

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1876.

THE ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

The first lessons for this Sunday are entirely occupied with the events in the career of that wonder-working witness for the truth of God, in the land of the ten tribes. He lived at a time, when, although there were seven thousand knees that had not bowed to Baal, and whose lips had not kissed his image, yet so fervent and so general was the adoration of the chief male divinity of Tyre, that the prophet Elijah thought he only was left as confessor of the ancient faith, among the mountains of Israel. The whole of the record we have of his acts, in the six chapters devoted to the account of his life, is unequalled in any department of profane literature, and is unsurpassed in Bible history for its simple beauty, its unalloyed grandeur, its touching pathos; and, if it can be said with due regard to reverence, it is difficult, if not impossible to find the events that have occurred in the history of the universe, which are any where given us with an equal amount of dramatic force.

His birth or his incarnation, whichever it may have been, brought him on the earth for the one purpose of witnessing to the fact which his name declares: Elijah, or *Eliyah* (Yahveh is God.) The first series of miracles in support of this principle begins in the seventeenth chapter (the lesson for Sunday last) which describes the prophet's hiding by the brook Cherith, where he was fed by the ravens with bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening. The conjecture hazarded by some, and supported by the authority of Bochart, that it was not ravens but a tribe of Arabs of a similar name that provided him with food, would not in the least deprive the event of its miraculous character. It is however inconsistent with the sacred text, and unsupported by all versions, except the Arabic, which is comparatively modern. Nor could he be said to be in any respect hidden, if his abode was known to the Arabs; especially as we learn from what Obadiah states in the next chapter, that his hiding place had been so diligently sought by Ahab among all the nations and kingdoms around, that an oath was taken of each that they could not find him.

The next recorded miracles, are given in connection with the widow of Zarephath, a city of Sidon, the narrative of which is so remarkable for its beautiful simplicity and its touching pathos; as well as for the incitement it gives to trust in God's Providence in the darkest hours of life. The eighteenth chapter,

which is the first lesson in the Mattins of this Sunday, gives an account of the sudden reappearance of Elijah, after an interval of three years and a half, during which all brooks of water had been dried up, and not a shower of rain had fallen. The beauty and interest, the sublimity and grandeur of this chapter and the succeeding one, are so greatly intensified, that all comment or description would only seem to mar their unapproachable excellence, whether considered in a literary or religious point of view.

The twenty-first chapter continues the history of Elijah, in narrating the testimony he continued to give to the wicked king of Israel, after the murder of Naboth by the equally wicked Jezebel. When Ahab thought he could triumph in the possession of his ill-obtained gain, the prophet by his sudden appearance before him, caused him to exclaim, "Hast thou found me, O my enemy?" And then he denounced against him and his family the bitterest woes that Heaven had in store for them, every one of which exactly came to pass.

In Ahab we see the sins of Jeroboam and the result of those sins, in the grossest and most positive idolatry of which the heathen nations could be guilty. From this wicked king we may learn the danger, not only of forsaking the worship of the true God, but also the danger of forsaking that worship of Him which is carried on in connection with the means and instrumentalities He Himself has appointed. We may fancy, as Jeroboam did, that we can worship Him just as well in our own way, and with just such teachers as we may choose to acknowledge. But we must remember that such a proceeding is our way, not God's way, and that it will very probably go on from bad to worse, until it ends in absolute unbelief. Such we find to be the case, in a multitude of instances, where the authorized ministry of the Church Catholic has been repudiated; where the institution which Christ and His Apostles inaugurated has been counted a thing of nought; where His sacraments have been treated with indifference; and where men have made an organization of their own, and have ranged themselves under teachers and guides of their own manufacture.

THE COLLECT for this Sunday testifies that the greatest exhibitions of Divine power take place when God manifests His mercy and pity. In the first creation everything was done by a word spoken; the morning stars sang together on the birth of innumerable worlds called into existence by the fiat of the Supreme God. But in the mercy and pity shown in the new creation, the Word was made flesh, humanity was taken up into the Godhead and every attribute and every feature of the Divinity was called into active exertion. Redemption was achiev-

ed at an infinitely greater cost than the work of creation; for the blood of Immanuel was the only expiation that could be offered for the sins and sufferings of humanity. The collect also establishes the inseparable connection between our running the way of God's commandments, and obtaining the gracious promises of the Gospel; in full agreement with St. Paul's memorable declaration:—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." All is shown, however, to come from God's grace, by the prayer:—"Grant us such a measure of Thy grace, that we, running the way of Thy commandments, may obtain Thy gracious promises." THE EPISTLE for the communion office likewise magnifies the grace of God, as the source of all good works; at the same time the whole of the selection appears to have been written for the purpose of urging the necessity of holding fast (A. V. keeping in memory) the word that has been received.

THE GOSPEL contains the short, but most instructive parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The character of the Pharisee is one we meet with every day; but alas! where do we meet with the repenting Publicans? The Pharisee had been doing certain things right and proper to be done, and now was indulging in a sin as great as any that could be practised in the presence of his Maker—the sin of self-exaltation. The very successes he had achieved were his ruin. Because he had practised some of the more noteworthy virtues towards men and some of the outward duties he owed to God, he presumed that he could commute one virtue for another; and by an excess in the performance of one duty, nothing more need be done but make an ostentatious boast of it in the presence of his God. S. Gregory remarks on those who are so exalted with pride on account of their victory over certain temptations, that they are like Eleazar, who killed the elephant, but was himself crushed by his fallen body. The address of the Pharisee was one act of self glorification. But, says St. Augustine:—"Had he then no sins to confess? Yes, he too had sins, but perverse and not knowing whither he had come, he was like a patient on the table of a surgeon, who could show his sound limbs and cover his hurts. But let God cover thy hurts, and not thou; for if, ashamed, thou seek to cover them, the Physician will not cure them. Let Him cover and cure them; for under the covering of the Physician the wound is healed; under the covering of the sufferer it is only concealed; and concealed from whom? from Him to whom all things are known."

The Publican, as a man, just then, most deeply convinced of sin, singles himself out as the man above all others a sinner, or as St. Paul viewed himself, the chief of sinners, the man in whom

all sins met. His prayer, short and humble as it was, ascended like sweetest incense to the Father of angels and of men; for it was no doubt, the expression of feeling the most deeply seated, and of purposes of amendment, the most sincere. "And he went down to his house justified rather than the other," or *in preference to the other.*" There is an interpretation of these words which must be carefully guarded against; and it is remarkable that it should be adopted by the two extremists, the Romanists and the Neologians. It supposes that neither was the Pharisee altogether condemned, nor was the Publican entirely approved; but only that the Publican was more favourably regarded than the Pharisee. On this exposition, Abp. Trench remarks:—"Christ does not mean that one by comparison with the other was justified, for there are no degrees in justification; but that one was absolutely justified, was contemplated of God as a righteous man, and the other was not; so that here the words found their fulfilment, 'He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.'"

EXTREMES MEET.

If there are any individuals living on this world of ours who have made so little observation of human nature, as still to be ignorant that *extremes are very apt to meet*, as well in religion as in any thing else, another instance is just now being added to the long list that might have been quoted in support of the statement we advanced some time ago; and it must not be allowed to pass without a word or two of remark. It is, indeed, an instance of so glaring a character, that, notwithstanding the repeated instances which we have heretofore met with, of a somewhat similar nature, we were hardly prepared for anything quite so startling. We refer to the sympathy which is just now accorded by religious people—Christians—English and Canadian Christians—to the Mohammedan Turks in the atrocities they have committed, and are still committing, upon an unoffending Christian population—abominations and atrocities, we venture to say, that have found no parallel in countries professing to be civilized, for many a century past, and which were by no means equalled on the memorable night of the capture of Constantinople, on the 29th of May, in the year of grace, 1453. On that occasion, as our great historian remarks: "The wealth of Constantinople had been granted by the Sultan to his victorious troops; and the rapine of an hour is more productive than the industry of years;" deeds of barbarism were committed; outrage and assassination, attended by excessive cruelty, were resorted to; but these criminalities, while of less magnitude than those which have now been witnessed, were regarded as the privilege of the conquerors, while the great majority of recent sufferers were entirely innocent of indulging in what, to some nations of the earth,

would be regarded as the luxury of insurrection. When first the English consuls remonstrated with the Turkish authorities, the rumors were said to be exaggerated; and when Mr. Disraeli was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, the excuse of exaggeration was again repeated. But the most recent and reliable accounts show that the original reports were far below the truth in the number and extent, as well as in the savage abominations which the Moslem population committed upon the Christians. Nor, according to the same most recent and reliable accounts, is it true that the Christians began the atrocities, or that any Christians joined the Mohammedan standard, except a very small proportion of those who were in absolute want, and resorted to it for relief. The account taken to England by a traveller who says a Bulgarian showed him a number of heads of Turks, whom he boasted he had slain, may be dismissed, with the contempt it deserves, by those who know that the Bulgarians are notoriously plodding, sluggish, and absolutely incapable of being roused to avenge their wrongs, or to assert their rights, as Christians and as men. If it occurred at all, it must have been entirely exceptional.

And yet with these facts, and a multitude more of a similar character, the Ultramontane Romanists blame the Christians, and give their sympathy to Turkey. Of course they hate the Greek Church and every member of it, and rather than that more primitive form of Christianity should rise from the depression and degradation to which it has been subjected, and rather than see the Patriarch of the East ascend his ancient seat in the Temple of St. Sophia, and eclipse his brother of the West, the Bishop of Rome and his most ardent supporters would prefer to hold out the olive branch of peace to the successor of Mohammed, and rejoice in the continuance of a savage Moslem barbarism, on some of the finest and the loveliest tracts of the earth's surface. At Rome, the Pope and the Sultan appear to be on the best terms; and the *Journal des Debats*, commenting on the fact, remarks:—"The Court of Rome would rather treat with Mohammed than with Photius—with the Sultan than the Czar."

Being tolerably well aware of the fact that the morality of Rome, by her own confession, rises no higher than the principle that *the end sanctifies the means*, we are not so very much surprised to find the natural antipathy of the Romanist and the Mohammedan reduced to a minimum in the presence of the common foe—the Greek Christian—who simply as being a Christian, is foe to the Turk; and is foe to the Romanist, because he will not bow down to the Roman Pontiff; and also because in the renovation of the Turkish Empire the Faith of the East would again resuscitate, and still further diminish the authority of his own.

But that, again, the strongly puritanic, the absolute and unappeasable anti-Roman section, the professedly

evangelistic school among us, which claims exclusively to disseminate the Gospel,—that it should join with the Ultramontane Romanist in his sympathy with Turkish hatred of Greek Christianity, is so plain and forcible an illustration of the principle that "extremes are very apt to meet," as we did not think we should so soon meet with. And yet the fact is so patent, and so recent, that surely no one will have the hardihood to deny it. The periodical literature of the hour teems with the proofs of it; and the cause is not very difficult to find. The Eastern Church, though in several respects more thoroughly Protestant than our own, yet bears its unflinching, its ineffaceable testimony to historical Christianity—to the necessary historical connection, that is, between the Church founded by Christ's own person when on earth, and the legitimate Christian Church of the present day. Or it may be because the Turk is an unmitigated Calvinist. But whatever may be the cause, the fact cannot be disputed.

