

8, 1887,

# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 18.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY SEPT. 15, 1887.

[No. 87.]

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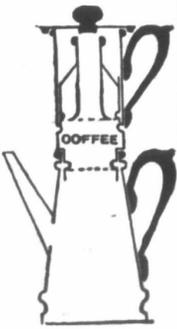
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# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

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### LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

September 18th - FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.  
Morning.—2 Kings xviii. 2 Corinthians x.  
Evening.—2 Kings xix.; or xxiii. to 31. Mark xvi 27 to 53.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1887.

The Rev. W. H. Wadleigh is the only gentleman travelling authorized to collect subscriptions for the "Dominion Churchman."

HISTORY BASED ON SUPPOSITION.—The lay secretary of the Toronto Synod, has published in a contemporary, a history of the Church of England in the diocese of Toronto. We have not had time to give this a careful reading, but inasmuch as the *Globe*, which is the most malignant and unscrupulous enemy of the Church, praises the history, we are disposed to suspect its accuracy and doubt its impartiality. One statement we know to be a mere supposition, and if the whole history is no more veracious than this, it is valueless as a record of facts. The writer says, the Church is divided into two parties, one of which supports a certain newspaper, and the other party is represented by this journal. This statement contains two blunders, as many as it could hold. In the first place the one paper alluded to, does not command the support of the party it is supposed to represent. On the contrary, a very large section of that party, or, "school of thought," utterly repudiate the paper in question, because of its open disloyalty to the Church, as they know it to be inspired by a small clique who treat Church doctrine, Church history, Church discipline, Church dignitaries and Church interests in such a manner as will gratify dissenters, to whose principles they pay far more respect than to those of the Church of England, as they appeal for support to those who are not Churchmen. In the second place, the **DOMINION CHURCHMAN** is not the organ of a party, that statement is a mendacity. Our support comes from all loyal Churchmen, regardless of party, no clique controls this journal, nor has it any interests to serve other than those of the Church of England.

It was said of one famous history that it was written to glorify the Whigs, and of another that its motive was to identify Providence with the Tories. We very much fear that Dr. Hodgins' so-called history of the Church of England in the diocese of Toronto, was published as a convenient way of glorifying a certain institution and its friends, and of casting discredit upon Churchmen who care not a snap for the party agitations and party agitators so dear to Dr. Hodgins and his charmed but narrowing circle, whose spell, thank God, is broken. If we had the honour to occupy the position of Secretary to a Diocesan Synod, we should regard it as a distinct lowering of that honour to be recognized as a party representative, and should resent any attempt to put upon us such a slight. Dr. Hodgins has now and again shown that he can rise to a higher level than the partisan, but his wings seem to meet quickly when the party beams shine upon them, so that down he falls back into the ring. One would have expected to find a Churchman from Ireland, as Dr. Hodgins is, stirred to the very depths of his patriotic soul with indignation, against those tricky politicians who control his Church party, who have done all in their power to blast the very existence of the Church of Ireland by assisting the cause which would result in making that land a second Spain, a land ruled and cursed by Rome. But party seems able to wither patriotism.

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON GLADSTONIAN LIBERALS.—Professor Tyndall has written from Switzerland to a Glasgow correspondent:—"Something is certainly gained for the cause of healthy political action when a gentleman, whose presence has been hitherto so much dry rot in the tissues of Unionism, has at length taken his proper place under his appropriate master. Sir George Trevelyan knows the text, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' but he does not know the truth, or, knowing it, has failed to act upon it, that party politics were made for the nation, and not the nation for party politics. It is well known that in theological matters I have not myself drifted from my early moorings, but I cannot forget the decent, law-abiding congregation with which I mingled in my boyhood. I do not speak of Ulster, which I doubt not will, in the last extremity, be able to take care of itself, but of the scattered assemblies in other parts of Ireland, to which attention has been so forcibly called by Mr. Chamberlain. Braver or more loyal men than those scattered ones do not exist on the face of the earth, and I would enter my solemn protest against their being handed over to the tender mercies of the Roman hierarchy and the National League. Were the necessity to arise—which may God forbid—I should be prepared to go beyond mere protest against so infamous a consummation. If I write thus strongly, it is because I understand the problem, and see clearly the perils to which so many shut their eyes. To what a pass have we come, Liberal England and Liberal Scotland fouled in the meshes of one perverted intellect. The plainest dictates of political morality set at naught; consistency, manhood, truth, thrown upon the winds: 'lies and hypocrisy sown broadcast, accepted in their stead.' It resembles the consummation predicted by St. Paul, our days being 'the later days' to which he referred. Pause and look at it. How complete must be the demoralisation which enables Sir George Trevelyan to justify to himself his recent action. Over no other politicians have I heard so many sighs and moans, for surely no other politician has made shipwreck of so promising a name and fame. Only a few months ago the best Liberal intellects of my acquaintance held him in high esteem, and looked with what they thought 'sure and certain hope' to his future: but both esteem and hope vanquished like an Alpine mist, the unflinching political rectitude with which he was too readily credited having vanished in advance. Were St. Paul amongst us, and could he be thought of as mingling in terrestrial politics, no one can imagine him pointing his thin fingers at the Separatist candidate for Bridgetown, and saying, 'Behold an illustration. There is] one of the departers from the faith. Behold

there is a conscience once vital and sentient, but now seared with hot iron.' Thus morally cauterised, Sir George Trevelyan abandons the companionship of men of truth and honor to follow the fortunes of a hoary rhetorician, who, though allowing himself time to play the dilettante with the gods of Olympus and other subjects, remained until his seventy-seventh year in ignorance of the blackguardism of the Act of Unity. Such ignorance, were it real, would be criminal, and, if it be not real, the criminality is deeper still. From the political baseness thus exemplified, and which for the moment is unhappily paramount in the Liberal party; from the weakness and tergiversation of a man whom I once esteemed, I turn with relief to the steadfast nature by whose abounding grandeur I am here surrounded, and whose blessed privilege is still to cheer, strengthen, and control."

Professor Tyndall was brought up a Unitarian, of whose "scattered assemblies" he speaks so feelingly. It makes one blush for Churchmen to find an agnostic like Dr. Tyndall painfully anxious for the fate of Unitarian friends whose existence is menaced by "Rome Rule," mis-called "Home Rule," while Churchmen, furious Protestants, when that cry seemed the way to power are now hand and glove with Romanist conspirators against the Protestants of Ireland! Does Dr. Hodgins' history set forth the fact that the leaders of his party who rode the Protestant horse till its shoes were worn off in their mad agitation some years ago, are now and for some time past have been working to place Ireland at the mercy of the Papal Church? That ought not to be omitted in a diocesan history.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"—To say of a man that his word cannot be trusted is with us a sufficient condemnation to debar him from social esteem, and the presence of any other virtues that might be ascribed to him would not serve to reinstate him. Although civilisation may have handed down to us certain evils, and perhaps have weakened some desirable characteristics, we can feel unmixed gratitude for her influence in this respect. Whatever strengthens the bond of trust in a community lays the surest foundations for its well-being; whatever weakens it strikes a blow at its very existence. While, however, we gladly trace the upward growth of truthful character in the past, we can but be very sensible of the need for its continued growth in the future. There is a wide chasm between the degree of veracity which popular opinion at present enforces and the supreme love of truth for its own sake, of which our highest ideals give us an occasional glimpse. There is not only veracity of word, but truth of thought and purpose, honesty of endeavour, sincerity of demeanour, candour of action. Not uttering what is false or doubtful is but a small part of real truthfulness; deceit may consist in concealing what ought to be spoken, in exaggerating or diminishing with a purpose, in seeming to agree when there is no agreement, in feigning sentiments which are not felt. It is seldom that we hear an argument conducted in a thoroughly truthful manner. Whatever be the subject, whatever the ability to discuss it, whatever the views held, in nine cases out of ten the effort of the contestant is to bring all the proof, reasons, and testimony that he can find to bear upon his own side, to refute all objections, and finally to triumph in having silenced, if not convinced, his opponent. Now such an effort, conducted in such a spirit, can result in no accession of truth for either party. Indeed, it is not truth that they are seeking, but victory. Defeat means for them mortification and unmingled regret, whereas if they were truth-seekers it might be the one who had been overthrown that would rejoice, for he would have gained a knowledge of some new revelation or new method that had never dawned upon him before.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## THE NEW RUSSIAN PROPHET.\*

COUNT TOLSTOI is one of the most remarkable of literary phenomena. As a novelist he ranks so highly that some critics claim for him a position prouder than any previous delineator of character except Shakspear. We are not so much impressed with his dramatic genius as to recognize in it a higher strain than Scott or George Elliot, as we are convinced that much of the praise being lavished on Count Tolstoi's novels arises from their freshness, dealing as they do with a state of society hitherto unpictured by fiction, or fiction made familiar to Western nations. But that he is a man of splendid endowments, of genius in its best and truest sense is not to be denied after reading any one of his works. Not content, however, with conveying moral teaching in his novels, *mixed with materials not in our view, in harmony with such intention*, the Count has issued a theological work intended to revolutionise the christian world, by destroying every existing form of christianity and substituting what he is pleased to call "My Religion," or "The Doctrine of Jesus." The introduction gives a striking picture of his conversion to his present views. He writes, "Five years ago faith came to me, I believed in the doctrine of Jesus, and my whole life underwent a sudden transformation. My condition was like that of a man who goes forth upon some errand, decides that it is of no importance and turns back. What was at first on his right hand is now on his left, what on his left is now on his right. My life and my desires were completely changed; good and evil interchanged meanings. Why so? I understood the doctrine of Jesus in a different way from that in which I had understood it before. My soul, once filled with despair of life and fear of death, is now full of happiness and peace. When I understood the words of Jesus, life and death ceased to be evil; instead of despair, I tasted the joy and happiness that death could not take away." Surely an eloquent statement. Count Tolstoi is not only a master delineator of nature and life, but is a scholar, he has read widely; he talks of "the mysteries of dogmatics, homiletics, liturgics, hermenentics, apologetics," with all that easy confidence which we recall in the first address of a certain divinity professor, whose inaugural was an elaborate puff of his own acquirements. Count Tolstoi is, however, no such quack as we have alluded to. His work is a most puzzling mixture of keen logic, broad common sense, scholarly interpretations of disputed scriptures, with a new form of fanaticism, the fanaticism of pure intellect. "My Religion" reminds us of Quakerism, but that craze was a very partial one, it insisted on literal views of a few texts only, its affect on the life was and is shallow and trivial, a thing of millinery largely, and tricks of speech and the disuse of forms in worship. The Russian prophet carries the Quaker idea to its logical goal, he literalises all the sayings of Jesus,

\*My Religion, by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated from the French by Huntington Smith.

and is leading a life consistent with his religion. The opening chapter points out the painful contrast and conflict between "the doctrine of Jesus which inculcates love, humility, self-denial and the duty of returning good for evil," and the support by the Church of persecutions, the death penalty, wars, and the whole system of society which he considers to be based upon indifference to the teachings of Jesus.

