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CHURCH CHRONICLE

FOR THE

DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

“Men speak not with the instruments of writing, neither write with the instruments of speech, and yet things recorded with one and uttered with the other may be preached well enough for both.”

HOOKEK. Bk. V. c. 21.

VOL. I.—No. 6.]

OCTOBER, 1860.

[2s. 6d. PER. AN

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

The visit which the heir apparent to the throne of England has just concluded to the British North American Provinces was graciously paid to its inhabitants as a whole, without any reference to the distinctions of race or creed. Yet the fact that His Royal Highness is both by education and attachment a member of the English Church, as well as the circumstance that the Queen, whom he represented, is regarded by churchmen in these provinces as “supreme in all causes ecclesiastical or temporal” gave to that visit an additional interest in the eyes of the members of the church generally. It may then be desirable to put on record in these pages some account of the occasions upon which our illustrious visitor was brought into more immediate connection with the Church of England within the Diocese of Montreal. The first of those occasions was on Sunday, August 26th, when His Royal Highness attended morning service at the Cathedral. Arrangements had been made beforehand for the admission of the Congregation by tickets issued to the holders of seats and to others as far as the size of the building permitted. Long before the hour for Divine service the persons possessing these tickets had occupied their allotted places and every pew except those appropriated to the Prince and his suite was filled. On his arrival he was met, as he had been both at Fredericton and Quebec, and as is customary on state occasions in England, at the west door of the Cathedral by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese and by those members of the Chapter who were present with the Churchwardens. A large number of the clergy of the Diocese were present, as well as others from the Dioceses of Quebec and Toronto, and from those of New York and New Jersey.

The opening portion of the morning service was read by the Venerable

Archdeacon Gilson, the first lesson by the Rev. Canon Townsend, the second lesson by the Rev. E. Wood, the remaining portion of the prayers, including the Litany, by the Very Reverend the Dean. The Bishop of Rupert's Land read the Epistle and Bishop McCrosky of Michigan, the Gospel. The Sermon was preached by the Bishop of Montreal, who took for his text, 1 Cor. ix. v. 25. 'And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.' After referring to several of the metaphors employed both by our Lord and His apostles to illustrate the nature of the Gospel and the condition of the Christian, the Bishop proceeded to shew the fitness of that used by St. Paul in the text and the verse connected with it. He especially dwelt upon the circumstance that in our course as disciples of Christ watchful care over ourselves and much self-discipline were absolutely requisite if we would win the prize. "We as Christians have our race to run; we must like the Corinthian competitors keep under our bodies and bring them into subjection. we must not give a loose rein to self-indulgence, to sloth or luxurious living, and this, not like them, that we may be able to perform great feats of bodily strength, but that by mortifying the deeds of the body we may give place and preëminence to our spiritual nature; not allowing the corruptible body to press down the soul, nor the earthly tabernacle to weigh down the mind; which soul and mind in the Christian have been renewed again after the image of their Maker and are capable of high and holy communion with Him." But here, the Rt. Rev. preacher, went on to shew the comparison ended. For the Christian prize, was not for one to the exclusion of others, but for every racer who pressed forward resolutely to the end. "If we failed, it would not be because a brother's hand had snatched the prize from our grasp, but because we had not run with patience and perseverance." And for our encouragement to do this Christ has often told us of the exceeding greatness of the recompense which is prepared for those who are faithful unto death. "The duty and the reward walk hand in hand, the richness of the promise still surpassing the strictness of the precept, and (as it has been well observed, that it is the custom in the royal diadems of Christian kings) the cross and the crown are put together." After shewing how mercifully God had dealt with us in thus strengthening us to endure the hardships of our present life of trial by the assurance of the prize of an incorruptible crown, the Bishop concluded by an earnest appeal to all, that they would so run as to obtain. "Shall we forego the prize? We have been entered as candidates for heaven, as baptized Christians we have been put in trust with a great mystery; shall we forfeit our adoption? Shall we not strive for the mastery? Shall we not at the close of our earthly career wish to die the death of the righteous? Then let us live the life of the righteous. Be thou faithful unto death (saith the Spirit) and I will give thee a crown of life."

The Offertory after the Sermon was read by the Dean and the concluding prayers and benediction were pronounced by the Bishop.

