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"Ad profectum sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ."

UNITY, PEACE AND CONCORD.

DELIGHTFUL sounds,—full of heavenly meaning—breathing the very spirit of the angelic choirs—prayed for by our Master when about to depart from His disciples and send to them another Comforter—earnestly desired in all ages by His faithful followers, and never more than now in these latter days when we behold one vast wing of the Christian host seeking unity in primitive liturgies and practices, and the other in evangelical alliances and set times of universal prayer.

Unity is the glorious edifice which all good men desire to erect, and as David prepared materials for the temple at Jerusalem, so have Christian men zealously striven in all ages each to contribute his part to the temple of Unity. What heaps of gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble! What jealousies, heartburnings and clamour among the contributors! What a want of Solomons and Hiram to select and build!

Jealousy and suspicion have from time to time applied the torch of discord to each successive erection,—the wood, hay, stubble have been consumed and nothing but the more precious materials have remained.

And so it will be until meek-eyed Charity shall with heavenly influence cause each to remove his eyes from his brother's work, and build—not upon another's ruins—but upon the Sure Foundation, the tried Corner Stone. There are materials enough for the building, and Unity will be accomplished when by a mighty influence each workman shall receive wisdom sufficient to distinguish between good and evil, to select the good whenever it can be found, and to reject the false in his own and all other-systems. It is wisdom and charity that are needed. Let all work from the same Model, each striving humbly to behold the glory of the Lord and to be changed into His image, and thus will Christians resemble and be at unity with each other. —So far for unity of spirit.

But there is a unity of practice, which—as a body—should clothe this spirit, and form a bond of peace. Here let us look at home. How shall we best promote unity among ourselves? Is it by stifling free discussion? Is it by forcing the consciences of our brethren, or pointing at them the finger of suspicion or scorn? Is it by a narrow spirit of exclusiveness, that we may starve our brethren into submission to our own individual views? Is it by mis-interpreting or disregarding our rubrics? Is it by despising dignities, setting our own opinion against lawful authority and openly disobeying and disparaging those whom God hath set over us in Church or state?

A body without a head is an anomaly. A body with many heads is a monstrosity. A church without a Bishop is with Episcopalians an impossibility. A

flock shearing their chief shepherd of all authority, is the embodiment of an attempt at all this absurdity.

We cannot be at unity among ourselves so long as a spirit of anarchy and insubordination, under whatever guise, finds a place in our once peaceful midst.

It is a principle of English justice—much more of Christian charity—that every man must be accounted innocent until he is proved guilty. So long therefore as no charge of evil in doctrine, morality or practice has been or can be proved against our Bishop, surely Christian charity demands for his character our heartfelt respect, and for his episcopal authority our unfeigned and fearless submission. And if when they had much cause for dissatisfaction with their heathen tyrants, St. Paul declared that the early christians who should resist the rulers set over them by the providence of God should receive to themselves damnation, surely it cannot be a perfectly safe course to resist and hold up to suspicion the authority of a Christian Bishop—our overseer by Divine permission. It cannot, at all events be a course likely to promote “the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.”

Again—Unity supposes counsel. It is when men take sweet counsel together that they can walk in the honour of God as friends. Suppose a Bishop to be more than suspected of heresy—as in the case of Colenso. Is he, even in such a case to be condemned unheard—hunted down without a trial? And if he is to be tried,—by whom? Surely by his peers. Common justice prescribes a jury of experts. Men learned in the law may wink at his faults,—a council partly appointed by an Assembly of all religions may prove to such a man's errors as indulgent as those who appoint them. But Bishops and Clergymen learned in the gospel, meeting in their deliberative capacity, in Convocation and Synod, compose the assembly appointed in Holy Scripture for the trial of high offences against the truth, therefore such assemblies are absolutely necessary—for God works by means. And there is no peace or unity without truth.

Again, suppose congregations choose to run to extremes in the matter of ritualism. Is any one simple enough to suppose that mere clamour or the threat of persecution will put them down? How shall the law interfere with them in the United States where even the Mormons are free, or in England where the Irvingites have long indulged in an extreme ritual with perfect impunity? Surely common sense shows that the only check upon such extremes is the voice of the Church in her Synods or deliberative assemblies. For the preservation of unity in externals therefore, Synods are an absolute necessity.

To promote and preserve unity among ourselves, and prevent the growth of excrescences on the body ecclesiastical, a mere negative system of protesting will not do in these days of free inquiry. The unity of the spirit is not promoted by a carping jealousy between our different congregations. If we do not like our neighbours' mode of conducting the services let us show that we can fill our churches by faithfully obeying all the rubrics as we understand them. The great love of young and old for good ecclesiastical music—spirit-stirring chants and hymns—is well known to all observers. By all means let us draw men within the sound of the Gospel by thus worshipping God in the beauty of holiness. The New York Episcopalian—an Evangelical paper—in a late editorial against Ritualism, says—“we confess there is need of reformation and improvement in all our worshipping assemblies.” As to the responses in some churches, the editor says the gentlemen are mute, whilst the ladies are only heard “in zephyr-like whispers.” He greatly longs for the “awe-inspiring and impressive volume of sound” which might arise from the worshipping throngs in some New York churches, and therefore

lament^s the failure on the part of such congregations to "make full proof of those distinctive usages which we so much glorify and prize." Alluding to the remarks of St. Chrysostom on the heartiness of responsive worship among the primitive christians, the editor asks:—"can we return to primitive practices or improve what we now have without the introduction of superstitious usage?" He closes his exhortation on the importance of this duty thus:—"If we do not perform it, we cannot consistently cry out against those who go beyond all that is authorized."

In another column he refers with evident chagrin to the slovenly style of singing in one of the New York churches in which a large congregation had assembled to hear a lecture against Ritualism from a prominent clergyman.

Here is the sound, practical common sense of the American who sees that a mere system of protesting against earnestness of any kind in others will effect nothing except it come from men, equally earnest faithful to rule and order.

When in Halifax at the last meeting of the Synod we were deeply impressed by a fervid discourse from an eloquent clergyman on the words "How many loaves have ye?" We make no doubt but that in others as well as ourselves there were great searchings of hearts and misgivings that hitherto we had not sufficiently tested the full capabilities of the rich provision of services and ordinances committed by Christ to His Church for the feeding of His flock.

Let us never complain of difficulties until our means are exhausted.

This is a time of immense vigour in the Church of England, and it has been well said that in these latter days, years do the work of decades and decades of centuries. It is not therefore, by shutting our eyes and listening for shibboleths and feeling after mysterious grips and tokens, but by courageously meeting our fast changing circumstances and looking at them from a stand-point high enough to see the whole of them, that we shall be doing God's work and securing to our Church on a lasting basis—Unity, Peace and Concord.

Leaves from the Book of Nature.

If pleasing to our readers, we from time to time intend offering some notes upon the Natural History of the Province, believing as we do, that every object of creation is in itself most worthy of study.

From the mighty moose which browses at will amid the wild forest of the interior, to the tiny insect which crawls beneath our feet, there is a well filled catalogue of forms which move and live in this our happy land, many of which are scarcely noticed by the majority of persons, and their habits but little understood.

In a Church paper we presume such information will be acceptable, for all good Christians are fully aware that in the sacred volume on whose every page is stamped the word of truth we are repeatedly directed to study Nature. The slothful man is told to "go to the ant," and "consider her ways and be wise"; the proud and worldly to "consider the lilies how they grow," and rest their desires which should be few on the bountiful mercies of Him who never allows the trusting to want. And many other instructions we find as we read through the holy book, breathing the same command, and pointing to similes in Nature. For our remarks on such subjects we choose the title of "*Leaves from the Book of Nature*," and trust that as the natural leaves refresh the eyes on opening each pleasant spring-

time, our literary leaves may in some measures refresh our readers' minds by opening to view some of the hidden charms of the natural world which every where surround them.

