

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1876.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The present position of the Church of England is forcibly alluded to by Bishop Harold Browne, in a correspondence between himself and a Mr. Horsey of Southampton. Our readers will probably recollect the refusal of the Vicar of Richmond, the Rev. C. T. Proctor, to attend the opening of a local cemetery. The Bishop was appealed to, who justified the Vicar in his refusal. Whereupon Mr. Horsey writes to the Bishop, refers to a letter of the late Bishop Sumner's, and expresses his belief that the true Church of Christ is composed of "an elect number," and "not confined to the narrow bounds of any outward and visible Church." Bishop Browne says he does not see that Bishop Sumner's letter is at all opposed to his own; and that he believes he would have said, as all sound and intelligent English Churchmen would say, that the English Church is the Church brought to England from the earliest days of Christianity; that though in the middle ages it became soiled with corruption, yet at the Reformation it was purged of all such corruptions, but was then no more a different or a new Church than Naaman was a different or a new man when he was cleansed of his leprosy. No one would have acknowledged that Gehazi was Naaman, because he had Naaman's leprosy, while Naaman was made whole. And the only claim which the Roman Church has to be the ancient Church of England, is that she has the leprosy, while the English Church is clean and whole, the true old Church, purified and restored to vigor and health. Such was the belief of Hooker. The Romanists made a schism about three hundred years ago, and to our great sorrow the Nonconformists left the body of the English Church about two hundred years ago. But the Bishop remarks that it does not follow, because he believes this as historical fact, that therefore he treats dissenters with disrespect. He can understand that a person may be indifferent to the fact that one body of Christians is the ancient Church of the nation, and that another is only two hundred years old; but he cannot understand why it should be uncharitable to say that it is so. He has never hesitated to express his earliest longing for a reunion on sound and lasting principles; but to acknowledge that any other body of Christians is the ancient national Church of the land would be to acknowledge what all history contradicts. And as he believes that the only possible hope of Christians ever uniting is in the existence of a great, ancient, Apostolic, but reformed Church, so, in his belief, he would be most uncharitable if he combined with others to disregard the existence of such a Church, and to pull down all its landmarks and distinctive characteristics. He says, "the

Church of England is either the ancient Church of the land, or she is a usurper and an impostor, and ought to be treated as such." As for the intangible myth of such an invisible Church as Mr. Horsey seems to fancy he has an idea of, the Bishop does not appear to think it has "local habitation" enough to require notice. He says however, that he cannot understand *union* between *divided* bodies; and desiring true union, he objects to all shams. It is not fundamental difference of faith, he says, that separates Churchmen and dissenters. It is because dissenters differ from Churchmen on the special subject of the Church. Churchmen have always held that the Church ought to be but one body, and dissenters hold that there can be any number of different churches, and that every small variety of opinion justifies Christians in establishing a new sect. The principle of modern dissent is, that the Christian Church is not a community, but a bundle of unconnected sects, some in alliance, others at war one with another. This is a principle which our reformers objected to as much as any one.

THE TWO SCHOOLS.

Perhaps there is no part of the Bishop of Winchester's late *Pastoral* that is more noteworthy than in the reference he makes to the two chief schools in the Church. He lays down the fundamental principle that the Church as regards her human organization, was constructed so as to combine order and united action with all just freedom of thought and will, or as it has been otherwise expressed, its aim was identical with that of all civilized and enlightened governments. It is very true, undoubtedly, that, though order and freedom are not necessarily antagonistic, the balance between them, even if once established, is easily disturbed, and it is undeniable that excess on one side sooner or later produces reaction on the other. The Bishop refers the Rebellion and the Revolution to the results of the fierce struggle that had been going on in previous reigns. And partly because every branch of Christendom with any vitality in it, has always had these two great Schools of religious thought, which have been permitted to work side by side, not aiming at the absolute supremacy of one to the utter extinction of the other, but acknowledged as necessary factors of the Church; and also in part because of the struggle to which we have referred, these two Schools have for the past two or three hundred years manifested a prominence in some degree proportionate to the active energy of the Church. The one School has aimed more at objective, the other at subjective religion. One School believes that Christ has redeemed a Church, and that the duty of mankind is to live as befits their high calling as members of that Church; while the other holds

that each soul is redeemed one by one, and that the expression "the Church," is little more than a compendious way of naming those who in the end will be found to have been saved. Now it is clear that there is nothing really contradictory in these two modes of looking at precisely the same truths; nor is there anything contradictory in the way the Bishop has expressed the features of each School. We will quote his Lordship's words. He says:—"It may be difficult to define exactly the relative positions of the two Schools in all cases, for the various revivals in the one direction or the other have been marked by various characteristics; but we may say generally, though not universally, that the one School has taken the side of order, the other craved for greater freedom of action; that the one has upheld episcopal, the other has at least sympathized with Presbyterian government; that the one has esteemed highly the Christian Sacraments, the other has laid most stress upon preaching the Word; that the one has been favorable to the higher adornment of divine service, the other has been content with barer walls and simpler ceremonies that the one has given more thought to the training of the young, the other has relied most on converting the adult sinner; that the one has been more devoted to pastoral labour, the other more zealous for public preaching and for foreign missions; that the one has produced nearly all our theological literature, the other has contributed chiefly to devotional and practical writings; that the one has made much of corporate life, the other has given its chief thought to personal religion; that the one looks back with sympathy and respect to Christian antiquity, feeling that in all its changes the church has still had one stream of life running through its history, the other has for the most part shrunk from identifying the present with the former conditions of Christianity, believing that for centuries it existed only in the Bible, and could be scarcely found in the organized societies of the world; that, once more, the one has dwelt much on repentance for sin and striving after holiness, the other has more cheered the penitent with the thought of pardon purchased, and blessedness assured."

The Bishop says that for schools with characteristics like these, both of them have proved a blessing to the Church, especially when they have worked quietly together. He thinks that when fundamental truth is preserved, a certain amount of variety rather contributes to strength, than engenders weakness; such a variety stirring up, not hatred but emulation in good works; and the danger of stagnation imminent when all think exactly alike, is warded off by the watchfulness of one School over the deficiencies or excesses of the other. Unhappily, however the conflict is often in proportion to the zeal. His Lordship

notices the complaint that is sometimes made, that the English Church has within her pale two different religions, two different faiths. But he asks, "Can men be said to belong to two different religions, when both classes accept the same Scriptures as the authoritative rule of faith; both believe in the same mysterious, infinitely holy, infinitely merciful Triune God, loving Father, redeeming Saviour, sanctifying spirit; both acknowledge the same corruption of our nature, the same redemption and restoration, through the incarnation and sacrifice of Christ; both join in the same public prayers, partake of the same appointed sacraments, both look for the same judgment, both believe in the same immortality, both expect the same rest in Paradise, both hope for the same home in Heaven?" And he very properly remarks that the deep unity in these great points of common faith is infinitely greater than any differences of detail or of ceremonial can be. And he remarks that the natural result to us in the Church of England, of pressing our own differences to a crisis will be to throw religious men on the one side into the arms of one human system, on the other into the arms of the opposite.

RITUALISM.

The Church of England and Ritualism," is the title of two articles Mr. Gladstone has reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*, and to which he prefixes "an observation on a single point, that of attaching doctrinal significance to external usages." He says that whatever he may have written which may appear to have a contrary meaning, he has never questioned the fact that there are external usages which must have a doctrinal significance. What he contends for is this, that when contention is carried to the courts of law, any particular usages should not be interpreted as involving a definite and particular dogma, all the time those usages will, unconstrained, bear any other interpretation. He says the late venerated Dean Hook was "the greatest parish priest of the age;" and he reminds us that the Dean took his part in a decided and public manner against prohibiting the eastward position of the Lord's Supper. But, as Mr. Gladstone wishes particularly to show, it was the farthest from Dean Hook's mind "to exclude the laity from their full participation in the solemn act;" and he cites a passage from a private letter which the Dean addressed to a young clergyman in 1842, when questions of outward usage were debated with what all parties now feel to have been very unnecessary heat and violence. His words were these:—"I am afraid that many in their zeal for the Church forget Christ, and in maintaining the rights of the clergy, forget the rights of the laity; who are, as well as the clergy, priests unto the Most High God, and who indeed have as large a portion of the sacrifice of prayer and praise as

signed to them in the prayer book as the clergy." Mr. Gladstone wishes to show by this extract "how innocent must have been in the mind of this admirable man, the use of the eastward position, and how unwise and unjust it would have been in his case among others, to attach to it the 'doctrinal significance' of an intention to exclude the laity from their share in the Eucharistic offering." Indeed it must not be forgotten that the northern position has been recommended with much authority and learning as being best adapted to give effect to the sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper. If the Mosaic ritual is to have any authority in determining the doctrinal significance of a position, then certainly the northern position rather than the "eastward" involves the sacrificial principle. And in looking eastward the priest may be considered as the *leader of the people*, while in the northern position, looking southward, he may be supposed to be performing a religious act in the presence of the people, and in which they have no concern.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe in a letter addressed to the *London Times* says he sees no reason why war on the one side and an injurious dismemberment of Turkey on the other should not be avoided by British influence. England has the right he says, by the Treaty of Paris, to act with the other parties to it when Turkey is concerned. There may be no reason to distrust Russia at present; but he thinks it should not be forgotten that Russia is one of the same triumvirate that dismembered Poland, and she might consider the retirement of England as furnishing her with an opportunity to do the same with Turkey. The moral influence of England would be decisive in the councils of five or six powers, while she would insist on peace, the preservation of Turkey, its administrative improvement, and the equality of all classes of its population. The policy of England has always been defensive as to the Danube and the Bosphorus, conservative as to the existence of Turkey; and the execution of reforms proposed by all the powers and recommended by England, would not be objected to by the Sultan. He thinks the difficulties would by no means be insuperable in having a superintendence of mixed organization internally, and a joint conventional pressure from without. All this would amount to a tutelage. But Turkey has long been virtually in that state, and the Viscount says that if these arrangements had been steadily enforced as of right, the Porte would have been saved from its present embarrassments. He complains of the want of foreign co-operation to give a right shape to practical reforms, and a want of foreign intercourse to enlighten the native classes, and above all, of a sustained influence not to be trifled with on the part of friendly

governments. Some stress has been laid on an article in the Treaty of Paris which appears to bind the powers not to interfere in the internal affairs of Turkey. This engagement however is conditional; and other rights belong to the powers, especially to those who sided with the Porte in a moral sense, and to those who spent their money and shed their blood in the Sultan's cause in the Crimean War. The engagement moreover was an act of reliance on the Sultan's honor as well as on his power to administer reforms, and it is resumable on the failure of the pledge.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL have given their decision in reference to the title "Reverend." It appears that it was attempted to put an inscription on a gravestone, with the words "Rev. H. Keet, Wesleyan Minister." The Rector of the parish objected. The Bishop of the diocese sustained the objection, as did their Chancellor, Mr. Phillimore, and his father, the Dean of Arches. But the Privy Council have decided that the title is a very harmless one, that it indicates nothing of a positively sacerdotal character, and therefore may be applied to any body that desires it. It may be true that in assuming the title of Reverend, the "Methodists willfully depart from the intention of their founder," and that he would have sided with the Bishop of Lincoln, but the authority of John Wesley is one which is equally ignored by the Privy Council and by the modern Methodists.

