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# The Church Guardian

H. Naylor  
SHAWVILLE QU

UPHOLDS THE DOCTRINES AND RUBRICS OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.  
"Earnestly contend for the Faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—Jude 3.

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## PILATE'S QUESTION.

What shall I do with Jesus, called the Christ?  
This lone, strange man!—so sad and yet so calm!

So awful in His quiet majesty!  
I fear the power He spake of may be His  
To crush me if I do this evil deed—  
For well I know 'tis evil. Fault there's none.  
The air of innocence doth so envelop Him,  
I could not think Him guilty if I would;  
And yet methinks if He hath any power  
'Twere never better used than now to hurl  
Defiance at these envious, hateful Jews,  
And wreck His vengeance on the coward crew  
That e'en desert Him in His direst need!  
I fain would save Him, for my heart is stirred  
To pity it hath never known before.  
Pity and fear! Strange feelings these for  
Pilate.

Shall I hold to them and make my nobler  
Conquer my baser self? Or shall I make  
Myself a slave to serve these angry dogs  
That cry for blood, and will not be appeased  
Though blood were offered, if it be not His,  
And grudge me if they be not satisfied?

Yet why should I, a Roman, lose one chance  
For place or power to succor one so friendless?  
Deserted, save by a few weak women,  
One voice alone upraised to plead for Him,  
And that the voice of one who may lose most  
If I am merciful. From the vast throng  
That followed where He went, and heard the  
words

That fell as graciously upon their ears  
As falls the evening dew on sun-scorched  
flowers,  
Comes not one sound to help me choose the  
right,  
Or strengthen good resolves. "His blood," they  
cry.

"Be on us and on our children!" Let it be.  
I'll wash my hands to prove my innocence,  
Then yield Him to them.

What shall I do with Jesus? Ever now  
Between me and the things I look upon  
Comes a clear vision of that pale, worn face,  
With its last look of awful agony  
That will not be put out in darkest night.  
When sleep comes not, then is the vision there;  
And when sleep comes, then comes that face in  
dreams.

When morning dawns, and with its veil of  
light  
Shuts out the stars, it shuts not out for me  
The dazzling brightness of those searching  
eyes.

The burning glances of a thousand mid-day  
suns  
Upon my naked sight were not so hard to bear.  
I could curse the nation that drove me on  
To do the deed! Conscience, seared though it  
was,  
Still told me I should bitterly repent.

Oh, would that I had known, that day, the  
power

An outraged conscience doth possess to goad  
The mind to madness, take all joy from life!  
Banished, deserted, homeless, powerless;

Haunted forever by that look, and thoughts  
Of that one deed, that make me ever feel  
That it were better I had not been born!  
What can life hold for such a wretch as I?  
And death? I dare not look upon it:  
For ere I left the Syrian shore I heard  
Christ's followers proclaim a risen Lord.  
And reason well of judgment yet to come.  
Can it be that in that dreaded future  
Our places shall be changed? I the culprit,  
He the Judge? If I trembled even then  
Before His gaze, where, where shall I hide me  
If these things be true? And that they are,  
I am as sure as of His innocence.  
O miserable man! Comfortless, hopeless,  
Trembling I ask, What will He do with me?

What shall I do with Jesus? For himself  
Must each one ask and answer Pilate's ques-  
tion;

For the dear Lord still waiteth patiently,  
With pleading face and tender wistful look,  
For words that put Him to an open shame  
Or hold Him in the closest bonds of love.  
O soul immortal, what shall be thy choice?  
To send Him sad and sorrowing from thee now,  
Or make of Him thy friend, that in that day  
When thou shalt stand before His judgment  
seat

Thou mayest not fear what He will do with  
thee?

—*The Churchman.*

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At St. Chads, Liverpool, the Eastward position is adopted and altar lights are used.

REV. CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE has been appointed to the vacant Westminster Canonry.

THE entire restoration of Kidderminster parish church has been undertaken by an anonymous donor.

GOUND'S "Redemption" was performed on March 1st and 6th at St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral in the Diocese of Liverpool.

THE sum of £4,000 has been given to St. John's church, Knotty Ash, Liverpool, as a memorial of the late Mr. S. H. Thompson.

CANON McCORMICK, Vicar and Rural Dean, will succeed the late Prebendary Gordon Calthrop in the important living of St. Augustine's, Highbury Park.

MR. JOHN CORBETT, of Impney, Droitwich, contributed the whole of the estimated cost, about £4,000, of the restoration of St. Michael's church, Stoke Prior, Herefordshire.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has voted two sums of £150 for the present year to assist in providing systematic religious instruction for the pupils and teachers in Board and other schools in the Dioceses of London and Rochester.

During the present year the 900th anniversary of the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Wolverhampton, is to be celebrated. The rector of Wolverhampton, Prebendary Jeffcock, recently, at an annual meeting of Church workers, gave an interesting address on the subject.

THE correspondent of the *Church Review*, referring to Church work in Liverpool, says: "Weekly celebrations are provided in nine churches, in all of which there are early Celebrations also; whilst orderly and well conducted services, surpliced choirs and free and unappropriated sittings are customary rather than exceptional."

THERE are 700 Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, and only five of them in favour of Home Rule. Out of 200 Wesleyan ministers only three of them favour Home Rule. There is not one Primitive Methodist; the Congregationalists to a man are against it; the Baptists are entirely in opposition; the Unitarians are also opposed, and so is the Society of Friends.

At a recent meeting of the Clerical Union of Congregational ministers of New York city and vicinity, an address was delivered by the Rev. Wm. R. Huntington, D.D., D.C.L., rector of Grace church, on the subject of "The Unification of American Christianity." He pointed to the practical evils of schism and urged adoption of the four-fold terms of unity proposed by the Anglican Church.

THERE is a forward movement in the Scottish Presbyterian Kirk called the Scottish Church Society. Its general tendency has been to "level up" the services of the Kirk. This has been very apparent in the recent report of the General Assembly's Committee on the conduct of public worship. Among the recommendations of the Committee are to be found the frequent use of the Lord's Prayer, a prescribed course of Lessons and the addition of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. All this points to a gradual tendency to assimilate some of the salient features of the Book of Common Prayer of the English Church.—*Family Churchman.*

THE recent storms which have wrought so much destruction up and down England have nowhere brought greater grief and destruction than in Shrewsbury, where 45 feet of the spire of St. Mary's church was blown down and fell through the roof of the nave, which it completely demolished. The entire top of the steeple had just been rebuilt, indeed the scaffolding was still up, and added not a little to the catastrophe. The loss of the spire alone would have been a matter of comparatively little moment compared with the loss of the beautiful 15th century roof, which, with the exception of one bay, has been entirely destroyed. The lowest estimate places the loss at £6,000, but should anything like the old perfection be attempted much more must be expended.

A GREAT deal of progress has been made at St. Augustine's, Shaw street, a church formerly known for its extreme Protestantism, but now conspicuous for its well-rendered and devotional services. The Rev. J. Adams was appointed Vicar in 1887: and since that time he has introduced the following improvements: Weekly Celebration: Early and Saints' day Communion; surplice in the pulpit; surpliced choir; attractive musical services. A chancel has also recently been added to the church, and other alterations effected which have increased its seating accommodation to 2,000, all the sittings being "free and unappropriated." It is no uncommon sight to see the spacious building overcrowded, and Mr. Adams now has one of the largest regular congregations in Liverpool.

### Holy Week.

#### SONNETS OF THE SACRED YEAR.

By the REV. S. J. STONE, M.A., Rector of All Hallows-on-the-Wall; Author of 'The Knight of Intercession,' etc.

#### MONDAY.

'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' Isa. lxiii. (Epistle for the day.)

Who cometh Zionward? The seraphim  
"Twixt earth and heaven, in dread amaze,  
reply,  
'The Lord, to Whom continually we cry,  
Adoring.' But, behold, His eyes are dim,  
His step is slow, and none, to honour Him,  
Sing now, 'Hosanna.' Nor girds He on His  
thigh,  
Or sways in hand, sword, sceptre, royally,  
Only a mystic cup full to the brim  
He bears, as towards the Valley and the Hill,  
Where He must drink it, wearily He treads.  
All of God's wrath and all of human ill—  
Sin, sorrow—in that Cup begins and ends.  
So comes He to His hour: Gethsemane  
Is nigh beneath Him: o'er Him Calvary.

#### TUESDAY.

*I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. I gave My back to the smiters, and My cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. I hid not My face from shame and spitting. . . . I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.* Isa. l, 5-7. (Epistle for the day.)

No cheering rays His path to death illumed.  
Warning Him back and shrieking in His ear  
The hands and voices of His human fear  
(Clutch at His heart and cry to Him of doom,  
Loss of the dismal silence of the tomb  
Than of its way of sorrows in the shame  
Of scornful deed and word and hideous blame  
That must precede the last and utter gloom.  
Yet is His face set! Sadness soft and stern  
Sits on His priestly brow and in His eye,  
Stern to His fear, but in humility  
Most gentle. This is strength that nought  
shall turn;  
Stronger than passion: in the still, drear  
Vale,  
Or on the blatant Hill, it will not fail.

#### WEDNESDAY.

'Judas, surnamed Iscariot, being of the number of the Twelve.'—St. Luke xxii. (Gospel for the day.)

At Bethany, with His beloved alone,  
I the calm ere the far-murmuring storm of  
hate  
Breaks o'er Him—when, as if they knew 'tis  
late  
And the end near, the chosen few, His own,  
Draw close about Him, wondering, fearful—ono

Is not. Son of perdition, reprobate,  
He, though in secret guile he lies in wait,  
Is to his Lord by bitterest anguish known.  
'His own familiar friend!' Oh, deeper woe  
Herein—to that torn heart intenser pain—  
In thought of love's 'sweet counsel' all in  
vain,  
Than in all hate and hurt of fiend and foe!  
By stealth the traitor wrought, shunning the  
light;  
So, later, went he out, *and it was night.*

#### THURSDAY.

'The same night in which He was betrayed.'—I Cor. xi. 23 [Epistle for the day].

This night was asked and answered in the gloom  
The trembling 'Is it I?' This night the Feast,  
Last, first—last Passover, first Eucharist—  
Made doubly consecrate the upper room;  
Therefrom this night He passed unto His doom.  
Blood-red this night 'gan glow the mystic East,  
What time fell earthward from the Victim-  
Priest  
The drops that marked Him from the Cross and  
Tomb.

This night that visage, marred and smitten,  
knew  
In a kiss its foulest stain. This night in fear  
Fled all who loved Him; and it deeper grew  
As the loud oaths of Peter smote His ear.  
O JESU! Human sorrow, grace Divine!  
Was ever grief, was ever love, like Thine?

#### GOOD FRIDAY.

'He said, It is finished: and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost'—St. John, xix. 30 [Epistle for the day].

This is the hour of darkness and of light.  
Here Satan crowns his primal work of ill;  
Here God consummates His redeeming will.  
This is the very blackness of the night;  
Yet, as the deepest gloom precedes the bright,  
Absolving dawn, so on this shrouded hill  
Doth God, through Satan's deadliest hate, fulfil  
His love's long promise, bring sweet Hope to  
sight.  
O deathful sin! The sinner needs must die!  
So dies Emmanuel in the sinner's stead:  
Oh see, oh hear, the gloom, the passion cry!  
Lo! 'It is finished': and the Christ is dead.  
Dead! Thou live, Christian! Won from Death  
and Hell,  
Behold thy life in dead Emmanuel.

I am glad says a writer to a leading Denominational paper that you are to remind a great many people this spring of what they might otherwise recall in a less special and definite way, the daily events of that last week of the distinctively human life of Jesus. The life grows more real to us as we bear the incidents in mind day by day as they took place. Palm Sunday commemorates the entry to Jerusalem through the shady paths among the plaudits of the people whose hosannas were so soon to die away. The day was spent in teaching in the temple. There was one interesting interruption, that of the Greeks who would see Christ privately and bore to him, a tradition says, an invitation from their sovereign to find safety and listeners in his dominion. The following Monday and Tuesday were the last two days of Jesus' public teaching long days whose lessons and parables refreshed the disciples and incensed the Pharisees. It was as Tuesday was drawing to a close when his adversaries had failed to entrap him and his patient replies had met only scorn and anger, that the indignation of his soul broke forth in those burning words, "Woe unto you, hypocrites;" then he turned to leave the temple forever. No, not quite then, for lingering a little

in the court, his last words were of approval of the poor widow, who, in her two mites, cast in "more than they all" into the treasury. Then the disciples with their Master left the temple with its falsity and affectation, and in the gathering twilight, trod once more the familiar path over the Mount of Olives to Bethany.