On Monday the 27th at the Levee which was held by the Prince in

the Court House, Montreal, the Synod of the Diocese attended for the purpose of presenting an address to His Royal Highness. It was read by the Lord Bishop.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—

We, the Bishop, Clergy and Laity of the United Church of England and Ireland, in the Diocese of Montreal, in Synod assembled, beg respectfully to assure Your Royal Highness of our sincere attachment to the person, respect for the character, and devotion to the Crown and Authority of Your Royal Mother—our beloved Sovereign. As her Majesty's Representative and heir apparent to the throne, we feel it a high privilege to welcome your arrival amongst us. That at the same time we wish to testify our respect for Your Royal Highness' own character and person, and to express our confidence that the anxious care of your Royal Parents in preparing you for that exalted station which you yourself hereafter—we trust at some very distant day—may expect to be called on to fill, has not been without the most satisfactory results. And in that course of preparation, to have seen with your own eyes these magnificent trans-atlantic possessions of the Crown of England, and to have become personally acquainted in their own countries with many of their inhabitants, will have been no unimportant events. For ourselves, as a Church, we neither occupy the same position as our brethren at home, in relation to the State, nor can we be named in comparison with them, for our numbers or our wealth; but we still feel we are members of the same body; we teach the same truths; we offer up the same petitions in behalf of the Queen and all that are in authority under her; and ever pray for Your Royal Highness, that Almighty God will be pleased to endue you with His Holy Spirit, enrich you with His Heavenly Grace, prosper you with all happiness, and bring you to His everlasting Kingdom, for Jesus Christ's sake.

The following is the reply of His Royal Highness:—

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you from my heart for this address presented by your Bishop on behalf of the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal, which has been so lately constituted the Metropolitan See of the Province of Canada.

It is most agreeable to my feelings to receive such proofs of welcome to myself, and of loyalty to the Queen, from members of a Church to which it is my happiness to belong; but it would be most unjust if I were to forget, that, since my arrival in this country, the professors of every creed have given ample assurance that all join in one common sentiment of devotion to the Crown of England, and that all co-operate in the one great duty of enforcing obedience, not only to heavenly laws, but to those of earthly origin.

I shall never cease to rejoice that I have been enabled to visit this distant portion of the Empire, and to have become acquainted with a people of which I shall carry back with me the most pleasing recollections.

I trust that, on your part, the prayers of which you remind me, will

henceforth be offered up in the Churches of the land with even an increased earnestness.

Before leaving the City the Prince was pleased to direct that a handsome Bible should be presented to the Cathedral as a memento of his presence at divine service within its walls. The present was accompanied by the following communication from General Bruce.

MONTREAL, 1st Sept., 1860.

MY DEAR LORD,—The Prince of Wales commands me to request your acceptance on behalf of the Cathedral of Montreal, of the accompanying copy of the "Holy Bible," as a slight memorial of his visit to that fine edifice and attendance on your service.

The Bible contains on the fly leaf the following inscription in His Royal Highness' hand-writing:—

"Presented to the Cathedral of Montreal in memory of the 26th August, 1860.

ALBERT EDWARD,
Prince of Wales."

AN ACCOUNT OF "CHRIST'S CHURCH" IN THE CITY OF MONTREAL.*

On the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, in the year 1759, and the disbanding of the troops subsequent to that event, many of the soldiers who had been engaged in that struggle preferred remaining in the country rather than returning to their native land. After the definitive treaty was signed, by which Canada was ceded to England, this Colony became an object of attraction to the British merchant, and many who were engaged in commercial pursuits turned to it as the scene of their operations in that line. These two causes combining had the effect of bringing to the country many members of the English Church, who soon after settling, discovered the necessity of procuring Clergymen, in order that they might enjoy the benefit of public worship according to the tenets of the Church in which they had been educated. The greater portions of these had settled in, and adjoining to the principal Towns in the country, and of course these places were the first to which Clergymen were appointed. Three of them were sent out together and appointed to Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. The gentleman who was stationed in the latter place was a Mr. Delisle a native of Switzerland and appears to have been the first Church of England Clergyman who was regularly settled in that city. There are no documents or records from which we can learn, the mode in which the application for this Clergyman was made, whether it was by petition direct to the Primate of Eng-

* We reprint this account of the early history of what is now the Cathedral Church of the Diocese from the "Canadian Magazine" of the year 1825. If we are not mistaken, it will be read with interest by the members of our Church generally as a record of facts which are closely connected with the introduction of the Church of England into the Province of Canada.

land or to the Bishop of Nova Scotia. Perhaps it was through the influence of the latter that Mr. Delisle was sent to Montreal as it appears evident that at this time the Church of England in Canada was under the Episcopal jurisdiction of the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

But although the desire of Churchmen in Montreal had thus far been complied with in their obtaining a Clergyman of their own they had still other difficulties to surmount, as yet there was no Church or place in which divine worship could be performed, and the limited numbers of the congregation and their circumscribed means precluded the possibility of their building a suitable church for the present. This obstacle was happily got over by an application to the Recollets for the use of their Church for Mr. Delisle to officiate in at such hours as they might not themselves have occasion for it; and it deserves to be mentioned as a proof of the liberal feelings of that body that they readily complied with that application. This deficit being supplied for the time, the service of the Church of England was regularly performed by Mr. Delisle.

