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CHURCH WORK.

We speak concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

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IN CHURCH.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

When once thy foot enters the church,
 be bare.
 God is more there than thou; for
 thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
 And make thy self all reverence and
 fear,
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking :
 quit thy state.
 All equal are within the church's
 gate.
Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
 Praying's the end of preaching, O be
 drest :
Stay not for the other pin; why thou
 hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell
 doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely
 flout thee,
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul
 loose about thee.
Judge not the preacher; for he is thy
 judge;
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st
 him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not
 grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen
 pot.
The worst speak something good : if all
 want sense
 God takes a text and preacheth
 patience.

A REMEDY FOR DISUNION.

IN religion, as in all other matters
in which human beings are concerned,
a vast deal depends upon our sur-
roundings, for body and soul act
and re-act upon each other. In no
other matter in which we are concer-
ned is this fact more apparent than
in public worship. It is often said
that in our day public worship seems
to be becoming a lost art. Though
this seems a flippant way of expressing
the idea, it is like many another
quaint saying founded on fact. With
too many, worship seems to be com-
prised in the idea of listening to
sermons and having the ears regaled
with music too often sensuous and
unproductive of that soul-subduing
and yet spiritually-elevating effect
which the fear and love of God
should inspire. To one man is de-
legated the prayers of the congrega-
tion. To hiring artists is commit-
ted the work of praising God, which

ought to be the duty and delight of the whole congregation.

“The world will love its own,” and it is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that of late years large congregations are most easily gathered by a system of pre-advertised sensational sermons on subjects much more attractive to the secular taste than faithful reasoning upon meekness, temperance (in the true sense of the word,) and the judgement to come. When an easy road to popularity is formed through sceptical aspersions on catholic truths, it is not surprising that impatience of wholesome barriers tempts too many to applaud preachers whose main business it seems to remain as leaders in churches whose doctrine they openly deny. Under such bold teaching it is but reasonable to expect that among denominations who leave the public prayer to the inspiration of the preacher their old land-marks are being rapidly submerged, and their church courts find themselves unable to cope with heresy in their midst and amongst their ministers. This, however, is but the natural outcome of the system of man-made churches and clergy. Religious denominations dating no further back than to the sixteenth century are not now, in a single instance, identical in doctrine or ritual with their originators. But with those branches of the Catholic Church who do not aspire to the manufacture of creeds, and therefore

exact the acceptance of none but those of the Œcumenical Councils there is a *semper*, an *ubique*, an *ab omnibus* not elsewhere to be found. Whilst so many good people of all Christian denominations are now earnestly praying for unity, the rejection of modern standards seems the first step towards infidelity on the one hand or the acceptance of apostolic teaching on the other.

This is the opportune opening for Catholic truths. The Anglo-Catholic Church traces back her Orders to the Hand marked with the print of the nails, and her creeds to the Councils of the primitive, undivided and universal Church. Amidst the wreck of modern dogmas and the crash or jarring polemics, she steadfastly holds to that epitome of Catholic doctrine which is found in the three creeds,—as far from tyrannical superstition as from sceptical vagueness. This is being perceived and appreciated in unexpected quarters. The Presbyterian Church of Scotland recently listened without demur to a proposition looking towards union with the Catholic (not Roman) Churches of England and Scotland. This accounts also for the frequent accessions to our Church from the ranks of Non-conformity.

Accessions to our Church are not, as a rule, first attracted by reading or argument so much as by actual observation of our mode of worship and use of the means of grace as exhi

bited in the daily life and conversation of our people. Some years ago when the strictly rubrical use of the Prayer book was much more under ban than it is at present, a young man in a large Canadian city said to me: "I think, sir, I saw you in St. John's Church last Sunday." "Yes, I was there, and was much impressed by the remarkably reverent demeanour of the congregation." "Well, sir, my mother and sister are much opposed to my attendance at that church, but I go because I can say my prayers there."

In the public congregation how greatly does it conduce to worship to find ourselves in a worshipping assembly. No staring at in-comers, but—so far as man can see—all engaged in the united acknowledgement of God's immediate presence.

"At once they sing, at once they pray.
They hear of heaven and learn the way."