Let it be borne in mind our main object in presenting such occasional notes to our subscribers is to endeavour if possible to attract their minds and those of the younger members of their families, to the most charming study that is known, for unlike all others it creates no sense of weariness, however long it may be pursued, and every coming day but reveals new and wondrous scenes to the eye of him who rambles, knowledge-intent, along its ever varying and pleasant paths, only let him remember that

“ How feeble all his strength when he essays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways,
Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
Who every secret spring of motion laid,
Who over all His wondrous works presides,
And to their useful end, their causes guides.

Let us take for our first note, a very familiar bird—the Robin.

THE ROBIN, OR MIGRATORY THRUSH.

(*Turdus migratorius.*)

LET not this be mistaken for the ever memorable bird that according to ancient rhyme so lovingly paid the last tribute of respect to the remains of the “ babes in the wood,” for it differs from it in almost every relation. The robin-redbreast of Europe is not a regular migratory bird like our robin, nor is it so large. Our bird is a true thrush, while the European robin is allied to the warblers. The Nova Scotian robin is gregarious in habit; the European dislikes the society of his fellows.

Indeed, we might allude to many other peculiarities which tend to separate the birds widely from each other, but should the reader have passed the days of his boyhood in any part of the British Isles there will be no need to point out the differences which exist between the two birds, for who could mistake the shy American migrant for the tame confiding little songster which carols its sweet lays mid the rose and jasmine which climb around our happy English homes in summer, or taps with its slender beak against the window pane for admittance on the cold and dreary days of winter.

The American robin is found in nearly every part of Northern America, even to the Arctic circle. These birds evidently visit the West India islands in winter, for we have found them in the Bermudas which lie midway between Nova Scotia and St. Thomas, in the month of January. These islands serve as a resting place for many species of migratory birds on their long journey by sea from North America to the West Indies and the coast of South America, and it is thus we find our robin there, for he does not make the Bermudas his home for any length of time, but merely stops a few days to recruit his strength for his journey southward. Although the robin may be considered a migratory bird we feel certain that many of his kind remain to winter with us in Nova Scotia, for most persons are aware that after a few days of mild weather in the depth of winter some of these birds make their appearance about the fields and cultivated parts. Now it is impossible that these birds could have come all the way from the south at a few days' notice to enjoy themselves for such a brief period, and return in as quick a manner on the sudden re-appearance of severe cold and snow storms; therefore we must conclude that they keep themselves warm and comfortable somewhere not far off. We have

reason to believe that they resort at such times to the dense spruce woods which abound in every part of the province, but how they manage to obtain food when the ground is covered deep with snow is a matter for conjecture. We know that in summer they feed as eagerly upon the wild fruits as they do upon the worms and insects they pick up in the fields; it is therefore possible that they may find a sufficiency of berries in the several shrubs which continue to hold their fruit all through the winter. Perhaps some of our country subscribers who have studied the habits of the robin in winter could enlighten us upon the subject.

About the first week in March 1863, several flocks of robins were observed about Halifax, the weather being mild, but at the beginning of the third week a heavy snow storm occurred and several of these birds were found dead. In the winter of 1864-5 which was exceedingly mild numbers remained in the province, and as early as February were heard singing, and on March 1, hundreds of these birds were congregated together in the swamp thickets of the Dutch Village, singing loudly as in June. In ordinary seasons, however, they generally appear on our fields during the last days of March, when the genial warmth of the sun's rays lays bare patches of grass, about which they hop and search for the earliest insects, and the still more welcome earth-worm. They generally begin to sing about the first week in April, and how pleasant it is after a long and tedious winter to hear the well-known notes. Towards evening on some warm day as the sun declines in the west and gilds the summit of each lofty tree, those harbingers of summer days to come, elevated on the topmost sprays pour forth their welcome lays, gladdening the hearts of old and young. Their breeding time usually commences about the second week in May, and they almost always choose the cleft of a tree or branch, where they build their substantial nest of small twigs and grass lined with mud, in which they deposit four blue eggs. Sometimes they occupy other positions, but as we have said prefer the former. The robins appear to dislike cold damp weather, and a forlorn appearance indeed do they present on a foggy, drizzly morning in spring when they may be observed in flocks together perched upon the upper branches of the leafless hard wood in a crouched position and with plumage ruffled, jerking out their intermittent notes of song.

In conclusion, let us say a few words to our younger readers about the sad usage which the poor robin receives in every part of this province. Day by day is the deadly gun pointed by ruthless hands towards this unfortunate bird, and even when pouring forth its melody, it is brought to the ground by monsters in human form. Could it speak as it lies in its last struggles with death, would it not say "Cruel man! I came from the sunny groves of the South to cheer your heart with my joyous song, I asked not for food, for He who guided my distant flight provides for me. I harmed you not, but cleared away by thousands the noxious insects which fed upon your crops. Nevertheless I forgive thee, and may He who seeth every lonely sparrow that falleth to the ground, forgive thee too." So, kind young reader, let not your hand rise against the poor robin, but foster and care for him if he comes near your home, and be assured he will amply repay you by singing each morn near your window his pleasant song to awake you to the business of the day and when at eventide you retire fatigued to your couch his song will sound in your ears as a vesper hymn, and prove a soothing lullaby for rest.

Good sense, so-called, is but a poor dim shadow of what Christians call faith. Good nature is only a faint, distant resemblance of Christian charity. And good manners, if of the most finished kind that nature, assisted by art, can attain to, is but a dead picture of that holiness of conversation which is the image of God visibly expressed. All this, put together by the act of God, is Christianity.

Selections.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BELONGING TO A TRUE CHURCH.

I have now given you ten reasons, and I hope good reasons, why we should love our Church. Truly, she is a safe guide to us on our heavenly journey, and there is safety in belonging to her.

I have sometimes heard it said that *it matters little to what body of Christians we attach ourselves—that it does not signify to what earthly Church we belong, so that we get to heaven at last.* But it does matter a great deal.

It is true, that when a building is erected, the scaffolding is no longer needed. When a grain of wheat is ready for the garner, the husk may be thrown away; or when a nut is fully ripe, its shell is of no further use. But would it not be unwise to undo the scaffold-poles whilst the house is being built—or to despise the husk before the harvest-time—or again to strip off the shell before the kernel within is fully ripe.

Even so with regard to the outward Church. As the scaffolding is important, whilst the stones and the timber are being put into their places; and the husk and the shell are not only valuable, but even necessary, in the formation of the grain and of the kernel which they contain; so we should value the outward Church during the time when our souls are being built up and formed for eternity—as long as the ripening process for heaven is going on. It has a very important purpose to serve. And then, when the present state of things come to an end, the outward help and outward covering, as it were, will be cast aside, and the life within will alone remain. It must therefore be of the greatest importance where we cast in our lot, whether in a sound, or unsound Church.

Suppose we were called upon to make a perilous descent down one of the cliffs of Dover, and our chance of safety consisted in attaching a rope to some post at the top. Would it not be of immense importance to select a strong rope, and a sound post? No effort of our own would make us secure, if the support on which we depended proved worthless.

Or to take another case, suppose we wished to make a long voyage; and we were to go to one of our sea-ports, in order to secure our passage in some trustworthy ship. We might see perhaps in the harbor three or four, all bound for the same port. But if one was pointed out to us that had already made the voyage, and had conveyed in safety thousands of passengers—one that had weathered many a storm and had shown itself thoroughly seaworthy—should we not at once say, "That is the ship for me. It is true, there may be others of a newer and more attractive appearance; but to this vessel I will trust myself, with the fullest confidence"?

And so we may trust with confidence to our Church. Of course she cannot save us; Christ alone can do that. But she is a sound rope, by which we may hold on to Him amidst the perils of the world. She is a vessel of safety, in which we may embark with perfect confidence on the voyage of life. She has borne others safely "to the haven where they would be;" and safely too will she bear us, if we are faithful to her, and trust to her guidance.

You will observe, perhaps, that I have spoken somewhat strongly about my

Church. I will not conceal that I love her from my very heart. But I trust that I have not written one unkind word concerning those who differ from us.

And why have I said so much about attachment to our Church? Because I know there are thousands who belong to her, who are yet unable to give any good reasons for their membership. And again because many who have separated themselves from her Communion, have done so through ignorance of what she really is; they are not aware of her excellencies, they have never looked into her teaching; but have run away with very wrong notions.

