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Church Work.

WE SPEAK CONCERNING CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR..... REV. JOHN AMBROSE.

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No. 8.

INTO THY HANDS, MY GOD.

INTO Thy hands, my God, I gladly fall,
Resigning there my life, my will, my all;
Do as Thou wilt, O Lord, for I am
Thine:
Whatever Thy blest will is also mine.

Into Thy hands, my God, for there at
length,
Through my poor weakness shall I find
Thy strength:

Thy grace shall triumph over all my sin,
And Christ's dear blood shall make me
pure within.

Into Thy hands, my God—those hands
of love.

Which sweetly reached and drew me
from above;

Those hands which countless daily mer-
cies give,

Those hands by which I every moment
live.

Into Thy hands, my God—my Father's
hands;

Near them a living Saviour pleading
stands.

O love! He pleads for me, how can I fear
With such a Father, such a Saviour
near?

In Thy dear hands, my God, there let
me rest;

Send pain or sickness, if Thou seest
best;

Do as Thou wilt—Thy love I cannot
doubt,

For perfect love casts fear and sadness
out.

Safe in Thy hands, my God, a little
child,

I look to Thee through Jesus reconciled,
I dare for His dear sake to call Thee
mine;

For this sweet bliss I would all else re-
sign.

Into Thy hands, my God, I cast my will;
Bid every murmuring, restless thought
be still;

My only wish while on the narrow road,
Tranquil to lie in Thy dear hands, my
God.

How happy is life, if we love those
with whom we live.

Pro W. J. Ambrose
March

CHURCH WORK.

If Christians fail to put in practice the teachings of Holy Writ it certainly cannot be for want of examples. For first, if our desires be to live in this world as God would have us live, we have the example of Jesus Christ, the God-man. And lest, in comparing His perfect example in all things with the sinfulness of our best works, we become weary and faint in our minds, we have the assurance that He was tempted in all points like as we are,—that He, therefore, can be touched with a feeling for our infirmities, and will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss if He sees that we love him above all things and strive with repentance and faith to fulfill the law of charity. And the failures of His saints are made known to us in God's Word to warn us against temptation and to prevent despair, whilst the exhibition of God's merciful kindness to them inspires us with new hope.

But may we not also look elsewhere than among the saints to learn wisdom and energy in God's service? Consider the politicians, how they work. First to persuade. From press and platform the attention of the general public is earnestly sought. The district is divided into wards, and into each ward go the canvassers; and, not satisfied with frequent public addresses and the distribution of reading matter to the same effect,

they send to each individual voter those most likely to interest him, either directly or through his friends. No labour is spared until, with almost unerring certainty, the political opinion of each elector is ascertained, and, if possible, swayed into the desired direction. This is what they understand as the only way of making the election sure. And this labour is not left to the candidate himself. Every earnest friend of his political opinions works with and for the promotion of those opinions to the best of his ability.

Would that the children of light were as earnest, and, instead of leaving the advancement of religion in the parish almost entirely to the clergyman, every member of God's Church could be brought to see that he himself, at his baptism, was made a member of Christ and a priest to God, and therefore would feel bound to influence for good, by word and example, the members within the fold and gather in the wanderers outside.

Church work is most efficiently carried on where the earnest are encouraged and the waverers influenced for good by clergy, with lay helpers seeking, not only by press and pulpit and platform, but also by house to house visitation, to extend sound teaching, and simultaneously exemplifying their teaching in their daily life and conversation. "Blessed are the people that are in such a case."

It may be said by some that house-to-house visitation is not the work of the laity. Why not for religious as (no one doubts) it is for political and social purposes? All that is required is the heart stirred with the love of God, for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Is there any good reason why the laity of the Church should not labour for truth and reverence, and the use of the sacraments and means of grace, and reclaiming of drunkards and unclean livers, and the feeding of Christ's lambs at home and Sunday school, when we see the zeal, though not tempered with knowledge, and the fearlessness, though marred by irreverence perilously near blasphemy, of the Salvation Army.

Is there not room for self-reproach with the children of the light when they remember the words of the Master, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in."

FROM *Monthly Record* of the Church of Scotland, edited by Rev. P. Melville, M. A., B. D. :—

"We receive with pleasure, from the editor, the interesting Episcopal monthly *Church Work*, published in Digby, N. S. We are happy to put it on the list of our valued exchanges. We thank the Rev. Mr. Moore, also, for *Home Reunion Notes* sent us. The Church of England is characteristically trusty, loyal and honorable, and it deserves well of all Protestants and of the world at large."