Count Tolstoi's work is a terrible indictment of modern Christendom, for, call him "fanatic" as we may, it is beyond controversy that so-called Christian nations to-day are very slightly moved by Christian influences, and so-called Christian persons are very rarely indeed so influenced by their faith as to be distinguishable in their lives and conduct from men who do not recognise the claims of Christ. The pith of the new teaching may be gathered from the following passage: The Count quotes Matt. v. 38, 39, and comments, "whatever injury the evil disposed may inflict upon you, bear it, give all you have, but resist not. Can anything be more clear, definite, intelligible than that? I had only to grasp the simple and exact meaning of those words just as they were spoken, when the whole doctrine of Jesus, not only as set forth in the sermon on the Mount, but in the entire Gospels, became clear to me; what had seemed contradictory was now in harmony, above all what had seemed superfluous was now indispensable. Everywhere I found the same doctrine, "Resist not evil." Thus the Count condemns all forms of force for the suppression or punishment of evil or evil-doers, we must have no armies, no police, no judges, no juries, no law courts, these he denounces as opposed to Jesus' doctrine. He interprets Matt. v. 40, Matt. vii. 1, Luke vi. 37, Jas. ii. 12, 13, Rom. ii. 1, ii. 4, Jas. iv. 11, 12, all on the same principle of literalness, and as condemnatory of not merely personal judgments but of all human tribunals.

The lovers of thoroughness have a man after their own heart in Tolstoi, he flinches at nothing. "The doctrine of Jesus is opposed to modern society, 'Church,' 'state,' 'culture,' 'science,' 'art,' 'civilisation;,' Jesus spoke of all these as empty idols." There is too much truth in this. "Thanks to our social organization, each one of our pleasures, every minute of our cherished tranquility, is obtained by the sufferings and privations of thousands of our fellows. We need only understand the doctrine of Jesus to be convinced that existence, not the reasonable existence which gives happiness to humanity, but the existence which men have organized to their own hurt, that such an existence is a vanity, the most savage and horrible of vanities, a veritable delirium of folly. God said, do not evil, and evil will cease to exist. Was the revelation from God so simple—nothing but that? It would seem that every one might understand it, it is so simple."

As a specimen of the Count's sarcastic power, let us quote his reply to those who affirm that Jesus would have forbidden war

if he had disapproved of it. To this Count Tolstoi answers, "We forget that Jesus did not foresee that men having faith in his doctrine of humility, love and fraternity, could ever, with calmness and premeditation, organize themselves for the murder of their brethren!" We shall return to this remarkable book which has made a profound sensation in Europe. Whatever we may think of this gifted writer, "the chief literary personage of this century," says a distinguished critic, we must admire the splendid example of consistency he has shown by a life directed in all its phases by the conviction that a literal obedience to the sayings of Jesus is the way of duty and happiness. Count Tolstoi says what it were well for all to say, "Let all the world practice the doctrine of Jesus, and the reign of God will come on earth, if I alone practice it I shall do what I can to better my own condition and the condition of all about me. There is no salvation aside from the fulfilment of the doctrine of Jesus."

## PRESBYTERIANISM.

THE term "Presbyterianism" is derived from the Greek word *presbyteros*, an "elder," the name of an office-bearer in the Christian ministry mentioned in the New Testament, and most familiar for many centuries in its shortened form "priest," which we have got through the medium of the French *prestre*, (now *pretre*), while in German it appears as *priester*. The meaning attached to the term Presbyterianism is the opinion that the mode of Church-government appointed in New Testament times was by presbyteries, or associations of ministers with lay elders as colleagues and assessors, such ministers having equal power and authority, with no superior over them; and consequently that the office of Bishop is of later introduction, having neither Divine or Apostolic sanction, but due merely to usurpation and encroachment on the part of the leading presbyters in each local Church, who succeeded in turning what was at first a mere administrative arrangement for the quicker despatch of business into an indefeasible right, ousting their fellows from their legitimate share of authority, and degrading them into mere deputies with no more than partial and delegated powers.

This position is mainly supported by two arguments; the apparently interchangeable use of the words "Bishop" and "Elder," in the New Testament, as denoting one and the same ministerial office; and the specific mention in one place of the presbytery as the channel of ordination.

That the Christian Church has been in fact ruled by an episcopal form of government from a very remote time is not disputed, and indeed could not be so with any regard to history; but it is urged that this is not the New Testament model, and must be classed with the many innovations in matters of discipline and doctrine which have done so much harm to Christianity. The older Presbyterians are, however,

firm upon this point, that election by a congregation does not suffice as a valid ministerial commission (which is, however, the tenet of the Congregationalists and most later sects), but that ordination at the hands of regular ministers who have themselves been ordained by others, deriving their own orders through successive devolution from generation to generation ever since the Apostles, and so from Our Lord as their first source, is an essential factor which cannot be dispensed with. They part company with the Church on the single issue that the ordaining power vests in the presbyters, and is not restricted to Bishops. Thus, they can admit, from their point of view, the validity of episcopalian orders, since a bishop is at any rate a presbyter; but an episcopalian cannot equally allow the validity of Presbyterian orders. Both schools appeal to the New Testament in support of their several views, but it is not so in respect of the other collateral evidence. There is no antecedent and intrinsic reason why the Presbyterian theory might not be true, and in very fact that New Testament model which it claims to be.

But it is notably without historical support. Assuming for a moment that the New Testament statements are of such a nature that they can be plausibly cited in defence of either Episcopacy or Presbyterianism, it is obvious that there must be some way of deciding positively for one or the other. It is not like a question of doctrine, where difference of temperament may make two people absolutely incapable of taking the same view, and where the evidence is purely internal. This is a practical matter, which must have been acted on from the very beginning, and have left plain marks behind it. There is admittedly great obscurity hanging over Church life and history for the first hundred and fifty years after the Apostles, and a wide field for conjecture lies open in consequence, while one of the conjectures has been that it was during this time that the revolution was affected whereby the leading presbyters everywhere usurped into their own hands those powers which they had previously shared with a college of their equals.

But not only is this a mere conjecture: its very statement is an argument against it, for it is an admission that the moment the evidence becomes at once sufficient and trustworthy, we find episcopacy in possession, and undisputed possession. There is no hint of any struggle on the part of the presbyters to retain or recover their original rights; not one syllable of remonstrance can be discovered in the whole range of ancient Christian literature. This very remarkably contrasts with the fact that we have just this very evidence of resistance and remonstrance in the matter of the attempts of the early Popes to make themselves the chief power in Christendom, showing that here really is an innovation which the Church was not ready to put up with. But the other revolution which we are asked to believe in, must have been on a scale and over an area so large that it is morally impossible that it could have been passed over in utter silence. Some sur-

vival, too, might fairly be expected to linger somewhere, attesting the earlier state of things; but the broad fact is that Presbyterianism as a system, even on paper, cannot be shown to have positively existed anywhere till it was advanced by Calvin in his famous *Institution of the Christian Religion*, book IV., chapter 3, section viii. This work was published in the year 1534, and the theory was put into working operation by Calvin himself at Geneva in 1541, when the first Presbyterian polity, which is definitely known to exist, and is not a mere piece of guess-work, was set up. It is the business of those who allege it to be the restoration of the primitive model to account for its total disappearance for at least fourteen hundred years previously. This is an objection of the most formidable kind, for it is a much more difficult matter to introduce great practical changes, affecting personal rights and the transaction of daily business, secretly and unopposed, than it is to bring in changes in matter of opinion, even if such opinion affects conduct later on. The people who are ousted never fail to make a disturbance and to ventilate their grievance, and have usually a sufficiently large body of sympathisers to enable them to offer no little or shortlived resistance, which leaves its echoes clearly audible in history. Why should so large a measure as the degradation of the far most numerous body of Christian ministers at the hands of their own equals be alone unrecorded and unguessed till Calvin arose to assert it?