THE CLAUSE in the Supreme Court Bill which the Imperial Government disallowed is the following:—"The judgment of the Supreme Court shall in all cases be final and conclusive, and no error or appeal shall be brought from any judgment or order of the Supreme Court to any Court of Appeal established by the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, to which appeals or petitions to Her Majesty in Council may be ordered to be heard, saving any right which Her Majesty may be graciously pleased to exercise as Her Royal prerogative." The object of this clause is evidently to sever, as soon as possible the last link which binds us to the mother country, and we are therefore glad it was disallowed. The saving clause at the end is simply nonsense, supposing as it does that the Court of Appeal has anything to do with the Queen's prerogative, and also that any Act of the Canadian Parliament can either limit or extend that prerogative.

THE DEATH OF JOHN FORSTER, who has been very well known as an extensive contributor to modern literature, is announced as having taken place, Feb. 1st. He was born in 1812, was a very intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and succeeded him on his retirement from the editorship of the *Daily News*. His "Life of Dickens" disappointed

the admirers of both, as it was felt that it did not represent his friend's real life. Forster was educated for the legal profession, but he preferred writing essays and biographies which have been universally admired. His "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" has been pronounced one of his best productions. For eighteen years he contributed to the *Examiner*; the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Foreign Quarterly Reviews* are indebted to him for some of their best articles. For some years he has held the Government office of a commissioner in Lunacy. In 1859, he collected his biographical papers and essays into one volume.

THE MONTREAL ELOPMENT assumes a darker aspect, the more there is known about it. It is pretended to have been conducted with the strictest propriety, as if such a thing were possible, when its object was to furnish grounds for a divorce! We need not say that a divorce cannot be obtained in that way in Canada; for we have not imitated our neighbors in systematically and publicly practicing so gross a moral crime against the best and the holiest institutions of society. The marriage contract is for "better for worse," till death separate the parties to it; and no incompatibility of temper can be held to break that contract. Ill treatment from her husband might have justified her in seeking refuge under her parental roof; but to run away with another man, in order to obtain a divorce, not only lays the case open to the gravest suspicions as to the past, but is condemnatory of future intentions. It shows the object was not protection and self-defence, but the gratification of an illicit affection.

FRANCIS DEAK, a great European Statesman, who has been called the Cavour of Hungary, died on the 28th inst. He was one of the most disinterested patriots the world has ever seen—learned, eloquent, administrative; with a mind that could grasp a breadth of statesmanship rarely attained, he lived to see his dearest hopes realized, and his greatest schemes successfully matured. He was born in the Hungarian Comitatus of Zala, in 1803, and studied law in the College of Raab. Hungary was governed despotically, and his patriotic eloquence gained him great distinction. In 1832 Deak was sent to the Hungarian Parliament as a Deputy. Kossuth, another remarkable character, came into notice the same year, and pursued the same end as Deak, but by different means. Deak labored with great tact and energy to improve the peasants. In March, 1848, he accepted the portfolio of Minister of Justice, but when Kossuth succeeded to power in September, Deak resigned. In 1849, he sought in vain to reconcile Austria and Hungary; but refused all advances from Austrian Statesmen till 1860, when the Emperor was ready to grant a liberal constitution to Hungary. Since that time

Hungary has had a great liberalizing influence on Austria, and Deak has been the mainspring, the guiding star of that influence. He lived and died in the affections of his country; and it is difficult to point to the statesman who has won so large an amount of respect from Kings, Emperors, and nobles.

THE PROJECTED SUBMARINE RAILWAY under the Straits of Dover is taking shape and consistency. An Act of Parliament was passed last session empowering a company to acquire lands for preliminary investigations on the English side of the Channel, and the French Assembly has given corresponding powers to a French Company. The time allowed for beginning these preliminary operations is only twelve months, so that we may expect a decided attempt to explore the bed of the Channel by actual excavations. The difficulties and hazards involved in the scheme are immense; but several accomplished "impossibilities" are pointed to as encouraging the attempt. The Suez Canal, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and the St. Gothard Tunnel are so many accomplished "impossibilities;" although a submarine Tunnel of over thirty miles in length is spoken of as an enterprise of very exceptional difficulty. The white chalk cliffs on each side of the channel are well known to be of a similar character, and the bed of the sea all across appears to be composed of the same white chalk. This white chalk is so porous and full of fissures that it cannot be relied upon. But below the white chalk, a thick layer of gray chalk is found of more uniform consistency, easier to work and without much risk. There is fair reason to expect this gray chalk to be continuous, and on the existence of the continuous layer of gray chalk the whole success of the Channel Tunnel depends. But should the white chalk make a dip the excavation will be fruitless, or should harder rocks make their appearance, the cost of piercing them may swallow up all expectation of profit. It is proposed that the Tunnel should start from St. Margaret's Bay, a little east of Dover, and should reach France somewhat west of Calais, between that town and the village of Saugatte. The French Government prefer a tunnel to the rival proposals of a railway ferry, a lofty bridge, or a submarine tube, although they are not unaware of the necessity of improving the present means of maritime communication between the two countries.

PLAIN LECTURES ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

BY DIAKONOS.

In the following series of lectures I propose—First, to consider our forms of Public Service, and to show how accurately its several parts have been adapted to meet every want of the Christian public worshipper.

The order for Morning prayer daily throughout the year may be divided

thus:—1. The Introduction—including opening sentences, The Exhortation, The general Confession, The Absolution, The Lord's Prayer.—2. The Psalms. 3. The Lessons or reading the Word of God. 4. The Creed or Profession of Faith. 5. The Prayers.

In the Introduction there are eleven sentences, and for the purpose of observing the special adaptation of our initiatory sentences we may divide public worshippers into five classes:—1st. Those whom Satan hath persuaded either that they have no sin, or that having very little sin but a slight repentance is necessary to procure God's pardon.

To such is specially applicable the first sentence, from Ezek. xviii. 27. To such an one, thinking that he hath no sin, the prophet declared, that when and not until, he turn away from his sin that he hath committed, shall he by faith which begetteth charity, draw himself upon the great Redeemer's mercy, and save his soul alive. And the 11th sentence is admirably designed to convey the same lesson. Therein is shown, that the first step in true religion is a knowledge—a conviction of sin. Here then, at the very opening of our service, the minister warns the congregation—If there be any one among you, who coming to God's house, makes light of your sinful nature; or thinks that true repentance is any less than a constant, lifelong work of turning away from the sin that he hath committed, or that a slight repentance, comprised in the cry, "Lord, Lord," is sufficient to procure a pardon at the Throne of Grace; let him learn from these words of Holy Scripture—First that he is a sinner, for St. John the loving disciple writes, "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, &c," and secondly that no meagre lip repentance availeth to bring the mind into that humble state that it might be a fit subject for the application of St. Peter's words, "God giveth grace to the humble." He is faithful and just to forgive you and me who worship together at His footstool, our sins; but it was He (not man) that attached the condition to be performed on our part, "If we confess our sins."

Second. *The negligent, the indifferent, the procrastinators.*—Read carefully sentences 2 and 8, taken from Psalm li. 3, and St. Matt. iii. 2: "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." I acknowledge now, here, . . . ever before me—mark the force, ever, not spasmodically, when I am worked up into phrenzy by some religious excitement addressed to the passions, but ever as well in my calm and dispassionate moments, I feel that I am a sinner and that I greatly need that rest which is only to be found in the humble contrite approach to the "Great physician of my soul." "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," is not to-morrow but now—repent at once. If there be any impenitent before me, I urge you as an ambassador of Christ, all unworthy, but yet His messenger, before ever you

would begin to worship God to repent you that you may approach him worthily—to repent *you*, for to each one of you the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand or draweth nigh. You who have been hitherto, who are yet negligent, indifferent concerning those things which are for the peace of your souls, repent ye *now*, put not off the day of your salvation—now before you join your fellow sinners, in imploring pardon at the Throne of God—put aside your shoes, befouled with the cares and sins of this world, for the place whereon thou standest, the courts of the House of our God, is surely hallowed ground.

Third. *The formal.*—The 5th sentence from Joel ii. 18. How strong is the sacred language in which the minister is ordered to address the formal. Could any man, however eloquent, apply a more searching appeal to the man who draws near with lips alone, to God's public worship, than these words put by the Holy Spirit into the mouth of the prophet Joel, "Rend your heart and not your garments?" God, whose all-seeing eye searcheth the most secret recesses of the heart, careth for no ashes and sackcloth unless the mourning truly covereth the heart, "and turn unto the Lord your God."—Yes, here is true conversion, a *state* of constant turning back from our sins, and towards the Lord our God. What will outward expressions of sorrow and shame, fasting and weeping and mourning avail, if the inward state of the heart is not agreeable thereto? How hollow will be the utterance of the lips: "Lord have mercy upon us," "Christ have mercy upon us," "O Lord deal not with us after our sins, neither reward us after our iniquities," if the heart do not pour forth the same earnest desire!—nay! rend not your garments at all, unless withal you rend your hearts, for a sign without the thing signified is but a mockery, an affront to Almighty God. Oh! you formal ones, lip service is not that to which the Church would invite you; draw near to God with heart-felt cries for forgiveness, and let Him not say of us "This people draweth near to me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." In the inspired words of Holy Writ, God's ambassador calls to you "With your hearts turn to the Lord," and the Lord's holy prophet gives you this glorious encouragement, "God is gracious and merciful. He is long suffering. He is slow to anger. He is of great kindness." Let me, before leaving this invitatory and admonitory sentence, observe that the words which Joel here uses are the very words which He vouchsafed Himself to speak unto Moses, in the Mount Sinai. Exod. xxxiv. 5, 6, 7.

Fourth. *Those who have an excessive dread of God's wrath, so that thereby their devotion is hindered.*—Holy writ would not take away from the enormity of sin in the eyes of the "pure" God, but would encourage against "excessive dread." To such persons who recognizing that God is a God of justice, yet have not a due sense of His infinite mercy and love, the Church

appeals through the voice of her minister, and in the words of God's Book, applying the 9th verse of the li. Psalm. You who feel that your sins are many and great, cry to God, "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities," adding, as a worshipper living under Gospel promises, for Jesus Christ, his sake. Be not exceedingly fearful, look up from your own sore, and fix your eyes upon the cross of Christ even as the serpent-bitten Israelite looked up and upon the brazen serpent, and know that God is faithful to hear your cry, for as the great Gospel prophet Isaiah spake, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow." If the words of the Inspired Record, by their awful import, sometimes cast us down, if we read that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," let us not forget to read also, the blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth us from all sin." If we read "He that believeth not shall be damned," let us also read "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief," "whosoever cometh to me I will in nowise cast him out," "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." The 7th sentence is adapted to the same class; Jer. x. 24. Ps. vi. 1. The sinner knows his need of correction—knows by the fact that God has chastened with fear of heavy displeasure, that He chasteneth every son whom He loveth. Accept the Fatherly correction.

Fifth. *The weak in Faith.*—How many there are who have some faith, but it is so weak." Before you draw nigh to God in public worship, and make your humble confession to Him, meekly kneeling on your knees, consider well the beautiful thoughts of penitent David, as in our 4th sentence: Psalm li. 17. Hear also the faith of Daniel, when his beloved companions lay in Babylonian captivity, sentence 6; and the faith of the Prodigal Son, deeply conscious of his unfilial conduct, sentence 9. May God give you, dear brethren, grace, to see and feel in these carefully selected passages of Holy Scripture, helps, by which to examine and prepare yourselves for entering into the Lord's House, and for worshipping God in the great assembly. "Have you such excessive dread of God, that you cannot also feel His love? Cry to him in the words of sentences 8, and 7, and 10. Is your faith feeble in these promises which are all "amen" *i.e.*, true, sure, certain in Christ Jesus. Remember Faith is to the *humble*, sentence 4; that God is very merciful, sentence 6; and that Faith is increased by meditating upon the goodness of our Father, and returning to the Father's bosom, sentence 9.

