gen. i. we read that God said, “Let us make man in our image;” and afterwards on the occasion of the Tower of Babel, God is represented saying, “Let us go down and confound their speech.” (Gen. xi. 7). And in the mysterious visit of the three “angels” (or Divine manifestations, for that is sometimes the meaning of “angel” in the Old Testament) to Abraham, they are three, and yet it is elsewhere in the same chapter called an appearance of “the Lord” (Gen. xviii. 1, 2, 17); and so this has been understood by many in the Church to have reference to the Trinity of Divine Persons in the Eternal Godhead, for which reason that chapter is read as one of the lessons on Trinity Sunday. We continually find such mysterious indications of a Threefoldness and yet Unity in the Godhead, underlying the whole revelation of God in the Bible. The song of Heaven is

so treated, to put a written statement of it into the alms-chest—(either with their name or without it).—If the question seems to be one which it would be expedient to treat in a sermon, notice is then given on any subsequent Sunday that may be convenient, that on the next following Sunday—at the morning or evening service—“a sermon will be preached in answer to a question received.” By this means the writer of the question may make sure of being present when the sermon is preached. This custom was originally explained, and is occasionally alluded to in sermons. The question to which the present sermon is an answer is the following:—“Have we any rule or direction in Holy Scripture as to which of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity we should address our prayers unto? We need some guidance on this in private prayer.” This question happens to be one of special interest now, on account of the present controversies at the Cape.

threefold, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." (Rev. iv. 8). The teaching of our Blessed Lord agreed with this. You will find that He taught men to worship and pray to Himself; but He also taught them to pray to His heavenly Father; and He also spoke of Another Divine Person, Who should take His place when He left the world, and Whose presence with them would be the same to them as His being with them Himself.

First, *Jesus Christ taught men to worship and pray to Himself.* He never forbade worship addressed to Him, nor put any limit to the degree of trust which men were to place in Him. When men knelt to Him and prayed to Him, He never checked them, or told them to worship God instead of Him, as the very greatest of the prophets, or even angels and archangels did. No honour that could be claimed from men by God Himself did Jesus Christ shrink from claiming as His right. Nor did He ever class Himself with men as His equals, but always *with God* above men. He said that "*All men were to honour Him even as they honoured the Father.*" (S. John v. 23). When He spoke of the end of all things, and the Great Day of Final Account, He did not describe Himself as standing *with men* before God in that Universal Judgment, but He pictured all men standing before Himself as their Judge; all nations being gathered before Him to receive from Him their sentence. (S. Matt. xxv. 31, 32). Nothing could have been more tremendous profaneness than this, if He had not been God. Again, when Martha and Mary asked Him of the Resurrection of the Dead, and how it should be, He did not say that *God* would raise them, but that *He* should. "*I,*" he says, "*am the Resurrection and the Life*" (S. John xi. 25); and in another place, "*All that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of Man, and they that hear shall live.*" (S. John v. 28). And, more wonderful still, when one of the Apostles asked Him to show him GOD THE FATHER, Jesus rebuked him, and said, "*he that hath seen me hath seen the Father.*" (S. John xiv. 9). To see *Him* and to see *God* is all one!

These passages prove that undoubtedly our Lord did authorise men to worship Him as God, and to address prayer to Himself. With regard to answer to prayer, we find that sometimes Jesus says that His Heavenly Father will give these answers, and sometimes that *He Himself* will. So in S. John xxi. 23, He says, "*Verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you.*" But in a precisely similar passage (S. John xiv. 13) He says, "*Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do,*" attributing the exercise of Divine power to Himself.

After the Ascension, His saints address Him directly in prayer. S. Stephen in death sees our Lord in human form standing at the right hand of God, and calls upon Him to receive his spirit. (Acts vii. 56, 59). In the visions of that great book of mystery with which the written Word of God so fitly closes, the Book of the Revelation of S. John the Divine, we find the saints crying to our Lord Himself to avenge them (Rev. vi. 10).

It is remarkable that in one of the earliest records of the history of the Church after the time of the Apostles, we hear of the Christians calling upon our Lord Himself in prayer. It is in a

letter written by a Roman governor called Pliny, to the Emperor Trajan, asking his advice as to the conduct he should pursue with regard to the Christians in his province. He knew little of what the Christians were, but had heard complaints of their holding meetings in the night, which Romans might suspect of some treasonable purpose. Thereupon Pliny enquires and reports to the Emperor what he discovers about them. He says that they were not guilty of any crimes, but that they bound themselves by a promise not to be guilty of theft, robbery, adultery, or other offences; and also that they held a meeting for worship early in the morning, and that at this meeting "*they sang hymns to Christ as God.*"*

So much may suffice to show that it is lawful to pray directly to our Blessed Lord.

