

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1876.

LENT.

Yesterday, as Ash Wednesday, was the first day of Lent, a solemn season the Church has set apart, from an early age, for self-examination and repentance. These duties should be always practised, but inasmuch as those things are very likely to be left undone for which no particular time has been appointed, a special season was set apart, either in the Apostles' times or immediately afterwards, as a preparation for commemorating the great expiation for the sins of the world, and to be employed in fasting or abstinence, in self-examination and repentance for past sin. Irenaeus, who lived but ninety years after the death of St. John, incidentally informs us that it was observed in his time, as it had been in the days of his predecessors. It has been supposed that it originated from the Jewish preparation of forty days before the yearly expiation. In the early Church, its duration varied from one to forty days. It was employed in preparing catechumens for baptism, penitents for absolution, and the whole body of Christians for a worthy participation of the Holy Eucharist at Easter. "During this whole season, they were used to give the most public testimonies of sorrow and repentance, and to show the greatest signs of humiliation that can be imagined: no marriages were allowed, nor anything that might give the least occasion to mirth or cheerfulness; insomuch that they would not celebrate the memories of the Apostles or martyrs, that happened within this time, upon the ordinary week days, but transferred the commemoration of them to the Saturdays or Sundays." Except on those two days, even the Holy Eucharist was not consecrated during the whole time of Lent. The primitive Christians during this season lay in sackcloth and ashes, taking no care of their dress, and using only such food as might be necessary to sustain life.

The word Lent comes from the Saxon word *Lencten*, Spring; perhaps from *lengian*, to lengthen. The name of Ash Wednesday came from the custom, on the first day of Lent, for penitents to present themselves to the bishop in presence of the clergy, who introduced them into the church, and repeated the seven penitential Psalms. Rising from prayers, they threw ashes on them and covered their heads with sackcloth, with other acts of discipline. Our Reformers lamented the disuse of this discipline, and purposed to restore it as soon as practicable, stating distinctly that its restoration was "much to be wished." But in the meantime they directed to be used the Communion Service as found in the Book of Common Prayer. Bucer was so pleased with this service, that at his desire it was directed to be used, not only on the first day of Lent,

but also at other times, as the ordinary shall appoint. Those who take the Bible either as being or as containing their rule of faith, can make no objection to a service which is taken out of the Word of God. For those who do not profess to take the Bible as their guide, it may suffice to state that an attentive examination of the service will show that its object is not to call down imprecations on our neighbors, but to impress our own minds with what we believe will be our own lot, if we continue ungodly and impenitent. The address is unequalled for its earnestness and impressiveness. The prayers at the end are unsurpassable in their impassioned eloquence and evangelical fervor. They are suitable for all seasons, and may be used with advantage by all conditions of men.

PROHIBITION.

The prohibition about which we have a word or two to say just now, has nothing to do with ritual, but with a subject of an altogether different character. It is one which is, however, sometimes taken up just as enthusiastically, although it can hardly be said to have won so much popularity. We refer to a prohibitory liquor law; and the movement in that direction may be said to have received a fresh impetus from the results of the deputation which waited on the Premier of Canada on the 18th inst., or at least, the advocates of such a measure can now perceive exactly the position they hold in relation to the government, and what may be expected from it. We cannot avoid remarking that we were a little taken by surprise when we read the Premier's argument, although upon further consideration, we recognised its harmony with the professed principles of those now in office.

The deputation of the Dominion Prohibitory Liquor Law Council was introduced to Mr. Mackenzie by Senator Vidal, who read the resolutions adopted by the convention held in Montreal in November last, in favor of legislation on this subject. He regretted the absence of Mr. G. W. Ross, M.P., from illness, as that gentleman had bestowed a great deal of attention upon the subject; and he assured the Premier that their object was non-political, they having no desire whatever to embarrass the government.

It is remarkable that the argument employed by the prohibitionists in furtherance of their object is exactly that which the Premier used for a contrary purpose. He said that after much attention bestowed upon the subject, he had been forced to the conclusion that the efforts of that organization had not been followed by the favorable results which might have been expected. He showed that the increase in the consumption of beer and wine during the last two years had been in a higher

ratio than at any previous period. His inference was that the growth of public opinion and the habits of the population had not, on the whole, been in the direction desired by the deputation. The *Montreal Witness* hopes "that Mr. Mackenzie will not apply the same mode of reasoning to other evils, else we may soon hear that the numerous burglaries which have taken place of late are an evidence that the country is not prepared for legislation upon the rights of property, and that the large increase of insanity and disease is an evidence that the people are not prepared for sanitary measures." A member of the deputation remarked afterwards that the increased consumption of liquors was not a true indication of the state of public opinion, as the tendency was for the individual to increase his consumption of drink from mere force of habit, or from improved means. We do not think, however, the increased consumption is to be accounted for in this way. We all know how the prohibitionist is accustomed to urge the necessity of extreme measures on the very ground of the increased consumption of liquor. The Premier's object was to show that if popular feeling had set in in the direction of cultivating drinking habits, it would be of no use to attempt to legislate in opposition to the wishes of the people. He also mentioned the fact that where prohibition has been adopted, other and worse stimulants have taken the place of ardent spirits—such as hydrate of chloral and absinthe. The effect of the Dunkin Act, he said, had not been so satisfactory as had been expected. In one instance that he knew of, where that act had been in operation, the number of places where liquor could be procured had increased tenfold, in consequence of the enforcement of that act. In New Brunswick, a prohibitory liquor law had been passed, but it turned out that at the next election, only one who supported that law was returned to sit in Parliament. He did not think any law looking to prohibition could be brought as a *plebiscite* before the people. A representative government had no power to delegate its functions to others and resume them at pleasure. The question too might arise as to the power of the Dominion Government to interfere with the home manufacture. He was not certain that the power existed; and he could only act as public opinion would sustain him.

Mr. Mackenzie does not appear to have referred to one very powerful argument, which no doubt was in his mind at the time, namely, the large amount of revenue derived from the duties connected with the use of intoxicating stimulants, which no government can give up at once, without resorting to a considerable increase of direct taxation; and no government can afford to do this until the people themselves are willing to submit to the sacri-

face. Had he alluded to this difficulty, the deputation might possibly have lectured him upon the immorality of any government acknowledging that it feeds upon the vices of the people. And yet it is a difficulty which must be met, before anything can be done, to any satisfactory extent, in the direction the deputation wish; and therefore prohibitionists ought, we think, first of all, to let us know what means can possibly be adopted to meet this, and what they would themselves recommend. It is the first, and perhaps practically, the greatest difficulty they have to overcome.

There are two or three recommendations we wish to offer upon the subject. And first of all, we would say, the question ought mainly to be treated as a religious as well as a moral one; and prohibitionists must lay aside the ridiculous arguments they have been in the habit of using, if they wish their cause to prosper among sensible men. Temperance is not to be placed above all religious duty: it is a branch of religion. It is not a substitute for all other duties to God or man; but one of the duties man owes, first to his God, next to himself, and then to his fellow men. All such nonsensical arguments as this, which we have met with, must be abandoned:—"if a thousand drops will make a man drunk, one drop will make him a thousandth part so, and if he is partly drunk, he is to all intents and purposes a drunkard." We must not be told that it is positively sinful to taste a drop of intoxicating drink,—unless we are referred to some other standard of holiness than the Bible. According to the New Testament, intemperance is a sin, and it consists in excess. "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." We are not told there is any excess in stealing, or in murder, because these things are altogether, and positively, sins against God, crimes against society, and causes of demoralization to those who are guilty of them. But in drinking the objectional liquors, the sin and the crime consist in the excess; that is according to the word of God, if this is to be our guide. Nor must we be told that the wine spoken of in the New Testament was not intoxicating. This is simply ignorance, as well as a great deal of other talk of a similar character. If it was not intoxicating, how would it happen that men could get drunk with it?

The only safe and rational, as well as Scriptural ground that can be taken is that of Christian expediency. Intemperance must be viewed as a sin against God's Law; and total abstinence with its attendant prohibition of the sale and also of the production of intoxicating drinks must be advocated on the principle we have on a former occasion alluded to as that of the Archdeacon of Bombay. Fully admitting the lawfulness of moderately partaking of stimulants as occasion may seem to require, admitting also the benefit which alcoholic drinks may often times produce, yet he thinks, and we agree with him

in thinking, that total abstinence and prohibition may be justified, because the evil occasioned by the use of these things immensely, nay infinitely, preponderates over the good. The Apostle Paul understood this principle when he said: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," Rom. xiv. 21.

Now prohibitionists must endeavour to educate the people on these principles, and they must educate governments too; for, especially in countries where religion and the state are supposed to have no right to meddle with each other, politicians may be expected to look at all subjects from a worldly point of view alone, and to ignore those higher considerations which must ever be paramount with the Christian.

There is another difficulty which must be met, or this cause will most certainly make no general or permanent headway; and that is providing houses of accommodation for travellers, and also for others who may desire refreshment. This must not be left for mere speculators to engage in; the prohibitionist must do it, in order to show that it can be done satisfactorily, and to give the thing a fair start. The arrangements must be good, and we would add, the provisions must be wholesome. The abominable drug, sometimes sold as "temperance stuff" is far worse than raw alcohol, and we have known several instances where men have been brought very near death by the use of a small portion of it. Good tea, coffee, and cocoa should be provided at reasonable prices, and at short notice. We have no doubt that, in the course of time, the attempt would be fairly remunerative, and would become a very powerful means of reformation.

RECIPROCITY.

The new Reciprocity Treaty proposed by Mr Elijah Ward and the House Committee of Commerce at Washington, is so damaging to British connection that the people of this country who set the slightest value upon that connection, cannot be too emphatically warned against it. Should it turn out to be possible for any government to attempt to persuade us to accept its provisions, or any others of a similar character, it is to be hoped that they will be thoroughly scrutinized, and discussed. The fact that it is conceded by them that the former reciprocity arrangements were mainly in their favor, while since the termination of those arrangements the balance of trade has been against them, is quite enough to put us on our guard against a renewal of any thing like them. Business of all kinds is depressed, but that fact has not come to pass from a want of reciprocity with the United States: rather it would have come much sooner, would have lasted much longer, and have been far worse, if our commercial relations with our neighbors had been of a more intimate nature

than they have been; and the failures which have occurred this winter would have happened a couple of years ago, if our former reciprocity had not been fortunately terminated, and possibly indeed, these bankruptcies would by this time, have been again repeated.