ACCESSIONS.

MR. MANN STATHAM, Independent minister at Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, a leading man amongst the Independents, has left them and offered himself a candidate for Holy Orders in the Church of England.

FATHER CHARLES TURNER, late Professor of Theology at Bishop Bagshawe's Diocesan (Roman Catholic) Seminary of "Our Lady and St. Hugh," Nottingham, has seceded from the Roman Catholic Church and been received into the Church of England.

FROM a business man :—"Your paper is worth far more than its subscription price. It is wonderfully pithy. A short article which I read in it the other day is well worth a three year's subscription."

MAMMON.—Wealth is a power to be wielded for God and humanity. Those who hoard it merely to die and leave behind, utterly mistake their mission on earth. Bishop Butler said to his secretary, "I should be ashamed of myself if I could leave ten thousand pounds behind me." When John Wesley's income was thirty pounds, he lived on twenty-eight and gave away two; and when his income rose to sixty pounds and afterwards to one hundred and twenty pounds, he lived on twenty-eight pounds and gave away the remainder. Few of his disciples follow his example. It is to be feared that some of them reverse the order and die "wickedly rich."

ENEMIES are given to the good for their good.

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

A Lecture by H. L. Hastings, before the Massachusetts Annual Convention of Y. M. C. Associations.

(Continued.)

THE authorship of this book is wonderful. Here are words written by kings, by emperors, by princes, by poets, by sages, by philosophers, by fishermen, by statesmen; by men learned in the wisdom of Egypt, educated in the schools of Babylon, trained up at the feet of rabbis in Jerusalem. It was written by men in exile, in the desert, in shepherds' tents, in "green pastures" and beside "still waters." Among its authors we find the tax-gatherer, the herdsman, the gatherer of sycamore fruit; we find poor men, rich men, statesmen, preachers, exiles, captains, legislators, judges; men of every grade and class are represented in this wonderful volume, which is in reality a library, filled with history, genealogy, ethnology, law, ethics, prophecy, poetry, eloquence, medicine, sanitary science, political economy, and perfect rules for the conduct of personal and social life. It contains all kinds of writing; but what a jumble it would be if sixty-six books were written in this way by ordinary men. Suppose, for instance, that we get sixty-six medical books written by thirty or forty different doctors of various schools, believers in allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy, and all the other "pathies," bind them all together, and then undertake to doctor a man according to that book! What man would be fool enough to risk the results of practicing such a system of medicine? Or suppose you get thirty-five editors at work

writing treatises on politics, or thirty-five ministers writing books on theology, and then see if you can find any leather strong enough to hold the books together when they are done.

But again, it required fifteen hundred years to write this book, and the man who wrote the closing pages of it had no communication with the man who commenced it. How did these men, writing independently, produce such a book? Other books get out of date when they are ten or twenty years old; but this book lives on through the ages, and keeps abreast of the mightiest thought and intellect of every age.

Suppose that thirty or forty men should walk in through that door. One man comes from Maine, another from New Hampshire, another from Massachusetts, and so on from each State, each bearing a block of marble of peculiar shape. Suppose I pile up these blocks in order, until I have the figure of a man, perfectly symmetrical and beautifully chiseled, and I say, "How did these men, who have never seen each other, chisel out that beautiful statue?" You say, "That is easily explained. One man planned that whole statue, made the patterns, gave the directions, and distributed them around; and so, each man working by the pattern, the work fits accurately when completed." Very well. Here is a book coming from all quarters, written by men of all classes, scattered through a period of fifteen hundred years; and yet this book is fitted together as a wondrous and harmonious whole. How was it done? "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." One mind inspires the whole book, one voice speaks in

it all, and it is the voice of God speaking with resurrection power.

Again, I conclude that this book has in it the very breath of God, from the effect that it produces upon men. There are men who study philosophy, astronomy, geology, geography and mathematics; but did you ever hear a man say, "I was an outcast, a wretched inebriate, a disgrace to my race, and a nuisance in the world, until I began to study mathematics, and learned the multiplication table, and then turned my attention to geology, got me a little hammer, and knocked off the corners of the rocks and studied the formation of the earth, and since that time I have been happy as the day is long; I feel like singing all the time; my soul is full of triumph and peace; and health and blessing have come to my desolate home once more?" Did you ever hear a man ascribe his redemption and salvation from intemperance and sin and vice to the multiplication table, or the science of mathematics or geology?" But I can bring you, not one man, or two, or ten, but men by the thousand who will tell you, "I was wretched; I was lost; I broke my poor old mother's heart; I beggared my family; my wife was heart-sticken and dejected; my children fled from the sound of their father's footsteps; I was ruined, reckless, homeless, hopeless, until I heard the words of that book!" And he will tell you the very word which fastened on his soul. It may be it was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" perhaps it was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" it may have been, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten

Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He can tell you the very word that saved his soul. And since that word entered his heart, he will tell you that hope has dawned upon his vision; that joy has inspired his heart; and that his mouth is filled with grateful song. He will tell you that the blush of health has come back to his poor wife's faded cheek; that the old hats have vanished from the windows of his desolate home; that his rags have been exchanged for good clothes; that his children run to meet him when he comes; that there is bread on his table, fire on his hearth, and comfort in his dwelling. He will tell you all that, and he will tell you that this book has wrought the change.

Now this book is working just such miracles, and is doing it every day. If you have any other book that will do such work as this, bring it along. The work needs to be done; if you have any other book that will do it, for heaven's sake bring it out. But for the present, while we are waiting for you, as we know this book will do the work, we mean to use it until we can get something better.

What we most need is the book itself. It is its own best witness and defender. Christians sometimes try to defend the word of God. It seems like half a dozen poodle dogs trying to defend a lion in his cage. The best thing for us to do is to slip the bars out and let the lion out, and he will defend himself! And the best thing for us to do is to bring out the word of God, and let "the sword of the Spirit" prove its own power, as it pierces "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."

Suppose, for example, all the good people of this town should try the Bible, say for a single year. Suppose you start to-night, and say, "We have heard about that book, and now we will begin and practice its teachings just one year." What would be the result? There would be no lying, no stealing, no selling rum, no getting drunk, no tattling, no mischief-making, no gossiping, no vice nor debauchery. Every man would be a good man, every woman a good woman; every man would be a good husband, father or brother; every woman a good wife, mother or sister; every one in the community would be peaceable; there would be no no brawls, no quarrels, no fights, no lawsuits; lawyers would almost starve to death; doctors would have light practice, and plenty of time to hoe in their gardens; courts would be useless, jails and lock-ups empty, almshouses cleared out of their inmates, except a few old stagers left over from the past generation; taxes would be reduced, hard times would trouble nobody,—all would be well dressed and well cared for; and presently the news would go abroad, and we should hear in Boston, "What wonderful times they are having up there in old Spencer. The people have all gone to living according to the Bible." The news would get into all the local papers, the Springfield papers, the Boston papers, the New York papers; the telegraph wires would be kept busy with the news; they would hear of it in Cleveland, in Cincinnati, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in New Bedford, and Fall River, and Portland; and the reporters would start off to investigate. One would be enquiring, "Are there

any houses to let in Spencer? any to sell? any building lots? any farms for sale?" Capitalists would come here; some man from Boston would say, "I am going to move to Spencer; I am sick of the noise and hurry of the city, and I want a place where I can bring up my children, and not have them go to perdition;" there would be a general rush from all quarters to Spencer. It would raise the price of real estate twenty-five per cent in six months; taxes would come down, property would go up, and good people from far and near would want to move into town, and nobody who was worth having there would want to move out. And this would be the direct result of reading and obeying this book. Now, if a book will do that for a community, what kind of a book is it? Is such a book the Lord's book or the devil's book? It seems to me that a book which will do such work as that must be the book of God, inspired by the breath of the Almighty.

A LAD in Boston, rather small for his years, worked as an errand boy for four gentlemen who did business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him:

"You never will amount to much; you never can do much business; you're too small."

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

They were anxious to know what he could do that they could not.

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow.

A TALE OF "THE FIFTEEN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS KITTY."

CHAPTER I. (*Continued.*)

Soon pretty Alice left the mother and son together and went away singing blithely to her own little bedchamber upstairs. She was an orphan, not in reality Mistress Lester's niece, though she addressed the old lady as aunt, but the child of a much loved cousin who had married a Frenchman and then died in a foreign land. Alice Cavour (for her father boasted no noble name or lineage) had passed her time in a French convent until her father's death, and then, she being barely fifteen, had been sent to Mistress Lester, in Northumberland, a lonely little waif, to be taken in and cherished for her English mother's sake. That was more than three years ago, but Alice had never lost her foreign appearance and the dainty coquettish ways which so puzzled and bewitched the downright people amongst whom she found herself. She was quite a different order of being from simple, homely *Dorothy and Mary Lester*, as different in nature as in physique. They were tall and fair-haired, solid and ample; while she was slight, and small, and dark, with that olive tint in her complexion which seldom belongs to pure English blood. The olive tint was less noticeable now than it had been at first, for Northumberland air and a gay, free life had given little Alice's cheek the brilliant colour which best becomes a brown beauty; but still she would always be a dusky creature, with that soft dark hair, black eyes, and olive skin, and John Lester at any rate could not wish her otherwise. To him she was the very impersonation

of loveliness and goodness,—he saw no faults of any kind in her. A year ago he had first asked her to marry him and had received a doubtful answer, which was half a repulse.