But I would have you bear *this* in mind. The Church we belong to may be pure, and sound and true; she may be a safe Guide to us, and a watchful Guardian over us; we may delight in her Services, partake of all her Ordinances, revere her Ministers, and take a lively interest in all that concerns her and yet be found unsaved at last. We may be devoted members of the visible Church on earth, and yet have no part in "the general assembly and Church of the first born, which are written in heaven."

Salvation is in Christ; out of Him we are unsaved. We must find our pardon, our acceptance, our peace in Him. He must be the rock on which we are built. We must hide ourselves in His riven side. We must be washed in His atoning blood. We must live upon Him by faith, from day to day, and from hour to hour.

If this book shall fall into the hands of a thoughtful and earnest Dissenter, I would say to him, my Christian brother, I wish to make you a Churchman, not because I want to add to our numbers, and swell our ranks, but because from my heart I believe that it will be better and happier for you. By returning to the primitive and ancient Church of your fathers, you will be taking a step well pleasing to God; you will be closing up one of the rents which have been made in the Christian body; you will find a safe resting place and home for your soul.

And you who are Churchmen like myself, I wish you to have a firmer hold of your Church; for I know that it will greatly help you. It is very desirable that you should feel that you have solid grounds for your Church membership—good reasons for clinging close to her—and good reasons for loving her as your mother and your Guide.

Yes, I want to see you hearty in your attachment to your own Communion; earnestly seeking her welfare, taking a deep interest in the work she is doing; and feeling that every member of her body is in one sense your Brother or Sister in Christ.

It is not merely the Clergy who should be earnest in the Church's cause; the People should be earnest, too, even the very humblest of them. Can we serve her? Can we do anything to promote her interests? Then let us do it with all our hearts. Let us be more faithful to our Church. Let us not be ashamed to stand up for her as those who feel heartily thankful that they belong to such a Fold. Other Christians are not ashamed of their Creeds; why should we be less zealous than they?

We do not claim complete perfection for our Church. She may have many faults; and so has everything in which man is concerned. But has she not been, and is she not still, a vast blessing to this country? She has given us a well-translated Bible, and a scriptural Liturgy. She has been honoured by a noble army of martyrs, and a glorious company of devoted servants of Christ. May her boundaries be enlarged, and her usefulness extended; and may thousands have cause to call her walls Salvation, and her gates Praise!

Look upon your Church as a nursery for heaven. Be anxious to see many flocking into it; but still more anxious that those who are in it should be men and women whose hearts are given to God, and whose treasure and home are above; who love the ships as it were, in which they are sailing, but whose eyes are fixed on that better land, towards which every wave is bringing them nearer.

And, O happy thought! our good and gracious Shepherd has not only provided a *Fold on earth* for his sheep, in which their present safety is provided for, but He has made ready for them a *Fold above*, in which they will be perfectly happy, through all eternity.

In that *Fold* there will be nothing imperfect, nothing wanting. Into that *Fold*, no sin will enter, no wolves will alarm, no mixture of chaff will spoil the wheat. From that *Fold* there will be no departure, no gazing out any more. Within that *Fold* we shall serve God day and night in His temple.

That is the Church which St. Paul describes as "a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but holy, and without blemish." And again he speaks of it as "the heavenly Jerusalem—the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven."

God give to you and me a portion and a place in that heavenly Church!—
From "*Our Church and Her Services*."

ON REVERENCE.

"Kneeling ne'er soiled silk stockings."—*George Herbert's Church Porch.*

It has often been a subject of wonder to me why people should seem so much afraid of approaching the Deity with those tokens of respect which throughout all ages we find Him claiming as His right; why, when they profess to be coming to Him as humble suppliants, they should refuse Him those signs of submission which we accord even to earthly sovereigns when we desire a favor of them.

Do they fear lest they should soil their clothes? Let them consider whether it is worth while for the sake of those perishable garments, which are the signs of man's fallen state, to risk the anger of an offended Master. Do they urge as an excuse that they fear approaching too nearly to the Church of Rome in forms and ceremonies, or that they dread being like the Pharisees? Let them consider a little the examples given us in the New Testament, and they will soon find how groundless are their fears.

See our blessed Saviour Himself in the Garden of Gethsemane, the sorrowing Lord of life beseeching His Father that if possible the bitter cup might pass from him, "*He kneeled down and prayed.*"—Luke xxii. 41.

See the first martyr, Stephen, whilst his enemies were stoning him; "he *kneeled down and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge*"; Acts. vii. 60. Again we find that St. Peter, when raising the body of Tabitha, "*kneeled down and prayed*"; Acts. ix. 40. And when the great apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul, was parting from his Macedonian friends, we find him *kneeling down and praying*; Acts. xx. 36. Surely we need none of us fear lest we should err in kneeling, with these great examples before us; let us rather consider how much less reason we have to urge our inability to kneel than they had. Where do we find the examples before us kneeling?

Our blessed Redeemer on the rugged soil of the Garden of Olives ; St. Stephen on the road outside the city of Jerusalem ; St. Peter, by the death-bed of Tabitha ; St. Paul, on the sea shore. And we are only asked to kneel on the cushioned floors of our places of worship ! A kneeling cushion would cost but little. Will not those who see this article consider the subject well, and, when they draw near to God again, come with bended knees before the Throne of Grace.

Be sure of this,—God will not accept of that which costs us nothing. The aged, cripples, or invalids may plead inability to pay God this outward homage ; but the young, the active, and the strong have no such excuse ; and what will they say when at the last Great Day, their offended Judge shall ask them what they meant, by such disrespect to His Majesty ? Let them not suppose that is a matter too small for His notice : He who notices the fall of a sparrow, and supplies our smallest wants, is also “the jealous God” of those who take his name in vain.

SOUND PRINCIPLES OUR STABILITY.

We have frequently thought upon the flippant question of the time-serving Pilate, and traced its stereotype upon the conversation of many men in the present age ; who profess to admire the Truth, but take no pains to distinguish it ; who setting up the Truth as the object of pursuit are still hastily turned aside, and are ready to sacrifice it to their interests or their fears. “Ever learning and never coming to the knowledge of the Truth ;” they make no sincere enquiries upon the opinions they adopt, and they can give no reasonable answer for the course they pursue. We contrast this indolent and unstable habit, with the enquiring and fervent spirit of the early Christians who regarded Truth as a paramount ; the only object worthy the cares and researches of mankind. Such was the singleness of heart, such the fervour with which the faith of Christ was embraced during the first centuries of its dispensation ; but ages have since intervened, and the spirit has woefully evaporated ; and to this we trace all our divisions,—our errors in doctrines, and our defection in fellowship. There are thousands who adopt the most pernicious doctrines in sheer indolence of heart, having persuaded themselves that sincerity is all that is required, and that all the distinctions between truth and error are not sufficiently important to occupy their thoughts, and that it is matter of perfect indifference, by what name they are called and to what confession of faith they subscribe.

And thousands again, without maintaining anything worthy the name of conviction, have imbibed a theoretic notion of Christianity which coheres with no system, and therefore, combines them with no Church. It would be as “beating the air” to contend with such persons ; and in truth we should gain very little by our success, if their adherence to the Church were based on nothing better than their separation.

We want intelligent Churchmen—Churchmen whom no sophistry can pervert—whom no temptation can beguile, whom no enemy overcome—men who revere the majesty of truth, who live to adorn it, and would die in its defence.

But we cannot expect this if the attachment of our people to the Church rests upon insufficient arguments, and is sustained by inadequate motives ; yet this is a prevailing defect, and is sometimes cherished without the least suspicion of the evil—and therefore adherence to that which is good, is frequently accidental, rather than the result of conviction in a well informed mind and well affected heart. Ask

some men why they are Churchmen—why, in preference to all the sects by which we are surrounded and assailed, they follow the rule of faith and worship, and they will tell you that they like it best—because they were baptized in the Church, and brought up in her communion—because they approve of her system, or admire her Liturgy. But any one or all of these are inadequate reasons for giving ourselves first to the Lord and then to the Church; and there is not one but may be over-matched by the adversary—not one that is proof against the ingenious devices of heresy and the proselyting zeal of schism.

