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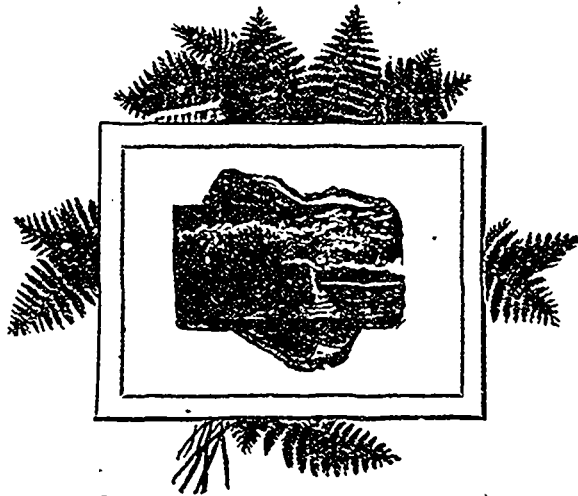
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Vol. VI. No. 2.

The Deanery Magazine.



Diocese of Fredericton.



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The Deanery Magazine.

DIocese OF FREDERICTON.

Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 2.

The Deanery Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT SUSSEX, N. B.

TERMS - - - - - FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.
Payable in Advance.

Correspondence and Subscriptions should be sent to Rev. Canon Medley, Sussex, N. B.

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Our Magazine.

WE are exceedingly glad to be able to tell our subscribers that through the promise of hearty sympathy from all the Deaneries, and the assurance of support from five out of the seven, we are encouraged to make the venture of changing the name as proposed in November last. This is the title, THE DEANERY MAGAZINE. This change involves an alteration in our Cover, which could not be properly done in time for this number, and we must, therefore, ask our readers to accept our present arrangement for a month or so. It is hoped our local subscribers in the Kingston Deanery will not miss the familiar name "Kingston," and since our desire is to awaken a general interest in the work of the Church throughout the whole Diocese, we trust they will even rejoice with us.

Sixty copies have been ordered by the Rural Dean of Chatham, and we expect about the same encouragement from St. Andrews and Shediac Deaneries.

Special arrangements have been made with our Printers by which we can extend the time for the receipt of *Deanery Items* from 15th of the month to 25th, and we hope to receive these items of news regularly and punctually.

Some of our old subscribers, as we have said above, desire to discontinue our Magazine. Among the number are a few who in order to let the Editor know that desire simply send the Magazine back to Sussex enclosed in a *new wrapper* without any indication as to the name of the person from whom it comes, consequently the Editor has not even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing what name to scratch off his list. We would ask any subscriber who is tired of us to kindly ask the Postmaster, from whom he or she gets the Magazine, to return the last number without opening it, and to mark "*re-fused*" on the label. We must also remind some of the tardy ones that the law of the land prohibits this being done unless all arrears are paid up.

"The Stanley Parish Magazine" kindly gives "The Deanery Magazine" a little "puff" in its last issue, for which we return our thanks. We are heartily glad to hear the Editor of the former periodical is doing so well in the way of circulating his Maga-

zine, and we wish him every success. It looks very much as if his prosperity would prevent any large amount of interest being taken in "The Deanery Magazine" by the Fredericton Deanery.

Our subscribers will notice that we appear with an extra half sheet this month. The addition was found necessary on account of an overplus of matter. We do not promise to keep this up unless an increase of subscribers will justify the additional expense of printing.

S. Irenæus.

ABOUT A. D. 120—A. D. 202.

II.

HAVING given the substance of the one faith, S. Irenæus is careful to point out that the faith remains the same without variation whatever language be spoken by the believers, or whatever power of intellect may be possessed by teacher or taught. He writes as follows:

"As the sun, the creature of God, is in all the world one and the same; so also the proclamation of the Truth shines everywhere and illuminates all men who are willing to come* to the full knowledge of truth. Nor among the prelates of the Church, does a man that is powerful in eloquence say anything different from this (for no one is above his master†); nor will he that is weak in eloquence diminish the tradition‡. For since it is ever one and the same faith, he that is able to say much about it hath nothing over§ and he that can say little hath no lack. And it does not follow because men have more or less intellect, that therefore they can alter the subject-matter of the faith."

This is a warning to us now even. We are too apt to think that an interesting or eloquent sermon with little Scripture in it, and with some variation of doctrine, something new, is of greater value than a plain sermon which enforces some point of faith. Then, again, this short passage abounds in reference to Scripture, and is a rebuke to us of the present day: for but little is known of the Bible, and (whether this be the cause or effect of the dearth of Scriptural knowledge) there is but little reference to Scripture in the majority of sermons preached.

Observe, too, that S. Irenæus condemns by implication any addition to the faith, as well as any diminution from it. If then any modern doctrine, introduced in our times as an article of faith, cannot be discovered in early Christian writers, it is at once to be condemned as an unlawful addition to the Faith. There is no room for development of

Christian doctrine in the teaching of Irenæus, this would rather be in his view a heretical opinion. For he says elsewhere that such additions are dangerous, "as a man superior to me has said of those who disfigure the things of God, and adulterate the truth, 'In the milk of God lime should not be mixed.'" Hence he points out that all prophecies and parables are to be interpreted according to the proportion of faith, and should not be twisted to suit different views. "Since parables admit of more interpretations than one, what lover of truth will not confess that it is dangerous and unreasonable to leave what is certain and undoubted and true, and to assert that God is to be sought for in parables."

His testimony about the Holy Communion is especially valuable. He has been pointing out the typical and transitory character of the Jewish sacrifice, and he quotes the prophecy of Malachi to shew that they would be superseded by the Christian oblation. "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand. For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name and a pure offering; for great is my name among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts.* Here is shewn (he says) very clearly that the former people (the Jews) shall cease to offer to God; but that in every place shall be offered sacrifice, and that a pure one. Since then the name of the Son belongs to the Father, and in the power of God Almighty the Church makes her offering through Jesus Christ, he says well on both grounds, In every place incense shall be offered in My name, and a pure offering. For John in the Apocalypse† says that incense is the prayers of the Saints. The oblation, therefore, of the Church which the Lord commanded to be offered in all the world, is regarded by God as a pure sacrifice and is accepted by Him. Not that He wants a sacrifice from us, but the offerer is himself glorified in his offering, if it be accepted. For by the gift, honor and fealty are shown toward the King.

"Since then the Church offers in simplicity; her gift is regarded as a pure sacrifice with God. And the Church alone offers this pure oblation to the Creator; offering to Him with thanksgiving some of His creatures. But the Jews do not now offer, for their hands are full of blood: for they have not received the Word, through whom offering is made to God. Nor again do any of the conventicles of the heretics make this offering. How can they

*I. Tim. ii., 4.

†I. Cor. xi., 2; II. Thess. iii., 6, ii., 15.

†S. Matthew x., 24.

§II. Cor. viii., 15.

*Malachi i., 10, 11.

†Revelation viii., 4.

consistently say that the Bread over which they give thanks is the Body of their Lord, and the Cup His Blood, if they do not call Him the Son of the Creator, that is His Word, by whom the tree bears fruit, and the springs flow, and the earth brings forth, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.*

"Our determined belief is in perfect harmony with the Eucharist, and the Eucharist confirms our belief. For we offer to Him His own, suitably proclaiming the fellowship and union of the flesh and spirit. For just as the bread, which is of the earth, when it receives over it the invocation of God, is no longer common bread, but the Eucharist, consisting of two parts, earthly and heavenly; so also our bodies when they receive the Eucharist, are no longer destructible, having the hope of the eternal resurrection."

In another passage he continues the same idea. "The oblation of the Eucharist is not a carnal one, but a spiritual; and in this respect it is pure. For we make an oblation to God of the bread and the cup of blessing, giving Him thanks that He has commanded the earth to bring forth these fruits for our nourishment. Then when we have made perfect our oblation, we invoke the Holy Spirit, that He may exhibit this sacrifice, with the Bread as the Body of Christ, and the Cup as the Blood of Christ, in order that the receivers of these exact counterparts may obtain remission of sins and life eternal."

In a passage preserved by Œcumenius, a writer of the tenth century, Irenæus points out how it was that the report was current that Christians ate human flesh. Œcumenius† says that he has condensed the passage. "What Irenæus says is in brief thus: When the Greeks had arrested the slaves of some Christian catechumens, they tortured them to learn from them some abomination about the Christians. These slaves having nothing to say which would please their tormentors, except that they heard from their masters that the divine Communion was the Blood and Body of Christ, told this to their examiners. And they, taking for granted that such things were done by Christians, gave information to the rest of the Greeks. Then they tortured the martyrs Sanctus and Blandina to make them confess. To them Blandina excellently replied in these words: How could they tolerate such things when for the sake of discipline they did not enjoy even meats that were perfectly allowable?"

These passages show that the teaching of our Church in prayer and Catechism is that which

was taught by the Church in the latter part of the second century as testified by Irenæus; the same as recorded (as we have seen) some years earlier by Justin Martyr.

One more extract will be given showing the teaching about the intermediate state.

"Since then the Lord walked through the valley of the shadow of death,‡ where the souls of the dead are, and afterwards rose in the body, and after His resurrection was taken up into Heaven; it is clear that the souls of His disciples also will go away into the unseen place, apportioned to them by God and there abide, awaiting the resurrection. After this receiving their bodies, and rising again in full completeness, that is with their bodies, just as the Lord rose, in this condition shall they be brought into the presence of God. For no disciple is above his master, but every one that is perfect shall be as his master.‡ As then our Master did not at once take flight to Heaven, but awaited the time of His resurrection determined by the Father (which had been declared by Jonah), and after the interval of three days rose again, and afterwards was taken up into Heaven; so we must await the time of our resurrection determined by God, and foretold by the prophets, and so rising again be taken up into Heaven, that is, as many of us as shall be counted worthy of this by the Lord Himself."

One more point in connection with the history of S. Irenæus must be here mentioned. The question about the celebration of Easter Day soon became rather important, since the Asiatic Christians kept Easter Day according to the Jewish Passover, and did not always keep it on Sunday. The rest of Christendom kept Easter Day always on Sunday, on whatever day the Passover fell. There was no trouble about this; it did not interfere with perfect intercommunion until Victor, Bishop of Rome, about A. D. 192, tried to persuade Christian Bishops throughout the world to agree with him in excommunicating the Asiatics for not keeping Easter Day on a Sunday. None, however, agreed with him. Synods of Bishops were held in various parts, but while they generally agreed that the Asiatics were wrong, they also agreed that there was not sufficient ground for ceasing to communicate with them. From this it is quite clear that there was no such preponderating weight in the opinion of the Bishop of Rome at that time, as some moderns would persuade us.

At this time S. Irenæus (the man of peace, as his name signifies) wrote to Victor, on behalf of all the Churches of Gaul, remonstrating with him on his harsh attitude; and reminding him that though

*Commentary on I. S. Peter, chap. iii., at the end.
†Schack iv., 28.

‡Psalm xxiii., 4.

‡S. Luke vi., 40.

S. Polycarp visited Rome to discuss this very question with Anicetus, and neither succeeded at that time in convincing the other, yet Anicetus invited Polycarp, to celebrate the Eucharist in his Cathedral; and they parted in perfect peace and Christian fellowship.

Thus we may learn much from a consideration of the life and writings of this great leader of those that have arisen to defend the faith, which may help us to see that in doctrine and practice we are at one with the early Church.

Divine Worship.

II.

In this second paper on Divine Worship we shall consider the worship of the unfallen angels, the worship of Heaven.

Divine worship is ever being offered in Heaven, and has been unceasingly offered there from the moment the angels were created. Satan and his crew, up to the time that they became disobedient, rendered to God holy worship, and those angels who remained true to God have never omitted it since. More than that, it is their chief employment, the highest work of their life, and the work which most delights them. Never is it wearisome to them to worship God. Never do they have to struggle against wandering thoughts. Never do they take part in Heavenly worship with the feeling that duty calls on them to do so, but not pleasure. They rejoice to honour God; they cannot refrain from praising Him; they are filled with ecstasy whilst in His presence; and their greatest trial would be to be prevented from worshipping Him.

