

Dominion Churchman.

Vol. 7.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1881.

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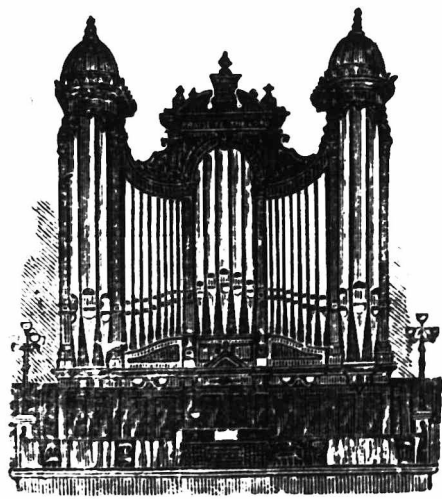
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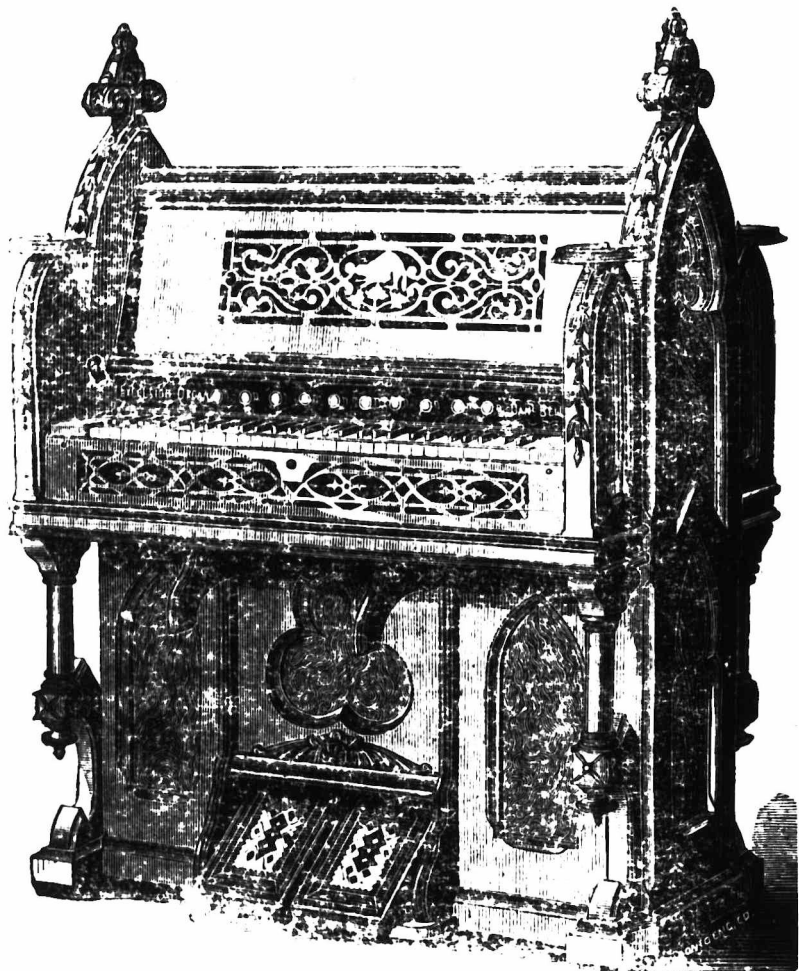
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1881.

IN the room of Canon Barlow, deceased, Canon Fenn has been elected as Proctor of Convocation for the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol.

The Convocation of Canterbury has been formally prorogued till Friday, the 7th January. It is expected to meet for the despatch of business in February. The Convocation of York has also been prorogued till the 7th January.

Mr. Bridge, minister of the Cumminsite schism at Farmersville, together with his congregation, has returned to the communion of the Church. He will in due course be ordained deacon by the Bishop of Ontario.

In the course of a sermon on the anniversary of Knutsford church, the Bishop of Manchester said he thought there was reason in the complaint that the ecclesiastical laws seemed to deal much more hardly with men for offending in matters of ritual, than against men who were guilty of some moral offence.

The fleets forming the international squadron at Cattaro have separated, at the suggestion of Her Majesty's Government, after communicating to each other their respective destinations. The British ships had orders for Malta; the Italian for Brindisi; the French for Toulon; the German for the East Indies *via* Malta; the Russian for Naples.

It is stated that the Bishop of St. David's has been obliged to decline receiving literates as candidates for ordination, owing to the number of applications he has received from Nonconformist ministers, and persons leaving Nonconformist colleges. The Bishop of Lincoln has obliged to make a similar rule for the same reason.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has issued an appeal on behalf of the National Society. For seventy years it has promoted the education of the people in the principles of the Church. Two millions of children are under instruction through its instrumentality. One of the most important functions of the Society consists in the maintenance and regulation of Church training colleges under the sanction of the Archbishop.

Several proposals have been made to meet the Irish difficulty. One is, that small tenants in Ireland should hold their farms subject to a rent not more than 20 or 25 per cent. in advance of Griffith's valuation; and that landlords dissatisfied with this arrangement should be entitled to call on the State to purchase their property. The other proposal is from Colonel Gordon, who brings forward a bold plan for paying off, at a cost of eighty million pounds sterling, the landlords in eleven Irish counties.

An application made to the Irish Queen's Bench for a postponement of the State trials has been rejected.

The Royal Court of Jersey has refused to register the English Burials Bill, so as to give it force in that island, and the subject has been referred for consideration to the States Assembly, which has already passed a measure bearing on the subject, and is opposed to the introduction of the Act passed by Parliament.

Dr. Duff, son of the late Presbyterian Moderator, and an able advocate of missions, has, with his wife and family, been received into the Roman communion at Dunedin, New Zealand. This is another illustration of the well known, but sometimes disputed fact that "Extremes are very apt to meet."

A Parochial Mission was held at Haddenham, from Saturday, November 13th to Tuesday, Nov. 23rd. The Missioners were the Rev. Rowland Ellis, vicar of Mold; the Rev. W. H. Jackson, vicar of Thorp Arch, York; the Rev. E. T. Marshall, rector of Coveney, Ely; and the Rev. W. Westmacott, vicar of Highbridge, Somerset. Though a mission was a new thing in the Isle of Ely, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of the parish of Haddenham live at a considerable distance from the church, the success of the effort was remarkable. All the services were well attended; some persons were present regularly who had not been in a place of worship for years.

The feast of dedication of *St. Andrew's, Wells Street*, London, was celebrated this year with unusual solemnity, on the occasion of the dedication by the Bishop of London of a peal of eight bells, recently presented to the church. The Bishop attended Evensong on the eve, and immediately afterwards went in procession to the tower, the choir singing the eighty-first Psalm. The singers the clergy of the church, Bishop Tozer and his chaplain, and the Bishop of London with his chaplain, accompanied by such of the clergy present as had been previously connected with the church, and followed by the two churchwardens, Mr. Beresford Hope, (Mrs. Imbert Terry) who was the donor of the bells, went up to the ringing chamber, where the ringers stood, rope in hand, ready to begin. The service of dedication was the same that was used for the dedication of the new bells of St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles must be a festival to be regarded as of very high importance by the thoughtful Christian, for it not only commemorates one of the most interesting events of the infant life of Christ, but it asserts one of the most vital facts of the Christian religion, the great distinction indeed between Christianity and Judaism. The Jewish faith was the religion of a race. If a man was born of the seed of Jacob, and was circumcised, he was in covenant relationship with God. If he was a Greek, Roman, or Chinese ancestry, he was a stranger to the covenant of promise. Under the most favourable cir-

cumstances, he could only to an external connection with the religious system of Israel, as a proselyte of the gate. When Judaism was no more the Divine Religion, because it became not so much supplanted as completed and fulfilled in Christianity, St. Paul asked, as if with indignation whether God is the God of the Jews only, and whether He is not the Gentiles also. He seems to have desired to ask whether this religion was a full unveiling of the mind of the Almighty Father of Angels and of men; and was His eye ever to rest in love and favour only on the hills and valleys of Palestine. He wished to inquire whether there was no place in His heart for all those races which lay East and West, and North and South of the favoured region. Or was the God of Israel, like the deities of the heathen world, really the God of Israel in such a sense that that nation could monopolise all His care, His protection, His love, while the rest of the world was to lie in darkness and the shadow of death for ever, without hope of being admitted to share His embrace? The events the Church brings before us now contain the elements of an answer to these inquiries; and the Jewish system itself contained the reason of its vanishing by absorption into the brighter light which succeeded. The Jewish ritual when examined had the sentence of its own destruction, by foreshadowing the perfect work of the one atoning Victim which it could not itself possibly achieve. The first real step towards the fulfilment of the anticipations of the ancient prophets was made when the wise men crossed the desert on their way to the manger of the infant Jesus. That visit opened nothing less than a new era in the religious history of the world, and we Gentiles of to-day owe all that we have received from Him hitherto, all that we hope from Him in the time to come and in the eternity beyond it, to that Grace which led these Gentiles of old to come to Christ's light—these kings to the brightness of his rising.

THE UNITED STATES CHURCH.

THE Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee," sing we in that glorious hymn the "*Te Deum*." Yet how apt we all are to forget this in our every day life, and to look over-much at our own surroundings and to be unduly depressed because the Church does not appear to be making that rapid progress which we, in our zeal, think she ought. Under such circumstances as this it is well for us to look abroad, for the simple reason that as outsiders we may judge impartially of the work advancing under other auspices than our own. The growth and prosperity of the United States Church is, without doubt, one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. Before the Revolution, almost crushed out of existence by the persistent denial of the Episcopate; after the Revolution, reduced almost to the "shadow of a shade," it appeared a forlorn hope to attempt to resuscitate a dying cause. The little band that was left had not only to struggle against Puritan prejudice opposed to Catholic doctrine and practice, but also had to submit to uncompromising political opposition, because in the minds of the great mass of the people a Churchman was considered a concealed Royalist. In spite of all opposition, in firm faith that the promise given to St. Peter would not

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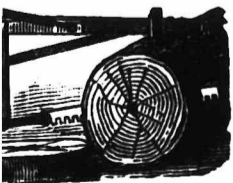
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fail, the true episcopal succession was obtained, an independent branch was founded, and now with less than a century of corporate existence the American Church stands before us a marvel alike to friend and foe. Her gates so broad, her ritual so reverent, her prayers so deeply spiritual, her charity so great, her faith so certain and changeless, is daily attracting to her bosom, faithful souls and earnest hearts, who, wearied by fitful fanaticism and bald services, and above all terrified by the fearful strides that infidelity is now making among sectarians, are seeking for a sure haven of rest. That haven of rest must be an historical Christianity, and that historical Christianity can be found only in the Church. As the editor of the *New York Independent* says: "The Protestant Episcopal Church has in recent years been taking long strides forward. It has had the reputation of being a fashionable and easy-going church, with little aggressiveness in its composition; but it is now showing an energy, a purpose, and a determination which must result in substantial gains." "The Church is internally united and at peace. Never in its history has there been greater harmony than now, and instead of fighting each other as the parties used to do, they now work together, in a spirit of peace, for the advancement of the interest of the church."

These are generous words coming from an opponent; but they are true, as a few facts culled from a recent address by the Bishop of Long Island will show. The Episcopate now consists of 66 bishops, assisted by 3,435 clergy. There are 450 candidates for Holy Orders, 3,200 duly organized parishes, and 1,200 missions, with 3,500 churches. The annual confirmations number about 30,000; 35,000 of the laity assist in Sunday schools, having 300,000 children under their care. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," not only by the preacher in the House of God, but the Church acts the part of the Good Samaritan by carrying on at her own expence 108 hospitals, asylums, and homes. Her care for education is shewn by 130 colleges and schools, and 16 theological institutions.