We are glad, however, to find that the whole of the school to which we have referred, is not open to the strictures we have made. A very prominent member of that school, the Earl of Shaftsbury, in a speech he lately made on the subject, says that it is a serious question in his mind whether it is not a disgrace and a shame that we should continue any longer in alliance with such a power as Turkey. And this feeling is by no means confined to the Earl of Shaftsbury; we are rather inclined to think that the voice of the United British Empire will soon be heard, in unmistakable language, on the subject. We willingly quote a few sentences of the Earl's speech, as given in the *Guardian*. He says:—

"I believe every word that was sent by 'our own correspondent,' of the *Daily News*, and I think you will see that the cautious language of the Blue-Book confirms every syllable of that correspondent. But, then, it is very sad to hear that all these excesses are spoken of by persons in authority as a war between savage races. It is all very well—though the Turk might say, 'Save me from my friends,' at the thought—to save his character at the expense of his civilization. I will leave that consideration to others; but I will come forward and say, Will you have this said as to the Bulgarian population? All that I have learned from books, all that I have seen in letters, all that has been told me by travellers, describes the Bulgarian population as an honest, quiet, industrious, agricultural race, and if there is any doubt about it, there is the testimony of the Blue-Book itself."

He further says:—"We are threatened with the extermination of a noble race; and I confess I think the time has come when all the powers of Europe should rise as one man, and in the name of common humanity, see that this shall not be permitted in their midst, and that Turkey has proved wholly unfit to have any authority over any portion of the human race." We entirely agree

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with the sentiments expressed by the Earl of Shaftsbury, so contrary to those of many others of the same school as himself—except that we think the time for the interference of Europe, on behalf of the oppressed Christians of both European and Asiatic Turkey, came long ago; and that it is to the eternal disgrace to the whole of Christian Europe, except Russia, Servia and Herzegovina, that that interference has not become a historical fact.

THE CONTEST IN TURKEY.

The Turkish Question is agitating the thought and feeling of the civilized world to an extent which it failed to do even during the progress of the Crimean war. At that time England drifted into war, merely because the Earl of Aberdeen was a personal friend of the Emperor Nicholas. The Emperor had visited the Earl in person, had passed the usual compliments belonging to the routine of a Court, and the Earl did not wish to hurt the feelings of his Imperial Majesty. But the wrath of England was roused because Russia had been rash and over-bearing, and had manifested too much haste in choking "the sick man" off. And so after a vast amount of talk which was not intended to mean anything, and just at the moment when the Earl thought of nothing of the kind, he had to declare war. And when it so happens that the English Government is driven to such an extremity, contrary to its own wishes, and by the mere force of external pressure, the contest must be pursued in real earnest. Hence, although England had made not the slightest preparation for fighting, she suddenly found herself precipitated into a furious, hand-to-hand combat with Russia. But now the case is materially altered. Then, no atrocious deeds of violence were specially laid to the charge of Turkey, no abominations that would call for the indignation of our common humanity. In the present instance, however, we witness the wholesale rapine of large districts, the murder of tens of thousands of inoffensive Christians, the outrage of thousands of the innocent and unresisting who had been tortured in the most fiendish manner, dishonored and despoiled of all they care for in the world, and then burnt to death, or brutally murdered in some other way, and loads of their heads thrown to the dogs. It is not merely the case of the Crescent against the Cross; it is the most savage and diabolical barbarism arrayed against the first dictates of humanity. The offences of which these people have been guilty are three; First, that they are Christians, (whether good Christians, or bad ones, as some pious people say they are, matters not.) Secondly, that they have hitherto been quiet and submissive; so much so, that, up to the present time, if any members of their families have been murdered or otherwise injured, they have been content to submit to have their evidence refused in a Turkish court of Justice, merely because they are Christians. And thirdly, some of

them have, at last, after infinite provocation, after oppressions innumerable, after an abundance of wholesale slaughter and violation—at last, some of them have risen in revolt, they have practised *some retaliation* (which is comparatively little); and, in perhaps half a dozen instances, have taken vengeance, as opportunity presented itself. It was not a millionth part of the provocation the Christians in Turkey have met with, that furnished George Washington and the thirteen American colonies with an excuse for revolt; and had it been in Western Europe that a nation had risen in the might and majesty of a popular fury, in order to claim the elective franchise, or an exemption from taxation, all the eloquence of the world of letters would have been exhausted in praise of a patriotism so noble.

The English people are, evidently, becoming pretty well awakened to the true state of the case; although the steps at first taken by the Government were rather in favor of Turkey than otherwise. In 1827, when the Greeks were cruelly treated by the Turks, who poured boiling oil into their ears, among a number of other barbarities, England sent her ships of war to Navarino, which destroyed the whole navy of Turkey in a few hours. But now, the English fleet, the most powerful ever brought together on the face of the earth, has been sent to Besika Bay, with instructions of such a nature that Turkey has received a large amount of moral support in consequence. Mr. Disraeli disclaims any such intention; but this has nevertheless been the result, so much so that the ignorant and fanatical savages among them have actually been led to believe that England is like Egypt, a vassal of the Sultan's, and is bound to help him when called upon to do so! Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be permitted to drift into a war, as his predecessor did, in support of Turkey; and yet a great deal of mischief may be done either by a moral sanction given to Turkish misrule; or by neglecting to demand authoritatively and at once, the entire cessation of the horrible brutalities for which the Turks have made themselves so notorious.

Let us bear in mind two things. If the Christian in Turkey is degraded, the oppression and persecution of the Turks have made him so; and that, while the Christian will certainly improve in civilization and religion when facilities for doing so are afforded him, the Turk after four hundred years of close proximity to the highest civilization the world can give, is the same ignorant, brutal, fanatical monster, that he ever was; and such he ever will be.

PLAIN LECTURES ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

BY DIAKONOS.

LECTURE No. 11.—Creed Continued.

I quote again in the main from 'Pearson on the Creed.' *I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost "through a mysterious and unintelligible operation, which being the immediate work of God, superseded*

the ordinary law of nature, so that the Holy child Jesus was *born of the Virgin Mary*—a pious maiden who thus became miraculously the mother of our Lord. Thus Jesus Christ being born of a virgin and not of a wife, having no human father might be free from the sin of our common origin, which is conveyed from parent to child by natural conception. Being thus born in our nature but without our sin, He bore our nature as His own through infancy, childhood and mature manhood, and when the time had fully come, He offered it as a sacrifice for our sins—*suffered* as a man.—As he was our perfect Redeemer of the whole man, so He was a complete sufferer, in the whole man, in his human body, by such infirmities as arise internally from physical frailties and by such pains as are inflicted by external injuries—in his human soul by fearful apprehensions, by unknown sorrows, by anguish inexpressible, *suffered under Pontius Pilate*, i.e., it was in the *fulness of time* that God sent His Son, and that the eternal Son of God, so sent by Him, did in His human nature suffer for the sins of men at a date exactly fixed as after the fifteenth year of Tiberias Cæsar, the Roman Emperor, and before that Emperor's death in the time of Pontius Pilate, the Roman procurator or governor of Judæa then subject to the Cæsarean power, which procurator Pontius Pilate, to please the Jews, did condemn Him whom he had pronounced innocent, and delivered him according to the custom, then in vogue under Roman laws, and in order to the fulfilling of the prophecies, to die a painful and shameful death upon the cross.

Was crucified—by being nailed alive to a cross of wood set upright in the ground. Being thus crucified His sufferings were the greatest that had ever befallen any man, being aggravated by the burden of sin which He, though Himself innocent, was bearing for our sakes.

Dead—not through the intensity of His sufferings, but of His own will, He gave up his human life when all was accomplished that could be or needed to be, by his pains—that His death consisted of the separation of His soul from His body in the same manner as human beings ordinarily become so.

And buried—according to the custom of the Jews, His human body, prepared for a funeral, bound up in linen clothes and laid in spices, and after this, the accustomed preparation, was deposited in a sepulchre hewn out of a rock, in which never man was laid before, and by rolling of a great stone to the door thereof was there entombed.

He descended into hell. As this expression has sometimes given rise to a difficulty even in the minds of earnest seeking Christians, I shall dwell upon it at some length. Let me, however, before entering into the Scriptural truth herein contained, bring before your notice the words of our 3rd article.

Of the going down of Christ into hell.—*"As Christ died for us and was buried, so also it is believed that He went down into hell."*

We shall now dwell upon three points.

What is meant by, 1. Hell; 2. Christ's descent into Hell; and 3. The probable purpose or object of that descent.

1. What do we understand by *Hell*? Two entirely different words are in the Greek Testament, rendered in our English translation by the word *Hell*. The one of these is *Hades*, which the student will find occurs *eleven* times in the New Testament, and in every case but one is rendered *Hell*, (the one exception is in 1 Cor. xv. 55, where it is rendered 'grave.' The other word is *Gehenna*, which occurs *ten* times in the New Testament, and is also translated *Hell*. Let me illustrate the difference of the translations by reference to two texts. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus, we have (St. Luke xvi. 23) the expression "and in *hell* (Hades) he lifted up his eyes" St. Matt. x. 28, and fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him which is able to destroy (apolesai) "to cause to be eternally lost" both body and soul in hell. (*Gehenna*.) Now the word *Hell* is a Saxon word from "hele" to cover over or conceal, and is still used in many parts of England in this sense—where for example, to *cover* a house with a roof is to *hell* the building, and the person by whom it is done is known as a *hellier*. At the time when the authorized English version of the Bible was put out, the word *Hell* had a much wider signification than it now has. It then denoted, not only what we have above said, a concealed or covered place, but also the place of future punishment, and was accordingly in this latter sense, used in the translation of the word *Gehenna*. But in consequence of the changes which our language has experienced during the last two centuries (the authorized version of the Bible, not having been changed) the word has come to be, in ordinary language, restricted to this particular meaning, *Gehenna*. Now when any 'teachers' lead their people to believe that wheresoever the word 'hell' occurs in the English translation it means the final place of punishment (*Gehenna*), they ignore the fact that in the original (*Greek*) it is in some places *Hades*, and in others *Gehenna*, two words whose meaning is as different as their spelling. The true origin and occasion of the word *Gehenna* is this:—We know from Scripture that there was in a valley near Jerusalem an idol of Moloch, to which were offered human sacrifices in fire. This valley was called *Ge-ennon* from *Ge* which signifies a valley, and *Ennon* which comes from *Nahom*, which signifies 'to groan,' or the 'valley of groaning,' wherefore the place of eternal groaning was called *Gehenna*. The word is not used by very ancient writers and was first used in the *Gospel*. To return then to *Hades*.

The word *hell* is found in our English translation in the New Testament twenty-one times—ten times it is the translation of *Gehenna* or the lake of fire, and eleven times it is the translation of *Hades*. We shall not here refer to the use of the word *Hades* among the Greeks, only noticing that it is a Greek word used by the Evangelists, who wrote in Greek.

Let us consider the use of the word *Hades* in holy writ, for that is the final court of appeal. 1. The soul after its departure from the body is not represented as passing directly to its final reward, St. John iii. 13. "No one (says our Lord) hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man, which is in heaven." If then no one had then ascended up to heaven except the second person of the Trinity, who was always in heaven, the saints departed could not have gone to their place of final and eternal bliss, which is always called heaven. Again our Lord promised the thief on the cross St. Luke xxiii. 43: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Now where did the soul of Jesus go from the cross on *this day* (the day He died?) Did he go direct to heaven? We should not know had we not His own words to say that He did not. On the third day after His death He met Mary at the sepulchre, and what did He say to her? "Touch me not; for I am *not yet* ascended to my Father, but go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Therefore the Paradise in which Jesus promised to meet the thief, on the day of His death, was not the heaven of heavens. Again in Rev. vi. 9: "the souls of them that were slain for the word of God" are not represented as in the final place of glory; but—they cry from under the altar, and though white robes are given them they are told "to rest for a season until their fellow servants and their brethren should be fulfilled."