In the month of July, 1789, the Right Rev. Charles Bishop of Nova-Scotia, came to Canada on a Diocesan visitation; when the Episcopal congregation in Montreal, now considerably augmented in numbers, availed themselves of this event, and made several applications to him for some requisites they stood in need of in order to place themselves on a more respectable and permanent footing. Mr. Delisle being now considerably advanced in years and less able to discharge the increasing duties of his station, they applied to the Bishop praying that an assistant might be appointed to him; at the same time the congregation bound themselves to raise by subscription the sum of one hundred pounds per annum to pay the salary of that assistant.

In the same address bearing date the 15th day of July 1789, the congregation represented the inconvenience they suffered from the want of a place of public worship for themselves; and prayed the Bishop to use his influence with Lord Dorchester then governor in Chief of the Province whom they had also petitioned for a Church which formerly belonged to the Jesuits' College and stood near where the present gaol is built; but which had, at the time we mention, become the property of government by the extinction of the order of Jesuits in Montreal. They in addition to these requests, petitioned the government for assistance to enable them to put this Church in a state of repair. The petition expressive of these desires was presented to the Bishop, by Messrs. Hallowell, Noel and Scott as church wardens, and was crowned with the wished for success, as will be seen from the following letter from the Bishop in reply to it, which was read to the congregation on the 23rd of August, 1789.

It is proper to observe that along with this petition to the governor there was sent an estimate of the expenses which would be required for finishing the shell of the church, and which was liberally defrayed by government, leaving the congregation to bear only the burden of fitting up and finishing the inside of it.

(Copy of the Letter.)

" Gentlemen,

QUEBEC, August 10th.

I received your letter of the 15th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Delisle and have the pleasure to inform you that the application for the Jesuits' Church at Montreal has succeeded.

" Lord Porchester has approved the last report of expense for repairing the shell, amounting to more than £300, and has given orders to have the repairs done immediately; when finished the key will be given as I direct.

" I sincerely congratulate you on this event and must now request you to set about the necessary measures without loss of time for having the pews, pulpit and reading desk built with a small neat chancel and communion Table. You will please to have a proper Pew reserved for the Governor, it will also be advisable to name one for the Bishop, which he will very seldom use, and may be occupied by some family except when the Bishop is on a visit to Montreal. I beg leave to propose that the Church be called Christ's Church.

" The next thing to be done after procuring the Church is to adjust matters between Mr. Delisle and Mr. Tunstall, which I flatter myself is now done so as to preclude future disputes. Mr. Tunstall is a modest, sensible young man, of good learning and unblemished moral character. His voice is harmonious and strong enough when he exerts it; it will grow stronger by time and exercise.

Mr. Delisle remains as he was the first minister, he is to preach in French at such times as shall be judged expedient; he is also to preach occasionally in English, though not often; Mr. Tunstall is assistant and regular English preacher. He accounts to Mr. Delisle for the stated fees for marriages and burials, and no other fees are due; and Mr. Delisle in return is to pay the sum of 2*l.* a year to Mr. Tunstall. Both parties have agreed to these regulations, and I trust they will remove any ground of contest.—Let me beseech you and the Congregation to preserve order and promote peace, these are characteristics of true christianity, and are essential to the character of true members of the Church of England. Be it your endeavour to soften and quiet any uneasiness, should any arise; though I have such an opinion of the prudence and good temper of both the gentlemen that I flatter myself there will be no just cause of any on their part. I feel myself peculiarly interested in the prosperity of your congregation.

At my late visitation here I thought it advisable to give some *Injunctions* to the Clergy, they are printed and I enclose a copy for your perusal. Some things are recommended to the Church-wardens and vestries of Parishes; and I beg leave to express my wishes that you would follow these recommendations; I think you must see the propriety of them.

" Mr. Tunstall will repair to Montreal whenever you judge it necessary; perhaps it will be time enough when the Church is ready for use, which I trust will be the case before winter.—He will go up sooner if

you desire it, and I sincerely think he will be a great acquisition to you.

"I heartily commend you and the congregation to the blessing and protection of Almighty God, and am in great haste, Gentlemen,—Your affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

(Signed,) CHARLES NOVA-SCOTIA.