As it is only by comparison that we may gauge the advance we learn from *Whittaker's Almanack* for 1881, that during the past year the increase in various particulars has been, bishops 5, clergy 111, baptisms 2,487, communicants 20,846, Sunday school scholars 16,082. The offerings for the year amounted to \$7,018,762; being an increase of \$430,783 over the previous twelve months.

Her Ministry of Apostolic origin, though until lately an occasion of controversy, and often of bitter prejudice, is now becoming a power of attraction. Not a few earnest men in the ministry of Dissent are beginning to feel the value of a commission whose authority none can question; and so the spectacle is presented, almost weekly, of true ordination being conferred on men who had hitherto laboured without it.

One more fact and we will have finished. Last year 47,963 baptisms took place in the American Church, of that number at least 7,297 were adults, an absolute gain from nothing-arianism. Truly, we have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears the truth sung by the Psalmist of old, "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

IS THE PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE MARRIAGE LAW EXPEDIENT?

THE proposed change in the law of marriage suggests not only the enquiry "Is it lawful?" but also the enquiry, "Is it expedient?" It is, indeed, most true that no seeming expediency can

ever justify us in consenting to that which is, in itself, unlawful; yet that which is prescribed to us by the law of God, may also commend itself to our moral sense by its obvious tendency to secure and to advance the happiness of man. We do well to note, as we often have occasion to note, "how pleasant in itself" is that which "pleases Him." And, besides this, men will look at this most important question from different points of view; and the arguments of those who urge the provisions of a law, which they hold to be Divine, against the change proposed, may derive most valuable support from the reasoning of those who, independently of the consideration of Divine authority, insist that the change proposed would be deeply injurious to social interests. Let us then contemplate the question under this aspect.

It is to be regretted that the advocates of the change confine their view to special and exceptional circumstances, and shut out from their field of vision the general and invariable consequences of the proposed legislation. They point to the case of a widower, left with young children who greatly need a mother's care, and have been accustomed to receive care next a mother's from that mother's sister, and are thus prepared to receive her, rather than any other, to fill the mother's room. In thus contemplating the effect which the change may have, when the first wife shall have died and have left a family, they wholly overlook the inevitable effects which it must have produced long before those events can have occurred. Men's eyes are, as we conceive blinded to the real nature of the change proposed, because they forget that the benefits, which, under the existing law, are now unconsciously enjoyed while the first wife is still living, must necessarily cease if the change proposed is carried into effect. They find now that, during the fatal illness, and after the death, of the first wife, the intimate services of a beloved and trusted sister afford unspeakable relief, and they exclaim, "How monstrous is it not that any law should forbid that she, who alone can render such services, should be permitted to assume the closest relation both to the widower and to his children." They forget the disastrous transformation of relations, which if the proposed change shall be effected, must have taken place long before: a transformation which will effectually preclude the possibility that the wife's sister should render the intimate services which are so highly valued, and which appear to render her permanent establishment in the household so desirable. The bill proposed has been not unaptly styled, "A bill for the abolition of sisters-in-law." Is it not most true that the position of trustful intimacy and affection, which a wife's sisters occupy in the household of her husband, is wholly due to the relation in which the law, as it now exists, places them in regard to him? They are as near of him as his own sisters. They feel, in respect to him, the same innocent confidence which they instinctively repose in their own brothers. They move as freely in his family circle as they would under their father's roof. There is no painful apprehension of trusting too freely to one, who bears the sacred name of *brother*. The law both of God and man, as they undoubtingly believe, has thrown the *agis* of its protection over them, and under it they may rest in quietness and confidence.

The marriage of their sister has involved a happy widening of the family circle; another home has been opened for them; the sacred limit, within which domestic joys and sympathies may be fearlessly cherished, has been most beneficently enlarged. Can we look on this good, and doubt that it comes from God? Even were there no express Divine

law, men might safely trust that, in thus framing their own civil and social laws, they were surely seeking after and finding Him, who is the Author of all purity and peace.

The present Chief Justice of England, in a speech made in the House of Lords in June last, most forcibly urged this view of the case. He spoke of "passionless affection," as being one of man's choicest social blessings, and he observed how greatly this blessing is extended by the maintenance of the existing law of marriage. It is quite true that, if the law were changed, the blessing in question might still be enjoyed by pure-minded and noble characters; the inestimable value of the law is, that it absolutely *secures* the blessing to all, guarding men's best instincts by public sanction and authority; that it assures all that brotherly and sisterly intimacy cannot possibly subject them to any inquietude on their own part or to any injurious suspicion on the part of others. No man, who is capable of reflection and feeling, can fail to value this safeguard, under which the intercourse of daily life is placed, by the confidence that they who share in that intercourse, can never entertain towards each other more than "passionless affection." And all this *must* be changed, in respect of a wife's sisters, if the law be altered. They will no longer be the sisters of her husband. They will be, in regard of him, on precisely the same footing in his house, as women belonging to another family. "Passionless affection" will find no place; it must give way to frigid decorum and reserve, unless domestic peace is to be imperilled. And, should the married sister's need of kindly aid and sympathy become aggravated by sickness, this will itself prove an additional bar to her receiving that aid and sympathy from those, from whom she would most naturally seek it, because the protection will have been withdrawn, under which her own sister might have regarded, her husband's house as a home, and himself as a brother.

There may be minds which will fail to appreciate these arguments; there may be those who can be taught effectually, by experience only, what must be the consequence of removing the barrier under the shelter of which society has so long been placed; there are again idiosyncrasies, which cannot readily be accounted for. We have heard of wives who, on their death beds, implored their husbands to marry their sisters; but we believe such cases to be most rare, and we are satisfied that women, as a class, feel very keenly that the proposed change in the law would render inevitable a very painful derangement of those sisterly relations, which marriage, under its present conditions, leaves wholly undisturbed.

We are satisfied, therefore, that if it were the only change to be apprehended, the change proposed is, in itself, highly inexpedient; but we are also satisfied that it cannot be regarded as a change which will not too surely induce further changes.

This consideration greatly aggravates its own inherent inexpediency.

We have, indeed, been told that this is the unreasoning and timid cry, which is constantly raised against all useful reforms, and *The Globe* has assured its readers that the advocates of this change neither propose nor desire any other.

In order that we may duly appreciate the worth of this declaration, let us bear in mind the following facts: 1st. That the bill of last Session *did* propose another most revolting change in the law, whereby a man would be permitted to marry the widow of his deceased brother; 2ndly. That a writer in *The Globe* has urged that, if liberty be given to marry a deceased wife's sister, liberty

should also be given to marry her aunt or her niece, and that legislators, who concede the former liberty cannot, on any ground of principle, withhold the latter; 3rdly. That *The Globe* has, in a leading article, boldly maintained that marriage with the wife of a deceased brother is not forbidden in Leviticus XVIII.; that the prohibition is limited to the lifetime of the brother. If this be so, there are many other marriages, which have ever been deemed most flagitious, which the word of God does not forbid; and nothing but the closest consanguinity will remain as a bar to marriage; 4th. That it has been maintained by a writer in *The Globe* that the relation of affinity ceasing on her death. In this case the words of Holy Scripture are represented as forbidding only adultery or polygamy in its grossest forms.

We have surely a most serious lesson to derive from the arguments which have been adopted in favour of the special relaxation of the marriage law which is so passionately demanded: we may learn how this relaxation logically involves many others; we may learn also how careless men become of the reverence which is due to Holy Scripture, when it stands opposed to their favourite theories; how willing they are to reduce its solemn words of prohibition to an absurdity, and to fix upon it a meaning, which if it were indeed its meaning, would justly expose it to the contempt of mankind.

In the article on "The Marriage Law," which appeared in our issue of December 23rd, some typographical errors have so seriously affected the sense that we think it necessary to correct them.

Column 1, line 17, after "daughter," place a *comma*, instead of a full stop, and read "the Hebrew term, &c."

Column 2, line 32, place the words, "we suppose that he means, 'They did not marry, but were given in marriage,'" in a parenthesis, after which place a *comma*, instead of a full stop, and read "it was unnecessary, &c."

Column 2, 20 lines from the bottom. Here great confusion arises through the misplacing of inverted commas. We give the paragraph again, putting the quotation from *The Globe* in italics.

"It is not a little startling to read the following statement in *The Globe*: 'He (Mr. Straith) declares that, 'nothing can be clearer than that the Bible forbids the marriage of a woman with her deceased husband's brother.' The fact is, that nothing can be clearer than that the Scripture forbids no such thing. The words of Leviticus are 'brother's wife,' not 'deceased brother's wife.'" So on precisely the same principles, &c.

Column 2, 3 lines from the bottom, for "denounced," read "renounced."

Column 3, line 34, after the words "The Globe," place a *comma*, instead of a full stop, and read "the prohibition, &c."

Column 3, line 14 from the bottom. For "others," read "other."

Column 3, line 11 from the bottom. For "recognized," read "recognized."

THE DEAN OF LICHFIELD ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

AN address was recently delivered in the Chapter House of his Cathedral by the Dean of Lichfield, which we believe would prove of great interest to our readers, so that we are glad to furnish them with as much of it as has already reached us.

Amongst those present were the Bishop of Lich-

field and the Hon. Mrs. Maclagan, Bishop Abraham, Mrs. Bickersteth, the Archdeacon of Stafford, and Mrs. Iles, Mr. C. Gresley, Rev. F. Thatcher, &c. The theological students were also there, and several others, the inhabitants of the close and the city. Two or three appropriate Collects having been first said by the Canon in residence, Bishop Abraham, the *Dean* began by tracing out the earliest intimations of a form of Christian worship to be found in the New Testament and in the early Fathers. He also explained at some length the meaning of the word "Liturgy," as distinguished from "Missal." Reserving for another occasion what he had to say upon "a Liturgy" in its strict meaning as "a form for the administration of the Holy Communion," the Dean pointed out that the four principal elements of Christian worship, derived directly from the Jewish worship, were: 1st. Psalmody; 2nd. Reading the Holy Scriptures; 3rd. Preaching, and 4th. Prayer. With regard to Psalmody, the Dean said that, like the Jews, the Christians from the first used the Psalms of David, adding to them, however, the *Gloria Patri*. At a very early period, however, they added hymns. There was some difficulty in determining precisely how much ground the Greek word for hymns covered. St. Augustine in his time had given the word a definition, which for many years was generally accepted. He said that it must include these three things: 1st. It must be praise; 2nd. It must be praise of God; and, 3rd., it must be sung. Hymnody received a great impulse in the East, in consequence of the spread of erroneous opinions in the Church. One Bardesanes (or Bardaisan), a native of Edessa, having embraced the tenets of Gnosticism and fatalism, recommended his views by expressing them in verse; and these hymns were set to music by his son Harmonius. They were thus eagerly learnt by the people, especially the young, who by means of them imbibed Gnostic error. These songs became, in fact, the popular ballads of the age, and did much to influence the religious thought of the East for more than a century. To counteract their influence, Ephren Syrus composed orthodox hymns, these young persons being candidates for conventual life. From that time metrical hymnody became a constant element in the worship of the Syrian Churches. In the same manner St. Chrysostom made a free use of the hymns for the purpose of silencing or outbidding the Arians. It was out of this that Greek hymnology was gradually developed. In the same manner hymnology in the West received a great impulse from the disputes between the Arians and the Catholics. St. Augustine mentions in his *Confessions*, (l. ix. c. 7), that St. Ambrose having refused to give up one of the Basilicas at Milan, to the Empress Justina for Arian worship, (A. D. 385), was ordered into exile. St. Ambrose, however, refused to obey; and the population, who were devoted to him, guarded his house, and watched over his Church day and night to protect him from being seized by the Imperial troops. These people, his devoted followers, Ambrose organized in a band of perpetual worshippers; and it is to these services organized by St. Ambrose, that we owe our metrical hymnody in the Western Church. St. Augustine mentions that his mother, Monica, took part in these religious exercises before he had himself been called by God's grace, although he could not help catching something of the enthusiasm with which those who followed the faith of St. Ambrose clung to him in his troubles. The Dean mentioned several hymns composed by him, which are now familiar to us by their bright dress; and, referring to the