The visitor accustomed to other modes hears in this ancient order of Divine service no reference in the prayers to news or politics, or warnings against newly-discovered sins,—no flattery, no invective. Self abasement, glory to God, good will to man combine in three-fold harmony. Even in the reading of Scripture lessons, instead of endangering the interval as an opportunity to the temptation of wandering looks and thoughts, many employ it in reading those lessons in their bibles. This, as well as private prayer on entering and before leaving the

church, and joining audibly in the psalms and responses—though they may seem unimportant to some who have been hardened by neglect of them, have nevertheless a strongly attractive effect upon those who perceive in them an earnestness and reverence to which in other modes of worship they have been strangers, and yet at times have felt the need. And when they further observe the blessed effects sure to be manifested in the unostentatious yet holy lives of reverent worshippers, many are led to confess that God is among them, of a truth, and they become in many instances the most earnest and energetic members of the Church, for they are churchman by conviction. Some of the most zealous, generous and self-denying members of the Anglo-catholic Church in the United States—bishops, priests, deacons and laymen have been attracted to her fold from outside.

Surely, in view of the subjective as well as objective effects of the due observance of reverence and holy example in public worship, and the consequent use of the many means of grace which our Church so abundantly supplies, we should by our regular and reverent attendance make the most of our advantages, and think no observance of small consequence which may please God, and enlarge our charity and extend the truth and blessings of the Incarnation—the root of Christian unity.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Of one thing I feel sure, nothing could be better for rousing the spiritual life of a congregation, and leading on to a higher life, than the cultivation of the spirit of missions. The progress of the Kingdom of God in the world is a study well calculated to enlarge the mind and soul, and rescue torpid congregations from their self-satisfied ease. What a power for good would be our home millions of Christians, if really alive to their privilege and duty in helping forward the work of God in all lands.

A. M. MACKAY, of Uganda.

A TRIMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

Bishop Ridley sends a striking instance of the triumph of the Gospel among the Kitkatlas, a tribe inhabiting an island called Laklan, one of a group of islands at the mouth of the Skeenay river, in British Columbia. Six years ago, some of these Indians under the lead of their unbelieving and hostile chief, Sheuksh, burnt the church, destroyed the Bibles and Prayer books, blasphemed the Saviour, persecuted the native Christians, and for a year afterward no Christian teacher was allowed to land on the island.

Recently, the chief addressed all the adult males of the tribe, whom he had invited to his house (a huge building covering 3,600 feet) in a very remarkable speech, recounting how he had formerly resisted the claims of the Gospel, and concluded: "I now give myself to God. Pray for me—pray, pray!" "Whereupon the whole company," the Bishop writes, "bowed their heads in silence until one of the earliest converts broke it in uttered words of earnest supplication." Other prayers and

hymns followed for the space of seven hours and a half, and some of the chief supporters of Sheuksh in his persecuting measures, and many others, avowed their determination to give themselves to God, and by His help, lead Christian lives. Joy and thanksgiving fill the hearts of the Bishop, the other missionaries and the native Christians at this answer to the many prayers they have offered for the conversion of this heathen chief and his followers. —*Spirit of Missions.*

The Rev. Mr. Sowerby writes that he has never seen such a sight in China as was presented at Hankow on Sunday, March 13th, when Bishop Hare, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Locke and Sowerby, held a service in our church there. More than a thousand Chinese crowded the building and remained through a service which lasted over three hours. Eighty four persons were confirmed, and about 300 received the Holy Communion. He says: "I shall go up to I-chang strengthened and encouraged, and I am sure the report I carry will gladden the hearts of our native Christians there."

Mr. Waldron a city missionary in Boston, met a prominent business man recently who said "Looking over my cash account I saw this entry: Pug terrier. \$10; and on the next line, City Missionary Society \$5. I have not felt quite easy about the matter ever since, and you may count on me for an additional \$5." There are many others who would no doubt be made uncomfortable also if they were carefully to scan their lists of expenditures for luxuries and benevolence.

SOCIABILITY IN GOD'S HOUSE.

In the loud, long, and persistent demand for social and personal recognition on the part of those who ally themselves with the parish, there has been something very pathetic. Such recognition, in a fair measure and in a legitimate way, ought to be accorded. But is there not a serious danger menacing us in the custom which is evidently growing and that, too, with scarcely a word of protest against it? A kindly greeting may with propriety be given in the church aisle. But when, so many cases right here in our own diocese, the members of a congregation rise from their knees to engage in conversation upon all sorts of topics, is not the loss greater than the gain? The justification or the custom is the necessity for the cultivation of good-fellowship. But is good follow-ship, of the sort secured under these conditions, worth the loss of reverence for God's house which inevitably follows such a course? One can understand how this questionable custom has grown up. The church building has, in most cases, been the only available meeting place for Sunday schools, missionary societies and guilds. In gatherings of this sort it has been difficult to restrain allusions and references to secular matters, and almost unconsciously we have grown to tolerate this misfortune as a necessity. Now, alas! the sense of impropriety, not to say sacrilege, has been so largely lost that both priest and people will stop in an aisle, or even in the chancel and before the altar, and chatter about all sorts and kinds of matters.