2. Though the soul then does not receive its final reward until the general Resurrection and Judgment, when it shall be re-united to the body glorified, and receive the sentence of the judge "Well done," yet the soul does not sleep in unconsciousness, from death to judgment. Let us turn again to holy writ.

The soul of Samuel returned to earth after his body had been lain in the grave four years (1 Sam. xxviii. 11, 14.) See also our Lord's parable or history of the rich man and Lazarus in St. Luke xvi.—all this took place before the resurrection, for the brothers were yet alive upon the earth. 3. Thus it is plain from Holy Scripture, and I have but selected a few out of the many passages referring to this matter—that the disembodied soul neither *sleeps* nor enters into its final reward: we have only to show further that the soul is in an intermediate state called in the Old Testament *Sheol* and in the New Testament *Hades*, in our translation rendered hell, (the covered or hidden) a very different word from the translation of *Gehenna*, the final abode of lost spirits, and that that state is a state of partial and expectant misery to the wicked, preceding the final consummation of bliss or misery to be assigned to each at the resurrection of the last day. Let us keep to holy writ. This was the opinion of the Jews. Our Lord and His apostles use the very expressions which the Jews used, concerning the state of the departed, viz: *Paradise*, *Abraham's bosom*, *beneath the altar*; *beneath the throne of glory*. Thus our

Lord and His apostles sanctioned the sentiments of the Jews on this subject. In Rev. vi. the souls of those slain for the word of God (martyrs) are comforted with hope, and clothed with white robes, but plainly are told to *rest for a season*. St. Paul in Heb. xi. 40. speaking of these same martyrs who had gone before, says of them, God having provided some better things for us, that they (who have gone) without us should not be made perfect." Add to these—the promise to the thief in Paradise, a place of bliss, evidently, but as we have shewn without advancing a word beyond our Lord's views, not the final state of everlasting reward. Lazarus is represented as comforted in Abraham's bosom—Dives too is represented as being in the same place as Lazarus, though separated by a great gulf, and unlike him, suffering torments, and that place is distinctly called Hades. See St. Luke xvi. 23. Corresponding with this we find in the Old Testament that Jacob expected to go down to Sheol (Hades) unto his son, Gen. xxxvii. 35. Korah, Dathan and Abiram are said to go down quick into the pit, Sheol. Numbers xvi. 30.

Finally; and I have reserved this point, 'If the soul at death go direct to the place of everlasting woe, or of everlasting felicity in the presence of God,' it is then judged; and we learn from St. Paul, the lessons which I recommend you to read carefully in 1 Thess. iv. 13-17 verses. It is hardly necessary to add more to shew from Holy Scripture that on this point the opinion of the ancient Christians and of the men of reformation times is more correct than that of modern men and popular beliefs, also that the Roman Catholic notion of purgatory, and the very common opinion (now-a-days) that the soul *sleeps* from death to judgment are *all* without support from the Scriptures of God.

ENGLAND.

"Aggrieved Parishioners" had a discussion on Thursday at the Chester Consistory Court, in the chapter-house of the cathedral. The Rev. P. R. Robin, rector of Wood Church, near Birkenhead, of which he is also patron, applied to the Rev. Chancellor Espin for a faculty to make, at his own expense, certain alterations and improvements to the parish church. Among the matters enumerated in the application was "to decorate the ceiling and walls of the said church and chancel with chosen texts of Scripture." The application was opposed by Messrs. Craig and Harvey, (church-wardens), and Mr. B. Jackson and Mr. J. R. Shaw, (parishioners), so far as regarded the decoration of the church with Scripture sentences. They stated that a vestry meeting was held recently, and although no resolution was come to on the subject, the general feeling of the parishioners was against the proposed alterations.—Chancellor Espin inquired what objection there was to the faculty being granted?—Mr. Craig said their principal objection was to the decoration of the church with texts of Scripture, as that was a move

in the High Church direction, and quite unnecessary. The congregation wished the church to remain in its present state, and the old, plain gospel preached.—The Chancellor referred to the 82nd canon, which provided "that the Ten Commandments shall be set up at the east end of every church or chapel, where the people may best see them, and other chosen sentences written upon the walls or sides of the church or chapel wherever convenient." The Chancellor added: I never heard of such an objection as this. Do you mean to say that you see anything particularly of a High Church character in chosen sentences of Scripture? Why, you are condemning yourselves, for you seem to say that the more Scripture a man knows the more "High" he is. Mr. Jackson: Perhaps too much familiarity may beget contempt.—Mr. Craig said that they, as representing the parishioners, thought it a pity that the clergyman should ask for anything that had a tendency to create schism in the church. High Church must come sooner or later, but the people of Woodchurch did not want it. They preferred the plain, old Gospel preaching.—The Chancellor: If "High" Church comes in the shape of texts of Scripture, it will come in a very unobjectionable manner indeed. I have not the power to refuse this application. The canon is quite clear on the subject. It is not a question which might be disputed, as it might perhaps be, if the word "may" were used, but the canon in effect says, "other chosen sentences 'shall' be put up."—Mr. Jackson asked whether or not provision was made in the Public Worship Regulation Act against any change being made in the parish church without the consent of a vestry meeting?—The Chancellor: No; there is no such provision in the act. This is the first time I have ever had an objection to texts of Scripture. Do you mean to say that the texts one sees every day at the waiting-rooms in the railway stations have a High Church tendency?—Mr. Craig: These texts are all plain, and most of them are from the New Testament.—The Chancellor: You are putting yourselves in a false position by objecting to texts of Scripture. I feel great pain to see churchwardens coming into this court and saying they object to texts of Scripture. I cannot prevent the rector from putting up texts of Scripture, but I can probably exercise a control over his selection of the texts. Do I understand you to mean that you object to "chosen sentences"?—Mr. Jackson: We object to them altogether, no matter what they are.

Mr. Shaw asked whether any alterations could be made in the name of a church without a vote of the vestry approving of them?—The Chancellor: Well, I am bound by the canon. In the old days, when church rates were levied and all alterations made at the expense of the ratepayers, it was the practice to require a vote of the vestry meeting; but now that rates are abolished it is not necessary that the vestry

should be consulted at all, though the Court always paid great respect to a resolution of the vestry, when alleged. But it must not be forgotten that the majority of a vestry might now consist of persons who did not attend the church, nor contribute in any way towards fabric or services. The Court would not necessarily feel bound to pay regard to such a majority. I observe in the items that you also object to the removal of the organ from the west end of the church to the chancel. May I ask if the organ has a High Church tone?—Mr. Harvey: The Rector has removed it into the chancel, and we have nothing to do with it now. There are some texts in the church already, put there thirty or forty years ago, but they are written in Latin, and the people don't know what they mean.—The Chancellor: Oh, you must remember that these Latin texts were put up in church in good old Protestant times.

After some conversation the Rector withdrew the application with reference to the texts of Scripture, and the Chancellor remarked that no faculty was required to put up such sentences, the canon being explicit on the subject. The faculty for the other alterations was granted. The Chancellor said that the appearance and convenience of the church, which he had personally visited, were very much improved by the alterations made in it by the Rector under a former faculty granted in 1874.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TWO LETTERS TO THE LORD BISHOP OF ONTARIO ON THE QUESTION, "IS LAY BAPTISM VALID?" By Charles Forest, M.A., Rector of Williamsburgh, Ont., 1876: For sale by Durie & Son, Ottawa.

Mr. Forest, after having in the first letter examined the principal authorities on the subject, concludes that "the voice of antiquity as well as the utterances of the Eastern Church of our later day, is evidently against the Romish dogma of lay baptism." In the second letter he shows by an examination of canons and rubrics that a "lawful minister" is "by the Book of Common Prayer held to be essential to the conferring of the high blessing and privilege of baptism." We are not aware of any way in which Mr. Forest's positions can be controverted, except by throwing ourselves into the arms of the Church of Rome, and yielding to her authority in the matter. To the conclusions of Mr. Forest we would add the question: If lay baptism is invalid, how much more so is baptism by a schismatical teacher? For how can a man admit others into the church Catholic, if he is not a member of it himself?

CHURCH WORK. A monthly pamphlet of Facts, Notes, and Instruction: Chignecto, N.B.

This magazine contains a variety of matter suited for general reading; the whole being written or selected on the principle contained in the extract from the will of Bishop Kerr, A.D. 1710: "The communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross." Among other valuable extracts are some from John Wesley's writings, one of which states: "I declare once more, I live and die a

member of the Church of England; and none who regard my judgment or advice will ever separate from it." Wesley's Works, vol. XIII, page 239.

CALENDAR.

- Aug. 27th.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
1 Kings xviii.; 1 Cor. vii. 25.
1 Kings xix.; St. Mark ii. 1-23.
1 Kings xxi.; St. Mark ii. 1-23.
- " 28th.—St. Augustin, Bp.
Ezek. ii.; 1 Cor. viii.
" iii. 1-15; St. Mark ii. 23-iii. 13.
- " 29th.—Beheading of St. John Baptist.
Ezek. iii. 15; 1 Cor. ix.
" viii.; St. Mark iii. 13.
- " 30th.—" ix.; 1 Cor. x. & xi. i.
" xi. 14; St. Mark iv. 1-35.
- " 31st.—" xii. 17; 1 Cor. xi. 2-17.
" xiii. 1-17; St. Matt. iv. 35-v. 21.
- Sep. 1st.—Giles Abbot.
Ezek. xiii. 17; 1 Cor. xi. 17.
" xiv. 1-12; St. Mark v. 21.
- " 2nd.—" xiv. 12; 1 Cor. xii. 1-23.
" xvi. 44; St. Mark vi. 1-14.

ORDINATION.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto will hold (D.V.) his Annual Ordination in St. John's Church, Peterboro', on Sunday, October 15.

The examination of candidates for both Priest's and Deacon's Orders, will take place in St. Peter's School-house, Cobourg, beginning on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 9.30 a.m.

Candidates are requested to notify without delay the undersigned, of their intention to present themselves; and to come provided with the usual *Si Quis* and *Testamur*.

WALTER STENNETT, M.A.,
Examining Chaplain.

Cobourg, July 26, 1876.

NOVA SCOTIA.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Board of Foreign Missions most earnestly asks means to prosecute its work, from every member of the Church in the Diocese. "Freely ye have received, freely give." *William Goslip, Esq.*, Treasurer, 87 Granville street, Halifax; *Rev. D. C. Moore, Secretary*, Rectory, Pugwash.

THE meeting, with Fancy Table, for the New Church at Pugwash, which was postponed, will be held, D.V., September 20th. Gifts will be thankfully received at the Rectory. Acknowledged from Capt. Turner, \$8.—*Halifax Ch. Chronicle*.

ONTARIO.

CHRIST CHURCH, BELLEVILLE.—The Rev. R. S. Forneri has tendered his resignation to the Lord Bishop, requesting that it may take place in the middle of October. He states that he has no desire to remain there to the exclusion of any clergyman who might be acceptable to all the parishioners. He also finds the ability of the congregation is overtaken in paying him his stipend of \$1000 a year, so that arrears have gradually accumulated.