Of Wednesday we have no record; of Thursday but little. They were passed in seclusion, in sacred solitude or among the few loved and trusted friends. On Thursday evening was that memorable supper followed by sweet converse and, later, those hours of mysterious anguish in the Garden. Then the arrest, by three successive trials, before Annas, as related by John, before Caiaphas of which Matthew and Mark bear record; and the last, before the Sanhedrim, of which Luke is historian. After the trial, the scourging, the walk to Calvary, the crucifixion, all in that one long Friday. How familiar these incidents. \* \* \* Let us during this Holy Week bear them in our daily meditations that so we may, perhaps gain some new insight into the fullness of their meaning.

In their revolt from the historic church, our Puritan ancestors lost some good things \* \* \* among the best was the commemoration, in holy days, of certain events in Christ's life. We have recovered Christmas. We are recovering Easter. Our lives should be gladder and better for the day.—*Advance, Chicago.*

Another significant strain proving an apprehension of the Church's ancient ways which have in them the brightest reflections of true Evangelical light.

#### HOLY WEEK AND EASTER.

(From *The Churchman's Gazette, New Westminster, B.C.*)

The last week in Lent has been observed with peculiar solemnity from very early times. It is certain that by the middle of the Third Century (A.D. 250) this week was specially set apart as a week of strict fasting and of prayer. It is called "the great week" by St. Chrysostom, who speaks of the importance of its proper observance. "Strive close and holy watch to keep," might well be our motto for the week. Let us learn in Holy Week to deepen our repentance, for the Passion of Christ shows us the fearful nature of sin and its deadly work. Let us learn to mourn over our ingratitude as we realize what our Lord bore and suffered for us. Let us learn that the peace of God is worth winning, cost what it may of shame and penitence.

In the Passion of Christ we see the perfection of gentleness, meekness, long suffering and forgiveness, set before us, that we may practice these same virtues more and more than heretofore, and become true children of God. The Passion of Christ encourages us to bear with patience and faith the trials and difficulties and sufferings of life, all the things that we speak of as "crosses," which may be for us as Christ's own cross, the true and only way to heavenly joy. During the great week we should be present at the service in Church as much as possible; or, if this is quite out of our power, we should read over some parts of the Passion. Our Prayer Book appoints Readings from the Passion for the Gospels for the days of the Holy Week, and we might at least take the Gospel for one of the days and read a part of it every day. The least in the way of more private prayer is to add the Collect for "the Sunday next before Easter," and Psalm 130 or 143.

Maunday Thursday, the Thursday in Holy Week, is so called from the commands or man-

dates given by our Lord to His Apostles, "This do in remembrance of Me," with reference to the Holy Communion, and "a new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another as I have loved you." We turn our thoughts on that day especially to the love of our Lord in giving us the Sacred Spiritual Feast.

Good Friday is the most solemn day in the whole year, a day to be kept as far as possible beneath the cross in spirit. There will be services, of course, in all the Churches, when possible, and all who can must be present at the services. The rest of the day is to be kept jealously sacred from all worldly pleasures. On this day of all others, when we commemorate the death of our Elder Brother, we try to "commune with our own hearts in our chamber and be still."

Easter Eve should be spent in completing the preparation of our hearts for the Holy Feast of Easter Day.

Easter Day, the Queen of Festivals, is the earliest observed in the Church, and has been kept continuously from the year of our Lord's Resurrection. Our Prayer Book gives very strict injunctions as to Communion on that Day. "Note that every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one."

We rise early as Christ did, in order to welcome Him as He meets us on the other side of the grave, and gives us His risen life to be our life through partaking of His glorious Body and Blood. Peace and joy reigns in the hearts of Christians on this great day of victory, and we salute one another as the Christians did of old, "Alleluia, Christ is risen."

#### THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Christ upon the cross stands forth as the all comprehensive symbol of Christianity.

The hands are nailed to the wood. The feet are pierced. The side is rent asunder. Every power of the body is restrained; all except the soul within, and that which makes up the thinking, feeling Man. These are free, but it is that they may more keenly be aware of the great restraint of the cross; that they may note the hands which move not, and the feet which are pierced. All is a symbol of what Christianity must effect in every life, for it is only through such death, experienced in the believer's own life, that he can truly live.

Man must be crucified with Christ in order to live with Him. Until his own will is really dead, in every relation of his being, he cannot really live. Hence the importance of regarding the cross of Christ and the Divine Sufferer nailed thereon as a great object lesson for mankind. That which they see, in all its detail, is for them to imitate. The Christian man must take up his cross daily; the Christian man must be crucified with Christ; the Christian man must be consciously partaker of the sufferings of his Lord.

To teach this truth to man is the great purpose of the Cross. That sacred sign is laid upon him, and it tells him that restraint and suffering are the ruling principles of the Christian life.

What is known as individual freedom is no part of true Christianity. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price;" hence man is not at liberty to use body, soul, or spirit, for his own pleasure, or for his own ends. He is to crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts, and hold all under subjection to that higher law which is revealed in Christ. Then does man indeed truly live, for the law of his members is the will of God, and he will of God is his sanctification, and the fruit thereof is holiness, and the end eternal life. The outlook is most glorious. Even in this life our vile bodies are changed

and made like unto His glorious body, by the crucifixion of self and the consequent sanctification which ensues. It is so in every relation of life. The hands and feet may stand for the symbol of all personal energy and human intelligence. Great is the temptation to use their powers for purely selfish ends; to say to the world, I mean to seize your good and to keep it for myself. I mean to pile up riches and enjoy the fruit of my labor, and if I must needs leave all behind me, I will so lock it up in entail and process of law that the mighty force I have accumulated will remain with mine, whom I leave behind, an irresistible power in the world when I am gone. But let the nails of the cross pierce through such hands, and let the conscious mind feel the smart of self-denial, and soon the greedy fingers will relax their grip, and the thoughts will revert to Him who though He was rich indeed, yet for our sakes became poor, and then the life thus crucified will learn liberality, will not dream of monstrous fortunes of untold millions, but will before death, and in that great exit, give alms and oblations, and in some faint degree follow the example of Christ upon His cross, who gave Himself for us that we might live.

The whole idea of the Cross will give a larger aspect to life. It is not for self that love exists, nor all the sweet amenities of home. All is a holy trust from God, and self must find its crucifixion in all the just restraints which heavenly wisdom gives. Heart, mind and soul must learn to serve for higher purpose than that which purblind man would seek.—*The Churchman.*

#### JEWISH MISSIONS.

The Mission work of Bishop Blyth in Jerusalem and the East has so greatly developed of late years, that a large increase in the annual income of the Jerusalem Mission Fund is absolutely necessary in order to keep pace with the growth of the work. One great drawback to Missionary expansion in the East is the Society System, under which not the Bishop on the spot, but a committee sitting in London, and consisting mainly of laymen, supervises the missions, and controls the grants. To us in Canada such a system would seem intolerable. We at least believe in our Bishops and leave them free. The Bishops are responsible to the Church, which sends them. Societies are responsible only to their subscribers, who support them. Moreover the great missionary charter was given not to close corporations, but to the Apostles and after them to the Bishops of the Church.

Upon the subject, Bishop Blyth in the Second Triennial charge delivered in Christ Church, Jerusalem, last year, under the title of aid:

#### MISSIONARY WORK NOT UNDER SOCIETIES.

I pass on to notice branches of missionary work which are not in the hand of any Society. There are great advantages, to my mind, in work of this sort. I entertain the view held by the Scotch, Canadian, American, and other Churches, that there are apt to grow up around what is called the 'Society system' of missionary government many impediments and abuses in the way of the free and legitimate expansion of missions. This is distinctly the case in this part of the East, where any infraction of Church order arrests the attention of all other Churches. And very much depends on being able to act locally and promptly, and according to Church customs, without having to refer to England. Reference home, which descends even to minute details, and necessitates the consideration of our movements in the light of what is going on in other missions in distant and dissimilar parts of the world, is more than simply obstructive. We might as well, and as wisely, prescribe a

rule of social life grounded on what we might term the greatest common measure of the social customs of an African, a Chinaman, and an Eskimo. Nay, there is no considering the Holy Land with any other; work in the presence of other Christian Churches is entirely unique. The 'block grant' system [that of the venerable S. P. G.] does, on the other hand, give great freedom in this respect, and it usually develops local effort, and does not postpone missionary enterprise to party considerations. It is with great gratitude that I record 'block grants' which have been made to me, from time to time, by the Board of Missions of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada. They have more than once enabled me to take up new work which unexpectedly offered, and which but for this aid I must have declined. Of the same nature is the generous aid which I receive year by year from India, and lately from Colombo and from Australia, which is collected there by the kind permission of the Bishops, and placed at my free disposal. I would include also, on much the same footing, the aid I have received from the 'Parochial Missions to the Jews Fund,' which does not fetter the management of missions aided by them. I have also received from the S. P. C. K. a grant of £100 for the last six years, of singular value in developing and directing independent school work.

#### DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.

The Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle, is in Montreal and is the guest of the Rev. Edmund Wood, M. A., rector of St. John the Evangelist. He delivered the first of a series of addresses [continued during this week] in the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Monday evening, the 19th., inst. It was an earnest and simple, but touching address from the words "Father forgive them." Services during Holy week, at the several churches of the city are being largely attended. On Tuesday morning at St. Georges', the pews on each side of the centre aisle were well filled, and the number of men present was particularly noticeable. At the Cathedral, there is also a large attendance both morning and evening.

*St. Georges'*,—Stainer's "Crucifixion" was well rendered in this Church on the evening of the 19th., by St. Georges' choir, under the direction of the able organist Mr. Hlsley. A short address was given by the Dean. The Bishop of the Diocese was present, as well as the Dean and the assistant, the Rev. Mr. James.

*St. James'*,—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese held Confirmation at this Church last Sunday afternoon, when a number of candidates were presented by the Rector [Rev. Canon Ellegood, M. A.,] for the laying on of hands. We believe this is the first confirmation held by his Lordship since his very severe illness. The Rev. Mr. Smith, son of the Rev. F. A. Smith, heretofore of New Liverpool, in the Diocese of Quebec, has been appointed to the position of Curate in charge of the Mission Church of the Advent in this parish, and will enter upon his duties shortly after Easter. He is very highly spoken of, both from an educational point of view, and as a preacher. He took the highest honors in his Collegiate course, and has for several years past been engaged in a leading educational Institution of the Church in the States. He is a graduate of Bishop's College Lennoxville.

It is much safer to obey than govern. Who is so wise that he can fully know all things? Be not, therefore, too confident in thine own opinion, but be willing to bear the judgment of others.

## News from the Home Field.

### Diocese of Nova Scotia.

#### WINDSOR.

During Lent, the Rector, Archdeacon Weston-Jones has been delivering two very interesting series of addresses. On Wednesday evenings, his subject is the Book of Ezra; and on Fridays, he has been giving Missionary addresses, showing the work done by the Church in different branches of the foreign field.

Confirmation classes have been formed in anticipation of the Bishop's visit soon after Easter. Quite a number of candidates are being prepared for the Apostolic rite.

The Parish Guild is now in good working order, and promises to be the means of accomplishing a vast amount of good. During the winter three very enjoyable entertainments were given, and others are promised after Easter.

Thanks to the Church Women's Working Ward of the Guild, the vestry of the church has received quite a thorough renovating and is now greatly improved, both as regards appearance and convenience. Other improvements will follow in course of time.