In the smaller parishes the great desire to give the cordial welcome to the newcomers has led to serious abuses. If a congregation is at liberty

after the close of a service to chaff and banter with each other, if at that time men and women may converse upon any subject, has not the practical bearing of that text, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple" been lost? The church ought not to be made a place for visits of a social nature. The home is the place for that and, if we want to make people welcome, if we want to make them feel that they have found Christian friends, let us go back to their houses and assure them of the fact. The attention which we show each other in a church aisle is a very cheap one for ourselves, and right-minded people will see that it has cost us nothing. The only trouble we have taken is to rise from our knees and turn about to the man or woman we care to greet. Suppose that in the place of this economical sociability, for the sake of reverence we restrain our speech until we have reached, or passed from, the church porch. Then cordially speak the kind word, and follow this up, from time to time, with a friendly call. Would we not attain our end and at the same time respect an important principle?

General conversation is certainly out of place in God's house. That place should be sacred. Where the Gospel is preached and the Sacraments administered, no word should be spoken that could divert the mind from those great subjects.—*Michigan Church Life.*

THE *English Churchman*, London, England, says that a Unitarian minister has been advocating the adoption by the Free Churches of some form of the Confessional! The ground of this proposal is said to be the prevalent immorality among the young.

CURIOSITIES OF CHOIR MUSIC.

We have read about the newly imported German tenor who on an Easter morning electrified a "heavily mortgaged congregation" by singing over and over again. "He will raise ze debt, He will raise ze debt, in ze twinkling of an eye." But the following musical incident is related by one who recently attended a fashionable church. The choir started with a reference to the lilies of the field, and after singing the changes on the word "consider" until all idea of its connection was lost, they began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the basso, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. The alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced, that "he was not arrayed."

Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives had allowed him to go about in such a fashion, the choir at length, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these"—these what? So long time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies, that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed? Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cut-away coat? No, most decidedly. Solomon in

the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off went the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." And the tenor finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam or the splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "Wash their hands in innocency."—*Cathedral Chimes.*

It is not well to indulge that feeling of weariness and disgust which gnaws at the very heart. I compare it to those tiny worms which live in old wooden furniture, and whose cricrac I occasionally hear in my little room, where they are busy reducing their homes to dust. What must I do, then? Certainly not write and spread abroad my feeling of discomfort. No! I know something better than books or pen, and that is *prayer*. When before God I say to my soul, "Why art thou cast down within me, O my Soul?" and I know not what to answer, but I just let it grow calm as a weeping child at the sight of its mother. Yes; Divine compassion and tenderness have something maternal in them

SIGNING AWAY SALVATION.

It was in a country store one evening. A number of young men were sitting together about the stove, telling what they didn't believe and what they were not afraid to do. Finally the leader in the group remarked that, so far as he was concerned, he would be willing at any time to sign away all his interest in Christ for a five-dollar bill.

"What did I understand you to say?" asked an old farmer, who happened to be in the store, and who had overheard the remark.

"I said that for five dollars I would sign away all my interest in Christ, and so I will."

The old farmer, who had learned to know the human heart pretty well, drew out his leathern wallet, took therefrom a ten-dollar bill and put it in the storekeeper's hand. Then calling for ink and paper, he said: "My young friend, if you will just step to the desk now and write as I direct, the money is yours."

The young man took the pen and began:

"In the presence of these witnesses, I, A—— B——, for the sum of ten dollars received, do now, once for all, and forever, sign away all my interest"—

Then he dropped the pen, and with a forced smile said: "I'll take it back; I was only fooling."

The young man did not dare to sign that paper. Why? He had an accusing conscience. He knew that there was a God. He believed in religion. He meant to be a Christian, some time.

And so do you, reader. Notwithstanding your apparent indifference, you would not to-day for ten thousand dollars sign away, if such a thing

were possible, your interest in Jesus Christ.

But what you would not for anything do in one way, you may truly and surely do in another. Remember, I pray you, that to drift on indifferently without a Saviour, day by day and year after year, is as surely to be lost, as if you were to sell your soul to the devil. All that you need to do in order to be damned is to do nothing. How shall we escape if we neglect?