hymn "Jam lucis orto sidere," ("Now that daylight fills the sky,") he said he could imagine the imprisoned Christians, as the daylight began to break through the windows of their sanctuary windows, singing this beautiful hymn, the deep rich-toned voice of Monica being distinctly heard, and Augustine perhaps outside listening to the voice he loved so well, and which had so often been lifted up in prayers in his behalf—prayers which were soon to be graciously answered. Turning to the next recognized element of Christian worship—namely: the reading of God's Word—the Dean said that the practice in the Jewish Church of reading portions of Holy Scripture, dated from the period after the captivity, when synagogues were established all over Judæa as places of prayer and instruction. At first the Pentateuch only was read. But when this was prohibited by Antiochus Epiphanes for political reasons (B. C. 168,) the Prophets were substituted for it. At a later period, however, the reading of the Pentateuch was resumed, while that of the Prophets also was continued. The Primitive Christian Church adopted the practice of the synagogue, and added to the Law and the Prophets the writings of the New Testament. At first it would seem, from Justin Martyr, (A. D. 140) that there was no fixed order of reading the Holy Scriptures. St. Chrysostom, in one of his Homilies, reproving the congregation for their carelessness and inattention, says, "Tell me what Prophet was read to-day and what Apostle?" He also tells us elsewhere that the Book of Genesis was read as we read it now in Lent. Between Easter and Pentecost, the Acts of the Apostles were read; and St. Ambrose, (A. D. 374) mentions incidentally that the Books of Job and Jonah were read in the Holy Week. It was also, the Dean said, a custom of great antiquity preserved in our Church, to read the prophecies of Isaiah, the evangelical Prophet, in the season of Advent. Coming next to preaching, the Dean said, that in the early Church sermons were, as a rule, carefully prepared beforehand, and generally written, though sometimes delivered extempore. It is said of Origen that he never presumed to preach extempore until he was sixty years old, and then his unwritten sermons were taken down and reported by shorthand writers, so that the art of shorthand writing, which has now reached such perfection, has been known for 1,600 at least. We find in St. Chrysostom's sermons frequent allusions to passing things, which his ready eloquence turned to good account. For example, on one occasion he made the inattention of the people, while the candles were being lighted, the principal subject of his sermon. The length of sermons varied considerably. Sometimes they exceeded an hour. There are, however, sermons and homilies extant which would not exceed ten or twelve minutes in the delivery. The Dean then spoke of the mode of introducing the sermon. He said that the rubric in our own Communion Office, simply says that the sermon is to follow the Nicene Creed, and there is no further direction. What, he asked, was the custom of the Primitive Church? St. Ambrose has left us a very touching prayer, which he is said to have used habitually before prayer. In this prayer he asks for "a humble wisdom which may build up, and a most gentle and wise eloquence, which knows not how to be puffed up." The later fathers constantly commenced their sermons with a prayer. St. Augustine, before beginning a sermon upon Psalm 139, says, "May the Lord assist your prayers that I may say those things which it behooves me to utter and you to hear." The Dean then referred to the Bidding Prayer. He said that its design was

evidently to suggest to the congregation some suitable subjects for their prayers, and that it teaches us this useful lesson—that he is most likely to profit by the sermon who listens to it in the spirit of prayer. The Dean said that something of this kind was in use in England in the fourteenth century. Ivo Carnatensis (A. D. 1080,) also refers to a form of prayer like this. But there was a direction of a much earlier date laid down at a Council held at Laodicea, (A. D. 365). It was to this effect, that prayers were to be bidden to the people, and that they were to respond. This Bidding Prayer, for such it was, had a particular name. It was called the "Prospheusion." There are frequent examples of it in the Ancient Liturgies. It was usually said by the deacon of the Church, who bade the people to pray for the Emperors, for the Bishops, and other rulers of the Church, for widows and orphans, for the strangers, and those in need, for peace and prosperity, &c., and after each subject of prayer was said, was no doubt the original of what we now call the Bidding Prayer. Coming to the fourth great element of public worship—namely, prayer—the Dean said that he could not do more that evening than remind his audience of the reduction which had been made on the high authority of the late Rev. Wm. Palmer, of all the Ancient Liturgies to four heads: 1. *The Great Oriental Liturgy*; 2. *The Alexandrine*; 3. *The Roman*; and 4. *The Gallican*. He said that he should have to invite particular attention in his next lecture to the Roman and Gallican Liturgies, inasmuch as they would guide us to the earliest recorded evidences of the existence of a Liturgy in these Islands. The Dean said that it would be a comparatively easy task to trace from these primitive sources, the gradual developments of forms of worship in this country, until our public devotions, after many vicissitudes, many corruptions, ordinary restorations, have at length, by God's mercy, found a united expression, with the true ring of the ancient worship, in our incomparable Book of Common Prayer, which, as to all its essentials, may we be enabled to hold fast, and hand on unimpaired to our successors.

Diocesan Intelligence.

MONTREAL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

WEST SHEFFORD.—The annual Christmas festival was held in the Town Hall this year as usual. The attendance was very large, and many eager little faces were watching anxiously for the appearance of Santa Claus. They were not disappointed, for he came as usual, laden with gifts for young and old. So sensible were the Sunday School children of the extreme kindness of that benevolent gentleman in times past, that they delegated a little fairy to present him with an address. The first present he had was for the Incumbent in the shape of two letters, in which was found enclosed the sum of over \$31. Both the Incumbent, the Sunday School, and congregation all had great cause to thank Father Christmas for his extreme liberality.

Christmas hymns and carols were sung at intervals during the evening, and were joined in very heartily by the children and members of the choir. A vote of thanks was tendered to those who so kindly assisted in the preparations, and especially to Santa Claus, whose memory is ever green.

COWANSVILLE.—The Sunday Schools of the parishes of Cowansville and Sweetsburg united on Holy Innocents Day to receive gifts from a Christmas tree. A large tree bountifully laden, bearing, as the legend runs, all manner of things that children so dearly love, was found, as it were, growing where trees are not wont to grow—in the Church Academy—the only practically Church School of its class in the townships of this diocese. The Sunday Schools were well represented, and the gifts distributed to expectant and de-

lighted children. The Rector in opening the proceedings stated that he had the pleasure of saying that the two Sunday Schools under his charge were in good order as to organization, teachers, &c., and that, considering all things, they were about as good, if not the best in the townships. The Rector is indeed to be congratulated on this pleasing state of things, and as one looked around on the goodly number of children, one could say with the Superintendent of one of the Schools that evening, that it was a happy augury for the Church's future welfare to see many little ones together, and to know that they were under good instruction in Church doctrine—Bible truth. After the Rector's remarks the Rev. W. Ross Brown, Incumbent of Iron Hill, addressed the meeting with a few words relative to Sunday Schools, and also as to the legendary origin of Xmas Trees. After refreshments were distributed the assembly dispersed.

The Rector and his esteemed lady were not forgotten by the parishioners, either as regards gifts on the tree or augmented offertories at the church services on the festival. These are acts of kindness that no one can esteem more than pastors, not because of their intrinsic value merely, which, at least, is never underestimated, but because they are indications of esteem and appreciation. They encourage and stimulate to renewed exertions on the part of both givers and receivers, and lastly, but not least, these things tend in an indirect manner, to disarm the disaffected, if there are any.

IRON HILL.—Christmas services here were of a hearty character. The Church, as usual, was nicely decorated. The altar, retable, having its cross bedecked with imported gomprenas, and the vases refilled with dried grasses, gomprenas and other flowers. The altar itself had its white frontal, and so had the lectern. A new feature here was two banners flanking the chancel walls. On St. Stephen's day the congregation was very good indeed.

The Sunday School had its Xmas Tree on the Monday evening following (St. John the Evangelists.) The Sunday School is worked under difficulties. The usual Church catechisms are not always appropriate, as about half the children, if not more, are unbaptized. A very general and a very disheartening thing is this that the Church minister meets at every step, a general neglect, and, in a large degree, an utter contempt for baptism, either adult or infant. And in our congregations where a large proportion of unbaptized may oftentimes be found, the sermons on the Church year lose a good deal of their point, or the application that would suit a baptised people has to be put into another shape to meet such as I mention. In our townships, I think, "missions" should be held. The Bishop of Ontario and some of his clergy think that these "missions," or revival services, are not to be encouraged, that the reaction causes relapses. But I fancy that such "missions" as the Cowley Fathers for instance, carry out, where instruction is given as well as exhortations made, are not failures. Those carried on in Canada, so far as I have heard (saying where such members of the above order, or others like them, have been) have been nothing much better than the Methodist revival—preachings. When preachings and extempore prayers are the strong features, then we may look out for a reaction and revulsion of feelings, and revocations of vows or resolutions. While on this point we find ourselves informed that a "mission" has been held in the parish of Shawville, Clarendon township, under the conductorship of Rev. J. N. Dixon, Rector of St. Jude's, Montreal. The meetings were largely attended by all classes, and it is hoped profitably. Whether instruction was given in the manner already mentioned, so forming "good ground," in which the seed of the Word might take root and bring forth abundantly, I have not heard. But I fancy that the "exhorting" was the chief feature.

Your correspondent sent you a communication in or about the 4th week in Advent. It should have appeared in the issue of the 23rd; it will appear rather out of place if it appears at all now.

The mission of Aylwin is about to lose the services of its newly ordained minister, Rev. Sept. Thicke, whose removal to Hamilton takes place about the end of January. During the year he has passed in this place he has endeared himself to all. It is with great regret indeed that the "faithful" there hear of his departure for his own sake, and for other reasons besides. Aylwin has known few changes, and if it has to witness the coming and going of a "new minister" every year or two, or even a few years, it will keep up a feverish state that is detrimental to both the people and pastor. They will not feel so inclined to be liberal with "their minister," if they think he may be off to "pastures new" in a short time. Efforts are being made to induce their former pastor to return to the place of "his first love," but with what success is not yet known. It is not always that a clergyman thinks of returning to a former incumbency, and in a place like Canada, where so much depends on the good will of the people, it is very seldom such clergyman, if he does return, is ever regarded as he formerly was.

Christmas services in Montreal were, of course, of that hearty, jubilant character they ever are. Services were held on the Eve at St. James the Apostle, and at St. John the Evangelist. At the latter the service began at 11:30 p.m., at the former at 8 o'clock p.m. In both places fully choral. In St. John's the Evangelist there were three services, with celebration at each one, on the festival itself. The decorations, as usual, were very fine, much time and care had been expended on them, as also on the rendering of the music for the occasion.

It is a strange thing to find even Presbyterians keeping Christmas, but this action on their parts has been observable for years past. Here in Montreal we find Rev. Mr. Black, of Erskine Church, the incumbent of the pulpit once filled by the Rev. Dr. Tayler, who as regularly as Xmas came around, just as regularly spoke about it in a deprecatory manner, as savoring of superstition and Popery. But "we have changed all that."

ONTARIO.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OSNABRUCK.—At Christmas season the churches were beautifully decorated in the parish of Osnabruck. On Christmas Eve there was service held at St. Peter's, at which there were 350 present, and on Christmas Day the Rev. Montague Poole, who is in charge of the parish, administered the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ to 100 communicants. The Christmas offertory amounted to over \$30.

BILLING'S BRIDGE.—A very successful sale, under the management of the Ladies' Aid Society, and on behalf of Trinity Church Building Fund, was held in the Township Hall on the 16th ult. The sum of \$125 was realized. Our Lady Parishioners are to be congratulated on the result of their zealous efforts to assist in completing the Church.