The beautiful Alm's box presented to the church through the kindness and liberality of Mrs. F. F. Sherman, is greatly admired by all who attend our church. Quite a number of the worshippers make use of it at the services when there is no offertory. It was dedicated on Holy Innocents' day.

#### PARRSBORO.

During Lent a special course of sermons on Sunday evenings is being delivered by the Rector, who has recovered sufficiently to preach again. 'The Rationale of Fasting,' 'The two chief hindrances to salvation—Intemperance and impurity,' 'It makes no difference what you belong to,' 'You don't believe in Conversion in the Church,' 'Prayers out of a Book any good?' Owing to the Rector's illness since Christmas, first from la grippe, afterwards from accident, which confined him to bed, much additional work has been thrown upon the incumbent of Port Greville, who is hardworking, and being colonial born, knows how to work.

IN MEMORIAM.—On Sunday morning last, the Rev. S. Gibbons announced that the Easter offertory in St. George's church would be given towards a window to be placed in St. George's church here, in memory of the Rev. W. B. King, for many years rector of this parish. Whosoever travels in this part of the county one hears grateful reminiscences of the rev. gentleman, and we feel assured that many of those who received the Word of God at his hand, who were baptized by him, or married by him, will consider it a pleasure to give something towards this memorial window. Any donation towards it will be gratefully acknowledged by the Rev. S. Gibbons, or by one of the wardens of St. George's church.

### Diocese of Fredericton.

#### FREDERICTON.

On Friday, March 16th, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Fredericton administered the rite of Confirmation to sixteen persons in this parish. The weather was fine and the Church worshipped. His Lordship delivered an address to the candidates both before and after the laying on of hands; the former in a doctrinal, and the latter in a practical way—both very good.

The candidates were becomingly attired; the music was well rendered, and all felt the gracefulness that marked the service throughout. May the newly confirmed have power and strength given to them to continue steadfast to the end.

During his stay in Dorchester his Lordship was the guest of the Rector.

### Diocese of Quebec.

#### SHERBROOKE.

His Lordship Bishop Dunn delivered a very instructive and interesting lecture on Wednesday evening, in the Church hall. The building was packed to its utmost capacity, many not being able to get in at all, even standing room being at a premium. The subject was a pithy presentation of the history of the Church in Britain from the early ages up to the time of William the Conqueror. Although the subject may appear at first sight to be a dull and uninteresting one, yet it was not so, but quite the reverse, and never flagged in interest from the beginning until the close. The lecture was illustrated by fine views, thrown on a large sheet, of many historical scenes and incidents, old and modern churches, cathedrals, abbeys, etc. At the conclusion of the historical lecture, the Bishop gave a number of illustrations of the parish of South Acton, London, of which he was formerly the Rector.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

Every opportunity has been given by the energetic and devoted Rector of St. Peter's church here (the Rev. Canon Thornloe, M. A.,) for the due observance of Holy Week and Easter. Up to Good Friday two services are being held daily, 9.00 a.m. and 12.00, and another at 7.30 p.m. with address. On Good Friday the services announced are: Morning Prayer, 9 a.m.; Special service, 12 noon; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Easter Day: Holy Communion, 7, 8.30 a.m. and midday; Morning Prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.; Children's Choral service, 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer and sermon, 7 p.m.

### Diocese of Montreal.

#### MONTREAL.

The Rev. V. E. Harris, vicar of Amherst, of whose mission work in Nova Scotia many Montreal people have heard, has received from friends here upwards of \$200 in aid of Church work. A. P. Willis, of the firm of Willis & Co., very kindly gave an excellent cabinet organ for use in the missions.

### Diocese of Ontario.

#### KINGSTON.

The following is from the *Kingston Daily News*: The \$50,000 necessary to endow the new Anglican Diocese of Ottawa has not all been raised yet, but at the present rate of progress it soon will be, and as soon as the fund is completed the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Ontario will call a special Synod of the clergy and lay delegates from the present Archdeaconry of Ottawa, to choose their Bishop. Surmises as to the choice of the prospective Diocese are already rife, although they may seem somewhat premature. The name of the Ven. Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa—a man who has done good work for the Church of England—is prominently mentioned in connection with the position. If he is not appointed, so says a prominent member of the Church, one of two courses will probably be adopted. Either the choice will fall

on some hard-working young missionary clergyman (following the precedent established by the choice of the present Archbishop of Ontario at about 36 years of age) or the appointment will be delegated to his Grace the Primate of all England, as in the recent cases of Quebec, Qu'Appelle and Columbia.

### Diocese of Huron.

#### LONDON.

His Lordship the Bishop of Athabasca preached in St. James' church here on Sunday morning, March 11th, and the Cathedral in the evening to large congregations, which were deeply interested in the sermons. The Bishop explained the nature of his work and good results thus far, and showed the great need of men and means.

The annual meeting of the W. A. M. A. was held last week at the new Cronyn Hall, London. The large and enthusiastic gathering testifying to the interest taken in the work of this society. A large number of delegates were present from all parts of the diocese.

After the opening hymn, the ante-Communion service was read by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Athabasca. The Very Rev. Dean Innes and the Bishop of Huron gave earnest and eloquent addresses, basing his remarks upon the 9th chapter of Hebrews, part of the 14th verse, 'Who, through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot unto God.' The Bishop commended the work of the Association, and affectionately urged them to remember that it is by the power of the Spirit's presence that work for Christ can be accomplished. The Holy Communion was then administered by the Bishop of Huron and the Bishop of Athabasca, assisted by the Dean.

The members of Christ Church, Chatham, met Monday to nominate a candidate to fill the rectorship, in succession to the late Archdeacon Sandys. The Rev. R. McCosh, who for two years has been curate, doing the active duties of rector, was unanimously chosen. A committee was named to apply to the Bishop of Huron to carry out the wishes of the congregation.

A Mission is being conducted in St. John's church Strathroy by the Rev. Mr. Kearns, Bogfield. The work thus far seems very encouraging.

The Rev. W. J. Taylor is conducting a Mission in St. James' church, Ingersoll.

### Newfoundland.

#### VISITATION VOYAGE.

#### PORT SANDERS TO FORTEAU.

#### (CONTINUED.)

After Evensong on the second night, with the same earnest and hearty congregation, a communicants' class was held in preparation for next day. Notice was given at the close, as we were likely to be detained, that if the flag was hoisted at the ships' masthead at 8 o'clock next morning, there would be a celebration of the Holy Communion in the church—a consecrated building on the other side. Since the erection of this building about thirty years ago, the settlement has sprung up on the western side, where the school-house now stands. The walk round the bay necessitates the crossing of Forteau Brook, a broad and rocky bottomed stream.

Sunday, Oct. 1st, 18th after Trinity. No sign whatever of change of wind, or indeed of weather. The flag was hoisted at eight, and preparations were made to cross the bay in the gig, a distance of nearly two miles, for matins and celebration in the church. But by ten o'clock a sudden change came, somewhat heavier wind and a great deal more sea. We had to keep our engagement, as the people were travelling along shore in the direction of the church. We were well provided with waterproofs, and the crew had their oiled cloths. A heavy lopping sea was running broadside to the boat. One sea broke near us, and we shipped a barrel of water, but suffered no more than a drenching and wet feet before service.

The poor people, women and all, faithful to their duty and proud of such an opportunity, struggled along the rough shore, and at length more than half filled the dilapidated church. Seldom is it used; portions of the windows have blown in. Decay is visible in post and sill, and other parts of the woodwork; but still it is God's House. Quite a number remained to partake of Christ's Body and Blood. It was felt to be "good to be there." For when would such an opportunity present itself again? Never, perhaps, to a few, whose grey hairs spoke of three score years and beyond.

During the service several severe wrenches of the roof somewhat startled us, indicating that there was heavy wind aloft. After service we easily learned that two or three sudden squalls had passed. A glance at our ship in the distance, and two trading schooners, made it clear that they were encountering a heavy sea, from the manner in which their masts were swinging. We had, however, to get aboard. —Thankful we were that our captain had accompanied us, as so much depends upon careful steering. We rowed for a mile under shelter of the eastern shore, and then perforce set forth across the bay. It was by no means certain that we should be able to get aboard. The big rollers with their white caps were not inviting. As one after another broke, sometimes just ahead sometimes abreast, by alternately rowing hard or easily, heading the sea, or paying away a bit, the captain skilfully managed to clear them. We were all very silent. The main difficulty came when we had to bring the boat around between two seas, and approach the ship's side. One moment she rolled so that we could see her white deck even from own low position, and at another a large part of her copper bottom. With great care we approached. A rope was thrown and caught. Just at the right moment, when she hove down towards us, and we were on the top of a wave, the shout was given to jump on the little step-ladder, and one by one were seized by some one abroad.

But our troubles were by no means over, even when once more on deck heaving heavily from side to side. We had to learn of a serious accident which at once put the barometer of our spirits low. About half an hour previously, while cook and steward—the only men on board—were paying out more chain or the vessel's safety, a heavy lurch hurled the main boom out of the crutch on the port side. Before the men could run aft it swung across the ship, striking the beautiful new brass binnacle a terrible stroke, smashing the lamps, tilting the compass, and breaking five brass stanchions on the starboard rail. All our late little anxiety for our safety of life and limb seemed nothing compared with this. How could we now go on without a compass? I hardly know how to describe the remainder of this day. We attempted to get some dinner, but our swing table swung too much, to eat from it with any comfort, and did not swing far enough for the roll; consequently everything would have been shot off had we not seized dishes, cruets, etc., and got the steward speedily to carry all away. We finished a hasty repast, with plate in one hand and spoon in the other, leaving the table

to obey its motions of gravity, or to disobey them.

No one could leave the vessel for the rest of the day: no boat could approach wharf or beach. The captain was employed in "rigging up" an old binnacle and lamp in the cabin skylight. The crew temporarily secured the after stanchions. People on shore could not expect us, as they knew we could not land. We alternately gazed on the heaving billows and the surf-beat shore.

The cause of all this trouble was, no doubt, a change of tide which now swept eastward against the wind. It struck Point Armour, and ran with force up Forteau Bay.

Monday came, and, with it no sign of improvement. We watched five large ocean liners steaming eastward, ploughing the running top, and the same number of lofty bergs, solemnly gliding westward with the current, but unaffected by wind and weather.

Almost in despair of being kept another week here, and learning that the S. S. *Neptune* was at Blanc Sablon ready for St. John's, the Bishop at length decided to try and get a passage by her. The S. S. *Virginia Lake* came in at midnight. As soon as we heard her whistle we arose and dressed. The boat was lowered and we went aboard, bidding the Captain and crew of the *Laerock* farewell, with orders to sail first chance. We reached Blanc Sablon at 4 a. m.; were welcomed by Capt. Blandford; and turned into our third bed in the same night.

J. M. N.

J. M. N.

JERUSALEM AND THE EAST MISSION FUND.

(IN SUPPORT OF BISHOP BLYTH'S WORK.)

"Beginning at Jerusalem."—St. Luke xxiv, 47.

The Committee very earnestly beg attention to the following reasons for supporting Bishop Blyth's work in the Bible Lands:

1. That the Missionary Commission is *precise*—it includes the Jew, in his own land especially, as well as the Gentile. (St. Luke, xxiv, 47.)

2. That the present immigration, *concurrent with Missionary effort* in the land, has brought up the number of Jews in Palestine to more than *three times the number which returned under Ezra* from the Babylonish Captivity.

3. That the Churches of the East under Moslem power are forbidden to preach the Gospel to Jew or Mahometan.

4. That Bishop Blyth's work has therefore the sympathy and blessing of the Orthodox Prelates, and that he took up his residence in the Holy City at the *express wish of the Patriarch of Jerusalem*, charged with the duty of *co-operation* on "Catholic Principles and in prospect of Christian Unity," with the other Churches represented in Jerusalem, and in particular with the Orthodox Greek Church. (Statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, dated February 18th, 1887, quoting the Convention of December 7th, 1841.)

5. That Bishop Blyth was consecrated to be the official representative of the Anglican Communion in Jerusalem and the East, and was at the time happily described as the *legatus a latere* of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who with other Bishops has lately *strongly recommended the development of this Fund* for the important purposes for which it has been opened. (Lambeth Letter of Advice, II. § 3.)