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

ONE evening, long ago, I was crossing some waste ground, when I heard loud cries for help. I ran round a corner and saw a small boy on a plank near the middle of a pool of water. He had launched his raft bravely, but somehow it had got pushed far out, and he found it very shaky and unsafe. The pool was deep, and nasty to fall into, even if he had got out alive. The washings of a new street flowed into it, and the floating bodies of cats and dogs did not add to its charm as a bath.

A working man came up, and between us, after a good deal of trouble, we were able to guide the raft to shore. The boy quickly dried his tears when he felt firm ground under his feet. He looked reproachfully at the stagnant water and the board which so nearly failed him. He never thought of saying "thank you." We joked him a little, and the working man, as he moved away gave him a playful push telling him to mind what sort of a ship he went to sea in another time. The boy turned round fiercely and said, "Don't you do that again." We had a good laugh at the ingratitude of human nature, shown in so absurd

a way. The youngster seemed to be glad to get rid of the feeling of obligation, by finding something to complain of in the men who had taken pains to save him perhaps from death, certainly from a very dirty wetting.

It has been said that some people will readily forgive a wrong, but never forgive a kindness. They cannot bear to be under an obligation, and seek all ways of finding out something which will lessen or do away with it. They fail to see that only by gratitude roused and shewn can the high minded be freed from anything that might seem humiliating in receiving help. How often does one word spoken sportively, without a thought of giving offence, blot out the memory of years of kindness! Or after great things have been done which perhaps had changed the whole course of the life of the person befriended, he cannot get all his own way on some point, or he asks something that it is not possible to grant: then at once, instead of being grateful for good will proved in the past, and good will that ought to be trusted, he takes the ground of one who has been deeply wronged, and he will even put himself to much trouble and even bear loss to make his indignation plain.

We cannot wonder that people treat one another in this way. It is the common way in which we all are apt to treat God. He gives health and prosperity for many years. These things are taken for granted, as if God had nothing to do with them. He is hardly thanked at all, or only in a formal way. Some good is withheld or withdrawn for wise reasons which God does not always make plain, but which He ought to be trusted about. Then all His long course of patient kindness

is forgotten. He is blamed as the cruel cause of all the loss and sorrow which are felt. Not to rebel is thought a rare sign of Christian patience. God has given health for fifty years, it may be, and last carelessness or sin brings a sickness. God has given friends to brighten life: the time comes when God knows that parting for a while is well, for the sake of interests which are for ever. Instead of drawing attention to the long course of forbearing bounty, the sorrow tempts to hard thoughts of Him who spared not His own SON, and has a right to the trust of those for whom He gave Him.—*Gospeller.*

A poor, ignorant woman living far from churches, when dying, was encouraged by her neighbors to bear up amidst her sufferings, with the assurance that they would soon be over and then she would be in heaven. Her reply was, "I do not feel that I want to go to heaven, or that I shall be happy there. I shall feel so strange there—I know nothing of God, His worship, or His people." There is a volume of theology in her reply. The poor woman felt that she was not prepared for heaven, not fit to dwell with the pure and holy. She felt she would not feel at home there. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. The pure in heart shall see God. To be fitted for that holy place requires earnest labor and the constant assistance of the Holy Spirit.

A word "to you who are afar off," not from God, but from those you love, or with whom you oftentimes worshipped. "Be thou faithful unto death and thou shalt receive a crown of life." And—

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

WHAT IS YOUR INFLUENCE ?

An aged man said to a lady who was looking over the family photographs upon his son's centre-table,

"Do you find one of my photographs there? If so, I want it destroyed, for when I take my departure from this world I want nothing left behind as a reminder of me."

"But there is one thing you cannot take with you," said the lady.

"And pray tell me what that may be," said the man with some eagerness.

"Your influence," was the reply.

The man winced under the answer. It appeared to be something he had not thought much about, and for the moment it stunned him. He was an infidel and the son of an infidel father, but he could not forget that in childhood he had a Christian mother who used to talk to him of Jesus, and kneel by his bedside at night to pray for him.

Yes, he had exerted an influence, and he was well aware it had not been a good influence. Three of his children had died without a hope in Christ, darkness, like a pall, closing in upon them as they neared the portals of eternity. Three children were still living, all but one the same in belief as their father.

Surely his influence was to exist long after he had passed from earth. He might destroy his photographs, but could not efface the infidel principles he had stamped upon the tablets of his children's minds, and they must carry those with them into eternity.