GLoucester MISSION.—On Christmas Eve the Incumbent of this Mission (Rev. H. B. Patton, B.A.) was, much to his surprise, the recipient of the following kindly-worded address from two of his congregations:

Rev. and dear Sir,—We, your congregation and friends of Trinity Church, Billing's Bridge, and vicinity, in sympathy with your recent loss by fire, and desirous of expressing our kindly feelings towards yourself at this Christmas time, beg your acceptance of a sum of money and a set of harness. Wishing you God's blessing for your present and future welfare, On behalf of the subscribers, H. J. Wood, T. CURT.

Gloucester, Xmas Eve, 1880.

Rev. and dear Sir,—We, the undersigned, as representatives of your parishioners in East Gloucester, desire to approach you on the eve of this great festival of our Holy Church, with earnest and heartfelt words of Xmas greeting. We heard with sincere sorrow of the recent loss you sustained in the burning of your stable, with all its contents, and while assuring you of the hearty sympathy of the congregation, whose representatives we are, desire at the same time to prove that sincerity in some more tangible manner than words only.

We beg your acceptance of the accompanying cutter with its contents, though at the same time we would assure you that its intrinsic value does not in any degree correspond with our feeling of love and regard. He valued more highly than words can express the ministrations we are privileged to receive at your hands, and permit us to add Rev. Sir, that the closest connection exists between the reverence we entertain, for the sacred office you so faithfully discharge, and the love and esteem entertained for yourself personally. We beg you will convey to your aunt, Miss Patton, our very best respects, and wishing you both a merry and a very happy Xmas.

Believe us, rev. Sir, your faithful and attached Parishioners, D. H. EASTMAN, C. V. F. BLISS, Wm. ELIOTT, LEWIS F. GOODING.

Signed on behalf of the congregation of St. George's Church.

LYNDHURST.—The Sunday School here had its Christmas Tree on the evening of the 24th ult., which was a great success, the presents being so numerous that there was one or more for each teacher and scholar, numbering about 60. One very pleasing feature of the entertainment was the presentation of a very handsome fur coat and cap, worth \$50, to the Rev. John Osbourn, by J. C. Stafford, on behalf of the congregation of Leeds and Seeley's Bay. The gift was accompanied by an address, which testified to the high esteem in which the Incumbent is held by the afore-named congregations, which appears from the fact that the liberal present was purchased cheerfully by them alone, who form only half of the mission of Leeds and Lansdowne. Truly this unexpected generosity augurs well for Leeds, which is about to be set off from Lansdowne, the present Incumbent still retaining charge of this portion of the mission.

TORONTO.

PENETANGUISHENE.—All Saints' and St. James' Churches are both very prettily decorated this year. All Saints' being a marvel of neatness and beauty.

The members of both churches worked with a zeal and a determination which showed more plainly than words their love and their devotion to their church.

The services on Xmas day were well attended, and were very hearty and very attractive in their character. Communicants, 26; collection, 30; which together, with a very liberal supply of the necessaries, and even luxuries of life, was an example of generous thoughtfulness for their pastor, which might well be imitated by many a wealthier mission.

RUNNYMEDE.—On Sunday evening last our church friends in this locality filled the little building to the utmost, and were highly pleased with the earnest and instructive lecture of Vice-Chancellor Blake, on the first Christmas Day and the early life of Christ. The Sunday School children appeared delighted with his happy manner in instructing them. He expressed his pleasure in meeting them, and promised soon to return. The children sang with much feeling, "What a friend we have in Jesus."

On Monday evening the Sunday School children, accompanied by their parents and friends, again crowded the building with Christmas tree presents, refreshments, recitations, &c. &c. A pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent by all. During the evening Mrs. B. W. Murray was made the recipient of an illuminated address (signed by forty Sunday School children) and also of a handsome Church service. This estimable lady was much affected by this token of affection. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Miss Kennedy for the kind interest manifested by her in the Sunday School. It was announced at the close of the entertainment that the new Mission building to be erected on the handsome plot of land so generously donated for Church purposes by Mr. Fisker and Mr. Wadsworth, will be opened for Sunday School work in a few weeks, relying on the Christian zeal of the neighboring clergy, with the approval of His Lordship the Bishop supplying an afternoon service.

COLBORNE.—Trinity Church was very tastefully decorated for the occasion by the following ladies: Mrs. W. Cummin and Miss Strong, the Misses Johnsons, Misses Willoughby, and Miss Goslie, under the very able direction of J. Ketchum, Esq., kindly assisted by Messrs. N. Snetzenger, and G. Goslie.

The usual Xmas texts and emblems were arranged artistically along the walls of the Church and chancel, the latter, together with the altar, presented a neat and chaste appearance.

At 8 o'clock on Xmas Eve a large congregation assembled to hear the service of song, "The Child Jesus," which was effectively rendered by the choir and the clergyman. At the conclusion of this very interesting service the prizes form a Xmas tree, kindly provided for the Sunday School children through the praiseworthy exertions of the Misses Boyer and the teachers, were then distributed to the little ones, thus bringing to a close a very pleasant and well-spent Xmas Eve. On the following day, after the Xmas morning service, the collection for the benefit of the clergyman amounted to a very handsome sum, for which he begs the congregation to accept his sincere thanks. Thus the true spirit of Xmas tide seems to have been fully entered into by the good people of Colborne.

ATHERLEY.—St. John's Church, Christmas Day, was profusely decorated with festoons of evergreen, interspersed with St. George and Maltese crosses on shields and scarlet, over what should be the east window, and on banners of scarlet and purple; in letters of white were selections from Isaiah, 9 chap., 6 verse, the usual mottoes of Alpha and Omega, and I. H. S., and in fact the whole of the decorations do great credit to the few young ladies who worked so energetically. The usual Xmas hymns and the Canticles, were sung with the whole soul of the largest congregation that ever worshipped in the Church. The sermon was delivered by the Incumbent from the words in Ezekiel xxxiii, 32, "A very lovely song."

At the commencement of the Communion Service a cutter came to the Church door, from which an old man, greatly afflicted with paralysis, was lifted and carried into the Church and the Altar rails, where he was supported by other communicants, while he, with tears of thankfulness and joy received the emblems of his Saviour's sufferings and death, in full expectation of enjoying his next Xmas, where we drink of the new wine in the kingdom of Him whose birth we celebrate, and before whom the palsied man was let down from the roof to receive a blessing, St. Mark, chap., 4 verse.

The singing in Gloria in Excelsis, was for the first time introduced. The whole of the Xmas services have been very encouraging to the Incumbent.

ST. MATTHIAS.—Daily Communion. Acknowledgments. — Rev. R. Harrison wishes to acknowledge the receipt of an anonymous donation of \$10, "for the daily Eucharist Fund," and to say that it will be used, so far as it goes, to defray the expenses connected with the Thursday morning celebrations, unless the donor should express any other wish on the subject. Several persons have kindly interested themselves in maintaining this service, and it is hoped that others will contribute, so as to make it possible to have the Communion celebrated everyday all the year round in St. Matthias' Church.

GEORGINA.—On New Year's Day the congregations of St. George's and St. James' Churches, Georgina, presented to the Rev. Canon Ritchie a large and handsome silver Epergne, as a mark of their esteem and regard on his retiring from the ministerial charge of the parish.

ST. CATHARINES.—St. Barnabas Church.—This Church is generally noted for the heartiness of its services, and the beauty of its decorations at Christmas, Easter, and Harvest Festivals, but the Christmas decorations this year are so unique and effective that they deserve special mention, and some of the readers of your excellent paper may be interested in hearing about them. The first thing that catches the eye on entering the Church is the diaper pattern of green work on the windows, which has a very pleasing effect; the handsome stone font at the western door also looks well in its Christmas dress. The rude screen is clothed with evergreen. Along the top runs a brilliant text in straw on a rich chocolate coloured ground, "God with us, Prince of Peace." Beneath are panels of the same colour, with small designs in crayon. Under the cross in the center hangs a red shield with a bright device in straw. The six banners disposed about the chancel are the work of Mr. Hodge, of Hamilton, formerly member of the St. Barnabas choir, and are exceedingly tasteful and pretty. The altar, always the most attractive object in the Church, is vested in white, the retable supports a fine floral cross and vases of choice flowers; the recedos is of royal blue; over the top of it runs the text, "Thou shalt call His name." Underneath this is a Crown and two large angels in white flowing garments, holding between them a scroll bearing the sacred name "Jesus." The angels are admirably executed, and have a very striking effect. At the sides are panels of blue, with designs in straw tissue (which by the way is one of the most effective materials for decoration) delicate wreaths, large devices in green, and the sacred monograms in bright colors, adorn the walls. No one can enter the Church without realizing that many fair and loving hands must have worked hard to prepare this House of God so beautifully for the joyous festival. Most of the drawings and designs are due to the skill and excellent taste of Mrs. A. W. Maenab, the wife of the Incumbent, who certainly deserves much praise for her indefatigable and successful efforts. We may also add that the hearty choral services on Christmas Day, and the following Sunday were very well attended, the Church being crowded with devout worshippers.

The Bishop of Toronto purposes holding an Ordination on Sunday, 16th January next.

Intending candidates will send their names without delay to the Examining Chaplain, Rev. Canon Stennett, Rector, Cobourg.

They will be required to present themselves for examination at the Synod Office, on Wednesday, 12th January, at 10 o'clock a.m., and to be provided with their *si quis* and Letters Testimonial. The candidates for Deacon's Orders will be required to bring a Certificate of Baptism.

CHURCH WOMEN'S MISSION AID.—The ladies of the head sewing society intend to resume their meetings in Holy Trinity school room, on Friday, Jan. 7th, at 2 p.m. They cordially invite all Churchwoman interested in mission work to be present on that occasion, as they intend to read a report of the work done by them during the past year; also to discuss ways and means for the year to come.

All clergymen requiring assistance in their parishes during the year 1881 will greatly oblige the treasurer of the sewing society by sending in their applications as early as possible.

Surplices are made to order by the C. W. M. A., from \$4 to \$10; stoles, 2½ yards long, from \$2 to \$5; altar linen from \$3.50; altar cloths from \$10.

Glass Communion services can be had at very moderate prices; linen for sick Communion \$4 a set.

Donations intended for the assistance of any special mission, or for the general works of the society, will be gladly received.

Address,

MRS. O'REILLY,
31 Bleeker-st., Toronto.

WEST MONO.—G. M. Morley, L. R., desires to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of a package containing a large number of Christmas cards for the Sunday School children of the Mission from Thomas White, Esq., M. P. for Cardwell.

Two tea-meetings were held in this Mission last week, and proved not only an intellectual treat, but a financial success. St. George's realized \$45.55, that of the Herald Angel \$76.85.

HURON.

From Our Own Correspondent

TARCONELL. The congregations responded to the "pastoral" issue by the Bishop, the offertory collections amounting to \$40 at St. Peter's, and \$50 at St. Stephen's, besides numerous substantial gifts to our beloved pastor and his estimable wife, whose untiring labours met with the warm appreciation they merit. St. Peter's Church was tastefully decorated for the Christmas service, and a handsome chandelier—a gift to the Church by some kind friend—added greatly to its beauty.

On the evening of the 29th the residence of Stephen Backus, Esq., was thrown open to the children of the school and their friends, who, with his usual kindness and hospitality, placed it at the disposal of the Managing Committee, and a happier gathering has seldom met. A Xmas Tree, which was well laden with suitable gifts, and the smiling faces and joyous voices, expressed the satisfaction felt. The entertainment consisted of vocal and instrumental music, dialogues, recitations, and speeches. It was a great success, and exceeded in interest and enjoyment any former one.

Correspondence.

All letters will appear with the names of the writers in full, and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their opinions.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS, 1881.

SIR.—Please permit me to state in your column that "Forms of Application" will be supplied by me with directions, &c., to those who may desire them. The time and place of the Examination for this Diocese (Niagara) will be announced (D.V.) hereafter.