But Mr Elijah Ward aims at something wider and also at something bolder than has been attempted before. He suggests "some comprehensive arrangement, like a general Customs' Union," to be offered to Canada by the United States Government. This Customs Union between the United States and Canada would of course require a complete uniformity of tariffs. Labor and industry would be placed on an equal footing in the States and in the Dominion, no higher duty being levied on the articles used in manufactures in the one than in the other; so that the same duties would be imposed on foreign imports in Canada as in the United States. And as the London Standard remarks in an article on the subject, as it is not probable that the United States will agree to adopt the Canadian tariff with its lesser duties, the result of this comprehensive arrangement will be a uniform protection, and in some articles, a prohibitory tariff at all the ports along the entire sea board of the two countries." Now there can be but one object the United States can have in putting heavy duties on manufactures, that is, on British manufactures—for they fear no other competition—and that object is to encourage their own industry, and in the same proportion to discourage the British; and they propose that we in Canada shall help them in this anti-British policy. To all such propositions, if we are true to ourselves and our own interests even, and if we love our Fatherland, we give a most emphatic and most decided Nay. In entertaining such propositions, the United States show unequivocally that they are half a century behind the age, in all that can constitute or promote a nation's greatness. Such a tariff as they hanker after, would injure themselves quite as much as it would injure Great Britain, perhaps more; and, as our contemporary forcibly observes, "if Canada is to join in an undertaking to levy the same duties on British goods as are now levied at American" (i.e., United States) "ports, as she must do in order to make the scheme of a Customs' Union complete, it is clear that she will be to England commercially, as much a foreign country as the United States are. Such a position is manifestly irreconcilable with that of a state claiming to be part and parcel of the British Empire. In fact, just as the commercial homogeneity of Canada and the United States is made perfect, must the union of Great Britain and Canada be severed. One in industry, commerce and a fiscal system, how long will it be before they are one in political constitution? How is it possible, indeed, that even the semblance of a

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union between Great Britain and Canada can be maintained, when the dependency claims the right to make laws of its own in concert with the foreigner, in order to cripple British interests?" But surely no party, holding the reins of government in this country, would dare propose so unnatural a treaty for the acceptance of a loyal Canadian people! not to mention the very important consideration, that such an arrangement would be the very worst, for our own commercial interests, that we could possibly enter into. Politicians in the present day, however, do occasionally make bold and unexpected movements; they now and then startle by the suddenness of their enterprises. We shall do well therefore, if we prepare ourselves against the possibility of a surprise of this description.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"America for the Americans," is commonly understood to enunciate what is called the Monroe Doctrine, which our neighbours used to think is almost as much a law of nature as that we should eat and drink in order to sustain life. Mr. Fish, it appears, holds Mr. Canning, of all the men in the world, responsible for the principles attributed to Monroe, because he boasted in the name of his country, that "he called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old," although Canning more than once protested against the restrictive and exclusive policy on which the government of President Monroe seemed disposed to insist. The Monroe Doctrine is understood to be laid down in the message of Dec. 2nd, 1823, where he plainly warns the European powers that the American government would "consider any attempt to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." The president was kind enough to assure the European Powers that no interference was intended with existing colonies or dependencies; but, he added what is the essence of the "Doctrine," "with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light, than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." The remedy, however, which Mr. Canning proposed for the disputes between Spain and her colonies, was not the surly isolation insisted upon by Monroe, but a cordial and steady co-operation between England and the United States, as a counterpoise to the influence of other Powers, and not in prohibition of it. The effect of the Monroe doctrine, however, after a time became most pernicious in its moral influence upon the minds of the people of the United States; so much so indeed that our neighbors came to feel that the existence of the

British colonies, the Spanish colonies, the colonies of France and Holland, and the Empire of Brazil, upon the soil of the Western Continent, was an insupportable outrage.

The circumstance which has brought this subject prominently before us is the fact that the State Department at Washington has invited the co-operation of the European Powers in the difficult task of bringing Spain to reason, and we learn that when this became known in the United States it occasioned great "surprise and relief." The question is naturally asked, What has become of the Monroe Doctrine? The fact that the action of the United States government occasioned no popular clamor, and that the opposite party has been able to make no political capital out of it, is ample proof that the celebrated Monroe Doctrine as interpreted in recent years has lost its hold upon the nation; and that the great interests of humanity and the peace of the world have, in this instance at least, outweighed the national regard for what is after all but a mere sentiment, an empty myth, an infatuation which neither Providence nor Fate has determined shall yet come to pass.

THE PERFORMANCE of Mr. Chiniquy in a pulpit, as rumored a short time ago, was so extraordinary that, for a time, both friends and foes refused to believe it, and many are still incredulous. There appears, however, to be no reason to disbelieve it, except on the ground of its impiety, and we have met with no denial of it from any quarter. He is said to have publicly consecrated a wafer according to the ritual of the Church of Rome, of which he was formerly a priest, then to have crumpled it up and trampled upon it, afterwards calling every piece a true God, and asking whether the cats that were so absurdly worshipped in Egypt of old were not more respectable deities than those. Whatever may be the opinions or the "views" entertained upon the results of the consecration, whether they are Roman, Lutheran, Anglican, or Zwinglian, all right minded persons must feel that the shocking contempt for religion displayed in such a burlesque of sacred things is in the highest degree reprehensible and wicked. Such means, when used to convert Romanists, would repel rather than attract. Irreverence is rampant enough already, over every part of Christendom; and bad as are the errors of the Papacy, to abandon them for a system which would sanction such impiety, is to pass from one extreme to another infinitely worse. The editors of the *Montreal Witness* say they were almost as much shocked as the Roman Catholic Bishop when they heard of Mr. Chiniquy's mode of dealing with this subject, "so singularly out of accordance with the customs of the Protestant pulpit."

FECHEER has left the stage, and will give readings.

REVIEW OF THE PAMPHLET OF THE REV. F. T. OXENHAM ON FINAL RESTORATION,

BY THE REV. E. SOFTLY.

Mr. O. (page 85-5) objects to Eternal Punishment and favours, yea, rather we may say teaches Universalism by a partial interpretation of the following passages, 1 Tim. i. 15, 2 Tim. ii. 4, 2 Tim. iv. 10. To the argument here for Universal Salvation from texts of scripture, must be opposed other texts which tell of God's electing a certain portion of mankind to salvation by Christ, Eph. i. 4-6; 1 St. Pet. i. 2; 2 Thess. ii. 13; and others which say that Christ's sheep "shall never perish," St. John x. 26-28; that He "loved the Church and gave Himself for it," Eph. v. 25; and that He gave His life a ransom for many, St. Matt. xx. 28. If the general teaching of Holy Scripture is to be received, and not human opinion, this is conclusive against all such arguments. We know that God's purpose cannot and will not fail. The question from a Scripture stand-point is this:—What was God's purpose in sending His Son into the world? The answer appears to me to be this: 1. To open a way for salvation to all men. 2. To effectually save those who believe. 3. To magnify His character in their salvation, and also in the just punishment of those who being offered salvation reject the same by unbelief and persistent disobedience.

I now notice Mr. O's remarks on the Parable of Lazarus and Dives. His chief objection is that the events described are anterior to the day of judgment, but we are distinctly told that at death the righteous go to a place of happiness, and the wicked to a place of misery, and although the cup of each be not full until the day of judgment, yet do we learn that their several conditions are unchangeable. There is no information of ultimate deliverance for the wicked. The whole parable tells fatally against the theory of the Destructionists, inasmuch as it tells of conscious torment, and from it we learn that the wicked even then, are not without what are termed positive as well as natural punishments; and obviously the parable has additional evidence in favour of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, and against the theory of final restoration, inasmuch as its general teaching evidently confines all hope of the sinner to earth alone.

Question six. Is there any necessity known to us, or even probability arising from the nature of the case, which would sustain the popular doctrine? Mr. O. imagining that Scripture countenances the restoration theory, in like manner imagines that Natural Religion does so too. But I think it may be said that there is at least a strong probability in favour of the eternity of future punishment from the nature of the case: i.e., that man being a moral agent, and that an infinitely wise, perfect, and unchangeable God has appointed him here, with so many warnings,

a place and time of probation for a future state. I consider that the arguments of Butler in his second chapter, go very far to prove, as far as Natural Religion can do so, that not only is a future state reserved for man, but that the future state of the wicked, like that of the righteous, will be final. The argument from analogy is sustained by scripture, where the Prophet says, Jer. viii. 20, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." The above quotation by all law for the interpretation of prophecy, looks to what is properly and commonly called Eternal Salvation: to "the hour of death and the day of judgment." But, in addition to this, I believe that man's moral sense goes to ratify this conclusion. Aggravated, heinous and persistent sin, begets despair. What does this teach us? Is it not that man's moral sense (the work of God) tells him, as does also the law written and revealed, that for presumptuous sins, and persistent sinners, there is no atonement or forgiveness! Hope has its dwelling place on earth; despair has its home and recesses in hell, the abode of the lost. So this reminds us of another weighty utterance of the Lord of life: "what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Is there the least hope here held out, of that loss being remedied at a future day?

Having examined and answered the questions of Mr. Oxenham, as they stand related to the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, I will now remark upon his criticisms of the arguments of the great theologians whom he has selected as representing that doctrine. Without presuming to stand as apologist for those great divines in this connection, I may yet remark that I am of the opinion that the doctrine under discussion is not to be measured by philosophical argument, nor can such be safely used, save in subordination to, and in corroboration of the express testimony of the word and will of God.

If St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas have dealt largely with philosophical argument on this subject, Mr. Oxenham has also attempted the philosophical and speculative argument, and he will pardon me if he should ever see or hear of what is here written, if I say that I think that all his argument is rather from the stand-point of reason than that of Divine Revelation. He speaks (p. 55,) of the punishment of the wicked to eternity, as being speculatively possible, and says of it, "I disbelieve it." The grounds of his "disbelief," he gives as being that he considers it contrary to God's purpose and nature. Nevertheless God has revealed himself as inflexibly just, as well as inflexibly good.

Mr. O. believes in eternal happiness, because he considers this agreeable to God's nature. In the light of Revelation, why may it be argued that God is more good than just? because Mr. O. does not consider that the nature, and practice of sin (although against God,

and a God of great patience and long-suffering as well as goodness, who has given a Saviour in His Incarnate Son—given the Holy Spirit, and a period of probation), sin does not in justice require such a punishment. (See p. 39.) What kind of argument can this be called? Nay! we may not only ask of what kind, but of what quality. This at least we may say, not only is it speculative, but it is rather the argument of a mere moralist, than of a Christian believer! If otherwise, it must involve most unscriptural views of original sin, and a very inadequate estimate of the value of the atonement.

There is but one more matter that I shall notice, and this is because it has a bearing upon the argument from Scripture under the head of question 2, as proposed by Mr. O. At page 66, he quotes the example of Satan and the evil angels as given by Dr. Pusey as a speculative argument by way of analogy." He says that there can be no analogy between Satan's sin and that of incorrigibly wicked men on account of Satan's superior advantages, and he depreciates our advantages in such a manner as to conclude that we may not justly be placed in the same category as subjects for God's judgment. But here I have to remark that we are not left to speculative argument upon this matter, inasmuch as we have evidence from Holy Scripture. So far as we may trace any analogy it lies in this:—whatever Satan's advantages were, he and those with whom he was associated had a test appointed by God, and a time of trial, as we learn from St. Jude, and 2 St. Pet. ii. 4. The devil and his angels fell from their allegiance, and for them no Saviour was provided, by reason of their previous advantages; at least we are led so to infer.