"Not now, not yet; O, John I couldn't do it!" Alice had said, shrinking from him, startled and frightened, and John Lester had been too chivalrous to press his hopes, or even to ask her again under the circumstances.

"I shall never change," he had replied to the girl's confused words. "If you change, Alice, as they say young maidens do sometimes, and feel that you can put up with me after all at any future time, just come to the top of the cliff-stair by yourself when I come home from fishing. I shall know then and understand that there's a chance for me after all; but if you never come, I shall feel, without more words, that my pearl is too beautiful and rare for me, and must have a better setting than I can give, and shine in high places, as is but fitting. You will remember, Alice, for I will not vex you with more words. We know each other well enough, and you trust me enough to make an agreement like this, I am sure." And Alice had agreed, trembling and blushing; and at the end of the year she came to the appointed place, as has been seen.

Now she went singing away, the conference ended, and John Lester caught the refrain of the gay little French song as the fresh voice went further and further off through the passages of the old house. He listened with a half smile on his face until the voice died away in the distance, and his mother spoke to him.

"John, my good son, John, I mis-

doubt me sorely about this day's work of yours."

The resolute voice trembled a little, and the knitting-pins clinked nervously in the thin, withered hands on which the blue veins stood out large and distinct.

"Mother, I did not expect this from you," was the quiet answer; and the grave, respectful tone was almost a reproach.

The old lady laid down her knitting again and then caught it up restlessly, trying to control the shaking of her hands as she said, "Have I not loved her? have I not shown her real heartkindness, John?"

"You have done both, mother, I know full well."

"And yet I tell you I cannot rejoice. She has no dower, poor child, and she is half French besides, but you know well I would not weigh those things in the balance with your happiness. She is not true, John,—there is no truth in her; and where that is the case—"

"That is a hard saying, mother, and, forgive me, not a true one. Some one has prejudiced you. Why Alice is almost a child in her ways. She conceals nothing. Her pretty ways are not those of our north-country maidens, I grant you, but neither is her speech nor her appearance. You might as well object to the one as to the other."

"I have observed her carefully, and I warn you, my son. It is no gladness to me to speak against your chosen wife. I have had many heavy days and weary nights in my life, and many evil tidings have come to me, but I know nought that has stirred me more deeply than this. I would fain rejoice in your joy, but there is a voice in my heart which will not be still. This is the beginning of

some calamity to thee, my best beloved."

"Mother, you are weary and overwrought. My little Alice, *our* little Alice, who has crept into all our hearts and made the house beautiful, and the darkest, cloudiest day as bright as her own sunny Normandy with the magic of her presence—you tell me she is not true. But I know the anxious love which makes you over-fearful; and though I cannot think as you *say* you think—for it can be but saying, mother—I can value the groundwork of your fears, and they must be no barrier betwixt you and me. Only I pray you do not speak of them, they will soon wear away in silence. Ah, hither comes Dolly, bringing word that supper awaits us."

He gave his arm to his mother as he spoke and she took it, moving with almost her usual stately pace across the room and hall. Alice did not appear at the supper table, but John's sisters, Dolly and Mary, were there, and it was easy to see that they suspected something of what had been going on.

When the repast was ended and the old lady had been conducted back to her chair in the oak parlour, John beckoned to Dolly to follow him out of doors. Dolly, or Dorothy, was the elder of the two sisters, being perhaps five-and-twenty, a handsome young woman with a good thoughtful face. John said nothing for a few minutes as they stood together in the moonlight, for his mother's reception of his tidings had damped his honest joy sadly, though it was powerless to disturb his confidence in his fair Alice. At last he said, almost wistfully,

"Hast guessed, Dolly?"

"Ay, John. I give you joy with

all my heart,—she is the sweetest and the dearest. You could not have chosen more to my mind. It is good news indeed, enough to wile one's mind away from weary thoughts."

John scarcely heard her out; he caught her in his strong arms and kissed her.

"Bless you for that, Dolly! you can appreciate and trust her."