WILLIAM BELT, M.A.,

Local Secretary C. E. S. S. Inst., Diocese of Niagara.

INNOVATIONS AT THE PROVINCIAL SYNOD.

SIR.—I am glad to see in your contemporary of Dec. 23, a letter from an old Presbyter, calling attention to an alleged Romish practice of "reserving" the consecrated bread and wine, and quoting the Rubric and the Article referring thereto. The Rubric states, "And if any of the Bread and Wine remain unconsecrated, the Curate shall have it to his own use; but if any remain of that which was consecrated, it shall not be carried out of the Church, but the Priest and such other of the communicants as he shall then call unto him, shall, immediately after the blessing, reverently eat and drink the same." The 28th Article states, "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped."

A similar practice to that alluded to by your contemporary has, for years, prevailed in the Church of St. James, Toronto, and that too in spite of attention having been called to the subject at the Toronto Synod. It is, however, to be hoped that the attention now called to the subject by "the party" themselves will be more successful in removing this scandal in St. James' (called a cathedral) Church, which has given great pain to many who have communicated there.

Yours,

WM JOHNSON.

Toronto, Dec. 30, 1880.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL SAFEGUARD.

DEAR SIR.—In your issue of Dec. 23, Mr. Hurdin commences his letter by enunciating a very crude idea of the value of a constitution. He thinks it a matter of slight moment that the Constitution should be violated by introducing a change in Legislation without due notice, or obtaining the required majority. He has yet to learn a great deal about the primary principles of Government, for the veriest tyro who ventures to publicly discuss constitutional matters should have sufficient acumen to recognize the grave consequences resulting from any unconstitutional proceeding, and the danger threatening the rights of property as well as the legitimate exercise of liberty. If the constitution can be broken with impunity in one point, we have no safeguard against a similar proceeding in other matters, which would prove ruinous to everything of moral worth, and even invade the sacred precincts of domestic life, by robbing

families of their lawful and just inheritance. It is a strange way to exemplify a spirit of manly independence by aiding and abetting an act, which is destructive to freedom, and enslaving to the conscience. Mr. Harding's view of the matter will receive but little sympathy, and still less respect from men of judgment and integrity.

His idea of the sacredness of a constitution, is only equalled by his unsound and unjust views respecting the sacred nature of a trust. He justifies taking the proceeds of a special trust, and placing the same to the credit of an entirely different fund which appropriates to purposes foreign to the nature of that trust. The principle here involved, if honest in one case, would be in others, and what sane man does not see the moral anarchy which must ensue. The idea is sufficiently void to awaken painful feelings.

In answer to my question whether the income arising from the Clergy Trust Fund, could be used for Rural Deans, &c., as well as for Archdeacons, he replies, "If to men of fifteen years service in the Diocese, why not to men of one year?" Why in many cases men of 15 years get nothing, whilst the neophyte does. It is not a law governing secular institutions that service rendered is considered as having a superior claim for reward to the mere beginner? Is service given in the Ministry of the Church of less value than in any other institution? Are the clergy who have earned a good degree by years of faithful toil, and who have to bear the burden of increased expenses, entitled to no reward above that of a beginner? No other Diocese places such an estimate upon ministerial labor, but recognises its worth by subsidising insufficient incomes from this very fund. What thoughtful young clergyman entering upon the Ministry, but adjudges it right that after struggling for years, he shall be entitled to something more than when he commenced? How much more will this principle be conceded by men of experience, is evidenced by the application of the fund in every other Diocese. Has Huron Diocese a larger amount of collective wisdom than others? The very thought of such arrogance would be indisputable proof of the existence of a point, like to that of the ancient pharisee. It is but too evident from the tenor of Mr. Harding's letters, that whilst he wishes to convey the ideas of intense admiration for the Bishop, his sympathies are at a low ebb, if not altogether petrified, in behalf of his poorer brethren. He might profitably study the excellent letter of Mr. F. L. Stephenson, which appeared in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN of November 25th.

How are men on a stipend of \$700 per year, after years of service, with children to clothe, educate, &c., to maintain a proper position, and do their work as it should be done? Necessity compelled it, self-denying men might bear it with some composure, but at the last Synod of Huron, it was clearly shown by Archdeacon Mace, that the funds were sufficient to give the clergy of a few years standing a larger income, and which Mr. Harding, I understand, then seemed to support, but now applauds the management which keeps good and useful men at an insufficient income, and even that made dependent upon an annual grant from a fund to which the Laity did not contribute. There was great force in the words of Mr. Stephenson, that "men of manly feelings will refuse to take holy orders, or suffer their children to do so. The ranks of the clergy will be recruited from those who for the sake of the office are willing to sneak and fawn, or from amongst those, who, having failed in other pursuits, are too glad to obtain any pittance."

Mr. H. speaks of the prosperity of the Diocese, and gives the financial income from 1873 to 1880. But if he will consider the prosperity of the Diocese during the incumbency of Bishop Cronyn, he will find abundance to satisfy the most sceptical, that the success attending the years he quoted cannot favorably compare with it. Whilst there has been a striking increase in the Episcopal income, there has been a practical decrease in the incomes of the poorer clergy, for they are no better off now with the surplus interest arising from the Commutation Fund, than they were formerly without it, their incomes being now put at \$700 per annum. There is also another increase, which serves to decrease the stipends of the poorer clergy, or to keep them from being augmented, which is to be found in the expenses. Yet Mr. Harding justifies the Bishop receiving from the surplus of the Commutation Fund to make up an income of nearly \$5,000 per annum, and an Archdeacon \$380 per annum from the same fund for doing nothing, but not a word in behalf of poorly paid men, who are, to say the least, just as efficient, useful, and ornamental to the Church as the Bishop and Archdeacon, and who, with small incomes, have been dishonestly deprived of a small annuity of \$200 per annum.

Respecting the Bishop, your reverend correspondent writes, "We do not think him infallible." That is an opinion which will be shared by others.

Your Haysville correspondent concludes his letter by wishing Provost Whitaker may remain in the country, to awaken in his ardent admirers a churchly respect for the office of a Bishop. If for no other reason, it is hardly sufficient to retain a man of his cali-

bre, for all Anglicans respect the office. He is needed much more to maintain the sanctity of a Constitution from the rude hands of despoilers, and to train young men for the holy office of the Ministry, in sparing them with a noble and manly Christian independence, which will be the best security for the Church's maintenance of order.

I remain, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

Dec. 29, 1880.

T. SMITH.

THE HURON CONSTITUTION.

DEAR SIR.—Undoubtedly an unprecedented conflict has arisen in the Diocese of Huron between the Church and the Episcopate, strong in the possession of powers almost despotic; an opposition, confident in its constitutional right and fortified by the justice of constitutional strength in the principles which are acknowledged to be the governing power of the Church, has arisen—an opposition—not opposed to the form of government, but opposed to the invasion of principles and destruction of privileges and duties that are considered conducive to the best interest and welfare of the Church.

In replying to Mr. Harding on the "Huron Constitution," in my letter, in yours of Nov. 4th, 1880, I speak of "last year," and took my statement from the Huron Journal, marked 1879. I cannot see how the months of January, February and March of 1880, in the ordinary meaning of the English language, can be 1879, for it declares the year to commence on the 1st. of January, and to end on the 31st of December. He states, "in my ignorance I supposed, until I took up this letter, that 'last year' meant the year that is past," (1879) "and 'this year,' the year now passing," (1880) then how could the months of January, February and March of this passing year, 1880, be the past year, 1879. If I differed from the Reverend gentleman, I should say, or think, that he had "made a mistake," but as I do not differ, I will leave your readers to decide that if Mr. H. had proved that the first three months of this passing year (1880), did not belong to it, but to the past year, (1879) what would have been its weight against my charge that the constitution of the Diocese of Huron had been destroyed by a system that has Bishopized, Archdeaconized, Canonized, Rural-deanized, Chuplainized, terrorized and demoralized; destroying the voluntary spirit, driving lay-members away, making merchandise of the Church, weighing offerings to God by avoirdupois weight, heedless of breaking the law, deaf to argument, fearing only the power of the law courts. I do not speak air but truth, and if severe, not less truthful on that account; did justice speak, it would be with more severity. Truth cannot injure truth, because it is the only true foundation of the Church.

Mr. H. states, "my friend takes me to task for violence and misrepresentation," I said, "he had simply made a mistake." Misrepresentation is his own addition. I repeat that I cannot see why Church members discussing the constitutional question should misrepresent, either to injure or benefit any one person. Possibly Mr. H. can, but I cannot. If it is not violence to say that my statement was "simply untrue" when it was perfectly true, to speak of timid clergymen as "craven," and in a charitable peroration to accuse me of defaming "three Bishops of the Church," &c., &c., when I gave undisputed records; if this was not violence, then I acknowledge the Reverend gentleman's poetic condemnation.

Mr. H. says, "he is not well versed in the working of Loan Companies," that is very evident. I trust, (although an entire stranger to him) he will allow me at this festive season to express the hope that he is better versed in receiving good interest from increasing capital in some good sound company that is so managed that its Board of Directors will not "correspond" with the "Standing Committee." The former appoints the manager and does not depute to the manager power even to appoint the janitor, but the Standing Committee deputes to the Bishop all the power that was committed to them. As a subscriber to the funds of the Church years before Mr. H. or the Bishop were receivers from them, I should be glad if Mr. H. could tell me why a Bishop should have so much to do with the money; one would have thought the spiritual welfare of the Church would have demanded all his attention. I claim that I have a corporate interest in the funds, with the exception of the Commutation money, at least equal to them. The law of the State has made the Synod the supreme governing body of the Church, and in electing delegates to that Synod, a delegated power is intrusted to them to look after these funds, and the Synod has no right to break that trust, even to the Bishop or to the Executive Committee, they being merely trustees during their tenure of office. If candidates for the Episcopate can see the wisdom and judiciousness of the Synod in discerning the most fitting person for the highest office in the Church, and no elected Bishop could well dispute the wisdom of its choice, then surely it must be equally good in selecting the minor

officers. Mr. H. did not answer my question, "Why do Bishops want so much power?" Our Saviour was an example to Bishops as well as to Laymen, and he did not dismiss even Judas, who he knew was going unjustly to betray him.

Mr. H. has receded, point by point, from his high pedestal of constitutional principles to personal praise and personal condemnation. He reminds me of Wellington's soldiers of whom Napoleon said, "they did not know when they were beaten;" and if Mr. H. will only keep returning to the charge, he will be a very powerful advocate in proving the necessity of the desired reform. If others require teaching, Mr. H. does not, "respect for the office of a Bishop," and in championing its cause, he should remember that whilst the Church recognizes Episcopal authority, it does not recognize Episcopate rule, except through a constitutional form of government, and the occupant who does not gain respect by his upright walk, but only through the official weight of his office will not be esteemed, respected or considered great, even by those feasting upon the spoils.