THE NEW YORK *Independent* says:—"Fifty years ago the Church of England was not the fairest portion of Christendom. It had failed to profit by the Wesleyan revival of the eighteenth century and its spiritual growth had not kept pace with its material advancement. Here in America the Protestant Episcopal Church was better off; but with limited resources, without the sympathy of the vast majority

of the people, and especially feeble in many of the best of the States, New England and others. The English Establishment is not an ideal church yet (where is there one?), and the American Episcopalians are still far inferior in numbers to some other bodies of Christians here. But both churches are much better off than in 1825, materially and spiritually. The Low Churchmen have, on the whole, been less successful in England than here and the High Churchmen more so; and too much praise must not be accorded the latter. They have not done all the work; but the results of the exertions of the party which began as Tractarianism and logically flowered out into Ritualism are apparent. Ritualism has built splendid new churches and thoroughly restored old ones. It has, with all its vagaries, given an added decency and order to the public services of the Church. It has vigorously attacked and in some cases entirely overthrown the pew system. It has brought the poor to church and made them feel at home there. It has kept the rich in church and induced them to increase their gifts. It has multiplied Sunday schools and industrial schools. It has built and equipped orphan asylums and hospitals. It has increased the number of free parish schools—a doubtful virtue here, but an unquestionable one in England. It has set up young ladies' seminaries in which as good education as the Roman Sisters give is afforded at an equally cheap cost. It has given by its boy choirs, many a child an opportunity to become a skilled musician. It has set young people and old to work in guilds, societies, and confraternities. It has found something for pious unmarried women to do. It has associated clergymen of an ascetic temperament in close and efficient bands, and sent them into the slums and the docks. It has vastly increased the number of church services. It has unlocked church-doors and kept the edifices open for private prayer every day in the week. It has increased the efficiency of its clergy and diminished their pay. It has introduced into Anglicanism much of the plain, practical revivalism of the Methodists. It has set Father Ignatius to building an abbey in the Black Mountains and to singing Mr. Sankey's hymns in a London hall. It has created a whole religious literature of its own. It has revived general interest in religious architecture and music and other arts. It has held out the friendly hand to the Old Catholics and the Greeks. It has checked and nearly stopped High Church secessions to Rome. But, it is asked, could not Ritualism have done all these things without its candles? Certainly. And so we commend all these things and say nothing about the candles." *Contd. p. 112.*

CARDINAL LEDCZOWSKI was released from prison, Feb. 8.

THE Newfoundland Parliament assembled Feb. 2nd.

EARL HOWE died Feb. 4th. He was born 1821, and leaves a wife and daughter.

THE Marquis de Copponi, the Italian author is dead. Age 80.

A PHILADELPHIA firm has paid \$100,000 for the right to publish the catalogue of the Philadelphia exhibition.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, has a harp dating back to the 11th century. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world.

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, yielding to the repeated overtures of the Nestorian Christians inhabiting Urmia, in the north-west of Persia, have resolved to send a mission early in the spring.

CALENDAR.

- Feb. 13th.—*Septuagesima Sunday.*
 Gen. i. and ii. to v. 4; Rev. xxi. 1-9.
 Gen. ii. 4; Rev. xxi. 9-xxii. 6;
 Job. xxxviii; Rev. xxi. 9-xxii. 6.
- " 14th.—Valentine, Bishop and M.
 Exod. xv. 22-xvi. 11; St Matt. xxv. 1-31.
 " xvi. 11; Acts xxviii. 1-17.
- " 15th.— " xvii; St. Matt. xxv. 31.
 " xviii; Acts xxviii. 17.
- " 16th.— " xix; St. Matt. xxvi. 1-31.
 " xx. 1-22; Rom. i. xxi. 1-18; St. Matt. xxvi. 31-58.
- " 17th.— " xxii. 21-xxiii. 10; Rom. ii. 1-17.
- " 18th.— " xxiii. 14; St. Matt. xxvi. 57.
 " xxiv; Rom. ii. 17.
- " 19th.— " xxv. 1-23; St. Matt. xxvii. 1-27.
 " xxviii. 1-13; Rom. iii.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Richibucto.—In our Article, Jan. 20th, on the Chaldean Account of Creation," the work to which we referred, is entitled "The Chaldean Account of Genesis," by Mr. George Smith, 2nd Edition, price 16s., London, Sampson Low, 188 Fleet St., E. C. It is said to be the most remarkable production of the present age; and that "no single volume of its kind was ever published that contained more singular and deeply interesting matter." The London Times says its importance cannot possibly be overrated; and the Athenæum states that it is "of surpassing interest."

"The Rescued Dove," as soon as possible.
 "Rev. E. Softly's Review," next week; also *Our Huron Correspondent*, and *James Byrne*.

Lecture ii. "On the Book of Common Prayer," received. It will appear shortly.

FREDERICTON,

THERE was a good attendance at the entertainment given last night, Jan. 20th, in Trinity Church School room, in aid of St. Peter's Church, Kingsclear, York County, of which Mr. Carr, formerly of St. Mary's Church in this city, is pastor. The Chairman, T. W. Daniel, Esq., in his introductory remarks referred briefly to the past and present condition of the church at Kingsclear. The proceeds amounted to about \$100.—*St. John Daily News*,

ONTARIO.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—Deputation No. 16.—Rev. A. C. Nesbitt, Convener; Rev. G. O. Higginson, M. A. Bells Corner, Feb. 8, 7 p.m.; Richmond, Feb. 9, 7 p.m.; Goulbourne, 9th line, Feb. 10, 7 p.m.; Hazledean, Feb. 11, 7 p.m.; Stittsville, Feb. 12, 7 p.m.; Huntley, 3rd line, Feb. 13, 6.30 a.m.; Carp, Feb. 14, 7 p.m.; North Huntley, Feb. 15, 7 p.m.; Fitzroy, 9th line, Feb. 16, 7 p.m.; March (South), Feb. 17, 7 p.m.; March (North), Feb. 18, 7 p.m.

HANDSOME FONT.—We were shown today at the Marble Works of Messrs. E. B. Welch & Son a handsome baptismal font, intended for Christ Church, Cataraqui. It is of Ohio freestone, of Gothic design, having a moulded rose, carved pedestal, and caryed and moulded basin. It stands about three feet high. A china basin will be inserted for holding the water. On an Italian marble tablet in front of the font is

the following inscription in black letters: 'In Memoriam, Montague C. H. Wilson, beloved and only son of Rev. Henry Wilson, died Aug. 9, 1875, aged 7 years and 8 months.' On the base are the words: 'It is well with the child.' The font is the gift of the ladies of Christ Church, who in this very appropriate manner, testify their sympathy with their pastor. The whole design is very creditable to Messrs. Welch's establishment.—*News*.

[The four following items have been forwarded without date.]

THE Bishop of Ontario arrived in town yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon from Ottawa, as the guest of the Venerable Archdeacon Parnell. To-day he held Confirmation at St. Mark's Church, Barriefield, and leaves to-morrow for Gananoque, where he will address the Missionary Meeting to be held at Christ Church.

THE Bishop of Ontario held a confirmation at St. Mark's Church, Barriefield, this (Wednesday) morning at 11 o'clock. The clergy present were: The Ven. Archdeacon Parnell, the Very Rev. Dean Lyster, Revs. H. Wilson, W. B. Carey, F. Prime, C. H. Mockridge, J. R. Forsythe, Dr. Boswell, and R. Garrett. There were thirty one candidates for confirmation, sixteen males and fifteen females. After the confirmation the Bishop delivered an interesting and eloquent address, after which the Holy Communion was administered, when no less than seventy remained to communicate. There was a large and attentive congregation present.

SERVICES were held in St. Mary Magdalene's Church, on Sunday morning, and in Conger's Hall, in the evening, in aid of the Church Mission Fund. On Monday evening the annual missionary meeting was held in St. Mary Magdalene's Church. The Rev. Mr. Loucks, Rector, occupied the chair. The audience was large. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Carey, of Kingston, and Rev. Mr. Burke, Rector of Belleville. Mr. Carey spoke well, and the appeal of Mr. Burke was both eloquent and powerful. The amount gathered must have been large, although we have not learned the exact amount. A more successful meeting was probably never held in this parish.—*Pictou Gazette*.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.—The annual missionary meeting was held in this church last evening. There was a very fair attendance. The church is prettily decorated, and the singing was very good. Rev. F. W. Dobbs introduced the speakers for the evening. Rev. W. B. Carey first addressed the meeting on the general outlook as regards the Church in Canada, representing that though there have been some changes in the mode of worship, etc., in some of our churches, they are, after all, no greater in their way than the changes which have been experienced among other bodies, such as, for instance, the introduction of instrumental music in the Presbyterian Churches. Rev. J. W. Forsythe then gave an interesting account of the missionary work in foreign lands, after which the Rev. C. H. Mockridge, Convener of the deputation, briefly spoke of the wants of the Diocese, explaining the real business for which the meeting was called. The collection amounted to \$10.11, a considerable increase over that of last year.

ST. PAUL'S, KINGSTON.—The annual Diocesan Missionary Meeting was well attended, the church being filled. Prayers were read by the Rev. S. Tighe, and the lessons by the Rev. A. J. O'Loughlin. The Rev. J. H. Nimmo made an appeal on behalf of the Missions of the Church of England, referring especially to the Dio-

cese of Algoma, which was dependent upon the freewill contributions of the other dioceses, and concluded by an earnest appeal to give liberally. Mr. Jas. Shannon as member of the Mission Board since the formation of the Diocese in 1862, stated its desire to be not the continuance of the small stipends now paid to the missionaries, but an early increase in the amount paid to each, and an extension of the Mission field. Mr. G. Kirkpatrick, M.P., spoke of the great importance of laymen working for the Church more than they have hitherto done. He dwelt particularly upon the hardships of the missionary's lot, and said the fact that every parish in the diocese was filled entailed an increased demand on the Mission Fund. The annual grant from the Propagation Society had been withdrawn, and now the diocese is old enough to support itself. The Rev. A. J. O'Loughlin, of North Gower, showed that the principle of giving liberally was inculcated from an early period, and made an eloquent appeal for liberality in the cause of missions. The Rev. S. Tighe, Convener of the meeting spoke of the Church as a Divine Institution, the increase of the clergy in England, and the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The collection amounted to \$35, besides \$20 presented by the children of the Sunday School for the Diocese of Algoma.—THE meeting of 'All Saints' was held in that church after the regular morning service by the Rev. T. Bousfield. The collection was more than nine dollars.—At St. George's the Rev. C. H. Mockridge of Wellington preached an excellent sermon for the same object on 1 St. John iv. 21. The collection was \$188, besides \$20 from the Sunday School. The meeting at Christ Church, Cataraqui, was addressed by the Rev. J. W. Forsythe, and the Rev. C. H. Mockridge. The meeting at St. Mark's, Barriefield, was attended by the same deputation; and it was remarked that the congregation seemed in a very flourishing state under their new Rector, the Rev. R. Garrett.