6. On Good Friday the Church offers Special Intercessions for the Conversion of the Jews. Shall we not give wings to our prayers by Special Offerings on that Holy Day?

March, 1894.

Work for which Bishop Blyth is personally responsible:

1. The Bishop's 'Mission Home' at Jerusalem, for work amongst the Yemonites of Siloam and other Jews, the poorest of the Jewish immigrants. 'In all their affliction he was afflicted.

Sixty Jewesses are under regular Christian instruction; a Girl's Orphanage is now included in the Home; a Day school for girls is also carried on at the Home; staff of three ladies, of whom two are unpaid.

2. Mission to Jews at Haifa on the Bay of Acre: Mission chapel, hospital (6 beds) dispensary, school. Haifa is the terminus on the coast of the new railway to Damascus; 19 villages in its neighborhood are occupied by Jews. Staff of ten.

3. The Beyrout and Lebanon Chaplaincy with a Jewish Mission attached: Church houses including chapels; chaplain, the Rev. J. M. Whitehead, M.A. Jewish Mission temporarily closed during vacancy, pending the offer of a suitable candidate.

4. Mission to Jews at Cairo—the only Mission at work amongst 25,000 Jews—Mission chapel, dispensary, boys' school and two schools for girls. Staff of eight. Missionary in charge: Rev. Osar Odeh.

5. The season chaplaincy at Lanarea, and grants of £50 each to the chaplains of Port Said and Suez.

6. Grants-in-aid to schools and hospitals and for church furniture and relief.

The Committee earnestly appeal for offerings on Good Friday towards the support and further development of Bishop Blyth's work in Jerusalem and the East. That the work is worthy of the confidence and support of our Church in Canada is shown by the hearty commendation of our Bishops as expressed below:

N.B.—All Offerings should be carefully designated for Bishop Blyth. Rev. Canon Cayley, Toronto, Ont., Honorary Secretary for Canada, will gladly receive and acknowledge any subscription or donation for Bishop Blyth's Mission Work among the Jews.

We very cordially endorse the annual appeal for Bishop Blyth's Missionary work in Jerusalem and the East, and hope that such interest will be enlisted on its behalf that liberal offerings will be made on Good Friday towards its support and development.

J. T. ONTARIO,  
ARTHUR ONTARIO,  
F. NOVA SCOTIA.

21st January, 1892.

The members of all our congregations are sure to welcome the moving occasion which each Good Friday brings to them of making their annual offering to the Church's work among the Jews. Had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of Glory. The Church's aim is to bring them to know that Christ has redeemed them by His death.

CHARLES NIAGARA,  
W. J. QU'APPELLE.

March, 1894.

Very gladly do I further, so far as I can, the appeal on behalf of the Missionary work amongst the Jews and others in the East, carried on by my dear friend and old schoolfellow, Bishop Blyth. I have known and loved him for well nigh fifty years, and I most heartily commend his work to the members of our Church as a very worthy object for their almsgiving on Good Friday.

January, 1893. H. TULLY FREDERICTON.

It is not only a sacred duty, but also a real pleasure to commend the difficult and earnest work of Bishop Blyth, who is endeavouring, under the direct sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to bring our Holy Faith to the Jews in the East. Our offerings on Good Friday—our dear Lord's sad death day—are most appropriately given to such a true attempt.

January 27th, 1893. A. H. QUEBEC.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor of the CHURCH GUARDIAN:

SIR,—The CHURCH GUARDIAN some years ago (Jan. 19th, 1887) contained an article which, I think, ought to be reprinted in a special number, and notice duly given, so that a sufficient quantity of copies might be ordered for distribution. The article is entitled "Conclusive Testimony." The need of its circulation I will endeavor to show. This article puts on record, beyond all power of dispute, three facts highly necessary for all our people to know, and very desirable to place before thoughtful Methodists. These facts, stated officially in the pastoral address of the Methodist Conference in the year 1793, two years after John Wesley's death, are: (1) That Wesley "lived and died a member of the Church of England" and that "his attachment to it was strong and unshaken." (2) That the Methodists were at that time, as a body, still "in connection with the Church of England." (3) That the entering wedge of separation from the Church, then gently and reluctantly inserted by means of the Conference giving authority (?) to the lay preachers to administer the Lord's Supper in particular places, was a grievous and pitiable wrong done to the Methodists in general: for which the Conference had only Saul's miserable and *unaccepted* excuse to Samuel that it was the fault of "the people!" This address of the Methodist Conference solemnly records the fact that expediency was then fatally preferred to principle, in these words: "It is the people" (i.e., certain malcontents) who have forced us into this further deviation from our union to the Church of England." "Still we wish to be united with it as a body at large." "We entreat our societies at large to continue as usual in connection with the Church of England."

Sir, the wicked fulshood is constantly reiterated that "John Wesley was driven out of the Church of England." Is not then a repetition of this "conclusive testimony" to the contrary greatly needed? And further. See how stoutly and persistently John Wesley contended for the rightful priesthood of the church; and administered the most scathing and withering rebukes to some of his lay preachers for their desire to imitate [as he warned them] the sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. And yet, some who have received this priesthood [aye! and the Episcopate too] appear to wish in these days to degrade our ministry to the level of originated that by the Methodist successors of "Korah and his company." Such laxity [to us the very mildest term] stigmatizes those who, like Wesley, seek to maintain the purity and dignity of our ministry as bigoted, illiberal, etc. etc. The warning conveyed by the stories of Korah and his company, Jeroboam and his spurious priesthood, and others of late date, needs to be strongly impressed upon our people, and upon all thoughtful inquirers; and it is towards that end that I ask you to reprint such invaluable "conclusive testimony." It will be useful to any clergyman, but especially so to a

BACKWOODS MISSIONARY.

March 15th, 1894.

[We are quite willing to reprint the article referred to, and issue an enlarged edition if desired by our subscribers generally, and would furnish copies of the number containing it, at two cents each PROVIDED several thousand be ordered without delay.—Ed.]

SOME of the leading Scottish papers announce the accession of Father Paul Sheriff, O.S.B., a monk of the Benedictine Abbey at Fort Augustus, from the Roman obedience.

## GOOD FRIDAY—EASTER MORN.

RY GENEVIEVE M. J. IRONS.

Deep in yon garden-shade  
The Life of all is laid  
In death's calm sleep:  
Armed soldiers waiting near,  
Amazed and full of fear,  
Their vigil keep.  
Angels and stars, and the fair moon above,  
Look down in silent awe and reverent love.

Through the dark cypress-trees  
The gentle midnight breeze  
Sighs a low wail;  
Breath from the dewy ground,  
O'er the green earth around  
Spreads a soft veil;  
Each glade and valley, mountain, dale and hill,  
Echoes the solemn whisper, 'Peace, be still.'

Flushed Nature sinks to rest,  
And on her Maker's breast  
She falls asleep;  
Released from human woes,  
The Almighty finds repose  
In slumber deep;  
But saints are watching through the silent night,  
In eager patience waiting for the light.

The mother undefiled  
Is pondering on her Child,  
Now crucified;  
And through her tearless dreams  
The Cross in radiance beams  
Whereon He died.  
Bright visions dawn. Behold! the darkness flies,  
Resplendent from the grave she sees Him rise.

John the Beloved stands by,  
Gazing with wondering eye  
At Mary's smile;  
And angels, at the sight,  
Pause in their heavenward flight,  
To muse awhile.  
Yet the sun hides itself in dim eclipse,  
While he awaits his full apocalypse.

Peter, who thrice denied  
The Master at his side,  
The Lord of all,  
With penitential tears  
And deep heart-searching fears,  
Bewails his fall.  
There, as he weeps in bitter grief apart,  
His Saviour's 'look' speaks comfort to his heart.

The lowly Magdalene  
(Of penitents the queen)  
Waits for the morn,  
When in that cave so still  
Her task she may fulfill  
Of love forlorn;  
And first to her, Christ risen will appear,  
Though in a form unknown He draweth near.

While he who longed to die  
With Christ on Calvary,  
Whose love devout  
His Master proved and tried  
By heartfelt prayer denied,  
Must wait in doubt;  
Eight days of solemn gloom in darkness past,  
On trustful Thomas He will shine at last.

But lo! the Sabbath ends.  
Nocturn with Matins blends,  
The morning breaks;  
The shadows flee away  
Before the rising day,  
And Christ awakes!  
Angels proclaim the anthem far and near,  
'Ye seek your risen Lord; He is not here.'

—Selected.

MAKE others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.

## EASTER EVEN.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

"Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continual mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with Him; and that through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for His merits, Who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."—*Collect.*

Sad night when Jesus buried lay  
Within the cold, dark tomb;  
When angels left their cloudless day  
To watch His shrouded gloom,  
And wait the morn that should proclaim  
His conquest over death and shame.

Oh, hallowed grave that held our Lord,  
Whose loving heart had been  
Pierced with the cruel spear and sword,  
Broken and bruised for sin!  
O happy angels, to keep guard  
O'er the dear form so sorely scarred!

Beloved Lord, it was for us  
That Thou didst yield Thy breath;  
Thy sacred body stricken thus,  
Yea, even unto death;  
For us Thy cup did overflow  
With sorrow like none other woe.

Baptize us, then, in that pure flood  
That flowed from Calvary,  
For only washing in Thy blood  
Can make us like to Thee.  
Bury our lives in thine, O Christ,  
Whose life for ours was sacrificed.

Then shall the grave and gate of death  
Heaven's golden door appear;  
And with new life's immortal breath,  
What joy to see and hear  
Our risen Saviour bid us rise  
To the glad glory of the skies!

## LENT AND SUNDAY.

BY NINA J. CARVER.

The forty days of Lent should bear to the year the same relation that Sunday bears to the week. While it may not be possible to make literally of every week-day a Sunday, yet surely it is possible so to fill each Sunday with the beauty of holiness that each week-day is sweetened and strengthened thereby, if we enter into the spirit of restfulness which pervades Sunday; if we strive with ourselves and take advantage of every opportunity for self-control, will not our Sunday be a day of such strength that our entire week shall feel its good influence?

In the same way should we strive to keep our Lent, making it a special season for prayer, self-restraint and self-sacrifice. Then shall our spiritual muscles be so strengthened and trained, that the whole year will feel the influence of our victory over self. We must feel that this Lenten season is a time set apart to struggle against besetting sins. We must try to be sweet-hearted, generous, tolerant, tender over the feelings of our brother, lifting the burdens of the weary. Ah, we do not estimate the beauty of the glass of cold water. We do not realize how the kind word spoken in season cheers life's disheartened ones. Let us pray that we may hold Christ our Righteousness before us through these forty days of Lent, so that when the glorious Easter morning dawns for us, we may indeed awake with the true beauty of holiness shining in our hearts and on our faces.—*N. Y. Churchman.*

*We ask the Assistance of the*  
**CLERGY in extending the Circulation**  
 of the *Church Guardian*. Specimen  
 copies sent to any address. Special rates for  
 six or more **NEW Subscribers**.

JACK.

A LENTEN STORY FOR BOYS.

(From the Churchman.)

[CONTINUED.]

Palm-Sunday was the very worst of all. The anthem had been a beautiful one, and Jack eager and excited, had sung better than ever before. He sang so well that the rector had stopped in the vestry-room to thank him before all the boys, and Mr. Reynolds had given his hair a friendly rub the wrong way as he said. "A good deal more practice and we'll make a singer of you my boy." Tom felt all these pleasant things really belonged to him, and more angry at Jack then ever, he followed the boys, Jack among them, out of the church into the sunshine. The boys had been late about getting out; there were always books to put away and music to be arranged and given back to Mr. Reynolds. No one was in sight as they straggled down the street, when Tom pulling one of Jack's crutches from under his arm, threw it across the street, with, "You think you can sing so much better than everybody else, let's see you get that, now, better than every one else," and walked away. Poor Jack! He could not walk a single step without his two crutches, on the uneven stones, and there was nothing for him to do but to swing himself against the fence and wait until some one would come to help him.

The boys, who wore a little way in front, heard the noise of the crutch striking the stones and turned around in time to see Brown walking off.