"Why, of course I can," Dolly replied in surprised tones, as he released her.

"Our mother thinks it is not well," said John, in explanation. "She is quite overset. I never thought of her taking it so amiss."

Then Dolly hesitated a little, and could give small comfort, for it was well known to all Mistress Lester's children that her opinions on all points were strong and not easily shaken; but the sister said what she could, and the brother in the serenity of his happiness was not inclined to dwell upon drawbacks. Only the joy of his successful love had lacked somewhat of its first perfectness since his mother's eyes had looked upon it with dread and regretful apprehension.

"And when will it be?" asked Dorothy, as they were preparing to go in.

"As soon as may be. I must persuade Alice to have it so. I may be wanted any time a month or two hence, you are aware; and I would fain have her my wife before I go. I would fain leave my little Alice an assured place in the old house, Dolly, should aught happen to me in the way which I must go. It will be an ease to my mind, come what will, to know that Alice has her part and inheritance secure. Nay, I know that you and Mary would be sisters

to her and shield her still without that tie, and that my mother would never cast her out; but these are unsettled days, and Alice will be happier and safer as a wife than as a lonely girl without any near relations. We stand on the eve of another civil war."

"Are you sure of that, brother? Have you had any certain tidings?"

"Sure and certain. This is the 28th day of August. From what I have heard I judge the work to be already begun. But my summons is not like to come yet."

There was a pause, and then Dolly whispered, clasping her hands together so tightly that the rosy flesh grew white,

"Charlie landed at Easthaven yesterday even."

"How know you that?"

"He sent me a token by Enoch Sutton—this, (she drew the end of a blue ribbon from her dress) "and a message that the friend from whom the ribbon came was well, and going northward. Who should send tokens to me but Charlie? and besides, Enoch described him in some sort—a gallant gentleman, nobly apparelled, and gay and debonaire. It could be none else."

"There will be many coming and going in these parts to answer passing well to Enoch's description before all's over, Dolly. But 'twas Charlie Erroll, I warrant. Northward, said he? Ay, Charlie is the lad to lose no time."

"O, may God Almighty keep him safe, and prosper the good cause!" breathed poor Dolly. "I fear for him far more than for you, John, for he was ever reckless of life and limb. And to think he was so near but yesterday even, and yet I saw him not! He was journeying in haste, Enoch

said, and stayed not for rest or food. Ah me! my heart will have no rest now he is in Britain again. At the French Court he was safe."

"There will be terrible changes there, they say, if indeed the changes have not taken place already.

The king's health was breaking fast when last I saw a public print. The Regent owes no love or favour to King James, and is like to show none. We may be precipitated into our enterprise all too soon, I greatly fear."

(To be Continued.)

LEFT UNDONE.

You do no harm. Perhaps so. Let us hope you are doing no direct harm to any body—at least, nothing that you know of. But are you doing any good to anybody, or to yourself? And does God see any good you are trying to do for Him?

If we examined ourselves by this test, we would often find many sins to confess. For some of us are taken good care of, we have learned to take good care of ourselves; and thus avoid the gross sins which might otherwise have defiled us. Hence we get self-righteous, and forget that we are judged not simply by our works as they are in themselves, but by those works considered in connection with our circumstances in life.

Servants of God we are, and we thank God that He does not forsake us. We are glad that some temptations that drown other souls in perdition are no temptations to us. But, if we be servants of God, are we "unprofitable servants?" Even if we did all that could be done, we could not claim the reward of merit at God's hands: we must still be

humble and thank God for giving us the power to serve Him.

But what if we are not doing God's will or work, but are "holding our own" against sin—gross and open sin? Will God be content with this? Ought we to be content with it? What says the Church in that confession that she constantly puts into our mouths? Does she not teach us to tell God that "we have left undone those things which we ought to have done"? And what say the holiest and wisest Christians? The last words which Archbishop Usher was heard to say were these: "But, Lord, in special, forgive my sins of omission."

HOW TO RUN A PARISH DOWN.

This is easy. Almost any one who chooses can do valiant work in this line.

1. It can be done by being irregular at Divine Service, thus letting people see how little you think of the worship of God.
2. By sitting bolt upright during the prayers, so as to advertise to others the fact that anyhow you are not a sinner, and have no faults to confess.
3. By snubbing strangers—this plan always works admirably.
4. By differing from everybody else in the parish, on every conceivable point, and holding on to your preference in spite of everything.
5. By never doing any Church work and by always finding fault when you are asked to help.
6. By never contributing one dollar and by saying the rector is always begging—this succeeds invariably, even when every other effort may fail.—*Ch. News, Miss.*

PRAYERS AND ALMS.