NIAGARA.

ACTON.—CONFIRMATION AND CONSECRATION OF CHURCH.—On the 4th inst. the Bishop of the diocese visited the missions of Acton, Rockwood, and Eramosa, for the purpose of holding confirmation and consecrating the recently-erected Church of St.

Albans, Acton. At 3 p.m., confirmation was held in St. John's church, Rockwood, when a class of ten young persons received the laying on of hands, and afterwards partook of the Holy Communion, which was administered by the Lord Bishop. At 7.30 p.m., the consecration of the church at Acton took place. His Lordship was assisted in the beautiful and appropriate service appointed for the occasion by the Rev. Messrs. Boulton of Georgetown, Cox of Norval, Massey of Lowville, and the Incumbent, the Rev. C. R. Lee. After the consecration service, confirmation was again administered to a class of eleven persons, mostly adults. The excellent address delivered by his Lordship was listened to with the greatest attention by a congregation which overtaxed the capacity of the church, many persons being obliged to stand about the doorways, unable to gain admission. The church, which is of the class generally described as a "neat frame structure," reflects credit upon the congregation who worship in it. It was erected by them about three years ago, at a cost of \$1,100, and promptly paid for. A parsonage has also been secured within the past year by the purchase of a house and lot adjoining the church, the whole making a very valuable church property near the centre of this thriving village. The church is beautified by a stained glass window in the chancel, the gift of a former Incumbent, and disfigured by an unsightly, old-fashioned pulpit which hides the chancel from the view of the occupants of many of the seats. It is hoped, however, that this will shortly be replaced by something more church-like and appropriate. The sittings are all free and the congregation good, and there is every reason for thankfulness at the present prosperity and future prospects of the church in this locality in which services were not regularly held until about five years ago.

ORDINATION.—The Lord Bishop of Niagara will (D. V.) hold an ordination on Sept. 24th (the 15th Sunday after Trinity) in Christ's Church Cathedral, Hamilton. The examinations will take place in the Cathedral school house, commencing at 10 a.m., on the preceding Thursday. Candidates are requested to give notice to the undersigned without delay, and to come provided with the usual testimonials. ALEX. DIXON, B.A., Examining Chaplain. Rosehurst, Guelph, August 16th, 1876.

The Apostolic rite of Confirmation was administered to twenty-five candidates in All Saints' Church, Hagersville, on Sunday the 20th inst., by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Niagara. The Rev. William Green is Incumbent of the Parish.

TORONTO.

CHRIST CHURCH, YORKVILLE.—The Rev. A. G. L. Trew being in ill-health, his medical advisers have recommended rest and change of air. He has, therefore, obtained six months leave of absence, and his congregation have presented him with \$300 towards defraying his expenses. The Rev. Rural Dean Givins has kindly offered to supply the services during Mr. Trew's absence, which offer has been accepted.

HURON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HOLIDAY OF ST. PAUL'S SUNDAY SCHOOLS, LONDON.—Wednesday, the 2nd of August, was set apart by the schools of St. Paul's for their annual summer holiday, and right well was it kept. The picnic hill at Fort Stanley was the chosen ground for the day. Having assembled at their school rooms,

Bishop Cronyn Hall, at 8.30 a.m., where they were met by Petersville Church school, they were "all aboard" the train at 9.30, and the joyous party—scholars, teachers, and friends—were away to the Port. Of all the large parties that have visited Port Stanley, there was not one that enjoyed themselves more thoroughly than our friends of St. Paul's, none in which is better united the *utile dulce*. While mirth and fun held undisputed sway, there was nothing indecorous—nothing to offend the most fastidious eye or ear. The teachers were there in all their force; The Rector, Canon Innes, was the life of the joyful gathering, and the banner of St. Paul's Sunday-school, that had been borne aloft on the train during the journey, now waved on the hill, bearing the red cross with the name St. Paul's Sunday School. Dinner and tea were both served in the Fraser dining room, the feast having been supplied by the ladies of the congregation, and the labour attending it performed by the teachers, ladies, and gentlemen of St. Paul's and Petersville—all one for the day. From diverse causes the number of children was not so large as might be expected; the number of our party, however, was nearly six hundred.

ST. LUKE'S MISSION CHURCH, LONDON EAST.—This church is in the parish of Rev. W. H. Tilley, of the Memorial Church. The locality has been but lately built up. The inhabitants are principally mechanics and families connected with the car work, oil refineries, and other branches of industry; not a few of them are emigrants. This new church, built in their midst, supplies a need that would be much felt. Mr. DeLolme, a student of Huron College, ministers to the congregation, licensed thereto by the Bishop, and superintends the Sunday School in connection with it. This, though only opened last September, has an attendance of over 100 scholars.

"WHEN WILL THE BISHOP BE AT HOME?"

—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Huron is expected to sail from England on the 10th inst., on his return to the Diocese.

MISSION OF NORWICH.—We hear with pleasure of the success attending the labors of Rev. T. E. Sanders in this extensive mission, comprising three congregations scattered over a wide expanse of country. The principal church is Trinity, Norwich, affording accommodation for 300 people, with a church population of 400; St. John's, Otterville, has a church population of 80, with accommodation for 125; and St. Paul's, Northfield, church population of 40, accommodation for 120. In the Sunday Schools there is an average attendance at Norwich of 39; at Northfield, 30. Mr. Sanders has always taken a most active part in Sunday School work. When Incumbent of Lucan his Sunday School was the best in that part of the country.

Last week the grounds of Mr. Bullock, of Otterville, were the scene of a very pleasant assembly at a garden party, in aid of the funds of the Church of St. John's of that village. Unfortunately the rain throughout the evening was almost incessant. The ground was consequently damp, but the party enjoyed themselves heartily. The grounds were handsomely fitted up for the occasion, and a large number was present to aid the good cause, many having come from a distance. At a late hour the happy party bade adieu to their hospitable hosts, well pleased with the very pleasant evening they had spent, and having somewhat added to the exchequer of a weak congregation.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent has, as you may see, a great idea of roaming about, and so last Thursday he took it into his head to visit Goderich, I believe the county town of Huron. On my way up there, we passed several places, some of which looked quite pretty and substantial from the car windows. Stratford looks the largest up the line, and seems a busy, clean, little place, with very superior built churches, if I could judge from exterior views. I am sorry to see so many freight vans lying idle on the sidings. The harvest has been brought in, but I am afraid, as a whole, it is rather thin, short wheat, etc., in Goderich direction, but I hope it may turn out better than the farmers think. At 3 o'clock p.m. your correspondent arrived in the town of Goderich, a very nice place, of some three thousand people; but in summer it always numbers more than in winter, owing to visiting American ladies and gentlemen, but more of the former than the latter. The place itself looks very clean and nice, with splendid wide gravel roads, and with the Town Hall in the middle of the city, and the handsome residences round about it are exceedingly nice, and when they roves on to the lake where it never ceases to see water, water, water, it reminds one of the mighty ocean, over which so many souls have passed within the last twenty years, and where the vessels spread out their canvas to the wind and by degrees go farther from the shore, looking so beautiful. They remind one of the Christian, who, at his Baptism, goes out into the sea of life, and at his Confirmation he, like the vessel, sets his sails to the breeze, and then, although he may have accidents, bad winds, and a troublesome sea to go on, yet, if he asks God's help, and watches and prays, he shall anchor at last in the Heavenly Mansions prepared for those who loved Christ when on earth. May we not all say

Life is like a mighty ocean,
Whether high or low,
Every one must brave the ocean,
Though the winds may blow.

On Sunday I visited the English Church by the good old name of St. George. From the outside view it does not impress you as being handsome, but it certainly looks solid, but upon entering the interior it looked very nice; a new stained window at the east end, organ and choir in chancel, altar with nice cloth upon it, with cross and I.H.S. The Rector of this church is the Ven. Archdeacon Elwood, M.A., and the Rev. C. H. Channer, M.A., assistant clergyman. At 11 o'clock a voluntary was played by Miss Trainer, organist of the church, very nicely, and I especially observed the tones of the organ, which were very sweet. Then the clergyman entered, preceded by Mr. R. S. Radcliffe, late lay reader of St. Albans. The martyr Rookton visited in a black gown. I enquired and found out that no Lay Readers or Divinity Students ever wear surplices in this diocese, the gown alone being used. The Rev. Mr. Chaunri was vested in cassock, surplus, stole and hood. The service was then began, the Rev. gentleman reading the prayers and preaching a good, earnest sermon, and Mr. Radcliffe reading the first and second lessons. The singing was fair, but I have no doubt as soon as more join the choir it will greatly improve. The church was very well filled, and the service appeared hearty and reverent. I attended the Sunday School in the afternoon which numbers many children; it seemed carried on in a very nice way, both children and teachers seeming to put their effort into the work, although the few male teachers in all Sunday Schools is much to be deplored. The service in the evening was the same

Radcliffe

as morning—well attended, and I must congratulate our Huron friends on having such a nice hearty service, and from what I have seen, I should think the Ven. Archdeacon Elwood, M.A., and Rev. C. H. Channer, M.A., are doing a good work in Goderich, not perhaps with noise and confusion, but with quietness. Yours very truly, OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

TABLE OR ALTAR.

The Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 10th inst. a review of an article of mine with the above heading. I am very glad, indeed, that no answer seems possible to the many arguments contained in that article, save a little technical one as to the syllogism. This appears to fail owing to a mistake—whether of mine or the printer's I cannot say; I noticed it at once in the publication, but did not care, as I thought every candid and generous mind would see that it was obviously an accidental omission of the word "LORD'S." The "High Church minor premiss" should have read:—"The terms LORD'S table and altar are synonymous." The middle term of the syllogism therefore is—does not "M. S." see this?—not table as he says he "thought" he found—but LORD'S table. The argument then would be (to be exact): The structure, etc., is called the LORD'S table;—Every LORD'S table is an altar;—Therefore, the structure, etc., is an altar.

It was, as any one can see, with a view to correct stating of the "middle term" that I had said just before, "But then, let us be exact, and remember it is called in Scripture 'The Lord's Table.'" And in a passage a little later on the proposition is correctly expressed, viz., in the paragraph beginning, "Now let us examine the 'High Church' premiss," etc.

I am very glad "M. S." could find no other "fallacy" in all my arguments. However it may be as well to repeat the reasoning in a somewhat different shape:—Every structure on which sacrifices are celebrated is both Altar and Lord's Table.—The Eucharist is a sacrifice;—Therefore the structure on which the Eucharist is celebrated is both altar and Lord's table.

I proved the first premiss in part I. of my communication. I proved the second premiss in part II. In confirmation of my conclusion I noticed that the New Testament speaks once, and once only, of the Lord's table (1 Cor. x. 21, and then in close connection with 'sacrifices'), and once, and once only, of a Christian Altar (Heb. xiii. 10.)

However, to give "M. S." every chance, let us re-arrange the whole reasoning and present him with still another "view" of the argument.—Every altar is a table, but every table is not an altar.—In order that a table may be also an altar, it must be used for the purpose of sacrifice or offerings to God.—But the "LORD'S table is used for sacrifice and offerings to God;—Therefore the "LORD'S table" is a table which is also an altar.