Adam when tried, fell, and so all his posterity. In the wisdom of God for him and them a Saviour was provided, and a further period and terms of grace. Such as refuse those terms and are finally disobedient in this world, will share Satan's doom. The doom of Satan and wicked men is the same—described in the same terms by the word *aidios* as applied to Satan and the evil angels, and by the word *atonios* with *pur*, and *kolasis*, when both are broken off, while it is said that this *pur* and *kolasis* is "prepared for the devil and his angels." As partakers of a like character they will be punished together, in the same place, and by the same punishments, and as the two expressions appear to be used as convertible terms, it amounts to a demonstration that their doom is the same—endless and eternal.

That this should provoke the objections of philosophic sceptics, we might not wonder, or that it should evoke the opposition of wicked men: we may well wonder that any sincere believers in the Holy Scriptures may find in it any just cause of stumbling either to themselves or others. That it is indeed an awful, a profoundly solemn subject, we should and must feel, but in accord-

ance with all the scope and tenor of Holy Writ, it can but call forth such utterances now, as it did from believers of old. "Thou even thou art to be feared, and who may stand in Thy sight when once thou art angry?" Ps. lxxvi. 7. "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains: Thy judgments are a great deep." Ps. xxxvi. 6.

FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF A CONTRIBUTOR.

NO. IV.—FROM "TITAN."

28. The historian with long nails and short sentences against the Christians. [Gibbon.]

29. A great candour in opinions, which easily consists with a quite as great reserve in emotions.

30. In the burning-glass and magnifying mirror of consequences fate shows us the "light, playing worms of our inner man, as grown up and armed furies and serpents. How many sins pass through us unseen, and with soft looks, like nightly robbers, because, like their sisters in dreams, they steal not from the circle of the breast, and get no outward object to fall upon and strangle.

31. It was at the time when almost all Europe forgot, for some days, what it had been for centuries learning from the political and poetic history of France, that this same France could more easily become a magnified than a great nation.

32. Women of genius are most sceptical, as men of genius are credulous.

33. A little light in our apartment can screen us against the blinding effect of the whole heaven-broad lightning glare; so it needs in us only a single, constantly shining idea and tendency, that the rapid alternation of flame and light in the outer world may not dizzy us.

34. Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

35. A man must have either great men or great objects before him, otherwise his powers degenerate, as the magnets do, when they have lain for a long time without being turned to the right corners of the world.

36. Words are to actions only the saw-dust of the club of Hercules.

37. Idoine, tell me, how then can one think of what is great and what is little at once? By thinking of the greatest first, said she; when one looks into the sun, the dust and the midges become most visible. God is surely the sun of us all. [Compare Col. iii. 17]

38. How easily, after all, outward tranquillity breaks up the internal! A busy heart is like a vessel of water swung round; hold it still, and it runs over.

BOOK REVIEW.

THE NEW HERESY, of the Rev. Charles Cheney of Chicago, Ex-Bishop Cummins, and others, detected in the light of the Holy Scripture. By the Rev. D. Falloon Hutchinson, Second Edition, Toronto, 1876.

A very rational, scriptural, and conclusive defence of the Church against one of the heresies which has sprung up in the United States and has been imported into Canada. We do not recommend an excessive attention to controversial literature; but in localities where this heresy has appeared, it is highly desirable that Churchmen should be able always to give an answer to every man that may ask them the foundations of their faith and hope, and the pamphlet before us is the best we have seen for this purpose.

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CALENDAR.

- March 5th.—1st Sunday in Lent.
Gen. xix. 12-30; St. Mark vi. 80.
" xxii. 1-20; Rom. xiv. and xv. 1-8.
" xxiii; Rom. xiv. and xv. 1-8
" 6th.—Num. xiii. 17; St. Mark=vii. 1-24.
" xiv. 1-26; Rom. xv. 8.
" 7th.—Perpetua, M.
Num. xiv. 26; St. Mark vii. 24-viii. 10.
" xvi. 1-23; Rom. xvi.
" 8th.—Ember Day.
Num. xvi. 23; St. Mark viii. 10-ix. 2.
" xvii; 1 Cor. i. 1-26.
" 9th.—" xx. 1-14; St. Mark ix. 2-30.
" xx. 14; 1 Cor. i. 26. and ii.
" 10th.—Ember Day.
Num. xxi. 1-10; St. Mark ix. 30.
" xxi. 10; 1 Cor. iii.
" 11th.—Ember Day.
Num. xxii. 1-22; St. Mark x. 1-32.
" xxii. 22; 1 Cor. iv. 1-18.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—"Q. R. T." "Our Huron Correspondent," "The Bishop of Niagara's Circulars," "J. D. B.," and "C." unavoidably postponed till our next.

THE EMBER DAYS.

They are called by this name, as some think, from a German word which imports *abstinence*, though others are of the opinion that they are so called, because it was customary among the ancients to express their humiliation at those seasons of fasting, by sprinkling ashes upon their heads, or sitting on them; and when they broke their fasts on such days to eat only cakes baked upon embers, which they therefore called *ember bread*. But the most probable conjecture is that of Dr. Mareschal, who derives it from a Saxon word, importing a *circuit* or *course*; so that these fasts being not occasional, but returning every year in certain courses may properly be said to be *ember days*, i.e., *fasts in course*. They were formerly observed in several churches with some variety, but were at last settled by the council of Placentia, A.D., 1095, to be the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent; after Whit-Sunday; after 14th of September, which was then observed as the feast of the holy cross, and the 18th of December, which was then also observed in remembrance of St. Lucy. The reasons why the ordinations of ministers are fixed to these set times of fasting are these; first, that as all men's souls are concerned in the ordaining a fit clergy, so all may join in fasting and asking blessing upon it; secondly, that both bishops and candidates, knowing the time, may prepare themselves for this great work, thirdly, that no vacancy may remain long unsupplied: lastly, that the people knowing the times, may, if they please, be present, either to approve the choice made by the bishop, or to object against those whom they know to be unworthy; which primitive privilege is still reserved to the people in this well-constituted Church.—*Wheatley*.

The Prayers to be said every day in the *Ember weeks* were added at the last revision. They are peculiar to the English Ritual. The Ember days were called the *Fasts of the four seasons*. [From *jejunia quatuor temporum* the Germans called these seasons *quatember*; and hence some have derived our term *ember*;] or, in our Calendar, the *Ember days at the four seasons*; and the observance of them with special fasting and prayer was an act of consecra-

tion of the four seasons of the year. Being occasions of peculiar solemnity, ordinations were held at these times; and this is the order of our Church in the 31st Canon. The rubric directs one of the prayers to be said not only on the Ember days, but on every day of the Ember weeks. Of the two prayers, the first is more appropriate to the former part, and the second to the latter part of the week.—*Procter*.

FREDERICTON.

St. LUKE'S CHURCH, PORTLAND.—This Church was destroyed in the terrible conflagration that visited the town of Portland last summer. Since then up to the 12th inst., the congregation has worshipped in the Temperance Hall; the work of rebuilding the church is rapidly progressing in the meantime. The new structure will cost about \$35,000. The basement being finished—and very beautifully so indeed, services were held there on the 12th. There was a very large attendance at 11 o'clock. There were no dedicatory services, that imposing ceremony being reserved until the completion of the Church. The services were conducted by the pastor, Mr. Almon. The singing by the choir was impressive. Rev. Geo. M. Armstrong preached, his text being Psalm xxvi. 8. 'Lord I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth.' He referred to the disaster experienced by the conflagration last summer—the burning of their Church—congratulated them on their exertions in rebuilding, and hoped they would not desist from that good work until the whole building is completed. He was deeply sensible of the kindness of Mr. Almon in allowing him to preach this, the opening sermon in the new church. He was no stranger to the congregation, or at least to many of them. He had preached in "Old St. Luke's" for their beloved rector over twenty years ago. He pictured to his hearers the work of building the Ark by David, and presented many illustrations. To show the respect with which religious things should be treated, he told of the sudden death at the Ark of him who had acted so irreverently. Before concluding he paid a well-deserved tribute to the zeal of Mr. Almon, again congratulated the congregation concerning the erection of the new church, and said it was a source of pleasure to know that if any difference of opinion ever existed as to how the work should be done, all had united harmoniously in the same views. Before the sermon, Mr. Almon read a statement of the receipts and expenditures for and on account of the new church. So far there is a debt of about \$2,000 on it. In the evening the number present could not be less than 700. The Rector, Mr. Almon, preached from Exod. xx. 24. "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." The collection at the morning service was \$117, and in the evening nearly as much.—*St. John Daily News*.

NIAGARA.

MISSION OF SALTFLY AND BINBROOK.—During the week 7th to 13th February inclusive, a mission of daily services was held in this parish. The weather was not propitious, and during the whole week the roads were in a very bad state. We are pleased to be able however to chronicle the fact that notwithstanding these natural obstacles the congregations were large at every service. Two services were held each day, alternating in the afternoon and evening between Christ Church, Binbrook, and St. George's Church, Saltfleet.

There were thus held fourteen services. The services consisted of portions from the Book of Common Prayer and from the special Form of Prayer for missionary service, authorized by the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Canada, 1872. These short services, interspersed with suitable hymns from Hymns A. and M., were followed each day by addresses upon pre-published subjects, after which the congregations were requested to engage in silent prayer for a given object.—On Monday, Rev. W. Belt, M.A., Incumbent of Ancaster preached on the subject "The Fall of Man and its Remedy," and congregational silent prayer engaged in, for a blessing on the seed to be sown during the coming week.—On Tuesday, Rev. P. L. Spencer of Wellington Square preached on "Repentance and Conversion," subject of prayer the same as that of the sermon.—On Wednesday, Rev. S. Houston, M.A., Incumbent of Waterdown, preached on "Forgiveness," subject of prayer "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive."—On Thursday, Rev. F. L. Osler, Rector of Dundas, preached on "Christ our Example," subject of prayer, "Grace to take up our Cross and follow (imitate) Christ."—Friday. Owing to the very heavy rain and the almost impassable state of roads and bridges the preacher of the day was unable to arrive in due time, and the missionary in charge preached on the subject of the day "Home Religion," subject of prayer, "Grace to do all things to the glory of God."—Saturday. Rev. Geo. A. Bull, M.A., of Barton and Glanford preached on "The Confession of Christ," subject of prayer, St. Matt. v. 16. Sunday.—Rev. G. A. Bull, again preached on "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," and Holy Communion was administered. The devoutness and heartiness of the several congregations formed a most gratifying and encouraging feature of the services. One result has already accrued in a marked increase in the number of communicants who knelt at the Lord's table upon Sunday. The impression left upon all who engaged in these services has been that God has surely made them an instrument of grace to those present. May He grant that by this humble effort, many who stand may be strengthened, many weak hearted may be comforted and helped, and many fallen may be raised.—*Com.*

THE residence of the Rev. Robert Rooney was taken possession of by a surprise party from Cameron on Friday evening, the 11th inst., and after having bestowed on its occupant a goodly portion of the things of this life as an appreciation of his services, and amused themselves with innocent enjoyment, they took their departure. All parties seemed pleased and profited by the event.

TORONTO.