THESE two things are joined together, never to be separated by him who would serve God acceptably,—prayers and alms, the inward thought and the outward action, theory and practice, the life of the soul and the results of that life as seen in operation among men. The Church keeps these two united. She has her worship and her offertory. And when the worship is sincere, and the offering comes from a thankful and willing heart, we may be assured that they go up as a memorial before God. A great many people make an entire separation between the two. They pray, but do not give alms. They worship, but do not work. With such people religion is more of a profession than a practice, a comfortable way of having their souls saved for them, without any effort on their part at doing anything in the work of salvation themselves. Such prayers cannot be very heart-felt: such religion cannot be very acceptable before God the Father. To be sure, it is something to pray. It is the foundation of everything else. But prayers which are only words are not sufficient. Prayer is supposed to represent the desires of the heart. And although we desire to do God's will on the earth, unless we go on to do that will, the desire will not have any permanent place in the heart.

There are others, who give alms but do not pray. They are kind and generous and charitable, but their good deeds are not done in God's name, not for His glory. There is something wrong here also. It is a great thing to be willing to use means, and time, and strength, for the advancement of good enterprises and for the relief of human

suffering. It is a worthy motive to do this for a desire to make the world better and to do good to our fellow men. But God asks of us the highest motive. And the highest motive is the wish to live to Him and to work for Him.

Giving to "alms" the broadest meaning,—not only of giving of our substance, but also of work for Christ wherever there is opportunity and ability,—we have the true model of the Christian life. It must be a life of prayer and devotion, and a life of generous activity in all that makes for the good of our fellow men. These joined together in a harmonious rule of living will be an acceptable memorial to go up before God. No Christian can make much progress in spiritual life who neglects the one or the other. No Parish can be fulfilling the end of its existence when the seats in its House of Worship are empty, or when its plans of benevolence languish from neglect or indifference. The hours of prayer are precious hours. When we miss them we are casting away blessings for our souls. And the offerings of our means and time are as necessary to our spiritual life. Without the one we should become spiritually cold and lifeless, and without the other we should lead a life of selfish indifference.—*The Bishop of Montana.*

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."—An exchange notes the last ecclesiastical migration of the Rev. ——. He was formerly a Baptist, he then became a Churchman, then a Reformed Episcopalian, then a Presbyterian. As Artemus Ward^d said to the Prince of Wales, "How do you like it as far as you've got?"

THE eloquent Dr. Pentecost, writing in a current periodical, calls the Week of Prayer a "moribund institution" and says it ought to be abolished. He says the programme of the Alliance Committee is a sort of "spiritual bill of fare;" according to his view, the longer observance of the custom is worse than useless. So it is with all modern make-shifts to compensate for the loss of the Christian year. The novelty of the thing wears off, it ceases to excite the feelings and the imagination, and something new must be found to quicken the flagging interest. Let all the denominations come back to the observance of the Church seasons of their fathers. Keep Advent and Lent, as well as Christmas, and there will be no need of startling novelties every few years. These have been kept as seasons of prayer and fasting for eighteen hundred years and there are no moribund signs about them yet. They grow dearer, more attractive, more profitable, to the devout Churchman, year by year. There is nothing sensational or sentimental about them. They are the old ways of the Catholic Church which are always new. The wayfaring man does not err therein, and the wisest therein takes delight.

Dr. Pentecost says of the Week of Prayer:

"We have done with the Week of Prayer what we have practically done with the Lord's day, which we have made the one day of the week in which we will preach the gospel. Instead of making it an especial day for extraordinary activity in worship and service we have made it the sole and solitary day. All other days we keep the churches hermetically sealed, and not one preacher of the

gospel out of a hundred ever preaches the Word to sinners except on that day. Having yielded six days in the week to inactivity, we are now in danger of yielding fifty-one weeks in the year to spiritual idleness.

OUR SUNDAYS.

ON the Sunday before George Herbert's departure, he rose suddenly from his bed, called for a musical instrument and played and sang as follows:—

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful 'han hope.

FATHER O'CONNOR, of New York, has the following item in the *Jan. Converted Catholic*:—

"During our visit to Iowa, last September, Rev. Dr. Law, of Des Moines, informed us that more than two hundred Roman Catholics have made application to be received into the Protestant Episcopal Church during the ten years of Bishop Perry's Episcopate of Iowa. We desire to hear from some of those friends who have found peace for their souls out of Rome."