"It's a mean thing to do," one of them said, who ran for the crutch and helped Jack to hobble down the street. "It's too far for Brown to go. He may be disappointed, but you ain't to blame; and he's got to leave you alone, or we'll tell somebody, if Mr. Reynolds *don't* want us to complain. We'll all wait for you to-morrow."

"Yes, he sha'n't touch you again," the other boys chimed in comfortingly. But Jack could not be comforted; and though he managed to get home and say "good-by" to the boys who escorted him to the gate, without crying, he crawled upstairs into the play-room, where no one ever came on Sunday, and had it all out by himself.

"I can't, I can't; it's no use! I never can go back into that choir again! The boys just pity me because I'm lame, and I don't want to be pitied. Oh, I wish I'd never heard of the choir! If we'd only stayed at Chester always, and never come to this dreadful town!" And Jack rocked himself backwards and forwards in his trouble, and cried until there came a soft, "Jack, dear, what is the matter?" and his mother's arms were around him as she knelt down on the floor beside him. So then, of course, it all had to come out, and Jack told his mother all his troubles. She looked very grave and sorry when he had finished; but all she said at first was, "Jack, do you know what Sunday this is?" and when he had answered, "Can you repeat the collect?" Didn't motherdie feel sorry for him at all? Jack wondered as, he managed to say.

"Almighty and everlasting God, who, of Thy tender love towards mankind, has sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that

all mankind should follow the example of His great humility; mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"My boy's cross is his lameness and this unkind boy," his mother went on; "and to follow the example of His patience, dear, will be to do just the very best you can in the work you have been given to do. It is doing your work for God, to praise Him. Try to follow the example of Christ's patience, just as the collect says, in all your troubles. And then, dear, you know what we are all looking forward to, when, just as Christ rose on the first Easter morning so long ago, His faithful servants will rise to join Him, and leave all their sorrows and troubles behind them. Do they seem a little real to you, dear; the beautiful words of the collect? Try to be as patient and forgiving as you can. Elsie and I will wait for you after church, after this, and we'll keep hoping all the time that Tom Brown will get to be ashamed of himself."

It did seem as if he was already, at afternoon service time; for except a few careless kicks, that were perhaps only because he was swinging his feet and taking as much room on the seat as a boy of fifteen conveniently could, Tom left him entirely alone. As the week went on the other boys kept a sharp watch over him; for, though none of them knew the timid, quiet, lame boy very well, they were determined that he should be let alone. Tom did not molest him, but went around with the air of a boy who had been much abused and made a martyr of, standing always with his back as much turned toward Jack in church as he dared, and looking over his head whenever they met, as if there were no such person in the world, until Jack was almost discouraged. Almost, but not quite, for he struggled on, fighting against his own angry thoughts a good deal, repeating the Palm-Sunday collect whenever he felt very unhappy, and trying, in the beautiful music which the boys were practising all through Holy-week for Easter, to forget his troubles, till, tired and excited, he fell asleep listening to the gentle Spring rain tapping against the window on Easter even.

"Cheerie-Ripe! Cheerie-ripe! Ripe, Ripe!" sang a robin on the rose-bush under Jack's window on Easter morning. "Get up! Get up! and open your eyes," he went on, till Jack, wide awake jumped up to find the sun rising, the young green leaves just stirring and nodding in a little wandering breath of air, and all the birds calling to one another across the stillness of the beautiful Sunday morning.

"Isn't it lovely, motherdie?" he said, a few moments later, putting his beaming face in at the dining-room door. "Such a jolly day for Easter; the birds have begun keeping it first of anybody I should think from the way they are singing."

Half an hour later and Jack and his mother were hurrying through the quiet streets toward St. Mary's. Other people were going too in the same direction. The bells were beginning to chime, and the air seemed full of the far-off fragrance of flowers and budding trees.

"The jolliest kind of a day," Jack said again, as he stopped a moment to take a hasty sniff at the great bunch of blue violets his mother was carrying—violets that had been watched tended, and coaxed through the long weeks of Lent by the whole family for just this purpose: to go to church on Easter morning.

"Do you know, motherdie," Jack went on, "I'm so happy this morning, I'd like to do something nice for everybody. Why, I'd almost do something for Brown, if I could," glancing doubtfully toward the group of boys around the vestry-door, where Tom stood, looking, perhaps, a trifle more sulky than usual.

"Not almost, but quite, ready to do something for him, I hope," his mother smiled back. "Perhaps you'll have a chance too to-day. Just watch! Who knows?" nodding a good-by as Jack turned in at the vesty-gate.

And a chance did come right off, for one of the boys said to Jack as he was smoothing out his clean surplice.

"What do you think? Brown's forgotten his violets, and he's in a nice fix; for nobody's got more than enough for himself, and there isn't time to get any!"

Jack had. His was the very largest bunch that had come into the vestry that morning, and he looked very sober and red for a moment.

There are certain traditions and customs in St. Mary's choir that have been handed down from one set of boys to another, till now. To carry holly at Christmas, and sweet violets at Easter, and to wear white cravats on all occasions of ceremony, seems much more natural and necessary things to do than to keep from whispering during service or to be punctual at practice. So Jack, who was fast getting learned in the ways and habits of the choir, took in the gravity of the situation at once; and as he stood thinking about it, the words of the Palm-Sunday collect came back to him: "Following the example of His patience." And then, only waiting to untie the little ribbon fastening his flowers, he divided the bunch, and holding out the largest half to Tom, said.

"Here, Brown; I've got more violets than any one else; take some of mine."

Tom looked very much astonished, turned very red, and half put out his hand to take the flowers; and then, growing redder than ever, muttered, "I don't want your flowers," and walked away.

It was very unkind, and Jack had to slip into the church, and into the old place behind the organ, to hide the tears that would fill his eyes in spite of all that he could do. But there, among the flowers, in the stillness, the hard, angry feeling died away; and the thought that he really *had* tried to do something for Tom came in its place to make the little boy happy.

All through the two long services the happy feeling stayed with Jack. Tom, for a wonder, did not kick or pinch him. Once, perhaps, he was more than half-ashamed of having been so unkind to the lame boy. Nothing went wrong with the music; the solos were more beautiful than ever before; and after service the wardens, grave, dignified gentlemen, in very black broad-cloth and stiff, white cravats, came into the vestry-room on purpose to speak to Jack, and tell him to take good care of his voice. The rector shook hands with Jack solemnly, Mr. Reynolds rubbed his hands over him, and the boys, half admiringly, looked on till poor Jack hardly knew which way to turn, and blushed and stammered more than ever.

"Mother," Jack said, when they had finished talking it all over at home, and he was making all sorts of plans for working hard at his music and learning to sing better than ever; "mother, it's been just the nicest Easter! and I think—yes, I know—that the trying to do something for Tom had a good deal to do with it."

"Yes, of course it did," his mother answered; "and you mustn't stop, either. Do you remember what the collect for to-day says? 'We humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect.' That is not only pray to the Lord Jesus to think of kind things to do for and to other people, but try to do them. Watch all the time; never let an opportunity pass; and that will help us to pass through those gates of everlasting life His precious death and resurrection have opened for us. Will you remember, little boy?"

[Continued on page 12.]



# The Church Guardian

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Editor, P. O. Box 504, Montreal. Exchanges to  
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ments See page 15.

## CALENDAR FOR MARCH.

- MARCH 4—4th Sunday in Lent.  
 " 11—5th Sunday in Lent. PASSION Sun-  
 day.  
 " 14—Wednesday (Fast).  
 " 16—Friday (Fast).  
 " 18—6th Sunday in Lent. (PALM Sunday)  
 (Notice of Holy Days).  
 " 19—Monday in Holy Week.  
 " 20—Tuesday in Holy Week.  
 " 21—Wednesday in Holy Week.  
 " 22—Thursday in Holy Week.  
 " 23—GOOD FRIDAY. (Pr. Pss. M. 22, 40,  
 51. E. 69, 88. (Fast).  
 " 24—Easter Eve. (Vigil).  
 " 25—EASTER DAY. Pr. Pss. M. 2, 57,  
 111. E. 113, 114, 118. Pr. Au-  
 them instead of *Venite*. Athan.  
 Cr. and Pr. Prof. in Com. Service  
 till April 1. Notice of Monday  
 and Tuesday.

ANNUNCIATION of the Blessed Virgin  
 Mary.

## EASTER MORNING.

BY M. A. LOGAN.

Day dawned; the sun that sought a midnight  
 veil  
 To hide him from his Maker's dying woe,  
 Now ventured forth the risen Lord to hail,  
 Through rosy eastern gates emerging slow.  
 With spices laden, bearing rich perfumes  
 On that first Easter morn three women came,  
 With sorrowing hearts, toward the Saviour's  
 tomb:  
 And two wore Mary called, thrice hallowed  
 name.  
 They traced the garden walks with mournful  
 tread,  
 Discoursing on the Crucifixion-day;  
 Then, suddenly, one to the other said,  
 "Who now shall roll for us the stone away?"  
 Unwilling yet their footsteps to retrace  
 They sought the spot where their dear Master  
 lay;  
 And when they gazed upon His resting-place,  
 Lo, angel hands had rolled the stone away!  
 A faithful pastor closed his study door,  
 His brow was written deep with lines of care;  
 For heavy on his soul the charge he bore,  
 A wayward flock, who, hearing, would not hear.  
 A widow knelt within her lonely cot,  
 Weeping, praying fervently, for one  
 Who with the evil men had cast his lot,  
 And he her sole delight, her only son.  
 Write on, true priest, that they may understand!  
 Still, mother, in thy closet kneel and pray!  
 While yet ye strive a more than angels' hand  
 Shall roll for you each heavy stone away.  
 And when the earth and sea shall yield their dead  
 Upon that last and awful Easter day,  
 From every heart before His summons dread  
 The stones of unbelief shall roll away!  
 —Woodville, Miss.

## EASTER.

At a time when the disciples of Christ are called upon to contemplate the Resurrection their minds ought to be elevated to a pitch of spiritual greatness—to so lofty a height, indeed, that they might easily escape from all littlenesses of thought, from the bickerings and strifes about words, from the anxieties and cares of which this life is so full. The very grandeur of the Resurrection ought to draw men, perforce, from every lesser consideration and absorb all their thought.

Are not all men so affected by whatever is of supreme moment to them? For instance, war is declared between two nations. The news is brought into every household, and a pall of silence falls over the family circle at the possibilities of the conflict. Every father looks with new solicitude upon the children he has begotten; every wife finds herself face to face with the dread alternative of saying farewell to the husband of her youth, or of seeing him bid farewell to honor, patriotism, and duty. The subject, in a word, is *in all hearts and on all tongues*.

Or, again, a calamity occurs. In every street there are mourning households. Procession after procession carries away the victims to their last resting-place. How a whole community rises as one man in such an event! The dead are buried as never dead were buried before, with a following of crowds. The mourning are comforted, as the mourning seldom are, by the condolences even of those whom they have never known or seen. Why? Because the subject is an engrossing one, because the hearts of all men are touched, and those who scorned Death when he met men in single combat now tremble as they witness the dreadful power which is sometimes committed to him—the power to sweep away scores and hundreds at one stroke.

But there comes upon the scene a preacher, with the four Gospels in his hand. He reads those words of mighty portent, "Now is Christ risen from the dead"; and men look, hear, and forget. For a day a holy remembrance is kept, a decking of churches with flowers, a shouting of more jubilant praises than usual, a more numerous concourse of worshippers; it might sound ungracious to say sight-seekers and novelty-lovers. And then is that grandest of all news, that most glorious solution of all deaths, that example of the opening of all graves, that sweet promise that all the dead shall be restored to life again—is all this to pass away, to be forgotten as a *small matter*?