TORONTO.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—On the 17th Jan. a successful meeting was held in St. John's Church, Dunsford. The evening was dark and stormy, and the roads muddy, nevertheless a large number were present, the commodious church being nearly filled. The Rural Dean Allen, some of whose old parishioners are now living in this neighbourhood, is always so well received that his being one of the deputation is sufficient to ensure a large assemblage. The Rev. Mr. Walker took the chair, and after the usual opening services, the meeting was addressed by the Rev. Dr. Smithett, who was followed by Rev. Rural Dean Allen. The subjects spoken of were the claims of the Mission Board on the sympathy and support of the various congregations, as the agency of the Church for maintaining peace and social order in new communities, by her historic authority and her faithful testimony as the depositary of the grand catholic Truths of the Gospel. The self-sacrificing spirit of the missionary under his burden of anxiety and labour was next dwelt upon, and the duty, plainly set forth of those who had received the privileges of the gospel, to aid him by similar acts of self-sacrifice, in the fulfilment of his noble mission of carrying the gospel to the farthest bounds of civilization.

A meeting was held in Christ Church on Tuesday evening, 18th. The attendance was good. Dr. Smithett and Rev. Rural Dean Allen of Millbrook, were present to assist the Rev. Mr. Walker. The opening service of prayer and praise was conducted

by the incumbent, who before introducing the speakers spoke of the statement made by the Kinmount correspondent of the *Independent*, as tending to convey false impressions of the missionary journey of the Rural Dean in the back country. The Rev. Dr. Smithett addressed the congregation on the necessity of united action in missionary as well as in business enterprises, and set forth that the preaching of Christ was not only the Church's grand characteristic but was also the guerdon of success. The Rev. Rural Dean Allen followed the Rev. Dr. Smithett and earnestly exhorted the assembly to personal devotion. The Rev. Mr. Walker in a few appropriate words closed the meeting.

FENELON FALLS.—A meeting was held here on Wednesday the 19th, which will doubtless be productive of good results. The Rev. J. Walker was first called upon and was followed by the Rev. Dr. Smithett and Rural Dean Allen, who were listened to with marked attention throughout their eloquent addresses. The Church in her historical grandeur, her impregnable position, her simple and plain scriptural ground, which requires no explaining away, no wrestling, were dwelt upon, as well as the efforts that the Church had always made to extend her borders, so that the poor might have the Gospel preached to them, was eloquently brought before the meeting by the rural deans.

LAMB'S SCHOOL HOUSE.—On Wednesday the deputation was conveyed to Mr. Logan's rural congregation, about six miles from Fenelon. They were much surprised to find such a handsome churchlike edifice in this rough and recently settled country. On a nice rise stands this Gothic Church, built of brick, with chancel, vestry, and everything complete, the windows are lancets, the east and west being triplets, the entrance is at the side, through a commodious porch which it is intended to complete with a turret. It presents a very pleasing contrast with the rude log houses and fields studded with stumps, so that at quite a distance the eye rests upon it with pleasure which increases as you approach. As the church is not yet plastered the meeting was held in the school house, where Mr. Logan has service for the present. The building was filled and those present appeared interested in the addresses delivered by the members of the deputation.

LINDSAY.—A very large congregation assembled on Friday on the occasion of the annual missionary meeting. The claims of the Mission Board on the people to aid in supplying the wants of the diocese were urged on the meeting by the several speakers. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Harris and Walker, by Mr. Hudspeth and Rural Dean Allen.

WEST SIMCOE RURAL DEANERY.—The missionary meetings held in the eastern part of this deanery were very successful, despite the wretched state of the roads so unusual at this season of the year. In most cases the attendance was fully as large as on any previous occasion, in some cases, indeed the congregations being larger than usual. The first meeting was held on the Festival of the Epiphany, at St. Peter's church, Innisfil. Here the missionary Rev. E. W. Murphy was assisted by the Lord Bishop of Algoma, and the Rev. T. W. Paterson of Bradford. There was a good attendance although not one team ventured out, the whole congregation came on foot. The next day, Jan 7th, the Bishop of Algoma and Mr. Paterson drove to Cookstown. On entering the village they met with an accident, the spring of their conveyance snapping in two—another evidence of the rough state of the roads. This accident, however gave an opportu-

nity for the exercise of an act of kindness and generosity, occasionally but perhaps too rarely met with, for a kindhearted blacksmith, who unites to his other good qualities that of being a thorough Churchman, repaired the damage, while refusing to accept any remuneration for his work. The mission of Cookstown has lately been placed under the care of the Rev. S. J. Baker of Campbellford, he and Mr. Hudson having exchanged parishes. At Cookstown a very large congregation assembled, indeed the missionary meetings are always well attended here. Saturday was a day of rest and preparation for the following Sunday, on which day the Bishop of Algoma preached at Cookstown in the morning, at St. Luke's church in the same mission in the afternoon, and at Bradford in the evening; a hard day's work, more particularly as the weather was hot and oppressive. The next three days were devoted to the missions of Bradford and West Gwillimbury. On Monday evening the meeting was held at Curiet's Church, a brick edifice two and a half miles from Bradford. This church has been thoroughly renovated of late, the floor being entirely new, the woodwork, inside and outside, freshly painted, the walls whitewashed, and the chancel tinted a dark lavender colour. The walls, both of chancel and nave, are handsomely decorated with permanent texts. The congregation on this occasion, though not large, was so much larger than usual, as to cause the Rural Dean, Dr. Lett who joined the deputation at this place, to express his astonishment at it. The next evening, Tuesday, an unusually large congregation assembled in Trinity Church, Bradford. This church has also undergone some repairs during the last year, particularly in the Church, but so much remains yet to be done that we forbear to speak further on the subject at present. St. Paul's church, situated four miles north of Bradford, is noted for its well attended missionary meetings. The church was full on Wednesday evening, and we believe that had there been sleighing it could not possibly have held all who would have sought admission on this occasion. From Bradford, the Bishop of Algoma and Dr. Lett proceeded on Thursday the 18th, to Bond Head, and thence to St. John's church, Tecumseth, where a meeting was held on that evening, the Rev. T. Ball, incumbent of Tecumseth, presiding. It was originally intended to hold a meeting on Friday and another on Saturday in this parish, but owing to the state of the roads it was found necessary to postpone them. The Bishop and Rural Dean accordingly returned to Collingwood on Friday, Jan. 14th. The arrangements at all these meetings were exceedingly interesting and instructive. The Bishop of Algoma, who won all hearts by his kind and courteous manner, stirred up an unusual amount of interest in missionary work in general, and in that in the diocese of Algoma in particular, by his able and interesting speeches. He set forth the state and the wants of his large diocese in a manner which could only be done by one who was personally acquainted with the district of country over which the Bishop presides. We were greatly privileged in having his Lordship with us. The Rural Dean gave very interesting accounts of the settling and growth of the Church in Canada, of the progress which the Church is making in England, and at one or two of the meetings he gave an instructive lecture on the History of the Bible, and of the arts of writing and printing, illustrated with diagrams. Mr. Paterson spoke upon various subjects connected with missionary work. We must mention in conclusion that in lieu of missionary meetings, mis-

sionary sermons were preached by the Rev. C. J. Baker, at Bondhead and Clarksville, in the parish of Tecumseth, on Sunday, Jan. 16th, and that the meeting that should have been held in the handsome new Church, St. Paul's, Innisfil, on the 5th of Jan., was held on Monday the 24th, on which occasion Mr. Murphy was assisted by the Revs. E. Morgan of Barrie, W. W. Bates of N. Essa, and T. W. Paterson of Bradford, and that this was one of the best attended meetings of the whole series.

An interesting missionary meeting was held in the school-house of All Saints' Church, Whitby, on Monday evening, the 24th. The clergy present were the Revs. J. Fecher, C. R. Bell, H. B. Owen. The Rector, Rev. E. H. Cole in the chair. After waiting in vain for the deputation appointed by the Mission Board, the meeting was opened by the usual prayer; appropriate and animated addresses were then made, interspersed with hymns. The attendance was very good.

CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS, TORONTO.—The first missionary meeting in connection with this new parish came off on Wednesday the 19th, and augurs well for the future of this north-west portion of the city, the assembly was large and listened with deep attention to the speakers. The meeting was opened by the Rev. J. H. McCollum, the incumbent reading the prayers, the congregation then sang Heber's hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." Rev. Mr. Hutchinson was then introduced, who spoke ably and well, addressing himself to the grand fact of the Gospel of God vanquishing everything that opposed itself to its advance. The Rev. Septimus Jones, the Church of the Redeemer, Yorkville, was the next speaker, who brought in his usual telling manner, before the audience, the necessity of each church engaging in missionary work as an evidence of spiritual life in itself. The next speaker was Jno. Cartwright, Esq., who as a layman forcibly appealed to his brethren, at the first meeting to give a good start and character to the new church in the mission field of the diocese. The next speaker was the Rev. Jno. Carry, B.D., Incumbent of Credit, who met in his able manner the infidel and rationalistic objections to the slow work of modern missions, by showing the very late date at which the different countries of Europe became thoroughly Christian. The hymns sung by the congregation during the evening, were, 358, 274, 242, 866, 217, Hymns A. & M., last edition. At the close of thanks to the speakers was proposed by Jno. Canovan, Esq., and seconded by Marcellus Crombie, Esq., and after the singing of the last hymn, and the benediction by the incumbent, the meeting separated, highly gratified at their first missionary gathering in their new church. The collection in aid of the missions was \$14.32.

ST. GEORGE'S, OSHAWA.—The annual Missionary meeting for this parish was held on 25th ult. The clergy present were the Rev. H. B. Owen, Incumbent of St. George's, in the chair; Rev. E. H. Cole, rector of Whitby; and Rev. C. R. Bell, Incumbent of Brooklin. The Chairman explained the condition of the Mission Fund and the urgent appeals made for help in carrying on the work, and then called upon the Rev. E. H. Cole, who delivered a most effective speech. He spoke of the advantage resulting from each parish having some special object of interest in the mission field, and directing attention to Sault Ste. Marie and its Indian school, expressed the gratification it would afford him if Oshawa and Whitby could undertake the expense of one child's maintenance and education. The Rev. C. R. Bell ably seconded the efforts of the other speakers, and his ear-

next words must have made a deep impression upon his hearers. There was a practical, common-sense tone which characterized the remarks of both speakers which we should wish, for the sake of the Fund, was more frequently heard at our missionary meetings. —The choir under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Lang, who presided at the organ, contributed to make the meeting one of the most pleasant and successful held in Oshawa. The rendering of the Anthem "O Praise the Lord all ye Lands," was especially happy; Miss Whiting and Miss Fanny Dillon ably contributing to the effect. We are glad that a favorable opinion as to the marked improvement in the choir was expressed by so competent a judge as the Rev. C. R. Bell, Mus. Bac.

PORT PERRY.—A missionary meeting was held according to previous notice in the Church of the Ascension on Wednesday evening the 26th of January. The following clergy were present, besides the incumbent, the Rev. C. C. Johnson:—The Revs. E. H. Cole of Whitby, John Davidson of Urbridge, H. B. Owen of Oshawa, and C. R. Bell of Brooklin. There was a very good attendance. Much attention was manifested in the very interesting addresses from the various speakers, and the collection exceeded that of last year. The Hymns (Ancient and Modern) were sung by the choir in a careful and devout manner, the parts being taken up admirably, supported by the judicious and clever playing of the lady-organist.

ASHBURN.—On Thursday evening, the 27th of January, a missionary meeting was held in the little new church recently erected in the mission of Brooklin and Columbus, dedicated to St. Stephen. The missionary in charge, the Rev. Mr. Bell, occupied the attention of the audience the first half hour of the evening, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. Owen of Oshawa, who gave a most interesting and instructive address of upwards of an hour. Amongst other subjects Mr. O. (who has been a missionary in British Columbia) gave a heart-stirring account of the Indians of Cariboo, engaging the earnest attention of the people to the close. The church which was well lighted up was quite full, and the collection, considering the hard times, was tolerably good.