OMEMEE, Feb. 18, 1876.—A mission is in progress at Christ Church in this village, with promise of success. The following clergy have participated in the services which close to-night: The Revs. Rural Dean Stewart of Orillia, Dr. O'Meara of Port Hope, and J. H. Harris of West Orillia. The Incumbent, the Rev. R. H. Harris, made use of the opportunity for holding the annual missionary meeting of the parish on Monday, 14th, when addresses were made by the Revs. Rural Deans Stewart and Smithett, and J. H. Harris. The parochial collections will be made immediately, and will doubtless reach the assessment.

THE hymn book used at the Missionary Meeting held at the Church of the Ascension, Port Perry, was that of the S.P.C.K.,

and not the Hymns A. and M., as formerly stated.

CARTWRIGHT.—The members of the Church in this parish, on the 16th inst. presented their rector, the Rev. J. Creighton, with a new cutter and a handsome set of buffalo robes. To Mrs. Creighton they also gave a very nice china tea set, and a large quantity of groceries and provisions. This token of appreciation and esteem for their clergyman, who has been only a little more than a year in the parish, is very pleasing, and yet it is but a slight evidence of the renewed life which is manifest in the place; for during the past year there has been erected a beautiful and substantial church which will soon be completed, and just before winter set in, there was put on the rectory grounds a very comfortable and suitable stable.

On Monday evening, the 14th inst., the Rev. Rural Dean Allen delivered a lecture in the Templar's Hall, Millbrook, before nearly two hundred persons, old and young. The Rev. gentleman was listened to with marked attention. At the close, a vote of thanks was tendered to him, for his able lecture, a collection taken up, in aid of the Band of Hope, amounting to \$3.65, when the National Anthem was sung, and the audience went home. Dr. Might occupied the chair.—*Millbrook Messenger*

ST. STEPHEN'S, TORONTO.—The concert in aid of the funds of the Benevolent Society held on the 17th inst. in St. Stephen's School House was attended by a very large audience. The chair was occupied by Mr. Poplar. The programme was of a very interesting character. It opened with a very well executed piano-forte solo by Miss Vankoughnet which was followed by songs by Miss Helliwell, Miss Weibershall, and Miss Sykes, all of whom acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience and gained loud applause. The Rev. Mr. McCollum and the Rev. Septimus Jones kindly gave readings of a humorous character. Several glees were given by Messrs. Bailey, Richardson, Reid, and Avant, accompanied by Mr. Bloomer in a manner, which called forth hearty encores. The Misses Holland assisted in one of the glees. The entertainment was of a very pleasing character, and no doubt the funds of the Society were by its means largely augmented.

ST. STEPHEN'S, TORONTO.—There was a large attendance a few evenings since in the School House of this Church, the occasion being an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the relief of the necessities of the poor of the congregation. Mr. Broughall, the Incumbent, presided. Mr. McCollum, Incumbent of St. Thomas, gave a reading, as did also Mr. Canovan; Miss Weibershall played the accompaniments during the evening, and Miss Helliwell, Miss Sykes and Miss Vankoughnet sang, each with much favor from the audience. The congregation of this Church have quietly and steadily kept pace with the wants of the poor, which is no easy task at this season of the year, and with the present "hard times."

HURON.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Rural Deanery of Huron was held in Wingham on Wednesday, Feb. 9th. Divine service was held in St. Paul's Church, at 11 a.m. All the clergy present took part in it. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Craig of Seaforth, afterwards the Holy Communion was adminis-

tered, when all the clergy and a large number of the laity partook of it. The private meeting of the clergy was held in the afternoon at the parsonage. Present, Ven. Archdeacon Elwood, Rural Dean Davis, Revs. Messrs. Craig, Woodburne, Watson, Ryan, and Bland. The portion of Scripture read and commented on was 1 Tim. vi. 11-21. The subject of discussion was "The importance of Sunday schools as a nursery of the Church, and the best means of promoting them." It was moved and seconded "that the next Deanery meeting be held in Brussels on the second Wednesday in May."

SARNIA INDIAN MISSION.—A very interesting and largely attended Missionary Meeting took place on the Sarnia Indian Mission on Friday evening, Feb. 4th. The deputation consisted of the Rev. F. W. Raikes and Rev. J. Barr. The Incumbent Rev. J. Jacobs, presided and interpreted the addresses. The church on the occasion was almost full. The Rev. Mr. Barr's address consisted mainly of accounts of mission work as carried on by the "Church Missionary Society" in the Great Northwest, illustrated by many pleasing incidents and anecdotes. The Rev. F. W. Raikes followed, and after giving a most interesting address on foreign and home missions, exhibited diagrams of scenes in India and Africa, which greatly astonished and amused the natives. Some beautiful missionary hymns in the Indian language were sung at intervals by the native choir, which added much to the interest of the meeting. The collection at the meeting was \$3.15; subscriptions \$27.00, payable on the 31st March next; total \$30.00. Altogether the present missionary meeting was the most interesting and instructive ever held on the Sarnia Indian Mission.

ENGLAND.

DR. MAGEE, Bishop of Peterborough, in a correspondence with Mr. Eubule-Evans says:—"As a matter of fact, I think you will find that the claims of long service are largely recognized by Episcopal patrons—I venture to think more largely than by any others. I must repeat, however, that on principle, the claim of the parishioner comes first with me, and I think, ought to come with every patron before every claim whatsoever. A benefice is something more and other than a professional prize. It carries with it the cure and government of souls, and I have to answer at another tribunal than that of public or even clerical opinion for each selection that I may make for such a solemn and important charge. Deeply therefore as I sympathize with the case of many of our unbeneficed clergy, I dare not allow that sympathy to turn me aside in any particular case from what I honestly believe to be my duty to the spiritual interests of those for whom I have to find a pastor. Viewing the matter however, merely in its secular aspect, I doubt very much whether a general system of promotion by seniority would be best in the end for the interests even of the curates of our Church, or would tend by its attractiveness to draw men into the ministry. It has, I believe, been calculated that in a general system of seniority the average age at which a curate could hope for preferment of the value of £300 a year, would be fifty-three years, a prospect I cannot but think more deterrent in its certainty than the present system of selection, with all its uncertainty, is found to be. The real remedy in my opinion for the slowness of promotion in our Church, would be a large and liberal system of retirement for aged incumbents. The clerical service—if the ministry is ever

to be regarded in that light—is suffering from the stagnation caused by the fact that it has no sufficient or efficient system of superannuation. The natural result of this is inefficiency in some, and disappointment and dissatisfaction in others of its members.

IRELAND.

(From the Guardian,) January 31, 1876. —The Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore has appointed the Rev. E. B. Moeran, D.D., to the Deanery of Down, and the Rev. Jeffrey Lefroy to the Deanery of Dromore. The first became vacant through the death of the Very Rev. T. Woodward, and the second through the resignation of the Very Rev. D. Bagot. Dr. Moeran, the new Dean of Down, some twenty years ago, was appointed by the Board of Trinity, Dublin, to succeed Bishop Fitzgerald in the chair of Moral Philosophy, and he has been active since his transfer to the North of Ireland both as a parochial clergyman and a member of the Diocesan Council and the General Synod. His views are generally opposed to those of the Revisionists.

The annual meeting of the local branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held at the Dublin office on Wednesday, when, in the absence of the Archbishop, the chair was taken by Dean West of St. Patrick's. The report, which showed a slight decrease in the aggregate income of the branch for the year 1875, stated the Dublin parishes sending in the largest amounts are as follows:—St. Bartholomew's, £90 4s.; St. John's, Sandymount, £50; Trinity Church, Rathmines, £49 9s. 8d.; St. Peter's, £42 11s. 1d.; Bray, £23, 2s.; St. Stephen's, £21 5s.

The Very Rev. J. Stannus, Dean of Ross, and rector of Lisburn, died at Lisburn on Friday, at the age of 88. He served in the army in early life, and shortly after obtaining holy orders he obtained the important though incongruous post of resident agent and manager of the large Hertford estates. On the death of Lord Hertford in 1870 the estates passed into the hands of Sir R. Wallace, and Dean Stannus then retired from the agency on a pension. For half-a-century his influence over the town and neighborhood of Lisburn had been supreme.

In the parish of St. Nicholas, Cork, a heavy work has been completed which testifies to the energy of Dr. Webster, the rector, aided by the parishioners. Schools have been finished which will accommodate 100 boarders and 500 day pupils. The expenditure will fall little short of £5,000, all to be gathered in from private donors. Dr. Webster is one of the comparatively small number of clergy who have taken advantage of the National system of education, under which the schools of the parish have long been carried on.

UNITED STATES.

BISHOP GARRETT says that he needs two itinerants in the "Wild South West" of his jurisdiction, for work that will demand special gifts: "scant income and small sympathy, and polemical distrust and wearing solitude, and long, lonely journey, and poor food and poorer shelter, and low spiritual companionship—these are the enemies to be dreaded."

The ladies of Trinity Church, Portland, Oregon, are showing by their united action, what great good can be accomplished through a Woman's Guild. This

Guild was organized in 1872, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Nevins, and has continued in active work ever since. Such an association is worthy of particular notice, as a lesson to other parishes, and as an example of what persistent, judicious and loving co-operation can do. There has been no noise or observation about their movements, and yet the sum total of the money collected and paid for various objects, will surprise any one who has not made himself familiar with the details of the work. There is no church, no parish, that may not have a similar organization. In some, of course, the membership could not be so large, nor the offerings and collections amount to so much. But whatever it is possible to do in any parish can be more easily and more thoroughly done in this way than any other. Let the membership be as large as possible. Let there be monthly meetings, monthly dues, and monthly sociables. And let whatever is done, be done by the organization, and under its control, instead of spasmodically and individually. The great trouble is with church work, that there is so little unity in it. The devil has his forces all drilled, and he uses them in pairs, and in companies. But we fight single-handed; and let social distinctions and personal feelings keep us from union. It is time for us to learn a lesson from our enemies, and work together. Church Guilds are the best means of carrying on such a work. The Guild of Trinity Church has never used any unworthy or questionable means for raising money. This is as important as the organization itself. The revenue is from monthly dues; from the sale of useful and ornamental articles made by the fair fingers of the ladies themselves; from personal offerings; and on one occasion from a concert. From these sources, they have contributed towards furnishing the church, \$2,489.24; to the hospital, \$202; to the chapel in Watson's addition, \$250; for an altar cloth, \$65; and last December, they paid on the church debt, \$234. Besides all this, and more, they meet the expense of trimming the church for the great festivals, on an average, \$57, and they are ready to furnish any thing which the Rector may find needful from time to time. This is not all the good done by this Guild. There are different committees with different duties. There is a committee on church decoration; on the Sunday School, on Parish visiting, and on looking after the poor, and there is one also on Hospital visiting. One zealous member is now engaged in procuring from the children promises of monthly offerings towards supporting an orphan at the Asylum, now connected with the Good Samaritan Hospital. All praise to such women helpers as these. How many in other places will come up to the help of the Lord's work?—*Oregon Churchman.*

BISHOP GILLESPIE, after an extensive visitation among the neglected towns under his charge, writes in *Our Diocese* for January, as follows: An important question for us to answer is, what shall be our work in these small yet often growing towns? what our future in relation to them? Of this I am persuaded, our clergy must be more aggressive; the rector must be more the missionary, and the missionary less the rector. And our working force must more largely include the unmarried clergyman—the man who for the love of Christ and his Church will forego domestic joys, cheerfully study rigid economy, love to imitate the Master, in a measure, having "no certain dwelling place," and will esteem no work too lowly so long as he can ask God's blessing upon it. Until we have the itinerant bearing his banner—

"Evangelical truth and Apostolic Order," it is not fair to demand too much from the small diocese and the missionary bishop. My brief experience responds to my beloved brother the Bishop of Massachusetts: "This Church must either determine that in Christ's mind and plan there is no place for a parish or mission that is too feeble to support, aided or unaided, a clergyman with a family, or else the Church must second every wise effort to raise up clergy who can live and work for souls in such fields. If not let us deputize to others the care of souls which we cannot pretend to undertake." I believe that every bishop in the land will bless God for a ten-fold multiplication of the young unmarried men, who, assured of good raiment and shelter, would be therewith content.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE ON THE DICTUM THAT, IN CEREMONIAL MATTERS, "OMISSION IS NOT PROHIBITION."