Yet, on the other hand, doubtless, we not only may pray to God the Father, but it is the more ordinary form of prayer in Holy Scripture. In the great model of all prayers, the Lord's Prayer, we address God the Father. Our Lord Himself, our perfect pattern and example, continually addresses His heavenly Father in prayer; and so are we to do.

I do not know that there are any direct instances in Holy Scripture of prayer to the Holy Spirit. But since our Lord speaks of Him as coming to take His place, to be to the Apostles what He had been, to "dwell in them," and to "lead them into all truth" (S. John xiv. 16, 17, and xvi. 13); and as we continually read of the Spirit speaking to men, which implies that they also may speak to Him — as Ananias and Sapphira were said to have "*lied to the Holy Ghost,*" and in so doing are declared to have "*lied not unto men but unto God*" (Acts v. 4)—as in these and other passages, the *Personality* as well as the *Divinity* of the Holy Ghost is clearly implied, or expressly taught, we cannot doubt that the practice of the Universal Church of singing hymns to the Holy Ghost, as in those great hymns in the Ordination Service, and of addressing prayers to Him, is lawful.

With regard to the Three Persons in the ever-blessed Godhead, we must always remember that they have one mind, one will, one character. The Nature, the Being of all Three is revealed to be One. That which pleases One must also please the Second, and also the Third. If One is merciful, so must the Second be, and the Third. So, then, if we see a peculiar character, nature, and disposition in our Lord, God the Son, we know that the very same is also that of the Father, and of the Spirit; since He, the Son, is "*the Brightness of the Father's glory, and the express Image of His Person.*" (Heb. i. 3). When we speak of God as "*the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,*" one meaning of this is, that God is *perfectly like* Christ; that He is the God who is revealed and shown to men in Christ; that His *character* is the same. This is very important to remember, because it is not uncommon to hear very shocking and very blasphemous misrepresentations of the doctrine of the Atonement, as if the character of God the Father was altogether

* The date of Pliny's letter is the ninth year of Trajan's reign, A.D. 107, less than ten years after the death of S. John.

different from that of God the Son, as if the Father was all severity and the Son all mercy; and as if the Son *saved us from the Father*; forgetting that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost all in different ways co-operate for our Redemption, and have the very same mind towards us.

Looking back, then, on all that has been said, I think you will see clearly that it is perfectly lawful for us to address each of the Divine Persons in the Eternal Godhead in prayer; that though they are Three in some respects, and in regard to what we call personality, they are One in their mind and will towards us, and equally ready to hear us. Accordingly the Spirit of God in Christians has in all ages led them to pray at times to each. In the beginning of the Litany we address each. In the beautiful hymns in the Ordination Service we address the Holy Ghost; in many places, as, for instance, in the larger part of the Litany, we address our Lord.

But no doubt the most ordinary form of prayer in Holy Scripture, and in the Church from the beginning, has been an address to God the Father, through the Son, as our only Mediator and Advocate, and *in the Spirit*, who alone can teach men to pray rightly.

Finally, let us never think that such high and profound questions relating to the mysteries of our faith are unprofitable for us to consider. Religion, indeed, is one thing, and theology, or what may be called the *Science* of Religion, is another; the latter no doubt belongs, in many of its branches, only to the learned, and is not necessary for all men. Still, theology also ought to be intensely interesting to all believing men, since it relates to heavenly and transcendent truths, the contemplation of which is elevating to every soul created in the image of God. The Athanasian Creed calls upon all men to face the mighty mysteries of the Godhead—to try to contemplate God as He is in Himself. Many of us earnestly wish that the damnatory clauses could be omitted, being so liable to be misunderstood. But the substance of the Creed is a glorious hymn of our faith, of which it would be a great loss to the Church altogether to discontinue the use in Divine service.

For our minds as well as hearts ought to be exercised on the great mysteries of the faith; and though human words, even the best, are but imperfect instruments for expressing the truths that relate to God as He is in Himself, and in this life we can only see “as through a glass darkly;” still, rightly used, they are helps, by the contemplation of which, with prayer, we may learn much. The twilight within may widen into full sunlight; we may learn to see God more and more clearly, till “*the day break and the shadows fly away.*” (Cant. ii. 17).



MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Guardian).

THE RITUAL REPORT.

