

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M. A., D. C. L.

Vol. XVI.

DIGBY, N. S., DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 10

The red marks enclosing this paragraph indicate that the subscription is due, and the Proprietor will be glad to receive the amount as early as possible. The date marked with the address on each paper is that to which that paper is paid up.

GOD KNOWETH.

BY A M. H.

Why is it, when some plan I make,
Unselfishly, for others' sake,
God seems my earnest plan to break?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because the work I plan
Is filled with thought of praise from man,
Though planning all the good I can?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it, when for those I love
I regulate each deed, each move,
Yea, everything,—they disapprove?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because he hath decreed
That theirs shall be a heavenly meed,
Who suffer for a righteous deed?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it, when I bend the knee
And pray with faith's sincerity,
I do not feel him near to me?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it that I my prayer began
More like the Pharisaic man
Than the repentant Publican?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that the loved, the dear,
Go heavenward, and leave us here
To mourn and shed the bitter tear?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because while they were near
They grew to be more loved, more dear,
Than the good Lord who placed them here?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that the friends who go
Seem those most needed here below,
While sinners live? I do not know.
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it that their life-work is done,
While sinners have not yet begun
To know their Saviour, God the Son?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that we cannot know
Why life is what it is below,
And why it is we suffer so?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Oh, when I know he doeth well,
I cannot at his will rebel.
How glad I am I cannot tell!
God knoweth!

In proportion as people believe in
sinless perfection in this life, they
will lose the vigorous tone of dis-
tinctive doctrine.

Apr 90 Mrs. M. H. H.

UNITY VS. FALSE CHARITY

Unity is a great and indispensable good, always prized and sought by the true members of Christ's Body, but since the days of Primitive Christianity it has not been found; not because of God's unwillingness to grant it, but for the reason that mankind persist in seeking it by wrong methods. Like the fabled Holy Grail, it is only to be found in the pure and unselfish. It is only to be found in the field of God's truth.

But "what is truth?" Not popularity, as Pilate thought. Not in novelty, as freethinkers supposed, for God's truth requires self-sacrifice, and it is no novelty, for it is that which has been from the beginning.

Some have sought unity by persecution, which, springing from uncharitableness, invariably fails. Others have sought it in compromising,—weak faith pandering with untruth, crying peace, peace, when there is no peace. Both of these false methods spring from the same root of selfishness, and the latter is the more specious and dangerous of the two. Those pursue—not unity—but an *ignis fatuus* which leads into the quagmire of final unbelief. And though persecution is unpopular in this nineteenth century, yet its twin-sister, compromise, is quite capable of misleading the unwary. It is found amongst Christians everywhere. "For the division of Reu-

ben there were great seachings of heart."

There are many Reubens in our day. These never reach unity (in the truth) themselves, but are very successful in misleading others.

Unselfishness, *i. e.* "Charity, seeketh not her own," but at the very beginning of her search for unity, her aim is self sacrifice as to all which in God's sight hinders it. This can only be done by humility of heart through the grace of God. He who desires to improve the sanitary condition of his neighborhood, begins—regardless of cost—with the cleansing of his own premises. Or, to change the simile, he is careful first to remove the beam from his own eye, before he begins to indulge in sarcasms on the imperfect vision of his neighbor. This humble effort towards self-examination, in the spirit of love and self-sacrifice, is—in spiritual matters—the most likely way towards clearness of vision all around. This enables the seekers to recognize more clearly and acknowledge more candidly all truths and their proportions, as held not only by themselves but by others. They perceive the pith of the Scripture proverb—"Buy the truth and sell it not," including, as it does, the *cost* of truth and the *responsibility* in God's sight, in holding it as a precious deposit for which a strict account must be rendered on the Great Day. It is grounded on

love vs. selfishness. It is as much opposed to unreasoning bigotry as to free-thinking compromise. It holds the truth in love and firmness.

Any surrender of truth, though popular for the moment, is soon followed by disappointment and increased disunion, for the faithful will not rally around it. But as God is working for truth, and consequent unity, a healthy re-action soon follows. Love and true unity recognize this check as God's loving correction. Such storms clear the air, and are infinitely more wholesome than the miasma of stagnation.

At certain times God makes the sword the instrument for a better peace. "I came not to bring peace but a sword," said our Lord, and yet this would be found necessary, that "they all may be one" who endure to the end. This is the precursor of the fulfilment of the prophecy,— "He will judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off, and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares and their spears into pruning hooks,—nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—[ED.]