This worship of the angels is two-fold: It consists in direct offerings of praise and adoration, and at the same time in cheerful obedience to God's commands. For, dear reader, bear in mind this latter as well as the former is even a part of the worship God requires of His intelligent creatures. Some think and perhaps say, "Oh, if I had not so much work to do, I could be more religious and praise and worship God better." But let such remember that they are worshipping and praising God when they are doing what God has called on them to do; that they are pleasing God more than if they were to throw down their instruments of toil, leaving their work undone, in order to be able to spend all their time in meditation and prayer. For, as I told you in my last paper, all God's *irrational* creation worship God by fulfilling His

word, and this is a real worship as far as it goes: and we, too, are worshipping God, and the holy angels are worshipping Him, when we and they cheerfully do what He requires to be done. By using the powers God has entrusted them with, the angels and men are saying in the language of action, "We praise Thee, O God: we own Thee to be our Ruler: we willingly obey Thee: we trust Thee, knowing that Thy commands are uttered with our happiness and improvement in view: and so we toil, when Thou tellest us to, using the many wonderful powers Thou hast endowed us with, in order that by the marvellous results of our labours, the glory of Thee, who hast made us, may be enhanced."

The angels, then, are not continually standing before God's Throne adoring Him: or at least a large number of the angels are not: but some of their time (we are forced to speak of Heavenly things in a human way) is spent in direct adoration and praise, and some of their time, in employing the powers they possess, in fulfilling God's word.

Yet it seems that there are some orders of angels, whose whole work is direct adoration: at any rate, when Heaven is opened to our gaze, we see there beings who rest not day nor night saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is and is to come." "How monotonous this work must become," perhaps some readers of that passage may think. But let us remember there is no weariness in Heaven, and let us remember God is of unspeakable beauty, glory, holiness, power and wisdom. We know very little about Him, but these angels see Him face to face. Do you ever get tired of praising one on earth whom you love, respect, admire with your whole soul? If it is so joyous a task to praise a noble and good fellow-creature here—if we at times almost worship a certain one here—how much more joyous must it be for the high angels to praise and honour God, who is of infinite excellencies; and when we know that they cannot grow fatigued as we can, or become fickle as we often do, how can it be otherwise than an unutterable delight to adore and cry unceasingly, "Holy, holy, holy."

Now let us briefly consider this direct angelic worship in Heaven as far as we can with our humble powers, and with our limited glimpses of that Holy Home of Our Father.

It is *first* of all a spiritual worship. This must be the case, for those who worship are spirits, with no material body as we have. What are the highest activities of spiritual beings? To love, to rejoice, to adore, to be pure, true, humble and good. All this the good angels do and are; and so

their worship must be a loving worship, a cheerful worship, a reverent worship, and a worship that is pure, true, humble and good.

Added to this their worship is *intelligent*. They do not utter nonsense or idle, meaningless phrases. They know God and His works to a high degree, and they, therefore, do not dare to offer to Him, nor could they offer to Him, anything but the highest productions of their minds; well thought out Te Deums, the most fitting Glorias, the most thoroughly digested Magnificats.

Again, the angels, worship in community: not as mere individuals, but as a united assembly, offering up what we may call "Common Praise."

Again, their worship is *responsive*. To quote one passage proving this out of several: When Isaiah was privileged to look into Heaven and to see the Lord sitting upon His Throne high and lifted up, and the Seraphim encircling the Throne, employed in holiest worship, Isaiah says, that "one cried unto another," or (as in the margin) "this cried to this," indicating that the worship was antiphonal. There was a double choir, one part perhaps saying the words "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts," the other choir responding, "The whole earth is full of His glory."

Again, the worship of the holy angels is *outwardly* reverent. The Seraphim stand when they worship—standing being the attitude of praise. In their lowliness and reverence they cover with their wings their faces and their feet, but their other two wings are spread for action, to fly at God's command. And in the Book of the Revelation we read of those worshipping in Heaven falling down, prostrating themselves in reverence before Him that sat on the Throne. We know not how spirits can assume attitudes, but they can; and when they worship God we see that it is with the deepest and most careful outward reverence.

Again, the worship of the holy angels is not carried on without what we would call here material *helps to worship*. They use harps. They offer incense from golden vials. They cast their crowns before the Throne.

Again, their worship is *musical*. Musical instruments of some kind are used, and God's praises are *sung*, not spoken in ordinary conversational tones: sung, with how beautiful melody, with how rich harmony, with how glorious tones, with how sweet voices, with how full and grand accompaniment, no ear here has ever heard, no mind here can conceive, no mortal can know until the day comes for him, if he is worthy of it, to enter this blessed place, vibrating with music's highest powers, to unite (being a new creature with new

and perfect capacities) with the holy angels in their joyous employment.

One more thought about the worship of the holy angels (and that a very important one); their worship is acceptable to God in itself. Not that they can offer this acceptable worship of themselves without God's grace; they are full of God's grace, and because of that, and because no particle of sin exists in them, God is pleased with their efforts and God accepts their offerings. No mediator, therefore, stands between them and God; no sacrifice has been offered up, nor has there been need of any by pleading which their worship else unacceptable becomes acceptable. This is not needed, by them, for they have kept their first estate, they have remained what God made them—pure and high. Therefore what they do has no sin in it. It is performed up to their ability, and is free from anything displeasing to God. Keep this in mind, then: the worship of the holy angels is not sacrificial. In a certain sense it can be said that it is only acceptable through Jesus Christ, for His grace alone enables them; but yet they do not need to plead His sacrifice, for they have never sinned. We shall understand this better when we go on, as we shall in our next paper, to consider the worship of men, unfallen and fallen.

A History of the Jewish Church.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE S. S. T. U.

SECTION III.

It seems well to preface a consideration of such a subject as the Jewish Church, by making clear to our minds:

- (1) What we mean by "Church."
- (2) God's two-fold design in the use of the Church.

The word Church means "The House of the Lord," being derived (through the German) from the Greek word "*kuriaikon*," which is itself formed from two Greek words "*kurios*" Lord, and "*oikos*" house. The idea embodied in the word Church implies God's willingness to have a dwelling place among men.

But the Apostle says that God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." How do we reconcile this with the idea of a Church or House of God here on earth? It is quite true that the Everlasting and Omnipresent God cannot be considered as *wholly* taking up His abode in limited and perishable structures of wood and stone; but it is no less true that He is pleased, in the marvellous con-

descension of His goodness, to manifest Himself to our faith (for our assistance in the practical worship of Him) in such edifices as our love prompts us to dedicate to His honour and glory.

While, however, we maintain the correctness of this narrower application of the word Church, we do not limit it to this; for we remember that God is a Spirit and not bound by material laws of place and time. The term House of God implies more than the mere structure. It looks within and sees the inmates, and suggests the idea of a *family*—a family bound together under a head; a family acting under definite laws, and on fixed principles; a family with marked features and with similar manners and customs; and, moreover, a family ever increasing and spreading. This *family* also we call “the Church,” and we say further, that, where there is a true representation of this one family—where there is a branch still attached to its divine genealogical tree, there is God manifested to our faith; for the Church—the House of the Lord—is God’s abode, where He is ever present,

- (1) *To reveal Himself to man as a FATHER;*
- (2) *To conform His children to His image.*

This brings us to the second part of our introduction, and we say that God’s two-fold design, in the use of the Church, is to have on earth a visible society in which the Blessed Trinity might dwell invisibly, in order,

(1) To reveal to man GOD the Creator as “Our FATHER;”

(2) To conform man to the image of CHRIST, who is Himself the “express image” of GOD.

While we are endeavouring to develop this idea of God’s two-fold design, we must bear in mind that what the Church is to-day in her more fully developed state, such she was in the germ, and throughout the whole course of her development. To consider the Jewish Church is merely to consider “the Church” in one stage of her development, therefore it is better to speak of “the Church during the Jewish dispensation” rather than use the term “Jewish Church,” which seems to suggest arbitrary and unnecessary breaks, where a course of development is more in accordance with God’s *unchangeable* nature as set forth in His name “I AM.”

For about 1900 years of the world’s history God seems to have been pleased to extend the revelation of Himself for the benefit of a *single nation*, specially chosen for the purpose; and to have engaged Himself in the work of conforming *the people of that nation only* to His image. To Abraham, the Father of the family and nation, called “the Faithful,” God revealed Himself, by

the vision of the consuming fire, as one *who tries men in order to enlighten them*. Later He extended *this* revelation to Jacob and further revealed Himself as “*God Almighty*,” at the same time developing Jacob’s character from “Jacob,” “*the supplanter*,” to “Israel,” the “*Prince of God*.” Moses from tradition would know God as the “Trier” and “God Almighty,” but he received a further revelation of Him (1) as “*Jehovah*,” which sets forth His *eternal oneness*; (2) as “*I am*,” which reveals His *perpetual existence* and *unchangeableness*, and (3) as The LORD, the LORD GOD merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children and upon the children’s children unto the third and to the fourth generation.” This was the fullest revelation yet made, nevertheless GOD declares to Moses that it is merely His “back parts” which he has seen. Moses looked for still further developments in revelation, and, therefore, we hear him saying to the chosen nation, “The LORD thy GOD will raise up unto thee a *Prophet from the midst of thee*, of thy brethren, like unto me, unto Him ye shall hearken.” Here is a reference to the Incarnation, when God (who bit by bit, and in various ways, had revealed Himself unto the Patriarchs and the Church by visions, by symbolic worship, and by the Prophets) reveals Himself at last by His Son our LORD, who is the express image of His Person, and whose special object and work is to conform all men to His own likeness and pattern.

Here then we have the key to a satisfactory study of the Church during the Jewish dispensation, and it is only by bearing in mind this two-fold design that we can ever expect to pursue such a study with real pleasure. With this key we shall find the Church’s rites and ceremonies and Priesthood, in her moral, ceremonial and civil laws, in the teaching of her Prophets, and in her prosperity and sore afflictions, more and more of GOD as *Love*, especially love as suggested by His name “*Our FATHER*,” and bit by bit shall we see man’s nature developed until the world is prepared for the sublimest event of the world’s history, “THE INCARNATION OF GOD.”

Mr. G. R. Parkin, an energetic Churchman of Fredericton, is shortly about to leave for Australia on a mission connected with the proposed Federation of the Colonies. He will be much missed at the Cathedral City as well as throughout the Diocese.



THE
Banner of Faith.

Vol. VIII.]

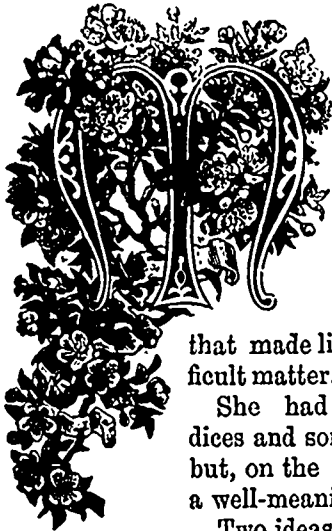
FEBRUARY 1889.

[No. 2.

Mrs. Huckerby.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.



RS. HUCKERBY was a short, red-haired little woman, peaked and pinched with the effort to live under circumstances

that made life rather a difficult matter.

She had many prejudices and some ignorances, but, on the whole, she was a well-meaning person.

Two ideas possessed her at this particular time: the one was, to make an honest living for herself and her three children, and the other was an anxious wish to get back her husband from Manitoba, whither he had gone six months ago to seek that work which had failed him in his own country.

When he went away she was left with Peggy, and Albert Edward, and a baby, to provide for as best she could, and a very small greengrocer's shop was supposed

to supply the wherewithal. This shop brought her in a few shillings a week, and, besides, she had the rent of a room and closet upstairs, which was let to a Scotchman, Fergus by name, who had lodged there these five or six years.