Perhaps these lines will be read by some one who has not considered that he is exerting an influence which must exist long after he has ceased to exist here. Surely it is a solemn thought! Parents should

consider the great obligations they are under to their children, who are blessings held in trust for the Almighty, and remember that their teachings will all have to pass in solemn review before the eyes of One from whom nothing can be hid, "neither can anything be concealed."

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS THE ANSWER TO DOUBT.

Yes, surely there is no answer so complete and absolute to all real doubt about the truth of the Christian Faith. There is no answer so complete to all foolish imaginary doubts about the truth of Christian Faith—no answer so complete as the Sign of the Cross.

Do you ask why? Listen, then, and I will tell you.

Do you happen to know any man who has won the Victoria Cross? Is he not very proud of it? Are not his friends even more proud? Of course they are. It was given him for valour, for saving life. Naturally he thinks much of it.

Did you ever hear of the Red Cross Society, which did so much to help the sick and wounded during the great war between France and Germany some twenty years ago? Of course you have heard of it, some of you, or your fathers and mothers have, and they could tell you how hundreds of sick and suffering soldiers loved the sight of the Red Cross, which meant help, and nursing, and doctoring, and life itself.

Do you feel any love or pride at the sight of the Union Jack of Old England, with its three Crosses united (God grant they remain so)? Of course you do. Every one does who loves his country, and there are plenty of us to do that still. Does

any soldier wish for a better or nobler pall than that flag with its triple Cross, when his time comes to be laid to rest? No, indeed! And we all feel that he is right.

In fact, everywhere we find that the Cross is the Sign of Honour. It is the decoration of our soldiers, it forms part of the Queen's crown. We hear of the Cross of this Order or of that being given to some one, and we understand at once that man has been marked out as worthy of honour by a king, or by a nation, or by a society. The man who receives the Cross understands it too, and he wears it with pride *as a decoration*. I say nothing of the Crosses in our Churches, or on our religious books. They, of course, have to do with the Christian Faith. But do not hundreds of women without much thought of religion wear the Cross *as a pretty ornament*?

This is the nineteenth century. Now look back all those 1800 years. What was the Cross then? Was it a pretty thing to be worn as an ornament? No, indeed! It was the Sign of *Death*, and of the deepest and lowest depth of degradation in death that anyone could possibly imagine, a death reserved for those whom the world despised or hated. That is what the Cross meant 1800 years ago—a thing for men to shudder at. And now it is the Sign of Honour. What has worked the change? What has thus transfigured the Cross from being an object of shuddering hatred into an object of loving reverence? What, indeed! What but that wonderful fact on which rests the whole Christian religion, the Glorious Resurrection of Him who for love of us once condescended to die that shameful death. You know as an historical fact that

He so died. But that, *by itself*, would not have changed the Cross from dishonour to glory. No. We need the equally historical fact of His Resurrection to account for that. Nothing else can do it. And therefore the very sight of the Cross in the place of honour to-day is a mighty witness in the world to the truth of the Resurrection. And that is why I say that the sign of the cross is the answer to doubt. For if the Resurrection be true, all is true, and doubts of every kind fall away into nothingness. If He who died upon the Cross also rose again the third day from the dead, that Resurrection Triumph proves Him to be the Son of God with power, and we may safely rest on every word He says. And so I say again, the very sight of the Cross used as the Sign of Honour, as it is throughout Christendom, ought to silence all doubt and scepticism, for it proves the fact of the Resurrection in a way which all can understand.—*E. M. Blunt*.

ACCESSIONS.

ON ASCENSION Day, at St. James', Northampton Eng., Rev. T. Taylor—formerly Congregationalist minister at Brackley—was publicly admitted by the Bishop of Leicester to the office of lay reader.

At the ordination held in the diocese of Idaho on the 29th May Messrs. Samuel J. Jennings and John M. Johnston, late Congregational ministers, were ordained deacons; being presented to the Bishop by the priest in charge.

The whole length and breadth of Scripture is contained in the Lord's Prayer and the Creed.—*St. Isidore*.

A GOOD DEED.

ONE morning the Duke of Clarence, before he became William IV., having received his commission and his ship was on his way to his tailor's in Plymouth, to get his new uniform, he saw a boy crying at the street corner, and stopped to enquire the cause.

The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets.

"Why, where is your father?" inquired the prince.

"He was lost in the *Sussex*, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago."

"How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?"

The boy's face brightened, and he answered that he would like it very well.

The prince took out his pocket-book and wrote out something on a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling.

"Go down to the docks," he said, "and with that shilling you will hire a boatman to take you out to the *Pegasus*. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you."