CHRISTMAS.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

Little did the Bethlehemites think what a guest they refused, else they would gladly have opened their doors to Him, who was able to open the gates of heaven to them. Now

their inhospitality is punishment enough in itself; they have lost the honour and happiness of being host to their God. Even still, O blessed Saviour! Thou standest at our doors and knockest; every motion of Thy good Spirit tells Thou art there. Now Thou comest in Thine own Name, and there Thou standest while Thy head is full of dew, and Thy locks wet with the drops of the night. No sooner do the shepherds hear the news of a Saviour than they run to Bethlehem to seek Him. Those that left their beds to tend their flocks, have left their flocks to enquire after their Saviour. No earthly thing is too dear to be forsaken for Christ. If we suffer any worldly occasion to stay us from Bethlehem, we care more for our sheep than our souls. It is not possible that a faithful heart should hear where Christ is, and not labour to the sight, to the fruition of Him. Where art Thou, O Saviour, but at home in Thine own house, in the assembly of Thy saints? Where art Thou to be found but in Thy word and sacraments? Yea, there Thou seekest for us: if there we haste not to seek for Thee, we are worthy to want Thee, worthy that our want of Thee here, should make us want the presence of Thy face forever.—*Bishop Hall.*

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.—"Thy prayers and thine alms are come up as a memorial before God."

COUNTERFEIT CHARITY.

"I think there is one man in this town absolutely perfect," remarked a young gentleman the other day.

The person to whom these words were spoken being anxious to see an absolutely perfect individual inquired who he might be, and where he lived.

"It is Mr. Blanque, returned the other. "He is so good that he cannot believe there is any evil in the world, and thinks everyone on earth is just exactly right."

While the anxious inquirer after perfection was struck dumb with this view of the subject, a youth near by observed, abruptly, "Well I should think that was more like being a born fool than being perfect."

The outspoken youth certainly had not a polite way of expressing himself, but it must be confessed that he put forth our own opinion in a very terse and pointed manner. A man who does not believe in the existence of evil in the world must be either one who sees no distinction between good and evil and whose moral sense is therefore very imperfect, or he must be extremely unobservant and stupid, or else he must be a mere sentimentalist, who, being made uncomfortable by the thought of evil, takes refuge in an utterly false opinion as an ostrich sticks its head under a bush.

No great degree of moral or mental superiority is consistent with any of the three characters I have named, and yet all three of them may masquerade in the character of divine charity and gain credit for "light and sweetness" in quarters where the real holy charity would be scouted. Make-believe love that calls evil good will meet with a very handsome reception

from the world, when the real angel of God will find no better welcome than did the Love of God incarnate when the Nazarenes, among whom He had been brought up, tried to throw Him over the cliff. He had become their enemy because he told them the truth.

The belief that there is no such thing as evil in the world is no more evidence of high moral character and goodness of heart than a denial of the multiplication table is an evidence of profound mathematical attainments. The make-believe charity is very popular with the world, and also extremely acceptable to the two other partners in the firm,—the flesh and the devil, but it is as different from the charity exemplified in our Lord, and described in His word, as darkness from light. It is the refuge of the coward and the spiritual loafer, too weak or too indolent to face the awful facts of life and put on armor for the fight against sin, either in himself or in others.—*Graham, in Parish Visitor.*

PRAYER AND CONDUCT.

"None trifle with God, and make a sport of sin, so much as those whose way of living interferes with their prayers; who pray for such or such a virtue, and then put themselves under circumstances which render the practice of it next to impossible; who pray, perhaps, for the grace of sobriety, and then wait daily for an answer to that prayer at a meeting, or the tavern. But the spirit of prayer is a spirit of prudence, a spirit of caution and conduct, and never pursues the thing it prays for in a way contrary to the nature of the thing itself."—*Robert South.*

A COMMON MISTAKE.

'Don't do that, child; God won't love you if you disobey mother; God doesn't love naughty children.' The mother spoke from her sincerest thought, no doubt, but, had she reflected, she would have seen that she was impressing on her child's mind a wholly mistaken idea of God's never-failing love. This world would be a weary place for humanity, if God loved only the good, only those who never failed in motive or in action to do His Will. 'God so loved the world that He sent His only Son to save sinners.' Let us be careful that we teach our little ones right theology. God loves them when they are naughty, though He does not approve of their naughtiness. Think, mothers who love your children unfailingly; even when obliged to punish them, it is love that inflicts the penalty.