To Messrs. Hallowell, Noel, and Scott,
Church-wardens.

(*To be continued.*)

AUSTRALASIA.

The South Australian papers give full accounts of the visit of the Bishops of Sidney, Tasmania, and Melbourne to Adelaide, where they arrived June, 7th. The visit of the first was in his official character as Metropolitan. Their lordships were presented with an address from the clergy of Adelaide, and also from the laity, the latter headed by the Governor, Sir R. MacDonnell, but previously attended at St. Paul's Church, where a special service was held, commencing with the chanting of the *Te Deum*, followed by the Litany, and concluding with a thanksgiving suited for the occasion. On the 12th the Diocesan Synod met, and after transacting some formal business, presented an address, in which they stated—

As attached members of our Scriptural and Apostolic Church, and therefore desirous of her progress and efficiency throughout the British dominions, we contemplate with extreme satisfaction the rapid extension of late of the Colonial Episcopate, firmly believing that it is only where the Church is planted in the integrity of her ministry that we can hope to realise all the ends of her institution.

As one among many proofs that may be mentioned of the advantage to the Church of an adequate multiplication of her chief pastors, we may confidently refer to the increase of clergy, and of congregations, that has followed, not only in this diocese, but throughout the colonial dioceses.

As a further development of our ecclesiastical system, calculated to promote the federation of the Australian dioceses, we view with much satisfaction the appointment of a Metropolitan, in which honourable office it is now our happiness to greet your lordship.

Great as were the benefits accruing to the members of the Church from this colony being so early erected into an Episcopal see, yet was it soon discovered that in the absence of any legalised authority to enable the Bishop to give effect to the powers with which his letters patent invested him, no ecclesiastical sentence could be enforced.

To supply this desideratum was an object of special earnest endeavour on the part of the Bishop, clergy, and laity. After much thoughtfulness and prayerful conference, a Synodical compact was arranged and agreed to, which, while it leaves the prerogatives of the Episcopate intact, guards the just liberties of the clergy, regulates the holding of

Church property, and provides for ecclesiastical discipline ; also combines the sympathies and energies of the clergy and laity in the extension of the ordinances of the Church throughout the colony. The subsequent adoption by the Synod of a deed of trusts, bringing the Churches into union with that body, and defining the terms on which the clergy enjoy their temporalities, leaves, it is believed, little to be done as regards the regulation of the internal affairs of the diocese.

But, fully alive to the fact that this diocese forms only a small portion of the Australian branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, and feeling that there are divers matters of vast importance to the general interests of these dioceses, which can be provided for only by mutual conference and compact, we venture to express our earnest hope that your lordship's visit may tend to the furtherance of this object, by at least initiating arrangements for the establishment of a Provincial Synod, in which the several estates of the respective dioceses may be duly represented.

In the afternoon of the same day the Metropolitan held a Visitation in Christ Church, and delivered his Charge, which is about to be published.—*Guardian*.

THE MARONITES AND THE DRUSES.

In the seventh century a monk named John Maron, chief of a Convent among the native Christians of Syria, inhabiting the Lebanon Mountains propagated among them the doctrine of but one will guiding and influencing the twofold nature of Christ. This doctrine, known in the Church history as the Monothelite heresy, had just been condemned by the Sixth General Council of Constantinople. John Maron preaching this doctrine among these mountaineers soon obtained numerous followers, and founded that body of Christians ever since called after him, Maronites, numbering before the present horrible war of extermination, about 220,000 souls, scattered over Palestine and Syria from Nazareth to Aleppo, but chiefly at home in the Lebanon Mountains, These Christians, like the most of the mountaineers, are hardy, bold, independent, and industrious. In the year 1108, they renounced the Monothelite heresy, and have ever since maintained a nominal allegiance to the Romish Church. They have their own independent Bishops, who elect the Patriarch or Head of their Church organization ; have a Liturgy in their own native Syriac, or rather the Syriac instead of the Latin is exclusively their language, and their candidates for the priesthood may marry before their ordination, if not already vowed to celibacy. The Patriarch, whose robe of office comes from Rome, resides in a Convent near the place usually visited by travellers in Syria, where the only few remaining, " Cedars of Lebanon " are left to remind one of the former glory of the time of Hiram and Solomon. The Maronites, though bold, independent, and industrious, and although more numerous than the Druzes, are neither so well organized as their enemies, nor are they so good warriors. Hence their present fearful defeat. They are, more-