If we are to have the manly piety of our ancestors—if we are to retain the inflexible integrity of our martyrs, we must be Churchmen with better reasons and upon sounder principles. We must be Churchmen because we believe in the divine origin of the Church; the sacred depository of divine truth, the privileged possessor of a divine ministry. We must be Churchmen because the Word, the promise and the presence of Christ are identified with her confession of faith and the exercise of her ministry; that when “He breathed upon his disciples” he entailed upon them and their successors an indefeasible authority, and that He pledged Himself to its vindication when He said “Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world.” In one word, because there is everything in her constitution and character to mark her as “*The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of Truth.*”

PRAYERS FOR GOD'S BLESSING IN BUILDING A CHURCH.

O Eternal God, Who dwellest not in temples made with hands, and yet hast been graciously pleased to promise Thine especial presence in whatever place even two or three of Thy faithful servants are met together in Thy Name, look mercifully upon us, and be pleased to accept our intentions and endeavours for the building of a House for Thy worship and service: O Lord, in Whose hand are all hearts, to turn and dispose them as Thou wilt, give us grace to subdue all selfish and proud thoughts, and purely and zealously to intend Thy glory and the good of souls. Sanctify our thoughts and intentions, our words and our actions, that whatsoever in this holy work we think, or speak, or do, may be well pleasing and acceptable to Thee. Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us, for Thy dear Son's sake, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, world without end. *Amen.*

Bless, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the means used in this Parish to promote the true worship of Thee within the walls of Thy House, and grant that whatever is designed and done may be entirely for Thy glory, and for the good of Thy Church and people, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this House lie waste? *Haggai i. 4.*

Surely, I will not come into the tabernacles of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes or slumber to my eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty GOD of Jacob. *Psalms cxxxii. 3, 4, 5.*

PATIENCE and CHARITY.—Virtues which some people think every one wants but themselves.

DR. ADAM CLARKE ON VESTMENTS.

In these days, when there is a great controversy amongst the clergy as to whether they shall be clothed, it is perhaps as well to give the public Dr. Adam Clarke's (Wesleyan minister) opinion on this vexed subject. It is to be found in his well-known learned commentary, Exodus xxvii., v. 2, "And thou shalt make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, for glory and for beauty." His note is as follows :

Four articles of dress were prescribed for the priests in ordinary, and four more for the high priest. Those for the priests in general were a coat, drawers, a girdle and a bonnet. Besides these, the high priest had a robe, an ephod, a breastplate, and a plate or diadem of gold on his forehead. The garments, says the sacred historian were for honour and for beauty. They were emblematical of the office in which they ministered. 1st. It was honourable. They were ministers of the Most High, and employed by Him in transacting the most important concerns between God and His people—concerns in which all the attributes of the Divine Being were interested, as well as those which referred to the present and eternal happiness of His creatures. 2nd. They were for beauty. They were emblematical of His holiness and purity which ever characterize the Divine nature, and the worship which is worthy of Him, and which are essentially necessary to all those who wish to serve Him in the beauty of holiness here below, and without which none can ever see His face in the realms of glory.—Should not the garments of all those who minister in holy things still be emblematical of the things in which they minister? Should they not be for glory and beauty, expressive of the dignity of the gospel ministry, and that beauty of holiness, without which none can see the Lord? As the high priest's vestments, under the law, were emblematical of what was to come, should not the vestments of the ministers of the gospel bear some resemblance of what is to come? Is then the dismal black now worn by almost all kinds of priests and ministers for glory and beauty? Is it emblematical of anything that is good, glorious and excellent? How unbecoming of the glad tidings announced by Christian ministers, is a color, emblematical of nothing but mourning and woe, sin, desolation and death! How inconsistent the habit and office of these men! Should it be said, "these are only shadows and are useless, because the substance is come." I ask, why then is black almost universally worn? Why is a particular color preferred, if there be no signification in any? Is there not a danger that, in our zeal against shadows, we shall destroy or essentially change the substance itself? Would not the same sort of argumentation exclude water in baptism, and bread and wine in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper? The white surplice in the service of the Church is almost the only thing that remains of these ancient and becoming vestments which God commanded to be made for glory and beauty. Clothing, emblematical of office, is of more consequence than is generally imagined. Were the great officers of the Crown, and the great officers of justice, to clothe themselves like the common people when they appear in their public capacity, both their persons and their decisions would be soon held in little estimation.

THAT is an admirable expression in the first Collect in the morning prayer, "Thy service is perfect freedom." And a noble freedom it is, to have the soul released from the insupportable slavery of ignorance and vice, and set at liberty to range in the spacious and delicious plains of wisdom and virtue; to have it delivered from the harsh and turbulent tyranny of insulting passions, and establish it under the gentle and delightful government of right reason.

SUGGESTIONS TOWARDS A BECOMING AND PROFITABLE USE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Psalm xix. 41; Amos iv. 12.

1. Come to church; endeavor to be there at least a few minutes before Divine service commences. The due preparation of our hearts, no less than reverence for God's house and attention to the convenience of others, suggests this.—Gen. xxii, 3; Luke xxi, 38; John viii, 2; 1 Cor. xiv, 40; 1 Tim. iii. 15.

2. To give full effect to our beautiful Liturgy, it is necessary that the congregation perform their part in the appointed services of the Church. This can be done only when the Responses, as prescribed in the Prayer Book, are generally and audibly pronounced. Let each member of the congregation try to perform his or her part of this sacred duty.—Deut. xxvii, 15, &c.; 1 Chron. xvi, 36; Rom. xv, 6; 1 Cor. xiv, 16; Rev. iv, 9–11.

3. United prayer should be accompanied with united praise. We should not, therefore, be content that other lips should raise the hymn of grateful joy while ours remain silent. Let us join, as with one voice, in the songs of the sanctuary.—Ezra iii, 11; Psalm xxii, 22; Matt. xxvi, 30; Acts xvi, 25; Col. iii, 16; Rev. xv, 2, 3.

4. When listening to God's word, seek to lay up in your hearts as much of it as possible for future use. Mark well the Scripture passages referred to. Meditate upon them; and, above all, implore the Holy Spirit to graft inwardly in your hearts what He gives you to hear with your outward ears.—Isaiah iv, 2, 3, 10, 11; Mark vii, 14; Luke xxiv, 45; Acts xvii, 11; Rom. x, 17.

5. Be not content with a single service on the Lord's-day, when the opportunity of enjoying more than one is afforded you. Fill up the Sabbath, if possible, with holy exercises, so that it may become to you, and appear to others, that you think it "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable," full of comfort and heavenly enjoyment.—Psalm xxvii, 4; lxxxiv, 2–10; Eccles. xi, 6; Isaiah lviii, 13, 14; Luke vi, 12.

Brethren, pray for your minister, that utterance may be given him to speak boldly, as he ought to speak.—Exod. xvii, 12; Psalm cxxxii, 9; Acts. xii, 5; Eph. vi, 18, 19; Col. iv, 3.—*N. Y. Episcopalian.*

ETERNITY.

"Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in the sepulchre of age, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! the ever present unborn, undecaying and undying—the golden chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honours, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its possessions, they are but toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footstep of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendours forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never want, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.^a

CATECHISING.

At the York Congress a paper was read by the Rev. F. Hessey, D.C.L., on "Catechising," a practice which existed in the Church before adult or Sunday schools were known. It was indeed a mode of instruction used by our Lord Himself, and there was no doubt that St. Paul was an adept in that system of teaching. Although the word does not appear in the Authorized Version, it really occurs repeatedly in the original, and has been continued in the Church in all ages and all times. It was continued in the Lutheran and Heidelberg catechisms, and other Church catechisms, and one of the canons of the Prayer-book of Edward VI. made it obligatory. After the Great Rebellion, catechising was ordered to take place after the Second Lesson, a practice, which, however, almost entirely disappeared in the Georgian era. The renewal of catechising, in the beginning of the present century, was due to Archdeacon Bather—and is now part of the system of instruction in many country parishes. It must be a work undertaken in a spirit of prayer and obedience to the practice of the Church. All subjects and questions should be designed to illustrate and enforce the dogmatic teaching of the church, and her holy precepts, so that they may raise up faithful sons and daughters of the church, to be her polished corners and godly pillars in another age.