It is a weak, short-sighted love that allows its object to do that which will dwarf its growth or injure its character, or confirm it in evil ways. But who shall convict the parent of a lack of love because he or she by every means tries to bring the child up in the exercise of right feelings, and in habits which will crystallize into the expression of a life set heavenward?

Our earthly parenthood but feebly conveys to our imaginations a conception of God's great Father-heart. Let us be careful that in our dealings with children, we do not alienate them from God by our careless, mistaken, and blundering speech. It is well to say to a child 'You must not do this thing or that for it will be to disobey God and grieve your dear Heavenly Father.'

It is well to bring up your children in the fear of offending God, since nothing in the Universe is so ungrateful as wilful offence against the Divine Love; but it is not well, because it is not true, to teach a child, that if he or she is naughty God will take His tender love away.

INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle lately wrote with regard to the missionary work being done by the Church in Canada among the Indians, and the work of the same sort which it is undertaking in foreign parts, as follows:—'I fear much that our Church people are sleeping in a fool's paradise with regard to the work amongst our Indian population and their duty and responsibility thereto. And to speak of there being wealth enough to do that, and to go into other parts of the world, only tends to lull them still more into a deeper torpor concerning their present shameful neglect of those duties. Take away the work that is now being done with money directly from England, and they would I believe, stand utterly horror-struck at the wretched paltriness of their efforts in these districts. Why? I believe the whole amount received from Canada would not support half-a-dozen missions in the whole of this vast North-West. The C. M. S. is gradually withdrawing its support, as it imagines that the Church of this great Dominion ought now to be in a fit state to take up the responsibilities of that work. Let it not be said to the lasting disgrace of our Church that, in order to satisfy a sentiment concerning "foreign work," it allowed our own "heathen" to perish uncared for.—*Church Bells.*

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Worship is *not silent*. True, it is deep in the heart, and must work there and burn there, strongly and fervently. But when the fire kindles we must speak with our tongue.

Moreover, before we begin to speak, we are conscious that *others have the same need* of speech as we. They are partakers of our blessings. Though each soul is alone with God yet God who has made all of our blood has made it impossible for us to "keep ourselves to ourselves" in the work of religion and in religious worship. Believe that many springs can rise out of the mountain, and yet that no waters need flow down and mingle at its foot; and then, but not till then, believe that wells of water springing up unto everlasting life can be in our hearts, while no united worship is the result. Surely, if God communicates His grace to us, we must communicate with one another as sharers in the same grace. And if we do not, we must consider ourselves as dried up springs or pulled-up trees. We must worship. Worship means addressing God. And this address to God is not silent or alone. The more it is alone, the deeper the solitary worship 'is, the more certainly must it seek *occasions* for breaking forth in united worship.

"United!" but how united, and where? When you have anything of importance to do, you settle its time and its place. Let me then ask you, what place of worship do you attend?

The Bible is full of teaching about the places of worship that God has ordained. I need not tell you of the old tabernacle service, of the joy that the people of God felt as

each step was taken for giving to God a more settled and more beautiful abode. Nor need I tell you how God Himself ordained all the little details of His worship, and sanctioned the reverent care with which all such things were arranged. It would be more to the point to remind you of the Lord Jesus, who, at the age of 12 years knew more than those older people who do not feel it needful to be in their Father's House. We say we will go when it is "convenient": He said, "I must." *S. Luke ii. 49.* We let the world's engagements force us, spite of obstacles: He, who belonged to a higher world than ours, felt the force of a heavenly impulse. And, if we have His mind, we will feel the same force compelling us to come into the House of God.

And now do not tell me that "every place is holy ground," that God dwells not in temples made with hands, and that in heaven there will be no temples such as there are now on earth. If you tell me these things, I am ready to listen to you, and to be glad with you that the gospel has broken down the old wall—separating Jews and Gentiles, and that it has made it possible for us to worship God not in one temple but everywhere. Christian ordinances are so precious, and are so efficacious, that they do not depend on buildings, and even now we have a foretaste of the heavenly state of which S. John said, "I saw no temple therein." For Christian sacraments may be administered in the open air or in a common house. The ordinances of the Christian religion hallow the building: the priceless treasures contained in these ordinances demand a settled place for

celebration and for the assembling of the saints who partake of them. Heaven itself is the scene of Christian worship, the place where the High Priest of Christianity serves continually.

HOW TO KNOW GOD.