In confirmation of the above, we adduce this important fact, that wherever, in the Old or New Testament, the term "LORD'S table," or its equivalent, is used, it invariably occurs in close connection with the idea of sacrifice, and as a synonym of altar.

My main object in part I. was to disprove the assertion of the Belleville paper that, because we eat off the Lord's table, therefore it cannot be an altar. This, I fancy, I demolished entirely. But this "M. S." never notices.

The object of part II. was to show that "we have at least some little show of reason and Scripture to warrant us in (thinking the Eucharist a sacrifice, and therefore

in) alluding to the LORD'S table as an altar." The arguments in this, again, "M. S." never notices.

If "M. S." can disprove the controverted propositions contained in this and my previous communication—if he can show that my arguments are inconclusive, or the Scripture texts adduced by me are misinterpreted or misapplied—well and good. I shall be happy to give a patient and honest hearing to whatever he has fairly to urge.

But, unless he does so—unless he attacks my position in a more worthy manner than by merely making capital out of a manifest lapsus—I hope he will be honorable enough to withdraw such very uncourteous and unjust expressions, "I will not call it logical reasoning," "his whole argument is a fallacy from beginning to end," etc.

G. J. Low.

IRELAND.

ON July 27th the annual meeting of the Diocesan Synod of Waterford and Lismore, took place at Waterford. The Bishop of Cashel, in the course of his opening address, remarked that, although many persons had objected to the new system of parochial nomination, he regarded it as the best mode which had been discovered of appointing to vacant benefices. This system was, however, still on its trial, and therefore great care should be bestowed on the selection of the nominators. Sir J. Keane then moved the adoption of the annual diocesan report, which contained a number of financial details. This being adopted without any question, the report on education was also adopted. The Bishop proceeded to explain the details of the new scheme sanctioned by the General Synod, for making a small provision for the widows and orphans of the clergy, and pointed out that it was more advantageous than any terms offered to the clergy by the insurance companies. A resolution on the subject of the Athanasian Creed was moved, but quickly negatived, the Bishop, on this subject, expressing his content with the solution of the question lately arrived at in the General Synod. The Church, he said, had testified at the same time its adherence to the truth of the articles of the Christian faith contained therein. The Creed remained in its integrity in the Prayer-book, and is assented to by the clergy. The only change made was that it had been considered expedient that the Creed should not be read in public. He believed that in former times it was not so read—it was not considered a creed, but rather a psalm. He could not see that there was any such dilemma as was referred to in the resolution.

SCOTLAND.

HUNTLY:—CHRIST CHURCH.—The Primus held a confirmation here on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at which ten persons received the Apostolic ordinance of the 'laying-on of hands,' five of whom were married persons. Amongst these was one very peculiar and affecting case; a man suffering from a diseased leg, unable to come to church though prepared and desirous to be confirmed, and the Primus most kindly went to the house and confirmed him there. During his two day's stay in Huntly, the Primus was the guest of Michael Hughes, Esq., of Huntly Lodge.

LARGS.—The foundation-stone of the new church will be laid at a quarter before one, on the 2nd of August, by Miss Brisbane, the donor of the site.

PERTH:—SIGNS OF LIFE.—It is announced that the S. Andrew's Episcopal School,

in Caledonian Road, near the Perth railway-station, is to be enlarged, from plans furnished by Mr. Ritchie, the architect. That anything in the 'Fair City' connected with our Church, should need enlargement is really a welcome sign.

STRONTIAN:—S. MARY'S.—On Sunday week, the Lord Bishop of Argyll and the Isles held a confirmation in this church, when five candidates (most of whom were adults and Presbyterians) received the Apostolic rite of the 'laying-on of hands.' The little church, which had been beautifully decorated by Lady Riddle, was densely crowded, and a number of Presbyterians were present, who, never having an opportunity of seeing a confirmation before, seemed very much impressed with the solemnity of the service. The Bishop gave a very touching address to the candidates, and preached a most excellent sermon from the Gospel for the day. His Lordship used the solemn and impressive Scotch Office on the occasion. On Monday morning he baptised an adult, when a considerable congregation witnessed the administration of this sacrament. Since the consecration of this church last year, it has been very tastefully painted and decorated, being entirely the design of Sir Thomas and Lady Riddle, and, as far as the interior is concerned, is now one of the prettiest churches in the diocese.—*Scottish Guardian.*

PADDINGTON CHURCHES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

(Continued.)

S. STEPHEN'S CHURCH is situated on the Harrow Road, near enough to St. Mary Mag. for a curious interchange of parishioners. The two currents, setting in opposite directions on Sunday, are very observable on the streets, large numbers leaving the very shadow of their parish church to attend that of their neighbors. This, however, is a common feature of London religious life, which railways and busses only serve to make more remarkable. It is no uncommon thing for instance, to see hundreds of people pouring out of the railway station at Earl's Church, to attend St. Matthias', West Brompton; while the people in the very same street are wending their way, in a sort of pilgrimage to S. Alban's, Holborn, though I daresay the more rude and simple Churchmen of Canada, would think the two churches "much of a muchness," having much the same traits, "rare birds and very like the Black Swan" of Rome. S. Stephen's Church is much of the same appearance as S. George's, Toronto, the former, however, being built of stone. The interior is crowded by galleries over the aisles, but in other respects, though this is one of the "decidedly evangelical" churches of London, it far outshines the Toronto Church in interior decoration. There is an elaborately sculptured reredos, surmounted by a cross, the background of the figures in relief being filled in with gilt, with brilliant effect, the altar and pulpit hangings are ablaze with sacred monograms, and a surpliced choir leads the congregation in full choral service.

Upon entering the Church on an ordinary Sunday morning, you take a bare, cold free seat, near the door, and there watch the aisles filling with a fashionable throng, who have no pews of their own, and come in late to get one of the 500 free sittings. They wait their chance for a vacant place in one of the cosy pews after the service begins, and carry on a lively conversation the while. Presently the courtly Vicar (he is a favorite Chaplain of the Queen, a friend of Dukes and Earls, and a practised courtier) makes his appearance, with a

large pulpit bible, in which he has probably been incorporating his sermon notes, and gracefully edges his way (no elbowing here) forward to the chancel, greeting his admirers with smile, glance, or pleasant word. No one who ought to be noticed is overlooked, we may be sure. The service begins, and it is found that the people in the alleys have waited in vain. Every pew is fully occupied by legal owners, and the "too late" ones must content themselves with sitting on the pew doors, or squatting on the floors of the passages. The few gentlemen present (for here there are very few indeed, and are apparently present only as cavaliers,) pile their hats on the font, or elevate them, from the dangers of the throng around them, upon the points of their walking canes or umbrellas above their heads. A wag might be pardoned for suggesting that the only illustration of the Liturgy present, was of that passage in the Litany, "tread down *Satin* under our feet"—a thing which it is impossible for them not to do, seeing the floor is carpeted by the skirts of their fair companions. The service is decidedly well rendered, but everything seems subsidiary, even the exquisite hymns, to the appearance of the Vicar in the pulpit: then there is poured fourth to the ears of the breathless audience, a stream of eloquence, teeming with poetical quotations, and withal full of fire and enthusiasm. Mr. Rowsell is singularly gifted for the pulpit, having a commanding figure, a rich, deep voice, a winning, and persuasive manner, full of singular combination, of polish and unctious. He is perhaps the best living exponent of what has been called the "Broad-with-unction" school; a sincerely "liberal" and *unhigh* Churchman. That such a man chooses to respect the ordinary decencies of the ritual, is something to be thankful for, and must be productive of certain good.

Well, how about the Church work in the parish? There are here also four curates, and a mission chapel, but they do not appear to pay the same attention to frequent and hearty services as in S. Mary Mag. On Sunday, instead of seven services there are only three; instead of four every day, there is only one at eleven; instead of nine celebrations of the Eucharist, there is only one each week. Instead of 1000 free sittings, there are 1100 pew sittings, and 500 free sittings. Instead of £154 endowment, there is one of £950 and a house! The population is about 7000.

The offertory? Comparisons, however, are odious, and I suppose that the clergy would say that they spend their time in visiting and studying. They may point with triumph to the crowded services, when their Vicar preaches, and to the fact that their offertory on "Hospital Sunday," amounted to about £500, bringing them up to the side of the aristocratic *High* Church, S. Peter's, Eaton Square, where the nobility learn their duty from the eloquent Mr. Wilkinson. It is withal, pleasant to see the Church so well represented, in both wings, in a locality where all kinds of dissent are struggling for the palm. All exertions are but too small to stem the tide of immorality and scepticism, and perhaps the many sidedness of the Church enables her by becoming all things to all men, by all means to save some who otherwise would escape through the meshes of an ordinary net, such as the various stereotyped forms of dissent are. This very locality has had lately some frightful illustrations of the way in which the grossest vice may lurk in fine society, cloaked under even a spacious religious exterior, and adorned with titles of nobility.

ALL SAINTS.

Kensington Park, or Notting Hill, very near S. Stephen's, may be described as oc-

cupying a position between S. Mary Magdalene and S. Stephens in most matters. Like S. Stephen's it is in a very fashionable quarter, and has its pews mostly rented. There are four curates, and it is open for private prayer, and there is weekly Eucharist. But the services are not so frequent as in the first named church. There is a peculiarly beautiful life size painting on the east wall, the figures of which appear almost to take part in the service. The population here is set down at 15,000, but the pew system prevents the church being crowded by parishioners. It is possible to find fifty or sixty ladies at a celebration in which not one gentleman makes his appearance. Indeed this absence of the male element, on the most solemn occasions of religion, is very painfully conspicuous in most churches of all kinds. On the other hand, those who have visited some of the most extreme churches, from the type of S. Mary Magdalene upwards, can bear testimony to the remarkable fact, that in these churches the *male element often forms a disproportionately large part of the congregation*—a fact which is easily noted, from the practice of separating the sexes, which obtain in Ritualistic churches. Having regard to the great preponderance of the female element in the general population, one would not expect to find the men more than two-thirds of the women in numbers, whereas the *sides are just equally balanced*. This is certainly true of S. Mary Magdalene, All Saints, Margaret St., S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, S. Alban's, Holborn, etc. Superficial observers visiting such churches during services, at an hour when men are usually engaged in business matters which they cannot abandon, draw rash inference, but the contrary is the fact, and a most important one it is. *If one style of worship more than another, draws the male members of society out, and interests and engages their sympathies and cooperation, it is the Ritualistic form.*

HOLY TRINITY.

In the handsome street called "Westbourne Terrace," and on a corner of Bishop's Row, this church stands very prominently before the wayfarer. It was once identified with the name of Dean Boyd (now of Exeter) in whose time and under whose sanction, to the eternal chagrin of the Recordites and Rockites, Dr. West went to work in Paddington. The present incumbent is Daniel Moore, like Mr. Rowsell a chaplain of the Queen's. Here we find the same marked progress, as in all intelligent "Evangelical" congregations, viz.: Surplice in the pulpit, surpliced choir, choral service, S.P.C.K., or H.A. and M. Hymnals, early celebrations, weekly Eucharists, etc. Judging by the fact that, although 1400 out of 1600 sittings are rented, the offertory amounts to nearly £4000 annually. This church must receive a good share of appreciation from the inhabitants. The population is nearly 14000 and the living is £1000 and a house; but we do not observe the usual large staff of curates, although a large Mission Church is in operation on the Harrow Road. The Vicar has the reputation of working amicably with his neighbor of S. Mary Magdalene's.