Miscellaneous.

BABY TEACHINGS.

My little baby speaks not,
 Save with her pleading eyes,
 Her fingers' earnest clasping,
 Her eager, plaintive cries.

Yet many a holy lesson
 My baby teaches me—
 How dear the little teacher!
 How sweet her lessons be!

She tells me what is prayer;
 Not words or sounding speech,
 But just the spirit wrestling,
 As best its wants may teach.

She tells me not to slacken
 Nor cease my earnest cry,
 Until the needful blessing
 Be granted from on high.

She tells me how confiding
 A child-like soul may rest,
 Trusting the sleepless watchings
 Of Him who loves us best.

These, and yet other lessons,
 My baby teaches me,
 How dear the little teacher!
 How sweet her lessons be!

MARIOLATRY.

AIX LA CHAPELLE Prussia, now containing 66,000 inhabitants, of whom more than 63,000 are Roman Catholics, has been much moved and excited within the last few days by the arrival and subsequent elevation to the summit of the spire of the new church here, of a gilt statue of the Blessed Virgin. This church is of very handsome proportions, the length of the nave and aisles being about 120 feet.

The full title of the church is as follows (I take these particulars from a printed statement hung up in the church, in German, French, and English, soliciting contributions: "The votive Church of our Blessed Lady, built to commemorate the glorious dogma of her Immaculate Conception solemnly defined by his Holiness Pope Pius IX. Dec. 8, 1854." The first stone was laid May 22, 1859. To the members of the Association for erecting this church the Pope has granted a plenary indulgence, to be gained once a month, which is applicable also to the souls in purgatory. He has, moreover, furnished certain relics to the church, and subscribed to the gilt statue, which, I should have said, is about eight feet high, and is without the Infant Saviour. Certain prayers are appointed to be said by the Association, viz:

"Antiphon.—Rejoice, O Mary, thou hast surmounted the afflictions of the Church in the whole world.

V.—Make us worthy to praise thee, O Blessed Virgin.

R. Give us strength against our enemies."

After which follows a brief Collect addressed to God the Father. The church stands west and east, instead of east and west, and the view from the east door looking up the church is very remarkable. Projecting into the nave, close to what we should call the chancel arch, is placed on the left a handsome stone pulpit.

Facing it, on the right, stands the chief object in the church, an Image of the Blessed Virgin. This rests on a pedestal seven feet high. The image is of the size of life, and the canopy above her head, of carved oak, rises about eight feet higher, giving altogether a height of nearly twenty feet. Her foot is on the crescent moon, her head is crowned; in her right hand she bears the sceptre, and on her left arm rests the infant Jesus. Her dress is blue, richly besprinkled with gold. This is the one object which arrests and fills the eye as you first look up the church. There is indeed a Crucifixion, in a side chapel in one transept, and a St. Joseph holding the infant in the other. But these are quite out of sight. Looking, however, after awhile beyond the image which I have described, you see the altar, and the altar piece, which is a fresco of the Virgin, standing as the other, but without the Child. The west-end, that is, as I have explained, the altar end, is an apse, the seven arched recesses of which are painted thus:—In the centre the blessed Virgin. To her left a picture horizontally. In the upper part are seated Sixtus IV., Pius V., Gregory XV., and Alexander VII., Below is Pius IX., handing the Bull of 1854 to a kneeling Cardinal. The next fresco has for its subject the meeting of Joseph and Mary, and the last is Eve in her misery at the foot of the fatal tree, kneeling and looking towards the Virgin. To the right again of the altar piece is, first, a divided picture; above four saints; beneath, S. Bonaventura writing; secondly, a kneeling figure without a name, and above, in glory, the Virgin, whom he addresses with outstretched hands. Lastly, Adam, a pendent to Eve, also degraded, and kneeling beneath the tree. There are no other paintings in the church.

This church, then, is, indeed, the church of the BLESSED VIRGIN. In it she

appears as the chief object of worship. I will not apply the words of a French Romanist, "Et Dieu vient apres, quand il y a place pour Dieu." But when we are told it is impossible for us "Protestants" to understand the nature of the worship offered to the Virgin, or how much it differs from that offered to God, we must, here at least admit this impossibility. On Sunday last, when the statue on the summit of the spire was unveiled, amidst the firing of cannon, and the rejoicings of a vast multitude, or when it was illuminated at night by coloured lights, one might not be able to draw any very definite conclusion from these demonstrations; but when one enters the church and sees what it contains, and how its contents are arranged, and watches the kneeling men or women, with eyes fixed on the Virgin, and outstretched imploring hands, what can one say but that there is a church built, consecrated, fitted for and devoted to MARIOLATRY? *Correspondence of N. Y. Ch. Journal.*

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

A mournful episode of the war comes from Pressnitz. A farmer, living in a hamlet near that town, had a wife and two children, and such was the woman's terror of the Prussians, when she heard they were coming, that her husband, to satisfy her placed her in an underground cellar, with their two little ones, and built up the doorway, leaving some food inside. The Prussians entered the place, and, among others, obliged the poor man to accompany them, with his horse and cart, for a day's journey, as they said. But the man was brought on from place to place, and, at last, when he was suffered to return, and reached his own house, several days had elapsed. On the way back he began to calculate how little food had been left with his wife and children, and, horror-stricken at the dreadful thought their cries might not be heard, his hair is said to have turned white on his homeward journey. His fears were but too real. He tore down the masonry, searched for those so dear to him, but only found three lifeless bodies, half devoured by rats. Reason left him at the dreadful sight, and he is now in the hospital, a lunatic. Another horrible story has been related by an officer high on the Austrian staff. A poor peasant couple, in Austrian Poland, had three sons, fine young men. One of them was taken by the conscription. As the parents were poor, the two younger brothers determined to follow the fortunes of the eldest for a while, and accompanied him voluntarily to the army. At the battle of Scalitz, the general commanding saw from an eminence that the brigade Scholtz was suffering dreadfully from the enemy's artillery fire, and one of the staff-captains was ordered to send an orderly with instructions to the officer at the head of the brigade to retire. The trooper nearest to him was a soldier of the Green Lancers, by name Skarbowsky, and one of the three brothers just referred to. He was given the despatch to deliver, and rode on gallantly through the rain of bullets. But, as he galloped forward, his horse made a stumble over a dead charger, and thus, bringing the man to a halt, enabled him to see a lancer lying on the ground, with his leg torn off by a ball, and raising his hands to him in a supplicating manner. He alighted to give him a moment's assistance, and coming near, was horror stricken to recognize his brother. He searched everywhere for water, but could find none, and, with a mind as agonized as was his poor brother in body, he began to think whether he should remain with him or deliver the despatch, which he knew to be an order to the brigade to retire, and which might save hundreds of lives. He kissed his brother, and said, with tears, "I can do nothing for you, and I am on a duty I must perform;" and he mount-

ed his horse again, plunged into the terrible fire, and delivered his letter to the brigade-adjutant. When he was returning, most strange to say, his horse again stumbled over a dead body, and this-time fell, and threw his rider from the saddle. The dead man was his other brother! The man became reckless, rode back to the staff, who were caught up in the action themselves, and this soldier fought hand to hand in the *melee*, as did the rest of the escort, without himself receiving a scratch. But it was sad news he had to send home. The Emperor has been made personally informed of these strange facts, and the case has deeply moved him. His Majesty has ordered the promotion of the surviving lancer, and has sent to intimate to his poor parents that he will do all in his power to alleviate their unhappy and bereaved position.

READ ALOUD.

Reading aloud is one of those exercises that combine mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should feel his own voice, and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the farthest listener in the room; if he is not able to do so, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Common consumption begins uniformly, with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspiration, is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any one make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as singing does, when properly performed.