I have been asked, "How do we become acquainted with God?" How do we become acquainted with an earthly friend? I may be introduced to some one here this afternoon. We exchange a few words—the acquaintance is begun. It is continued by and by when I meet him down by the lake or on the street and have a little talk with him. Next week I find him on a steamer going abroad, I talk with him again and again, and finally the chance acquaintance ripens into a friendship for eternity. If we are separated, we keep up the acquaintance, by correspondence. In like manner we become acquainted with God. Talk to him, begin the friendship. "Acquaint now thyself with God." Go to your room, kneel down, tell Jesus you want to become acquainted with Him. Read about him, find out what He says. He will talk to you. I don't know how—perhaps by His Spirit, perhaps by His Word; probably the latter. Open your Bible—it is His answer to you. The friendship will grow just like any other friendship—you can follow out the simile. "Just like any common friendship, then, religion is?" you ask. There is no such thing as a common friendship. Is not a true friendship an inconceivably beautiful thing? The friendship of man for man, of man for woman. Abraham was called the "friend of God." Enoch "walked with God." "Know

thou the God of thy fathers," said David to Solomon. So this is no "common friendship"; it is the most beautiful thing on God's earth. To be Christ's friend is to be everything that heart can desire. I am asked, "Can we have it for the asking?" It! It is no "*it*," but "*Him*." It is no experience, no frame of mind. We cannot keep experiences or modes or feelings. We have "*Him*"—the Spirit, the Lord. We abide in Him by keeping up correspondence with Him, by word, by work, by prayer, by meditation, through the church, and so on. Then we shall never die—we "have passed from death unto life." We are in eternal life. We live here and now an eternal life. Religion gives us *life*, not merely peace or a happy frame of mind.—*Drummond*.

It is a pleasant thing in these days of wide-spread unbelief in the efficacy of prayer, to find that a gentleman, no less distinguished than the late Professor Agassiz, held the following very decided language, as to his own personal experience concerning it. His language is:

"I will frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. In myself I may say, that I never make the preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered, without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them."

THE MAINE LAWS.

PROHIBITION DENOUNCED

PORTLAND, Me., July 24.—At the annual meeting of the Maine Pharmaceutical Association yesterday President C. K. Partridge, in his annual address, vigorously attacked the prohibition laws of the State. He said that for many years, owing to the so-called temperance laws of Maine, the apothecary who would fulfil his duties toward the medical profession, the invalid, and the public has found himself confronted with the statutes of prohibition. If alcoholic stimulants are prescribed, and he fills such prescriptions, his legal place of residence is the county gaol and in addition thereto his pocket-book should be legally deprived of a handsome sum. "Prohibition," he said, "after nearly half a century's trial in Maine, has proved a moral, political, demi-religious fraud. Originally enacted from the best of motives as a "sovereign remedy for intemperance, its empiricism has been fully demonstrated. It has grown like a fungus on the body politic, stimulated by a combination of dark lantern societies with demagoguery, fanaticism, political intimidation, and intolerance of individual rights. It has shown total inadequacy for its avowed purpose of promoting real temperance and good morals. It is a miscarried effort to legislate the Kingdom of God into the heart of man by indirection, inasmuch as it places an act, not a crime of itself, in the same category with the worst crime."

In heaven the saints will be nearer to Christ than the Apostles were when they sat at the table with Him or heard Him pray. That was a

nearness which might consist only in place, and their minds might still be, as they often were, far away from Him; but up in heaven we shall be one with Him in sympathy, in spirit, in conscious fellowship.—*Spurgeon.*

BEARING HIS BURDEN.

A gentleman driving his own carriage, overtook a tired pedlar with his pack on his back, and invited him to take a seat behind him. This the man thankfully did, apologising however for the liberty. Presently however the gentleman looked round, and perceiving that the pedlar still carried his pack on his back, he asked him why he did not lay his burden on the seat. 'Sir,' was the reply, 'you have been good enough to allow me to take a seat in your carriage, but I would not take the liberty of placing my burden in it too.'

Many a Christian behaves like this pedlar, refusing in trouble to cast all his care upon God.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Thomas Brookes, the old Puritan divine, says—"If you only have candle light, bless God for it, and he will give you starlight. When you have got starlight, praise God for it, and he will give you moonlight; rejoice in it and He will give you sunlight. And when you have got sunlight, praise him still more, and He will make the light of your sun as the light of seven days, for the Lord Himself shall be the light of your spirit."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Imaginary troubles are worse than real ones.

THE WESLEYANS.