THE Rev. P. B. Morgan, now rector of Trinity Church, Connerville, Ind., who left the Church at the time of the Cummins schism, but subsequently returned, makes an appeal in the last *Church Union* to the "Reformed" to come back to the old Mother Church.

Children's Department.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless cares
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayers,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

THE KING'S DREAM.

ONCE upon a time there lived a great and famous King, who, though he had everything that he could possibly desire, still found a cause for dissatisfaction and unhappiness. He was not content with possessing the love and admiration of his people in the present, but wished to be remembered by them long after, when he should be dead.

"'Tis true," said he, "just now my subjects love me, and my name is known and feared in many lands; but in a few short years I shall be gone, and who will then remember me?"

At last he joyfully thought of a plan by which his memory would always remain fresh and green. He would build a church! and one so magnificent and vast that in all the world there would be none equal to it.

In order, therefore, that the glory should be all his own, he gave strict commands that no one should contribute towards the erection of the building.

So in time a splendid cathedral arose, and the King looked upon it with feelings of pride and pleasure, for was it not a fitting monument?

When the gorgeous edifice was completed he caused his name to be inscribed upon its walls in golden letters upon a marble tablet, and that night he laid his head upon his pillow, content at last.

As the King slept he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he saw an angel come and rub out his name upon the marble and write another there in its stead. Three times that night he had the same dream. When morning came he summoned his court and bade them seek throughout the kingdom for the owner of the name the angel had written.

Very soon the messengers returned, having found a poor widow of that name, who awaited in fear the King's commands. "Bid her enter," said the King in a loud tone of voice. And then the trembling woman was brought before the throne.

"Now," said the monarch, "what

hast thou given towards the building of my church? Speak the truth, I command thee.

"Most gracious sire," said the poor woman, "I gave nothing, for I am poor and have naught to give except my prayers, else would I have offered more. Each night, indeed, I asked a blessing for thee and for thy work, and once—lut once—I gave a wisp of hay to one of the poor horses who drew the stones along the road.

The King was silent a while, then he spoke. "Go," said he, "erase my name from the marble tablet on the church, and place instead thereof the name of this good and pious woman. Rightly am I rebuked. Self-glory was my aim, whereas what she hath done was done for love of God alone."

The lesson to you, dear children, is a much needed one. Look to the motives which prompt you in doing aught for God or for His glory. Remember He judges the heart and sees beneath the surface. Let your prayers and pious deeds and giving of alms be prompted solely by love of God and of His plain commands. Then will He at last bestow upon you a rich reward.

CHILDREN, HELP.

THERE are more than 300,000,000 children in heathen lands who have no Bible and no knowledge of Christ.

Are you too young to help them?

Remember:

That Jesus was but twelve years old when he expressed a desire to be about his "Father's business."

That Samuel was a mere "child" when he "ministered unto the Lord before Eli."

That Queen Esther was but a girl

"in her teens" when she staked her life on an effort to save her people.

That Josiah was but eight years old when he became king, and that at seventeen "he began to seek after the God of David his father."

Every Sunday school child in the Dominion can aid the heathen by taking mission boxes and giving their little savings for foreign and home missions. Remember we have heathen Indians in Canada, and by aiding the Rev. E. F. Wilson's work on their behalf you are helping to lift them out of darkness. Send your offerings to him, at Sault Ste Marie P. O., Ont.

NOTES ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

In previous articles under this heading we have shown the rise and progress of the reformed Prayer Book, particularly laying stress on the fact that this work was a distinct revision and compilation of the old service books of the mediæval church.

In 1548, as we have said, the different diocesan uses were reduced to one, the services were translated into English, purged, where needed, of false doctrine, and conformed to the primitive and apostolic model.

This new service book was ordered to be said and used on Whit-Sunday, in the year 1549.

But there was a section—an extreme party—among the Reformers, who were not satisfied with this excellent and enduring work. Their sympathies and feelings lay with Calvin and the Geneva Protestants, who repudiated Apostolic government and order, and were desirous of revising and reforming the

Prayer Book in accordance with their particular views.

Their influence at court being very great, a commissioner was at last issued to Cranmer, and others associated with him, to prepare a new edition of the Prayer Book, which was issued in 1552.

There were two celebrated men, refugees from the Continent and possessed of great influence owing to their learning and position, whose opinions and views on the reformation were followed to some extent in this revision. These were Bucer and Martyr, the Divinity Professors at Oxford and Cambridge, to whom Cranmer submitted the existing service book for corrections, and who, to some degree, influenced his decisions.