ST. JAMES'

Is situated at the southern extremity of the same street, on the verge of Hyde Park, and has for its Vicar Mr. Moorehouse, who leaves his parish presently with flying colors, as Bishop of Melbourne in Australia. This church also counts among the "progressive Evangelicals," and is almost identical in every respect, including capacity, value, usages, etc., with its sister church of Holy Trinity. What is true of the one is

true of the other, and one discipline answers well for both. Paddington is certainly fortunate in possessing such very creditable representations of the Evangelical school as Messrs. Rowsell, Moore and Moorehouse.

S. SAVIOUR

Occupies a very imposing site in Warwick Road, across the canal from S. Mary Mag., and is of a very different type. About the best thing that can be said of the church, apparently, is that it once had the honour of possessing Mr. Maclagan as a curate. There is, however, even here, some slight response to the onward movement of the church in favor of decency. The exterior of the building has been admirably fitted with a most beautiful Anglican tower; and hymns ancient and modern are used. Otherwise, there is a painful incongruity between the handsome edifice, and the shabby work connected with it.

OTHER CHURCHES]

Are mentioned by Macheson, as All Saints, Norfolk Square, Christ Church, S. John, S. Mary, S. Michael, S. Peter, S. Philip, and Lock Hospital Chapel, now connected with the name of Jenkin's, "*advocatus Diaboli*" in Jenkin's v. Cook of Clifton fame, but these have little to distinguish them for special mention, and are for the most part of the moderate Evangelical or High Church type. Upon the whole, the ground may be said to be very fairly occupied, though it cannot be doubted that a few more churches such as S. Mary Magdalene, would find plenty to do. Indeed if there be one want in existence at all glaring, it is the want of a more advanced service, which would prevent scores of families from wandering off to more favoured localities rather than be content with Dr. West's moderate ritual. This vanity must however, must inevitably be supplied ere long, and churches which now attract their quota from this district to services five or six miles off in Brompton, Holborn, Walworth, Stoke Newington, or London Docks, must eventually relinquish them. Time was when S. Alban's, Holborn, was almost filled with people from the west end; but these being now attracted by similiar services in their own vicinities, leave the ground to be occupied by the poor; people of Holborn itself, just as Holy Trinity in Toronto had been temporarily thinned out, by the formation of a similar congregation elsewhere in the city, but is now filling again with local parishioners.

"PASTORAL VISITATION."

[A paper read at the regular quarterly meeting of the Northumberland Rural Deanery, held at Peterborough, July 19th; by the Rev. H. D. Cooper, Secretary.]

The subject of Pastoral Visitation is one of such vital importance, not only to the interests of the church at large, but also to the interests of the church in our respective parishes, that I had wished that the subject of this paper had fallen into older and more experienced hands, and as I feel that I have also myself much to learn on this subject. I think that there is a lack of systematic pastoral visiting on the part of many of our clergy, not however from the want of interest in the work in which they are engaged, but from the want of some regular organized system as to time and opportunity of visiting. And this arises in most cases, I think, from our young men having, after ordination, to take the independent care of parishes, where they have not the mature advice and experience of their older brethren, and I believe, that could it be adopted, every newly ordained man should be sent as a curate for at least one year, into a parish, the Rector or In-

cumbent of which is well known for his order and strict discipline in carrying on the affairs of his parish, for after all there is nothing like practical knowledge in this matter, that is knowledge actually obtained from a personal intercourse with men and things about us; for, although our young men in their College training may receive many useful and important lessons on this subject, yet like all other important practical undertakings, theory alone is not sufficient. Now, to be successful visitors, we ought to lay out some plan to regulate these visits, and this plan will to a great extent depend upon the size of our parishes and the number of individual families within the bounds of our parish. As a general rule our parishes or missions are too large, and the other calls upon our time are so frequent, that it is often found very difficult to make our pastoral visits as often as we could wish. Nevertheless if these are made according to some adapted system only twice a year, I think very good benefit would accrue both to the individual visited and to the church at large. In most country parishes a visit I think, might be paid to every parishioner three times a year, and in connection with this I would advise that we keep in our pockets a small memorandum book, in which we may enter the month, day and date of each visit; so that it may be referred to at once, should any of our parishioners be inclined to call in question the frequency of our visits, or think that we have in any way slighted them. But to perform our pastoral visits properly, there will be need of great diligence. We must not rest contented with the mere perfunctory discharge of these duties, we must strive to estimate what is needful for discharging them aright, and in all their fulness; and the pastor must obtain the confidence of his parishioners before he can hope to exercise aright the inner functions of his office. And how much is needed before he can hope to be thus trusted! We must show, in order to gain our people, a daily consistency of life, gravity and soundness of speech, and there must be an intimacy which will alone nurture the slow-growing plant of confidence. No man who is always in a hurry with his parishioners can obtain that confidence. No man who wants to make them religious, as he would go through a task that may be done with, that he may have his time to himself, will ever attain to it. We may go and visit the sick and the whole, read with them verses, or a chapter of the Bible; enforce it upon them by exhortation; read prayers with them, and take our departure, thinking we have done all, and counting up at night, perhaps with some satisfaction, our labors and our visits, when really we have done nothing, or next to nothing; when we have opened no heart, won no confidence, touched no soul; souls cannot be reached and saved in this mechanical way. We are not to fling our religion at them, and let it take its chance with them, but we are, following the example of our blessed Master, to seek to open the hearts of our people to it. We must show an interest in them by entering into their trials and troubles, by endeavouring to make them feel that there is a spiritual relationship existing between ourselves and them. But then whilst doing all this we are to take care that our pastoral visits do not come down to the level of worldly civility and kindness, to let them begin and end in gossiping, and a useless waste of time spent in unmeaning inquiries and formal answers. We must really care about them, about their interests, their concerns, and above all about their souls. If we do not, all our solicitude about them will be unreal, and they will very soon detest its hollowness. When we go to see our people we

should go to them not as persons with whom we are officially connected, and whom we call our parishioners, but as men and women whom we know and care for, with flesh and blood, and hearts to feel, and instincts to instruct; with temptations, and sorrows, and joys, which we can really enter into. We must learn feelingly "to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Again, we must study the individual characters of those with whom we have to deal, in order that we may speak to them as real men. Men must be won individually, and we must deal with our people one by one. And there must be a great deal of perseverance in this matter; the spirit of the most commonplace man, if we come indeed to deal with it, is too deep a mystery to be fathomed in a moment. We should meditate on, and pray over the spiritual cases we have in charge; pray over them, and gather from God's word the medicine needed for their cure. We must know the daily life of the persons we have to deal with, and must treat them cautiously and tenderly. Nor must we in estimating the full amount of labour which this requires of us, put out of our sight what our church does bid us remember, when she pledges us in our ordination service, to this labour and diligence, not only with the sick, but also with the whole in our care. The sick we can easily find at home, and our visits to them will generally be received with gladness. With them our main difficulties will be connected with the spiritual conduct of our intercourse with them. But if sickness has its own difficulties, the visitation of those in health is beset also by its own perplexities, and we shall find the first great difficulty is to reach the whole without intrusiveness or inconvenient visits. We ought not to break on in the meal time of the poor; we must not hinder the wife's household duties; we can rarely join ourselves to the labourer at his work, and even when we have gained access to them, we have to avoid making them think that we are intruding religious topics on them. What skill, what temper, what true and unfeigned interest in our people is needed to overcome all the difficulties that beset us; and well may we say, "who is sufficient for these things?" We need the spirit and self-denying love of our blessed Saviour, who denied himself all things, so that he might go about and do good to the souls of all. We shall have many an interrupted meal, many disturbed rests. Friends with whom we wished to stay must be left, invitations refused, so that we may do our duty to the perishing souls of our fellow men, in the way of godly and private admonitions. Let us above all things avoid indolence, and sloth in these matters. Having laid down systematic rules on pastoral visitation, let us not deviate from them, except in the case of sickness and peculiar pastoral calls. And let me close this short paper in the words of one of the ordination addresses of the Bishop of Oxford, "If we would watch diligently for our brethren, we must love our Lord. We must, beneath his cross, on our knees, in our own struggle against sin, in receiving our own deliverance, in hearing his voice, in receiving his benediction, in eating his flesh, in drinking his blood, learn to love him, and for His sake to love our brethren. Then will the most difficult duties become light, because all things are easy to love; then shall we in our daily visiting and ministrations be taught by the spirit of our Lord how to copy Him, and understand His words:—"If I then, your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."

COSTLY RELIGION.

"And pray, let me hear what is the foundation of your religion?" asked a smart young revivalist of an old saint, who had grown wrinkled and hoary under the weight of years and trouble. "My son," replied the aged woman, "I have paid for my religion—not for my salvation, for Christ settled all that long ago; but my religion has cost me a good bit of trouble. It has been very expensive in many ways, inward and outward, I assure you. Now let me hear a little of what your religion has cost you, and then we shall be able to talk about the foundation." The young man said he would call another day, and wait for a more convenient season to go into all that. But she was a wise old woman, made wise unto salvation by divine teaching. A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing, and those who are brought up by sovereign power into the school of grace know something of the cost.

IS ROMANISM ON THE INCREASE?

In answer to this question *Ravenstein's Denominational Statistics* makes the following statement:

"There are now nearly a million Roman Catholics in England and Wales, and these are divided according to their nationality, thus—English Roman Catholics, 179,000; foreigners, 52,000; Irish, 742,560. This is one side of the subject; now look at the other. In 1801 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about fifteen millions and three quarters, of whom four millions and three quarters were Roman Catholics, or twenty-seven per cent. of the whole population. Now, the population is nearly thirty-one millions and a half, of whom a little more than five millions and a half are Roman Catholics, or only eighteen per cent. of the whole population. In other words, while the Roman Catholics have increased at the rate of twenty-eight per cent., the Protestants have increased at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent. Protestantism has therefore been advancing nearly five times faster than Romanism since the beginning of the present century."

THE SICK CHAMBER.

Health and the sun have been always sung and praised. We will now celebrate sickness and shade. We will celebrate thee, bodily sickness, when thou layest thy hand on the head and heart of man, and sayest to the sufferings of his spirit, "Enough!" Thou art called on earth an evil; ah, how often art thou a good, healing balsam, under whose benign influence the soul rests after its hard struggles and its wild storms are still! More than once hast thou prevented suicide and preserved from madness. The terrible, the bitter words which destroy the heart are by degrees obliterated during the feverish dreams of illness; the terrors which lately seemed so near us are drawn away into the distance; we forget, God be thanked, we forget; and when at last we arise with exhausted strength from the sick bed, our souls often awake as out of a long night into a new morning. So many things, during the illness of the body, conspire to soften the feelings; the still room, the mild twilight through the window-curtains, the low voices, and then, more than all, the kind words of those who surround us; their attention, their solicitude, perhaps a tear in their eyes; all this does us good, does us essential good. And when the wise Solomon enumerated all the good things which have their time upon the earth, he forgot to celebrate sickness among the rest.—*Bremer's President's Daughter.*

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THE BRIDGE BETWEEN.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE BEGINNING OF AN END.

"Dorothy," called Mr. Woodward, at she passed the study door, "I want you."

"Yes, papa; but Mr. Blakesley is waiting for me in the garden."

"Never mind, dear, I will not keep you a moment."