over, ignorant and superstitious, and entirely under the control of their priests in matters political as well as religious. It is said, that, before their present troubles, the Maronites had 82 Convents in Lebanon, with about 2,000 monks and nuns in them, living upon a revenue of about \$350,000 a year. Verily, the Druzes have some object in going to war with the Maronites, when such wealth as this tempts them. Any one in coming from Baalbec to Beyrout by way of Zahleh, which was a Maronite stronghold, splendidly situated, and numbering 10,000 souls, but now destroyed by the Druzes, can see the effects of their industry, in the carefully terraced vineyards and finely cultivated acclivities around the place. The plain, too, in the neighbourhood was under the best cultivation anywhere to be seen in all the land, and is an evidence of what all Syria and Palestine might become, if Turkish rapacity and Druze ferocity did not make everything insecure to the Christian.

The Druzes are neither Christians nor Mohammedans, and from the secrecy of their organization it is difficult to tell exactly what they are. It is thought by some that as a body they are more political than religious, ever with the party from which they hope to gain the most advantage. They also inhabit the Lebanon mountains, and number about 80,000. They are fierce, cruel, blood-thirsty and revengeful. Bold and independent, they have ever been a power formidable both to Christians and Moslems; and from their fanatical belief that their religion is to become dominant and universal, one might think that they were now attempting to gain permanent ascendancy in Syria. So far as ascertained, their religion seems to be a sort of Oriental heathenism, consisting in the belief in one God who manifests himself to mankind in the persons of men, "the last of whom was Hakim"—in the belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; that there are five perpetually existing ministers of the Deity of superior dignity and office, who also appear on earth in the persons of men, the chief of whom are Hakim, the founder of the Druzes, and strange to say, our own Lord Christ; that their religion is to be prevalent, and that Hakim is to be lord of all. It is also said that their religious system includes the practice of truth among themselves; mutual aid and protection; rejection of all other religious systems, implying persecution, when necessary; submission to Hakim, their great prophet; and a separation from demons and from all error.

These Druzes originated in Egypt with the fanatical kalif, Hakim, who there propagated his materialistic notions of God. A Persian named Mohammed Ben-Ismael ed Deruzy into Egypt about the year of our Lord 1017, and adopted the belief of Hakim, adding to it the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. His fanaticism was carried to such an extent in Egypt that he was at last banished from the country, and taking refuge in one of the valleys of Mount Hermon, he there taught the Druze doctrines, and thus introduced them among the natives of Syria. Another of their prophets, whom they hold in high esteem, is Haurza, who tried to gain the Christians over to the Druze religion by representing Hakimas the Messiah.

The whole region in which these Druzes live is divided into districts, each district has its secret council which assembles weekly; a delegate from each neighboring council is present at the meeting, to hear and communicate any interesting intelligence, and thus news is circulated with great rapidity, and unity of action is easily obtained. These meetings are always held at night in retired places, and the proceedings are strictly secret. None are admitted to them except the initiated. In this respect the Druze organization is like that of the Masonic fraternity. They are the strongest and most united body in Syria, and being warlike, they are now showing the world the bloody effects of their fierce prowess. How they are to be reached and subdued in their mountain fastnesses, is a problem of no easy solution.—*Banner of the Cross*

THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.

But there is another fire through which we needs must pass—which He did *not* kindle—but still into which He often puts His people. This is the fire of affliction. His care over those who are passing through this fire has led the prophet to describe Him as sitting like “a refiner and purifier of silver.” This is a beautiful figure. The mechanical process of refining silver is one requiring great care and nicety on the part of the operator, who sits by the furnace, intently eyeing the substance on which he is working, because, if the fire be suffered to act upon it at all too long, the effect is marred if not frustrated. He, therefore, sits ready to draw out the silver at the precise moment required, in order to subject it to the subsequent processes. In like manner does Christ sit beside the furnace of affliction, watching, with attentive eye, its effect upon those who are passing through it. He sits there eager to withdraw them from the trying ordeal when the proper moment comes. He does not sit to gloat over their pain, but to soothe it by his presence, and to allay it when its lessons have been duly learned. He sits there to see that his servants are not over-ried, and to give them comfort by his nearness to them and his sympathy with them. Let this thought, then, come to you in all its power in the day of trial, that, however fierce the flames which scorch you, Christ sits beside the fire with his eyes upon you; and if He is there, you may be sure that it is for some good end that you are tried, and that the affliction is destined, in his own good time, to work out for you “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” And is there not consolation enough in this thought! Does it not come like a cooling breeze to allay the fever of the fiercest anguish! Christ is near! Come, then, ye hottest flames of trouble and pain, and wrap me in your fierce embrace! While Christ sits by the fire, I will triumph in the midst of tribulation! Is it not worth while to languish on the bed of sickness and disease to feel that Christ is by our side! Is it not worth while to lose the pleasant lights of earth, to catch more clearly the diviner beams that mantle round Immanuel’s face! Teach me, O Christ, that Thou art near me in every hour of distress, and then though the furnace glow with a seven-fold fury, I will caress its hottest and