I don't know that Mrs. Huckerby, in the struggle for a livelihood, showed more forethought or management than many other women—somehow things were generally behind in the little household in Peckitt's Row, but, at least, she worked hard, 'striving from morning to night,' as those neighbours who ran long accounts at the shop were ready to testify.

Her lodger, Fergus—it was not known if this were his Christian or surname—worked in a manufactory in the town as a picture-frame maker, and had the reputation of being a good workman, and that was about all any of his acquaintance knew about him. He spoke to no one, and wished no one to speak to him. He never invited a mate to his room; he cooked for himself, washed his own clothes, scrubbed his own floor; and perhaps all that his landlady knew more than others was the single fact that he spent every hour of his spare time in some kind of carpenter's work, which, however, was carried on without much noise.

This pastime, whatever it was, and also his odd 'closeness,' were both perfectly harmless, and his regular payments every



Saturday night were a great help, as something to be relied upon, especially in the bad times when the shop scarcely brought in enough to cover the rent, much less to find food for four hungry mouths.

Such a time of scarcity had just passed, for it was March, and the winter had been a bad one, whether you looked at it from the trade or weather point of view.

All that had come in from the shop had been put aside for the inexorable rent, and the family had existed for a month or two on Fergus's couple of shillings, and potatoes: result, a long bread bill, and a generally meagre aspect, as of people who never got a good meal.

One afternoon Mrs. Huckerby was setting the tea-cups, and frying potatoes in readiness for the elder children's return from school.

Her kitchen was a dim little place enough, for an expanse of whitewashed wall stood within a few feet of the oblong window—small, and dark, and inconvenient, most people would have said—with a door into the shop opposite to the window, and a staircase to the upper storey taking up a good part of one side. All the same, it was fairly clean, and Mrs. Huckerby was learned in the science of keeping a good fire without very much to make it of, and that meant comfort in this soul-piercing east wind—a wind which did

not trouble to go round, but went straight through you.

Four o'clock, and in rushed the two children, rosy and ravenous; the mother was busy filling the cup with desperately weak tea, and the plates with hot potatoes—baby on her left arm contentedly sucking her thumb, and apparently no hindrance to her movements.

'And I've been to Mr. Pain,' Mrs. Huckerby was saying to Peggy, 'and he's promised to take out the bread bill in 'taters and vegetables, and a blessing that is to be sure, for I don't know how I *could* have got the money to pay him; and I told him he shouldn't be stinted, and no more he shan't. He shall have good measure and a good article, for he's behaved like a gentleman.'

Peggy, a twelve-year old lassie, all angles as to her features and elbows, and with a corresponding acute expression, nodded her frizzy red head as quite understanding matters.

'We'll get on better now,' she said, sagaciously, 'and if father sends some money we can have new boots; I can see *all* my toes now,' and she looked ruefully at her feet.

'And mayn't we have treacle on the



bread?' asked Albert Edward, a youngster whose soul was mainly absorbed in finding nutriment for his growing body.

'We'll see,' responded his mother. 'Why, if that isn't Fergus! an hour before his time. What's to do, I wonder!'



The lodger was steering his way amongst the bags of potatoes and the baskets of greens in the shop.

His appearance was rather striking; he must have been a fine handsome fellow at one time, but now he stooped a good deal, and his shabby coat was buttoned across a narrow chest. His pale face had that characteristic stamp of intelligence which is the outward expression of mechanical skill and thought.

He was passing on to the stairs with his usual downcast glance, when Mrs. Huckerby said, 'Ain't you early to-night, Fergus? It's only just gone the half after four.'

'Yes, I was not quite well, so I came away,' he said, uneasy at being detained.

He had the careful pronunciation of a Highlander speaking English.

'Eh, I'm sorry for that,' said she, pouring out more tea for Albert Edward; 'what's wrong wi' you?'

'Oh, nothing, nothing, only a bit of a pain in the side,' and he hastened away.

'He looked just *awful*, mother!' said Peggy, who loved a sensation; 'all black round his eyes, and his lips white.'

'He's had a cough all the winter,' said Mrs. Huckerby, 'but he's that close you can't get him to say anything. Maybe it's the bad weather. When the sunshine comes it 'ull set us all to rights. Here, Peggy, take the little 'un—bless her blue eyes!—whilst I side up the tea-things. You get to your lessons, Albert Edward.'

'Ain't you no errands for me, mother?' said the little lad, not without ulterior designs, as he fingered the 'tors' and 'alleys' in the pockets of his knickerbockers.

'I never knew such a boy for going errands when he ought to be at his book,' said the mother. 'No; sit you down this very minute. What'll father say when he comes back over the sea and finds you are a dunce?'

'He is a dunce,' put in the elder sister, scornfully; 'he's only in the Second Standard. Won't father be pleased when he hears I'm in the Fifth?'

'None o' your conceited ways here, Miss Peggy,' was her mother's crushing rejoinder. She was secretly awed and gratified by Peggy's superior cleverness, and therefore kept the balance right by timely snubs. 'There's the shop. Go and serve Granny Tomlinson wi' what she's asking for, and don't be crowing as if no one was ever in the Fifth Standard before. Come to mother, my pet,' and she took the baby from the



crestfallen Peggy, with a sudden gentleness of speech and action that contrasted oddly with the preceding acerbity. 'There's

Fergus at his work. He can't be very bad if he's took to his carving so quick.'

But Fergus was bad after all, as events proved.

He went to work as usual the following morning, and for the next ten days; and then, one afternoon, a fellow-workman brought him home in a cab. He had fallen down fainting at the workshop, and the master had told him to go and nurse himself; he was not fit to be out.

No doubt the master was right. Fergus had evidently gone on as long as he could get his body to obey his will. It could do no more, and in spite of utter unwillingness, he had to submit to go to bed, and—oh, misery!—to depend upon his landlady for supplying his needs. His helplessness was complete, and he fainted again before his mate, who had good-naturedly remained to give help, could get him into bed.

Mrs. Huckerby's bewailings and lamentations were many and sincere, and louder than Fergus could well bear. He turned his face to the wall and begged to be left alone. She obeyed with surprising alacrity, but only to return again in half an hour with a cup of tea, an egg, and a bit of toast; and it was not her fault if the egg was somewhat stale, and the toast unbuttered.

He was obliged to rouse himself to eat, if only to get rid of her officious attentions; to his surprise he found that the food actually revived him. The terrible faintness passed off and he felt himself again.

His respect for Mrs. Huckerby went up. 'After all, these women know more than we do, perhaps, about some things,' he thought.

A slight increase of docility was the result, and she was encouraged to talk about the doctor. That, however, roused all his obstinacy; he refused to see one on any consideration whatsoever, declared he was all right, and should get up the next morning—nothing should keep him in bed. Surely he could do as he liked!

Somehow there was a sternness of resolution in this man, expressed as it was in the fewest words, which daunted Mrs. Huckerby

more than all the noisy bluster to which she was accustomed when her husband did not find things to his mind; and she made haste to assure Fergus he should have his own way.

He showed his satisfaction, and also his disbelief in his own prophecy of a quick recovery, by bidding her take out of a box all the money she found within, and to put it to such uses as might be necessary till he was able to 'do' for himself.

'And now, guid-wife, you will just go downstairs, and I will do very well. If I am wanting anything I will rap on the floor with my staff there. And if I don't rap, don't come up till morning, and I will do very well.'

'But maybe you'll be took faint again,' said she, hesitatingly, as she put the shepherd's crook within his reach.

'Not I! I will do well. Good-night to ye,' said the resolute voice. With his eye upon her, she could not but obey.

'Eh me!' she ejaculated outside the door, 'but he's got a will o' his own, has Fergus! and him looking as white as a ghost. I don't like him being alone i' the dark.'

Mrs. Huckerby and her children always went to bed early, as an economy in oil and fuel. To the tired woman it seemed as if she had hardly been asleep an hour, when she became conscious of some sound. A moment's startled listening convinced her that Fergus was rapping on the floor above.

'There now! he's bad again—was there anything so unfort'nat?' she thought, as she hurried on her clothes.

Yes, Fergus was indeed ill.

When she rushed up, she found him lying panting for breath. The struggle was so severe that the bed shook under him; his features were drawn, and his brow gathered in anguish.

She opened the window, and then flew to raise him as best she could.

The paroxysm was prolonged, and most harrowing to see. She thought he would die then and there, and perhaps he thought so too, for he grasped at her hand—the one

that was not supporting him—and held it with such force as left the marks of his fingers upon it for days. In his extremity he felt for that human touch for which we all crave at such awful moments.

The gasping fight went on, but at last the sobs began to subside, the heaving chest quieted down. The scale turned: he was to live. She might lay him back on his poor pillow to rest after that hand-to-hand fight with death.

Trembling with the shock and effort, she sat down on a chair at the foot of the bed, but in a few minutes she noticed that the candle she had hastily snatched up at the alarm was burning low, and would soon leave the room in darkness. She rose to go downstairs to fetch a new one.

Fergus thought she was leaving him, and as she passed stretched out his hand and caught her dress. He could not speak, but his eye pleaded with her to stay near him.

Even *his* iron will had broken down. She understood.

'Bless your heart!' she said, 'I wasn't going, except to get another candle. I'll be up in a trice, and I'll stay till you fall over to sleep.'

She brought up a shawl as well as a candle, and made herself as comfortable as she could on a couple of rickety chairs, and, having lit her candle, settled down to her vigil.

Her hopes as to Fergus's 'falling over' were not at once fulfilled. Colour returned to his wan face, and light to his eyes, but the spirit of restlessness rather than of repose took possession of him.

His turnings, and starts, and deep sighs brought forth, at length, such a remonstrance from Mrs. Huckerby as she would have addressed to one of her children.

'Here! there now! shut your eyes, do, and keep still, there's a good creature. A nap 'ull do you a lot of good.'

He closed his eyes resolutely, and, with an exertion of will, composed himself to stillness.

She began to congratulate herself on the fact of his sleeping, when the midnight silence was suddenly broken by a strange,

tuneless voice—'It's no use! Living or dying, I'll never forgive her!'

Turning in amazement, the woman saw that her patient was staring before him, quite unconscious of her presence. The exclamation he had uttered was evidently the expression of his thoughts.

'What's that, Fergus?' she said, imagining he was delirious.

The dark eyes regained recollection as he turned them upon her.

'I wasn't knowing I spoke up loud,' he replied; 'I was thinking.'

'I wouldn't think about worrying things if I was you,' she said, soothingly; 'think about what makes you feel happy-like.'

'Happy-like!' he muttered bitterly, and was silent.

She looked at him, dark-browed and forlorn, with that compassion which brings into a woman's face, however commonplace it may be, something of the divine. Her pity took a practical shape.

'I wouldn't call it any trouble to write to your folks up i' the North—at least, I'd tell our Peggy to write; she's an awful fine scholar—and let them know how bad you've been took.'

'I have not got any folks,' he said, abruptly.

'What! neither kith nor kin' no brother nor sister? Have ye never been married?'

He shrank as if she had touched a sore.

I do not know if it were the simplicity and even ignorance of her kindness that opened his sealed lips, or that the extremity he had passed through made him grasp at some moral support, as he had desired the touch of a hand, but suddenly he spoke out the secret he had revealed to no living soul since he left Scotland ten years before.

'Yes, I've been married—I've been married—and I wish I had died before I set my eyes upon the woman who is my wife!'

The words flew from his lips with savage energy, and his eyes flashed.

'Oh come now! you shouldn't keep up bad feelings, and you so ill, too. Let

Peggy write for her to come to you. I'll be bound she'll come fast enough, and forget all by-gones.'

Fergus smiled a ghastly smile.

'Will she? What do you think I should do if she came in at that door just now? Weak as I am, I would find the strength to kill her.'

'Nay, nay, nay, Fergus. You didn't ought to talk in that way. Try and forgive her, whatever she's done.'

'Forgive her! never in this world or the next. You are a decent woman, Mrs. Huckerby, and I can't tell you what her life was, but she spent all my earnings in

whisky; she killed my two bairns with cruel neglect, and then she deserted me to—and yet I had loved that woman—I had loved her. That's the sting of it!'