NIAGARA.

(From our Hamilton correspondent.)

The invention of royal roads to knowledge is a notable characteristic of the century we live in. When the ancients had formulated the phrase *noscitur a sociis*—"man is known by the company he keeps"—they conceived that they had materially lessened the difficulty of determining with precision a man's real character. The Phrenologist of to-day, however, can be loftily indifferent of accompanying circumstances. By the merest inspection of the "bulging iniquities" of his neighbor's brain, he is able to pronounce upon his disposition. So the Glossologist, the Chiromanist, the Trance-medium, each and all profess to have acquired by some short easy process, accessible to the meanest capacity, a familiar acquaintance with that which is not permitted to be known, if known at all, but from diligent study and careful observation. The motive of the above is to be found in the circumstance that for the past few weeks we have been honored with the presence of one of these wonders of the 19th century. He calls himself a mind-reader, and professes to be able to "discern the thoughts of the heart." I am ashamed to add that he found numbers of

Hamiltonians to countenance his pretensions by their presence.

DR. RYLAND'S paper recently reproduced in the columns of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN has given rise to considerable discussion here and in the United States.

THE *Times* of this city published last week, a temperate and able leading article on the subject of the relation between clergy and laity, while as I find from the *Church Journal* an animated correspondence upon the same topic is being kept up across the border.

SOME startling remedies have been set forth for the order of things existing among our cousins. One proposes a clerical strike as the only and the all-sufficient cure. Accordingly he would have all rectors, incumbents, etc., resign, and refer any "calls" they might receive to the bishop of the diocese. Another can see his way to peace and contentment only in the adoption of the Presbyterian mode of appointing the clergy to parishes, merely substituting "Ordinary" for "Presbytery;" and he claims among other advantages the authority of primitive usage for his scheme. Another still is disposed to think that the difficulty originates in the faulty construction of the Vestry, composed as it is of men who are not necessarily communicants or even baptized; and he relies for redress upon a revolution to be brought about by sermons and by papers read from time to time in the Church Congress. The throwing open of the Cathedral as an asylum for all unemployed clergy, the creation of a "Sustentation Fund," the adoption of a central diocesan treasury, the division between bishop and parish of the power to nominate, are a few of the other suggestions supported by clever arguments, and defended by skilful reasoning. Now in the diocese of Niagara we have placed the responsibility of appointing the clergy in the place where it belongs. We have entrusted it to the Bishop. If our diocesan were an official imposed upon us by the state we should have hesitated to take that course. Since, however he is our own choice, we have confidence in him strong enough to believe that he will not fill up any vacancy without careful investigation and due consultation.

THE distress amongst the labouring classes is growing more and more intense. The time has gone by when a day's idleness only meant another dollar added to the debt at the corner provision store. Now want of work means want of bread. The summer did not afford full working time to any of the daily labourers, and the winter has so far offered little or no employment. "Since November" said one woman to me to day, "my husband has had only one week's work. And so the women who can, are every where trying to earn a trifle to keep the wolf from the door. At last the corporation have bestirred themselves, and have projected large drainage works, the railway section between the city and Burlington beach will also be commenced, and thus give employment to hundreds who are willing but have been unable to work.

THE new organ for the Cathedral has arrived and will soon be in position. Mr. Wm. Fairclough has been appointed organist, and Mr. Howell succeeds to him in All Saints' Church.—Q. R. T.

HE is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived at that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit, it is heroism complete.—*Brayere.*

NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

SIR,—Great indeed is the pleasure derived from the regular receipt of your well conducted paper. We, Newfoundlanders, are doubtless interested in church matters generally, and from no source do we derive a greater amount of information concerning them, than from the columns of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN. But the interest in your journal would be most assuredly increased a hundredfold if Church affairs in our own portion of the Lord's vineyard were more frequently noticed. I read with pleasure, contributions from and on every portion of the British North American Provinces with the exception of isolated Newfoundland. We out of sight, seem to be out of mind also. This neglect is no doubt chargeable to a great extent upon our own clergy and laity, many of whom have ample time and abundance of opportunities to contribute a few lines concerning the numerous ups and downs of the Church in this Colony, but nevertheless fail to do so. Our affairs, I feel justified in remarking, would be as interesting as those of any, and more interesting than those of many other portions of the field. But I must not waste your valuable space and exhaust your patience by sermonizing on our Church affairs generally. Such a course though interesting in the extreme would be wandering from my primary object, so for the present at least I must allow them to rest.

My special purpose in sending you this communication is to notice some items of immediate interest, viz., our Christmas services, etc., in St. John's. On Friday, Christmas Eve, I had occasion to pass our graceful cathedral (or rather part of a cathedral, for I regret to say we have only the nave erected) and to use a favorite figure of speech *dropped in* to peep at the operations of a number of ladies and gentlemen busily employed in decking the sacred edifice. About forty pairs of loving hands were moving nimbly in response to the dictates of an equal number of loving hearts transforming a tangled mass of evergreen, (of which our Island affords an abundant supply) into festoons, wreaths, etc., for the several portions of the building. The work of love almost completed, the gas was being lighted which gradually illuminated the scene, and gave an enchanting appearance to the result of the day's labour. I determined to find time to attend evensong, a service, I grieve to say, sadly neglected by our people, after which I had an excellent opportunity of observing and admiring. The temporary chancel was decorated in a manner which reflected the greatest credit upon those who carried out the work. Above the Dossal, which was of white with a large central cross of gold-coloured material, was the text, "The Word was made Flesh," admirably executed. Beneath this on the dark richly-tinted curtains which covered the walls, bannerets of silk were suspended, together with strips of exquisite needlework which reached to the floor. The altar cloth was of crimson with a frontal of white beautifully worked by the Sisters of Wantage, England, and along the front of the choir stalls, festoons of evergreen mingled with bright berries of the mountain ash, were gracefully hung. I would fain enter into details, but this I must not permit myself to do, but pass on to two or three more of the principal points. The Eagle Lectern, which is a handsome and elaborate piece of oak carving, was encircled several times with a beautiful wreath of carefully preserved relics of summer, in which innumerable

tints were exquisitely blended. The pulpit, another piece of rich oak carving was decorated with similar material: the panels, being ornamented with designs in moss and flowers, delicate forms springing from a mass of these which surrounded the base, added grace to the whole. An immense block of freestone which forms the resting place of the handsome Font was literally covered with ferns and flowers, the edge of the basin hidden in the same beautiful material, and the carved work which forms the eight panels of the octagon skillfully filled with the same. Designs in wood covered with evergreen were suspended along the north and south walls. The words "Glory to God in the Highest" done in letters of white and gold on crimson ground, showed beautifully under the graceful lancets of the west window, which is unsurpassed by any specimen of the stained-glass art this side of the Atlantic. Several other texts of a like character caught the eye in different directions. The effect generally must be pronounced beautiful. May those hands which produced it be spared for many Feasts of the Nativity of Christ to engage in the same holy work—the beautifying of the house of His Father!

The sun rose on Christmas morning undimmed by a cloud; and as his golden head rose from the broad and peaceful Atlantic stretching eastward, numbers of faithful souls wended their way through an atmosphere at zero to attend the early celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Upwards of one hundred and fifty communicants thronged the altar rail of the Cathedral. A vast congregation assembled at the eleven o'clock service when the Lord Bishop Coadjutor, Dr. Kelly, delivered one of those most eloquent and impressive discourses, for which his Lordship is so widely known and admired, after which a second celebration took place, when the rails were again crowded. Services were conducted at the same hours in the churches of St. Thomas and St. Mary's, and attended by equally large proportionate congregations. The latter was adorned very tastefully which is unnecessary for me to notice particularly as such a course would be to a great extent but a repetition of the cathedral description.

The second service at the Cathedral was choral and the music exceedingly fine, notwithstanding the great exertion of the choir the previous evening, when they were for some hours engaged in open air carol singing, under the able superintendence of the precentor. The Rev. J. F. Phelps. This time honored custom is I regret to say only observed in two of our parishes those of the cathedral and St. Mary. Though observed by so few it is worthy of special mention, and I am sure you will agree with me that a revival of it generally is much to be desired. These two of our choirs which engage in it begin after evensong and continue their rejoicing until midnight. Few things are so well, none better calculated to engender and promote the feeling of holy joy and thankfulness which the festival in honor of Christ's first coming requires. Let me hope, that, when this holy season again comes round, every parish may send forth its little band to take up and repeat that angelic song which the enraptured shepherds heard on the plains of Bethlehem. Yours truly, "FRATER."

S. JOHNS, Dec. 31th, 1875.

[We hope to hear from our correspondent soon again; and are glad to insert all the ecclesiastical news we can obtain from Newfoundland, as well as from any and every part of the Dominion. Editors of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.]

QUEENSTON.

To the EDITOR OF THE DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—In my last article to your paper I mentioned that I would give you further particulars respecting a building fund which we were raising, in order to erect a church. I sit down now to redeem that promise, trusting that what I pen shall be such as to meet with your approval.

There has been no Episcopal Church here for some years; some of the time there has been service in such places as could be got. Since I came here there has been regular service every Sunday evening. Of course, we are alive to the fact that it is all important that we have a church, and steps have been taken towards bringing about so desirable a result. But we have many things to contend against. Our church population is very small; in fact, the population of Queenston, all denominations told, does not amount to very much; so that when we consider the length of time the inhabitants have been without the service of the church, it cannot be wondered at that the church population is not numerous. But still we have a few earnest members who are ready and willing to do and give according to their ability, a few families who are strongly attached to the Church, and are most anxious to have a church erected. By their exertions considerable has been done, by way of giving entertainments, towards furthering the building fund. A few hundred dollars have been raised in this way. A few hundred have been subscribed by some liberal minded men, and a few hundred more may yet be raised in the vicinity; but when all this is counted there will not be sufficient to pay half the cost necessary to build a church that would cost three thousand dollars. So that we shall be under the necessity of collecting abroad at least fifteen hundred dollars.

It may be argued, why not erect an edifice at less expense? We reply that the sum we have mentioned is but a small one under any circumstances, more particularly when we consider the notoriety of the place where it is proposed to be built. The name of Queenston in the history of Canada will always be conspicuous, on account of it being the place where the decisive battle was fought which delivered us from the aggression of the neighbouring republic. And on account of its deserved renown it is becoming to have a church erected of greater magnitude than the immediate inhabitants can afford to build. Shall it be said of the Churchmen of this Dominion, who prize their Churchmanship as highly as they do their loyalty, that they will allow a monument to be erected in honour of the man who commanded the forces which dispelled the enemy, and yet not have their Church represented near the same spot? Shall it be said that the Methodists and Baptists can afford to have their denominations represented, and the church, which has always taken such an active part in the history of England, unrepresented? Shall it be said of the Churchmen of Canada, when the numerous visitors come from the different parts of the world, to look at the magnificent structure of art erected ostensibly in honour of the brave commander, and when they stand on Queenston Heights and view the landscape below, that they shall not see an Episcopal Church erected by the Churchmen of this Dominion? What will they answer? We believe it should not be so said of them, and we believe it will not be. Are we not right therefore in coming to the conclusion that we ought to build a Church in some degree commensurate with her past history. And does not this fact justify us in appealing to the Churchmen

throughout the Dominion for aid to carry out this project. I may be called bold for so doing, but it is a boldness that I am not ashamed of. I may be thought presumptuous for supposing such a thing. Let it be thought so! I am still of the opinion that there are some who will think it an honour to be able to contribute for so seemingly a purpose.