most lambent flame, if only I may feel the omnipotent support of thine everlasting arms! O, if we could but realize how much he loves us, if we could but think how much he cares for us, and be led to cast all our cares upon him! How faithful should we find him! How deep would be the wells from which we should draw living water! How tranquilly should we resign ourselves and all we loved to him; and as our hearts reminded us that he doeth all things well, our lips would give forth the feeling, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

The refiner of silver has a very simple mode whereby to test the completeness of the process he performs. When he withdraws the silver from the fire, he judges of the perfection of the operation by the distinctness with which he can discern his own image reflected in the metal. If he sees it plainly mirrored there, he knows the process to be complete. It needs no word to apply the metaphor to those who have passed the furnace of affliction. You have doubtless done this for yourself. When Christ plucks his people from the fire, he looks for his own image in every face; and in proportion as that image may be traced, so may it be more or less emphatically said of that man, "it was good for him to be afflicted."

• "He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,¹
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by
When, in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

"Thus in God's furnace are His people tried;
Thrice blessed they who to the end endure!
But who the fiery trial may abide,
Who from the crucible come forth so pure
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul.

"Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face,
But stamped with Heaven's broad signet there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
'Not for a moment—but eternity.'"—*Mursell's Lectures*.

FOR THE YOUNG.

MORNING GLORY.

"Morning Glory" was the youngest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and although already nearly ten years old, she was still the pet and baby of the house. She had a cheerful sunshiny face, and as many pleasant, winning ways, as any little girl that ever lived. Perhaps this

was because she had such a large warm heart—so full of love for everybody and everything that God has made.

I ought to tell you that her real name was "Grace Campbell," but her brothers and sisters had given her the name of "Morning Glory," because they could never catch her in bed after sunrise. She thought the world was never so beautiful as when it was just waking up in the cool, clear morning. So her ears caught the first faint twitter of the birds, while they were yet only talking in their sleep, and the first beam from the "eyelids of the morning" kissed Gracey's wide-awake eyes, as she bounded across the clover-fields, on a visit to her favourite little brook. This little stream was "Morning Glory's" special delight. She liked to watch it forcing its way in among the big stones here, murmuring and complaining a little, and a little further on, tossing up showers of diamonds and pearls, and then going on more quietly singing a contented little song, and finally dripping into a cool shadowy basin with a sound like a chime of fairy bells. By the brook grew violets and lilies, and Grace never failed to come home laden with the dewy treasures.

One morning as she came bounding up the garden-path with fresh glowing cheeks, singing some favourite song—brother Tom (who is "grown up," and ought to be ashamed to be so lazy,) opened his sleepy eyes, and for a moment was vexed with the racket. But as he heard more clearly he smiled—

"Ah! it is only 'Morning Glory.'"

Then he turned his window-blind to catch a glimpse of his little sister, and to hear more plainly the words of her song. It was this,

"All the golden hours of morning
Singing this one sweet lay—
Singing of morning, morning only,
In that country far away.

"Dear sky lark," shouts brother Tom, "Why do you sing of the 'country far away.' Isn't the morning beautiful enough *here*?"

"Yes," replied the child, "but I like to sing about that other land, for Mr. Mayfield says it is a great deal lovelier than this, because it is *always* morning, and God is there."

"I thought God was everywhere," said teasing brother Tom.

"Well, so He is," returned "Morning Glory," twisting her rosy fingers, but we can't see Him here. We can't see Him till we're pure in heart."

"Well! don't *you* ever see Him then?" cried Tom, with an air of great surprise.

"Oh Tom!" cried the puzzled child, "what do you mean? I must die first, you know. But," continued she, after a moment. "I can see God's *thoughts* now."

"What do *you* mean?" exclaimed Tom, puzzled in his turn.

"Why, Mr Mayfield says that God thinks of everything we see. He thinks of a tree, and makes it. I think bad thoughts, and silly thoughts but God thinks flowers and birds." She held up her violets. "Mr.

Mayfield says these are God's thoughts, though he has far greater ones, for sometimes he thinks stars and suns, and everything that is beautiful and grand. And just think if His thoughts are so great, how very wonderful *He* must be ?!