There is one noteworthy fact about the manner in which Presbyterian apologists have tried to deal with this difficulty. It has been, not unnaturally, their desire to prove that their system lasted a good while after the Apostles, as they tell us, set it up. And accordingly, they have often disputed the genuineness of ancient documents which make against them. Take St. Cyprian's works, for example, which were all written between A. D. 246 and 257, and wherein episcopacy in the modern sense is shown in full working order, with no hint of any rival polity either as then existing or as formerly prevalent. These documents are completely decisive that Presbyterianism was unknown as far back as the year 200, and must have been suppressed at an earlier date, if it existed at all. Accordingly, an attempt has been made to discredit them, and to deny both their date and their authorship. It is true that the assailant was a clergyman of the Church of England, but he was an extreme Low Churchman, enough of a scholar and reasoner to recognise the powerful support given by St. Cyprian to High Church opinions and usages, and the consequent expediency of getting rid of his evidence if possible; and as his sympathies were with the sects rather than with the Church, and his arguments are directed against episcopacy amongst other matters, he may fairly be reckoned as a Presbyterian controversialist upon the issue at stake. He was the Rev. E. J. Shepherd, rector of Luddesdown, and he published his strictures on the Cyprianic writings in the form of letters ad-

ressed to Dr. S. R. Maitland in 1853. But he was unable to bring over any scholars to his opinion, and merely won for himself the reputation of a crotchety sceptic. Still more cogent, as throwing the evidence for episcopacy, and against Presbyterianism, a century earlier, are the celebrated Epistles of St. Ignatius, written about the year 118, wherein we find Bishops, as an order in the Church superior to presbyters, already firmly established, and therefore within the lifetime of St. John the Evangelist, who died in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, still on the throne when St. Ignatius was martyred. Bishop Lightfoot's exhaustive edition of St. Ignatius has fully proved the genuineness and the approximate date of the seven genuine Epistles, but so fatal a blow was this seen to deal to Presbyterianism, that the late Dr. Killen, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Presbyterian College of Belfast, endeavoured with very unequal learning to dispute the Bishop's conclusions, and to prove the seven Letters as forgeries akin to the spurious ones attributed to St. Ignatius, but rejected by all scholars. Nor is this all. The keen eyes of German critics have seen clearly that there is yet earlier testimony against the Presbyterian view, that of the Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, which the older controversialists against episcopacy either overlooked or misread, and as these German scholars themselves belong to a Presbyterian sect, they have preferred to allege the forgery of the Pastoral Epistles rather than admit the nullity of their own ministerial character. This persistence in the unscientific and doubtfully honest policy of trying to get rid of both Scripture and history when inconvenient, shows that Roman controversialists do not stand alone in their attitude towards too inconvenient adversaries. *Church Times.*

#### THE CHURCH IN BRITAIN.

"One Lucius has the honor of bearing the title of the first Christian King of England. At what time he was converted, or by whom, is not known. But says Collier: "That there was such a Christian King in Britain, about that time" (A. D. 166) "is beyond question." And ancient coins have been found bearing his name, together with the sacred emblem, the cross. Says Collier again: "If it be farther inquired in what part of Britain this King Lucius lived, the learned Doctor Stillingfleet conjectures it to have been in that division afterwards called Surrey or Sussex." Indeed, so supported by the voice of history is the fact that there was a Christian King of this name and date, that says the same writer, the English ambassadors at the Council of Constance pleaded the conversion of Lucius against the ambassador of Castile as an argument for that very important thing, known to English etiquette, as precedence. Mosheim attributes the conversion of this Lucius to refugees from Lyons, just across the channel. And though he was doubtless merely head or chief of one or more of the numerous clans into which the people are divided, he seems to have exerted a good influence upon the inhabitants. Among other things he sent abroad for Christian teachers to come and instruct his subjects; an extremely natural act on the part of one himself recently converted. There are those who allege that Rome was the quarter applied to for this aid. But this is not credible. Says Mosheim: "This man, probably being well disposed towards the Christian religion, or having already embraced it, beheld with grief the superstition of the Britons, and with a view to its abolition, called in some Christian teachers from abroad;" but, that he "should have sent to Rome for the teachers, was, I suspect, altogether an invention of the monks of the seventh century, who, perceiving that the Britons were but little

inclined to receive the laws and institutions of the Roman See, used every endeavour to persuade; them that the British Church owed its foundation to the Roman Bishop."

There was certainly no need for applying to Italy, for, in the first place, the Church in Gaul was equally friendly, as subsequent events showed. In the next, the Gallic Churches were equally able. There were Lyons and Vienne, strong Churches. So were they equally orthodox. There was the Grand Bishop of Lyons, Irenæus. And they were nearer, only the English channel divided them. They were, too, of a common origin, and for this reason alone more likely to be applied for aid.

The effect of the conversion of Lucius was the natural one of stimulating the growth of the infant Church in the island; now a member of the British Church, he would naturally seek to extend it among his people, and having so prominent a person before them as an example, the common folk would the more easily be led to embrace Christianity, as we know, in the latter days, thousands did after the example of Ethelbert upon his baptism.

Lucius is said to have built the Church of St. Martin's in the suburbs of Canterbury, and other churches. The one just mentioned was the one the ruins of which were discovered by Queen Bertha, the first Christian Queen of England, and by her orders repaired for her own use. Lucius died in A. D. 201. He is conjectured, says Lingard, to have been "the third in descent from Caractacus," the friend of St. Paul, and is (says he further) "the person to whom England, on the general assertion of the British writers, largely owes its conversion to the Christian faith."—*Rev. R. W. Lourie.*

#### CHILD RELIGION.

And the first thing that we must say, when we are asked whether it is possible for a child to be religious must be this, I think: that the religion of childhood is not only possible, but is the normal type of religion, is that which Christianity most contemplates, and that which, when Christianity shall have really entered into her power, all men shall accept as the very image and pattern of religion. We might as well ask whether a child's life is possible. The child is the embodiment of life, life in its freshness and its first glory. As unnatural and exceptional as is the birth of a man full grown—an Adam or an Eve without a childhood—to the true idea of living, so natural and exceptional to the true notion of religion is the thought of a grown up man being converted, beginning his religious life with the stiff movements and faded affections of mature years.

The New Testament is our book of authority; but the New Testament is always leading men astray, because they deal with it unreasonably, because they do not take into account the times in which it was first written. And so the current idea of the churches, which has only just begun to be dislodged, that adult conversion is the type and intended rule of Christianity, comes largely from the fact that the first preachers of Christianity had of necessity to be largely occupied with men who had known nothing of Christianity in their youth. Peter and Paul had to go to grown up men and ask them to begin the Christian life. But surely that was not to be the perpetual picture of Christian culture. Christ was too human for that. God had written through all his creation, in the interweaving of young life with old, his intention that one continuous culture should run through the whole scale of the human creature's development.

Christ has been too evidently a child; the incarnation had too evidently taken all life into its benediction, for the children ever to be wholly counted out. The great Erasmus once wrote a piece in Latin for a boy to speak, which had this last thought beautifully put: "We commemorate," so he taught the young declaimer with his bright eye and his glowing face to say, "we boys commemorate the boy—*puer puerum*—we commemorate our Master Jesus, the chief ideal of all, but yet peculiarly the chief of us—that is, of boys." The evident design of God's creation; the comprehensive form of the incarnation, the clear presence in children of the power of and the need of religion, these are the forces which in spite of every tendency of the grown people to make children wait till they grow up, have always kept alive a hope, a trust, however blind, that a child's religion was a possible reality; that a child might serve and love and live for God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

A clergyman writes: In remitting my subscription to your admirable paper I cannot do less than express my satisfaction at the outspoken and determined stand you have taken, "Re aggression of the Church of Rome fostered by the sheltered wing of Dissent."

—Every man yields up either self or Christ to be crucified.

## Home & Foreign Church News.

From our own Correspondents.

### DOMINION.

#### ONTARIO.

BATH.—The centenary service on Sunday morning in St. John's Church, commemorating the establishment of the Colonial Episcopate, was one of unusual interest, and attracted a large congregation. A striking feature was the Sunday School children's procession round the church and then up the centre aisle, bearing six beautiful banners and singing, led by the choir, hymn 390. The sacred edifice, itself nearly one hundred years old, was tastefully decorated by the ladies. The offertory for the Memorial Cathedral at Halifax reached the sum of \$650. The rector in charge, Rev. E. H. M. Baker, who preached on the occasion, alluded to the fact that the parish of Bath, the oldest but one (Kingston) in the Diocese of Ontario, was one hundred years in existence this year, the first Missionary, Rev. John Langhorn, having been appointed thereto in 1787, and he appealed to his congregation to rally to his aid in properly celebrating the event by a grand centennial service and festival, and it is thought they will unanimously respond to the proposition.

DEUX RIVIERE.—The first picnic ever held in this little village was on Tuesday the 30th August, in connection with the congregation of St. Augustine's Church. Nearly all the village turned out *en masse*. Matins was said in the Church, after which the day's festivities began. Some visitors came down from Mattawa and Klocks the night before; the awkward train arrangements preventing a great many. Nearly one hundred and fifty people patronized the refreshment tables, and the fiddlers were kept busy till nearly dark. It was an universal opinion that a similar festival should be held every year. It is chiefly due to the energetic management of Mrs. Edward Lyons that this fresh effort of the congregation has been so successful. She not only worked hard herself but enlisted aid from all. The Church is about to be replastered, inside and out (chinked), and a stone foundation built under. A bell cot is also to be built to receive the new bell sent from Scotland.

#### TORONTO.

The usual weekly serving meetings of the Church Woman's Mission Aid will be resumed on Friday, Sept. 16th, at 2 p.m., at No. 1 Elm St. The Secretary desires that all applications for aid during the coming winter may be sent in *at once*, addressed Mrs. O'Reilly, 37 Bleeker St., Toronto.

Donations of Xmas gifts, books and good second hand clothing (especially for men and boys), will be thankfully received at No. 1 Elm St. Money donations to be sent to the Secretary.

#### NIAGARA.

HAMILTON.—St. Mark's Church choir with a few friends spent the afternoon at Port Dover on the 31st ult., and had a most enjoyable time. The thanks of the choir master (Mr. E. H. Farrow) and others is given to those ladies who so kindly contributed towards the pleasure of the party.

#### HURON.

HORNING'S MILLS.—The pretty little church of St. John the Evangelist, in this village, was opened for divine service on Sunday last. The opening services were crowded, numbers having to remain outside. The musical portion of the service was well rendered by the choir of St. Paul's, Shelburne. The church is 40 x 26 feet, is built of brick with stone basement for Sunday School, and has a seating capacity of 170. The total cost was \$1,360. The sermons during the day were preached by Rev. Professor Roper, of Trinity College, Toronto, and Rev. G. M. Baker, rector of Bath, and were much appreciated by those who heard them.

DELHI MISSION.—The Rev. E. Softley, B.D., Incumbent. A very pleasant parish and Sunday school picnic in connection with the above mission was held on Tuesday in Mr. Elliot's grounds, near the Railway Station, Delhi. There was a good attendance, all the four congregations were represented. The occasion as thoroughly enjoyable and enjoyed. As desired by the incumbent it was a season of pleasant intercourse be-

tween the members of the Church in this mission and their friends. Addresses were delivered by the pastor of the Methodist Church, by the Rev. John Gemley, rector of Simcoe and rural dean, and by Dr. Housberger. The Rural Dean's addresses were very appropriate and acceptable. The good music of the Delhi brass band added much to the pleasure of the day. The Incumbent with a few pertinent words closed a most pleasant meeting. It is now nearly three years since the present Incumbent assumed charge of this mission. It was re-organized in Jan., 1886. Two new congregations have been formed. A third is likely to be added. With thankfulness to God the Incumbent recognizes the token of the Divine blessing upon his work.