Putting aside on the one hand the Ritualists themselves, and Lord Shaftesbury's people on the other, we find a multitude of persons between these extremes, who have an objection, more or less decided, to see any change in the "ornaments of the minister" from those to which they have all their lives been accustomed. They have no objection, however, to let Ritualistic congregations alone, if they can be secured from Ritualistic aggressions themselves. Without entering minutely into the legal argument, they agree with the opinion expressed by the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury, "that the use of the surplice by the parochial clergy" at all times of their ministrations is a sufficient "compliance with the rule of the Church of England." They do not, however, identify the wish for a more elaborate vesture with Romanism; nor do they desire absolutely to forbid the gratification of that wish to those who can provide for its indulgence at their own cost, among persons of congenial ideas. It is in the interest of this large portion of Churchmen—tolerant or indifferent as you please to describe them—that the recommendation of the Report appears to be framed. Only let Churchmen in general be secured, it seems to say, against innovation, which they dislike: let it be made clear that an obsolete rubric shall not be employed to force an unpopular ceremonial on the ordinary worshippers in the parish churches of England: and it will not be necessary to recommend a revision of the Prayer-book, or to enter on that conflict between Parliament and religious liberty, which in the opinion of all thoughtful persons must have such disastrous results.

THE PAN-ANGLICAN SYNOD.—The following letter appears in an English paper:—

SIR,—I have thought that English Churchmen would be gratified to learn that in the colonies the great importance of the Pan-Anglican Synod is recognised, and that it is regarded with hope and prayer. To-day our much loved Bishop will embark to take his place in that sacred assembly: and we have just returned from the cathedral, where there has been a special service and celebration of the Holy Communion, at which a large congregation assembled to testify their esteem, to listen to his last words of advice, and to receive his last words of blessing. There were two and twenty clergymen present, who with well-nigh three hundred of the laity, received the Blessed Sacrament. Immediately after the Benediction the Bishop proceeded to the spacious entrance of the cathedral, where he was met by his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, the Dean and clergy, with the officers of the church, and the great body of the congregation. The Registrar of the diocese read the address expressive of great affection and confidence in his administration: to which his lordship replied in feeling terms, evidently touched by the kindness and respect manifested towards him.

Special prayers will be said daily in the cathedral for the Synod, and for our Bishop in particular. The only alleviation to our sadness in the loss of his ministrations is the hope that at no distant time we shall see his face again.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, Dean.

The Deanery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Aug. 29, 1867.

The Bishop of the diocese has returned to Fredericton after his confirmation tour in the north eastern parishes. His lordship was engaged more than five weeks in this work, during which time he travelled nearly a thousand miles. The numbers confirmed were—at Ludlow, 5, Blackville, 21, Derby, 2, Newcastle, 9, *St Paul's*, Clatham, 58, Bathurst, 16, New Bandon, 5, Dalhousie, 3, Flat Lands, 1; Baie des Veux, 17, Richibucto, 18; Cocaigne, 3, Shediac, 26, Shediac, (*New Church*), 10, Westmorland, 10, Bay Verte, 5, Sackville, 11, Dorchester, 12, Moncton, 6; Dutch Valley, 4, Studholm, 16, Havelock, 7. Total 264. We are glad to say that in several cases most of those confirmed at once became communicants. Services were held at Wolford and Sussex, at which the Bishop preached.

In the course of last month a report of the death of the Rev. E. S. Medley, reached this province, which turned out to be incorrect. It is supposed that the rumor was set afloat by some heartless person in England from malicious motives. We are glad to say that at the last accounts Mr Medley's health was improving, but his physician has prohibited his return to the diocese for some time.

Provision has been made so that the Church services will in the interim be regularly held in St. Stephen.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.—The following statistics illustrate very strikingly the growth of the Episcopal Church in the United States in the last ten years:—

| | 1856. | 1866. | Increase |
|--------------------|---------|---------|----------|
| Number of Dioceses | 31 | 31 | 0 |
| “ Bishops | 35 | 44 | 9 |
| “ Clergy | 1,826 | 2,486 | 553 |
| “ Parishes | 1,825 | 2,305 | 403 |
| “ Communicants | 119,510 | 261,224 | 142,708 |

Showing a gain in the number of clergy of over 30 per cent, and in the number of parishes of nearly that—while it shows an addition to the number of communicants of more than one third of the whole number.