He groaned and lay back exhausted with his own passion.

Mrs. Huckerby held her tongue, for this was beyond her.

No more was said, and presently, utterly worn-out, he fell into a deep sleep; and Mrs. Huckerby, mindful that the wheel of labour must be kept turning on the morrow, whatever might be her condition, crept quietly down to the truckle bed which she shared with Peggy and baby.

(To be continued.)

Congregationalism.

FOR many, many hundred years after Christ, Christians were agreed upon this point—that they ought all to go the same way. No one ventured to assert that it was agreeable to the Master's Will that they should take different paths. No one maintained that it was wise to act quite independently one of another.

It is true that from the earliest times there were great differences upon questions of doctrine and discipline. There were unseemly quarrels and party strife. But these always incurred from the rulers of the Church such sharp rebuke as S. Paul administered to the Corinthians. Obedience to Church authority was held from the outset to be the simple duty of its members. The private judgment of the individual was to give way to the decision of the Society—as when at Antioch the dispute among the disciples was once for all set at rest by the decree of the Council at Jerusalem, of which we read in the 15th chapter of the Acts.

The result of Christians thus recognising that they should all act together as one Society was very beneficial. They realised that all baptized persons formed one great

Church. Differences of race and nationality, of position and education, were no barrier to the fellowship that existed. The bonds which united them were too real and strong. They were a great Brotherhood scattered over the face of the earth. They repeated the same Creed, lived by the same rules, partook of the same Sacraments, were filled with the same hope. If we may borrow modern terms, they formed a great visible Guild—were united by the ties of a spiritual Freemasonry.

There were those who from time to time refused to bow to the ruling of the Apostolic Church, and who, being worsted in the struggle, tried to set up a rival Church of their own. Seldom, however, did these meet with much success. Being of men and not of God, such movements more or less speedily came to nought. The confusion and disorder they introduced into the Christian Body were but temporary, and the Church still held on her way as the old Apostolic Society under the guidance of the Spirit of God.

And so in our own country, as in others, for twelve hundred years and more, there was practically but one body of Christians. And they belonged to this old Church of

England, so dear to us still. Rival sects there were none. Dissent was a term unknown. Every man who was a Christian was, as a matter of course, a Churchman. And the people of those early days would have been not a little surprised had they been told that everyone might worship Christ just as he liked, in his own way—that there was no visible Church in which His Presence was felt and His Spirit moved.

Where, then, did the numberless sects of to-day spring from? What is their origin? They sprang, alas! in the first instance, from the Church, and had their origin in the storms and troubles of the Reformation. Think of it, you who never cross the Church's threshold or enter her sacred precincts. Your forefathers worshipped at her altars and subscribed to her Creed. They received help and consolation in their pilgrimage from the prayers we still repeat. They died in the faith of the Church, and they sleep their last sleep beneath the shelter of her walls. Never say you have no concern in the old Church of England. Why, she is the cradle of the best instincts of your race, and whatever religion you now have is a fragment torn from her teaching!

It was fifteen hundred years after Christ when modern Dissent first saw the light. And the first body of modern Dissenters were those who are still known as Independents or Congregationalists. The principle of Congregationalism is, briefly, that each congregation of Christian people is a Church to itself. The first rule of the Congregational Union of England and Wales recognises 'as the distinctive principle of Congregational Churches the Scriptural right of every separate Church to maintain perfect independence in the government and administration of its own affairs.' And we are told elsewhere that this means that 'a Church (*i.e.* a congregation) is complete in itself; and that all questions of faith, discipline, and membership are to be settled by its members.'

Such principles as these are, of course, not at all in harmony with those we have been advocating. Instead of speaking of

one society or kingdom of Christ upon earth as being in accordance with His Mind, we must, if we accept them, say that His idea was a multitude of wholly independent bodies, each acting in the way it chooses. Instead of one army of many battalions marching against a common foe we must picture multitudes of small companies skirmishing and sallying forth on their own account, and without reference to the exploits of their neighbours. Then, too, we must say that the people of Antioch showed culpable weakness in accepting the decree of the Council of Jerusalem. They should have sent back the disciples when they came, telling them they could acknowledge no external authority—that the question must be settled among and by themselves. St. Paul, also, was violating this principle when he wrote to Titus in Crete 'to ordain elders in every city,' 'to set things in order,' and 'to exhort and rebuke with all authority,' in fact, to superintend all the congregations in the island; or, again, when he wrote to Timothy similar directions about the oversight of the elders and congregations in and around Ephesus. For each separate congregation, on the principle of the Independents, should have resented such interference as being contrary to the Will of Christ.

But, still further, we must be prepared to abandon some of the most beautiful of New Testament imagery as mere vague phrases having no real practical meaning. When our Lord speaks of the Vine and its branches, of the one Flock under the One Shepherd, of the Kingdom with its subjects living under the equal laws of a much-loved King, we must suppose that He has no thought of our relation to one another, but only to Himself.

When S. Paul speaks of Christians forming the Spiritual Body of Christ, of the members acting in concert together, rejoicing and sorrowing together, united as are the members of the human frame—still we must be careful to recollect that he is only referring to some invisible Church, of which, indeed, he tells us little.

Oh! dear friend, how can I continue to

describe a gospel of the independence of Christians one of another? Why, it is the total opposite of every New Testament page—a gospel of separation! Why, listen:—‘By love serve one another.’ ‘For we are members one of another.’ ‘If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another.’ ‘Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ’s sake, hath forgiven you.’ ‘Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.’

The founder of Independency or Congregationalism was Robert Browne, a clergyman of the Church in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and his followers were first known as Brownists. It was about the year 1570 that he began to preach his novel doctrine. He denounced all who were content to remain in a Church the ceremonial and laws of which they did not approve. The tone and temper of his mind may be gathered from a tract that he wrote, entitled ‘On Reformation without tarrying for any.’ So small was his success at the first, and so little was the encouragement he received, that he passed over into Holland. In Holland he found a more congenial soil for his teaching than in England. Even there, however, his principles brought confusion and disorder, so he retired into Scotland, and at a later period he was solemnly excommunicated at Northampton by the bishop of the diocese. Browne ultimately saw the foolishness of the principles he had advocated, and made his peace with the Church. He was presented to an incumbency, and died at an advanced age in the year 1630.

It is only right to add that the Presbyterians no less than the Churchmen of his day disapproved of Browne’s doctrine of Independency. The Puritan party was mainly Presbyterian, and their one idea was to Calvinise the Church of England—to set up a Presbyterian Church Establishment in the place of the old Church of the land. ‘I abhor,’ says Baxter in the seventeenth century, ‘unlimited liberty and toleration of all, and think myself able to prove the

wickedness of it.’ Indeed, that each congregation should form a religious Republic was certainly not the desire of the great Puritan party, and the feeling against religion in some form established had no place in their breasts.

And, lastly, what of this principle of Independency in our own day? It is, as might be expected, breaking down. The establishment of a Congregational Union by the Congregationalists themselves is a confession that it has not answered—that Christian congregations do need binding together—that there must be a sense of oneness. The whole tide is setting once more in favour of unity. There is a re-awakening of brotherly love and Christian charity. Rivalries and jealousies have had their day, and the whisper is becoming something more than a whisper, ‘Sirs, ye are brethren: why do ye wrong one to another?’

At whose door the rise of these various sects lies we do not care to stay to inquire. ‘Let the dead bury their dead.’ All parties were no doubt at fault—the Church in her lack of sympathy; those who separated from her in their hastiness and self-will. Results outlast causes; and the evils of division which we have amongst us still are the fruit of days long gone by. That there is need for their further continuance no thoughtful person will seriously maintain. With a little sacrifice, a little charity, a little humility, we might all be one to-morrow, one as we were in the days of old, one as the Lord willed us to be.

Yes, one! For the foes of Christianity are marshalling their forces and preparing for battle. They do not conceal their designs. What are they telling us? They tell us that all forms of Christianity are equally hateful to them—equally pernicious. Romanists, Protestants, Churchmen, equally they desire to exterminate. ‘Free license for immorality,’ says one of their papers lying before me, ‘is the substance of Roman Catholicism and Protestantism alike.’ Again, with regard to religious education, what can be plainer than this? ‘The unsectarian dodge is

being worked, though it simply means, as much theological poison shall be administered as the poisoners can agree upon. In these circumstances Freethinkers should rally to a man round the secular flag.' 'Our duty is,' says the same journal, 'to fight with all our strength against religion in public schools. The students in Non-conformist colleges are equally (with those of the Church) trained in sectarianism.'

That is the cry from the enemy's camp. And will you still say that unity amongst Christians is not desirable, is not essential? Will you still linger behind in the battle that is being fought for religious education rather than bear arms along with us? Nay, then, let me remind you of a certain woman of long ago, who said, Kill the child and divide it rather than let the other woman have it. And, remember, she was rightly judged not to be the true mother.

We Christians must no longer move the ridicule of the world by our foolish and needless dissensions. What perhaps was the natural outcome of the confusion and distress of the sixteenth century has no place in the nineteenth. The old Church of our fathers is awake and active, sympathetic and comprehensive. She is not now, at least, cold and dead and intolerant. She is ready once more to gather back into her fold children who have gone out from her. She is the only possible rallying point for English Christians. For they were once beneath her wing. United, and acting together in love, what work should we not do? And again, as men beheld the spectacle they would exclaim, as in the early days of triumph, 'See how these Christians love one another!'

J. H. M.

The Church and the People.

LORD MACAULAY ON THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

IN a speech made in the year 1845 that great statesman and historian, Lord Macaulay—after saying it was *not* on behalf of the noble and wealthy that he advocated an Established Church—continued: 'The person about whom I am uneasy is the *working man*, the man who would find it difficult to pay even 5s. or 10s. a year out of his small earnings for the ministrations of religion. What is to become of him under the voluntary system? Is he to go without religious instruction altogether? That we should all think a great evil to himself and a great evil to society. Is he to pay for it out of his slender means? That would be a heavy task. Is he to be dependent on the liberality of others? That is a somewhat precarious and somewhat humiliating dependence. I prefer, I own, that system under which there is, in the rudest and most secluded districts, a house of God, where public worship is performed

after a manner acceptable to the great majority of the community, and where the poorest may partake of the ordinances of religion, not as an aim, but as a right.'

It might be added that not in the poorest and most secluded districts is the need of an Established Church the greatest. If anyone desires a conclusive test, let him wander through that vast district of East London—in itself a mighty city—which is inhabited by the poorer classes. What is Dissent doing there? Absolutely nothing! Where are the chapels? You will not find them! All that is done is done by the Church. The reason is plain: the poverty of the inhabitants is too great for voluntary efforts. Dissent, which is dependent on voluntary effort, would starve in such a locality. It is on behalf of the poor man that we plead for the maintenance of a Church, which—though just as *voluntary* in any sense of the word as any chapel in the land—is for the present supported by the

fruits of the pious liberality of past ages, and can thus, like Saint Paul, make the Gospel 'without charge.'

The rich can pay for new churches for themselves as well as for any other luxury; but if the Church of England is robbed and plundered the poor will suffer a loss that a thousand years will hardly make up to them again.

The Church Defence Society has published the following, which we gladly reprint, as its object is precisely that which we are endeavouring to serve in this column:—

TO CHURCHMEN.

WHAT WE FIND:

1. Considerable misapprehension amongst all classes respecting the History of the Church, her property and endowments, and consequently much misrepresentation of the Church's true position.
2. A powerful organisation called 'The Liberation Society,' which teaches that 'both ancient and modern buildings [thus including *all* Churches], as well as all endowments, now appropriated to the use of the National Church, must be regarded as *National property, at the disposal of the State.*'
3. A Society which maintains further that, 'with such exceptions as may be determined on, the Cathedrals, Abbeys [such as Westminster, Beverley, &c.], and other monumental buildings, should be under National control, *and be maintained for such uses as Parliament may from time to time determine.*'
4. An extraordinary ignorance among Churchmen, both of what is being thus taught, and of the mischievous extent to which such teaching is being disseminated.
5. A common feeling among Churchmen that, while the Church's work is her best defence, no other defence is needful.