"We have on one side that vast body of ceremonial prescriptions which belonged to the Church at the time of its Reformation, and which, in pursuance of my analogy, I venture to term its common law, although, in truth, the larger portion of it was very precise, not to say minute and artificial, legislation; and the other, that body of enactments which Church and state have jointly imposed upon the Church of England since the Reformation, and which I call its statute law. I have given reasons for my belief that this statute law cannot be applied to the conduct of divine service without some help from the traditionary common law. But having established the concession, I must limit it. It is idle to deny (whether the acknowledgment is or is not palatable) that, while the modern English Prayer book has been formed on the Missal, Breviary, Manual, and Pontifical of one pre-reformational Church, the alterations, and in particular the abbreviations, were of the most wholesale description. The whole spirit was intentionally changed from an exuberant and complicated luxuriance, to a grave, if not austere, simplicity. The change may have been carried too far, or not far enough; it certainly was carried very far, and it stands out in all our actual services as a dominant characteristic. Here, at last, we have reached a guiding principle. It is one which requires learning, tact, and, above all, common sense, in its application. But, like others which I have already passed in review, it cannot be trusted to work itself. Nevertheless, it is a valuable contribution towards the settlement of a most delicate, difficult, and complicated controversy. I shall, in handling the details in which I must, later on, interest my readers, have to show how I apply it. It is enough now to say that I believe that a main cause of the mistakes which ritualists have committed is, that they have forgotten how far our reformed service-books intentionally differ in the spirit, as well as in the text, of their ceremonial from the earlier rituals. The consequence of this forgetfulness has been, while advancing the dogma that omission is not prohibition, they have occasionally forgotten how much there is which, by having been omitted in connection with that which has not only been omitted but also prohibited, has thereby inferentially and indirectly, but now less certainly, been made partaker of the same prohibition. Many of the most startling incidents of the ultra-ritualistic rendering of the communion service are, in truth, *purpurei panni*, cut out of a much more gorgeous, lengthy, and complicated whole, and glued on to

what is in itself a short and simple service, and which, therefore, hang on it with very indifferent grace or appropriateness. The idea, for instance, which finds its adherents, of re-producing the whole *coup d'ail* of the Sarum Mass, may, apart from all considerations of wisdom and legality, be in itself an interesting, artistic, and archæological experiment; but if it is to be fastened on to the words and sequence of our actual communion service, the result must be a spectacular failure, on which a great deal which is hard to risk will have been staked. The claim must be regarded from a more serious point of view. Let us assume that the construction of the statutable title-deeds of the Church, on a more critical analysis than they have been subjected to for three hundred years, should yield the astounding result that the actual Church of England was really, in virtue of its own reformed formularies, the lawful trustee and promoter of almost all the exuberant ritual, which led to the recoil of the Reformation. After this assumption had been made, it would still be difficult to deny that the putting in use of these long forgotten and really (to use the word inoffensively) revolutionary faculties, must, by all the laws of comity which govern human actions, be reserved as the special office of the Church in its corporate character, or at least, of its responsible rulers. Long disuse may not, in effect, have repealed those dormant powers (although under the most favourable construction, their continuous existence can hardly be put higher than an inference), but it cannot be within the competence of any self-appointed person, whose power and responsibility are limited by some single parish, to make himself the interpreter in action of a system, the continuance of which had been a sealed book to all our greatest divines of every party, ever since the Church of England had re-settled itself upon its reformational basis. So long as the believer in such latent powers confines himself to his pen or his voice, and strives to persuade his brethren to claim their revival by regular means, he is clearly within his own rights. When he solves the tangled question for himself, by giving active vitality to general principles of a perfectly novel description, which have been asserted without having been proven or formally re-vindicated, he merges the sympathy due to the ingenuous advocate of novel deductions in the aversion commonly felt for a gratuitous innovator.—*Worship in the Church of England*, 2nd edition, pp. 55-57.

CONFIDENCE IN THE CHURCH.

We have not sufficient confidence in our Church. If this glorious old Church, consecrated by eighteen centuries of vigorous life, and adorned by an uninterrupted succession of the noblest and purest manhood of Christendom, were not the depository of something inestimable in God's sight, it would never have been instituted by Him, never shaped by apostolic hands, never preserved through all vicissitudes. It contains all that is essential to the being and usefulness of a Church; with all reasonable safeguards against error, and all proper provisions for maintaining purity in life. Doctrine, worship, and discipline have been scrupulously provided for from the earliest century. Liberty without license, evangelical truth in all the clearness of Scriptural statement, without the definite indefiniteness of human systems. Authority without tyranny, order without fetters, a pure spirituality of sacraments and worship, suited to a nature accustomed to recognize spirit under the sign of it, and soul within the form that covers it.

A doctrine unchangeable, because the Word which reveals it is infallible. A ritual easily suiting itself to the genius and varying national characteristics of worshippers. A life which amidst all changes of society and times remains exalted and superior, a model of every virtue, an exponent of every grace; because constantly holding forth the living Christ as its only pattern. In an age of change, this unchanging Church is a bulwark. In an age of skepticism, this truth witnessing Church is a defence. In an age of irreverence, this worshipping Church is a reproof. In an age of disobedience, this Church of orders and authority and law is an example. In an age of upheavals and discontents, this ancient Church is a force conservative. I should have no sufficient cause for advocating the extension of our Church in any place where the gospel is already purely proclaimed, did I not believe that it can give to every community something which cannot elsewhere be obtained, and a Scriptural whole which cannot otherwise be had except in parts. I think we are sometimes afraid of our Church; afraid of the instrument, lest under unskilful or intemperate hands some part may become exaggerated and the true balance lost. But the Church is better than its members. The Church is truer than Churchmen. In time, exaggerations on the one side are balanced by deficiencies on the other, and conservatism triumphs. Let us trust the Church, which as to its characteristic peculiarities and features we believe to be divinely ordained, and Providentially preserved. Let any one who will, establish Missions, and maintain them *within this Church*. Let doctrine, worship and discipline be that which the Church has appointed—those liberties being allowed which her own precepts permit. The Holy Spirit will guard the issue for Christ's glory, and the issue will be "truth and peace."—*Bishop Bedell*.

WESLEY NEVER "DRIVEN OUT."

John Wesley was never "driven out." Neither were John Wesley's followers. John himself, protested, with his latest breath, that he was *in*, and meant, let others do as they would, to *stay in*. He warned his "followers" against "separation." He conjured them, by all their regard for his advice, and all their reverence for his memory—"not to forsake the Church." He told them that, whatever excuse might have *once* appeared for separation, there was none in his old age; for many of the Bishops were now friendly to him. Charles Wesley was certainly as strong a Methodist as his brother; and Charles Wesley assuredly was neither "driven out," nor coaxed out, nor cheated out, and was the man whom intriguing Coke especially feared when he undertook his trickery. It is a libel on the Church, and a libel on the Wesleys to repeat this foolish phrase. Whatever opposition the Wesleys and their peculiar methods had met with in the beginning, they had long outgrown. Bishops and prominent clergyman, wealthy and prominent laymen were, in numbers, friendly to the Wesleys and their work long before John Wesley's death. Nay, there was no "driving out" in the case; and it is mere confusion to begin with any such assumption. It will tend to bring Churchmen and Methodists no nearer to have them agree in repeating, harrot-like, an untrue phrase.

The followers of John Wesley, a priest dying as he had lived, in full communion with the Church of England, were first cheated into separation in America by an unscrupulous man—Dr. Coke; and the

American separation produced its effect in England after John Wesley's death. There never was a more causeless schism. There never was a severance of church unity which had so little reason to offer. The reasons given—an outrageous attack on the Church of England, as lacking "godliness," written by Coke to justify separation in America, and printed in the early "Minutes of Conference"—have been for very shame, dropped out of the discipline for years past. Wesley never saw them. They would have shamed him to the heart. We make our humble protest here against this attempt to saddle us with a foolish phrase. Wesley and his followers were not "driven out of the Church," and all Wesley's true followers are in the Church still.—*Winona (Minn.) Parish Messenger*.

COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—RATIONALISM.—The Church system of education rests on the improvement of that renewed nature, which in Christ our Lord has been bestowed upon his brethren. But Rationalistic education addresses itself to man as he is; it appeals at once to his natural gifts, and his intellectual endowments, as though there were a sufficient ground for his reform. And as the Church system has its basis in that truth of the Incarnation on which it rests the world's renewal, so rationalism has its real foundation in that theory of Pantheism, which ends in deifying the natural powers of man. For put the Incarnation out of view, and Pantheism is the natural resource of reflective minds.—*Wilberforce*.

"THE IMAGE OF GOD."—The effect of God's image was lost by sin, by which that image in general suffered detriment. Therefore it is declared, in a marked manner, that "Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image," Gen. v. 8. Yet that God's image was not wholly lost, is plainly declared in Scripture. For when murder was forbidden after the flood, the ground of its enormity is referred to that original construction of man in God's image, which would have ceased to be a reason for his preservation, if it had been altogether withdrawn, vid. Gen. ix. 6. The same conclusion may be derived from the reference to this principle as an argument against detraction, vid. St. James iii. 9, and as sanctioning the arrangement of domestic life, 1 Cor. xi. 7. This partial loss of a principle which is not totally forfeited, led some of the ancient writers to discriminate between God's likeness which was lost by sin, and his image which was still retained.—*Wilberforce*.—I.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, which, in its vastness and severe and simple majesty, is certainly one of the grandest temples of the world, was erected as a Christian Church, and so remained for nearly a thousand years. In it or in its predecessor standing on the same spot, preached the "golden-mouthed Chrysostom." This venerable temple is now in the hands of those who despise the name of Christ. It is about four hundred and twenty years since the Turks captured Constantinople, and the terrible Mohammed II., mounted on horseback and sword in hand, rode through yonder high door, and gave orders to slay the thousands who had taken refuge within those sacred walls. Then Christian blood overflowed that pavement like a sea, as men and women, and helpless children, were trampled down beneath the heels of the cruel invaders. And so the abomination of desolation came into the holy place, and St. Sophia was given up to the spoiler. His first act was to de-

stroy every trace of its Christian use, to take away the vessels of the sanctuary, as of old they were taken from the temple at Jerusalem, to cover up the beautiful mosaics in the ceiling and on the walls, that for so many centuries had looked down on Christian worshippers, and to cut out the cross. I observed, says Dr. Field, in going round the spacious galleries, that wherever the sign of the cross had been carved in the ancient marble, it had been chiseled away. Thus the usurping Moslems have striven to obliterate every trace of Christian worship. The sight of such desecration gave me a bitter feeling, only relieved by the assurance which I felt then, and feel now, that that sign shall be restored, and that the Cross shall yet fly above the Crescent, not only over the great temple of St. Sophia, but over all the domes and minarets of Constantinople. This change may be nearer than many suppose.