Since I wrote my last article I have received a few letters corroborating my views, in looking at it from a national point. May I quote from one of these letters? It reads thus:—"I think the building of a church in Queenston is not only the duty of those who are immediately concerned, but of all Churchmen who hold dear the liberties that were defended there in past times; it may be looked upon as a national obligation. The Churchmen of Canada should consider it their privilege to help." And then he asks:—"can you not make some general appeal?" I am doing so, and I expect to have some to respond to the call. I thank those who have already noticed my appeal. They have given me encouragement to hope for more. I am, Yours truly,

J. FENNELL.

QUEENSTON, Feb. 2nd, 1876.

UNITED STATES.

THE Presiding Bishop of the Church of the United States (Bishop Smith, of Kentucky) has addressed to the Bishop of Sidney, whom he styles "The Most Reverend The Lord Archbishop of Australia," a letter announcing the consecration of Dr. Holly as Bishop of Hayti.

THE festival of Christmas was celebrated in the Greek chapel, No. 951 Second Avenue, New York, on Thursday the 16th of January, at 11 o'clock, by Father Bjerring, in the presence of a congregation that crowded the building. The service was from the Liturgies of St. Chrysostom and St. Basil, rendered in English. The singing was very sweet and solemn and rendered by a choir of men and boys. The officiating priest alone partook of the communion elements, as it is only upon certain regular occasions that the other communicants receive them. After the service the usual custom of the Oriental Church was observed, a custom which seems to be a relic of the primitive Love Feast, the presentation of bread and wine (not consecrated) to the assistants in the worship and the clergy present. The prospect is that the Russian Church will soon relax its rigid exclusiveness, and not only welcome other Churches to its fellowship, but allow its clergy to interchange pulpits with the clergy of the Western Church. There are theologians of much ability and influence who sympathize with Father Bjerring's advanced ideas on that subject.—Our Church Work.

THE income of the Protestant Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, amounted in the past year to \$40,872.46. The endowment fund may be stated at \$800,000. The income, although constantly maintained by other contributions, is chiefly derived from Thanksgiving collections. These for the coming year have amounted to over \$17,000, including another \$5,000 from Mr. G. W. Smith, of Christ Church, to be added to the endowment fund. Mr. Isaiah V. Williamson has given an undivided half interest in twenty acres of land in the vicinity of the Hospital grounds, the income to be applied forever to the maintenance of free beds.

MR. G. SMITH'S anticipated difficulties in Constantinople, to his further researches on the site of Nineveh, have to a great extent been overcome, and it is now said that there is a prospect of the expedition being fairly prosperous.

THE WHITE GIANT.

One afternoon, about a hundred years ago, a boy was sitting in his grandmother's kitchen, apparently doing nothing in particular, but really holding a very remarkable conversation with—whom do you think? A white giant!

Now on the face of it nothing would seem more unlikely than that a giant should be found in a plain little Scotch kitchen no more than eight feet high from the bare floor to the unpained rafters; all the more so when a horse-shoe hung by the chimney-side, and the old lady's Bible, with her silver bowed spectacles on the top of it, lay on the shelf. Nevertheless, there were the only two eyes in all Scotland that were able to find him out. Indeed I must tell you that the giant in his proper state was quite invisible; but when he did appear in plain view it was in the shape of a very old man with long white hair and beard which seemed to encircle him like a garment, unless, indeed, they flowed down and mingled with his garment; and all—hair, beard, and robe—were whiter than snow. Therefore he is called the white giant. And this is the way in which he made himself known to the boy. Sitting by the fire, James had noticed that the lid of the teakettle was in a singular state of agitation. It would rise and fall, and flutter up and down in a very excited manner; and, coming as he did of a race that had believed for centuries in witches and goblins, and many supernatural creatures, the boy naturally began to suspect that some imprisoned force or other was beneath it, struggling to get free. "Who are you?" said he, very quietly, "and what do you want, that you are so restless and excited?" "Space, freedom, and something to do!" cried the captive giant from within. "Softly! you have not told me yet who you are," said James. "Never was a race that wanted more done for it. But what can you do?" "Try me and see. No one can do more. I will carry your ships, draw your carriages, and lift all your weights. I will plough your fields, sow the grain, and reap and thresh the harvests. I will hew away mountains and build roads. I will turn all the wheels in all your factories. I will weave your clothes and print your books, and carry them to the ends of the earth. In short, I will do anything that strength can do, and you shall be the brain that directs. I shall be the faithful servant to fulfil all your commands." "There's a singular treasure-trove to be found in an old copper teakettle?" cried James, rubbing his eyes to be sure he was not dreaming. "Only shows the use of having your eyes open," replied his stranger companion. "I am one of the forces that were created to work for you; but you have a fancy for drudgery, it seems, and prefer to dig and weave for yourselves." "Indeed we prefer no such thing," said James, laughing. "We are told that it is one of our great vices to require other people to work for us while we sit idle." "That is very true when it is your brethren that you are enslaving," replied the giant; "But you have not found one half of the servants that were ordained to work for you since the foundation of the world, or else you would not be delving in the ditches and drudging with your hands, instead of letting your brains grow that you may direct us.

What do you mean by letting little children toil in your miserable factories, and become dwarfed in body and soul, when here am I, and a hundred other giants like myself, any one of whom could do the work of ten thousand of those

babies, and never feel it—and you give us no work?"

"You are a kind-hearted old genii, I am sure said the boy; "and, if I live, my work shall be to introduce you to the acquaintance of men. But tell me something of your history. Where have you been all these years, that no one has found you out?"

"Where I am now and in similar places, though not always so tightly pressed. And indeed I have been idle, though my appetite for work has never half been supplied. I am one of the elder children of the flood, and began my work in the world before your race appeared upon it. Before the rain began her ministry, I arose from my hidden retreats in the earth, and watered the earliest of gardens. Ever since then I have been carrying on a great system of irrigation; rising from the ocean into the sky, sailing in great fleets laden with treasure toward the mountain-sides where my bounties have been bestowed; sinking them in a slightly altered form, into the earth and visiting the roots of all the trees with supplies of food—creeping up through all their veins and into their broad green leaves, whence I escape into the air again. You see I have had something to do. But all this quiet work is only half enough for me. Work is my nature, so do not be afraid of overtaking me. I cannot have too much."

"Indeed you are a grand fellow, and I am proud of your acquaintance," cried James.

"Now I seem to remember having seen you in April days, or sometimes in August or September, floating in the sky, but I never thought to become so much better acquainted with you in my grandmother's kitchen."

"James! James! what are you doing?" cried the old lady, from her straight-backed chair. "Here ye've done naething all the day but tilt the cover of the tea kettle, like a lazy lout that ye be. Gae to your tasks noo, like a man, and be of some use to the world."

"Ah grandam," said James "I have been doing a thousand day's work sitting here by the ingleside."

"Dinna be fooling, bairn! Dinna be fooling, ye idle dreamer! Wark and ye'll thrive; be lazy and ye'll come to naught."

Nevertheless James' dreams came to more use than many another man's work, because he had the faculty of thinking to a purpose; and in the many talks he held with the friendly old giant, he learned one after another the secrets of his power. When lessons were over, the giant told wonderful secrets of his power, and perhaps I can repeat one of them in a few words:

"In old times, there was a long-continued contest between the land and the sea. At first the sea had been the monarch and ruled over the whole surface of the globe. At length the land appeared, claiming a large part of his domain, and this enraged the sea, who beat wrathfully with whole armies of billows upon her shore, and threatened to conquer back all that he had lost.

Presently came the children of the land; first the little grasses, that, tenderly embracing their mother, protected her from being quite carried away by the rude invading sea; and at length the taller trees, the great pines and oaks, that added greatly to her beauty and glory. Then a new thought occurred to the land, and she sent these, her greater children to subdue the sea on his own domains. They rode triumphantly over the billows, and, aided by the friendly winds, plied diligently from place to place, increasing everywhere the

wealth and glory of her mother. But the sea arose in his wrath, and often engulfed these faithful children of the land, or broke their bones, and cast them up upon her lap in bitter scorn and defiance. Then the land resolved to take a more exquisite revenge than ever before. And she called forth a mighty spirit from the bosom of the sea himself—a weird, white gigantic genii who had been the oldest child of the flood. She gave him an armor of iron scales which the sea could not break, and upon him she laid her spells, and he went obediently to and fro at her bidding. Thus the land was at last triumphant, as organized brain always will be over brute natural force; and the children of men passed over land and sea safely toward their goal of perfect knowledge. But part of that is prophecy," said the white giant, when he had finished the story.

"It shall be a fact before many years," said James, "and you, my good giant, are the genii who shall finish the tale."

Soon swift cars were running to and fro the whole length of the kingdom propelled by the giant's arms; soon, too, the tasks of the little children at the factories were done by the same old worker, who could drive a million spindles at a stroke quite as easily as a child could move one, and if the children were still employed, it was only to keep the giant supplied with work enough, which indeed was no easy task. His good nature was equal to all the tasks which could be imposed upon him. If you have ever seen his white beard rising above the chimney of some factory on a winter morning, or puffing out of the escape valve of some little tug, you may almost have mistaken him, in the wavy, graceful lines of white drapery, for a sunny cloud, which, indeed, would not be the greatest of mistakes. Before long the great ocean going ships had the giant established in their holds, and their ponderous wheels moved by his iron hands, so that, independently of wind or tide, they could hold their course night and day, and like swiftly moving shuttles weave the continents together with bands of neighborly good-will.

Now children, having finished my story, I shall leave you to guess the real name of "White Giant."

THE emigrants from Liverpool in 1875, were 85,908 less in number than the year before.

THE only throne known to have been vacated in 1875, was that of the young Emperor of China, Toungh-Chi.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, author of Ginx's Baby, has resigned his post as Emigration Agent.

THE question of disestablishment is not to be raised this year in a direct form before the British Parliament.

GREAT success is attending the German excavations at Olympia. Many of the statues adorning the eastern part of the roof and minutely described by Pausanias, are being exhumed.

A SOCIETY in the United States called the "Order of American Union," has for its object the disfranchisement of Roman Catholics throughout the country, and their exclusion from office. Its password is said to be "Gladstone."

THE famous manuscript of the Old Testament of Rabbi Aaron Ben Asher, which Maimonides took as his model, has happily been discovered in a cave, under a Synagogue in Aleppo. Dr. Ginsburg is going at once to study and examine it, and the learned world will soon have the opportunity of knowing all about this wonderful codex so highly praised.

STILL AND DEEP.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sally, the red-cheeked housemaid of Chiverley Rectory, had one great virtue to which possibly her healthy complexion might be attributed; she was an early riser; and on the following morning, even the summer dawn—so swiftly overtaking night—had scarce filled the sky with crimson light, when she was already to be seen on her hands and knees, busily engaged in cleaning the steps at the front door. In the course of this operation she was suddenly startled by hearing a step coming along the hall at that untimely hour, when, generally speaking, all the inmates of the house were buried in slumber. She looked up, to see Mr. Pemberton, with a face almost livid in its paleness, and with dark lines under the eyes that evidently had been sleepless all night; he had a travelling bag in his hand; and Sally rose to her feet feeling terrified, she scarce knew why; he had always been civil and kind to her, and she had a great respect for him, and felt pained to see how dismally ill he was looking.