Mr. Harding speaks of Mr. Smith handing him over "to the tender mercies" of Mr. Tibbs. Judging from his letter, I think he will find me more merciful to him, than he is merciful to himself. As champion on behalf of the constitution, he tacitly admits "one act" being illegal, because it was introduced without due notice and not carried by the required majority. He speaks very lightly of this "one act" which took \$200 a year from the poorer clergy who are busy ministering to their people in their parishes, whilst the Bishop retains his \$1,600 a year from the same source, spending the summer, and returning to spend the winter in England—engaged, it is reported principally about the *Western University*, and seeking suitable Missionaries, which the "admirable constitution" fails to attract here. It was this "one act" that virtually gave him the power to dole out the Surplus Commutation money and encouraged him on to introduce the trio resolutions of "curbing the press, dismissal of dignitaries at pleasure, and of clergymen at six months notice or with six months pay." As a subscriber to the Episcopal Fund, I had to work for my money and gave it for the benefit of the Diocese, and think that the Bishop receiving it should be in his Diocese, and not taking summer and winter trips to England, and especially without the consent of his Synod. It destroys confidence, and I think there is just cause and reason for one to complain. Either Mr. H. does not understand the fundamental basis of constitutional government, or if he does, creates an impression too unfavorable to mention. Breaking a Canon of the Church, may appear to him a very trifling affair when done by a Bishop, but if he will turn to "Constitution, Rules, and Canons of the Incorporated Synod of the Diocese of Huron," page 103, he will find the offences for which a Bishop can be, and I suppose ought to be, or it would not be there, tried, and among them the offence of "wilful violation of the constitution or canons of his Synod." As Mr. H. is such an ardent admirer of the constitution, there is a strong claim upon him, not only to defend it from being tampered with, but also to set an example of courage and independence to those timid clergymen, whom he speaks of as "craven." I have pointed out to him the safe-guard, and I trust that his zeal on behalf of the Constitution will not fail. As the popular vote for the Episcopate necessarily makes supporters and opponents, the powers given to the Synod by the law of the land, should be *unalienable*, and the government of the Bishop should be by his moral virtue, not by the official weight of his office. It is opposed to the Episcopal form of government. Yours truly, H. TIBBS.

December 28th 1880.

COPIES OF A PETITION WANTED BY THE CLERGY.

STR—Notwithstanding all the discussion which now for a long time has been going on concerning the proposed change in the laws concerning Holy Matrimony, is nothing practical to be done? I have certainly understood that the clergy were to be supplied with copies of a petition to the Legislature of the Dominion, but hitherto I have waited in vain for something of the kind. Are we to be left to act individually in the matter? Surely the Church has suffered enough already from that mischievous and thoroughly selfish thing known as Congregationalism, without allowing it to influence her mode of action in protecting against the infamous proposal under consideration. If the members of God's Church in this land will only do half their duty in this matter, the Parliament will be flooded with such influential and numerous signed petitions, that it will not dare to pass a law to legalize incest, even though twice or thrice as many of the eminent men of Canada as have already done so should violate the laws of their country, and then bring their influence to bear to have the laws changed. Yours truly,

W. WHEATLEY BATES.

St. Silvester's Day, 1880.

Family Reading.

THE RECITATION OF THE CREED

Our dear pastor has a flowing tongue, but speaks clearly. His rapidity, however, often discourages me in the responsive parts of worship; especially in the creed. His own faithful teaching has led me both to venerate this symbol, take great satisfaction in its use. But I need deliberation here; and too often, having begun with him, I am quickly left behind, while those who have an equal facility of speech rush on with him to the end, as an express train. You know I detest drawling and hesitation, and I know a devout expression may be given in a rapid utterance; but it seems to me a peculiar and distinct importance ought to be given to the saying of the Creed. When, as we are taught, the Creed once began with the first person plural, then some might speak for all; but this first person singular surely gives even the slow-tongued a right to confess the faith openly, and how can it be done with one accord except the leading voice be very deliberate? The mighty truths which set forth the Christian faith in one complete symbol, need to be distinctly recognized. Mark a recitation of the Creed in Church, and you will perceive the harm of neglecting this. "I believe," says the minister and the congregation with him; but if each believes only what he utters the creed of many is much shorter than his. To begin the second part with him, "And in Jesus Christ," some have to leave out "heaven and earth." Almost before all heads are raised from due and lowly reverence at the Adorable Name, the minister is saying "Pontius Pilate." In their eagerness not to be left, some believe that "the third day He rose from the dead He ascended." Others have quickly to choose what to say, it being impossible to pronounce every article in time. It is well that the Creed is used at both services, as the omissions of the morning may be said in the evening. In these days, the article "I believe in the Holy Ghost," might be profitably followed with a solemn pause; but it is a new start as it were after the space of a coupling, the whole train rushing through with the Amen as a last car, rather than as a solemn and confirming adjunct. Wherever there is haste, let deliberation mark the recital of the Creed. It is hardly possible that it can be rapidly uttered and each of its great verities distinctly recognized. Let any one try this in private. Shall we be hasty before God? If any of these remarks cause wounds, be assured they are faithful, and made by a friend.—*Episcopal Register.*

SHAM.

The time in which we live is most emphatically an age of sham. Falsity prevades our modern society to its core, and the good old time-honored ideas relative to honesty, whether of purpose, action or speech, are discarded by the average individual of to-day, as something obsolete—very pleasant to contemplate and talk about, but rather Utopian for the busy, progressive, exciting life of the present generation. This pernicious system of making things appear what they are not, like a poisonous canker, has gradually spread over the land until it has pervaded every branch of society, and even our churches are not free from its baleful influence. Let any one who has the moral courage and disposition to do so, tear away the thin mask of conventionalism with which modern society has covered itself, and he will find beneath a foul mass of uncleanness and hideous corruption which will make him shudder with disgust and fear, as he thinks of the danger of this unsound condition of things, liable at any time to nourish and bring into existence evils which will threaten all in a common ruin. There are some few left yet, thank God, who still have their feet planted on truth, and who, scorning to make use of sham in any form, stand out in bold relief, bright examples of integrity, holding the just confidence of those who can appreciate their stability, although they may be unwilling to make the attempt to imitate them. Sham appears to be the curse of our so-called superior civilization. The farther we progress in refinement and culture—as at present understood—being in many cases a synonym for luxurious voluptuousness—the more artificial and unreal becomes our life.

It certainly is not desirable nor is it necessary that we should go back to the rude habits of our forefathers except to adopt what was excellent in them; but

by imitating them in their regard for truth and substantial excellence, rather than by allowing the tinsel and noise of sham to captivate our judgment, we shall lay the foundation for the more healthful and satisfactory state of society. An agency, however, is necessary to bring about this desirable consummation; and what is more natural than to look to the Church for such help. Let her shake off the parasites who would clog her and use her in their interests; let her true children rally to the work of inaugurating this much needed reform by utterly refusing to take part in the many polite fictions society sanctions, and if they are earnest and consistent, their example will be found most potent in staying the evil. It is for just this refining and purifying influence that the Church exists; and did those whose duty it is as her members to do so, only serve her with half the zeal they serve the world, society would long since have felt the good effects of her influence in cleansing it from much that is pernicious.

WATCHING.

There lived in a big barn in the country a brown owl and her two little owls. The little owls were of a lighter brown than the mother owl, but each had great staring, yellow eyes like hers, and queer little feather points standing out over their ears, making them look like brown kittens, with beaks instead of noses.

I suppose you children know that birds' eyes cannot move quickly about in their heads as yours can. You can look up or down or sideways without moving your heads; but an owl must move its whole head when it wants to look even the least bit sideways, and yet there are few creatures which see more than, or as quickly as, an owl. At night they see as clearly as we do in the day, and in daylight they can see too; though not so well as at night, for the bright light hurts their eyes. Indeed, they would be blind in daylight if they had not an extra eyelid, made of very thin skin, almost like tissue paper, which they draw over their eyes, and can still see through it enough to know if danger is near.

But usually owls go to sleep in the daytime, and shut their real eyelids just as sleepy children do. I have no doubt that when sunrise comes the mamma owl says, "Children go to bed, or your eyes will hurt you to-morrow night;" and the little owls answer her, "Oh dear mamma let us stay up a little longer! We will shut our thin eye-lids and not hurt our eyes." For children of all kinds seem to hate bedtime, even when they are so sleepy that their eyes close up of themselves.

But little owls have to study and work for their living every night and all night. They must learn to fly without making the slightest noise. Few people have ever heard an owl flying; you can only tell it has left one tree by hearing it "hoot" on another. They must learn to be quick, too; oh so quick! else the little field mice, and moles, and ground squirrels would never be caught. And they must watch. All the time the little owlets must be thinking and watching and listening, or they would soon starve and die.

These were the lessons which the owlets studied, and the good mother helped them all she could. But one night the little owls learned a very bad lesson, which gave the mother owl much trouble. And who do you think taught the owlets this bad lesson? Two little children, who lived in the house to which the owls' barn belonged; two nice little children, with brown hair, and brown eyes, and red cheeks.

The mother owl and her owlets sat on a tree beside the open sitting room window, and this is what they saw and heard; Robbie sat kicking his foot against Mollie's chair. He seemed to think it a pretty noise. "Do be quiet Rob," said Mollie. Robbie's foot was quiet for one half minute; then he began again. This time Mollie gave his foot a push, which sent him rolling over backward, for he was sitting on the floor. This made a great noise, for both the children laughed as if two pieces of rudeness were very nice fun indeed.

The little owls looked at each other in surprise. They had been taught to keep quiet.

Presently Robbie got up from the floor, and, wishing to reach a book upon the table, stepped on Jip's tail, and then tumbled over papa's foot. "Robert, do learn to look where you are going!" exclaimed his papa.

Both little owls were surprised again, for they could plainly see Jip's black tail lying upon the light carpet, and papa's foot too, and they wondered how this boy could be so blind.

Soon after this the servant came in, carrying a tray, on which was a pitcher of lemonade, with some cakes and glasses.

Mollie jumped up directly. "O, mamma, let me pour it." Then Robbie came to help her, and both made a great clatter with the glasses, and spilled part of the lemonade on the table cover.

That made mamma leave her chair and come to wipe it up. "The cover is quite spoiled," said mamma, sighing. "Why is it that my children do so much mischief?"

"They never think," said papa; "they never look; they never are on the watch, except to do something to please themselves. Send them both to bed; they shall have neither cake nor lemonade."

Then the little owls were surprised again, for Robbie, who had just taken a cake, threw it down angrily upon the floor and began to howl and cry as if his heart was broken. His mamma took him by the hand and led him out of the room, while Mollie followed her, feeling very cross and ill used.

"See!" said the mother owl. "Those creatures can neither keep quiet, nor see anything, nor catch anything."

"One of them caught something," said a little owl; "but he let it go again while he made that great noise."

"I trust you children will never follow such a bad example," said the mother owl. "Let us go into the orchard now."

But the little owls had learned a bad lesson, and for many days after their mother had to reprove them for rustling their wings and hooting to each other when mice were in sight.

Up stairs in the house the other mamma knelt down by her two naughty children, and asked God to help them to watch over their thoughts and acts, that they might be guarded from falling into some great sin through carelessness. For carelessness is the key which opens the door of sin. *Evangelical Mission.*

THE STRONG ARM

"Hold on! hold on!" was the strong ringing cry from the old voyager's lips, as amid the rolling and pitching and tossing of the storm, his lifeboat neared the desired port.

"Aye, aye!" was the sturdy response. Only from one little voice, away in the storm, came the cry with the sadness of despair in it: "I can't hold on!"

Another instant and the captain's arm was around the child, and he was safe.

So, often the strong Christian says to the little one, weak in faith: "Hold on to Christ!" But the cry goes up: "I can't! I can't! Hold me! save me, dear Jesus, or I perish!" And our blessed Captain's strong, loving hand is stretched out to rescue the fainting one.

Ah! this is a blessed thought, a thrice blessed truth, that when weary and worn and weak with life's tossing and tempests, with no more strength even to hold on to our only hope of safety, there is our Captain, not only strong, but willing to save, in whose mighty arm and blessed love we may gladly rest, with the trustfulness of a little child.

Never forget this, trembling child of God; if you can't hold on to Jesus, send but one heart cry to Him and His arm will surely encircle you.

The hand that holds the water in its hollow, that cares for the sparrow, and clothes the grass of the field, is a resting place, large and strong, tender and loving enough, for all who seek its refuge.