She entered, and found her father sitting before a pile of papers, and with a careworn look upon his face. Netta was there, and looked as if she had been crying; but after a minute she rose, and left the room.

"What is the matter?" she asked, a feeling of fear creeping over her.

"When are you going to be married, Dorothy dear?" he inquired, kindly.

He was a dear old man, and fond of his children, little as he troubled about them—fonder far than his wife was of them.

"Oh, not yet, papa dear; let me stay at home a little longer!" She was quite distressed; everybody seemed conspiring to hurry her into the bonds of matrimony.

"I want you to let it be soon, my dear," he said, almost entreatingly. "Netta is going to be married to Sir George Finch next month, and I should like you to have Blakesley the same day, if possible." The tears came into her eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks. He looked at her in surprise; he, as is so often the case with fathers, knew nothing of the state of his daughter's heart. "What is the matter, dear?"

"I want to stay with you a little longer," she pleaded.

"No, dear, it is much better you should be married. The fact is, Dorothy, I fear things are going very badly with me; the paper is not doing at all well; nay, worse, I think, since it was altered and enlarged. I hoped we should make a fortune," he said, in a pained voice, that touched his daughter sorely; "and that I should be able to provide for your mother and all of you—I don't want to lose you—and instead of that I have ruined you all."

"But mamma's money?"

"All lost, I fear. Two thousand pounds go a very little way in a large speculation when everything goes out and nothing comes in, and we have had two actions for libel, and unless things take a great turn for the better a crash must come; and it would be a great relief to see you and your sister married."

"Not both of us," she said.

"Yes, Dorothy, dear; for Netta is going to India, and seems terribly afraid lest Sir George should find out that we are likely to be poorer. But I think you will be different, and Blakesley is a good fellow, so that if the worst came about you could give Sally a home for a little while." She looked up at him in surprise. "Yes, dear," he said, in answer to her dumb inquiry, "we may have to leave here."

She stood still, staring blankly at him, then she thought of the garden and the underwood in the bygone summers, and she looked round at the cosy room, which Netta's influence had never altered or disturbed, and at her father—a kind, careless father, who had never said a cross word to his children in his life. How bitter it would be for him to go away from the dear old house, and to see his home broken up, she thought! She stopped, and put her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"Very well, dear papa," she said, softly, and clung a little closer.

CHAPTER XXVI.—OUT IN THE GARDEN.

Dorothy went out into the garden at last. This had been such a long strange day, she thought; but, thank goodness, it would be over soon, and then she could creep away, and, in the darkness, think it

all over. She walked up to George Blakesley, in a dazed sort of way, and stood before him.

"I thought you were never coming," he said.

"I have been talking to Mr. Fuller and papa," she answered, "and now I have come;" she sat down on the rickety seat beside him; "and it shall be—what we were talking about to night—whenever you please," she added, meekly.

"My dear child, my dear little child!" he said, trying to draw her to him, but she shrank back.

"Oh no," she said, "don't do that; and I'm not a child any longer. I feel like an old woman. There is something all wrong in my life," she added.

"It will be right presently," he said, hopefully. "What made you change your mind so soon, Dorothy?"

"Papa wished it," she said frankly and gravely.

"I see—I fear things are going wrong. He has made some mistakes over the paper lately. He is quite right to wish to see you safely married."

He said the words to himself, not to her, but she heard them, and they stung her pride; she said nothing, only turned her face a little more away, and began absently making pictures in the shadowy outlines beyond the garden. It was very dark; she could scarcely define a single object beyond the fence, and the sycamore-tree above her waved gravely to and fro in the breeze. It was a warm night, but she shivered with cold and wretchedness, and looked down longing at the garden, and thought how terrible it would be to leave it. And then to be married! To go away from home and her dear old father, over whom a sorrow was stealing, and from Tom and Will and Sally. Will was getting on so well with his studies, and Sally could draw figures in a way that was quite wonderful, and then there was Mr. Fuller. She did not even want to see him any more, she thought, she felt so angry with him, and so ashamed of herself and all that had passed between them. To go away from home and from the dear old garden, to be married to George Blakesley for ever, to take this for her life and all her hopes and dreams, and never to look for anything more! Oh, it seemed dreadful! she would give the world to be free. She should never care for Mr. Blakesley, never.

"Dorothy!"

She woke from her reverie with a start. "Yes;" and she did not look round. Suddenly she felt a hand put softly over her eyes.

"You are crying, Dorothy." He had been thinking of the future also, and building up air-castles just as Dorothy once had built them; but they fell with a crash when he felt the tears upon her cheeks. "Look round at me," he said, kindly. "Don't be afraid of me. Now, tell me what is the matter. Are you crying because you are going to marry me, my child?" She hung her head, and hesitated; but she could not tell a falsehood. "Does the prospect distress you so very much, Dorothy?"

"Yes," she said.

"Why did you ever accept me?"

"I don't know. I was very unhappy. Oh, please forgive me, George, I have been very wicked," she broke out; "I will marry you know, and papa wishes it; but, oh, I would give the world to die!"

"Rather than marry me, dear?"

"Yes," she said, sadly. "But it's too late; now, too, when I have seen your aunts, and everybody knows. Let it go on now—"

"No," he answered, gravely; "you shall be free, my child. It is no use caring for what people say in a matter of right and

wrong. I have been wrong to force you as I have done. But I'm so fond of you, my dear little girl!" and the tender voice touched her a little, as it always had done.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said.

"Yes, I quite forgive you," he said, softly. She never dreamt how much he suffered. "You cannot help your feelings, my child. There, there," he said soothingly, as he felt her tears fall upon his hand, "don't be so distressed. You are quite free; and I will go away and never worry you more. I think it will be much better for you." She began to doubt him almost, he was so calm.

"Do you love me, then, so very much?" she asked, wonderingly.

"With all my heart," he answered in a low voice.

"Yet you give me up?"

"Because I love you so much that your happiness is more to me than my own."

"Oh, how good you are, George!" she said, passionately; "I can't think how it is I don't love you, but I don't, and I believe I have no heart; I think I'm made of stone, and I don't believe we ever love the right people." The last words slipped out almost before she was aware of it, but he heard, and stood silently considering them over.

"I will not worry you any more," he said; "and when we meet again we will be friends."

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Don't go altogether."

Then he looked round at the old familiar garden, and stared once more at the girl's troubled face.

"Good-bye," he said; "will you kiss me before I go dear? you never did in your life." She put up her lips and kissed him, gratefully; yet in the readiness with which she complied there was a hopelessness of any stronger feeling, that saddened him more than all before. "Good-bye," he said again; "my Dorothy, my dear little girl," and he went, and left her alone under the sycamore-tree.

She started after him, almost dazed, and listened till the last faint sound of his footsteps died away, and then she put her hands over her face, and bent it down upon the other side of the seat. She could scarcely realize that she was free, that after all she was not to marry George Blakesley, and have the door of her dream-world shut on her for ever. He would never come again, or talk to her about their future life, and where they would live, and what they would do, and she should never see the faded beard coming down the garden-path any more, and reflect that she must walk beside it through every day to come, and that she must like no other face so well as that one Tom had so often called "washed-out." It was a great relief to be free, and yet she gave a long sigh, and was a little sorry. Had he not loved her better and more than any one else had? and now she might go through the world alone, and without any one to care for her. Her encounter with Adrian Fuller that evening, too, had made her long never to see him again. Oh, she was so thoroughly alone in the world, and the old question came back once more, and with a bitterness she had never felt that it held previously, "What do we live for?"

Then suddenly she remembered her father's position, and that he had said that if she married she could take care of Sally, and now that was impossible. She started, and stood upright, considering what she should do, and how she should tell her father what had happened, and what would become of Sally. Now that she was free, all her old love for her brothers and her quaint little sister came back with a rush.

"I will take care of Sally, I will!" she cried passionately to herself.
 "Dorothy!" called Mr. Woodward, out of the study window, "I want you;" and she went, half-trembling, and fearing to tell him the news.

CHAPTER XXVII.—DOROTHY ANSWERS HER OWN QUESTION.

"How generous it was; there never was any one half so kind," Dorothy said to herself, as she went to her own room at last.

She was thinking of George Blakesley. He had told Mr. Woodward that the engagement between them was over; but he had taken all the blame upon himself, saying that he was too grave and staid for Dorothy, and that she wanted to stay at home with her brothers and sisters a little longer. "They were not going to be strangers, though," he said, and he hoped he should still be allowed to come to the house.

"Poor little girl!" he said tenderly to himself, as he left the house; "I believe she has lost her heart to that Fuller, though I always thought that he was after the Beauty. I wish she would put a little more earnestness into her life, and think of something beyond the garden and her story and poetry books."

"How generous he is!" thought Dorothy again. And she sat down by the window, and looked vacantly out at the garden and the trees, and all she loved so well, and soon might have to leave. Presently she looked up at the clear hard grey sky, with the stars shining brightly down upon her. "I used to think they were little holes in the sky once, and the light of heaven shone through them. I should like to go to heaven," she thought; "It must be so beautiful there. I might just as well die. I'm sure I am of no use to any one." Then suddenly, almost with a start, the question came to her lips—"But should I get there if I did die?" and it was a long time before she answered it, with sad and bitter tears chasing each other down her cheeks. "Why, I never did anything good in my whole life, never! What right have I to heaven? I am very selfish, I have always lived to please myself, and thought of myself, and had dreams and hopes all for myself. Oh, what shall I do!" She went away from the window, and sat down beside the bed on which Sally was sleeping. She thought of all George Blakesley had said by the fire-light on the evening he had first told her he loved her; how some great man, she did not remember his name, had said that she should regard the world as a workshop, in which we should make something good and beautiful; and the longing she had felt at the time, and forgotten ever since, came back. He had said, too, that work was the noblest of all occupations, and that there was always plenty to do to make life better for others; and that if we did not make some one the happier or the better for our being in the world, we were only so much human lumber, taking up light and life and room to no purpose whatever. "I can't think what he ever loved me for," she thought; "he must have seen how selfish I was. I would give the world to be better, and to make something beautiful!" and then suddenly she heard Sally breathing, and remembered her father's wish that she should take care of her. "And I will," she said, firmly, to herself; "I will learn to work and to take care of her and of others too, and in trying to make their lives better I shall make my own so too. Oh, how wicked I have been!" and she burst into tears again, and, almost without knowing it, sank on her knees, and prayed that God would help her, and make her hands and heart strong to work.

"I believe that is the secret of it all—I

have not thought enough of God. George said half the teaching of Christ was summed up in working and in helping others." Suddenly it flashed upon her, "Perhaps this is what we live for—to make other lives beautiful, till in their reflected light our own become beautiful also. I believe I have found out the secret at last," she thought. It seemed to Dolly as if new feelings came to her in that long hour she sat alone and made these resolutions for a new life, and she looked back almost wonderingly at the past days, in which she had fretted because her mother had not loved her very much. "I never gave her any reason," she thought; and then a longing came to go to her before she went to sleep that night.

She knew that her father was still in his study, and her mother alone in her room, so she slipped softly along the short corridor, and listened for a moment at the door. There was a faint sound, as of some one sobbing.

"Mamma!" she said, opening the door gently.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Woodward asked, surprised.

Her children had never been very demonstrative towards her, and she never dreamed of Dorothy's errand.

"Mamma! dear mamma! what is the matter?" and with all the pent-up longing for love which still was in the girl's heart, and the aching feeling of all the past still strong upon her, and all the disappointment it held, she went forward and flung herself down by her mother's side. "Oh, dear mamma, tell me what it is!"