WHAT WE WANT:

1. To spread sound information on Church History, Church Property, &c., at least as widely as misleading publications on the same subjects to the number of three millions annually are circulated.
2. To arrange for the delivery of sermons, the holding of lectures, and the circulation of leaflets, according as may seem most desirable, and so to kindle new love and reverence for the Church, to strengthen her children in their attachment, and to fortify them with all necessary arguments for her defence.
3. To preserve to our country and children the greatest of our national blessings, and to maintain for the service of Almighty God all that by the piety of past generations has been dedicated to Him.

WHAT WE DO NOT WANT:

1. To see Religion banished from our Schools, from the Legislature, and generally from our National life.
2. To see Churches, venerable with the holiest associations, appropriated to secular uses, or for unchristian and anti-Christian services, or, as in Ireland in some cases since Disestablishment, closed through inability to maintain them.
3. To see a Clergy of inferior class and capacity powerless to influence the educated Laity.

WHAT YOU MAY DO:

1. Take pains to ascertain the truth respecting (a) the history, (b) the working, and (c) the right of the Church to her revenues.
2. Help to bring this knowledge home to others by subscribing to the Church Defence Institution, by distributing its various publications, especially 'The National Church,' and giving it all the moral support in your power.
3. And so do your part in preserving to your country that which is its greatest glory—our National Christianity.

PERSEVERANCE.

'The conditions of prayer which shall be heard are: 1. A right faith; in My Name. 2. A right life; if My words abide in you. 3. That we be members of His Body; if ye abide in Me. 4. And confidence as to the very subject of our prayer; believing that ye shall have them. 5. Perseverance.'

A Bit of Temper.

JEM. Is that one of your little ones screaming, George? What-ever's wrong with it?

George. Oh, nothing; it's only little Sam. He's hasty if he don't get his own way in a minute; but it's over directly. Fanny has shut him up. I don't like her to beat him for fear of breaking his spirit.

Jem. I don't hold with much beating of children—leastways, not at the minute they are naughty, for several reasons. But as to breaking the child's spirit, I don't seem quite to know what that means.

George. Well, you see Sam's such a fine little lad, as brave as a lion, afraid of nothing, with his eyes looking at you so straight, I shouldn't like him to be cowed while he's so little—stopping to think if he'd get a beating for every bit of mischief.

Jem. No, no, you're right there. An active little chap like that gets into mischief just as ducks run to water—meaning no harm. We never beat ours for a torn frock or a broken mug, or suchlike accidents.

George. Well, with Sam it's his bit of temper stands in the way. It's a word and a blow with the little fellow; but I tell Fanny he'll mend of himself as he grows older and gets more sense.

Jem. I shouldn't let him scream like that, though.

George. It does sound as if he'd bring the place about one's ears. (*Shouts.*) Stop that noise, Sammy, or father'll give you the stick. He'll be quiet now. It's only his hot temper, you see; over in a minute.

Jem. Excuse me, George, but it often puzzles me the way folks have of making a sort of pet of some faults and treating them as if there was even something good about them. Little Sammy's temper, for instance.

George. Well, you see, a child's temper takes it so unawares, it would be hard to punish it every time it broke out.

Jem. You blister Rhoda, don't you, when she has those bad turns with her chest?

George. Yes; doctor said we must. She's so bad with them. But of late she's kept ever so much better since her mother's spoke serious to her about changing her shoes when they are wet and taking care beforehand.

Jem. Why not try that plan with Sammy's tempers? Take and provide against them beforehand.

George. A little chap like that, just gone four!

Jem. Why not? He's sensible, isn't he?

George. As sharp a child as any amongst them.

Jem. I thought so. Just you try talking to him, then.

George. What should I say? I'm a bad hand at that sort of thing.

Jem. Say simply you won't have screaming and slapping; it isn't good. But there, George, you and Fanny know how to manage a child just as well as I do.

George. Well, I do make a stand against the big lads quarrelling or using bad words, but I'm bound to say that little Sam makes me laugh when he flies into a rage, looking like a little turkey cock.

Jem. And yet it is the beginning of a lot of sin—temper is. You heard of little Mark Adams the other day?

George. Taking his little sister's hen and killing it in a pet. Yes, I was up at the farm that day. Farmer Adams was down on the child, though. Kept him a whole day shut up, and forbid him riding the pony till next holidays. He's a fine chap that little Mark, though.

Jem. Those hasty ones often are. Mr. Adams is a very kind father, and I fancy he is grieved enough to punish his only boy, but he sees what temper can do, and he knows it is truest kindness to stop a sin at the beginning.

George. It's better than sulking, though.

Jem. So people say. I can't see it. I don't think one can reckon in that way with sins. They are all bad, and temper in a man is dreadful. Yet the hasty folk as good as tell you that temper is noble and sulkiness mean. As if a sin could be anything but downright bad.

George. Well, but a sulky fellow is a sort of brute, isn't he? Holds his tongue and looks black all day.

Jem. While the passionate fellow conducts himself like a wild beast.

George. Oh come, come, Jem! That's hard language.

Jem. So it is. But, George, sulkiness and passion are own brothers. Sulkiness doesn't go to the lengths of passion, I'll confess. I've known passion turn into the blind fury of murder. Temper in a man is an awful thing.

George. Aye, in a man. But then a grown-up man should know how to hold himself in.

Jem. If he hasn't begun to 'hold himself in,' as you call it, while he is little he has a poor chance as he grows bigger. A passionate man is an awful creature in a house.

George. You may say so. I have a cousin married to one. He's got no other fault as far as one can see, but the children go in terror of him when he looks black.

Jem. Does he drink?

George. Not a bit of it. It's just passion. Over in a minute, but that minute's a downright bad one. He's ashamed of himself directly after, but he says he's too old to mend now.

Jem. And Sammy's too young! What is the exact age, George, for beginning to cure a bad temper?

George. Now you're at your jokes, Jem.

Jem. I don't call it a joking matter.

George. No, no, you're right there.

Jem. Did you ever hear Mrs. Macdonough tell how her brother was killed in the Indian mutiny?

George. By those heathen savages, I suppose. I knew she had a brother killed out there.

Jem. Not a bit of it. While, as you say, the Indian savages were murdering all the English they could get hold of, two Christian men, comrades in the same regiment, quarrelled inside the fort at Lucknow, and the one shot the other dead—Mrs. Macdonough's brother was the victim. He was riding-master of the 7th Cavalry Regiment, and a most respectable man.

George. That was dreadful. What did they quarrel about?

Jem. They were bosom friends, it seems. But the wives of the two had words one morning, just about the drawing up of a curtain, I've heard tell, and Richard, as Mrs. Macdonough calls him, said a cutting thing to the other man, who had a temper, and in a minute the deed was done, and one man lay a corpse.

George. The women would fret over that, I should think.

Jem. Yes, they were nigh distracted, especially the murderer's wife, for she was a violent tempered woman too, and excited her husband into his fit of fury.

George. Was the man hung?

Jem. Poor chap—no. They say he lay hiding his face all that day speechless and wretched. His temper had taken a life and ruined two families. No one could get a word out of him.

George. What was the end of it all?

Jem. Perhaps as good an end as could be. In those days of the siege they could not bring any man to justice, whatever his crime. Men, women, and children were all shut up together in the fort at Lucknow surrounded by the mutineers, and hardly able to keep them at bay. The unhappy murderer had to take his turn to defend the fort with the rest. He behaved most gallantly, they say, but very soon his lifeless body was brought in—he was shot dead at his post by the enemy.

George. Well, it was best so, as you say. He could never be happy again after killing his friend.

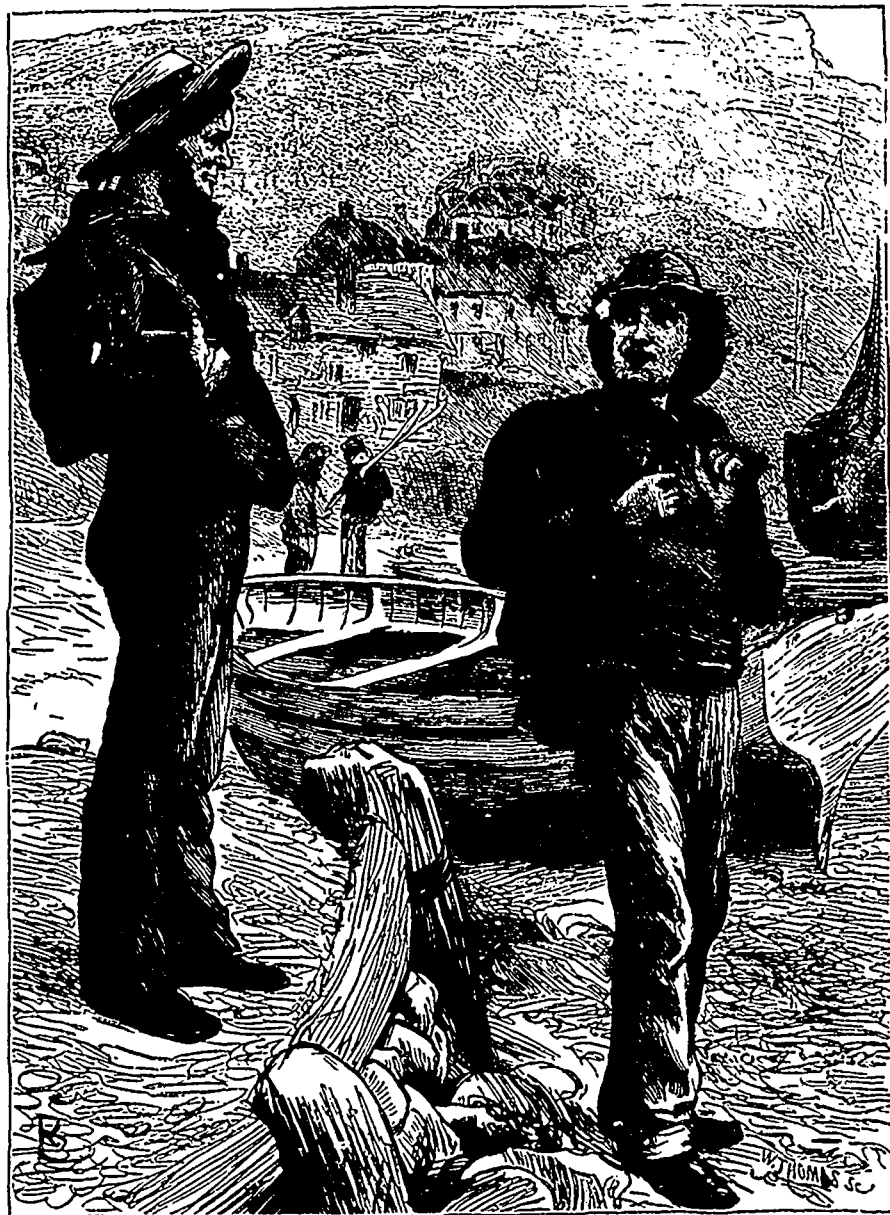
Jem. A moment's indulgence of temper—that was all.

George. I hope Sammy will cure himself in time. I'll try and keep him in. I

mustn't laugh at him when he struts and gets red in the face.

Jem. No. Try to turn his thoughts

Jem. Yes, and you may tell them also about another case that was in the papers only the other day.



away from what vexes him. Children can often be brought round that way.

George. I shall tell my big lads about the poor chap in the mutiny, for they get angry with each other pretty often.

George. What was that?

Jem. A lad out in Canada. He and his father were in a street car, what we here call a tram. The lad was restless, stood up, and got in the way of the conductor,

who told him to sit down. He wouldn't, and dared the conductor, showed 'a bit of spirit' in fact. The father backed him; it was a free country and all that. There was a row, and the father assaulted the conductor, half killed him, and was had up for attempted murder.