THE VANITY OF LIFE

Though our own eyes do everywhere behold the sudden and resistless assaults of death, and nature assaureth us by never-failing experience, and reason by infallible demonstration, that our times upon earth have neither certainty nor durability, that our bodies are but the anvils of pain and diseases, and our minds the hives of numbered cares, sorrows, and passions; and that when we are most glorified, we are but those painted posts against which envy and fortune direct their darts; yet, such is the true unhappiness of our condition, and the dark ignorance which covereth the eyes of our understanding, that we only prize, pumper and exalt this vessel and slave of death, and forget altogether, or only at our cast-away leisure, the imprisoned immortal soul, which can neither die with the reprobate, nor perish with the mortal parts of virtuous men; seeing God's justice in the one, and His goodness in the other, is exercised for evermore, as the ever-living subjects of His reward and punishment. But when is it that we examine this great account? Never, while we have one vanity more left us; to spend! We plead for titles till our breath fail us, dig for riches whilst our strength enableth us; exercise malice while we can revenge; and then, when time hath beaten from us both youth, pleasure, and health, and that nature itself hateth the house of old age, we remember with Job that "we must go the way from whence we shall not return, and that our bed is made for us in the dark." And then I say, look over-into the bottom of our conscience, which pleasure and ambition had locked up from us all our lives, we behold therein the fearful images of our actions past, and withal this terrible inscription that "God will bring every work into judgment that man hath done under the sun."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

Happy is the man who has learned this one thing—do the plain duty of the moment, quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

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BY BATES.

Children's Department.

EVENING HYMN.

The day is done:
O God the Son,
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of Light,
Keep me this night,
And shed round me Thy presence bright.

I need not fear
If Thou art near:
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle eye
Is ever nigh:
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving Ear
Is ever near,
Thy little children's voice to hear.

So, happily
And peacefully,
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

To Father, Son,
And Spirit One,
In Heaven and earth all praise be done.

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER XIII.

The same morning Derwent sat in the drawing-room at the Vicarage. He had the last number of a weekly review on his knee, and a paper-knife in his hand. But he was not cutting open the leaves; he was idly balancing the paper-knife, and looking out of the window. He was mentally uncomfortable, and his brow was wrinkled. Miss Lettice sat at the other window, stitching diligently. Contrary to his usual custom, Derwent did not care to talk, and there had been silence in the room for some time. His thoughts were unpleasant, yet for once he could not evade them, for his conscience had awaked from a long slumber, and was giving him some trouble, as the most sleepy of conscience will do when once fairly roused.

"Well," he was thinking, "I can't for the life of me keep out of these flirtations. It's my unfortunate temperament. When I get thrown with these pretty, sweet women, I can't help myself, I begin to say things I don't mean, and so it goes on, until ten to one they fall in love with me, as Annie Redfern did. Nice girl she was! And I don't think her feeling for me did her any harm. She got over it directly, and married that other fellow. No, I've never done any serious harm to a girl, and that is a great comfort. But I don't like it in myself. It's not good form; really, I don't think it's at all manly; and I am determined I never will make love again, even in the most innocent way. And as I'm quite resolved to go away at once, I hope it will be all right about this poor little Carry. I could never have believed that she could suppose me seriously in love with her; it struck me last night that she had really thought I intended to marry her. Dear me, how girls may be mistaken! I certainly gave her no reason to believe so; but I begin to think I must have an unfortunate manner. I feel affectionately, and I suppose I must show it. Well, I can't help it, it's natural to me. I feel sure Carry will be all right when I'm gone. She'll forget me in a few weeks, when she has nothing to remind her of me. It's inconvenient, but I'm sure it's the only right course, and it's not often I do wrong wilfully. Poor child, how heart-broken she looked last night, when I told her I was going away! it went to my heart. I almost gave up the idea. And yet that would never do. Her distress was only an additional reason for going. Yes, I must go, and at once."

A few minutes after, he turned to Miss Lettice, and said, abruptly

"Cousin, I think it's time that I left Hazlewood."

Miss Lettice looked up from her work in astonishment,

"Why, my dear boy, I thought you were settled down here till the end of the summer."

"So did I; but I suppose, after all, I'm beginning to get tired of idleness. I think it doesn't suit me; at any rate, in such large doses. I shall go to town and knock about there a bit. I've got a few friends to look up, and a little business to see after. And who knows but I may take your advice, after all, and make myself eligible for the Woolsack?"

Walter, tilting back in his chair, with his hands in his pockets, and an insouciant smile on his face, presented a picture much out of keeping with the idea of the legal profession, and his cousin laughed.

Walter looked slightly aggrieved. "Your intentions are very laudable, Walter, and far be it from me to discourage you; but I think you would do well to stay with us a little longer. Seeing that in August London is well-nigh empty, you would find none of your friends at home; and I should think you could hardly transact your business to advantage."

"Ah!" exclaimed Walter. "I forgot that."

He rose and walked to the window, looked out for a minute, and then returning said, in a tone of fresh resolve—

"Nevertheless, I must go; call me an unreasonable fellow, but don't try and keep me. Let me see, it is now Thursday. Can I be ready to start by the end of the week?"

Miss Lettice, amazed, let her work drop. She regarded the young man keenly.

"What does this feverish energy mean? You, who cannot make up your mind in less than a week to walk into the next parish, now require only three days to form and carry out an important plan like this. You astonish me. If I were not so satisfied of your good feeling towards us, which I am sure would prevent your harbouring an unexpressed offence—"

"Nonsense, my dear cousin! You know better than that," interrupted Walter. "Don't take the trouble to find a sufficient reason for my absurdities. I assure you I do not. I suppose the fact is that having made up my mind, I want to get the disagreeable duty done as quickly as possible."

It was finally arranged that Walter should leave the next Monday; he could not be induced to stay a day longer. Great was the surprise among his friends at the farm when they heard of his immediate and unexpected departure. This did not happen till Sunday. As they were returning from church, Martha, the Vicarage servant, ran after them to tell the news. After the first expressions of astonishment, Mrs. Masters said—

"He'll be going to see his fine friends in London, no doubt. Hazlewood'll see no more of him, you may be sure."

"Nay, mother," said Mr. Masters, "he's not the lad to forget his friends, whoever he be, and big man as he'll get if talents can do it. We shall see him again some of these days."

As for Nell, the shock of the news to her had been so great as to put off for a time the full realisation of it. Over and over again did the question repeat itself within her. Will he come and say good-bye? The whole of her consciousness was merged in that one point. She saw and heard nothing around her. He had been at church, that morning, sitting in the Vicarage pew. He was going away, perhaps for ever. Was that the last time she was to see him? No, it was impossible that he should go without bidding them farewell; and yet she would have deemed it equally impossible beforehand that he should not have told them that he was going away.

Carry testified neither surprise nor regret at the morning's news. She simply remained silent. The afternoon and a great part of the evening passed away, and Derwent did not come. Nell was consumed with a sort of restlessness, utterly unlike her usual reposeful energy. She must be incessantly in motion—she could not sit still.

With the dark Derwent came at last. Carry, who was in the garden, entered with him. The rest were all in the parlour. He had but a few minutes to stay he said, and there was a general feeling of relief. Leave-takings are almost always painful, either from too much feeling or too little. The two girls were very silent. At length the last hand-shake had to be given. Carry's appeared cold and formal, but Nell gave him her hand freely, and lifted up to his a face full of sorrowful affection. The look was so frank, so earnest, so trustful, that it went straight to Walter's heart, and smote it sore. It was as if his conscience had met him in Nell's look, and convicted him of cowardice and selfishness. As he went out into the night, it was Nell's face that haunted him. And Nell, now that the yearning of her heart had been fulfilled, and she had, for the last time, looked in the face of her friend with entire self-revelation, was comforted and lifted up above her sorrow into a region of passionate renunciation.

(To be continued.)

Family Reading.

INFLUENCE.

They tell us that each pebble dropped
On ocean's glassy breast
Must make a pulse in boundless deep,
Whose ripples never rest.

But ever sweep through coral caves:
Or break on distant sands;
Or kiss cold faces which the deep
Holds far from loving hands:

Or eddy round the treasure lost
Which her calm bosom hides,
Yet still for ever ebbs and flows
Upon the changing tides.

They tell us that each word we speak,
Though ne'er so softly said,
Shall still be throbbing through the air
Long after we are dead:

And that, although we hear them not,
Around us ever ring
The laugh and sigh of long ago
The shifting breezes bring.

It may be that with mighty word,
Like whirlwinds on the deep,
We stir the hearts of other men,
And rouse them from their sleep.

It may be that each word we speak,
Like an echo on the air,
Though scarcely heeded when 'tis said,
Yet leaves its impress there.

How'er this be, 'tis God's decree
We cannot live alone:
No one can fold his arms and say,
"My life is all my own."

The life of each is bound to all
By cords we cannot sever—
A ripple that shall never cease
Upon Time's mighty river.

But, like the pulses on the tide,
Or the air which echoes still,
Must the words and deeds of each of us
The lives of others fill.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Though it is by no means necessary that it should confine itself to so comparatively narrow a sphere, still when it goes out into the world, it does so quietly and silently, "vaunteth not itself," and steps noiselessly along the by-paths, seeking not to claim attention to itself and its good deeds.

Charity's autograph is somewhat rare; her gifts generally pass from hand to hand, are bestowed upon those who most need them, and who are least in a position to make them known to Fame; and being, in majority of cases, judiciously distributed, they effect, all the good they were destined to produce. Ostentation, on the contrary, never thinks of home at all, and considers the by-paths of life "low;" she walks forth in the

highways, and "loves greetings in the market-place;" her name stands conspicuous at the head of every subscription-list for building magnificent churches, great hospitals, and instituting public charities; her means, though commonly large, are so singularly apportioned, that she cannot afford to bestow the smallest sums upon lowly individuals; while she finds it the easiest thing in the world to lay out thousands *pro bono publico*. A flagrant instance of the nature of her deeds came before us a few days since. We read in the public press, in a list of subscriptions for erecting a new church, a certain name appended to a gift of £30,000. Alas! while reading this, we happened to know—though not through the public press—that a near relative of this munificent donor was, with a family of six children, in absolute need of necessaries of life, having been refused the slightest assistance by the £30,000 subscriber—ay, even the continuation of a small yearly stipend, granted by *their late father!*

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

Some real lives do—for some certain days or years—actually anticipate the happiness is once felt by good people (to the wicked it never comes), its sweet effect is never wholly lost. Whatever trials follow, whatever pains of sickness or shades of death, the glory precedent still shines through, cheering the keen anguish, and tinging the deep cloud. I will go further. I do believe there are some human beings so born, so reared, so guided from a soft cradle to a calm and late grave, that no excessive suffering penetrates their journey. And often, these are not pampered, selfish beings, but Nature's elect, harmonious and benign; men and women mild with charity, kind agents of God's kind attributes. . . . But it is not so for all. What then? His will be done, as done it surely will be, whether we humble ourselves to resignation or not. The impulse of creation forwards it; the strength of powers seen and unseen, has its fulfilment in charge. Proof of a life to come must be given. In fire and in blood, if needful, must that proof be written. In fire and in blood do we trace the record throughout nature. In fire and in blood does it cross our own experience. Sufferer, faint not through terror of this burning evidence. Tired wayfarer, gird up thy loins, look upward, march onwards. Pilgrims and brother mourners, join in friendly company. Dark through the wilderness of this world stretches the way for most of us; equal and steady be our tread; be our cross our banner. For staff we have His promise, whose "word is tried, whose way is perfect;" for present hope His providence, "who gives the shield of salvation, whose gentleness makes great;" for final home His bosom, who "dwells in the height of heaven;" for crowning prize a glory, exceeding and eternal. Let us so run that we may obtain; let us endure hardness as good soldiers; let us finish our course, and keep the faith reliant in the issue to come off more than conquerors. "Art thou not from everlasting, mine Holy One? We shall not die?"—Charlotte Brontë.

PEN'S GIFT.

"Pen, my lad, will you take a message for me to the market, before it closes?"

"It's rather a long way," responded Pen, looking doubtfully at his crutch.