By the individual Christian it may be. By the Church it cannot be. The Church, in her entirety, goes straight onward, holding up this everlasting truth constantly. She has not only her Paschal Feast, her Easter-day, but she adds an *Easter-tide*. For weeks she dates from the event of the resurrection. More yet, she has solemnly taken up the Old Law given on Mount Sinai, and at the command, doubtless, of her blessed Lord, she has said the seventh-day Sabbath has fulfilled its office. It was the day which God sanctified as the day on which He rested from all His work which He had done; but the New Law hath come from Mount Calvary, fulfilling the spirit and abrogating the letter of the Old and establishing the first-day Sabbath, the day upon which the Lord Christ rested from all His work which He had done, the work of the new creation. It is the day of His resurrection. Lent is to be kept as a perpetual feast. Such is the spirit of the Church's instruction and the Church's custom. There are unnumbered blessed ones who have gone not to the grave merely, but to their rest. And those who loved them have not been ashamed to inscribe over them that best of all sermons in stones—the words "in the hope of a blessed

resurrection." If that hope be in men's hearts, the little things of earth become truly small, the joys of heaven greater and greater in their sight. Longing for the first gives way to a greater yearning after the joys which perish not. The very sorrows of this life take on a new aspect, and help men along the road to heaven; help to calm and subdue their passions, and to sweeten their tempers, and to increase their hope.—*The Churchman*.

The announcement of Christ's rising came first to those whom He loved, and who loved Him, most; and the first manifestation of Himself after His resurrection was made to one who loved Him greatly, because He had forgiven her much sinfulness and sin.

At first, whatever be the reason, Mary did not recognize the Lord or His voice in the words which He spoke to her. When however, He called her by her own name, with the familiar intonation of accustomed love, she knew Him. Thus beneath the surface of this event, it appears that the identity of our Lords's after resurrection life with that before his death was so complete that He brought back from paradise and the tomb not only the love for mankind which prompted His atoning sacrifice, but, if we may reverently express it so, the personal affection for individuals which He had exhibited for them before His death.

Our Lord is the first-fruits of all who sleep in Him. When such of the sleeping shall arise, they shall "be like Him." So much is revealed by inspiration.

Let, then, all who have sinned and are forgiven, and who long to see their Lord, remember Mary Magdalene and the other women, and possess their souls in patience. The time is coming when they shall see Him, when they shall know Him when He will speak to them too, and call them by their names.—*The Churchman*.

The testimony to the fact of the resurrection of our Lord is beyond a question. There is no point in all the Lord's life more fully and clearly attested. But the statements of the first discovery are conflicting. That is to say, it is not possible to make out a distinct account, harmonious in all particulars, without suppositions and assumptions which lie outside the record. But the main issue is not "Who visited the sepulchre on Easter morning?" or "In what order did the several companies go?" but "What did these visitants, whether singly or together, find?" There is no shadow of dispute as to this. All the unconscious testimony of undisputed incidents, such as, for instance, the fear of the women in regard to the stone at the sepulchre, bears most strongly upon it. The doubts, if doubts there be, arise wholly out of circumstances which could be perfectly explained had one full knowledge of all the facts. A few questions put to the witnesses of the empty tomb would clear up the whole cloud of mystery.

But it seems to be overlooked that all this only brings out in exceeding prominence the great fact to which all agree. It is the characteristic of a true story. Too accurate evidence is always suspicious, especially where the accuracy is displayed upon minute points not bearing on the main issue. It is the common trick of perjury to build up a scaffolding of unessential truths to hide the central lie.

Again, the truths of the resurrection was so fully established to the apostles by their subsequent meetings with Jesus that they had no interest in sifting the stories which at first had been to them "as idle tales." The evidence did not turn upon the doubt whether the women were self-deceived in their early morning visit.

They saw and listened to Jesus, who spoke to them such words as He only could speak, and these they have recorded.

We should not allude to this were it not that perplexity over minor details might be wrongfully used to throw doubt upon the main fact. We desire to show that this is a false way of looking at evidence. We hold that there is no real perplexity—nothing which cannot fairly be straightened out. Uncertainty as to details is one thing, conflict of details quite another; and the effort of unbelief is to make the first pass for the second. But even the conflict (which does not exist) is unimportant so long as it leaves the essential fact undisturbed.—*The Churchman.*

## NOTES ON THE EPISTLES.

BY THE REV. H. W. LITTLE, RECTOR HOLY TRINITY, SUSSEX, N.B.

Author of "Arrows for the King's Archers,"

### EASTER DAY.

"Risen with Christ," Col. iii. 1.

I.—The great fact which the Church commemorates on this the "Queen of Festivals," and which is repeated in creed and anthem and Lesson, is brought before us in the Epistle in its practical bearing on our present state and daily habits. It is taken for granted by the Apostle that all Christians are already "risen with Christ." "If, therefore, ye rose with Christ," that is in Holy Baptism, which was at first administered by immersion, so that the ceremony was a lively representation of a death, a burial and resurrection. The convert, being buried in the water, was as one dead; and his return from the water was a resurrection unto life. The use of water in Baptism is still intended to convey the same idea. Thus far we have only considered the symbolical resurrection. But the Christian died and rose again, not by a mere outward figure in Baptism, but spiritually and actually. In the sacrament of regeneration the supernatural life of the Risen Christ was imparted to the soul, "the power of His resurrection, the new life in God—hidden with Christ in God." A new nature, that of the Second Adam, supplanted that of the First Adam—the Christian became a member of a new family, the Church of the living God, the child of a new parentage in a higher and nobler sense, and an inheritor, that is one with a title to and a right in the "kingdom of Heaven," with all its privileges and honours. In Holy Baptism the Christian not only is born into a new life which is "hidden" or spiritual and divine, that is "hidden with God," but he also receives power to live that life through union "with Christ"—in a supernatural and awful "oneness," as the branch is grafted into and joined to the vine, and receives of the life of the parent stem, its old nature being changed. (See figure used in Rom. xi, 17, 18, 19, 24.) See also ii, 12.

II.—The Positive Duties enjoined by the Epistle upon those who "rose together with Christ" in Baptism. Christ lives in the full force of His resurrection life in the Christian soul; therefore the "old man," i.e., the old nature inherited by Adam, is to be completely mortified, and sin cast out; just as death had no more dominion over the risen and victorious Christ, when He raised Himself from the dead. The life of the "risen in Christ" is to be directed heavenward, to draw its inspiration from "above." "The Christian soul must soar aloft like the birds, and not be like the four-footed beast that minds the things of earth." (Theop.

ant.) "Ye are dead"—that is to the carnal attractions of the material world. Love for God is this death, for "love is strong as death," (Cant. viii. 6.) Ye are "dead" in appearance, but not in reality, dead to worldly lusts, but not dead in your spiritual root. Your root is Christ. (St. Aug.)

The life of the soul is to open and develop towards God and heavenward; it is to be closed and more and more un-sympathetic as concerns the things of the earth. "Where your treasure is there will your heart be also. The resurrection Life of Christ was unearthly in every sense—not of this world. "Seek the things above," "Set your affection on things above, not on things of the earth." *Sursum corda*—lift up your hearts. "The manifestation of Christ will be the summer of the Christian soul. Then each will put forth a glorious foliage, and what appears now to the world as a dry stick will be crowned with glory, but the leafy fig-trees of this world will be withered at His approach." (St. Aug., Serm. 36.)

III.—The "things," for which the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience. A sad and terrible catalogue, "covetousness," love of money here coupled with the very disgraceful sins. A subtle evil, from which few Christians are wholly free. The covetous man is an idolator, because he gives to material things the thought and affection which is due to God alone. "Making gold his hope, and saying to the fine gold, Thou art my confidence (idol)," Job, xxxi, 24. "The appearing of Christ," the hope of the Christian. The Church like the holy women at the sepulchre in the gloom of the early Easter morn. The day soon to break. The shadows soon to flee away. Meanwhile she awaits with trepidation and hope, a mingling of fear and confidence for the reappearance of her Lord.

IV.—Out duty, i. To realize the glorious fact that we are risen with Christ by our Baptism into the Christian Church. ii. To look upward to the spiritual world to feel "the things" there, where Christ our head is sitting at the right hand of God." iii. Mortification of our earthly members that they may not weigh down our heavenly life. The death of our earthly members quickened our members in heaven. iv. The risen life of Christ an unearthly life, so the life of his people should be "hidden" in God, with Him. v. Christ is the source of the "risen" life, without Him we can do nothing, i.e., apart from and independently of Him. May we, clergy and people, have the true desire for and catch the tone of "the things," above where He sits in glory, so that we can say of our resurrection that it is past already for in deed and in truth we are "risen together" with Christ.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

DOUBTLESS in many of the parishes and missions of this Dominion willing obedience will be rendered to the first part of the rubric at the end of the Communion service which reads: "And note that every parishioner shall communicate at least three times in the year, of which Easter to be one." But the rubric also imposes another duty, and one which, judging from reports which come before the Executive Committee of the several dioceses as to arrears in contributions to the clergyman's stipend is not recognized or fulfilled. It provides further: "And yearly at Easter every parishioner shall reckon with the parson, vicar or curate, or his or their deputy or deputies, and pay to them or him all Ecclesiastical duties, accustomedly due, then and at that time to be paid."

The system prevailing generally throughout Canada, so far as we are aware, makes the Church year extend from Easter to Easter. We have no doubt it would gladden the hearts of many of our hard working and underpaid clergy, if parishioners would recognize the duty referred to in the rubric, and if church wardens would see that no arrears in the stipend of the clergyman or his assistant be allowed to exist on Easter Day.

THAT the Church makes much of the EASTER COMMUNION is plain, not merely from the rubric above referred to specifying that day in particular as one of the three upon which her children should observe and fulfil our Lord's command, but also from the provisions made by her for the services of the day. There is as all our readers know a special Anthem to replace the *Venite* in Morning Prayer, as also special Psalms for morning and evening; and in the Communion office (for the Church anticipates that Holy Communion will be administered on that day), she provides a special Preface to be used "upon Easter Day and seven days thereafter."

Upon the duty of making the Easter Communion, the parish monthly paper of St. Albans, Nanaimo, well says: "make up your mind to do this. The Holy Week preceding Easter is a good time to prepare for your Communion. The Passion of Christ which will be brought prominently before you during these solemn days, may well soften your heart and make you sorry for sin; and if you are even then disturbed by the remembrance of any past sin or by doubt or difficulty of any kind, do not hesitate to go to your parish clergyman, or "some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, "and he will help you to the attainment of that which your soul desires."

EASTER MONDAY possesses importance—over and above its connection with the Great Festival—through its being the day upon which the annual election of Church officers and delegates to Synod takes place. We notice that a Western contemporary in last week's number refers to this, and characteristically invokes party seeking and party serving. We would rather urge those having right of choice to exercise it without reference to party or party cries. Let 'Evangelical,' 'Ritualist,' 'High Church,' 'Low Church' be unknown in this connection; let the duty be done and the choice be made 'IN HIS NAME,' and with a single eye to the glory of God and the benefit of Holy Church. It should not be forgotten that in the exercise of this franchise every Churchman has an opportunity of doing something toward the well-being of the Church at large, and the duty should be done in the same broad, liberal-minded spirit as that which characterizes The Church itself. And, further, it should be done prayerfully, after earnestly seeking for God's direction and blessing. Let the best man for the place be chosen in every case: not regarding so much his social standing as his moral and religious character, and his suitability for the particular office or work. One communicant for instance might make an excellent churchwarden or sidesman who would be out of place as delegate to Synod. All have not the same gifts, and to ignore this in as important a matter as the election of Church officers is an act of folly.

## Family Department.

### JULIE.

#### CHAPTER XXV. (Continued.)

And all this while Mr. Strickland stood cooped up in a corner, nobody noticing him at all, everybody being too much taken up with Julie to give even a glance at him. But he was watching them all, with the tears standing in his eyes—watching the children grouped together, and auntie hovering around. He had no part or lot with them; he felt very much alone in the world.

Then auntie suddenly remembered, and stretched out her hands to him. 'George!' she cried penitently—'forgive me, George!'

But he answered, 'There is nothing to forgive. Rachel,' he went on, eagerly taking her hands in his—'oh, Rachel! I envy you your children. What a precious flock it is! Rachel, Rachel! have you forgotten the old days? Don't make a stranger of me.'

'I have not forgotten the old days,' auntie answered, with a smile. 'George, I am very glad to see you. Just now my heart is full.'