"I hoped to find you here, Sally," he said; "I want you to do me a service. Will you tell Mr. Wyndham from me that I have been obliged to go away very suddenly, and that I will write to him fully on the subject in a day or two? My luggage is all ready packed in my room, and I should be much obliged if you would have it sent to the station by the carrier. Good-bye, Sally, I wish you well!" and he gave her a piece of gold, which she almost dropped in her dismay.

"Dear heart, Mr. Pemberton!" she exclaimed; "surely you are not going away for good, you as has been one of the family, so to speak, for such a time; the house would seem quite strange without you."

"Yes, Sally, for good or for evil, I am going right away; no one will ever see me here any more!" and shaking her rough hand, he went past her down the steps, through the shrubbery to the gate, and then took the road that led direct to the station. It was a lovely morning, with exquisite freshness in the air, and dewdrops glittering on every blade of grass; but John Pemberton walked with his head bent, feeling unworthy so much as to raise his eyes to the pure cloudless sky, for he counted himself nothing less than a renegade from the true fealty and devotion he had once vowed in such sincerity to his crucified Lord. "I will arise and go to my Father!" he had said to himself that night, when all the piteous record of his faithlessness seemed to have been rolled out before him; but he did not feel that he could dare approach even to that most merciful God, until, by some hard service, some sharp discipline, he had proved himself now to be sincere, with a deathless truth, which no human hand could touch or mar. The first step as surely was to put away from himself for ever the sight of that face whose bewitching beauty had beguiled him to such fatal loss; and though he knew it would be like tearing asunder the very heart-strings to leave the roof which sheltered Laura, he resolved that the morning sun should not find him still within the walls of her home. Like Lot fleeing from the city on which the vengeance of God had been denounced, John Pemberton went his way for the last time from Chiverley; but the thought that bowed his head with shame, and held back his soul when it would have risen

in swift progress to God, was the bitter knowledge that he only left Laura now when she was already lost to him, that it was too late for him to make the sacrifice of her love for the dear Lord's sake; he had been put to the test, and failed, and never more perhaps would the opportunity be given him of making a worthy sacrifice to the cause of his Divine Master. Thankful he might be, and was, that the strong hand of his God had plucked him out of the snare in which his feet were set, and flung him down, wounded and bleeding, where he was free to turn once more to holiness and truth; but the power to give the first fruits of his young heart freely to his Master was gone beyond recall, for they had all been lavished on one who was false to her God as she had been to him. And so it was that on this fair summer morning John Pemberton walked away from that fatal house, heart-stricken and ashamed, with all the beauty and glory of his life reft from him for ever by the selfish cruelty of a heartless and designing woman. Well for him that He who bade us forgive until seventy times seven is ever watching for the wandering son's return, and, a thousandfold more merciful than man, is ready to crown his faintest aspirations with a love that cannot deceive or fail.

Sally delivered her message to Mr. Wyndham when the family were seated round the breakfast-table, which he received in blank astonishment. He was too apathetic and depressed ever to take note of what was going on in his household, and he did not in the slightest degree connect John Pemberton's unexpected flight with Laura's intended marriage. His wife, woman-like, was quicker-witted, and she said, with unusual energy, "I do hope John Pemberton has not left us altogether; we cannot afford to lose a pupil."

Bertrand, meanwhile, was looking at Lurline with no very pleasant expression of face. He had never been able to divest himself thoroughly of an uneasy suspicion that she had not dealt fairly with the young man, whom she chose to call her brother; and as he glanced from her to Mary's sweet, pure face, he could not help reflecting how impossible it would have been for him ever to have had such a suspicion of her. So soon as breakfast was over he drew Lurline out into the garden alone with him.

"Tell me the truth, Lurline," he said, with much greater sternness of tone than had ever been used to her before; "can you assure me that your past conduct with John Pemberton has had no share in his sudden departure?"

"Oh, you darling Bertrand!" she exclaimed, flinging herself upon his arm in the most caressing manner, and clasping both her hands round his, "can you not understand that the poor fellow loved me too tenderly, whether as a brother or not, to be able to see me with complacency wholly monopolised by you. I dare say he was afraid he would not always be as cordial to you as he would wish to be to my future husband, so he thought it best to go away for a time, till he got accustomed to the change. I think he was quite right, and I am very glad we shall have no one to disturb us."

"But would he have felt thus if you had not at some time given him hope? I must know, Laura."

"You know that I told him he should be my adopted brother, you do not call that giving him hope, I suppose? I think it is very hard, Bertrand," added Laura, with a movement of her bright eyes, as if she were winking tears off their long lashes, where, however, no moisture was

to be seen; "I have told you that I never loved any one in this world till I saw you, and I think that ought to be enough for you, it is not my fault if other people loved me more than I wished; why do you blame me for it?"

Her aggrieved tone touched Bertrand's chivalrous nature at once, and he was too completely enthralled by her to retain even the lightest suspicion against her after her denial, so in a very few minutes John Pemberton was as entirely forgotten by them both as if he had never existed, and it was not long before his name ceased to be ever heard at Chiverley Rectory. Two days after his departure there arrived a letter from him to Mr. Wyndham, enclosing a year's payment in advance of the sum for which he was received as pupil, and merely saying that circumstances had obliged him to alter his plans for the future, so he should be unable to return to the Rectory. He then thanked Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham for their kindness, and begged to be remembered by Miss Trevelyan. He was too honest to speak of Laura as a mere ordinary acquaintance, so he did not mention her at all; and as his letter was read out by Mr. Wyndham before Bertrand Lisle, she bore him no grudge for the omission. Perhaps the only person who thought of poor John Pemberton with regret, or with anything like appreciation of the misery that had fallen upon him, was Mary Trevelyan, for she remembered what Charlie Davenant had prophesied of the fatal result of his love for the Lorelei. It was becoming almost impossible for her to believe now in Laura's goodness and truth as she had done so long; the reality of her selfishness and intriguing disposition was beginning to force itself even upon her pure mind as an unmistakable certainty, and one of the sharpest pangs she had to endure in the dreary days that preceded Bertrand's departure was in the growing conviction that he—to win whose happiness she would willingly have died—was about to join his fate to one who was in no sense worthy of him, and therefore but too likely to cause him disappointment and distress. Terrible days these were indeed for poor Mary; she had steeled herself to endure them without taking flight, as John Pemberton had done, lest she should betray her real feelings, but she found them very hard to bear. Laura was absolutely determined that Bertrand Lisle should not leave Chiverley till every arrangement for their speedy marriage had been made, and all day long Mary was doomed to her discussions on this subject, and to listen to Lurline's exulting plans for spending their honeymoon in Paris, as being the place where she could have the most unceasing amusement. There was some little difficulty in fixing the time of the wedding, as Bertrand was uncertain when he could get leave, but after some correspondence with the Foreign Office he found he could be allowed two or three weeks in September for this special purpose, provided he returned at once to his post. He determined therefore to leave Chiverley the morning after the receipt of this letter, which had settled all their plans so definitely that there was no longer any occasion for his remaining. And so it was on just as fair a morning as that which had witnessed his arrival, Mary Trevelyan rose from her sleepless bed to the full consciousness that the visit from which she had anticipated such unutterable joy was over; that the last day was come, and that the result to her had been simply the crushing out of all earthly happiness from her loyal and faithful heart.

Bertrand was to start immediately after

breakfast, and, of course, Lurline was going to drive with him alone to the station. There was no question of Mary having any claim to join him now; but she felt that it was more than she could stand to take leave of him in the presence of Laura and the others. As he went up-stairs, therefore, after the meal was over, to make his final arrangements before starting half an hour later, Mary suddenly came swiftly and noiselessly towards him from the other end of the passage. Putting her hand in his, she said, with her low voice, tremulous in spite of her efforts, "Dear Bertrand, I shall not see you again; let me say now how unceasingly I shall pray that you may have every blessing and happiness this life can give you!" and before he could answer, before he could even speak a word, she was gone. He tried to follow her, but her light steps carried her quickly away, and she had disappeared completely before he could reach her. When he went down to the pony carriage she was nowhere to be seen, and he drove away without looking on her face again. Little, indeed, did he dream of the strange scene in which it should be given him to see Mary Trevelyan once more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Most of us remember the 15th of July, 1870—that day fraught with such tremendous consequences—when over the restless waters, where many of us have passed on business or pleasure, that terrible war-cry sounded which was in truth the death-knell of such myriads of our fellow-creature. Aliens to us in race and nationality as both the contending powers were in the Franco-Prussian struggle, yet probably there were few homes even in England where some sympathetic note of terror or grief was not struck by that ominous heading to the foreign telegrams, "*Declaration of War.*" To many an English heart it brought a dire prophecy of evil for friends and relatives in sunny France or kindly Germany; and assuredly, if it sounded the knell of unnumbered lives, far more did it ring the dirge of all the joy of life for thousands upon thousands, who have even yet to mourn the sacrifice of precious lives, and the destruction of happy homes.

The news was known nearly all over the country early on that day, but Mary Trevelyan was one of the few who did not hear it till late in the afternoon. We find her in a very different scene from that in which we left her. She is in a long, lofty room, with large windows letting in the air and sunshine, a row of little white beds down either side, each one of which is tenanted by some poor child, suffering all of them more or less in body, but patient and cheerful in the atmosphere of kindness that surrounds them. Mary Trevelyan is moving about from one another with her noiseless step and sweet smile. She wears a simple grey dress of some soft material, whose folds make no rustling sound, with a little white muslin apron, but no cap or veil hides her smooth dark hair, folded plainly round her pretty head, for she has joined no society or religious order whatever, but has merely taken charge of the little hospital for three months, while the Lady Superintendent recruits her health at the sea side. The period of her stay was already at a close, and in another week she resigns her charge to the established authority.

Mary had offered herself for this temporary work immediately after Bertrand Lisle's departure from Chiverley, and her services had been gladly accepted, with a request that she would enter on her duties at once. She had only been too thankful to do so. She had gone through the ordeal

of the few days that Bertrand had remained at the rectory after his engagement, from delicate consideration for him, and maidenly pride as regarded herself, which prompted her to conceal from all the utter waste and ruin he had brought upon her happiness, by looking on with apparent composure at his devotion to his future wife; but when he was gone and the necessity for this cruel self-restraint was over, the companionship of Laura, in whose sincerity it was impossible for her any longer to believe, became simply terrible to her. Every word the false-hearted Lorelei said, only served as a fatal proof to Mary how certain it was that she would never make Bertrand happy, for her whole conversation turned on the gaiety and amusements outside her home, in which she intended to spend her married life. Mary could not sympathize with such unhallowed visions, and took refuge in silence, which irritated Laura, to the discomfort of the whole household; and when the proposal came for her immediate departure, to enter on her new work, she saw readily enough that it was welcomed with satisfaction by every inmate of the rectory. Charlie Davenant had not returned, and nothing more had been heard of John Pemberton, and poor Mary, with all her quiet strength, could not help feeling dreary enough on the day when she left the house where none regretted her, and where she had endured the loss of all that made life dear to her. She went for that first night to the house where Mrs. Parry lived, and when, at the close of her long solitary journey, she found herself in the arms of her faithful old friend, and heard her exclamations of dismay at seeing how ill and wan her dear child looked, then all poor Mary's long continued self-control gave way, and clinging to the familiar hands that had tended her infancy, she cried aloud, in utter abandonment of grief, "Oh, nurse, my heart is breaking—my heart is breaking—how am I to bear it!" Then Mrs. Parry broke out into vehement indignation against the Wyndhams. What had they done to her darling, her sweet lamb? She had hated leaving her there, and she could see they had well-nigh driven the life out of her, and so on, with many strong words, till Mary wearily implored her to stop.