The Wesleyans in England seem to be in far from a happy state. It is true that they are ever boasting of the twenty to thirty millions of Methodists in the world, and arguing that there must be a future for a Church of such wonderful growth in 150 years; but they forget that if in accordance with Wesley's teaching they had remained a body of lay teachers in the Church, they would have had a much more assured position. In their endeavour to form themselves into an independent Church they are driven further and further away from Wesley's teaching and practice.

I cannot find that their numbers are at all increasing in proportion to the increase of our population, and as it appears to me, they are on the eve of fresh divisions. They find the class meetings, once their great strength, to be unpopular and contrary to the spirit of the times; then the itinerant preachers and the three years' limit, which would work admirably as an adjunct to the Church, with its settled parochial ministry, is found a burden to those who desire to make Wesleyanism into an independent organization.

It is allowed that such increase as is to be found is in the West-end Mission, which is worked on lines freer than old Wesleyan rules, and must be very distasteful to some of the Methodists of the older school. The Primitives have long had the exclusive control of the lower orders, but the Salvation Army and Church Army are making great advances in this particular field.

All this has caused many searchings of heart among Wesleyans;

but try as they will they will only succeed in making a *new congregational* body, and as they seem to long for a more highly educated ministry and to minister to the more highly educated classes, in their endeavor to 'adapt Wesleyanism to its modern environments,' they will find themselves in competition with the Baptist and Congregational Churches; and will certainly fall far short of that Catholicity which marks the true Church as ministering at once to all classes of our people.—*Earl Nelson in Church Bells.*

YOU DON'T PRAY

A Christian brother who had fallen into darkness and discouragement was staying at the same house with Dr. Finney one night. He was lamenting his condition, and Dr. Finney, after listening to his narrative, turned to him with his peculiar, earnest look, and, with a voice that sent a thrill through his soul, said: "You don't pray! that is what's the matter with you. Pray; pray four times as much as ever you did in your life, and you will come out."

He immediately went down to the parlor, and taking a Bible he made a serious business of it, stirring up his soul to God as did Daniel, and thus he spent the night. It was not in vain. As the morning dawned he felt the Sun of Righteousness shine upon his soul. His captivity was broken, and ever since he has felt that the greatest difficulty in the way of men being emancipated from their bondage is that they "don't pray." "Pray without ceasing." "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*Jackson Church News.*

A WORLDWIDE FIELD.

Never let people become wholly absorbed in their own affairs or in the affairs of the parish. Widen their horizon to take in the duty of the Church in relation to humanity, They will be the better for it and the parish will be stronger, if the people will embrace in their sympathies, their prayers, their labours, and their offerings the work of the Church in missions to our own countrymen and to heathen lands.

Trade, commerce, science, are converting the world on its secular side. Christianity—the Church—must bring *the world* to God, or confess that it has no true mission to its day and generation. We cannot argue or reason about the claims of foreign lands as we might have done a century ago. When we survey the field from the high vantage-ground which the march of events affords us, we are driven to a sense of the tremendous impetus which the genius of this age for work is constantly giving us. Wherever we look, we see no bounds to the resistless forces which are pushing on to open up every resource of man and Nature. Apart from all consideration of the command of the One Master, of which there can be no doubt, humanity demands to-day a worldwide Gospel.

And there is another consideration which powerfully appeals to us. If we claim to be the Church of the English-speaking race; if as we believe, the best traditions and noblest hopes of the English people are bound up with the history of the Communion in which God has placed our lives, then in a day when the English tongue is spreading far

and near, and bidding fair to become well nigh universal, the English Church must have a profound interest in keeping up with the march of that matchless language in which the prayers and praises of the Church's worship have found for ages such rich and beautiful expression.

Mr. Gladstone, in his great speech at the Colonial Bishops' meeting on June 19th at St. James' Hall, incidentally made some remarks which cover the whole principle for which the Bishop of Lincoln contends. He characterized it as "an historical, a legal, and a philosophical curiosity" that anyone should ever have treated the Privy Council as a binding authority in questions of faith and doctrine, or discipline relating to faith and doctrine. To say that, was, he declared, equivalent to saying that "the Apostles' and Nicene Creed are very imperfect, and there ought to be added to them a separate article to say that all men, to be good Christians, must be bound, at any rate in the Church of England, to accept whatever senses may be affixed to either of these creeds by the civil tribunals of the country."

Dr. Thomas Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, took orders at Wadhām College, Oxford, and at the Restoration became chaplain to the witty and profligate Duke of Buckingham. At the first dinner with the Duke, his grace, observing a goose opposite to his chaplain, remarked that he wondered why it generally happened geese were placed near the clergy. "I cannot tell the reason," but I shall never see a goose again but I shall think of your Grace."