The boy took the paper, and as he turned away the prince added—

"Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall find a true friend in me."

Arrived on board the *Pegasus*, the officer received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop.

In less than an hour the prince came off in his new uniform, and the

boy was strangely moved on discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was William, Duke of Clarence, and the captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where the prince questioned him, and forthwith ordered him to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own pocket procured him an outfit.

During the voyage to the American coast the prince became strongly attached to his youthful *protege*, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in the general branches of education, as well as in his profession.

Time passed on, and the boy grew to be a man, serving king and country well.

In time William became king, and signed the commission which made Albert Doyer Rear Admiral. He exclaimed as he put his signature to the document—

"There! If I have ever done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"

KINDNESS.

Have you ever heard of John G. Whittier, the poet? He is a grand old man, full of nobleness of soul and of love to all God's creatures. Many years when nuts have been scarce he has put beechnuts and acorns here and there for the squirrels. "I like to give them an unexpected find," he would say.

JACOTOT'S motto was, "To will is to do." How well he understood the power of the will, that lever which can raise man from earth to heaven!—MLLE. DE GUERIN.

YOUR COMMUNIONS.

It is a very happy thing to have frequent Communion provided and to be able to attend them.

Perhaps the times of Communion in your neighbourhood are not so frequent or convenient as you would like them to be. In that case, do not waste time in lamenting your difficulties, but see how far they can be removed.

It is a great trouble, I grant you, not to have all the opportunities of Early Communion which you desire, and which, it may be, you have enjoyed. But, on that very account, you are more bound to avail yourself of the services that are provided. You do not know all the reasons why the supply is not so abundant, as you have found it elsewhere. But you know that it is your duty to make the best of what you have, and to give God thanks for it.

You must think also that what is not convenient for you may be good for others. Try to bear other people's burdens by consenting to to have them removed, even at the cost of some increase to your own.

Of course you understand that you have a right to seek in any Church what you know is needful for your soul's health. As a faithful member of the Church, you will not wander from her services. Besides, it is right to attend the services of your own Parish Church, or to "keep to" one Church. But wherever your own Church of England or Ireland or in Scotland provides spiritual you food may seek it, and may go "out of your way" to find it.
—*Gospeller.*

There is no great difficulty in showing humility in a low station; but it is a great and rare merit to preserve humility in a station of honour.—*St. Bernard.*

A STORY OF MONT BLANC.

WE were at the foot of Mont Blanc, in the village of Chamouni. A sad thing had happened the day before we reached the village. A young physician had determined to reach the heights of Mont Blanc. He accomplished the feat and the little village was illuminated in his honour; the flag was flying from the little hut on the mountain side, that told of his victory. But after he had ascended and descended in safety as far as the hut, he wanted to be relieved from his guide; he wanted to be free from the rope, and he insisted that he could go alone. The guide remonstrated with him, told him it was not safe; but he was tired of the rope, and declared he would be free of it. The guide had to yield. The young man had only gone a short distance when his foot slipped on the ice, and he could not stop himself from sliding down the inclined icy steep. The rope was gone, so the guide could not hold him or pull him back. And out on a shelving piece of ice lay the dead body of the physician, as it was pointed out to me. The bells had been rung, the village illuminated in honour of his success, but alas! in a fatal moment he refused to be guided; he was tired of the rope.

Do we not get tired of the rope? God's providences hold us, restrain us, and we get tired sometimes. We need a guide, and shall till the dangerous paths are over. Never get disengaged from your Guide. Let your prayer be, "Lead Thou me on," and sometime the bells of heaven will ring that you are safe at home!

Be strict as to thine own life, mild in regard of the lives of others: let men hear thee enjoying little, doing much.—*St. Chrysostom.*

MYSELF AND OTHERS.

A FAMOUS preacher of former days wrote in large characters, twice over, on separate pages of his pocket book, these memoranda :—

“TALK NOT ABOUT MYSELF.”
“SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN.”

The Rev. W. J. Dawson has published “Some plain words on Gambling” in which occurs the following :

“Now, what is gambling?” he asked. “There are those who do not respect the Bible, who respect Herbert Spencer, let him define it for us. *“Gambling is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. It affords no equivalent to the general good: the happiness of the winner implies the misery of the loser.”*”

Music can be overdone. A Roman Catholic paper in Philadelphia complained the other day that the warbling miss who “does” the amens kept it up so long in St. Augustine’s Church that a devout “bead-repeater,” who was vainly endeavouring to keep his mind on his prayers while she warbled a four and a-half minute amen, finally turned round to the choir loft, and said, “May the devil choke you! The Lord forgive me!”
—*New York Independent.*

A CHAPLAIN once asked the Duke of Wellington whether we ought to take the gospel to the Hindoos. The old duke, every inch a soldier, asked, “What are your marching orders?” The chaplain replied, “Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations.” “Then,” said the duke, “obey your orders.”