This loud reading when properly done, has great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence in many cases absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the Hindoo devotee paralyzes it forever. The general plan in appropriate cases, is to read aloud in a conversational tone, thrice a day, for a minute at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half-an-hour is thus spent at a time, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of health, averting consumption, of being social and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French or lisping Italian, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SABBATH.—a practical rule for those who do not think the Fourth Commandment binding on them:— "So far as you turn other days into Sundays, so far and no farther have you a right to turn Sundays into other days."—*Keble.*

A DEAD fish will swim with the stream, whatever be its direction; but a living one will not only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, it can swim against it.—*Cecil's Remains.*

For the Young.

WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?

One beautiful morning in the spring, when the birds were singing their sweetest songs, Frank and Eddy went out into the garden to play. "Be kind to one another," said the mother, as they left the house, and then she took her seat by the window, where she could watch them without being seen. Frank and Eddy managed to keep out of mischief that morning—indeed, they played so quietly for some time that Mrs. Woolsey wondered at the stillness; but it was only the calm before a storm, as she afterwards found to her sorrow.

"Eddy, go to the house and get your drum, and something to fight with, and we will play soldier."

"Well, but I'm going to be captain."

"No, you're not. I'll be captain myself; I'm the oldest."

"But I was drummer yesterday, and I think you ought to be to-day."

"No indeed; I wouldn't be ordered by anybody younger than I am. I'm going to be captain, or I won't play at all."

"Well," said Eddy, his lip quivering and the tears fast coming into his eyes. He had wanted to have the command very much, but was unwilling to be left to amuse himself alone, so he went for the necessary weapons.

Do you think that either brother was as happy then as though both had been kind and obliging, not seeking each his own advantage, but in "honour preferring one another?"

Eddy was sorry that he could not obtain the coveted position; and Frank, who was older, and ought to have set an example of good behaviour, already began to feel that he had acted selfishly and unbecomingly. However, he was too proud to confess this; so when Eddy came running back with his father's cane in lieu of a sword, a broom intended for a gun, and the drum swung over his shoulder by a strap, he meekly took his place in the ranks, and followed the commands, "Shoulder arms!" "Mark time!" "Right about face!" etc. etc., with implicit obedience.

He and the captain were just in the midst of a forced march in pursuit of the enemy, when a cry of terror was heard from over the fence.

"What's that?" the whole army—that is to say, the two boys—exclaimed at once, and both ran to the spot from which the sound had proceeded.

"Oh! it's only a little beggar girl. Come back, Eddy," and Frank turned away disdainfully.

His brother remained to investigate affairs. "What's the matter little girl?" he asked of the child, by whose side was an overturned basket.

"That cow over there upset my basket, and I was taking the bread home for dinner." She looked as though her greatest treasures had suffered injury, as indeed they had.

"Never mind, I'll help you," said Eddy, kindly, and stooping down he began collecting the scattered pieces of bread. The little girl, who was scarcely large enough to be trusted out of doors alone, assisted him in the task, and soon all the damages had been repaired. But Eddy did not stop here; he thought he had not done quite enough, so he said as politely as possible: "I will go with you a little way, so that you need not be afraid of the cow."

The child thankfully accepted the offer, and was conducted beyond the reach of

danger. As Eddy returned to the garden, he was met by his brother, who saluted him in no very respectful tone with these words:—

“Well, I don’t think I’d take the trouble to help a little beggar girl; I’d like to know what mother would say to see you in such company as that.”

“Would you? then come to the house, and you shall hear what she would say.

Mrs Woolsey’s watchful eyes and ears had followed her children all the morning. She had heard the dispute about their play, had witnessed the sudden close of their sport,* and the ready kindness shown by her younger son to the little stranger, and now she had come to take her boys aside for a short talk, in order to teach them, if she could, some useful lesson from the incident of the day.

When they had reached the sitting room, and Frank and Eddy had taken their places, one on each side of her, their mother asked:—

“Can either of you tell me what is generally the reason why people fight against each other?”

The boys hung their heads in silence; they began to suspect that they had not been so entirely alone in the garden as they had supposed. But Mrs. Woolsey waited for a reply, so Frank answered:

“It’s because they want to kill their enemies; is’nt it?”

“Yes but why do they have enemies? and why do they wish to destroy them? Is it not often because they desire to make themselves powerful? You have read in your history of Cæsar, the Roman general; of Alexander, the Macedonian king; of Napoleon, the Emperor of the French. All of these, you know, the world calls great, but each of them was willing to bring sorrow upon countless thousands if only he could secure authority to himself. And their mother went on to tell them how much trouble had been made in the world because men wanted to control each other—very much, she said, as two little boys whom she knew—and how there had been many wars, and a great deal of fighting, and millions upon millions had been slain for the reason that some one or other had been all the time trying to make himself powerful; and how few had been willing to follow in humility the footsteps of the Son of Man, who “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.”

After that, Mrs. Woolsey read from the Bible how Jesus, the great Teacher, taught his disciples; “He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve.”

“And now,” she continued, “which do you think is the more manly thing for a son of mine to do—to insist upon ruling his brother, even while engaged in play, or to leave his sport in order to help a little outcast, and thus follow the example of Christ, when he washed his disciples’ feet? One of you succeeded in making himself captain, the other in imitating this example. Which do you think is really the greater, according to the rule I have just taught you? I do not wish to judge either of you harshly, but hereafter, whenever a dispute like that of this morning arises, I hope you will remember the words of the Apostle who wrote; ‘In lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than himself.’”

Correspondence.

(The Editor of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am quite aware that many of your readers will be glad to learn that the address to the Bishop, published in your last number, has been supplemented by a resolution passed unanimously at a Deanery Meeting at Cornwallis; this

resolution is an expression of thankfulness for his Lordship's Pastoral and an acknowledgement that it had fully disposed of the charges contained in the letters of the Rev. Mr. Hill. If I am rightly informed, it was proposed by the Rev. Canon Hensley, the learned Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, and was supported by the Rural Dean, the Rev. Jno. Storrs, and by the Rev. J. O. Ruggles, the Rector of Kentville; whose names did not appear with the large majority of the clergy who had signed the Diocesan Address.

Enough has been said and done, in this painful conflict to convince the minds not cramped with inveterate prejudice, that the ground taken by the Rector of St. Paul's, is altogether untenable, and that the offensive letters never ought to have been written.

It seems to me that the most graceful, as well as the most Christian way for bringing this controversy to a close, is the plea of error in judgment, which, I have no doubt would be accepted by the Bishop, and by the clergy, who, feeling themselves aggrieved by the unprovoked attack upon their Chief Pastor, have risen up to vindicate his office, and to testify to his fidelity.

PAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH CHRONICLE.

Mr. Editor,—The *London Record* in its issues of the 10th and 21st of Dec., gives a version of the late dispute between the Bishop of Nova Scotia and the Rev. Canon Cochran, which demands some notice where the facts are best known, as the cause of religion can gain nothing by misrepresentation. To be as concise as possible, I will state the *Record's* charge against the Bishop, with the necessary comment.

"By an unparralleled abuse of power, he dismissed from his pastoral charge, the oldest, most eminent, and most useful clergyman of the diocese, because he refused to preach in the surplice."

I shall say nothing against the comparative age, eminence or usefulness of the Reverend Canon Cochran,—but seeing the Bishop leased the chapel in his own name, was responsible for the rent, and all other expenses (except Mr. Cochran's salary, which was paid by the English Government) and as I am informed has actually given out of his own pocket a considerable sum, more or less, every year, it does seem rather hard to oust his Lordship from "his own hired house," and hand it over in this cool way to the Reverend "gentleman," who was to all intents and purposes the Bishop's curate, and therefore was bound to obey his Rector.

I have been told that the congregation used to make up some £30 or £40 annually as a New Year's gift to their officiating minister, who was also allowed by the Bishop to deduct his commission upon all the offertory collections passing through his hands, while his Lordship had so much more to pay each year in order to make up the deficiency thus caused by the appropriation to Mr. Cochran's benefit, of money which might otherwise have been applied towards the liquidation of the cost of keeping open the chapel.

2. "The Bishop having taken away the Rev. Canon Cochran's position as minister of Salem Chapel, benevolently allows him to retain charge of the poor,—thus adding insult to injury."