THE DUNKIN ACT was put to a vote and defeated by a majority of eleven, at Uxbridge, on the 21st inst.

A FIRE at Travis's Tannery, Salisbury, N.B., Feb. 15th., destroyed property of the value of \$80,000.

THE Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge own 285,000 acres; the Ecclesiastical Commissioners possess 149,000 acres.

MORE floods are reported in the west of England, and general heavy rains throughout the country.

CHINESE is read by four hundred millions of people. Hindustani is spoken by one hundred millions, and English by nearly the same number.

BISMARCK recommends Roumania to pay the tribute promised to Turkey, and obtain peaceably from the Sultan the same conditions as have been offered to the Khedive.

A HEBREW restaurant, it is said, is to be erected on the exhibition grounds at Philadelphia, where food will be prepared for the hungry children of Israel in strict accordance with the laws of Moses.

THE ice trade of New York yearly amounts to nearly 1,800,000 tons. The average value in store is \$1 per ton. In 1870 from the mild winter and the long summer it reached the price of \$20 per ton.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE at the age of eighty-eight has published a play, the subject of which is "Alfred the Great at Athelney." Two years ago his lordship published a summary of the evidences of Christianity, under the title, *Why am I a Christian?*

FOREST planting is going on with such rapidity in Minnesota that already the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad has set out more than four millions of young trees, and altogether it is stated that twenty millions have been planted on the prairie lands.

THE education authorities have intimated to Archbishop Lynch that the grants to the separate schools in Toronto will be withdrawn unless their efficiency and management are improved. The inspector states that the teachers could not take a third-class certificate if examined by a regular board.

THE Steamship *Franconia* ran into the Steamer *Strathclyde*, of Glasgow, off Dover, on the 17th inst. Fifty two of the passengers of the *Strathclyde* were said to have been drowned, five landed at Dover, and four others reported to have been saved. The boiler burst, and she sank immediately. Later accounts report the loss to be not so great.

THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

Gather the Harvest in!
The fields are white, and long ago ye heard,
Ringing across the world, the Master's word,
Leave not such fruitage to the lord of sin;
Gather the Harvest in!

Gather the Harvest in!
Souls dying and yet deathless, o'er the lands,
East, west, north, south, lie ready to your hands,
Long since the other did his work begin;
Gather the Harvest in!

Gather the Harvest in!
Rise early and reap late. Is this a time
For ease? Shall he by every curse and crime,
Out of your grasp the golden measure win?
Gather the Harvest in!

Gather the Harvest in!
Ye know ye live not to yourselves, nor die,
Then let not this bright hour of work go by.
To all who know and do not, there is sin;
Gather the Harvest in!

Gather the Harvest in!
Soon shall the mighty Master sum on home
For feast His reapers, think ye they shall come
Whose sickle gleams not, and whose sheaves
are thin?
Gather the Harvest in

THE LITTLE PRISONERS.

BY MRS. F. A. PRACY.

In a queer little house, as round as a ball,
And hung high in the air,
Without any doors or windows at all,
Some little things lived the long Summer through;
And, strange to declare,
As fast as they grew their house grew too.

Summer had painted their little house green;
For she felt very sure
That a prettier color never was seen.
But when Autumn came, she said, with a frown:
"Green I cannot endure,"
And so she painted the little house brown.

Prisoners they were without any doubt;
No light could come in,
And there wasn't a crack where they could look
out,
So they had no way of knowing at all
How fair to be seen
Was the wonderful world beyond their dark wall.

But when Jack Frost, a jolly old chap,
Came along one day,
On the little brown house he gave a sharp rap
And the walls snapped open! The prisoners were
free!
And out and away
They went with a bound, the fair world to see.

In a moment more they were all on the ground,
Enjoying the air;
But scarcely had they a chance to look round,
When two furry creatures, coming that way
And spying them there
Ate them all up without any delay.

What was the house as round as a ball,
First green and then brown?
What were the names of the prisoners small?
Who were the creatures that came that way
And gobbled them down,
So they lived not in freedom even a day?

THE STAMMERING OF MOSES.

Mohammedan legends and Jewish traditions both undertake to enlighten us on the above subject. True, it is not a matter of much importance to us, but in the estimation of Jews and Arabians it is worthy of great respect. This our Saviour foretold when he said:—"In vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Moses, after being adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, was allowed to ramble about the royal apartments, and was tenderly beloved by Asia, the wife of the Egyptian Monarch. Pharaoh had been warned in a dream that this child would overthrow his kingdom, so that he was naturally watchful and

jealous, and had on several occasions determined to put him to death.

Following the Arabic legend the story runs thus:—"One day,—Moses was then in his fourth year,—while Pharaoh was playing with him, he took the crown from the king's head, and throwing it on the ground, thrust it away with his foot. The king's suspicion was roused afresh; enraged, he ran to Asia reproaching her for having persuaded him to let Moses live, and manifested once more a desire to put him to death; but Asia laughed at him for permitting the naughtiness of a child to excite in him such gloomy thoughts.

"Well, then," said Pharaoh, "let us see whether the child has acted thoughtlessly or with reflection. Let a bowl with burning coals and one with coin be brought. If he seize the former he shall live: but if he stretch out his hand to the latter, he has betrayed himself."

Asia was forced to obey, and her eyes hung in painful suspense on Moses' hand as if her own life had been at stake.

Endowed with manly understanding, Moses was on the point of taking a handful of the shining coin, when Allah, watching over his life sent an angel, who, against the child's will, directed his hand into the burning coals, and even put one to his mouth. Pharaoh was again reassured, and entreated Asia for forgiveness: but Moses had burned his tongue, and was a stammerer from that day."

The Jewish tradition is somewhat different in the details and accounts from this occurrence, for the words of Moses in Exodus iv. 10:—"O, my Lord! I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken to thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

ORIGIN OF CHURCH PEWS.

There is a speck of history connected with the origin of church pews which cannot help but prove interesting. In the early days of the Anglo-Saxon and some of the Norman churches, a stone bench afforded the only sitting accommodations for members or visitors. In the year 1319 the people are spoken of as sitting on the ground or standing. At a later period the people introduced low, three-legged stools, and they were placed in no order in the church. Directly after the Norman conquest seats came in fashion. In 1387 a decree was issued that none should call any seat his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the first one he found. From 1580 to 1630 seats were more appropriated, a crowbar guarded the entrance, bearing the initial of the owner. It was in 1508 that galleries were thought of. And as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being raised or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants.

If you are ever in doubt as to whether a thing be right or wrong, consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it.

How welcome would it often be, to many a child of anxiety and toil, to be suddenly transferred from the heat and din of the city, the restlessness and worry of the market, to the peaceful garden or the quiet mountain retreat! And like refreshment does a high faith, with its infinite prospects ever open to the heart, afford to the worn and weary; no labourious travels are needed for the devout mind; for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought, and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God.

ONE-HALF the animosities of life are born of pride, the other half of envy.

DISASTROUS floods have destroyed 120 houses in Upper Austria and Moldavia.

HE that entereth the valley of humility goeth down the path of human weakness and through the ante-room of failure.

WE must soar beyond the clouds if we would see the silver linings, or live above life's storms.

YOU cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

NATIONS can better win success by noble deeds than by the cruel destruction of human life for selfish aims.

WHEN we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; and when we come to act we cannot bear a provoking word.

MEN are often accused of pride because their accusers would be proud if they themselves were in their places.

THE trials that come upon us are only the faithful performance of God's everlasting engagements.

"THE proper punishment," says Lardner, "of a low, mean, indecent, scurrilous way of writing, seems to be neglect, contempt, scorn, and final indignation."

I BELIEVE that if Satan were left to his unrestrained power, and we were left to our own power, he would sweep us away—our faith, our repentance, our love, all that is grace in us—into the bottomless pit.

DURING Dr. Payson's last illness, a friend coming into his room remarked familiarly, "Well, I am sorry to see you lying here on your back." "Do you know what God puts us on our backs for?" asked Dr. Payson, smiling. "No," was the answer. "In order that we may look upward."

It is considered an accomplishment for a lady to know how to carve well at her own table. It is not proper to stand in carving. The carving knife should be sharp and thin. To carve fowls (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost), place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut out the merry-thought, cut slices from the breast, take out the collar-bone, cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two; divide the joints in the leg of a turkey. In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you (it must be put on the dish with the tenderloin underneath), then turn it and cut from the tenderloin; help the guests to both kinds. In carving a leg of mutton or ham, begin by cutting across the middle of the bone; cut a tongue across and not lengthwise, and help from the middle part. Carve a fore-quarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the dressing with each slice. In a breast of veal, separate the breast and brisket, and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred. In carving a pig, it is customary to divide it and take off the head before it comes to the table, as to many persons the head is revolting; cut off the limbs and divide the ribs. In carving venison, make a deep incision down to the bone to let out the juices, and then turn the broad end toward you, cutting deep in thin slices. For a saddle of venison, cut from the tail toward the other end, on each side, in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meats.—*Rural New Yorker.*

STILL AND DEEP.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED,"
"ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER. XXXIII.

The glory of an August sunset had filled all the dome of heaven, as it arched bright and cloudless over the once smiling land of France, and there could not have been conceived a greater contrast than that which existed between the pure pellucid sky overhead, softened by the harmonious blending of its limpid blue with the exquisite opal tints of the western horizon, and the blackened war-racked country which lay beneath it, every step revealing some trace of the destroying legions that so lately had passed over it. Here was a village burnt almost to the ground, with a few miserable-looking men and women wandering listlessly round the ruins of their once happy homes; there was a vineyard trampled down by the rushing feet of horses and the wheels of artillery carriages, with all the ripe fruit crushed into the ground, and the vines torn up by the roots, giving no hope for the future; now it was a garden, desolated by the rude hands that had carried off its produce and cut down its bushes to replenish their camp fires; here and there along the road would be seen a dead horse, which had dropped down from the severity of the march, and occasionally there was darker testimony to the terrible nature of the great struggle, in the body of some unfortunate peasant suspended from a tree because he had been suspected of being a spy or a traitor.