THE CHILD'S NEED OF SYMPATHY.

The child demands sympathy, companionship, love. Here also the instinct of the higher quadrupeds shows in a touching way the same demand. The dog's desire, even more pressing than the desire for food, and often displacing it, is to be with his master. If his master is within-doors, the dog wishes to lie at his feet; if he goes to another room, the dog must go also, and establish himself there; if he goes forth to walk or ride, the four-footed friend bounds along in bliss over-joyed to traverse miles of country which he would never visit alone. An occasional friendly word contents him; but without companionship he can do nothing. Strange that we recognize this instinct in the animal, and often ignore it in the child! Every child needs companionship; to have some one to whom every little joy may be imparted. Some of the most conscientious and devoted parents who have ever lived have been those who never kissed their children, and the same habit of repression still shows itself in some households in regard to all communications with the young.

A woman of genius, not now living, once told me that she did not know how to tell time by the clock until she was eighteen, because her father had undertaken to explain it to her when she was twelve, and she was afraid to let him know that she had failed to comprehend him. Yet she said that he had never in his life spoken to her one harsh word. It was simply the attitude of cold repression that froze her. After his death she wrote to me, "His heart

was pure—and terrible; I think that there was not another like it on earth." On this point I fear that she was mistaken, and that the race of such parents survives.—*T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

THE SURPRISED MOHAMMEDAN.

On one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the "rebellers against God." My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said:

"Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves."

He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed:

"May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold."—*Hay's Western Barbary.*

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—*Charles Kingsley.*

CREDULITY.

It is great simplicity and uncharitable credulity in us to think, that either the most ancient or middle ages of the world were generally so simple, credulous, or apt to believe everything as some would make them. It had been as hard a matter to have persuaded men in those times that there were no gods, no divine power or providence, as it would be to persuade the modern Atheists that there is an almighty power which created all things, governeth and disposeth all things to His glory.

The most politic Atheist now living is as credulous in his kind as the simplest creature in the old world was; and will yield his assent unto the Epicures' or other brutish philosophers' conclusions, upon as light reasons as they did their beliefs unto any fable concerning the power or providence of the gods: the reason of both their credulities in two contrary kinds is the same.

The often manifestation of an extraordinary power in battles, or presence in oracles, and sensible documents of revenge from heaven, made the one prone to entertain any report of the gods, though never so strange; and the want of like sensible signs or documents of the same power in our days (whilst all men's minds are still set on politic means and practices for their own good) doth make the other so credulous and apt to assent unto any politic discourse, and so averse from belief of the Prophets and Sacred writers, which reduce all effects to the First Cause.—*Dr. Thomas Jackson.*

Sir Isaac Newton was a great philosopher. He wrote many

learned works on natural science and has ever since been regarded as a most reliable authority. He was also a devout and humble-minded Christian, and he also wrote a work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. In this work he makes this singular remark, "If these prophecies were true it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented. The knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated, namely one thousand two hundred and sixty years, that they would be able to travel fifty miles an hour." Now as he wrote these words more than one hundred and fifty years before railroad and steamboats were known, they were considered very bold words. Voltaire, a French infidel of great fame got hold of these words and said, Now look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravitation! When he became an old man and got into his dotage he began to study the book called the Bible, and it seems in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!"

The self-complacency of this infidel made his friends laugh immoderately at the expense of the Christian philosopher. But what has time revealed? Less than two hundred years after Newton wrote his bold words the knowledge of mankind has so increased that daily between London and Liverpool travellers go more than fifty miles an hour and so in many other places. Now which was the dotard—the Christian philosopher or the scoffing infidel?

THE PRIESTLY ATTIRE.

The Bishop earnestly requires the clergy of the diocese in all their ministrations, parochial or extra-parochial, in missions, at funerals, marriages, and baptisms, at services in private houses, at cemeteries or on public occasions—in short, whenever they exercise in public or private the priestly office—to wear without fail their priestly vestments. In no other way can we so fully, openly, and persistently indicate, before those not accustomed to our ways, our priestly claims, our Apostolic position, and our recognition of the Church's rule and law.

The few gathered at mission services naturally resent the omission of these distinctive features of our ministerial dress. They feel that they are not regarded as of sufficient account to warrant the use of the priestly vestments, never left aside as they well know in the parish Church or before the larger congregations. They are quick to notice this lack of due consideration, and they are repelled from the Church and often made inimical to it by this thoughtless disregard of their expectations and their wishes. We win none by this concealment of our well-known practices.