The offer to Rev. Canon Cochran to allow him to retain charge of the poor, was in order that he might retain his English salary—that being the duty for which he came to Halifax.

3. "The Bishop is a disciple of Bishop Wilberforce, by whom he was ordained."

The *Record* could not have been more unfortunate than it is in its selection of a Bishop through whom to attack the Bishop of Oxford, and the S. P. G., (for the venerable Society comes in for a share of the blame,) considering that the Bishop of Nova Scotia was *not* ordained by Bishop Wilberforce. It was understood at the time that so far from being nominated to the see by him, or the S. P. G., our Bishop was sent out by Lord Grey without the consent of either, and that a friend of the Bishop of Oxford had been selected by the S. P. G., when the Colonial Secretary chose to act independently. This caused some unpleasant feeling, and for some time operated against the obtaining of the Endowment of the Bishopric.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia being thus found guilty by the *Record*, is next pronounced the "representative and exponent" of the S. P. G., and the subscribers to the funds of the venerable society are then exhorted to apply the money-screw, and withhold their funds from our Diocese, lest they be partakers of other men's sins,—and this although the *Record* admits that the Bishop's salary is not paid from the S. P. G. annual grant, but from a separate Endowment Fund.

The *Record* may as well charge the Colonial and Continental Church Society with the Bishop's sins, as the S. P. G., since his Lordship has been a Vice President of the former ever since his appointment to the bishopric, and by the rules of the Society he is President of its Local Committee, and its agents are under his jurisdiction.

The *Record* fastens on the mutilated note from the Bishop with which the correspondence begins, in the first edition of Rev. Canon Cochran's pamphlet,—and from this as well as the generous offer to allow the Rev. Canon to retain his work among the poor *with its salary*, together with the not unreasonable desire to make the services in his own hired chapel in some degree consistent with his late anti-ritualistic charge—the *London Critic* pronounces the Bishop intolerant, haughty and imperious to the last degree. This charge is sufficiently met here on the spot by the late address of the clergy to the Bishop,—in the spirit of which—by the way—some more who did not sign the document have since concurred, as it seems a resolution was passed at a recent meeting of a Rural Deanery, comprising four non-signers, to the effect that they had read with satisfaction the Bishop's Pastoral, and that he had fully answered all the charges which had been brought against him.

It is rather hard, in the face of all these things, to allow these misrepresentations to circulate unchallenged throughout the Christian world, in the pages of a professedly religious paper, and this must be my excuse for adding one word to a debate now settled and pretty thoroughly understood in this Diocese. Yours truly,

VERITAS.

Church News.

ENGLAND.—We are glad to see that the Rev. W. F. Bullock, Secretary S. P. G. has published a denial of the rumour that the salary of the Rev. A. Tønnesen, Chaplain of the excommunicated Dr. Colenso, is still paid by the S. P. G. It turns out that in consequence of his unsatisfactory conduct, the S. P. G. terminated its engagement with him on the 20th of April, 1866, and now disavows all responsibility for him.

The noble S. P. G.—so far from sympathising with the Natal heretics, is devising liberal things for the support of the Church suffering, and likely to suffer from their persecutions. A "Natal Fund," is to be established by the S. P. G.,—to which members of the Church are requested to contribute, in order to furnish the suffering Church in that afflicted diocese with an income of at least £1000 stg. a year for ten years. Thus the home work of the diocese among the white population, and its missionary operations will—by the blessing of God—be carried over their present difficulties, whilst the fog of false doctrine is being scattered. The means are thus to be provided for the energetic operations of the new bishop and his clergy. The Rev. Dr. Butler of Wantage, the bishop-elect, is thought by many to be just the man to succeed Colenso, and conduct the contest for the truth to a successful issue. At all events, sound faith and strong resolution are needed.

THE Bishop of NOVA SCOTIA has published a "Pastoral Letter," embodying a correspondence which has passed between himself and the Rev. G. W. Hill, incumbent of St. Paul's, Halifax. The Bishop easily refutes the charges

of Romanizing, &c., which Mr. Hill had brought against him in no measured language. We do not think we have ever seen a letter by a presbyter to his diocesan written in a more improper tone than those by Mr. Hill, but his conduct has given Bishop Binney a most excellent opportunity for stating the true mind and teaching of the Anglican Church as to the Sacraments, ritual, and intercommunion.—*Colonial Church Chronicle*.

The glorious work of returning Christian Unity goes cheerfully on. The Scandinavian Church—if we may judge from an article in the Upsal Review written by the chaplain to the King of Sweden and published with the approbation of one of the leading bishops—looks with hope and confidence to intercommunion with our branch of the Church Catholic. Indeed, the bishop of Illinois lately preached in the Swedish Chapel in London, giving the sermon and benediction in English; and at the same service the Swedish clergyman in his own language introduced a prayer for intercommunion. This, with the wonderful desire for intercommunion with us everywhere expressed by prelates and clergy, as well as other members of the Greek Church to the Rev. George Williams in his late travels in the East, is the bright side of the picture.

In Italy, however, the *non possumus* of “infallibility,” and the late retrograde concessions in matters of religious reform made by the King to the Pope at the instance of France, shows the folly of trusting to politics the work of religion, after its own selfish ends are served. The royal chapels and the suppressed religious houses in the new kingdom being in the gift of the crown, had been entrusted to the reforming clergy and were their strongholds. These by agreement (urged on by France) between the King and the Pope, have been resumed by the ultramontanists, and the reformers are dismissed to struggle with grinding poverty. Some priests of fifty and sixty years of age are preparing to emigrate to North America. The Anglo-Continental Society has opened a Fund for the relief of the suffering reformers.

S. P. C. K.—December 4.—An application from the Bishop of Ontario for a grant towards a Collegiate School at Picton in his diocese, and another from the Bishop of Nassau for help in the restoration of churches and schools destroyed by the late hurricane, was read. The Society was unable to tender any assistance in either case.

The Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem received a grant of books to the value of £10. Other grants of books were made to divers applicants at home and abroad.

S. P. G.—Meeting Decr. 21st.—Among other business it was resolved to issue a general appeal for increased support of the Society’s work. It was announced that the appeal for additional clergy in Natal had received the sanction of His grace the President, who had promised to subscribe to the fund. Missionaries were appointed to Assam, Barbados and Madras.

Large bodies move slowly, but Convocation and Church Societies are gradually enclosing with crushing force the operations of Colenso.

UNITED STATES.—The Diocese of Western New York, is to be divided, as the work is now quite beyond the strength of one Bishop. The same is said of Northern New York, where there is also to be a new diocese.

An appeal in behalf of the Hawaiian Mission, has just been published in New York, with the sanction of many venerated names among American clergymen and laymen. Two American clergymen have been sent out to labour under the supervision of the Bishop of Honolulu. A vigorous effort is now to be made in behalf of the Mission.

Notwithstanding the disastrous consequences of the late civil war, the Church in all quarters is showing great energy: from ministers and people of other persuasions large accessions are made to her numbers, and her operations are supported with wonderful liberality. Differences of opinion, of course, exist within her charitable pale, showing that the peace of stagnation is not sapping her spiritual life, nor the iron hand of tyranny restraining her intelligent faith, but all her children show an earnest desire for the extension of her borders and the gathering into her fold of all who would seek to separate worldly politics from religion, and to make the Kingdom which is not of this world their chief concern.

A new Church Reading Room—supplied with all the American and the best English Church periodicals was opened in Boston on New Year's Day. It is situated at 120 Tremont street, corner of Hamilton place, and its principal room looks out upon the common. It is provided with toilet requisites and writing materials, the rooms are comfortably warmed, and Massachusetts clergymen from far and near are invited when in the city to enter their names on its register, with such other particulars of their visit as they choose to mention, and to make this pleasant spot their head quarters, to which their letters and parcels may be sent. It is, in short, a sort of clerical club-house, and would prove a great convenience to any of our clerical readers passing through Boston, and desirous of knowing the clergy of that city. When shall we have such a place in Halifax?