EXETER.—The following letter, with a sum of money, has been received by Rev. T. F. Robinson, Incumbent of Christ's Church, Exeter, from T. Coughtin, Esq., M.P.P. for North Middlesex: "Enclosed, please find \$—, a small contribution to your good work. Mr. Tivitt's example is one which should be followed by every man of means. May he live long to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Wishing you every success in your undertaking, I remain yours respectfully, T. Coughtin." The letter, even more than the sum enclosed, (no small sum) indicates Mr. Coughtin's liberal spirit. How few Protestants would evince such generosity as Mr. C., a Roman Catholic.

ESSEX CENTRE.—Rev. C. J. A. Batstone, Incumbent, has returned from a tour to England of two months. Our clergymen are, one by one, returning to their scenes of labor. The Church of St. James, London South, has welcomed home their pastor, Rev. Evans Davis. Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Chapter House, after a short vacation, is again at his post. Rev. Canon Richardson, of the Memorial Church, is expected daily. Rev. L. DeBrisay, of St. John's, Stratford, is at work after his visit to New Brunswick, and also Rev. Canon Newman from Goderich.

PETROLIA.—Rev. Pierre Delom, Rector of Christ Church, has obtained leave of absence for twelve months, from his Lordship the Bishop, to accompany Mrs. DeLom on account of her health.

LIONS HEAD.—Rev. C. W. Hughes, of the mission of Lions Head, has obtained from his Lordship the Bishop a two months leave of absence from his mission. Lions Head is, with the exception of Owen Sound, most distant of the missions of the diocese from the episcopal city. It is a very rough farming country, and though on the shore of the lake, its sole industry is agriculture. It is still in the clearings. We can hardly say of Mr. Hughes that the lot has fallen to him in pleasant places; but in the roughest places as well as the most attractive the mission breaks up the fallow ground.

The Huron Synod.—The quarterly executive committee of the synod will meet at the Chapel House on Thursday, 22nd inst., at 2.30 p.m.

THORNDALE.—The Sunday School of St. George's Church, Thorndale, held their annual picnic in the grove August 26. It was, as usual, very successful. There was first a programme of music and games, and then the refreshments. The association of the young people of the parish has re-organized. It has now an unusually large number of members who are enthusiastically preparing for a Harvest Home service on the 18th inst., to be followed by a social and concert at the rectory on the day following. There is a large confirmation, preparing by the rector, Rev. F. F. Davis and the Bishop are expected on the 23rd. The parish congratulate themselves on having such an energetic pastor and so large a number of earnest workers.

#### ALGOMA.

UFFINGTON.—The congregation of St. Paul's Church have been gratified at the interest taken in the work in this poor mission by the rector and congregation of St. Jude's, Brantford. At Uffington there is a small log church. It has been adorned by a beautiful stone font which has been presented to the church. It bears the inscription: "Presented by St. Jude's Sunday School, Brantford, 1887." The incumbent of the mission thanks the Rev. Mr. Strong and his Sunday school children for their timely present.

### FOREIGN.

It is announced that Her Majesty has resolved to employ the balance of the women's jubilee offering in the provision of adequate nursing for sick women and

girls. satisfac the mo the reli of the sum re \$350,00

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girls. Her Majesty's decision is received with great satisfaction. That the women's offering should be for the most part spent upon a much-needed measure for the relief of their own sex in time of sickness is a proof of the Queen's sympathy with her subjects. The sum remaining for this purpose should be about \$350,000.

The Odessa correspondent of *The Times* writes: "The officials from the Holy Synod appointed to inquire into the alarming spread of Protestantism in Southern Russia have now made their report. They recognize that heretical opinions are largely on the increase, and attach considerable blame to the Orthodox clergy. The following measures are recommended by them, measures which they hope will adequately cope with the heresy: (1) Gathering together in the villages those of the peasants who can sing for the practice of Church music; (2) lectures on ecclesiastical subjects; (3) directing the village clergy to celebrate divine service at least twice in every week, and to take care that each celebration is performed with all due solemnity and with the proper canonical costume; (4) appointing certain of the better educated of the clergy to reside in infected districts, and to keep a strict watch on all that transpires, to admonish those who display any tendency to unorthodoxy, and generally to keep the authorities and the police well informed.

There is a curiously suggestive article in *Murray's Magazine* for August, by the Bishop of Carlisle. "We seem," he says, "to have come to a period in English ecclesiastical history when we should welcome the introduction of some such title as 'the Church of the British Empire.' There is such a thing as 'the Church of the British Empire,' and it bears to the Church of England much the same relation that the queen of that empire bears to the queen of England. And there is this further analogy between the Church and the queen, namely, that it has been very much the result of the last half century that the titles of 'Church of England' and 'Queen of England' have become insufficient and misleading. . . . inadequate to express the ideas which at one time they expressed sufficiently." The bishop then proceeds to sketch "the progress by which the Church of England has expanded into the Church of the British Empire," and thankfully records the achievements of the missionary bishops, those "apostolic pioneers of the army of Christ."

The junior member of the University of Oxford, in a letter to the *Guardian*, proposes that in view of the medical warning which has sent Bishop Thorold abroad, there should be a rearrangement of diocesan boundaries in and around the metropolitan area. In effect he asks for a new diocese coterminous with the County of Surrey, with the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, as its cathedral, and then he would give the Bishop of Rochester the greater part of Kent, leaving only a minimum of area near to Canterbury for the diocese of the archbishop, who is, he justly remarks, "now so overwhelmed with primatial and patriarchal duties that he has but the remnants of time to devote to diocesan superintendence." He says that the diocese of Rochester is "one of the worst arranged in England. The bulk of its population lies along the southern shores of the Thames, and extends from Kingston on the west to Plumstead on the east. Then there comes in a tongue of land belonging to Canterbury, beyond which, at the very extremity of the diocese lies the cathedral city of Rochester. But this is not all. There is a dense mass of population and poverty in the northern part of Surrey, which is entirely in the diocese of Rochester. This is relieved to some extent by suburban wealth—e. g., Clapham and Camberwell. But the most attractive parts of Surrey, from which the greatest help to the Church would naturally come, are in the diocese of Winchester. Croydon, again, and its surroundings, are in the diocese of Canterbury, but pass beyond this district to Caterham and Godstone, and you are in Rochester again." This suggestion leads the *Rook* to propose a similar revision or division in the diocese of London, where it is greatly needed.

—Of modern hymns Canon Liddon, in a sermon in St. Paul's on Easter day, 1882, said:—"A modern hymn, as a rule, is full of man, full of his wants, of his aspirations, his anticipations, his hopes, his fears. Full of his religious self, perhaps, but still full of self. But ancient hymns, as a rule, is full of God, full of his wonderful attributes, and of His Son and His acts, His sufferings, His triumphs, His majesty. Certainly ancient Christianity did justice to the needs and moods of the soul, just as in the Psalms they found the soul's separate needs of hope, fear, penitence and exaltation so abundantly provided for.

### Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

#### ALGOMA DIOCESE.

SIR,—May I ask for space in your columns to reiterate my appeal, which appeared in your issue, dated 11th August, for funds towards purchasing a "horse and rig" for this mission; and which, I request to state has met with very little response. I wonder, Mr. Editor, if the more wealthy members of our Church, those who live in the cities, within sound of a melodious peal of bells, who have only a few steps to go, and there enter a comfortable, often a handsome and commodious sanctuary—ever give a passing thought to the spiritual needs of thousands of their fellow-creatures who have souls to save, but are not placed in such fortunate circumstances in life, as themselves. Our Blessed Lord, when upon the earth, gave a command—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (St. Mark xvi. 16). What about the fulfillment of it? It is not expected that every one should be a "preacher," but our Lord does expect every one to do what he, or she, can towards helping on His cause. There are those, however, who not only cannot preach themselves, but prevent, by withholding necessary means, others from doing so who are both anxious and willing.

The Lord will not work miracles for the carrying on of His work in the world. He has entrusted His goods, riches, wealth, time, &c., to His servants, (how often do men forget that they are only stewards—that all they have is held on trust for God). And He expects them to use such for the furtherance, and the maintenance of His Church in this world. One day He will require a strict account rendered, and will say to each one, either—"Inasmuch as ye have done it . . . ye have done it unto Me," or, "Inasmuch as ye did it not . . . ye did it not unto Me."

Will not some readers send us a little practical sympathy, to help on the cause of our good God in this mission?

Contributions thankfully received and acknowledged by yours,  
CHAS. A. EATON.

Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island,  
Ontario, 3rd Sept., 1887.

#### CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

SIR,—I have been an attentive reader of your paper for many years, and which I deeply appreciate and admire the consistency of your editorial columns, there is a charm about your correspondence that generally agrees so cordially with the voice of the sanctum itself. It is, therefore, with deep regret that I have to express dissatisfaction, in the present instance, with the communication in your issue of August 25th, under the caption "The Canadian Church Disparaging Itself."

We in Nova Scotia are most thankful for any kindly interest shown to us as a diocese, either by word or deed, and if your present correspondent is very desirous of manifesting such an interest, there is plenty of opportunity to make an offering toward our cathedral fund as a centenary offering, but the right that any christian churchman has to make use of such language as this, "The Episcopal election in Nova Scotia must be a matter of profound humiliation to every thoughtful churchman throughout the Dominion," with regard to the well-considered, prayerful action of the whole synod, I fail to see.

I looked most carefully through the communication to discover the grounds on which so sweeping, so insulting a charge is made, to find really one "that in the judgment of this pioneer diocese there is not one man in the whole of Canada worthy of her Episcopate." Would your correspondent enlighten us why, in a Catholic point of view, we have not as much right to go over the border into the United States as into Upper or Lower Canada? Is it not true that we are in each case "one in Christ Jesus." Are we not equally fellow-churchmen—brethren of the same household.