"Do not blame any one, dear nurse, and do not ask me any questions; only let me rest my head on your lap a little while, as I used to do when I was a tiny child," and slipping down from the good woman's hold, as the nurse sat in her easy-chair, she laid her head on her knees, and there let herself weep silently, but unrestrainedly, till she was quite exhausted. Mrs. Parry asked no further questions, but soothed Mary with gentle caresses and tender words, till the paroxysm of grief had subsided. Then she persuaded her to go to bed, and gave her a good-night kiss as she used to do in her childhood's days, and finally watched by her till she saw her fall into a slumber of complete exhaustion. It was Mary's last exhibition of weakness; when the next day dawned, she had recovered her composure and her strength, and no word as to her own trials ever again passed her lips. Mrs. Parry continued to cherish a secret and most bitter rancour against the Wyndhams generally, which she was wont sometimes to confide to the ancient cockatoo, when the sight of Mary's sweet patient face made it impossible for her to keep silence; but the quiet dignity of her child, as she called her, effectually closed her lips in any other way.

After one day spent with her old nurse, Mary had come to her post at the hospital, and she had found in her duties, fatiguing and often irksome as they were, a degree

of solace and consolation which she could hardly have believed it possible anything on earth could have given her. The suffering children, whose pain she soothed, whose spirits she cheered, and whose little grateful hearts she completely won, soon learned to cling with touching tenderness to their dear Miss Mary—they had found her surname so hard to pronounce that she had willingly taught them to call her by the simple name—and, young as she was, no mother could have entered more entirely into all the wants and troubles of these forlorn little ones, than she did before she had been many days in charge of the home some good Samaritan had provided for them. She has not had the heart to tell them how soon she is to leave them, and she is thinking how hard it will be to part from them as she walks down the ward, speaking a few bright words to each, until she reaches the bed of a poor little girl of four or five years old, whose broken limb she proceeds to arrange in preparation for the examination of the doctor, whose afternoon visit she is expecting. The little one is frightened at the idea of the damaged foot being touched, and tears begin to gather in the round blue eyes, which Mary notices without making any remark; but she immediately begins to tell her a charming story of the gambols of a kitten, who is the plaything of the ward, and who has been performing wonderful feats with a bandage roll, and gradually the innocent lips relax into a succession of smiles, and the two little arms are thrown around her neck, while the child exclaims, "Tottie loves Miss Mary!"

"Dear Tottie," says Mary, "I am sure I love you," and while these tender words are passing between them, the door of the ward swings on its well-oiled hinges, and the hospital doctor comes in—an elderly man, with a shrewd kind face, and a decided and rather sharp manner, which softens to a beautiful gentleness when he addresses the suffering children. For no fee or reward does he minister to their necessities, save the answer of a good conscience, and Mary and he feel equal respect for each other, and are excellent friends. She follows him from bed to bed, giving a clear concise account of what has occurred medically in each case since his last visit, and then, note-book in hand, she takes down all his directions for the hours which must elapse till he comes again. Tottie's foot is made more comfortable than it was before, at the cost of a little temporary pain, which she bears bravely, with Mary's hand clasped tight in hers, and Mary's soft voice whispering soothing words in her ear; and when all the cases had been examined, Miss Trevelyan moves down the ward with the doctor, hearing his closing directions. He has reached the door, and shaken hands with her, when, just as he is going to descend the stairs, he looks back over his shoulder and says, "Perhaps you have not heard the great news: war is declared between France and Prussia." He nods to her, and is gone before she has time to ask a question, but she has heard and understood the full import of the one brief sentence. She turns back, and walks slowly down the ward to the other end, where a large window looks out on one of the London parks, and as she passes through the rows of white beds some strange change must have taken place in her aspect, which makes itself felt even to the uncomprehending consciousness of the children, for the little hands that are stretched out as usual to catch hold of her dress and bring her nearer to them, are drawn back instinctively, and while their eyes follow her with wondering glances, they let her go unmolested on her way. She stands before the window, and

looks out upon the summer sky, which is calm and bright, as if no thunder-clouds could ever darken its serenity, and watches, without hardly being aware of it, a bird cleaving its way swiftly through the impalpable ether, as if on some hasty errand; but swifter far even than the passage of its light quivering wings, has been the flight of her own true spirit to the presence of him for whom, in her silence, she cares with an ever-loving sympathy, day by day, and hour by hour—Bertrand—her Bertrand no longer—but still the one love of her life. What will this momentous news be to him? She knows it all well, by the instinct of her true affection, as none other upon earth can know it, and her heart sinks within her with a leaden weight of terror, for she understands that the very fact of an enemy confronting France will raise up all his patriotism, stifled rather than slumbering, like a giant in his strength, and that he will fling himself into a convulsion of anxiety to share the perils of his own true country. His duties as an employee of the English Government will seem to him like the galling fetters of an iron chain, but his strong sense of honour may lead him to consider himself still bound by them if France is triumphant, and seems to have no need of aid of any save those who are outwardly, as well as in heart her sons; but if she should prove unfortunate, if reverses should befall her, and her mighty foe should wound her to the heart, then Mary knew it would be to Bertrand Lisle as though a blow had been struck at his mother, and that all other considerations would be flung to the winds in order that he might fly to her aid, and give her a single life at least, if he could do so. Mary looked up to heaven, and her lips moved in an earnest prayer for his safety, the first of the unceasing supplications for his preservation which were to rise from her heart night and day through all the trying time to come. Then she thought of Lurline. The marriage would have to be postponed, that was certain, whether Bertrand joined the French army or not. He would certainly not entangle himself with such a binding tie while France was in peril; but except the immediate anxiety for his safety, it ought to make little difference to Laura; if she loved him truly she would be ready to wait for him as long as might be necessary, and to marry him ultimately, under whatever change of external circumstances. How earnestly did Mary pray that Lurline would now give him all the heartfelt sympathy she would herself have accorded to him had she stood in the place of his future wife, letting no thought of herself or her claims upon him add a feather-weight to the anxieties which would at once oppress him. Mary knew nothing of what was going on at Chiverley; none of the Wyndhams had taken the trouble to write to her, and she had received but one letter from Bertrand. It had come only a week or two after she had left the rectory, accompanied by a business-like despatch from his solicitor, and it was written to tell her, in the most delicate manner, that he had settled upon her a part of his income, and that the lawyer enclosed her the deeds which secured it to her. She answered it by declining gently, but almost absolutely, to receive even the smallest amount of money from his hands. She returned the legal documents, and assured him that she required nothing whatever, as all her wants were supplied in the new life she had chosen for herself. It might be that her determination had offended him, but, anyhow, he had never written to her again, and she knew nothing whatever of his movements. Many sad and anxious thoughts disturbed poor Mary's

faithful heart as she stood there looking out on the tranquil sunshine; but suddenly an idea passed into her mind which woke a light of fervent joyfulness in her dark eyes. Remembering how women were allowed to go out from England to help the victims of the Crimean War, it occurred to her that some similar organization might be employed in aid of the wounded in France. "If so I shall go," she said to herself; "I shall go to help Bertrand's countrymen—perhaps—perhaps himself!"

(To be continued.)

AN ARMY OF ANTS.

In an open Caribi house I was sitting one afternoon reading, being quite alone, for we had found no inhabitants there, and I had sent my Arawak crew in various directions to search for them. A sharp bite caused me to look at the assailant. It was a "yakman" which had given my ankle a nip, just to see what it was made of. A score of his comrades were running up my legs, and I had to hasten out of the house—which was by that time alive with them—and brush them off. This was effected with little damage, and I had then a fine opportunity of observing the tactics of this predatory horde. One immense column came through the forest, marching along the ground, and winding its way round the roots of the trees. The captains, whose heads and forceps are twice as big as those of the rank and file, were marching at intervals alongside the column, and directing their operations. Just as the column approached the house, it divided into three; one came round on the right flank, another on the left, while the main attack—which had driven me out—was from the centre. No insect without wings could escape them. Even those able to fly, as the great South American cockroach, seemed paralyzed with fear, and, trying to hide themselves, were caught under the troolie thatch. Down they fell, covered with ants; and hundreds more on the ground threw themselves upon them, until they were completely hidden by a living mass. Resistance ceased, and the work of cutting up and dragging off commenced. In two hours the ants had cleared out the whole building. It was then about four o'clock, when, as if by some recognized signal, they gathered into three columns, falling by the same routes into one main body, which continued its long winding march through the woods. When they rest for the night, they cling together in an immense cluster. I have seen them in the corner of a room where I had to sleep, reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and from one to two feet thick. In the midst of these living masses are their eggs, or pupæ, which they most carefully guard from the cold and damp, and which are hatched there.—*Mission Life.*

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

Long before a Hindoo child is born the mother—who is treated with great kindness—performs certain ceremonies to avert evil from her future offspring. As soon as the father visits his new-born child he puts a little money into its hand, and all the relatives who accompany him follow his example. On the fifth day the mother bathes; on the sixth she worships the goddess Shasthi in the shed where the child had been born; and on the eighth, eight kinds of parched corn and rice, prepared in the house, are scattered in front of the door, and are eagerly picked up and eaten by poor children, who are always on the look-out for such wind-falls. The ori-

ginal design of scattering this grain and rice seems to be an offering to the god. On the twenty-first day from the birth of the child all the women of the family assemble under a fig tree, and worship the goddess Shasthi again. The woman, if her child is a male, is now regarded as pure; but if it is a female, then she must extend her period of nonpurification for a month. These ceremonies over, the child's nativity are cast by an astronomer, and its fortune told in that vague, mysterious, non-compromising language so much in force among this fraternity all the world over. A name is then bestowed upon the infant. This is usually the mother's prerogative, and the name given is commonly one taken from their mythology, such as that of one of the gods; or sometimes, if the mother is of a sentimental turn of mind, the name of a flower or a tree is given to the child. Sometimes parents will give their children soft and harsh names alternately, hoping thereby to obviate the envy of their neighbours, and their consequent malice, if all the children had pleasant-sounding names.—From "The Races of Mankind."

CLOSE QUESTIONS.

Your tempers. How are they? Do you become impatient under trial; fretful, when chided or crossed; angry, revengeful when injured; vain, when flattered; proud, when prospered; complaining, when chastened; unbelieving, when seemingly forsaken; unkind, when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly? Covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indolence, of honor, of ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature! Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within and close your eyes to them and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace.—*Bishop Foster.*

THERE may be outward activity and inward sloth in the same individual.

If "visiting the widow and the fatherless" have so much of vitality in the principle, do not ye keep so far from the practice.

WITHOUT the Spirit, St. Peter trembled at the voice of a maid-servant; with the Spirit, he withstood kings and princes.—*St. Jerome.*

The leaves of the Gumbo trees, which grow in the West Indies, when eaten by any animal will cause all its hair to drop out, and I have seen horses and cows both without a hair in mane or tail from eating its leaves. The Manchenillo tree is quite common on some of these islands, and is very poisonous. The wind blowing through it directly upon a persons sensitive to poison, will take effect in a few moments. The smoke from its burning wood has the same effect. I saw a horse which had taken shelter under one of these trees during a shower, whose hair was taken off wherever the drops of rain from its boughs had touched him, and afterwards had this mottled appearance. A negro, who slept under one of them in midday, was awakened nearly unconscious, as if under the effects of a powerful narcotic. I have known several cases of severe poison and two deaths from eating crabs poisoned with this tree.