"Well, you can take your own time coming back, so as you get there afore six. I'll give you twopenny, and that's more than you'll make hanging about here; and you can leave your matches on my stall."

It was quite true. Pen thought of the many wintry afternoons he had hung about, without taking even one penny; so he handed over his stock of merchandise to the care of the apple-woman, and received a short homily to be delivered to a certain greengrocer at a corner of the market; and then buttoning up his venerable jacket with the care and caution that its antiquity demanded, he set out on his expedition.

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It was a long way—over two miles—and entirely new ground to Pen, whose travels had been necessarily limited. It was nearly six when he reached the place; and, having sought out the greengrocer, and delivered his message he sat down on a box in the doorway for a rest, and looked round the big bare building.

Down one long avenue fitches of bacon and feathered fowls hung in melancholy rows in the fading March twilight; down another, wet shining fish lay in shoals, on slabs of dingy slate; others were given up to stores of oranges and potatoes; close by where he sat was a vast pile of vegetable refuse, ready for the scavenger's cart. Glancing over the heterogeneous mass, Pen caught sight of a mysterious lump of something, covered with little dark brown knobs. He picked it up curiously, not quite sure whether it was not some strange animal; but it lay perfectly still on his palm, and he turned back to the greengrocer, and asked him if he knew what it was. The man took it out of his hand.

"Why, it's only a fern-root."

"What's that?"

"Something that grows—it's green; they're rather nice, some of them," he added.

"May I keep it?" asked Pen, suddenly; he had never seen a green thing growing.

"If you want it. Stop a minute, though."

From the back of his stall the man produced a small red pot. He put the root into it, and pressed down some loose earth round it.

"There, youngster; give it plenty of water, and you'll have a fine plant some of these days."

Pen received it gratefully; he took his new possession carefully under his arm, and then the great bell rang for closing, and he left the market, and began his pilgrimage back.

At one of the street corners he came upon a blind man encamped under a doorway; he was reading by his fingers, slowly and jerkily, from a big dingy volume, and Pen stopped in front of him to watch the process.

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast gifts into the treasury; and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing; and He called unto Him His disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all have cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

There it ended: he closed the book. Pen waited a minute or two, but it was evidently concluded for the night; so he went on his journey. He did not understand it all—many of the words were altogether beyond his level—but he had gathered a general impression that the poor widow had given all her money away, and thereby pleased some great person, who had spoken out for her right well. He somehow associated it with the hospital-boxes he had often seen at street-corners, and he wondered at which of them this person sat; then, remembering the faded old volume, he came to the conclusion that it must have happened some time ago, and most probably they were all dead now.

At the entrance to his own court, he encountered an acquaintance—a sickly unhappy-looking girl, carrying a huge bundle of slop-work. He stopped to show her his new property, but she hurried on impatiently.

"I've no time to bother with it now," she said. "They want all this back by to-morrow night."

Pen turned into the dingy cellar that constituted his head-quarters. He put the little pot tenderly into a corner of the grated window, and, recollecting the greengrocer's injunction, went out to the court pump with a broken jug, the entire contents of which he straightway administered to the unfortunate root.

Days and weeks came and went: the fern remained to all outward appearance in exactly the same condition. At first he limped across to it hopefully, then patiently, but at last he lost all heart, and told the sewing-girl about it almost with tears of disappointment.

"I've given it pints of water, Margaret, and covered it up always but it doesn't make a bit of difference."

"Why, you stupid boy," she said, "you're giving it too much. There's lots of time yet; those things never come up till the sun gets warm. I've seen heaps of them. Put it outside the window."

Pen put it outside thenceforth, and gave it the benefit of every ray of sunlight that found its way between those dank walls. Not many days after he fancied he saw a change in the shape of the little brown knobs. There was a day or two of breathless anxiety, then hope blossomed into certainty—the brown sheaths slowly uncurled themselves into tiny curling green fronds.

It was like a revelation from another world to Pen. For hours together he would bend over it, his face almost touching the little tender leaves. He hid it away in a dark corner in terror when his father was in; but the darkest fear he had was of a woman who sometimes came in to "straighten things up" in the miserable room. Mercifully these visits were few and far between, but Pen suffered such anxiety for the safety of his fern the first time she was in possession that ever after he took it with him to the church steps, where he generally sat with his stock of fuses and matches.

One night he carried it up to Margaret's attic to show her; she put down her sewing this time, and took the little pot on her knee, and Pen presently saw with astonishment that tears were glittering in her eyes.

"They used to grow round the house where we lived," she explained. "It was hundreds of miles from here, and I've never seen one since I left it."

"What made you leave it?" inquired Pen, sympathetically.

"Father and mother died, and I thought as I'd get on better here. One has to live, though one might as well be dead as live in this hole," she wound up bitterly. "There, take the thing away."

Pen took it down, but often afterwards, he would carry it up to her for a little while. She was a fretful irritable girl, but her face always softened and brightened at the sight of it, and truly the little fern grew and flourished as rarely a professionally tended one ever does; the tiny fronds lengthened into feathery sprays as gracefully as though they had never left their home in exile; and every leaf held a separate beauty of its own for the two who watched it.

Margaret talked to him sometimes of a far country that was filled with growing trees and flowers, of fields white with daisies, and hedges thick with giant ferns; she told him how they grew and waved by thousands on the hill-sides. Pen thought of Ludgate-hill, his only experience of mountain scenery, and received that item with a heavy discount. The hedge might pass—he had never seen one—but there should be no hill-side for his fern, if he could help it.

One sultry August morning it chanced that he found himself stranded in a distant street. He had set out with two or three other boys to see some procession, but his limbs failed him half way, and they went on without him. He was standing still looking for a friendly doorstep, when the sound of a irking monotonous voice broke upon his ear; a few yards off against the wall stood a wooden stool, and on it reading from the same old book, the blind man he had once listened to before. Pen stole softly up and settled down beside him.

"And—there—came—a—certain—poor—widow—and—she—threw—in—two—mites." The story went on to the end, the same story; when it was finished Pen touched the reader's sleeve.

"Doesn't that treasury mean the box for the hospitals?"

The man turned his face towards him sharply—"No, of course not; it was a church."

"But they don't keep boxes at the church," objected Pen, who had never penetrated beyond the steps, and knew nothing of their internal arrangements.

"Is that person who spoke up for the poor widow alive now? Isn't he very old?"

"Why, it was Jesus," and the man explained, in a rather shocked tone, "He's up in heaven, you know."

Pen didn't know, but he went on in his quest of knowledge. "Then there isn't any treasury now?"

The man hesitated; these were leading questions. "I don't know exactly; I suppose it means giving to poor people, and I wish to goodness they'd do a little more at it."

But the widow was poor herself, the book said, persisted Pen, "and that was why that other person spoke about her."

"Well, well; I can't stop talking here; it might have been for somebody poorer than herself, or sick, perhaps."

"Does the book say it *wasn't* the hospital-box?" asked Pen, coming back at the word to his original point.

"No, it doesn't," owned the scholar, reluctantly. "But I don't think it was. You ought to go to school, and learn about it. It means that you ought to help the poor."

"What's the use, if the person isn't beside the box, now?"

"It wasn't a box I tell you; and He knows about it all the same."

Pen rose up with a sigh.

"It's rather curious to understand, isn't it?"

"Not when you've been brought up to it," returned the modern Gamaliel, loftily.

Pen had not been brought up to it; but the story had taken a deep hold upon his mind. He would have walked a long way to look at the originals in the little drama, if he could only have discovered their whereabouts; but there seemed some uncertainty about it. He puzzled over it often as he sat on the steps with his fuses through the long sunny days.

There was one inhabitant less in the crowded court that August. Pen, going up as usual one evening to Margaret's attic, found it deserted. The woman beneath told him that she had been taken away to the hospital that morning.

"When is she coming back?" asked Pen, blankly.

"There'll be no coming back for her," said the woman decidedly. "You can go and see her at the hospital, if you like, twice a week; it's in Grey's-road."

Pen limped down again, rather disconsolately. Margaret had not been always a congenial companion, but he had not met many, and the fern had been a strong tie between them. He missed her more than he thought; and the first day that the rules allowed, Pen presented himself at the hospital gates.

"Margaret Ellis," echoed the nurse, a tall kindly-faced woman, in a snowy cap and apron. "Are you her brother?"

"No, nothink; but she lived beside us."

"I am afraid you cannot see her to-day, my boy; she is very ill."

"Is she going to die?"

"I am afraid she is."

Pen gave a little sob.

"And she'll never see my fern again."

"You can hardly wish her to stay,"

said the nurse, not quite comprehending;

"she has suffered a great deal here, and she would be safe with Jesus, we hope."

A sudden light broke over Pen's troubled face; he had found the missing link.

"Oh, I know him!" he cried out, joyfully; "it's the person who sat by the treasury."

The nurse looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't know; but you had better go now; you can come again on Saturday."

Pen pondered over it as he went home. He had been right after all; it was the hospital-box. How strange that, among

so many hospitals, he should have found

the very place where He was! and yet that man with the old book had said that He was dead. All the parts of the story did not fit in—much of it he did not understand; but then he had not been brought up to it, and then seemed to know about it.

"I didn't understand about my fern till I saw it grow," he wound up, unconsciously linking together the two great mysteries of the life that is and the life that is to come.

And if he had had anything to give he would have given it then, but he had not. Nothing in the world, except—except Pen's very heart stood still as it came upon him his fern. The poor widow gave her money to some one who was poorer than herself, or sick; Margaret was both. If it had been anything else she would have had it, but that—it was not possible to give her that.

Pen pattered back to his cellar, in sore trouble; he took his fern out of its corner, and put his arms around it, and his face went down among the leaves, his one little piece of the great green world that he had never seen, possibly might never see. He thought of the light it had shed in that dismal room, and the gladness every new leaf unfolded about him; of how the sick girl's face had lit up at the sight of its greenness—had she seen that person? he wondered, and had the rich persons given her many things besides? And then the widow came back again, who had "given all that she had," and the little seeker, blindly groping after his Lord's will, fell asleep at last, his head upon the table beside his much-loved fern.

It seemed to Pen afterwards that he lived through a good deal in those few days. Saturday morning found him in the hospital with the fern in his arms. It was to be cast into the treasury. The nurse took it from him, and touched the fronds admiringly.

"It is a beautiful one," she said. "It will be a real comfort to her. She talks about the country incessantly."

Pen went away without a word. He had sat on the steps in the summer moonlight that night long after the chance of a customer had gone by; and when at length he went back to his cellar, he crept up to his pallet in the corner without one glance at the place where the little pot had stood.

He wondered round the big hospital many a time that week, only to look at the rows of windows, and wondered which held his treasure, and how it looked, and if Margaret would care for it as he had. An hour before the gates were opened on the next Saturday. Pen was there, propped against the opposite wall on his crutch; after that he had to wait a long time in the little room before the nurse came. She stood on the threshold and patted his head kindly.

"Margaret's troubles are over, my boy," she said. "She died three days ago."

"Was she glad to get the fern?" asked Pen.

"Yes; she kept it close beside her till she died; and the last time she spoke, it was to ask to have it put in her coffin."

"And was it?" he queried, eagerly.

"Yes, certainly, and it was buried with her," answered the nurse, softly closing the door upon him.

"Perhaps she told Him how it was the only thing I had to give," he said to himself, as he slowly limped down the steps and back into the crowded street.

Aye, and perhaps she did. And perhaps, also—given more ignorantly, but as loyally and lovingly as were the widow's mites of old—not among the least of the gifts of His treasury the Master may have counted that little fern.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not exceeding Four lines, Twenty-five Cents.

DEATH.

COOLEN.—On the 11th December, 1890, at Fox Point, County Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, much and deservedly regretted, JAMES COOLEN, J.P. An earnest Churchman and a consistent Christian.—Aged 49 years.

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