The children, too, were attached to Mr. Strickland now, and Rose and Elsie came a little forward; and Julie, with her arms still clasping Chubbie and Puff, cried very admiringly, 'Do look at them, papa!' and pressed on Puff's angelic face another kiss.

'Oh, Julie, I am jealous—I am very jealous!' he said; and, holding out his hand, he added, 'Haven't you one to spare for me?' And as Julie bounded to his side and put her hand in his—'Rachel you have six other children left; can't you spare me one? How can I give Julie up?' he added mournfully. 'Julie, Julie, come to me!'

'Give up Julie? Give our Julie up?' What a reproachful chorus thundered about his ears! And Puff and Chubby glared at him quite savagely.

'George!' cried auntie, and what a pain was in her voice! 'You don't know what you ask?' she added, shaking her head at him.

'I know what I shall lose,' he answered sadly. 'Julie, what shall I do without my little girl.'

Julie had one hand in his, and auntie held the other. 'Papa,' she cried, with a radiant face, 'why shouldn't we all live together?'

There was breathless silence for a little while, as the elders gazed at each other, then Mr. Strickland took auntie's other hand in his. 'Why not Rachel?' he whispered.

None of the children knew anything about it till a fortnight later, though Rose declared to Elsie there was mystery in the air.

First of all, they could think of nothing but Julie, and talk of nothing but Julie the livelong day. Oh, they were very happy exchanging confidences together. How much Julie had to say to them! And had not they a lot to tell her?

'Julie, darling, we will never keep our secrets from you,' Rose told her again and again. And Elsie whispered that she was 'the dearest little thing in the world.'

Guy said, 'If I ever win the Victoria Cross, it will be through you.'

And Lance said, 'Fancy that!'

And Chubbie and Puff invited her to 'come and play,' whispering, 'Nobody else ever played like Julie; nobody ever did at all.'

And all this while Mr. Strickland and auntie were consulting about the house, and he and she went often to look it over. And when Guy asked, 'Has he settled to take it, auntie?' she smiled in a very strange way.

'Yes,' she said, when the time had come to tell, 'Mr. Strickland has taken our house; and

children—looking round upon her flock with kindling eyes—'we're going to our home again. Julie's plan, he says, is a capital one. We are going to be married, dears. Long ago,' added auntie stroking Rose's hair, 'Mr. Strickland and I were engaged. A foolish quarrel parted us; but we've made it up again.'

Can you imagine the children's surprise?

They gave Mr. Strickland a rapturous welcome when they saw him next; and it was beautiful to see the way he and Julie clung together, as if they understood one another so well.

Mr. Atherton was, I think, quite as glad as they as he listened to their wonderful news, laughing and joining in their joyous exclamations as they gazed into the garden below. 'I suppose I'll have to give up Jowler,' he suggested, pretending to make a face.

'Of course,' answered Elsie, squeezing his arm. 'And the Morleys have been so good. They came to our house this morning to say we're to take back Emperor and Joan.'

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### ELSIE FINISHES THE STORY.

I woke up with a start, for I thought it was all a dream; but when I opened my eyes and looked about, I knew it was all quite true.

We were back again in our own dear room—the room that Rose and I had slept in ever since I could remember, and I recollected that we had come home last night.

The sun was shining in at the window just in the same old way; and the birds were fluttering in the garden, and crying 'Cheep, cheep!' They never sang near Gordon Terrace, because there were no trees about; and the sun never shone in our bedroom, either, till late in the afternoon.

Home! Home at last! It was impossible to lie quite still. I think I shook the bed purposely to wake Rose up; and then I gave her a little push. She stirred and opened her eyes. 'Oh, wake up, Rose,' I said.

She stretched herself and yawned, and then suddenly remembered, too; for she threw the covering off her, and sat up straight in bed.

'We're home, Rose,' I said. 'Doesn't our room look lovely, Rose?'

'Oh, Elsie,' she said, with a sigh of relief, 'I dreamt we were in Gordon Terrace still!'

'I thought I was dreaming, too,' I said; 'but I heard the birds singing in the garden; then I saw our lovely dressing-table, and it all came back to me.'

'Isn't our room beautiful!' cried Rose, jumping out of bed. 'And those sweet blue cretonne curtains, just like Margie's! Oh!' went on Rose, clasping her hands together, 'hasn't Uncle George nice taste! And auntie helped him to get exactly what we admired so much in Margie's room; she saw it one day, Elsie.'

Then we ran to the window, and quickly pulled up the blind, and, looking out into the beautiful garden, we knew it was our own again.

We had come home last night. Such a wonderful coming home it was! First of all, it seemed too miraculous to be true that Julie was alive and well. Darling Julie! I don't think she ever remembered that we used to keep our secrets from her, or had ever been unkind; but Julie always was the most forgiving of us all.

We couldn't make enough of her, I know, the first few days; and, oh, how much we had to say! And Julie, too,—I never remember Julie's talking such a lot; but then she had seen so much! And she wasn't proud at all of having been to the Pantomime and Zoo, and other places, that none of the rest of us had seen. And then about that woman Martha, who shammed that Julie was her niece; and Julie, knowing no better, because she had lost her memory too! It took us days and days to talk about it, before we could understand it quite.

And Mr. Strickland! Mr. Strickland was so nice. Talk of Rose's writing a book!—the plot of her novel was really lovely, you know; I do so like that part about Franseca leaning out of the window, and the cloaked figure pacing under the trees; it had a romantic sound—but nothing could have been more romantic than the way auntie and Mr. Strickland came together again, after having been parted so many years. And to think they were engaged long ago!

It is no use trying to describe how surprised we were when auntie told us that Mr. Strickland and she were to be married soon, and that we were all going back to our home.

Going back to our home! I cried—I really cried for joy. To think that Mr. Strickland had really taken our house; that he was going to marry auntie, and that we were all going to live there once more! And it had all come through Julie too! And Julie wasn't proud at all!

We had all liked Mr. Strickland before; but we really loved him now; and, indeed, he was so nice. We would rather have had him for our uncle than any one else, we thought.

What do you think Rose wanted to do? She wanted to have Uncle George for the hero in her book—'he was so like a hero,' she said. So he was—he was very handsome, tall, slender, and pale; with a beautiful, fair, drooping moustache,—much handsomer than Mr. Atherton, of course. But I couldn't bear that Mr. Atherton shouldn't be the hero too; no one knows how good he was to us that sad, sad time!

'And you can have two heroes; why not, Rose?' I said.

But Rose said, 'No, I can't. People never have more than one hero or heroine in a book; it wouldn't do; it's not the correct thing, I believe. Never mind, Elsie; I'll have Mr. Atherton the first. It's only fair. I'll have Uncle George for a hero another time.'

The days went in a whirl after that. Auntie was to be married in the spring; and she and Uncle George were busy all day long fitting up and furnishing the house.

It is spring now—beautiful spring; and as Rose and I looked out of the window that eventful morning, we saw that the leaves on the lime-trees were just beginning to shoot.

Last spring we looked at them shooting, I remember, from Mr. Atherton's window, and other children were playing in our garden then. What a difference one year can bring!

The boys were down already. They were talking under the lime-trees together. Lance saw us at the window, and shouted, 'Make haste, girls.'

We did make haste; we dressed as fast as we could—only Rose would stop to admire the beautiful new things in our room. But we were ready at last, and had time to take just one run round the garden before Julie called us in to breakfast.

Dear little Julie! She was just the same—yet different, too; she hadn't those half-reproachful eyes, and she was quite as obliging as ever! Uncle George was really fond of the boys; he was fond of us all, I know; but Julie was his favorite, of course; he would always love Julie the best. They seemed to have a kind of understanding way between them; and Julie would call him 'Papa;' she couldn't help it, she said. And Uncle George liked it, we knew. I do believe he forgot sometimes, and really thought she was his own little girl, and the rest of us were only nieces and nephews.

What a long kiss auntie gave us each, as we all tramped into the dining-room—the same old dining-room. Her eyes were shining so, as if they held tears; but she looked too happy for that. It seemed so funny to think she was not Miss Bridges any more. I used to forget whom people meant, when they asked me 'how Mrs. Strickland was,' at first. And Guy—Guy had

to give up his old seat at the foot of the table to Uncle George; but I don't think he minded it a bit.

'What are you all going to do to-day?' auntie said, looking round at us with such a loving face! We had a whole holiday given us, of course! 'Heaps of things!' cried Lance. 'We have to put the old dove-cot to rights for one thing. Old Tozer's been keeping aside some boxes for us ever since he knew we were coming home. A rare old chap is Tozer!

'And we have to get Jowler from Mr. Atherton's, too. I said, 'and fetch his hutch back into the stable.

'And there's the lucerne-plot to look after,' added Guy.

The Graveses, you know, had dug up our lucerne-plot, and had planted cabbages instead; but Uncle George said we could plant it with lucerne again, and this was just the time.

'If you're going into the town, sir,' went on Guy, 'will you get us some lucerne seed? We're going to dig up the plot this morning, and we might as well plant it at once.'

'Very well,' said Uncle George; 'remind me before I go out. And here's the sovereign I promised you towards getting some pigeons, boys.'

What a wonderful morning that was! We scarcely knew what to do. We all ran tearing round the garden first, to look at the old corners and nooks.

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed Lance, pointing to a spot on the wall. 'That's where you cut the buttons off the trousers, Guy. What a sell for the poor old chap!'

'Oh, Rose, I screamed, 'oh Rose, here's my dear little rose bush getting its leaves again! See, two leaves have quite come out. And what a show of blossoms the love-apple will have by-and-by!'

'And here's my bower,' Julie cried, 'where I used to pretend to be a lady, you know; and Puff and Chubbie used to come and visit me. Oh, Chubbie darling! we'll play it all again; we'll play it all again.'

'And horses,' put in Puff; 'couldn't play horses at that old place.' He meant Gordon Terrace, of course.

'Now look here,' interrupted Guy; 'we must set to business, you know. If we spend the whole morning phylandering about, we'll never get the lucerne-plot ready for the seed. Who votes to dig up the lucerne-plot this morning and get the dove-cot ready this afternoon?'

'I,' 'I,' and 'I,' we all called out, one after the other; Chubbie and Puff, of course, calling out the loudest of all.

'Then,' said Guy, 'Lance, run and get the fork and spade; and you girls, set to pull up the weeds. Julie, run and get a basket, dear; and Puff will be our carrier-boy, and carry all the weeds into the yard.'

Oh, it was such a lovely day! And the sun was shining so bright. Rose and I flew to the lucerne-plot, and Lance and Julie ran into the yard, and, by-and-by, there we were, the whole of us, working as hard as we could, and talking of the lovely times we were going to have again.

'Do you remember,' said Lance, stopping a little and leaning on his spade, 'how you said we'd put our plot to rights again if we had a finger

in the pie? It was the day we were taking the keys to Mr. Strickland. Do you remember, Guy?'

'Remember? I should think I do. I'll never forget that day. Well—with a great big sigh of content—we've got our fingers in this pie!'

Then we heard a knocking at the window—the window just above our heads,—and there was Mr. Atherton standing, laughing and nodding at us just in the same old way. Julie kissed her hand to him, and the boys waved their caps in the air. Then Mr. Atherton pushed up the window, and put out his head as well.

'Welcome home, Elsie,' he said. 'How happy you all look down there! What! turning up the lucerne-plot already? Won't Jowler be in clover this summer! When are you coming for him, Lance?'

'Some time to-day,' cried Lance. 'We've got a tremendous lot to do. There's the dove-cot to fit up, too, you know, sir. We're going to attack it this afternoon.'

'What!' cried Mr. Atherton, laughing, 'have Emperor and Joan come home already? It's too bad, I declare! How jealous Jowler'll be! He expected to get back first. Poor Jowler!'

'He shall come back first,' cried Lance. 'I'll come over for him this morning.'

And I called out, 'The pigeons won't be here till the afternoon. Sid and Harry will bring them themselves.'