CANADA.—DIOCESE OF ONTARIO.—The diocesan synod was held at Montreal on the 14th of August, the opening service being preached in the cathedral. The charge of Bishop Lewis announced a considerable increase in the number of communicants and candidates for confirmation, and expressed his satisfaction at the improvements effected in the reverent conduct of public worship and the multiplication of services. His lordship said:—“ I deal with satisfaction the increased attention paid to everything appertaining to the performance of Divine offices. Heartier and more congregational music, more crowded congregations, higher appreciation of the Holy Communion, and better churches were everywhere observable, for which it is our duty to render hearty thanks to Almighty God, our Heavenly Father. Since we first met in Synod, five years ago, 6,000 persons have been confirmed, and as the result 5,500 new communicants added to the Church. This estimate of new communicants I believe to be below the truth, because I have been informed that on almost every occasion of confirmation persons who have been confirmed in former years came forward to communion for the first time, and of these persons I have not been able to keep any account. During the same period 31 new churches have been built, many of them costly and ecclesiastically correct.”

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—The new Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Claughton) has we are told, been continuously residing in the City of Rochester since his consecration to that See early in June last, and is likely to remain in Rochester until the middle of September. His lordship's intention has been to make himself (by a three months' residence) at once acquainted with the clergy and laity of Rochester and Clatham, and to observe the chief wants of the large working and poor population clustered around Rochester Cathedral, amounting to not less than 60,000 souls. It is understood that the Bishop will remove to Damesbury, Palace, in Essex, in September. A three months' residence by a Bishop in the City of Rochester has not taken place for some centuries. Previous to 1830 the Bishopric of Rochester was almost invariably held by the Dean of Westminster, for the time being.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

Curiously enough, the new Bishop of Derry, better known as the Dean of Emly numbers his own father among the clergy of the diocese. One English Bishop, Dr. Elliott, has a father still living, a benched clergyman, but not in his own diocese.—*Guardian*.

A Wesleyan preacher of the Ross circuit, Mr. H. Barker, has tendered his resignation and intends to offer himself as a candidate for orders in the Church.—*London paper*.

WHAT THE CHURCH SERVICE IS.

The Bishop of Chester has been giving good advice to some violent Anti Ritualists, lately, who are like those naughty people who live in glass houses and *will* throw stones. The celebrated Dr. McNeile—the leader of the extreme Low Church party—was very much displeased with the advice, and he has published a protest against it. The whole matter relates to the performance or non performance of the Church Service, and hereupon the London *Guardian* justly says:—

The Church Service is a public offering to Almighty God of united supplication and praise, made by clergy and people in their character of redeemed and regenerate members of the body of Christ. To “read the service to” an audience, is to treat it as a kind of introduction to the sermon, cast indeed in another and less attractive form, but having no essential difference of character from the more important function which it precedes. Some such idea as this does seem to possess the minds of the representative men in Dr. McNeile’s school. Attend their churches, and you will be led, so far as extended supply any evidences of opinion, to conclude that with them to hear the sermon is the main purpose for which Christians go to church. They take the eighteenth-century version of Divine Service, with the parson and clerk duet, the singing gallery, and the “three decker,” because they really do not think such matters of any importance. Let the pulpit be high enough, and all the rest will take care of itself. As for devotional prayer, it is an excellent thing—at prayer meetings and on other suitable occasions, in the Church Service it is not to be looked for, they read “our excellent *Liturgy*” to the people, and hope that, in some way or other, it may do them good. It may possibly be edifying in itself—at least it may dispose the minds of the listeners to await with keener spiritual appetite the oratorical feast which is to follow its close. On this view there is certainly no reason to take hours for public service—as Dr. McNeile puts it—from study and house-to-house visitations, or to speak more practically, to shorten the morning nap, and interrupt the social dinner-party at night. There is, indeed, a very different view of the gathering together of two or three in Christ’s name and to those who hold it it may well seem that sleep and good society are in comparison of little worth. More than this, it may seem to them that a cold and lifeless performance of Divine Service is a grievous wrong, alike to earnest souls in the congregation and to Him in whose house they are assembled.

RITUALISM.—The Commission upon the Ritual of the Church of England have agreed upon the following report:—

To the Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty.

Your Majesty having been graciously pleased to issue a commission reciting that “differences of practice have arisen from varying interpretations put upon the rubrics, orders, and directions for regulating the course and conduct of public worship, the administration of the sacraments, and other services contained in the Book of Common Prayer according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland, and more especially with reference to the ornaments used in the churches and chapels of the said United Church, and the vestments worn by the ministers thereof at the time of their ministration,”—and that “it is expedient that a full and impartial inquiry should be made into the matters aforesaid with the view of explaining or amending the said rubrics, orders, and directions, so as to secure general uniformity of practice in such matters as may be deemed essential,”—and enjoining your Commissioners “to make diligent enquiry into all and every the matters aforesaid, and to report thereupon from time to time as to them, “or any two or more of” them, “may appear to be most expedient, having regard not only to the said rubrics, orders, and directions contained in the said Book of Common Prayer, but also to any other laws or custom relating to the matters aforesaid, with power to suggest any alterations, improvements, or amendments with respect to such matters, or any of them, as” they, “or any ten or more of” them, “may think fit to recommend.” We, your Majesty’s Commissioners, have, in accordance with the terms of your Majesty’s commission, directed our first attention to the question of the vestments worn by the ministers of the said United Church at the time of their ministration, and especially to those the use of which has been lately introduced into certain churches. We find that, while these vestments are regarded by some witnesses as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honor to the Holy Communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by none regarded as essential, and they give grave offence to many. We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public service of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vesture from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress. We are not yet prepared to recommend to your Majesty the best mode of giving effect to these conclusions, with a view at once to secure the objects proposed and to promote the peace of the Church, but we have thought it our duty in a matter to which great interest is attached not to delay the com-