As little can we beguile men to the Church by hiding our distinctive principles and teachings, as hope to introduce the Church into communities by ministering in our every-day attire, as the members of the religious bodies around us do. We deceive no one. We only handicap our own efforts to do men good. The moral effect of our official garb is of itself a help rather than a hindrance to our success. We at least

show to those to whom we are striving to bring the Church that we are both honest and open in our efforts to reach them. It is not merely to cover the changeful fashions of the world that we use surplice and cassock, stole and cap. It is because we would claim by our very attire whenever engaged in priestly administration that we are priests of the Church of God.—*Iowa Churchman.*

During the past twenty years the Scottish Episcopal Church has made great progress in the north. While Presbyterians, and particularly Free Churchmen, have been bitterly discussing such continuous questions as the introduction of the organ into public worship, and the writings of Dr. Dods and Bruce, the leaders of the Episcopal body have been quietly pursuing their way, erecting new churches and mission stations, and adding to their numbers as well as to their influence and wealth, both in the towns and remote country districts.

A little girl came to her mother with the question, "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?" The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they were both so bad that she could not say which was the worst. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it, and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the child's face, "a lie is forever."—*Occident.*

Don't say "Episcopal" when you mean Church.

DON'T.

Don't say "Catholic," when you mean Roman Catholic.

Don't speak of a person "joining the Church," in Confirmation, or of Communicants as "Members of the Church."

Don't speak of the "Sabbath" when you mean the Lord's day.

Don't speak of going to Church "to hear" a clergyman "preach" or his "preaching," when you mean that he conducted the entire service, which includes the sermon.

Don't speak of a Church service as "a meeting."

Church people should exercise great care, not to exemplify the speech and language of Ashdod.

Don't speak of the parish as the "society."

Don't run away from the service of the Church to others, on any pretext or under any circumstances.

Don't neglect the Sunday evening service if there be one, or the week-day prayers. At least, let your example be for good.

Don't fail to have some part in the Sunday school.

Don't rest satisfied without some knowledge of the Church.

Above all, don't be afraid to be loyal to the Church, as the Body of Christ.—*Selected.*

RULE OF THE SULTAN.

A comical incident at Constantinople illustrates what thin ice those that use the press have to walk upon under the rule of the Sultan. There is a Greek benevolent society in Constantinople which recently had occasion to publish a pamphlet on its work, and on the title page there was a quotation from Paul's Epistle

to the Galatians. Very soon after it appeared, a police officer came to the printing office and demanded of the editor that he should give him information as to who St. Paul was who had been writing letters to the people of Galata (one of the suburbs of Constantinople), as he had orders to get a copy of these letters and to bring the aforesaid Paul to headquarters. The editor explained that Paul could not be brought to headquarters, he was dead. But the functionary retorted that his orders were to bring Paul, and if he could not bring Paul to bring the editor. It was of no use to protest that Paul had been in Paradise for 1800 years; and the editor was taken to headquarters and put in prison for several days, until finally the Greek Patriarch interfered and presented the bureau of censorship with a copy of the letter of Paul, which he showed was addressed not to the people of Galata, but to a province of the ancient Roman Empire. This having been at last made clear the editor was released.

The Rev. Odell M. Tibe, B. A., has resigned the charge of the High Cross Congregational church, Tottenham, England, and is about to leave the Congregational ministry with the intention of taking Orders in the Church of England. He retained his pastorate until the end of October.

THREE PARABLES.—The sheep, the piece of money, the lost son—the foolish sinner, the senseless sinner, the wilful sinner.—*Bengel.*

There is something wrong if you never pray but when you have to do so.

Children's Department.

A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found now-a-days,
you know—
Whose friends were as troubled as they
could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried
away;
But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole
did drop.

A lesson went in; but, ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!
When he rose to recite, he was all in a
doubt;
Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!
He could speak only two words: "I for-
got."

Would it not be sad indeed to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?
—*Home and Sunday School.*

BIG BILL AND LITTLE BILL

BY ALICE F. JACKSON.

"I ain't going to be bullied by
you, so there!"

Little Bill put himself in a menac-
ing attitude, and doubled up the
trembling fists that he dared not use.

Big Bill took him by the ear and
pulled it pretty hard. "You ain't
going to be bullied by me, ain't you?"
he retorted, and so they stood glar-
ing at each other with anger in their
eyes and passion in their hearts.