For we were really going to have back Emperor and Joan. Could anything have been more delightful. Mr. Morley declared we were to have them back when he heard we were coming home; and when Guy offered to pay back the money Mr. Morley had given him for them, Sid and Harry said, 'No.' They were to be a present to us!

'I say,' said Lance, 'we'll have those fellows in on every Sunday morning, and give them any amount of fruit. Sid's not half the sneaky chap he used to be!'

And we all agreed with him.

Well, we finished digging the plot, and Lance went over for Jowler, and carried him up to Mr. Atherton's room, so that he might bid him good-bye, you know. And Mr. Atherton said, 'Good-bye, Jowler, old boy,' and shook him by the ear that lopped down. 'The first time I see you on the lucerne plot, I'll blow you a kiss, old fellow.' And Chubbie and Puff was so tickled at that we thought they were going to laugh all day.

Then Mr. Atherton told us to be off—we had all of us gone to his room,—and called out, as we were trooping down stairs that we were to go to tea in his room to-morrow.

What a happy afternoon it was! We spent it in the dove-cot, helping the boys to fit it up; or sometime Rose and I sat in the dear old play-room, and watched them from the window, you know; and outside, in the yard—just as if we had never been away—the little ones began to play at shop, with Julie for a customer, of course.

'Half a pound of tea,' we heard Julie saying; 'and some sweets for my little girl.' And Chubbie kept on repeating, 'Yes, mum; yes, mum'

in such a funny way trying to imitate Mr. Tozer, you know; while Puff ran and delivered the parcels.

Suddenly we heard a bell. 'There come the Morleys,' we cried. We left the dove-cot, and the little ones left their shop and all ran tearing round to the front door.

Imagine our surprise when we nearly ran into—not the Morleys—you couldn't guess. It was Miss Templeton! She had been away on the Continent some time, and, having just come home, had come to call on auntie and Uncle George; though the boys both said, 'It was to try to get Julie for herself again!'

She did seem fond of Julie. She picked her out amongst the seven of us, and, stooping over her, kissed her on both her cheeks. 'You will come and see me sometimes, Julie, won't you?' she said. 'I wish I could take you home as my little girl; but that will never be now.'

And Lance whispered—I was so afraid she would hear—'No, I should rather think not!'

Then auntie, who had seen us from the window, came out too, and after her, came Uncle George. And Miss Templeton shook hand with him at once; it seemed she knew him quite well! And we heard her say, as she stooped forward and kissed auntie's cheeks, 'God bless you, Rachel. I congratulate you with all my heart! And the three of them went indoors.

Miss Templeton hadn't come after Julie at all; she had come more on account of Guy. She fancied Uncle George wanted to educate him now, and was very jealous about it.

'My plans for Guy must not be changed,' she said; and she didn't go till she had got her way.

Then we went back to the dove-cot again, it was almost ready now, and in a little while the Morleys came. They couldn't stay, they said; they were both going out to tea, so they only gave the basket in, and said good-bye at the door.

Dear Emperor and Joan! Guy carried the basket into the yard, and all of us followed of course. We heard them flutter in the basket; and our hearts, I think, fluttered too.

Poor Emperor and Joan! Sid and Harry had never let them fly, in case they should fly home, you know.

'I wonder if they'll know the dove-cot,' I said. 'Do you think they'll remember, Guy?'

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'I dare say they will. I shouldn't wonder if they did. They've been away a long time though.'

We all crowded round, and Guy undid the string; and Julie put her face into the basket and gave Emperor a kiss on the head.

'Stand aside, now,' cried Guy; and he whistled, 'Whow, whow, whow, whow, whow!' The pigeons fluttered out and gave a little fly, and settled on a box on the wall; and craned their necks and looked about. We were sure they remembered quite well.

'Whistle again, Guy; whistle,' we said. 'They know the old whistle, you know.'

And, indeed, they did! Guy whistled again, and Emperor said, 'Coohdracoo!'

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(Continued from page 7.)

Think what would have become of us,' Jack's mother went, 'if He had not been willing to leave His heavenly home and come down to this world that we might be saved. Now there is nothing to be afraid of, if we have always tried hard to be good and Christ-like. To die is only lying down to sleep, to wake up in the world where there will never be any pain or sorrow, where we will never be lame or tired any more. Christ has opened the gates to that beautiful world. He died, and rose again on Easter morning.'

That was only the very beginning, the getting ready for the fight, Jack found—that quiet talk and all the good resolutions made in the twilight on Easter-day.

Tom was just as disagreeable to sit by on Monday morning, took up as much room and used his elbows as frooly as ever before. 'But,' Jack thought, as he tried hard not to mind it, 'he can't keep it up forever, if I'm only good natured.' And, sure enough, before the summer was over Tom seemed to get tired of being disagreeable, and was even heard to say, in a grudging way, that 'Osborn's singing wasn't so bad as it had been when he first came into the choir.' But the real getting to be good friends came to pass the next winter, in the very first week of Lent, when the days are dull and cold, and snows and green grass seem to be so far away that they never can come back again.

Tom was missing from service every day for a week, and when he came to church on Sunday morning, looked so wild and white, that all the boys fell upon him at once to ask what was the matter.

'Daisy's sick,' he answered shortly, pretending to be very busy with his books. 'I say, who touched my hymnal? and she wants some violets, and I've been racing all around everywhere, before and after school, to find her some. Who's been at my surplice? I think you might leave a fellow's things alone. Every single one at the green-houses are engaged for Mrs. Campbell's wedding; and I can't get her any at all. I say, what chants are you singing now?' And Tom pretended to be very busy to hide the tears in his eyes.

Everybody offered consolation in boy fashion, for every one knew the pretty, bright-eyed little girl who was almost always watching at the window for Tom, as the boy came down the street; but no one could do more than say 'It's too bad,' and 'I'm real sorry,' except Jack. His violets were getting ready for Easter, full of buds and promise, and even a few fragrant blossoms were peeping out from the green leaves. And to afternoon service Jack carried a small brown bundle, that was hidden under his hat during service, to turn out a tiny bunch of violets, that he carried to Tom just as he was going out of the door.

'How's Daisy?' he inquired. 'Will you give her those?'

Tom was so surprised that he could only stammer out something about Daisy's being worse and loving violets, before he hurried off with

them. Two or three times a week after that the violet pots were robbed of all their blossoms, till Daisy was well enough to come with Tom on Easter-even to thank him.

'Come up and see me some Saturday,' Tom said, after the little visit was over. 'I've got rabbits and three squirrels, besides two dogs; perhaps you'd like to see them. And I say, Jack, you know, I'm real sorry I was so mean to you when you first came into the choir. I wish I hadn't now. Will you call it all right?'

And Jack was only too glad to, for he had never forgotten the meaning of the Palm-Sunday Collect; and though there was but a very tiny bunch of violets, so tiny that it was much easier to smell than to see them, for him to carry on Easter morning, Jack's clear, sweet voice rose more lark-like than ever above the others, and his happy face could not begin to tell half the happiness of his light heart as he sang:

"Sour we now where Christ hath led,  
Following our exalted Head;  
Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply,  
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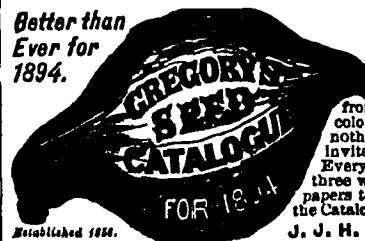


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### SUGGESTIONS TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

1. Punctuality is the soul of system. Be at the school at least five minutes before the appointed time.

2. Greet cordially each pupil by name as he enters.

3. On the tap to open school proceed promptly with the order of business or service.

[a] First call, the roll for it stimulates regularity and punctuality.

[b] See that your pupils have the correct numbers of the hymn and, afterward, the page of opening service.

[c] Join heartily in the music, versicles and prayers and lead your class in all exercises.

4. Talking is not teaching. Have a definite and clear aim, and hold your aim throughout the lesson. When you give information, ask for it again. Use simple words. Have your pupils make all the points they can simply by questioning them. A point made by the class is better than several by the teacher.

5. Make the pupil apply the lesson to his daily life or to that of others.

6. Use all the graphic and vivid illustrations possible.

7. Review, near the end of the class session, the principal facts, truths and topics. Pass quickly over the lesson again, getting all to answer in concert, and see that each pupil is prepared for the superintendent's catechising. Get him to give Title, Golden text and chief Principles.

8. See that the records of the class are neatly and accurately kept, that the age, residence, names of parents, pupil's baptism and confirmation are all carefully noted.

9. Give special attention to new scholars until they have become familiar with the class and the working of the school.

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ant home to congratulate her on the improved state of her health, and to find out in what manner the happy change had been effected. He was graciously received, and the following statement was voluntarily given by Mrs. Fraser:

"It is now over eight years since one morning as I was performing ablutions, and when passing my hand over my face, I experienced a pain on the cheek similar to that which is felt when a thorn which has penetrated the flesh is touched. The pain continued after that and appeared to move all over my face and head. From the cheek it went to the upper lip, then to the lower lip, then to the forehead and head, and then to the eyes. So intense was the agony which I suffered that I was unable to touch my hair and eyebrows, and my eyes felt like veritable balls of fire. My gums were so affected that I was unable to masticate my food, and as a result I suffered greatly from lack of nourishment. My face became so contracted from the effects of the pain that my best friends could hardly recognize me, and the only relief I could get was from chloral and the use of opiates. Finally my local physician, who had been tireless in his efforts to help me, said he could do nothing further for me, and my case seemed utterly hopeless. I then went to Clinton and consulted one of the most skilled practitioners in that town, who diagnosed my case and said he could recommend no treatment that would benefit me. I came home utterly broken down and not knowing what to do. I had read in the newspapers of the marvellous results accomplished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as I had never placed much confidence in proprietary medicines so widely advertised, and had relied more on the methods of skilled practitioners, I had not given the matter of using them much thought. As a last resort, however, I determined to give Pink Pills a trial, and had two boxes purchased at the drug store of James Wilson. From the first box I cannot say that I experienced any noticeable benefit, but by the time I was half through with the second box I knew I was mending rapidly, as the terrible pains had ceased, to a great extent, and I had begun to feel more like my former self. That was last fall, and when my friends heard that I was recovering they began to drop in rapidly and congratulate me. As a result of the excitement consequent upon the fact that sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would come in to see me during the course of a day, I had a relapse—a return of the old pains—but I continued to take Pink Pills, and am pleased to say that I gradually got back to my normal condition, in which I am to-day. This summer, since August, I have been entirely free from the malady, which has never been the case during the previous seven summers, but I occasionally take the Pink Pills, as my doctor advises me that it is well, so as to ward off the disease. I attribute the marked improvement in my health solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have not failed to recommend their use to many of my friends who have made

enquiry as to the benefit derived by me from them."

In conversation with Jas. Wilson, druggist, it was learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a very large sale in Goderich, and that many can testify to their great value as a blood builder and nerve tonic. Mr. Geo. A. Fear, druggist, also speaks highly of the results attained by the use of Pink Pills among his customers, and says he finds them the best selling remedy in his store.

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LITERARY NOTE.

The whole world has been traversed to find material for the Easter number of THE LITERARY DIGEST. Almost every civilized language will be represented. It will be superbly illustrated, full of information; treating all questions of present interest, and all sides of those questions; presenting the leading articles in the foremost magazines and journals of the world. This number of THE LITERARY DIGEST will probably excel any other attempt to give the literature of the world in one issue. The Easter number will be ready on Thursday, March 22nd.

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The same issue contains another valuable paper, "The Queen and Her Second Prime Minister," by Reginald B. Brett. A similar article by the same writer on "The Queen and Her First Prime Minister" appeared in the first issue of the current year, No. 2,583. If this series should be continued it will form splendid material for the future historian of the Victorian era.

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THE ADVENT NUMBER, ISSUED 15TH NOVEMBER, BEGINS THE EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE TEACHERS' ASSISTANT, a periodical intended to help our Sunday-School Teachers in their work for the Church, and to form a bond of union and a means of communication between those who, though divided by the bounds of parishes, dioceses, and even Ecclesiastical Provinces, are still one, members of the one Holy Catholic Church, and fellow-workers in the one good work feeding her lambs

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