In the fair heaven above all was sinless calm and beauty, and on earth nothing was to be seen but the disfiguring traces of strife and ruin, rapine and bloodshed. The wondrous difference between the realm of light and purity and that of darkness and distress seemed to have struck home forcibly to the weary way-worn man who was riding along slowly on the country road, glancing now to the golden sunset, now to the scarred and stricken land.

It would have been hard for any one who had only known him in his brighter days, to have recognized the gay handsome Bertrand Lisle in this poor disabled soldier, mounted on a tired horse, that seemed as broken down and forlorn-looking as the rider himself. His uniform was stained and dusty, his right arm hung powerless in a sling, his hair and beard had been cut short to lessen the difficulties of the toilet in his present circumstances; but the greatest change was in the expression of his countenance. The pleasant face, that used to be so bright and sunny, was grave and sad, and he looked at least ten years older than he had done but a month before, for men do not pass through such scenes as the dreadful battle of Gravelotte without bearing the mark of its awfulness with them to the grave, even if they had sustained no personal injury. Bertrand was sobered for life by the scenes he had witnessed, and years of thought could not have revealed so much of the mystery of human existence as he had learned in those tremendous hours of carnage and suffering.

It had taught him, as nothing else could have done, how utterly ephemeral and hollow are all the hopes and joys which seek to feed upon this mortal life alone; how helpless every human being is in the grasp of destiny, that in an instant can fling him down from the highest summit of his wishes to grovel in the dust, despoiled of all and racked with pain; but best of all was one glorious lesson which he had gained out of that appalling battle-field when the struggle was over.

Disabled as he was, he had gone over it, when the terrible struggle was over, with the surgeons and one or two of the officers, striving to relieve the sufferings of any that were lying wounded but yet alive amidst the confused masses that encumbered the reddened earth; and as he went from heap to heap of the dead, and saw the thousands that had been stricken down in their brightest prime, or in their early youth, with all the purpose of their life unfinished, all its fair promise unfulfilled, the conviction came upon him, with all the strength of an eternal verity, that it was impossible this brief precarious existence could be all for which those men had received the gift of life from the Creator of the universe. Apart from the assurances of revelation, of which Bertrand, though a true believer, had thought as little as men actively engaged in worldly business are apt to think of that which seems so far distant from them, there rose within him now the absolute certainty that death, swooping down suddenly upon this incomplete fragment of existence, could not be the close of all moral consciousness—all human powers of enjoyment or of progress—but rather that it must be, in truth, the commencement of that perfect and immortal life for which the Infinite Father first drew us out of the unknown void, and animated our mysterious being with the invisible power of the vital flame. There, not here, must all the hopes and aspirations—the virtues, the beauty, the powers of those he had left in mangled heaps upon the field of death, have their final outcome and fruition. They had but spent their dawn of life on earth, the glorious day must brighten to high noon hereafter; no morning out of God's creation ever saw the sun set suddenly when scarcely has he risen above the horizon, nor shall any life that God has given be quenched in final night while yet the roseate glow of earthly hope shines forth, prophetic of a more enduring glory.

It seemed to Bertrand Lisle, as he rode slowly onward, pondering on these truths, that all the concerns of this world, on which he had so lately dwelt with eager interest, were dwarfed to absolute insignificance before the one thought that, beyond these visible scenes the true life awaits us, where all that has been so incomplete, so hollow, so disappointing here shall have its fulfilment and consummation in bliss. Even the fervent patriotism, to which he had sacrificed so much, had for the time become merged into the one earnest hope that the living spirits of all the countless dead whom he had seen mown down by the blast of war, like forest leaves before the storm, might every one, foeman and friend alike, have passed in safety to the reality of that pure existence for which they had been created. The years which he himself, or any one else could pass in this mortal state, seemed to him so fleeting, so uncertain, that he almost felt incapable of feeling an anxiety as to his own future fate in this world. The passionate love for Lurline which had made him long so intently to have her by his side, had, for the moment fastened itself with disquietude only on the thought of her eternal destiny as well as his own. Had that brilliant wilful being ever given an hour's reflection to the time when even her bright eyes must be dimmed by the shades of death, and her musical voice stilled in the impenetrable silence of the grave? He took out her photograph, which he always carried in the breast-pocket of his coat, and looked at it. Yes, there she was in her coquettish attitude, leaning her pretty head on her hand, with her smiling face turned round to the gazer, and her eyes,

even in the dim likeness, having a flashing keenness in their look, which gave a somewhat painful impression of her character when thus separated from the living witchery of her actual presence. Bertrand half sighed as he looked at it.

"She has never been taught to think of anything but this world," he thought, "but I shall be a different man after what I have seen these last few days, and I may be able to mould her to higher aims."

Then, as in a vision, the pure sweet face of Mary Trevelyan seemed to pass before him, and again he sighed with a strange mixture of feeling. The remembrance of her quiet reserve and modesty was a great contrast to the look which even the photograph of Lurline wore.

"Dear Mary," he thought; "I believe she half lives in heaven already; well she has the less need of earthly love," and he put Laura's portrait back into its place, close to his heart. Bertrand was aware, however, that his present state of feeling—the result of a tremendous shock—neither would nor could endure with all its first fervour throughout the working days of life, and already, even now, he had to turn his mind to the problem which had to be solved every night, as to where he was to find a lodging till the morning for himself and his horse. Since he had started on his journey with despatches for the military commander in Paris, he had been obliged to trust entirely to the hospitality of his countrymen, and had experienced many strange vicissitudes in the reception he met with. For the most part he was made welcome as a soldier of France to a night's shelter whenever he asked it, from noble or peasant alike, and if any looked doubtfully or suspiciously at him, he had but to chant in a low voice the first verse of the popular song, "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," to ensure his being offered all there was to give; but the state of the country was such that with the best will possible, it was often but a sorry entertainment which could be provided for him: sometimes he found himself in a hamlet which had been almost entirely burnt down, or in a *chateau* which had been sacked from attic to basement, but on the other hand he sometimes met with a splendid welcome in a country house lying out of the line of march, and therefore untouched, or found a more modest but comfortable home in the house of a village cure.

Bertrand was now travelling through a thoroughly rural district, and he saw no sign of any human habitation far or near. Night was coming on apace, and for the sake of his poor tired horse as well as his own, he became very anxious to find some place where food and shelter could be obtained for them both. It was a picturesque, thickly wooded country; and as he trotted slowly along he came to a point where a narrower road branched off from that on which he was riding, and a tall white sign-post stood at the junction of the two with some words written on it, and a hand painted black pointing down the side way. Bertrand rode up to this welcome guide, that he might ascertain whether it indicated the path to any village, and in the fading light he had to go quite close to distinguish what was written on it; when he had read the words he gave a violent start, and remained motionless on his horse as if petrified to stone, for the inscription on the sign-board was simply this, "*Au Chateau de L'Isle*." Bertrand Lisle had heard that name before; yes, though his father had never breathed it to him nor wished that he should know what their devotion to the doctrine of the divine right kings had cost them, yet he well remembered that it had escaped the lips of an

old French gentleman who had come to visit his parents when he was a boy; he recollected how he sat unnoticed in a corner, drinking in every word this old man said about the "Chateau de L'Isle," his father's rightful inheritance; and the rich estates that belonged to it, which it now flashed upon him had been mentioned as lying in precisely the "Department" of France in which he at present was. Some dim confused reminiscence too he had of a relative of their name and blood who had usurped his father's place, and of the bitter scorn with which Mr. Lisle spoke of him. Bertrand had been but a child when he overheard this conversation, and though it excited him greatly at the time, it had gradually passed from his mind, but now the sight of the name seemed to have struck the key note which revived the whole in his memory, and he sat there pondering over his recollections with the keenest interest and excitement, for many more minutes than he was aware of. He could not doubt that by a strange Providence he had been actually led almost to the gate of his old home, and under the strong influence of the religious feelings which had so lately been enacted in his mind, he could not but feel that he must have been brought there for some special purpose. He had not the smallest idea to whom the chateau now belonged, or whom the relative had been whom his father had so vehemently repudiated, but it did not take him long to make up his mind that he would seek a shelter that night in the ancient abode of his ancestors and nowhere else.

The resolution was no sooner formed than he put it in execution; he turned his weary horse into a side-path, and went on for nearly a mile through a wood with occasional glimpses of an open country lying beyond, till he saw before him a high wall, enclosing what was evidently an extensive park, shaded by very fine old trees. It was evidently a private residence, for it was entered by a huge iron gate with a quaint little lodge set on one side of it, and two fierce looking stone griffins guarding it from pillars to the right and left. Bertrand felt, as if by intuition, that he was at the gate of his rightful home, and dismounting he led his horse up to it, and pulled a massive iron bell-handle which hung at one side; it seemed rusty from age and the sound it woke was harsh and loud, echoing down among the old trees with a discordant peal.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As the sound of the bell died away among the trees, an old woman came out from the lodge and reconnoitred Bertrand for a few minutes through the bars of the gate without making the slightest movement to let him in; when he spoke to her she shook her head and pointed to her ears as an intimation that she was deaf; finally she turned round and went off in what he supposed to be the direction of the house, and he concluded that she had gone to call some one else. In this he proved to be correct, as it was not long before a man-servant, in old-fashioned livery, came down the avenue towards him; he was a thin elderly man, with a somewhat haggard worn-out look, and he too came and peered at Bertrand through the iron bars before attempting to let him in. It was quite dark by this time, and in the gathering shadows he seemed only able to distinguish that it was a soldier who stood there with the bridle of his horse hanging over his left arm, for he said in a suspicious tone, "Is it a Prussian?"

"A Prussian! no indeed," exclaimed Bertrand; "I am a French officer, a friend. I am travelling to Paris on a mission from the army, but my horse is

exhausted and I am disabled, and I have come to ask for a night's shelter in the chateau; I suppose you have shown hospitality to our troops before now?"

"Doubtless; I will go and ask my master."

"Your master is the Comte de L'Isle, is he not?" said Bertrand at a venture, devoured by anxiety as he was to ascertain whether any of his father's family still held possession of the old home.

"Certainly," answered the man; "and, monsieur, by what name shall I announce you to my master?"

"Say that I am Bertrand de L'Isle, his relative," he replied; and it seemed to him as if a voice within him that was not his own had given the answer.

Its effect upon the servant was very startling; he uttered a great cry, flung his arms above his head, and turning round, without another word, fled up the avenue as fast as his somewhat attenuated limbs could carry him. Anxious as he was, Bertrand could hardly help smiling at the absurd position in which he was placed; but he felt convinced from the man's manner that he meant to come back, and he was not mistaken. In the course of a very few minutes he reappeared, hurrying to the gate as quickly as he could. Hastily he unlocked it, flinging back its ponderous weight with some difficulty as it swung round on its creaking hinges, while with a very low bow, he advanced to Bertrand, and took the horse's bridle from his hand.

"Enter, sir," he said. "It is Providence which has conducted you here. Monsieur Le Comte awaits you with impatience. Permit me to follow you with the horse; the avenue leads straight to the chateau; you cannot mistake it."