"I think Mr. Mayfield takes good care of the 'lambs of the flock,' you are really becoming very wise. But now pet" pursued brother Tom, "I don't think that old brown hill off there is very pretty."

"I do" said the child persistently.

"Well, I'm sure I can think of a better tree than that crooked old stump at the end of the pasture."

"I won't talk with you any more," said "Morning Glory," turning away with a grieved face.

"Wait just one moment," cried Tom, with a comical look. "If *all* the thoughts are beautiful, Gracey, I suppose *I* must be very lovely too."

Gracey looked doubtfully at the sunburnt face, and *slightly* reddish hair, and gravely rejoined, "Well, Tom, mother says you *used* to be a dear little baby; and I suppose you must have been handsome when God first thought of you."

A shout from all the adjoining windows, and the sudden appearance of sundry heads belonging to the merry brothers and sisters, announced that the conversation had been overheard, and the unanimous decision was, that the victory remained with little "Morning Glory," and big brother Tom was completely vanquished.

Gracey went off to finish her morning walk, but her mind was not quite at ease. "Could brother Tom, or any one else, think of trees, or hills, or flowers more beautiful than those that God made?"

She threw herself down on the arbour seat, and thought gravely, with her round chin resting in her dimpled hand.

Suddenly everything became confused, and although she rubbed her eyes over and over again, all around her looked strange and unnatural. "Where am I" cried "Morning Glory," and what is the matter?"

"We have been making a new earth," said a voice at her side, "and you will find it a great deal better than the old one."

"Dear me" thought "Morning Glory," "I'm sure I shan't like it half as well," and she looked round with great anxiety.

Before her stretched a vast expanse of strange bright flowers, but although they were very curious, she did not feel quite satisfied, and when the wind passed by, and tossed her curls over her cheek, she noticed that not a leaf in the flower-beds stirred.

"Why don't they nod their heads when the wind passes by?" cried "Morning Glory."

"Oh!" replied the voice, "so many flowers are snapped off by the wind, and we have made the stems very strong and stiff—they would'nt break in a hurricane. It's a great improvement."

"Morning Glory" shook her head doubtfully.

"And what is the matter with the grass? why doesn't it turn pale, and look so pretty and frightened when the wind brushes past?"

"We thought it best to have the wrong side just as green as the other and then it wont look faded," replied the voice.

"It seems so dead," sighed "Morning Glory," "like the grass in sister Mary's painting. Where are the crickets and grasshoppers, and where are the little tears that the grass weeps in the night because the sun is gone so long?"

"Oh! we have forgotten these little things," said the voice, "they are not of much consequence."

"Indeed they are," said "Morning Glory," almost crying, and she ran off to look for the little brook. As she drew near, she missed the usual merry bubble, and looking with growing consternation, she found it no longer hurrying along as if it had so much to do, and not a moment to lose. All the stones had been carefully removed, and there was only a deep, smooth bed, along which the brook moved as if it had suddenly become old and tired. She missed especially that big stone in the centre against which the little stream used to rush so determinedly, and then because it couldn't go through, would take such a leap up into the sunshine, turning all into rainbows and golden mists and then running on with such a sweet music, to tell all the banks how it conquered.

"Dear brook" sighed "Morning Glory," "why are you so changed and silent?"

"The brook made too much noise" replied the voice. "Listen to the birds, and you will have music enough."

Grace listened, and heard a curious looking redbreast sing very correctly the "bird waltz" which sister Carrie played on the piano. Then followed other melodies equally familiar, but although very wonderful, her lip began to quiver.

"I like their own song best," cried "Morning Glory," for she missed the faint twittering of the nestlings, and those sweet, sudden gushes of melody, as if the birds were so full of happy, grateful life, they could not possibly help telling all the world of it.

She missed a great many more little musicians who were very dear to her. There was no busy humming-bee, no lazy droning flies floating in the sunshine. So many things seemed forgotten. All was so unfinished, even to the strange shadows creeping over the bright flowers. She looked up into the sky, and saw such curious clouds, round and square, with sharp, hard edges, not at all like the soft, misty wreaths she used to love to watch. And then the sun was so dim.

"It must be evening," sighed "Morning Glory," "perhaps it will be better in the morning."

"This is morning," cried the voice, "and a very fine one too."

"And shall we never have a pleasanter morning than this?"

"Never," replied the voice.

"Morning Glory" burst into tears, and sobbed so hard that she—*awoke*, and found brother Tom standing by in great astonishment.

"It seems to me," he cried, "there is an unusual amount of dew on the "Morning Glory."

But Gracey started to her feet and looked eagerly around.