The wicked intimation against Bishop Perry's contemplated acceptance of the vacant bishopric, I look upon as sheer impudence. It is an expression we might have expected to meet in the columns of a contemporary, but not certainly in yours. "There is no conceivable motive except selfish and personal ones that could induce him to make the charge, &c., &c." This surely is a matter for Bishop Perry's own consideration, as it is a matter of his own responsibility, and we not only believe that the church in Iowa can find men as good as Bishop Perry to fill the vacancy

he caused by his transference to Nova Scotia, though this is not our funeral, but we have shown by our united determinate action that we, in the present crisis of our diocese, believe an American bishop is beyond compare preferable to any available Canadian bishop or priest with whom we are acquainted. I would go even further than this. And my reasons, therefore, are plainly these: First, it is a "matter of profound humiliation to many thoughtful christians" that under the Canadian system—a system admirably adopted to the old country, but very ill-suited to America—the church has not progressed at an equal ratio with the general population—that the denominations have far surpassed in the race. Unfortunately for us all you cannot deny this, while in the United States, though the church was there thrown entirely on its own resources and under the most frightful disallowances and difficulties without the fostering and petting which your Canadian dioceses have been, and I believe are still receiving from the English societies. The American church has increased in very many cases at a far greater ratio than the population of the country.

And we have taken the liberty, urged by the august and sincerest love to our Church, to draw an inference for the above state of affairs, and to act upon it that just such an experience is that of an American bishop among such people as our own, being in many cases our own brothers, is what we in Nova Scotia require to raise us from the rut in which we have been so long running injuriously and to the great grief of many Churchmen who does not esteem his own private interests of greater importance than the welfare of the Bride of Christ. While we have good reasons for believing that a further strengthening of the Canadian system of running? the Church and of working parishes would but cause still further humiliation on our part by perpetuating a groove, in which our colonial Church has been allowed to fall behind, and we believe different results will follow upon the introduction of a more suitable, viz., the American system. I will only add that we have excellent reasons for believing Dr. Perry will accept our election, not from any selfish views, but from the feeling that God has called him by the most assuring tokens to the highly important duty of leavening the whole Canadian Church to new life and vigor. In this course we are assured there would be no jealousy, but every assistance will be given by many of our most devoted and beloved fathers in God. It is pleasing to know that the beloved Bishop of Springfield concurs with us in the belief that Bishop Perry is of all men best fitted for the position to which he has been elected, and has warmly advised the bishop to accept it. But if Bishop Perry sees it his duty, which we hope and believe he will not, to refuse the vacancy, and the responsibility again fall back on this diocese of having an election, I would not fear to venture a prophecy that not a Canadian but an American will again receive the suffrages of this diocese. May your correspondent live to see the day when he shall have repented of his narrow-mindedness. Yours,  
Sept. 7th, 1887. K. N. S.

### SKETCH OF LESSON.

15TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. SEPT. 18TH, 1887.

The Jubilee.

Passages to be read.—Lev. xxv. 1-10.

To-day we are to read about the Jewish Jubilee. This is a word about which we have heard a great deal this year, for a few months ago the whole country joyously observed the Queen's Jubilee, the anniversary of that day, when fifty years ago, she succeeded to the throne of Great Britain. You therefore know that the Jubilee year means the fiftieth year: and now we shall see what special observances marked it among the Jews.

I. *The Day of Rest.*—During the toilsome marches of the Israelites in the Wilderness, there was one day to which they would always gladly look forward. Tents would be set before sunset, because then their Sabbath began; not as with us, but on the previous evening; lasting therefore from evening to evening. It was very pleasant for the Israelites to lie down at night with the prospect of the morrow's rest. They would have nothing to do but to think of God's goodness leading them through perils, and of the glorious land where they should have a home and rest. The day was kept by God's express command, and it was a time of sweet content and rest—a foretaste of the future eternal rest.

II. *The Year of Release.*—By God's command, the Jews when in Canaan, kept a Sabbath Year. Each seventh year (which was called the Sabbath Year) the land was to rest, that it might continue fruitful, beasts were to rest, and the men had no work to do, except to study God's law, to teach it to their children, and to look after their flocks and herds. In this year debts were forgiven, and the poor slave who had sold himself because he was unable to pay his debts,

was released. Everywhere there was joy and gladness.

III. *The Year of Restoration.*—Still another time of rejoicing, another greater Sabbath year, was appointed. When the year of Release had come round seven times, and the fiftieth year had dawned, numerous sacrifices were offered on the great Day of Atonement, and then the joyful sound of the jubilee trumpet proclaimed the beginning of the Jubilee Year.

The Jubilee brought *rest*. There were no toilers in the fields. God had granted abundance of food in former years, and whatever grew of itself was free to all.

The Jubilee brought *release*. All debts were forgiven as in the Sabbath year, and some who still remained in bondage were given their liberty. But there was something more.

The Jubilee brought *restoration*. In this year all lands were given back to their original owners: the very poorest was allowed to return to his old home: his land was returned "without money and without price." Think of the weary toilers resting, the slaves set free, and the lands all restored! All this was very good, but it was only a picture of the better things God had in store for His own children. Their land was given back to them because God was their King, because the land was His, the people His, and because He evermore delights in mercy. And what the Jubilee prefigured was the *rest* which Christ has purchased with His blood, the *release* from Satan's slavery, and the promise of the *restoration* to man of that inheritance which he lost by sin.

## Family Reading.

### COMFORTABLE WORDS.

Art thou worn, and heavy laden,  
By Earth's trials sore oppressed?  
Hearken to thy Saviour's promise,  
"Come, and I will give thee rest."  
Lighter far would seem thy sorrows,  
Did you heed His blessed word,  
And not faithless—but believing,  
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

Though the way seem long and weary  
Earthly aid removed from thee,  
Christ has promised—"As thy day is,  
Even so thy strength shall be."  
Over paths most rough and stony,  
He will hold thy footsteps up,  
And in sore and grievous trouble  
Help thee drink the bitter cup.

Is a loved one taken from thee,  
Murmur not beneath the rod;  
Know'st thou not that those most chastened  
Are the best beloved of God?  
Though thy heart be sore and bleeding  
From thy treasure called to part,  
Comes there not to thee this message,  
"I am nigh the broken heart?"

"Where thy treasure, there thy heart is,"  
And where'er disposed to roam,  
'Tis the love you bore that dear one  
Draws thy wandering footsteps Home.  
This the thought that cheers thy sorrow,  
When thy eyes with tears are dim,  
Though to me he shall return not,  
I may sometime go to him.

Though still deeper waves of trouble  
God may call thee yet to go,  
'Tis to draw thee closer to Him,  
Wean thy thoughts from things below.  
Harden not the heart against Him,  
Never doubts His care for thee,  
"Greater love than this has no man,  
That He gave His life for thee."

Though thy griefs should nigh o'erwhelm thee,  
Each one seems more bitter still,  
Strive for grace to say most humbly,  
"Lo! I come to do Thy will."  
God shall be forever with thee,  
Help thee tread the narrow way,  
And through deepest, blackest darkness,  
Guide thee to His perfect day.

Then, thy journey safely ended,  
From all fears thy soul set free,  
Thou shalt, in thy Father's mansion  
Find a place prepared for thee!  
No more death—nor pain—nor sorrow,  
Never more from Home to stray;  
God shall dry thy tears, and tell thee,  
Former things are passed away.

There with Angels and Archangels,  
Will ye laud His glorious name  
Saying Holy, Holy, Holy,  
Ever through all time the same.  
Would ye mourn o'er earthly trials,  
Be by troubles so oppressed,  
Were ye looking ever upward,  
Toward that Home of perfect REST.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

A pinch of salt taken frequently will stop a cough or throat irritation.

Lard, if applied at once, will remove the discoloration after a bruise.

Save the tea leaves for use in sweeping. They will brighten a carpet wonderfully.

It is well to varnish an oilcloth twice a year, and if you do a good one will last as long as you will want it to.

Apply hartshorn, colonge water or vinegar for the treatment of poisonous bites or wounds made by insects. A poultice of ipecac is also said to be good.

BAKED DAMSONS FOR WINTER USE.—Choose sound fruit not too ripe, pick off the stalks, weigh it; to every pound allow 6 ozs. sugar, put the fruit into large stone jars, sprinkling the sugar amongst it; cover the jars with saucers, place them in a rather cool oven, and bake until quite tender; when cold cover the top of the fruit with a piece of paper the size of the jar, and pour over it melted mutton suet about three-quarters of an inch thick, then tie the jars well down with brown paper; keep in a cool place.

PRESERVED PEARS.—Procure some jargonelle pears not too ripe, put them into a stewpan with sufficient water to cover them, and simmer for half an hour; do not allow them to break; then put them into cold water; boil sugar in the proportion of 1 lb. sugar to half a pint of water gently for five minutes, skim well and put in the pears, simmer gently for five minutes more; repeat this simmering for three successive days, taking care not to let the fruit break; the last time of simmering the syrup should be made rather richer by adding a little more sugar, and the fruit boiled for ten minutes. When the pears are done, drain them from the syrup and dry in the sun or in a very cool oven.

PLAIN BUNS.—Warm 6 oz. good butter, and beat it to a cream, add 1 lb. flour gradually with  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. sugar; make quarter of a pint of milk lukewarm, beat up with it the yolk of one egg and a few drops of essence of lemon; stir these to the flour, add two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat for about ten minutes, and divide into buns, put on buttered tins and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes.

SPANISH PUFFS.—Put into a saucepan a teacupful of water, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and 2 oz. butter; while it is boiling add sufficient flour for it to leave the saucepan; stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, drop a teaspoonful at a time into boiling lard, and fry a light brown.

SWEET OMELET.—Beat up the whites of four and the yolks of six eggs, with a very small pinch of salt; put a piece of fresh butter in the omelet-pan, and directly it is melted pour in the eggs; as soon as they are set fold up the omelet, inserting within the fold as much apricot jam as will lie in it; turn out the omelet neatly on its dish, cover it with powdered sugar, and brown it with a red-hot salamander.

—The Lord's Day will not long maintain its existence unless its observance is seen to be based, not simply upon the physical and temporal needs of men, but upon the divine authority of the Word of God; and unless there is a Church which shall sacredly and conscientiously keep it, and the family which shall hail its holy hours with delight, and gather from their sunshine spiritual health and beauty.

### THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

Peace be to thee, thou stately pile, with ancient hours clad,  
The radiance of the "Morning Star" fill thee with beauty glad;  
Long may thine aisles re-echo back the joyous notes of praise,  
That grateful hearts with willing lips in sweet devotion raise.  
With reverent throngs in coming years thy portals still be trod,  
To breathe the prayer, and hear the word, thou temple of our God.

Thou relic of another age, what changes hast thou seen,  
How shone in summer's burning sun, and braved the winters keen;  
Thy silvery bells have gaily pealed on many a festival day,  
Or rung the knell to sadly note a soul had passed away.  
A goodly band, asleep in hope, lie clustering round thy walls,  
Whilst on their hallowed resting-place thy noon-tide shadows falls.

When first thy topstone reared its head, with high imperious hand,  
Another creed triumphant ruled this pleasant native land,  
Till marked by many a gloomy scene of prison, flame and death,  
Adorned with beams of light and truth, arose the purer faith.  
Thy grey walls stood, when tyrant kings the sceptre swayed with pride,  
When stern rebellion ruthless swept both church and throne aside.

Here in their peaceful village fane, the merry children met,  
Hither the aged grandsire bent his feeble, faltering step.  
The stately dame, the honest squire, the rustic youth and maid,  
With pious love in days of yore their simple homage paid.  
Years rolled on years, with rapid stride, and wrought full many a change,  
To cluster 'neath thy oaken beams, both face and fashion strange.

So flourish on, thou ancient pile, in thee the careless hearts,  
Be kindled by the heavenly fire, to choose the better part;  
In thee, the flowers of faith unfold, in thee sweet mercy dwell,  
And gentle Hope, with golden rays, earth's tempest clouds dispel.  
The Light of Life, who once for man the lonely desert trod,  
With glory gild thy hallowed fane, thou temple of our God.

ELISA.

### "HIS LOVE TO ME."

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there, the first thing that I expect to do, is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love that child with unutterable tenderness."

"But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I was dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born."

"Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my

love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me I ought to be thinking about; and I do love Him now as I never loved Him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.—  
"Lights and Shadows."

CHARACTERS.

Some pictures appear best in one light, some in another; some most excite our admiration in strong clear lights; some touch our hearts in soft and shadowy dimness. And thus it is in characters. Some stand more boldly out in adversity, their noblest qualities strengthened, developed by the necessity which calls them forth—qualities which had slept, perhaps been corroded in the repose of prosperity, whilst others who have delighted observers in there harmony with a sunny life, shrink into littleness when the storm rends away what had made their happiness.

A SWEET REVENGE.

"Clara, what sort of night is it?"  
"I've told you over and over again, dear father."  
"Tell me again, my memory fails me."

"There was a moon, but it is now hidden by clouds. The air is close, and heavy drops of rain are falling."

"I die in darkness as I have lately lived."  
"But you are not going to leave me."

"I'm not afraid of death were it not for you, poor child, left without friend or protector. God is good; and I dare hope that my sins will be forgiven. A dying man should forgive his greatest enemy. I'm trying to forgive Stephen Sexton, but it's hard. He has ruined me, killed me, I might say; and if I leave you a beggar it will be his fault, not mine. Listen!"

With his dying breath George Renshaw told his wrongs to his only child. He had had a little money, enough to last him for life (for poor George was consumptive) and to keep his child from starving when he was gone; and he had trusted his old schoolfellow, Stephen Sexton, with the investment of this money.

The latter, a stock broker, had absconded, cheating George Renshaw and many more.

"We should forgive our enemies," whispered Clara.

"I forgive him the wrong he has done me; but to think that my darling child should be a pauper when I had toiled so hard to leave her a competence."

George Renshaw died, and Clara was left a penniless orphan. She was seventeen, and had been brought up and educated as a young lady. Some friends got her an engagement as a nursery governess, and here her trials began. The Marlows were most unpleasant people, and treated their governess as if she were a servant. The children were cross and disagreeable, and had no respect for the young lady who tried to be their friend, and the servants were unpleasantly familiar.

Now, Clara Renshaw was very sweet tempered, and the last person to give way under trouble; still she couldn't help now and then saying to herself:—"I owe all my present misery to Stephen Sexton. Had it not been for him I should now be independent of these cruel, unkind people."

She was not one to bear malice; but if Clara had an enemy in the world it was this Stephen Sexton, whom she had never seen. But she often heard of him, for Stephen was "wanted" by the police, and there were bills posted about the neighbourhood offering a large reward for his capture.

Late in the autumn Mrs. Marlow said—  
"We intend going abroad, Miss Renshaw, and you will have to look out for another situation."

Thus a few weeks afterwards poor Clara found herself alone in Rivermouth—alone in the world. She had a few pounds in her possession; not much clothing, and she had not a friend in the world.

It was a sad, uncertain life, just then. But she

had patience. In her enforced leisure she would wander in the direction of her once happy home, and sometimes sitting on the green bank and gazing towards the old place, would wonder what her life would have been if Stephen Sexton had not ruined her father.

A Mrs. Wallace kept a small general shop at Rivermouth, and here Clara took a room, hoping to earn a little money by teaching music to the children of the neighbours. But it was a very little she made—hardly enough to pay for the room and keep body and soul together. Mrs. Wallace was very kind to Clara, and when Arthur Wallace, who was a telegraph clerk, came home to see his mother, Clara and he were the best of friends.

Months went by, and Mrs. Wallace became too ill to entirely manage her business.

"She must have some young woman to assist her," said Arthur.

"Why not me?" asked Clara.

"You—a young lady?"

"What nonsense you talk! I shall only be too glad to make myself useful."

More months went by, and poor Mrs. Wallace died.

The business was really worth nothing, and Arthur Wallace said to Clara Renshaw—

"What will you do now?"  
"Get a situation or a place somewhere, I suppose."

"You are not fit to rough it, Clara. I am only a clerk, earning thirty shillings a week; still you might do worse than marry me."

Arthur Wallace was then working at Liverpool, and there he took his wife. A few months' happiness ensued—and then came more trouble. Arthur, weak in the chest, was only able to work "short time;" so there was not much money coming in.

To add to their income the Wallaces advertised for a lodger.

Presently a middle-aged man, with a great yellow beard, took their apartments. He was very quiet and well-behaved, paid his way, and said little about himself or his affairs, until one day, when Mr. Wallace asked him if he would remain with them long, the gentleman who called himself Mr. Watson, said—

"I am going to America soon. I have done wrong in England, and sincerely repented. In a new world I hope to lead a new and an honest life."

Clara Wallace was dusting her lodger's parlour one day when she by chance opened an old Bible; and on the fly-leaf was written "Stephen Sexton." She looked into other books, and there was the same name on the title page.

"My enemy!" she murmured. "The man who wronged my father and deprived me of my inheritance. Under the assumed name of Watson, he is hiding here until he can escape to America. He ruined us, and now I have my revenge. One word to the police, and this man is arrested, and I obtain the reward."

They wanted money very badly. Arthur came home ill and tired that evening.

"This city life is killing me," he said. "If we only had a little money to open a shop of some sort at Rivermouth, I think I should be a new man."

"And the money you can have," thought Clara, "the money the government will give me for the apprehension of Stephen Sexton."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." And Clara didn't feel very comfortable as she said her prayers that night. What right had she, a sinner, to punish a fellow-sinner, though that man had wronged her and hers? She passed a sleepless night, and in the morning was determined upon a sweet revenge.

Three months later a man with a great yellow beard stood on the deck of a ship in Liverpool docks. By his side was a woman who had helped carry his luggage; for the man was weak, having just recovered from a serious illness.

"Mrs. Wallace," said the man, "I can never repay you for your kindness. Your attentive nursing saved my life; and knowing how poor I really was, you have refused to take any money for my rent, I go to commence a new and better life. But why were you so kind to a stranger?"

She gave him a letter, saying—  
"This will tell you; only don't read it until you are out at sea."

With the Atlantic breezes blowing about him, Stephen Sexton read that the woman who had saved his life was the daughter of the man he had ruined. Yes, this was a sweet revenge. Instead of destroying her enemy (the reward was a great temptation), Clara had helped him in every way, and made him her debtor for life.

A year afterwards Clara received a letter from America, with a check for a hundred pounds enclosed.

"I am doing well," wrote Stephen Sexton, "and will make what atonement I can to you and the others."

With this money Clara and her husband were able to return to Rivermouth, and take a shop near the sea. They prospered; Arthur's health improved, and at intervals further monies came from America.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and no mortal has a right to be revenged upon another. Christianity teaches us to be merciful, forgiving, and to pity where we cannot respect. We should forgive others; for what pardon for many things do we not all require in ourselves? J. C. B.

VOICELESS YEARNINGS.

Voiceless yearnings fill my soul,  
Feelings which I cannot speak,  
Like the restless waves which roll  
On the rocky shoreland break.  
Ever tossing to and fro,  
Struggling to be unconfined;  
Sighing rest and peace to know,  
Groping onwards like the blind.

Souls, unsatisfied and sick,  
Wearied with thy searchings long,  
Stumbling in the darkness thick,  
Weak, yet wishing to be strong;  
Like an exile doomed to dwell  
In a land before unseen,  
Dumb, because no words can tell  
What thy sobs and sighing mean.

Why art thou unrestful so?  
What doth keep thee from repose?  
Hath this world of fuss and show  
Filled thee with its nameless woes?  
From its vanities, oh, turn;  
Thou in them no rest canst find;  
Pure desires within thee burn,  
Cling not to a world unkind.

God hath heard thy moans and sighs,  
Understands thy voiceless grief;  
He will listen to thy cries,  
Ask, He'll send thee quick relief;  
All thy load of sorrow take,  
Give thee peace before unknown;  
Now He waits, yea, longs, to make—  
Keep thee ever for His own.  
DAVID LAWTON.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

My message for this time is to mothers like myself, in middle life, in moderate circumstances, with plenty to do, and anxious to do our work, especially our home work, well.