The Presiding Bishop of the Church in the United States, has been officially notified by the Bishop of Ontario, of the deposition for ever from the Ministry, of Henry Charles Eyre Costelle, owing to gross and confessed immorality.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—John Bull has a downright, outspoken way of saying just what he thinks. In England this is well understood, but in the Colonies is often mistaken by some, and purposely misinterpreted by others. Our neighbours of other persuasions may in their quiet way excommunicate as many of their own members as they please, or deny the baptism or the orders of any other persuasion but their own, and no fault is found—no cry of “bigotry,” or “haughty intolerance” is raised. The Bishop of Fredericton—an outspoken Englishman—having lately notified his flock of the withdrawal of the Rev. Mr. McNutt's license, for a very sufficient reason, an attempt is immediately made to arouse the prejudices of the people by taking advantage of the Bishop's plain way of performing an act which his accusers, after their manner, perform ten to his one, without a word of remonstrance. The New Brunswick secular papers are beginning to see the injustice of these partisan cries, and public opinion will in the end rightly estimate the real design which at present flatters one section of the Church, whilst it abuses the other, and spares no pains in decrying the Prayer-book—the common inheritance of both.

Mr. McNutt has, in his new position, given, in a sermon to a crowded congregation, his reasons for his late (which, by the way, we understand is his second) move. He had reasoned himself into a disbelief of the efficacy,

i. e., the grace given—in Holy Baptism and Confirmation. Fault-finding is easy, and in some places popular, and protesting is accepted by many unthinking persons, for safe teaching. Rev. Mr. McNutt's change of sentiment was unsuspected. He preached in Trinity Church one Sunday, and was received into Leinster street Chapel the next, and his new friends found his training quite sufficient not only for a neophyte, but a teacher.

There are dangers on both sides of our Church, and those are the most safe—though they may not always be the most popular—guides, who point to the middle course between Negation and Superstition. This is the course of the Prayer-book, our guide to the Bible,—and when we become too good for our Prayer-book and too wise for its rubrics,—when we begin to flatter ourselves that our own common sense is better than the common sense which we have sworn to obey, it is time to watch us.

Reviews.

WE beg to draw attention to the "People's Magazine," a paper published by the S.P.C.K., and for sale at the Depository (W. Gossip's, Halifax.) With the *Guardian* we say, "we heartily wish it the success which it has certainly spared no pains to deserve." It is published in penny weekly numbers or in sixpenny monthly parts, is adorned with plenty of wood-cuts and bids fair to be very popular and useful.

The *Noon Scotia Agricultural Journal*, for February, has reached us. It contains much valuable information on practical matters, and its scientific instruction by Professor Lawson is much required in a young country like this. One class of farmers—the amateurs—find much benefit from the short hints in *Belcher's Almanack* giving in each month the outline of its appropriate work. We would with all due deference ask a reminder of this kind from our *Journal of Agriculture*.

Our zealous contemporary, the *St. John Church Witness*, is rather down upon the *CHURCH CHRONICLE*, on account of one or two trifles, which owing to the hasty issue of the January number inadvertently slipped in. We bow with submission, and promise amendment. We expect hard times, however, at the hands of the *Witness* editors, who—by the way—are at length waxing slightly wroth at their quondam associate, Mr. McNutt. How would it do for the editorial corps to divide their forces, so that whilst one section is exposing the secret leanings of the Bishops and our humble selves, the other with all the charm of freshness, can point out the doctrinal errors of such as Mr. McNutt. Thus a double purpose will be served, and future Leinster St. Chapels, and Baptist Missionary Boards will have to look outside the *Church Witness Office* or Sanctum for ready made Ministers and Chairmen.

Notices.

THE following notice ought to have appeared in our January number, and was accidentally omitted. We hope to be able to guard against such omissions in future:

On Sunday, December 23rd, the Lord Bishop held an ordination in the Cathedral, when the Revs. Geo. W. Hodgson, M.A., Hastings S. Wainwright, and Robert Haire, were ordained Priests, and Messrs. Philip H. Brown, Jas. B. Richardson, Wm. T. Boone, and Joseph C. Cox, were admitted to the Order of Deacons.

The Morning Prayer was said at 9 a.m.: and the Ordination Service at 11, commenced with the Sermon preached by the Bishop.

THE BISHOP purposes (D. V.) holding Confirmations this year, in Halifax before Easter, and in all other places in which they were held in 1864, beginning with the Western Shore, in May.

We understand that the Rev. Jas. Hill, has accepted the appointment of Curate of Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., vacant by the secession of Mr. McNutt, and will resign the Parish of Newport, after Easter.

Many thanks to our friends for their exertions in behalf of our paper. We hope occasionally, as in the present issue, to give them a few additional pages. A permanent improvement in size will depend on generous fare, viz: a large and well-paid subscription list.

Our exchange papers sometimes stray to the office of the Halifax *Morning Chronicle*. They will cease to do this if addressed to the Rev. John Ambrose, St. Margaret's Bay, N. S.

D. C. S.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee \$60 was granted toward an outfit for the Rev. J. C. Cox.

Notice of motion was given for an outfit for the Rev. P. Brown.

S. P. C. K.

Subscriptions will be received by W. Gossip, Esq. at the Depository, Halifax, to the "People's Magazine," now published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.—Andrews, J. R, Halifax; Albro, Edward, do; Avery, Revd. R, Aylsford; Ambrose, Geo, Lower Stewiacke; Aitken, Wm, George Town, P. E. I.; Almon, Revd. H. P, Bridgetown, 4; Allison, Fred, Halifax; Boggs, Thomas, do; Brown, Thomas, do; Brown, Rev. P, do; Bargs, Mrs, do; Breading, Rev J. do; Brine, Miss, St. Margaret's Bay; Boutilier, Wm. Jr, do; Blackman, Dr., Windsor; Burns, Robt, Albion Mines; Bennett, J. B, Bridgetown; Bambrick, Mrs, Bedford; Bullock, Dean, Halifax 4; Blake, Lieutenant, Shubenacadie; Brown, W. M. Halifax; Carman, Chas. Halifax, 2; Croucher, James, St. Marg. Bay; Crooks, Wm, Sr, do; Crooks, Wm Jr, do; Colstone, Miss A, Aylsford; Clarke, Mrs W. H, Bedford; Dauphiney, Peter, St. Margaret's Bay; Dauphiney, Chas. do; Daubin, James, do; Blois, Rev H, Granville; Etter, Miss, Halifax; Eisenhaur, Mrs G., St. Margarets Bay; Eisenhaur, John, do; Eisenhaur, Wm. do; Easton, James, P. E. I.; Edgehill, Rev, J, Halifax, 30; Fenerty, Mrs. T, Bedford; Friling, James, St. Margarets Bay; Fowler, Mrs. Wm. Aylsford; Farnsworth, H, V, B, do; Foster, W, Y, Bridgetown; Fairbanks, S, P, Halifax 2; Grove, Miss, Halifax; Grove, W, do; Gossip, W, do; Garrison Arms, St. Margaret's Bay; Group, Wm. do; Grono, Wm. 2, do; Grono, Wm. 3 do; Grono, Geo do; Garrison Wm. do; Garrison, Geo, do; Gaetz, John, Sear, do; Graham Wm., Albion Mines; Graham, Mrs Wm Jr. do; Godfrey, Rev. Wm., Clementsport; Heighton, George, River John; Heighton, Henry, do; Harris, Miss, Kentville; Hartshorne, Hugh, Halifax; Hornish, Nath. St. Margarets Bay; Hiltz, Albert, do; Hensley, Canon, Windsor, 2; Hudson, James F., Albion Mines; Hill, J. H., do.; Hill, Mrs. Sarah, do.; Hiltz, Thomas, Bedford; Hill, Mrs Judge, Halifax; Hodgson, Rev. G. W., Lunenburg 12; Jennings, Mrs. Halifax; Jenkins, Rev. E. H, Antigonishe, 25; —[To be continued.]

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Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will please notify the Financial Agent as soon as possible of the omission.

ERRATA in editorial of last No.—for *vices* read *news*,—for *its* Church read *Christ's* Church.