They do not appear to have aimed at condemning the first Prayer Book, but wished to render it more perfect and "fit for the stirring up of all Christian people to the true honouring of Almighty God."

It is to this revision we owe the introductory sentences, exhortations, confession and absolution at morning and evening prayer. In this work, too, the ten commandments and responses were added in the Communion office, and a few other slight and comparatively unimportant were made. In the Burial service the commendatory prayers for the dead were changed into thanksgivings, and the office for the Holy Eucharist was omitted. A declaration concerning kneeling was inserted after the Communion office, and a special rubric forbade the wearing of albe, vestment and cope, the distinctive dress of the officiating priest up to this time.

These were the main changes, some of them undoubtedly adding greatly to the enrichment of the Prayer Book and

valuable in themselves. In our next article we shall refer to the changes made in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

CHURCH HISTORY.

REIGN OF JAMES II.

Q. WHEN did King James II. ascend the throne?

A. In 1685. He was an avowed Romanist, brother of the late King, a crafty and impolitic man. He promised to protect the Church as the bulwark of monarchy and the champion of royal principles, but he broke his solemn promise on every opportunity.

Q. How did he begin his reign?

A. By releasing all who had been imprisoned on account of their refusal to take the oath of supremacy. Owing to this, 1500 Quakers and a large number of Romanists were set at liberty.

Q. What was the real condition of the Dissenters at this time?

A. They disliked the English Church, but they hated Romanism more; so when James II. endeavoured to win them by crafty measures to his standard, many of them accepted the lesser of two evils and joined hands against the King and the Papacy. Bunyan and Baxter were both outspoken in urging a common alliance with the English Church against Papal views.

Q. What had the King done against the law?

A. He ignored the Test Act altogether, and admitted Romanists to civil, military and ecclesiastical offices.

Q. What further high-handed measures were taken?

A. Samuel Parker, an avowed Romanist, was appointed Bishop of Oxford, and others were allowed to retain

their positions at the universities. Religious fraternities were established, and Jesuits and Franciscans were settled safely in London.

Q. Who was appointed Lord Chancellor?

A. Jeffries, a coarse, brutal, murderous man—one painted in the very blackest colours by all historians.

Q. What was the next step?

A. The King then issued a declaration announcing that any person irrespective of his religious views could hold office, and commanding the clergy to read this statement on two successive Sundays in their churches.

Q. Did the clergy read the declaration?

A. No; a universal spirit of opposition was roused. Nine thousand clergy refused, and the people upheld their act of disobedience.

Q. Why was this declaration regarding liberty of conscience so odious?

A. Because, first, it assumed the royal power to cancel acts of Parliament and second, it was known to be a transparent device to fill the offices of state with Romanists and secure the restoration of Popery.

Q. What did the clergy do?

A. Headed by Archbishop Sancroft, seven Bishops met and drew up a formal protest to the King. For this they were sent to the Tower, while all London rose in pious and patriotic rage at the wicked deed. The Bishops were tried in presence of half the nobility of England, but the jury, after a short delay, brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

Q. What then happened?

A. Ere the close of the memorable day, June 29th, 1688, a formal invitation was despatched to William of Orange. The universal rejoicing at the

result of the result of the trial might have warned the King of his danger, but he seemed bent on punishing the clergy. The Court of High Commission was ordered to collect the names of all who had refused to read the King's declaration, but all refused, and one Bishop, seeing the storm gathering, resigned his appointment on the commission.

Q. When did the King learn of the overtures to William?

A. In the following September, and the emergency drove him to seek assistance where he had least right to expect it—in the Anglican Episcopates.

Q. Were they faithful to the King?

A. Yes; they desired to restore the national liberties only, and no wish to dethrone him. By their advice the King dissolved the High Commission Court, restored the ejected fellows, and promised to protect the English Church.

Q. What was the result?

A. The time for a conciliatory policy was past. William landed at Torbay, November 5th, 1688, was received joyfully by the people, marched unopposed to Exeter. James abdicated the throne, fled to France, and, in February, 1689, William and Mary received the sovereignty of England.

Q. What does this teach us?

A. One thing clearly. The people of England do not love the Romish Church, and no amount of force or fraud can ever make her pretensions acceptable to the Anglo Saxon race.

Q. What renowned poet flourished in this reign?

A. Dryden, a Romish pervert. He employed his talents in defending the Papacy against the Church of England, and wrote one special poem on the subject "The Hind and Panther."

(To be Continued.)

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