Granting that, we fully intend to spare no pains in the domestic training of our daughters, as well as to educate them intellectually to the best of our ability. Are we not, so to speak, too sparing of them as care-takers, too willing to do many things which properly should devolve upon the daughter, instead of the mother?

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Is it fulfilling our highest duty to them, to shield them from every unpleasant task, to relieve them from every family care, and possibly from many a personal responsibility, when we know that in all human probability, they will ere long assume the same relations which we now hold, and by reason of this very mistaken indulgence on the part of their mothers, they will be unfitted for their place?

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## GOD'S SUNSHINE.

A friend writes tenderly of another: "I am so sorry for her. You know she is inclined to dwell in the shade, when, if she only would, she might just bask in God's sunshine."

What a privilege, what comfort that soul is losing! How much do we all lose who do the same! And let us understand that to dwell in the shade, is not the misfortune, it is the fault, of the Christian.

"If I could only feel that I am forgiven," says one. "I am such a sinner, so hateful and imperfect in my own estimation, what must I be in the sight of a pure and holy God?" says another. "I hope in God's mercy, but I cannot be sure of acceptance," is the language of many. This is the shady side of a Christian's life.

Let us come out into the sunshine of God's promises. He says, "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" and this is "to walk in the light." Now if we believe this word we are relieved at once of our heavy burden of guilt, and rejoice. We emerge into the sunshine. We know full well that in our guilt, a pure and holy God cannot look upon us but with displeasure, but if we come in the name of Christ, His Son, our substitute and Saviour, He looks at us through the precious atoning blood, and the crimson stains are all as white as snow. He sees no sin; He sees Christ.

"What is your feeling in prospect of death?" we asked a dying woman. "I am hiding in Christ," she said, "and have sweet peace." She was in God's sunshine. And, ah, how many of God's professed children feel that to be assured of acceptance with God is a privilege only granted to a few favored ones, or accorded in the hour of death, not realizing that it is the legitimate result of faith. Assurance is God's sunshine to the believer; doubt is the shade in which one need not linger. God's sun shines for all; "whosoever will" may enjoy it.

Again, every one has trials. Some take them as punishments, retributions, as the frown of God. How dark the shadow of trouble in such an aspect! But we are taught that they are but the strokes of the parental hand, prompted by the tenderest love, guided by unerring wisdom, designed for our greatest good. When we can say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good," we have emerged from shadow into sunlight.

Sometimes duties are very irksome. We do not want to walk in certain ways, to serve in lines which seem marked out by God; we would choose for ourselves other and pleasanter tasks. But the Divine word is, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land." When we learn to do "whatsoever" He says to us, to do everything heartily as to the Lord, we have come out into the sunshine.

We do wish, in the language of our friend, that every one now dwelling in the sombre, chilling shade of unbelief or of unwilling obedience, might come out and "just bask in God's sunshine."

## SHALL WE GIVE SMILES OR FROWNS?

How few of us reflect how little it takes to make one happy or unhappy? A smile, a tear, a frown may do it. It takes but a moment of time, but the result of that frown or smile may shape the future course of the one on whom it is bestowed.

There is a little ragged boy trying to get an honest living selling small wares. Do not answer him harshly. You may decline buying with a smile as easily as with a frown. He may have become almost disheartened; but "Try again" seems to be whispered in his hear, and he approaches you fearful of a denial. Give him a smile, help him if possible, for it may be the turning-point in his life. On such a simple act has hung the destiny of many a child. Many a one who has sold candy or shoestrings at the corner of the street has become famous in the Church as well as in the world.

A child has broken its doll's head or arm. Say

a pitying word if you cannot then stop to repair it. It is a double grief to the little one if no word or look of sympathy is given. The child could exclaim, "You might have said, oh!" as a little one did who was turned off by a heedless father, who said, "I can't help it," when his child told him with tears of some little pain.

See that young girl, without parents or friends in the city to guide or counsel her. Kindly inquire after her; see if she attends church or the Sunday-school. Take her to your place of worship; introduce her to the Sunday-school class. If she needs suitable clothing help her in as delicate a manner as possible, that she may not feel that it is common charity that she receives. By so doing you may place her feet in the pathway of eternal happiness.

Happy and blessed are they who dispense smiles instead of frowns.—*Home Guardian*.

## A WISH.

I would wish to be in Heaven,  
That glorious place above;  
Where all is peace and happiness,  
And never-ending love.

This earth is very beautiful,  
Its flowers are bright and gay;  
But oh, a withering blast will come  
And sweep them all away.

I'm sick of earth and earthly things,  
I long to flee away  
To that bright glorious realm of light  
Which makes eternal day.

Yet give me grace, O blessed Lord,  
To calmly wait Thy will,  
And fill my heart with love and faith,  
To seek and serve Thee still.

M. E. MADDOCK.

AN EVANGELICAL BISHOP ON ETERNAL JUDGMENT.—Bishop Bickersteth at a recent visitation said, after thought and prayer he had selected as his subject for meditation that of eternal judgment. His lordship said, "The mental agony of one who sought counsel at my hands led me to search anew my Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, regarding the eternal condition of the lost, and I do not know that I was ever so conscious of the teaching and leading of the Spirit of God as in that prolonged and anxious investigation. I found nothing in Holy Scripture to shake the certainty of the everlasting punishment of the lost; my convictions of this most solemn truth were strengthened, not weakened. But I found a mass of Scripture, for which I was little prepared, which told of the everlasting mercy of God towards the lost in and under that everlasting punishment. I saw that the Word of God represented the lost, not in a state of defiant rebellion for ever, but as entirely subject and submissive beneath the iron sceptre of the Christ 'Who must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.' I saw that there were no revelations of eternal blasphemy, but instead of this an everlasting confession, from the lost as well as from the saved, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. I saw that there was no prediction of the devil and his angels tormenting men for ever, but instead, assurances that the seed of the woman would crush the head of the serpent, and that the Son of God had been manifested to destroy the works of the devil. I saw it was foretold that God would be all in all, supreme, almighty, victorious, in the depth as well as in the height, gathering his own children to His heart and home with all a Father's loving-kindness, but reigning over his enemies with all a monarch's righteousness, and so reigning over them that there would be as much order in hell beneath as in heaven above. And as I pondered the simple, severe statements of Scripture, I learned more and more of the error and guilt of those who in all ages have overlaid the Word of the living God with human tradition, and have piled up countless materialistic and mental and moral horrors, not only as existing in hell, but as multiplying themselves there without end, and this under the government of the All-Wise, the All-Just, the Almighty whose name is Love—horrors of which His

Holy Word say nothing, but which its statements so far as they unveil the mysteries of the ages to come, absolutely and for ever condemn and exclude. Here, at least, I found rest for my own spirit, wearied and worn with conflict as it was, and I have never seen reasons to swerve from conclusions which are, I believe, based on the testimony, not of some isolated texts, but of all the Scriptures of truth."

—Our Christianity must be growth.—Christianity is knowing Christ. Knowledge only comes by experience, and experience takes time. I cannot know a person you introduce to me as I can know a truth clearly stated. I may be very glad to meet him, to begin acquaintance on your recommendation, but I cannot know him until he shows himself to me. There is no influence that can help a man like the constant, half unconscious presence of a friend, whom he thoroughly respects and loves. New truth is taught, new feeling inspired by the constant action and reaction of one such soul on the other; they keep each other always true and warm. Nothing is more beautiful than the growth of two friends' natures, who are always finding new depths in each other's life. This best culture of human friendship finds its infinite image in the saving of the soul by Jesus Christ.—*Phillips Brooks*.

## BEING AND DOING.

There they sat, seat after seat—some indifferent, some absent-minded, some even drowsy—a few eager, earnest—a few who had come for something.

The afternoon sunshine streamed through the windows of the little church. It touched the rector's pew, where sat the tired sweet-faced wife with her troop of little ones beside her; it glinted over the head of Madame Brown in her elegant spring costume, with her air of courteous attention—it touched the iron-gray locks of the rich man of the congregation, deep even in sermon time in calculations upon stocks and mortgages. It lighted up here and there complacent, comfortable faces, pale, weary faces—unhappy, anxious faces of men and women—and merry, laughing faces of uneasy children. Then for a moment it seemed to glorify one little girl, seemingly quite alone, sitting near the door.

Her eyes were riveted upon the preacher's face—they had been so since he began his sermon—and her face was full of eager expectation. A little tired, longing face she had, with great dark eyes and quivering lips. One at least in that congregation was waiting, listening as one worn out with bearing a heavy burden, waits and listens when a friend appears, sure that the burden will be lifted, or at least she will learn how to carry it.

And so waiting, listening, this was what she heard:

"Perfection is reached in 'doing,' but in 'being.' No amount of work will wipe out the inconsistencies and weaknesses of human nature. Character making is the great end of Christianity."

"'To be,' instead of 'to do.' It is not so much upon other people as upon ourselves that we are to work. The making of our own character, the moulding of this personal self called 'I,' is the work that is given to us all. 'Being,' not 'doing,' should be our aim."

Did the rich man hear it, and doubt the power of his generous checks for each approved charitable object? Turning from his good deeds, did he stop and look at himself?

Did the fashionable woman grasp the lesson, or did she think more complacently than ever of her idle life, devoted to self, self everywhere, even in her prayers.

Did rich and poor, happy and unhappy, take hold of the preacher's words and apply them as he intended—or like the sunshine through the western windows did the words float by them all, scarcely rousing the attention as they passed?

Polly heard, and she gathered them up into her little childish womanly heart, strange puzzling words to her, and she heard no more—hard thinking closed her ears.

"To be," not "to do!" How could she,—there was no time for her!

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Just on the hill on the edge of the woods stood a little brown house; a man lived there who was her father. He had been a good man once, and the good heart, the possibilities for good were in him still, but the Demon of Drink had taken possession of him; and so, the year before a wife with great dark tired eyes like Polly's, had laid down a burden which had grown too heavy, and sank into her long sleep.

Three little children, younger than Polly, were left there to be cared for.

There was often very little money and very little food; as for clothes, she scarcely ever thought of new clothes as a possibility; but she tried to do everything as mamma would want her to if she could see her; sometimes she was sure that she did see her still, and the feeling was a great rest, poor child.

"Take care of the children and love papa."