George. That was the father's fault.

Jem. Yes, twice over. First for not teaching his child to control his temper, and secondly for losing his own.

George. I hear that in the Colonies children are let to have their own way too much.

Jem. So I believe. Their own parents regret it. But even here, as we know, there are fathers who admire 'a bit of spirit' in their sons.

George. Come, that's one for me. And yet I do keep a tightish hand on my lads. One of my boys keeps his temper, but then he mocks at the other, and that drives him wild.

Jem. Your lads have learned the Catechism, I am sure.

George. Oh yes, both of them.

Jem. They can say their duty to their neighbour?

George. Right through without missing a word.

Jem. You should get them to remember, then, that they are to do unto others as they would be done unto.

George. I'm afraid lads are too apt to say 'Tit for tat,' and 'Give as good as you get.'

Jem. But those are heathen sort of sayings, George.

George. That's true. And we're Christian folk. Can we be Christian folk, Jem, while we speak so? I sometimes ask myself that.

Jem. I know what you mean, George. But if our sins of temper and our hasty sayings are slips, and not our real thoughts and intentions, why I don't doubt they will be forgiven.

George. But you wouldn't have a man quite without spirit, would you?

Jem. What do you mean by 'without spirit?'

George. Why taking insults, and that sort of thing—a meek, poor sort of chap.

Jem. Meek! That word seems somehow to have got a wrong meaning tacked on to it nowadays. Moses wasn't ashamed of being meek in the old times. Our Lord was meek and lowly of heart, and He said 'Blessed are the meek.' Yet He was brave enough.

George. The lads think it would be poor-spirited if they didn't turn on anyone who mocked or ill-treated them.

Jem. But really it is the bravest who can bear scorn and ill-usage without showing anger, without getting into a temper, in fact.

George. But it is hard, you'll allow, to keep quiet when one's blood's up?

Jem. Very hard. One wants three things to do it. The knowledge that it's right to keep from getting angry, practice in holding oneself in, and a bit of a prayer to help one.

George. Well, I suppose I'd better start at once with little Sam. Show him how to cool that hot temper of his. Would you give him the stick, now, any time he breaks out?

Jem. No, I should go the other way to work with a little chap of four. Give him a cake or a bit of sugar every night when he had been good all day. And tell him why he should try to be good.

George. To please the Lord. He knows 'Gentle Jesus' all through, and he'll stand and look at His Picture over his bed quite sensible.

Jem. Yes, he's all there is Sammy. Why, here he comes, as bright a little lad as you need want to see!

George. The thunderstorm's over. Well, I'll try and keep the little chap at 'Set fair' in future, for I shouldn't like any child of mine to come to trouble through his temper. The worst of it is, though, that they must never catch father in a temper either.

Jem. Right you are there. No good preaching what you don't practise.

George. Well, I'll put the drag on myself then, for I do break out sometimes

when the children trample the garden or break my pipe. What, going already, Jem; I thought you were going to stop the evening.

Jem. Not to-night, George, I've an engagement. Good-night, it's time I was off.

Keep out the Sun.

A YOUNG housemaid was sweeping a room one summer morning. The sun shone, clouds of dust arose and danced in its rays. 'Dear me, I must pull down the blind,' said the girl, 'the sun does make so much dust.' And, having done that, she contentedly went on with her sweeping. She thought the sun made the dust, and when she had shut out the bright light she fancied it was all right.

I knew a man who lived at No. 3 Prospect Row; he was not such a bad sort of fellow; he worked hard, and brought his wages home to his wife when he had no special reason against doing so, but there it all ended. Now at No. 2 and No. 4 lived two other men with their families; they were just in the same position of life as No. 3, and were inclined to be friendly with him. They took their children to church with them on Sundays, they taught them to pray and to own God for their Father; in fact, they remembered that there was another world beyond this one, and they tried to prepare themselves for it. When No. 2 realised this it made him feel uncomfortable: he saw that his way of living, though easy, was not the best way. He was letting his children grow up ignorant of the best knowledge, he spent his Sundays as if they were just Saturdays or Mondays—in a hundred ways he discovered that there was a better way of living than his own.

But he feared that that new way might prove a hard way—give him trouble—so after a while he told his wife that he had a fancy to live in Green's Court (where people were less particular in their behaviour). She did not guess why he wanted to move, but I have told you the real reason. The sun had lighted up his life and shown

him the dust, the sin in it, and he wanted to pull down the blinds.

Was he more comfortable in Green's Court? Yes, he was; I am bound to confess that. He did not see the dust there. But was there no dust, no sin, therefore? You all know that there was just as much as ever, and that that man would be righteously judged one day for knowing how to do good and doing it not.

And now how often have you felt vexed with a person who openly tries to live a godly life? Why is this? Many reasons you give, perhaps. Because he sets up to be better than his neighbours. Because you fancy he must be a hypocrite—it isn't natural to behave in that way. Because his father, a very good fellow too, never went as far as he does.

All poor sorts of reasons, and wanting proof. The real reason for feeling vexed with a man who leads a holier, better life than you do is that he lets in the sun on your life, and shows you the dust, the motes of your sins, floating about in the light.

The mote of forgetfulness of God. The mote of selfish ease. The mote of neglecting your children's best interests. The mote of ingratitude to the Saviour who died for you. The mote of folly in living for this brief world, when you know there is eternity to be provided for. And a thousand other motes of dust, all teasing you by dancing in the sunlight of the better and wiser life of your neighbour.

It is a great temptation to pull down the blinds and keep out of that man's way because he makes you uncomfortable.

And suppose you do manage to pull down the blind to avoid him, to forget his 'odd ways,' to live as if you had never seen or heard of them: what then?

Why, you begin to feel nearly as comfortable as before.

Nearly, as comfortable? Perhaps *quite* as comfortable?

No, not *quite*; the fellow's queer ways have left a tiresome sort of feeling behind, but you hope some day that will wear off too.

My friend, you ought to thank God that you *don't* feel quite comfortable, for that would mean that you have so often tried to hush down your conscience that at last you have hushed it to death.

Light has been let in on your soul and shown you dark, dusty places there, and till you try in a real hearty way to clean out that dirt, those sins, it is good of God to let you feel uncomfortable. Do not wish to be comfortable, that only means that you are dead, insensible.

When that feeling of discomfort comes over you concerning your own conduct as compared with your neighbour's, pull up the blind and think. Is anything wrong in *my* life, however little, to cause it? What are the motes which I now see, though before I saw them not?

Don't change your house or your acquaintances; don't say that So-and-so is a hypocrite, or cracked, or over-particular; but be sure that if his better doings make your life seem sinful or selfish, or even only

disturbed and uncomfortable, it is you who had better alter your ways, not he.

The saddest thing of all is to see an old man pulling down the blinds, and refusing to see the motes in his life.

'I am too old to change,' he says, quite aware that a change is needed. 'I've always been honest and respectable. I don't go to church or chapel, it is true, and I don't want the parsons coming here, for they upset one, and I'm too old for that.'

And so he pulls down the blinds and dies in the darkness when he might have light, just that he may keep up a dead, dull sleepiness in his soul to the last. I do not like to think of that man. I would rather say one word more to you, who have only got your hand on the blind, and that word is, 'Don't pull it down.'

Find out what your motes are—your sins—and ask God's help to clear them out. Very few men in England will be able to give a good excuse at the Judgment Day for neglect of God and religion. They have the light, and if they will let it in on their lives they will be able to see their sins, and the next thing for them to do is to summon up their courage and drive them out.

What sin will you begin to drive out this very day, my friend?

Through the Forest.

A BANKER'S clerk in Austria was ordered to take a large sum of money to a neighbouring town. There was no line of railroad, and the nearest way led through a forest which was the refuge of thieves and vagabonds.

'Take a good horse,' said the bank manager, 'ride quickly, and you will get through the forest in daylight; you are armed, no one dare attack you save under cover of darkness.'

The young man was not altogether pleased with his commission, but he had no choice given him, so he summoned up

his courage, strapped the bank-notes up in his pocket-book, loaded his revolver, and started. He could not utter a 'God protect me on the way,' for he did not know God, so he chose to think or to say he thought that God did not exist.

The day, bright at first, soon clouded over. The wind rose and the way through the forest was encumbered with broken branches and fallen trees. In avoiding one of these last the young man lost his way completely.

Darkness came on; he could only move at a foot's pace, and when he saw a glimmering light in a wayside hut he thankfully made for it.

'It may be that these very robbers they tell one of live here,' he said to himself uncomfortably; but I can't wander about the forest all night.'

So he dismounted, knocked at the door, and asked for shelter. A poor haggard-looking woman, with some little children crouching behind her, admitted him. 'Yes, he might shelter,' she said; 'her husband would be in by-and-by, and then she would see if they could give him a shakedown in the loft.'

The hovel was dark and miserable, and the young man was in no way reassured when the father of the family came in, a rough-looking fellow in a bear-skin cap. He trembled for his bank notes, and utterly refused all invitations to go up the steep ladder into the loft overhead in search of a bed. It would be easy to murder him up there. He would sit by the fire; he should prefer that.

'Every man to his taste,' was the man's reply, 'but I shall be glad to stretch myself on the straw above, so if you'll hand me down that big book behind you, my friend, I'll read a few words of Holy Scripture as is our custom, and then be off to rest.'

The young clerk, still with his hand

on his revolver, did as he was asked, and by the time the reading was over had quite recovered his composure.

A man who could read the Bible to his family could hardly be contemplating robbery and murder! The clerk's watch by the fireside soon became a heavy sleep, and when he woke at daylight he found all his possessions safe, a portion of black bread and milk set ready for him, and a little lad of eight years old ready to guide him on his journey.

Wishing his rough friends good-bye, he started on his way. When his little guide had put him on the right road and left him, the thought struck the young clerk, 'What a fool I must be to despise religion, when I know that it makes men honest, and true, and merciful!' Then he thought of his mother who had so carefully instructed him as a child, of his father who had said when dying, 'Serve God,' and at last smitten to the heart, he cried out aloud, 'Oh God, teach me to know Thee. Forgive me all the ignorant and foolish words I have said concerning Thee.'

And from that day forward no one heard the young man declare himself an infidel.

Who'll Help?

WAS up near the City Road one day,
Some chaps were digging a drain;
The sky was dark and the streets were grey
With a misty, drizzling rain;
I had done my work, and was hurrying by,
But a chap is bound to know
What's up when he hears a frightened cry,
And a crowd begins to grow.

All news flies fast. The word was passed:
'The drain!' 'the props!' and 'save!'
The earth had slipped, and the men were fast:
Three souls in a living grave.
They had mates at hand, by luck, poor chaps,
Who hurried with pick and rope;
Thought I, They'll dig 'em out sharp perhaps,
But little the worse, let's hope.

So I stood and watched them for a while,
As I'd nothing else to do.
They threw the earth in a goodly pile,
And one of the lads got through.
'Hurrah!' went up from the watching throng,
And rang through the misty air.
A girl I knew came running along,
And sighted me standing there.

'Oh, Jem!' she gasped; 'can't you help? go, go,'
And she seized and shook my arm;
'It's your brother, lad, that is down below,
And you standing there so calm!'
'My brother!' There, in a second's space
I was digging away like mad—
Fearing to light on his poor dead face—
The only brother I had!

And I got him out! with a bruise or two,
But nothing of harm beside.
You'd scarcely think what I say is true,
But I fair broke down and cried,
To think I'd been standing staring there
When my kin was like to die,
Letting the others do all my share,
Out of sheer stupidity.

It seems to me, when I come to think,
That our life on earth goes so;
Some standing safely upon the brink,
Some sunk in the depths below.
And I'm sure, if people only knew
That their *brothers* were like to die,
They'd hasten to see what they could do,
Instead of just standing by.