Bertrand merely bent his head and walked on in silence between the two rows of magnificent old trees that lined either side of the way. He felt like a man in a dream. He was treading the soil that had owned the lordship of his ancestors for centuries back; he was about to enter the home of his fathers, to meet one linked to him in name and blood—by what relationship he knew not, whose very existence had been unknown to him half an hour before. How and why had he been led to this one spot on all the fair face of France with which he had any connection? Certainly the old servant must be right, and Providence had brought him hither for some purpose yet unknown.

So he paced on silently along the sombre avenue, with the trees meeting nearly over his head, and at last the glimmer of lights began to appear through the branches, and soon he emerged into an open space, where there was a wide sweep of sufficient extent to allow a carriage and four to turn round it, while before him, showing black against the clear evening sky, rose the outlines of a huge old house, with the battlements and turrets which distinguished it as one of the feudal chateaux of former times.

There were lights in many of the windows, and as the clatter of the horse's hoofs were heard on the gravel, the great front door was thrown open, casting a blaze of light on a fountain surrounded by uncouth statues which stood in the centre of the sweep, while two or three servants, bearing torches, hurried down the steps to receive the visitor. One of them took the horse from the butler, another relieved Bertrand of his military cloak and knapsack, and a third led the way into the house; but the old man who had met him at the gate pushed past the men, and waving them all aside he gravely beckoned to Bertrand to follow him. He

moved on before him through the vast hall which was paved with stone of different tints harmoniously arranged, and lined with suits of armour, and banners hanging from the walls with all the colour faded out of them by age.

The servant opened a door to the right of this hall, and standing back signed to Bertrand to pass in. He did so, and found himself in a long lofty room, the floor and ceiling of which were of dark polished oak, the walls almost hidden by well-preserved tapestry, clearly of ancient date; there was a wide open hearth of stone, on which, summer though it still was, some logs of wood were blazing brightly. A table in the centre of the room supported several tall wax candles, but the space they had to illuminate was so vast that they cast but a limited circle of light around them.

Within that circle however sat the only occupant of the room, in a huge easy-chair drawn close to the flaming logs. He was an old man, with thin white hair falling on his shoulders from under a black velvet skull-cap, and a haggard worn face, almost livid in its deadly paleness. He had evidently been originally a man of small stature, but illness or sorrow had reduced him almost to a skeleton, and it was plain from the manner in which his shrunken limbs were swathed in wrappings and supported by cushions that he had completely lost the use of them. The upper part of his body alone seemed alive, and his small piercing eyes especially seemed to glow with a lurid light from under his sharply defined eyebrows. There was an expression of restless misery on his countenance which it was painful to witness, and he was now gazing towards the door with an eagerness which had something almost wild in its intensity.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the servant, in a low voice, to Bertrand; and then drawing back, he closed the door, and left him alone with his host. As the newcomer advanced towards the invalid, who was utterly incapable of rising to meet him, his face assumed an expression of mingled terror and longing anxiety; his lips parted breathlessly, his eyes wide open and staring, fastened on Bertrand's countenance, till, when he was within a few steps of his chair he stretched out his thin shrunken hands, and said, with the pure French accent of the old school, which recalled to the young man the tones of his dead father's voice, "Louis de L'Isle! God has heard my prayer! It is—it must be Louis!"

"No, not Louis, alas!" said Bertrand. "Louis de L'Isle was my father, and he is dead."

The old man fell back in his chair with a look of the deepest despondency and disappointment. "If you are his true and legal representative, I may yet, so far as this world is concerned at least redeem the past. Young man, who are you?"

"Bertrand de L'Isle, the only child of Louis de L'Isle and Caroline (nee Vernon) his wife."

"Louis de L'Isle and Caroline Vernon! yes, notice of their marriage was sent to be entered in the archives of the family, and an intimation of the birth also of his son; but from that day to this no tidings of him have ever reached this place. For more than twenty years I sought none, but rather strove to lose all trace of him, and succeeded but too well. For the last five years I have sought him with anguish; but God has been merciful at the last. He has not suffered me to perish altogether in despair. He has sent you here, Louis' only son, and the true legitimate heir of our house; and I recognize the purpose for which you have been brought to me.

Bertrand de L'Isle, do you know who I am?"

"Your servant told me you were the Comte de L'Isle, but beyond that I know nothing. I came here by no will or purpose of my own, but led surely by a mysterious destiny. Till I saw the name of the Chateau de L'Isle on the sign-post at the turn of the road, I knew not that the old home of our race still existed, nor did I know that the estates were still held by one of our name."

"Did your father, then, never speak to you of Armand de L'Isle, his uncle?"

"Never," answered Bertrand; but he gave a slight start as he heard the name, which the old man's keen eyes instantly observed.

"Louis was always generous," he said; "but who then, has spoken to you of Armand?"

"To myself personally no one; but I once heard a conversation, when I was a child between my father and a French friend, which I had forgotten till the events of this night revived it in my memory, and the name of Armand was mentioned then."

"In terms of bitterest reprobation, no doubt?"

Bertrand did not answer.

"Young man, tell me the truth! in such terms they spoke of Armand, did they not?"

"Yes," replied Bertrand.

"And justly!" he said, with a deep sigh; "but hear me, Bertrand, the time of mercy and compassion is surely come, or you had not been here to-night; and I have suffered—ah, heaven, how I have suffered for my sins! listen then with gentleness and pity, not with indignation, or the desire for revenge, while I tell you that I am Armand, your father's uncle, and alas! too long his enemy and yours, but that, at least, I am no longer, only your kinsman now, Bertrand, in blood and name; let me be friends with the last of my race; but for you I am alone on earth; be merciful to me!" He stretched out his hand imploringly to the young man, and Bertrand, who had inherited much of his father's courtly grace, stooped and kissed his uncle's wasted hand. "The kiss of peace, thank Heaven!" said the old man, while a smile lit up his shrunken face. "Ah, Bertrand, my dear nephew, I have much to say to you; but you are fatigued, and in sore need of refreshment, no doubt; I am unable to move from this chair—my prison for five years past—but my servants will attend to your wants, and when you have supped come back to me that I may open all my aching heart to you." He rang a silver hand-bell that stood on the table near him, and it was immediately answered by the old servant who had conducted Bertrand to the house.

"Show the Comte Bertrand de L'Isle to the best apartments in the house," said his uncle, "and let everything be provided for his comfort and refreshment, and see that no one enters the chateau this night but himself; I must be alone with him."

The servant bowed, and ushered Bertrand, with the greatest respect, through a suite of princely apartments, till he arrived at a room where supper had already been prepared for him in a very sumptuous style, and which opened into a bed-room where a luxurious couch awaited him that was far different from the resting-places he had found for some time past, and with a feeling still that he was living in a dream, Bertrand prepared to take advantage of the comforts that surrounded him.

(To be continued.)

Some trials like fire-flies are lit at eventide.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PRUNE PUDDING.

Mix four tablespoonfuls of flour in a quart of milk, add six eggs, two tablespoonfuls of powdered ginger, a little salt, and a pound of prunes. Tie it in a cloth and boil for one hour.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Three eggs well beaten, one cup of vinegar, two table-spoons of mustard, salt and pepper, one tablespoon of butter; let this mixture come to a boil, when cool add seven table-spoons of cream, half a head of cabbage shaved fine.

ICING FOR CAKES.

To a half-pound of fine sifted sugar, put the whites of two eggs, beaten with a little orange flower water or simple water, and strain. With this, whisk the sugar till it is quite smooth. Lay the icing equally over large cakes with a flat spoon. Large cakes should be cold when iced.

AMBROSIA.

Take one dozen of sweet oranges, peel off the skins and cut them in slices; take a large-sized fresh cocoa-nut, grate it on a coarse grater, then put alternate layers of the orange and grated cocoa-nut in a glass dish and sprinkle pulverized sugar over each layer of the cocoa-nut. This makes a beautiful and palatable dish.

RICE BREAD.

Boil a tea-cup of rice quite soft; while hot, add butter the size of an egg, one and a half pints of milk, rather more than one-half pint of bolted corn-meal, two table-spoons of flour, two eggs, and a little salt. Bake just one hour. The bread should be about two inches thick.

CHICKEN PUDDING.

Fricassee two young chickens; season them slightly with a mushroom powder, mace, nutmeg, and salt, but no pepper. Previously take the giblets, and stew them down with a piece of meat to make gravy; put two table-spoons into the paste, and keep the rest to fill up or put under the pudding. Two hours will boil it.

OATMEAL GEMS.

Soak over night one cup of oatmeal for one cup of cold water and a little salt; in the morning, add one cup of sour milk, one table-spoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and fine oatmeal enough to make them as stiff as fritters (wheat flour will do to thicken it, but oatmeal is better). This will make two cakes, if you wish to bake it like "Johnny cake."

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.

The following is a recipe for making hard soap, which is said to be excellent and economical. Nearly every family accumulates through winter drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then removing from the water and boiling until the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease the nicer the soap. Take 6 pounds of sal soda, 6 pounds of grease, 3½ pounds new stone lime, 4 gallons of soft water, ½ pound of borax. Put soda, lime and water into an iron boiler; boil till it is dissolved. When well settled pour off the clean lye, wash out the kettle, and put in the clear lye, grease and borax, boil till it comes to soap; pour into a tub to cool, and when sufficiently hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry.

A CHRISTIAN pound weighs sixteen ounces, down weight; a Christian yard is thirty-six inches, cloth not stretched; a Christian ton is two thousand pounds, not "estimated," but weighed.

AN ACROSTIC.

We should be glad to impress the young folks with the importance of beginning early to study the Bible. What you learn of its truths and precepts will dwell in your heart, like a sweet melody, all your life. We give a copy of a very pleasant and profitable manner of searching the Scriptures. We expect to receive so many good proverbs that there will be no necessity of another from us. The acrostic formed is an old Greek proverb. The subject,

WISDOM.

K—eep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.
 N—ow, there was found in it a poor, wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet, no man remembered that same poor man.
 O—nly by pride cometh contention; but with the well-advised is wisdom.
 W—isdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding.
 T—he fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction.
 H—e layeth up wisdom for the righteous; He is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.
 Y—ea, also, when he that is a fool walketh by the way, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool.
 S—o shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul when thou hast found it; then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.
 E—ven a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.
 L—abor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom.
 F—or wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared with it.

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

Age, when whitening for the tomb, is a worthy object of reverence. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. The old linger with the young—and oh, how careful should the young be to reward them with tender affection and with the warmest love, to diminish the chill of ebbing life. The Spartans looked on reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for you know not what suffering they may have endured, nor how much of it, may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonably to find fault or murmur? Atlow not your anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, which in the spring-time of life, were less flexible than your own. Do they require aid? Then render it cheerfully. Forget not that the time may come when you may desire the same assistance from others that you render to them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think not hard if much is required at your hands, lest when age sets its seal upon your brow, and fills your limbs with trembling, others may wait unwilling, and feel relieved when the coffin has covered you forever.

SWEETNESS is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed.

HARD, horny hands, embrowned by the sun and roughened by labour, are more honourable than white ones that never reached out to help a fellow creature, or added a dollar to the world's wealth.