"We are ruined, Dorothy, quite ruined! Your father has lost all the money, and will be in the bankruptcy court soon, and we shall have to go away from here. He has lost my money, and all!"

"But don't grieve so, dearest mother," she said, kissing her as in all her life she had never kissed her before. "We are all with you, and will work."

"Oh, what can you do, dear?" asked Mrs. Woodward, touched by the tenderness of the daughter whom she had always slighted for her prettier sister.

"I can work, and I will. I'll teach, or beg, or go to service, if you like. Mr. Blakesley says I write a nice hand; perhaps I can do something with that."

"But you are going to be married, you forget that," she said, sorrowfully, for she was beginning already to lean upon this girl who had only just resolved to bear the burden of other's sorrows besides her own.

"No, mamma, I am going to stay with you, and take care of you and Sally and papa."

Dorothy was right—she was no longer a child, but a woman. Then her mother turned to her, and caressed and thanked her for her kindness, and told her she had always neglected her for Netta, who had been quite angry when she found that ruin stared her parents in the face.

"But it will not hurt her," said Dorothy. "She is going to make a grand marriage, and going to India."

"Yes; but she is so ashamed that Sir George should know we are poor, and that she cannot have her friends here any longer, or have a grand wedding."

"But Netta has money of her own."

"Only the interest of a thousand pounds, and she has to buy her trousseau. You had better go now, dear, and I am so grateful for your kindness," and she put her arms around her daughter's neck, and kissed her. Then Dorothy went back to her own room and sat down, and though she cried again that night, they were not such bitter tears as before; and she woke in the morning with the keen sense of having found something new and strange—the

answer to her own long-weariful question, "What do we live for?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.—DOROTHY AND NETTA.

"Netta," said Dorothy, as she helped the beauty to look over her garments, a few days later, "are you happy?"

"Yes," she answered, shortly.

"Do you love Sir George?"

"Oh, I don't know, I suppose so; don't talk nonsense, Dorothy!" she answered; "I'm going to marry him, and that's enough."

"Should you have had him if he had been poor?"

"No, certainly not," and the tears came into the Beauty's blue eyes, though she tried to hide them from her sister. "But I can't bear poverty, and I am not fit for it—it would kill me."

"Netta, I want to tell you something. It was not my fault, but I once heard you talking to Mr. Fuller, and he called you 'darling.' Did you love him?"

"What right have you to ask?" Netta was trembling and pale, not angry, as Dorothy expected.

"Because I think I should like you better if you really did care for him," she answered in a low voice.

"Then I did—I do still, though I hate myself for it. I began to flirt with him, to tease you, Dorothy, and then I fell in love with him. I never meant to marry him, unless he got rich, and I soon saw he never would. He would have dreamt of his love for me forever, but he never would have found strength to work for me. I hate your dreamers," she flashed out, "who pass their time dreaming dreams they have not strength to realize, and who blend all their lives into their foolish musings until all realities that are not hard, and do not touch their sense of pain, become a part of them."

"Yet you loved him, Netta."

"Yes, I did. I took him from you, I know that, but it is a good thing. He would only have made you a dreamer like himself, until you woke to hard realities. I did love him, Dorothy, but I always despised him a little, too. I always shall. And I could not face poverty. I am very selfish, I know that, yet my selfishness did you good. He was very certain that you were in love with him, too, Dorothy, quite sure of it, and he has the worst kind of vanity, which prides itself on not being corrected."

"Oh, Netta, how can you speak so of a man you say you love?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I don't love him; not so much as I do myself, that is certain, for I could not give up luxury for any man living. I can't think how you can be content to stay at home and face poverty—it is such a terrible thing!" Then suddenly she got up. "You forgive me, don't you, Dorothy, and, see here, I will give you this ring."

It made Dorothy think of the bracelet she gave her nearly three years ago.

"No," she said, and refused to take it, but Netta made her, and afterwards Dorothy always wore it in remembrance of the day on which Netta had asked her forgiveness.

"Mr. Blakesley," said Dorothy, when, a week later, he paid them an awkward visit—he had so wanted to see her again—"I want you to help me in something." She felt so shy and hesitating in telling him what she had to say.

"Yes, what is it?"

"I want—I want to know, do you think I could earn money in any way. I want to work."

He gave her no approbation, which she had half expected he would—expressed no surprise, only answered, in his usually

quiet manner, "Yes, of course you can work, if you wish to do so."

"But do you think I can earn any money?" she asked; "and what can I do?"

"Why are you in such a hurry for money?"

"Because we are poor."

"I see. Yes, you could work; you know French, and you play pretty well, or you would make a good reader or amanuensis."

"And how should I set about this?"

"You might advertise, for one thing. I'll ask all the people I know, too, if they know of anything."

That was all he said. He seemed no longer to take any vivid interest in her. She was a little piqued and angry, but still she did not falter, she had made a step in the right direction, and she meant to persevere.

"Mr. Blakesley," she said one day, "I wish I could get out of the way of dreaming so much."

"Dreams are good in a way," he answered; "we may grope on in a dream, seeking for an idea that is worth realizing, and finding it at last."

"But perhaps we have not strength to realize it."

"Then the fault is ours."

A fortnight later and Netta was married, and sailed for India almost immediately afterwards.

"Dorothy," the Beauty said, "I shall never see Adrian again. If you ever marry him—and you may, for I think, unfortunately, he liked you, and you will never care for George Blakesley—tell him some day that, heartless as he thought me, he spoilt my life. If he had loved me better than his ease, he might have made me a different woman."

"What a terrible thing it is!" thought Dorothy. "I see now that, by not trying to do some good in the world, we are not merely passive, but are letting wrong grow up under our feet;" then she caught sight of her face in the glass, and thought how it had aged lately, and she felt that her heart had aged much more.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST EUROPEANS IN JAPAN.

Europeans first set foot in Japan in 1542. They were three Portuguese sailors, who, in the language of the Jesuit fathers, "breathed into the Japanese atmosphere the first breath of Christianity." Missionaries soon followed, notable among whom was Francis Xavier, and in the course of half a century so numerous were the converts that one might fairly hope that in a few years the whole empire would be Christianized. But the Shogun Hidéyoshi, who had learned of the Portuguese and Spanish conquests in India, grew suspicious of the new doctrine, and instituted a violent persecution of the Christians, which was continued by his successors. In 1637 it was alleged that the native Christians had entered into a conspiracy with the Portuguese government to overthrow the imperial throne. The whole sect was remorselessly crushed: all foreigners were expelled from the empire, excepting the Dutch, who had aided the Shogun, and who were allowed to keep up a trading establishment on the little island of Deshima, which they were not allowed to leave, and where they were in effect prisoners, only three vessels being allowed once a year to come to them from Holland. Weary must have been the watch of these exiled traders as they paced along the shore of their little prison, straining their eyes in gazing over the blue waters to catch the first glimpse of the white sails which were to bring them some tidings from the world without. From this time dates that system of jealous seclusion which

for more than two centuries kept Japan a sealed book from the rest of the world. Yet during all this time the empire enjoyed profound tranquility under the system of dual government, which had in effect been instituted as early as the twelfth century, but had been brought to perfection by Iyeyasu and his grandson Iyemitsu. The introduction of Christianity and its complete extermination form a thrilling episode, but, after all, only an episode, leaving behind it no trace of the history on Japan and its institutions.—A. H. GUERNTEY, in *Harper's Magazine for September*

COUNTRY MINISTERS.

Many people make the great blunder of supposing that our city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country. It is a very natural blunder for people to make; and yet is a blunder, nevertheless. Every great city has its great men in all professions. But where it has one great man, it has scores of small ones. To one who has served ministerially in country and city churches, the error of the popular estimate is seen. We know of dozens of ministerial brothers, serving in country churches, many of them in small, out-of-the-way parishes, who, judged either by the standard of scholarship, or zeal, or of pulpit efficiency, are able to stand side by side with those who represent the highest average of talent in our city pulpits. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, taking them man for man, the preachers in the country churches, so far as New England goes, will outrank on the average the preachers of the cities. A man must be very strong in his originality; he must be intensely personal in his characteristics, in order to resist those influences in city life which are calculated to level him downward, in the scale of personal power. In the country, a man can grow naturally. He furnishes the standard of judgment to his parish, in himself. His development is normal and not artificial. His study of character can be more thorough, and his knowledge of life, while less varied, less complex, less full, perhaps, can be more individualistic than it can be in the city. There is also a moral education possible to the preacher in a country parish that is not possible to one who conducts a great swiftly-working metropolitan organization. He who can look out through his study window upon a wide landscape or a stretch of ocean, or who lives within sight of the solemn hills, who can retire at will from the noise of human activity into the sweet and suggestive quietude of nature—has possibilities of spiritual culture which are denied those who live amid the noise and rumble, and narrow prospect of our city streets, Meadows and forests, and the solemn ocean shore, the quiet of the night, and the peacefulness of undisturbed days, can teach one as neither books, nor statues of bronze, nor the sight of human faces can ever do. "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength"—*Golden Rule*.

THE best days of the saint's life are those in which he effects the most good.

RECEIVE Christ into your heart, and He will receive you into His Kingdom.

WHERE there is much provision for the flesh, there is commonly little repast for the mind.

"NO MAN hath a velvet cross," was Flavel's assertion, years ago, and it is just as true now as then. Only He who giveth it to us, and He who beareth the cross knows its weight. God only knows the strength needful for every burden.

ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory
Only when seen from afar;
And the sails lose all their whiteness
Inside the harbor bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we never may reach.

O Distance! thou dear enchanter,
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The gleam of the far-off sail!

—Record of the Year.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Many things are earnestly desired. Wealth, rank, fame, office, ease, amusement, and a long list of coveted possessions and enjoyments might be named. For these the wistful multitude sigh. For these the resolute toil and contend. And these the few whom the world esteems fortunate attain. Many are the objects of pursuit; but one thing is needful.

Strange to say, the very possession which is—not the most essential—but the only essential one, is that which is least desired and sought for by the mass of men. This would appear incredible did not our daily observation confirm the truth. Alas, our personal experience, as each of us examines his own heart, is sufficient to prove how inadequately we prize this inestimable boon and how feebly we strive to attain it. We are carried away by the quest for inferior things; we are often anxious and troubled lest we fail to secure them, or lest they slip from our eager grasp. And yet but one thing is needful.

It adds to the marvel that all other objects, even if attained, fail to satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Again and again the heart-sick searcher after happiness grasps the coveted prize, only to find that it cannot impart the bliss he seeks. He resumes the search only again to find that he pursues a goal which, like the horizon, flies before him. Yet strangely he neglects the very treasure which would confer both present and perpetual and ever-increasing joy—the one thing needful.

For of all that the human heart can attain, this treasure either is or of necessity includes all that is indestructible. Other possessions perish with the using. This is imperishable. It is that good part which shall not be taken away. Infinite love has not only offered an inconceivable precious gift, but has guaranteed an eternal possession of it.

The most earnest and indefatigable searcher for other objects may be and often is disappointed. He who truly seeks to obtain the greatest of all possessions never fails. Whosoever will, let him come. Ask, and ye shall receive. The promise is sure. We may rest upon it with unshaken faith.

Let each one ask himself the solemn question—Is the one thing needful mine?

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service, when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bells are rung in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.