Jesus with the Little Ones.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

THE Lord Jesus loved the little children and desired that they should be brought to Him. Mothers, do you bring them now? First in Holy Baptism, next by your own example, then by holy teachings. Or do you let the world rebuke you, saying, 'The children are too young, take them

back till they can themselves ask the Lord to bless them, or at least understand what you are doing.' This is the language of the Devil, not of the loving Saviour. He will bless the youngest babe if you will bring it to Him. But He asks that of you mothers—to bring the children.

Work for God at Home and Abroad.

VISIT TO THE INDIANS OF THE RED RIVER. DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.



N Saturday Mr. — lent us his horse and buggy, to drive down to S. Peter's, an Indian settlement on the Red River bank. It was quite a new experience. The road runs by the side of the river all the way, and the view is very pretty. On either side of the stream are the cottages belonging to the Indians and half-breeds; they are quite close together, so that you seem to be passing through a long village all the way. Each cottage has a plot of ground attached to it, which is more or less in a state of cultivation, and fenced in with a good stout fence.

About four miles down the stream on the opposite side is a fine stone church, and on this side of the stream a stone house, very large and substantial. This is where Archdeacon Cowley used to live, who founded the Indian Mission many years ago. He died last fall, and I believe his family lives there now.

We drove about two miles further on, and arrived at the Treaty Ground. It was Treaty time, and all the Indians had come from far and near to receive their Treaty money and rations from Government. It was a regular Indian fair. Many had come in boats, and there was a perfect fleet of boats, barges, and canoes drawn up on the beach, the canoes made of birch bark. There were hundreds of tents, or tepees, as they are called, pitched on the grounds. Some were encamped under booths made from the branches of trees—a sort of Feast of Tabernacles, one might imagine it. Of course there were a goodly number of refreshment and fancy booths, where everything was tricked out to attract the Indians by their love of colour, and the inevitable circus with the young man outside inviting all to walk up and see the finest show in the world for 25 cents. The Indian tents are more like gipsy tents than anything else. A framework is made of light poles, either round or conical, and a covering of canvas or birch bark stretched over them. Babies, like little bronze cupids, were sleeping in hammocks slung from the trees; ponies and oxen, tethered, or tied to the Red River carts, were

browsing behind the tents. We passed along through all this, when suddenly we came to a large open space of about an acre of ground. There were tents all round, and on the ground, in an immense circle, like children at a school treat, was the largest collection of Indian squaws and children I ever saw—of all ages and complexions: chubby little babies, children, girls and boys, buxom young mothers, and withered old hags, just skin and bone. Their complexions varied from white to the darkest copper. They were all apparently in the very best spirits, talking and laughing away in the most lively manner. The rations were given under the direction of the chief and his counsellors, and were served out by the Commissioners. Each woman had a bag of flour, and in the centre of the ground there was a pile of bacon cut into pieces of uniform size, representing a good many pigs. This was also served out, as well as some tea. I never saw such a well-behaved crowd in my life. There was no whisky allowed on the ground this year, as before there has been a good deal of trouble on that account. They were altogether a most fascinating party, and I could hardly tear myself away from them. The chief is a grand-looking old man, tall and stout and very dark, the result of some prison which he had taken by mistake. He wore a loose canvas coat, and a black felt hat with a gold lace band. He was assisted by his counsellors, intelligent men, dressed, like park-keepers, in dark blue coats and brass buttons, with red collars and pocket-flaps. As we were going away we saw the women busied in getting the evening meal. They had some very good boiled fish and potatoes, and were frying bannocks, made of flour and water, in frying pans over camp fires; the result smelt very good.

We drove home again, and got in about six o'clock, pretty well tired with our sight-seeing.

THE CHURCH EXTENSION ASSOCIATION.

JOTTINGS FROM OUR JOURNAL.

LETTERS of thanks again from a foreign mission which has benefited by the liberality of readers of the BANNER OF FAITH. This is very satisfactory. It shows that many of our

readers are taking to their hearts our Lord's commission to His Church, 'Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Christian England has shown herself too often to the foreign races with whom she trades as a self-interested and self-seeking people, but now she is beginning to recognise that wherever the British flag goes religion ought to go with it.

In the August number of the BANNER OF FAITH we asked for help to rebuild the burnt church at Farringia, on the swampy West Coast of Africa, where the Christian settlement is a centre of light to the heathen villages around. Our readers showed their brotherly sympathy with these poor people in their misfortune by sending the liberal sum of 42*l.*, chiefly in small sums, to provide an iron roof for their new church, so that it may be more secure against such a misfortune in future. The following letter of thanks has reached us:—

'At a meeting of the Committee of the Pongos Mission last week—the Bishop of Jamaica presiding—I was deputed, as secretary, to tender to you the very hearty thanks of the committee for the very generous gift of 42*l.* received from you for the purpose of putting an iron roof on the new Farringia church. I have written out respecting the roof, which will be shortly, I hope, put in hand.

'Yours very truly,

'A. H. BARROW.'

Help is asked for another burnt church.

Will you please find space in your magazine, the BANNER OF FAITH, for an appeal to the many willing helpers of foreign missionary work? I write on behalf of the poor people of Pouch Cove, for help to enable them to rebuild their church, which was burnt in the winter of 1883. Some of your readers have already given us assistance, but our need is still great.

Churchmen in this little fishing village of Pouch Cove had for many years made self-sacrificing efforts to build and adorn their little church, and to make it, as becomes the 'House of God,' orderly and beautiful. They had every reason to rejoice, and thank God that their efforts had been crowned with such success, and they met together Sunday after Sunday, and festival after festival, to worship God in the best building their means could provide. Alas! misfortune overtook them one

Sunday morning. While assembled at morning prayer the roof of the church was discovered to be on fire—the cause, a defect in the stove pipe—and before any assistance could be rendered the fire had gained such hold that in less than an hour nothing remained to mark the spot where the dearly-loved church had stood but charred and blackened pieces of timber. The feelings of my poor flock can better be imagined than described. They were all sorrow-stricken. How, in their poor condition, could they expect to build another church? The cod-fishery, upon which their livelihood depended, was failing. Nevertheless, a church, *must* be built. After the first feelings of grief had passed they set to work to cut a frame for a new building, and during the following week sufficient timber was cut and hauled to the spot to put a church in frame. By the help of sympathetic Churchmen, in Newfoundland, and also of friends in England, the poor people of Pouch Cove had the gratification of seeing another House of God rising on the site of the burnt one. They gladly rendered all the assistance they could, and gave their labour readily and freely. But the amount at first raised was insufficient to complete the church, and 100*l.* were borrowed. It is to enable us to pay off this debt, which is so heavy a burden upon us—priest and people—that I am constrained to make this appeal to the friends of foreign mission work.

May God put it into the hearts of you favoured English people, who can worship Him in the beauty of Holiness, to help us in this poor fishing settlement of Pouch Cove.

Address of priest, the Rev. G. Crane, S. John's 'Outposts,' Newfoundland.

Some parts of Newfoundland are in great need.

A letter from Bonavista Bay says: 'The fishermen are nearly all home from the Labrador fishery. I don't think it will be quite so bad on an average throughout the whole country as it was last year, but here at Pool's Islands the men have been very unfortunate. Only one craft out of many has done anything like well.'

The Factory for tinned lobsters has been nearly a failure at Pool's Island. Some poor men have earned no more than eight or ten pounds to support a family for a long winter.

The Government has issued proclamations through the island 'that it cannot give help this year,' so that things are not brighter than last year.

We take the following from a printed report of the Mission of Toungou, Burma :—

'As a means of establishing the disciples more firmly in the faith, and as examples of how Church doctrine and Bible truth should be definitely taught, we are now re-issuing the translation in Karen of the Rev. D. Elsdale's 'Instructions on the Creed, Lord's Prayer,' &c., the English of which appeared in the BANNER OF FAITH for 1886. We are enabled to do this by the kindness of the readers of that journal (most of them poor people), who sent us 10*l.* for the purpose. We take this opportunity of publicly thanking those kind people.'

These active missionaries keep their printing press going with difficulty, and appeal for help to buy more type and printing material.

From want of means they are prevented from printing some badly needed prayer and hymn books in Karen. We will gladly forward any help our readers may be disposed to give.

The Rev. Ronald Hilton, Priest-in-charge of the mission of Fort Macleod, Alberta, N.W.T., Canada, begs to acknowledge with heartfelt thanks monies received in response to his 'Heartfelt Appeal' in BANNER OF FAITH. Acknowledgment will be found in subscription list.

He further desires to thank those kind friends who so regularly send him Church papers, including *Times*, *Guardian*, *Little Papers*, BANNER OF FAITH, *Churchman and Temperance Chronicle*, *Mission Field*, &c.

'May God bless them all,' is his earnest prayer.

We have a letter from Nova Scotia in praise of a diet of beans. The writer speaks from personal experience and declares that the ordinary white beans (or brown) to be had so cheaply at any grocer's form the most strengthening nourishment that can be taken.

He is a practical man and gives receipts for cooking them.

'In the western part of America fresh meat and vegetables are not always to be procured, and it has been found that the best substitute is dried beans, cooked with a little bacon or fat. This food is extensively used by miners and surveying parties. The following are different ways of cooking the dish :—

'1. The beans are put into a large iron pot, boiled for about two and a half hours, the water being changed once. A few pieces of raw bacon are added, and the pot is then put on the fire again and boiled until the skin of the beans cracks. Ashes are then heaped round

the pot and it is allowed to bake for a short time, and is then ready for serving. Or bake in the oven for a short time in a covered dish.

'2. Another mode of cooking beans is to boil them till sufficiently cooked and put them on one side (they will keep sweet for two or three days), and then, when required for use, put as many as required into a frying-pan with bacon fat, and a little seasoning of pepper and salt and onions, if liked, and fry till thoroughly hot through.

'This food has a most lasting effect; a man can do a good day's work on one meal of it, and I find it is the best food to take before a long day's hunt in the mountains.'

This suggestion may be of use to some of our readers; it is sent to us with the view of benefiting some of our East London poor, or our large family of orphans.

Our daily dinner parties are very large, and the question of food becomes a serious consideration; but it does not dismay us: we feel confidence that the kind Heavenly Father who has so far fed our children can and will do that and more, therefore we are making room for another hundred!

They will join their voices to ours in asking for 'daily bread,' and it will not be denied.

We have had several additions to our numbers lately—cases that seemed too urgent to be refused, so they have been squeezed in. Some of these bring sad little histories with them. These little maidens all seem to agree in their dislike of workhouse life. No wonder; it is not the life for children, who want brightness and love as much as flowers want the sun, if they are to expand into what they are designed to be.

One child says: 'Once a gentleman came to the Union and asked which of us would like to go to Canada; he said, "Whoever wants to go hold up their hands;" so we all held them up. I did too. I didn't know what Canada meant, but I thought perhaps it was a nice house, and I wanted to go away from the workhouse.'

Polly is a dear little girl with a gentle face and voice. She tells us that until her father got very ill they had a comfortable home, but at last were forced to go to the Union. 'Father fretted over it dreadfully,' she says. 'When we were in the Union me and my little sister were allowed to go and see him in the infirmary once a week. Then I got ill. I don't know what was the matter with me, but I had a dreadful headache, and then I don't remember any more until I was getting better; then I

asked to go and see father, and then the nurse told me he was dead—he had been dead a month.

'And so we stayed on, and we thought we should never get out, but a lady got us here at last, and we're going to stop here till we're quite big and grown up.'

Four tiny sisters, the eldest six years old and the youngest quite a baby, are amongst our new comers—nice bright little things they are, with their closely-cropped heads. Their mother died last April, and the father, only thirty years of age, after struggling along for a few months, trying to lay out his ten shillings a week to the best advantage for his little family, and to manage so that they should miss their mother's care as little as possible, made an end of his life in a fit of despair.

The little girls thus orphaned have settled down very happily with us.

Another wee thing, only just able to talk, arrived at the same time. 'Have you any brothers and sisters, Dot?' was asked. 'Oh yes,' said Baby Dot, 'I've got a lot!' 'And what are their names?' 'Oh, one of 'em is Granny, and one is Aunt Mary, and one is Aunt Fanny, and lots more. They said they was too many, so I came here.' We feel very thankful when any such helpless infants can be brought into our nursery to be cared for and loved and shielded from harm.