There was the soft, velvety grass, all alive with dewdrops, and crickets and grasshoppers. There were the tall, proud flowers tossing their graceful heads, and the violets ready to courtesy when she ran past. There were the pure soft clouds drifting and melting into the clear sky, and far in the distance she heard the little brook laughing as merrily as ever. Just then a bird upon a tree near by, turned his graceful head on one side, and sang with such a triumphant burst of melody that "Morning Glory" clapped her hands, and then cried :

"Oh! it was all a dream! I am so glad. God made the world! *His* thoughts are the best. *He* made this beautiful, beautiful morning!"

"What a curious little sister," exclaimed Tom, as he caught her up, carried her to the breakfast table. Here he insisted upon hearing the dream, which accordingly "Morning Glory," told with great animation. As she finished with the triumphant assertion that brother Tom could never think of anything so beautiful as the morning God had made, papa smiled half sadly, and said :

"I wish it could be *always morning* for our little Gracey."

"Morning Glory" looked puzzled.

"Papa means that by and by you will grow old," said sister Mary.

"Yes," cried Tom, "the colour will all fade out, and you'll get to be a poor withered 'Morning Glory.'"

"Yes," continued Carrie, "now is the *morning* of life with you, but bye-and-by it will be evening."

"Morning Glory's" troubled face gradually brightened, and looking up with a sweet smile, she quoted these lines from a beautiful poem—

"I shall go home at evening,
But find it morning there."

No one spoke for a few minutes, and then with something very like a tear softening his mischievous eyes, Tom said tenderly—

"I suppose she will *always* be a Morning Glory."—*Congregationalist.*

EDUCATE FOR THE NEXT AGE.

Who is to constitute the Church militant in the next generation? What shall be the Church manifestations, when the present members of our Church have passed on to the other side of the line between the visible and invisible, the temporal and eternal? In a word, what shall be the character of the Church, and who shall be its members? Shall that character be an advance on the present in devotedness to God—in personal sanctification of Churchmen? Shall the Church strengthen and extend—be as salt?—as a light?—as a city set on a hill? Who are to be the Churchmen then? You hope that your children are to take your place. Will they? What is the basis of your hope? What means are you using to that end? Are you faithfully, perseveringly, thoroughly using any means? Are you teaching your children the distinctive principles of the Church? Are you training them in its peculiar usages? Are you cultivating in their young hearts the sentiments of religion, rever-

ence, charity, conscientiousness and a devout regard for the things of God? Do you practice them in self-denial—in the exercise of faith? Do you teach them to pray, and are you careful that they perform the duty daily in a regular, uniform manner? What influences are allowed to bear upon them? Are they constant attendants and assiduously taught in the Sunday School?

If you are not using means for their growth in grace; if you are not seeking by discipline and method to ripen them into consistent, faithful, devoted servants of Christ, if you are not withholding them from error and evil—think you that according to the known order of Providence, they will contribute towards a high general character of the Church, or that they will even be nominal Churchmen? You are not securing them for the Church, you are not fitting them to serve Christ in their maturity, are you not binding their affections either to the Cross or to the Church. You are making it likely that they will be carried away by any vain blast of false doctrine.

Impressed with the thought of how much for good or evil they may—nay, *will* do, we are anxious that parents should timely consider and realize the fact in the degree of its importance. Nor should they stop with thought and feeling on the subject, but use means to have their offspring grow up as the young plants—to be trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that His Name may be glorified. To secure this, they must train and educate, while the early dew is yet on, and not wait till some indefinite period, which, in such a case, generally never comes. Let parents begin at the earliest moment of intelligence—accompany the momentous work with prayer, patience and perseverance, and thus bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. So, as grown men and women, they will be examples of godliness, holy and beloved, and efficient to do the Church some service.

A few years—only a few—and those children now trundling the hoop beside you, or chirruping in gleesome infancy on your knee, will be marked persons—be as books known and read of men, who without help of index, will form a favorable or unfavorable opinion of them. They cannot hide themselves from scrutiny; they cannot escape the mark which knowledge of their character affixes upon them, a mark of glory or shame. Parents, through your present care or neglect of them, they will be haters and despisers of what is good and true—of what you believe, love and revere; or they will be pure and conscientious, holding the faith in its integrity, and striving for its dissemination throughout our land and the whole world. You cannot shirk the responsibility of your position, and you will have something to answer to God for even their deeds of evil or of good. May He in His mercy grant, that in that awful day, you may rejoice over your past faithfulness, and rejoice too with them over their reward, as good and faithful servants.—*Gospel Messenger*.