munication to your Majesty of the results at which we have already arrived. We have placed in the appendix the evidence of the witnesses examined before us, the documents referred to in the evidence or produced before the Commissioners, the Cases laid before us, which were submitted to eminent counsel on either side of the question, together with the Opinions thereupon, also the report on the subject made by the committee of the Lower House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, and the resolutions passed by the Upper as well as the Lower House of that Convocation, and the resolutions passed by the Convocation of the Province of York. All which we humbly beg leave to submit to your Majesty.

C. T. CANTUAR.
M. G. ARMAGH.
STANHOPE.
HARROWBY.
BEAUCHAMP.
A. C. LONDON.
C. ST. DAVID'S.
S. OXON.
C. J. GLOUCESTER AND
BRISTOL.
PORTMAN.
ENURY.
SPENCER H. WALPOLE.
EDWARD CARDWELL.
JOSEPH NAPIER.

WILLIAM PAGE WOOD.
*ROBERT J. PHILLIMORE.
TRAVERS TWISS.
JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE.
JOHN ABEL SMITH.
*A. J. B. BERESFORD-HOPE.
J. G. HUBBARD
ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.
H. GOODWIN.
J. A. JEREMIE.
R. PAYNE SMITH.
HENRY VENN.
W. G. HUMPHRY.
†ROBERT GREGORY.
‡THOMAS WALTER PERRY.

August 19, 1867.

* We agree to the main proposition contained in this report, and have therefore signed it, upon the understanding that it does not exclude the consideration of cases in which the authority of the Bishop and the rights of the parishioners and congregations are carefully guarded.

ROBERT J. PHILLIMORE.
A. J. B. BERESFORD-HOPE.

† In signing this report I think it right to express my conviction that any power to "restrain" the "variations in respect of vesture," to which the report refers, ought to be limited to cases in which "grave offence" is likely to be given by introducing such "vesture" into churches against the mind of the people, and also to state that by "aggrieved parishioners" I understand to be meant those who, being *bona fide* members and communicants of the Church of England, have a reasonable ground for "complaint and redress."

THOMAS W. PERRY.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

A well printed and neatly arranged monthly publication called the *University Monthly*, conducted by several of the Students at the University, Fredericton, has made its appearance. The typographical execution does great credit to Mr. Cropley. With the exception of their too great length and redundancy, the original articles are fairly though somewhat ambitiously written; but the sentences, generally, are a great deal too long. With regard to the selections we decidedly object to the character of that headed 'Saved.' It is not worthy the *Monthly*, but "*experientia docet*," and we sincerely wish the undertaking every success. The subscription price is only fifty cents a year.

We have received a handsome advertisement leaf from Mr. John C. Spence, Glass Stainer, 19, Bleney Street, Montreal, Manufacturer of Ecclesiastic, Heraldic, and Domestic Stained Glass. Mr Spence furnishes designs and estimates for Illuminated Painting and Church Decoration. He will shortly visit this diocese to receive orders. Letters &c. for him may be sent to the office of this Magazine.

The first number of a new magazine entitled the *New Dominion Monthly* published in Toronto by Messrs McDougall & Sons, has been received. Some of the contents are very interesting and readable, but the publication is marred by very poor wood cuts, and the introduction of decidedly sectarian hymns, music, and anecdotes.

The first number of a new church magazine published in Ceylon has been sent to us. It contains several very instructive papers shewing the status of the Church in that part of the world, and demonstrates among other things not only the desirability but the necessity of Diocesan Synods.

Several of the clergy will oblige by letting us know how many copies of the Magazine, each month, they will require for their subscribers up to May next.

RECEIVED.—*W. LeB. McK.*, 75 cents. *J. H.*, Newcastle, (in Aug.) \$5.30. *G. G. R.*, \$7.50.

G T C—Thanks. Write to the London *Guardian*, or the *Colonial Church Chronicle*, London.