In the late General Convention of the Church in California, a question was asked as to whether the catechism and formularies of the church were made the basis of the religious instruction; and the rectors of the several schools were not slow in seizing the opportunity of bearing testimony on this point; one illustration will suffice to show the nature of what goes on in all: A Jewish gentleman wished to send his son to Trinity school, San Francisco, but requested that he be excused from the class in the catechism and church history. The rector’s reply was that if the boy came, no exemption could be made; and he added: “Even if you do not accept Christianity, you must admit it as a historic fact and influence, and as such you must recognize the importance of studying it.” The boy entered the school, and is now a candidate for Baptism.

A story of the Peninsular War will serve to illustrate the moral effect of the influence of one man. The English army was drawn up awaiting the attack of the French army under Soult, who was about to deliver battle, when a solitary horseman was seen riding down the road which ran the length of the English lines. As he was recognised by the regiment at its extremity, it sent up a ringing British cheer, which was taken up all along the line as it became known that the Duke of Wellington had joined the troops. The victory that followed was largely due to the effect produced by the advent of that one man. Something of this kind attaches to the presence of the Bishop as he moves about his diocese directing, encouraging, and stimulating the efforts of the Church.

CHURCH DECORATION.

What happens at almost every festival season, suggests another thought. On the day or days preceding the Great Feasts, will communicants gather in greater or less numbers to prepare decorations, for the church and altar. Before this end has been reached, the conversation is apt to fall into the tittle-tattle of gossip, criticism degenerates into witticism, and the whole place becomes vitiated with the most secular spirit. The entire affair smacks of a gathering for the decorations of a parlor for a party rather than of the House of God in honor of the Incarnate Son.

Why could not church decorators adopt two simple rules?

First, of silence throughout their work when speech is not necessary.

Second, to begin their work with a collect

This is no more than they ought to do, if they would retain the feeling that they are doing something for the glory of God and not merely collecting decorations for the entertainment of men.—*Michigan Church Life.*

Children's Department.**FIVE SHILLINGS REWARD.**

"Then you won't let me have the skates, mother?" Jack said, turning a disappointed face away.

"I can't Jack," answered Mrs. Martin. "If I could, I would, you know; but I'm very pressed just now; there's the baker's bill to pay, and Annie's boots want mending. Don't bother me just now."

"I haven't bothered you this whole long year," said Jack. "And every fellow's got a pair of skates this time. The marsh up Preston

Road is frozen over, as smooth as glass. Jim Johnson's got a pair of skates. So's Harry Blake."

"Jim Johnson's got a father, Jack, to work for him; his mother's not a widow woman like poor me. And Mrs. Blake has got her lodgings full—she always has. Don't bother!"

Jack gave a disappointed snort, and flung himself away. "It was very hard," he thought. He had done without a lot of things that Blake and Johnson had, but the skates he really wanted very much, and had set his heart on them. Here were the Christmas holidays going so fast, and this last week a splendid frost had come. Everyone had a pair of skates except poor Jack himself.

The streets were full of people hurrying on, all going in the direction of the marsh; young men in top-coats, ladies dressed in fur, sailors in their loose blue jackets, school girls and boys of every class in life! And nearly everybody was carrying a pair of skates!

"Bother the baker's bill," thought Jack, "and bother Annie's boots!"

He went along with the stream of people till the swans under the bridge in the backwater attracted his attention. He had told Jim he would meet him on the marsh—it was no use now. He stopped to look at the swans instead, and watched them for a while.

Soon the greater number of people had gone by, the road was quieter now, and beginning to feel rather cold, Jack ran to warm himself. He had not gone very far when something caught his eye. He stopped at once to have a closer look. "Hillo!" he said, "what's this?"

It was something in the gutter between the pathway and the road

—a yellowish something with a shining clasp. Jack's face flushed crimson as he picked it up. "Good gracious! 'tis a purse!" he said.

It was a purse—a yellow leather purse; his fingers trembled as he tried to undo the clasp. Some one had dropped it on the way—one of the skaters, probably. "What a find for me!" thought Jack. A find indeed it was—the purse held five gold pounds. "Five pounds! I never had so much in all my life!"