"Bill," said Aunt Sarah, with an
imploring look at Big Bill. "Bill!"
she repeated the next moment with
a cautioning glance at little Bill.

The two Bills did not heed. Their
flushed faces would have been almost
comical in their likeness to each

other, except for the passion that dis-
torted them. Big Bill had a big, fat,
round face, shaven clean, with a
thick mat of straight black hair.

Little Bill's was small, fat, and
chubby, with a crop of the same sort
of hair.

"What did you come here for,
hey?" said the first. "Come, what
did you come here for?"

"To work," retorted the other,
bearing the smarting of his ear as
best he could: "to make myself
useful."

"To work!" repeated big Bill,
sarcastically, addressing the buns
and steaming coffee, and rolls of
bread on the shelves of the little cof-
fee tavern. "To make himself use-
ful!"

"Little Bill," said Aunt Sarah, "own
up that you've done wrong like a man
and beg your uncle's pardon."

"I ain't going to be cuffed and jaw-
ed at for nothing," muttered Bill stub-
bornly.

"For nothing?" echoed the uncle,
and in his indignation he struck at
little Bill, and pushed him away.

"Forgetting a message is nothing—
an important message too. 'Bill' I
says, 'be sure and deliver it safe;
it's pressing.' 'Yes, uncle,' says he,
'I'll give it safe.' And away he
goes to school with all his thoughts
a wool-gathering!"

"It's not business-like to be for-
getful," put in Aunt Sarah, in a
soothing voice. You know you've
got a bad memory, Bill; that's all
the reason you should try to remem-
ber better."

"Don't shift the blame on his
memory," growled big Bill. "What's
his memory got to do with it? He's
told to take a message, and his duty
is to go and deliver it straight off,

without waiting to see what his memory's going to do for him. "No," added Uncle Bill, in a louder tone, "there's no business at all in him, and he can go back to his mother for all I care, and pick up a living how and where he likes."

"Keep cool, Bill," said Aunt Sarah, "keep cool," and she gave an appealing glance at little Bill, which said plainly, "Ask his pardon and make peace."

They called it the Johnson temper—and a very disagreeable temper it was. Big Bill Johnson rather prided himself on it, and was heard to boast that he never gave in first—not he. "I leave that to the other party."

Little Bill Johnson had a large share of the Johnson temper, too, with a strong dash of the uncle's stubbornness thrown in. He shut his heart to Aunt Sarah's appealing glance, and put his hand on his cap.

"I'm going off to mother now. It's like as not I'll get something for a living somewhere else." He said it slowly and distinctly, but the passion in his face was not one whit abated, and his hands trembled from rage.

"Go!" thundered his uncle, pointing to the door, "and never let me see your face in this coffee tavern again!"

"Bill! Bill!" cried Aunt Sarah, making a dash at the door; but her husband held her back.

"Keep cool, Sarah," he said, throwing her own words back at her. "Keep cool." But he looked very far from cool himself, as he watched his nephew running down the street, wondering which would be the one to give in first after this double display of Johnson temper. "Not me,"

he muttered with what he meant to be a chuckle, but which was really more like a growl. "Not me! And him and me's as like as two peas!"

A customer came in to be served just then, and poor Aunt Sarah had to hide her anxieties behind a smiling face, and Johnson slipped into the little back parlour to recover himself.

Little Bill was big Bill's brother's child. Jack Johnson had died more than a year ago, leaving his widow with two children and very poor prospects. She eked out a narrow living with her needle, and often found it hard work to make both ends meet.

About three months before our story opens, Bill Johnson came to see her with a purpose. "Jane," he said, "what d'you say of my taking your Bill altogether? Me and Sarah's set our heart upon it."

"Taking Bill altogether?" faltered the widow.

"He's nig. on twelve, ain't he?" said big Bill. "You see," he went on, scratching his head, "he's a regular Johnson all over; and he minds me of Jack when he was a little chap; and we've got no children of our own. I'd put him to school on my own account for another year, and between whiles he could clean out the shop of mornings, and run errands, and make himself useful; and after that I could have him home, and learn him the business, and see how we'd get along. You would have one mouth less to feed."

To be Continued.

PRICE.—Single Copies of CHURCH WORK, 30 cents a year. Twenty-five or more Copies to one address, 25 cents a year each, strictly in advance. Editor and Proprietor, REV. DR. AMBROSE, Digby, N. S., to whom all subscriptions are to be advanced.