That was what the mother said that dreary night when she went to sleep in her little daughter's arms.

Poor little girl, she would have been very wretched then, but she had no time to "be" anything.

It was cold and dark, and the children cried; and it was long before papa came, and when at last he did come, he did not know; and since then she had been always busy. The only rest she ever took was when on Sunday afternoon she came to church and then carried flowers, if she could get them, to her mother's grave.

It was well she had never taken time to think much about that sorrow; when the thoughts would come, she just said, over and over what mamma told her she was "to do," and went right on.

Now that the rector's words recalled it, she remembered how he told her then that she "must try to be resigned," and she wondered now if it was her fault that she never had time to think about that.

She did dearly love the dear Saviour whom her mother loved, and she felt that it was with His consent that all this very hard work was left for her to do in mamma's stead, and so, somehow, it must be right and she would try to do it, and she hoped He would not expect her to think much about what she herself should "be."

"I am so tired, and there is so little time!" sighed Polly. "If only I can make papa better and the children happier, surely that will be more than to be quite a saint myself!"

The sermon was ended, and she had not heard the rest, but when she knelt again, and for a moment all was still, she prayed that God would forgive her, that she did not know how to "be" good and noble and so just had to "do" all she could for the rest at home.

Among all the people kneeling there were there perhaps some others who did not know how to "be," but who could take hold of "doing" and who were puzzled by the preacher's words.

Were there those who, loving some other life intensely, would rather work to make that life safe and sure, than be sure of any perfection for themselves, and who therefore must make "doing" not "being" their aim.

Polly's white sun-bonnet and long apron were not just right for church, and so she slipped quickly out, and picking up the basket she had left outside, ran down the forest road to gather a few flowers for her mamma's grave. Sweet golden blossoms were close about her feet, but even as she took them in her hands she scarcely saw their beauty.

"Can I 'be' as the rector said?" she mused again.

"Can I make Polly Hewitt something almost perfect? I might read the Bible, and pray about myself a great deal, perhaps, but who would dress the baby, and wash the dishes, and cook the dinners, and mend the clothes? And who would talk to dear papa, and be merry, and keep him at home sometimes, and take care of him when he needs my care, and then pray all I can for him to be good, so he can go to mamma some time? Even in the prayers there is so much that I want more to ask God about than just that I, Polly may be good and holy. There are, beside papa, Kate and Bobby and the baby, and if I only work and pray

for them, maybe they can grow up like the rector said, and learn to 'be,' and God will forgive me because I could only 'do'!"

She piled the cowslips in her basket, and with down-cast eyes walked slowly on.

It was sun-set, but a cloud burst away just as the sun dropped down, and flooded the dark wood path with a wondrous light. It had been so dark before, that it startled Polly.

There was a sound, too. She raised her head and listened, and something like her mother's voice said this:

"Noble work makes a noble life. While we help others God helps us."—Churchman.

#### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

*Addressed to the Bereaved Parents.*

"Is it well with the child? It is well."  
Better far than earth's language can tell,  
Or your hearts can conceive: your dear child  
Is with Jesus! Then be reconciled.

The "bare grain," that was sown in the ground  
In the Spring's resurrection is found  
In the loveliest beauty arrayed:—  
Far more lovely your child will be made.

In the meantime his spirit is dress'd  
As are all who in Paradise rest.  
But remember, he still is your own—  
As your son he'll forever be known.

When you had him at home with you here  
'Twas your heart's fervent wish and your prayer  
That a long, happy life he might see:—  
Well, unending his new life will be.

And you wished that true friends he might find,  
Of refinement, religious, and kind:—  
With the saints and the angels he lives,  
In the joy that "to be with Christ" gives.

And you too, perhaps, that his name  
Might be halo'd with virtuous fame:—  
There is laid up for him a bright crown,  
Far transcending all earthly renown.

Thus your wishes, dear friends, are, you see  
Realized, but in greater degree  
And ere long you will go to him there,  
His bliss to behold and to share.

As a part of yourselves is so blest  
More devoted to God be the rest,  
In a service more zealous and true,  
Than by others less favored than you.

When you reach your sweet home in the skies,  
'Mid the rapturous, welcoming cries  
Of your kinsmen all crowding around,  
With the first your dear son will be found.  
Salisbury, N.C. J. T. WHEAT.

#### A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

What good gift shall we ask of our God as we stand on the threshold of the new year?

As a father delights to grant the wishes of his child, so does God love, nay, even waits to be gracious to us. Then let us fearlessly approach Him, and in Christ's name place our petitions before Him.

One more year has passed away—it has gone now beyond recall. Perhaps it was crowded with good gifts from God. Were we thankful for them, looking upon them as direct blessings from a Heavenly Father's hand; or did we proudly consider that we had earned them?

Perhaps the year that is gone was full of sorrow and sadness for us. Did we still see the hand of our Father, and feel His arm supporting us even in the darkest hour?

We might go on with these questions till our heart was sick within us at the thought of our shortcomings; but this is not the time for vain regrets over the past.

It has been well said, "The past is God's, the future is God's, the present only is ours to be given to God;" and if we believe at all in the full and perfect forgiveness of sins through the precious death of Christ, we must trust His promise, and believe that He has blotted out all the sins and shortcomings of the past year.

And now a new life lies before us again, and what gift shall we ask of God to start us on our journey?

Perhaps what we most need in these days is patience.

We live in a time of high pressure—express trains and telegraphic messages; and we are liable to fall into the way of expecting everything to go equally fast.

Have you children to train? "Ye have need of patience." You cannot expect to see the result of your prayers and teaching in a few days. What does Jesus Himself say?—"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." If you are in a hurry you may crush the tender little blade just showing its head above the ground, and lose a rich harvest. Wait and pray, and as you pray work; then in a few years' time, if God spares you, you will see the result of your patience in the loving, God-fearing child.

"Grannie," said a little boy one day, "my kitten is very naughty; she will jump on the table."

"How many times," did you take her off, Charlie?" asked the old lady.

"Quite three times," said the child, with a very long face, "and she jumped on again; so I brought her to you to know what I am to do."

"Get me your little hymn-book."

The child obeyed with wondering eyes.

"Will you learn that verse for me, darling?"

Charlie sat on the footstool, and read the verse aloud. Line after line was repeated over and over again, and as he read it his grandmother made little dots on a piece of paper. "I know it now, grannie," he said, and he repeated the verse without a mistake. "Now tell me what I am to do with my kitten." Then catching sight of the paper, he exclaimed, "Oh! what a lot of dots!"

"I want you to count them, please, Charlie." There were more than eighty.

"You see, darling, you had to say that lesson over all that number of times before you could learn it, yet you were impatient with the poor little kitten because she did not learn her lesson in three times telling. You want to be patient, my boy."

It must have been a touching sight for any one who was there, to see the aged pilgrim, whose need of patience would soon be over as she sank to rest in her Saviour's arms, and the little fellow, whose feet had scarcely started on the rough road of life, but whose very games might gradually teach him the patience which he would want by-and-by.

"Ye have need of patience."

Patience with others, patience with yourselves. Be content to wait for the time of harvest, and don't be like the children who pull up the flowers they planted yesterday to see if they have taken root.

Consider the patience of God. What loving, gentle, uncomplaining waiting! How has He waited for you, for me, to return from our wanderings!

"Oh! for His sake, whose blood for us was shed,  
Oh! for His sake, in whom our sins are dead."

let us return to our Father's home, and let Him reap a rich harvest of love! E. M. W.

#### PROPORTIONATE GIVING.

The members of a large business firm in New York seriously attribute their success to the long standing rule of giving year by year "as God prospers them." Such cases are not unfrequent. There are many of which the world never hears. A divine law is involved in the matter; that law provides increase to him that scattereth; God will certainly bless those who recognize that they have nothing which he did not give them. This kind of giving is good for those who prosper whether greatly or not. "All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee."—*Living Church.*

—The desire to say some great thing has prevented the utterance of many a wholesome word, and anxiety to accomplish some wonderful work has crushed in the bud many an humble deed of exceeding grace and sweetness.—*Fred. R. Marvin.*

again, and us on our se days is re—express we are liable thing to go ave need of he result of ays. What blade, then ear." If tender little ground, and and as you f God spares ience in the "my kitten table." ke her off, with a very so I brought es. larling?" d the verse ver and over other made ow it now, verse with- am to do ight of the of dots!" s, Charlie." that lesson you could re poor little sson in three t, my boy." for any one whose need sank to rest llow, whose road of life, 7 teach him und-by. yourselves. arvest, and the flowers have taken hat loving, ow has He our wander- was shed, re dead." nd let Him E. M. W. (G. rm in New to the long as God pros- unfrequent ever hears. ; that law h; God will at they have This kind per whether of Thee, O n Thee."— ng has pre- esome word, derful work ble deed of R. Marvin.

Childrens' Department.

A LITTLE SCHOLAR.

While their lessons for the morrow All the other children learn, Oft I see a tiny toddler With a look of grave concern, On her lap she spreads a volume, And a clothes pin is her pen; By herself she softly chatters, "Four and six and two and ten."

In her quiet little corner, On her brow a studious frown. How she pores above those pages— They are just now upside down— Till the bee-like droning ceases! If I beg my little wren For a kiss, I get this answer: "Four and two and six and ten."

At his very busy playmate Pussy looks with blinking eyes; Then she stands him in the corner, Very much to his surprise; And she holds the book before him, Though he mews a protest then, She is teaching puss his lesson— "Four and six and two and ten."

In the tranquil hush of bed-time, When the good-night kisses fall, From her lonely little corner My wee scholar then I call; And I ask how much she loves me— Press her rose-lips once again; While she hugs me, and she whispers, "Four and six and two and ten." —Harper's Young People.

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—Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.—George Elliot.

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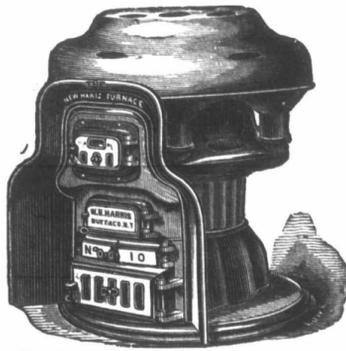
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