Then, seeing some people coming up the road, he pocketed the purse. "They would have found it if I hadn't first. Why, what a lucky thing! I'll have the skates!" thought Jack. The skates! Why, they were only three and six! How many other things he could buy!

A new suit for himself—his best was getting shabby! Something for mother—he would not keep it all. Annie would want a present, too. Good gracious! How very rich he was!

So many thoughts kept running through his mind. His face was hot and flushed. Somehow the person who had lost it did not enter his mind. He had found the purse! He felt it affectionately with his hand, so snug in his trousers pocket! and at a convenient moment took it out and examined it again. How pleased his mother would be! How happy, too, he was himself! It was quite a providence he had come that way. It was evidently meant that he should. And as he went along he counted up again what he could buy.

Skates first! A new suit for himself! A shawl perhaps for mother. Annie—Annie might like—when, "Lost" caught his eye in a big round hand on a sheet of paper stuck in Gray, the grocer's window!

Jack turned quite pale. He almost ran away, but something impelled him to stop and read the rest

"Between Lennox Street and Alexander Terrace, a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold. Five shillings reward is offered by the owner, who is in very great distress"

"Five shillings!" Jack could have almost cried. He had been counting five pounds as his very own.

And now? Somehow he had never thought of the loser at all, and had taken it for granted that the find was all his own. His pleasant castles in the air came tumbling down. Ought he to give it up?

"I wish I hadn't seen the notice at all. I *wish* I hadn't," he thought.

Nobody had seen him pick it up. Nobody knew that he'd found it. "Why shouldn't I keep it?" said poor Jack. "Nobody will be any the wiser."

Why shouldn't he keep it? Yes, why not? He removed his eyes from the paper in the window and slowly sauntered along.

If no'ody had claimed it, it might have been a different thing, but now—now he knew the owner's name, or would know by asking at the shop.

"Pooh!" said Jack, "what a noodle I am! My purse needn't be *that* purse, of course; people lose purses every day, and this is another purse."

He tried to get a little comfort from the thought, but the comfort would not come—"a buff-coloured purse with a horse-shoe clasp, containing five pounds in gold"—the description was quite complete—far too complete for Jack.

"Nobody knows I found it, nobody need ever know," in a dogged

way he kept on repeating it to himself.

Anyone else might have picked it up, and pocketed the money as well. He hadn't stolen the purse, he was no thief, he thought, and yet it almost felt like stealing too, keeping something back when he knew whom to restore it to.

For more than an hour he wandered about, fighting a battle with himself, and his conscience would not rest. He was not dishonest, he had *found* the purse; still he knew who the owner was. Wouldn't it be dishonest to keep the thing? In his heart Jack knew it was.

Then something stole into his troubled mind—words he had heard only last Sunday morning—"Thou shalt not steal."

And, "Lord have mercy upon us," cried Jack, "Incline our hearts to keep this law." He knew now what he had to do, he wouldn't hesitate any longer; and without waiting to think another thought, Jack hurried off to the grocer's.

"Who's lost a purse, Mr. Gray?" he asked. "I've found one like that," with a nod at the paper in the window. "I picked this up at the end of Lennox Street a couple of hours ago," and he felt so relieved that somebody else shared his secret and that he could not be tempted any more.

"Mrs. Tom Jenkins lost it yesterday," said the grocer, looking so pleased. "Poor soul! Such a way as she has been in! It was the money to pay her rent. That's her property, you may be sure," he added, examining the purse which Jack had drawn from his trousers pocket; "buff-colour, horse-shoe clasp, and five pounds in gold; it's all there!" and he looked approvingly into Jack's fresh young face, little knowing what

temptation he had just gone through. Then giving him her address he bade him run off and make the poor soul easy as fast as ever he could.

Poor Mrs. Jenkins? Her harassed face showed the distress she had been in. She thanked Jack with tears in her eyes, and gladly pressed on him the promised reward.

"I knew I should get it back if an honest person found it, for I'd put plenty notices about; but every person isn't honest, you know. Thank God, you're an honest boy!"

And Jack blushed crimson to the very roots of his hair.

With the honest shillings in his hand and a heart as light as air, Jack ran into the town and bought himself the pair of skates he had gazed so longingly at that afternoon in Stone and Pearce's window.

"The eighteen-pence that's over, Annie shall have," said he.

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, as he rushed into the house and dangled the skates, with a laughing face, under his mother's eyes,

"What have you been up to now?"

"Shu' the door, mother," said he, "come and sit down, and I will tell you all."

And Jack did tell her everything.
—*Selected.*

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