It is as if some little frail, storm-tossed boat had at last drifted safely into the harbour.

There are many orphaned girls as young as these in all parts of England waiting until we can take them in. How we long to hasten the day when our Queen Victoria Orphanage may open its doors to another hundred!

We preach patience to ourselves, and say the day will come, for surely it is God's Will that these homeless, desolate little ones should be cared for. He is the Father of the fatherless, and will provide for these children, whom He loves with a special and tender love.

A poor mother in Newfoundland has sent us the savings of a dearly loved son, a choir boy, ten years old, who died of diphtheria. Shortly before his death he begged his mother to give the four shillings he had saved to the parish priest to help someone in distress, and so it comes here for English orphans—children of one family with the little choir boy.

Our children have had a nice hamper from Great Totham friends. 'It is not,' said they, 'from those to whom God has given much and blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, but from those who have to pinch and plan for their own needs. One poor widow has cast in her mite—*part* at least of her living, for she is glad to sell her garden produce for her living.' Such givers as these none on earth can recompense, 'but they shall be recompensed at the Resurrection of the Just.'

* * *

The Orphanage of Mercy and S. Mary's Convalescent Home are not local institutions. They receive destitute orphans and sick children from all parts of the country.

Cards for collecting shillings up to 30s. and pence up to 10s. will be forwarded on application. Gifts, such as fancy work, old and new clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, blankets, bedding, crockery, fruit, vegetables, groceries, books, toys, are always very welcome.

Contributions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Miss Helen Wetherell and Miss Frances Ashdown, Secretaries of the Church Extension Association, 27 Kilburn Park Road, London, N.W.



NOTES FOR SUNDAY LESSONS.

By REV. D. ELSDALE, Rector of Moulson.

THE CHURCH CATECHISM.

ARRANGED IN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE SUNDAYS FROM ADVENT TO TRINITY.

The Christian Covenant treated during ADVENT.

" " *Faith* " " CHRISTMAS and EPIPHANY.
" " *Duty* " " LENT.
" " *Grace* " " from PALM SUNDAY to TRINITY.

NOTE.—Each Instruction will be arranged under three heads:—

- A. *Expository*—explaining the words of that part of the Catechism which is assigned to each Sunday.
B. *Harmonistic*—showing how the Services appointed for that particular Sunday (the Collect, the Epistle, and Gospel, the Proper Psalms, the Lessons, &c.) illustrate that part of the Catechism.
C. *Practical*—drawing, from what has been thus explained and illustrated, moral and spiritual lessons for the Christian's life.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany. (FEBRUARY 10.)

The Judicial Life.

Passage (to be read)—Daniel ii. Text (to be learnt)—Daniel vii. 13, 14.

- A. 'From thence HE shall come—to Judge the quick and the dead.'
I. 'From thence HE shall come'—CHRIST will come as Man (Acts i. 11); as God HE is always on earth, as well as in Heaven (S. John iii. 13).
II. 'to Judge'—JESUS is Judge (1) for His own Glory (Phil. ii. 9).
(2) for the satisfaction of His Saints (S. Matt. xix. 28).
(3) for sympathy with sinners (Heb. iv. 15).
(4) that the wicked may see HIM as Man (Rev. i. 7; contrast S. Matt. v. 8).
III. 'the quick and the dead,' i.e. not the good and bad—the souls and bodies, but those alive as well as those dead at His coming.
Note the same use of 'quick' in Numbers xvi. 30.

B. The services for this Sunday may be either those for the fifth or for the last Sunday after Epiphany. In either choice we have the truth of the Last Judgment brought before us—but especially in the services for the last Sunday:—

1st—*The Collect*—collected from the *Epistle* refers to the first manifestation of the Saviour to take away our sins—to be followed by His second manifestation to make us like Himself in purity and glory.

The Gospel describes the events of the Last Day.

2nd—*The First Lessons*—all taken from the Book of Proverbs show us those 'works,' according to which we shall be finally judged (Rev. xx. 13).

C. Need for the General Judgment—

First—to clear the Righteousness of God (Psalm li. 4).

Therefore believe in His Justice now.

Second—to convict the Great Accuser (Rev. xii. 10).

Therefore deny his lies to his face.

Third—to satisfy all men—(whether saved or lost). Genesis xviii. 25.

By—1. Explaining what has been doubtful.

3. Separating good and evil for ever.

2. Revealing the secrets of all hearts.

4. Declaring the doom of Life or death.

Therefore judge nothing before the time.

Septuagesima Sunday. (FEBRUARY 17.)

THE HOLY GHOST.

Passage—Deuteronomy xxxiv. Text—Numbers xi. 25.

A. 'I believe in THE HOLY GHOST.'

I. The 3rd and last 'Chief' Division—the 8th of the 12 Articles of the Creed.

II. The Nicene Creed contains additional truths (added at the Council of Constantinople A.D. 381) about THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1. 'THE LORD,' i.e. Jehovah.

2. 'The Giver of Life'—HE dispenses on behalf of THE HOLY TRINITY bodily and spiritual life.

3. 'HE proceedeth from THE FATHER and THE SON.' HE is the Third Person of THE HOLY TRINITY, and derives His Godhead eternally from the First and from the Second Person.

4. Together with THE FATHER and THE SON, HE is worshipped and glorified, showing that HE is 'Co-equal' with the other Persons.

5. 'HE spake by the Prophets'—2 S. Peter i. 21:

- B. 1st. *The Collect* asserts the Equality of THE HOLY GHOST in Life and Power with THE FATHER and THE SON. *The Epistle* insists on Temperance, which is one of the Fruits of THE SPIRIT. Gal. v. 23.
The Gospel represents God THE FATHER as calling us, which He does by HIS SPIRIT, at different periods.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*: Morning, Genesis i. 2—THE SPIRIT of God in Chaos.
 Afternoon, Genesis ii. 7—THE SPIRIT of God in Man.
 Evening, Job xxxviii—THE SPIRIT of God in Creation.
- 3rd. *The Second Lessons* describe the spiritual Jerusalem, which is builded by THE SPIRIT (see Ephesians ii. 22).
- C. The other four Articles of the Creed depend upon this—upon THE HOLY GHOST:—
- First—'The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.'
 Recognise the Church and the Saints as the building of THE SPIRIT. Eph. ii. 19, 22.
- Second—'The Forgiveness of Sins.'
 Accept THE HOLY GHOST coming for the forgiveness of your sins. S. John xx. 22, 23.
- Third—'The Resurrection of the Body.'
 Anticipate 'The Giver of Life' at the Resurrection Day. Romans viii. 11.
- Fourth—'The Life Everlasting.'
 Trust in THE HOLY SPIRIT as 'the Living Water.' S. John iv. 14, vii. 39.

Sexagesima Sunday. (FEBRUARY 24.)

The Means of Grace in the Church.

Passage—2 Chron. vii. Text—Psalm xlvi. 8.

- A. 'The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of Sins.'
- I. The oldest form is—'I believe in the Forgiveness of Sins through the Holy Church.'
 II. The Nicene Creed adds 'One' and 'Apostolic,' omitting 'Holy;' and inserts 'One Baptism.'
- B. 1st. *The Collect* shows our weakness and helplessness—our only safe place is in the Church.
The Epistle states the sufferings of the Ministers of the Church.
The Gospel describes the field of the Church over which the seed of the Word is cast, by which some hearts profit—others not.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons*—
 Morning, Genesis iii.—The Garden represents the fold of the Church, in which Communion with God was interrupted by sin, for which, however, forgiveness is at once indicated.
 Afternoon, Genesis vi.—The Ark = The Church.
 The Flood = Baptism, which destroys sin and saves the faithful.
 Evening, Genesis viii.—The Patriarchal Church perform their first act of worship—a sacrifice for sin.
- C. How to use Grace.
 First.—*Thankfulness.* 1 Cor. xv. 10. | Third.—*Faithfulness.* 1 Cor. iv. 2.
 Second.—*Humility.* S. Luke xviii. 11. | Fourth.—*Confidence.* Phil. iv. 13.

Quinquagesima Sunday. (MARCH 3.)

The Last Things.

Passage—Daniel xii. Text—Job xix. 25, 26.

- A. 'The Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting. Amen.'
- I. Compare the corresponding clauses in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds and in the Baptismal Creed.
 II. As a human body without a soul is a corpse, so a human soul without a body is a ghost. Therefore the Resurrection of the Body as well as the Immortality of the Soul is necessary to a perfect man.
 III. The everlasting existence of the wicked is not to be called 'life.' Therefore this Creed takes no notice of their fate.
 IV. 'Amen' (as at the end of the Gloria Patri) signifies 'So is it.'
- B. 1st. *The Collect* prays for 'Charity' as the last and greatest of all things in earth and Heaven.
The Epistle. Charity abideth throughout time into Eternity.
The Gospel. The SAVIOUR reveals the last things of HIS Life to HIS amazed disciples.
- 2nd. *The First Lessons.*—Morning, Genesis ix. 16.—The everlasting Covenant with Noah and with all flesh.
 Afternoon, Genesis xii. 3.—The faithful promise to Abraham and to us.
 Evening, Genesis xiii. 14-17.—The promised land—a type of Heaven.
- C. Personal Character (good or bad).
 First.—Formed in life. Acts xxiv. 16. Therefore realise the responsibility of acts and habits.
 Second.—Continued in death. Rev. xiv. 13. Therefore work while it is day.
 Third.—Fixed in Judgment. Rev. xxii. 11. Therefore remember that time passes into Eternity.

Deanery of Kingston.

JOHNSTON.—The festivities of the Christmas Season in this Parish continued long after the festival itself had passed away. We saw with pleasure in Church and at their homes the faces of several persons who had been absent from our midst for some months. How delightful it is to see this love of home kept up! Surely the love of CHRIST which induced Him to become Incarnate must flow down from Heaven upon us in larger measure at Christmas than at any other Season of the Christian year. So it seems at any rate to the outward eye.

We had two Christmas Trees this year, one at Goshen, on Tuesday, January 8th, when sixty-five children received a present and a bag of candy, and the Tree was illuminated with three dozen candles besides many pretty little flags. It was a gorgeous sight and highly appreciated. The other Tree was at English Settlement, on Thursday, January 10th, when forty children received presents and candy. A very pleasant evening was spent in the Church Hall, and the Fife and Drum Band gave us some capital music. There was also a sale of Sewing Circle goods in connection with the Tree, James Pearson, J. P., being auctioneer. The bidding was lively, but the prices did not run very high.

We are sorry to state that Miss Letitia Coyle, who takes charge of the Sunday School at Canaan Rapids, is lying dangerously sick. We trust, ere this is printed, that she will, through GOD'S goodness, be well again.

The Central Railway is making rapid progress. We can hear the "tooting" of the engine plainly from the Rectory; a very unfamiliar sound.

KINGSTON.—The Christmas and Epiphany Seasons have been well marked this year throughout the Parish. On Christmas Day at Old Trinity eighty persons Communicated. The Church looked well in its holiday dress, and the Rood Screen, which had been put up for the first time, was particularly admired.

All Saints Church at Clifton was also handsomely decorated. A warm and comfortable stable has been built opposite this Church, which we find very serviceable. Some members of the Guild had charge of the work and carried it through successfully.

Saint James' Church, Long Reach, had no "trimmings" this year, but the new windows, which take the place of the long unsightly ones, formed a decoration in themselves, and the sight

of the posts for the iron gates which had been put in position a short time before Christmas gave us cheer on the outside.

Saint Paul's, Whitehead, was nicely decorated, and a general interest has been aroused in Church work.

A lady member of the All Saints Church presented a handsome hanging lamp for the Chancel as a Christmas offering.

Altogether things are progressing in old Kingston.

PETITCODIAC.—Just too late for January number came the following from this Mission: "The Rector's heart was made glad on New Year's night by a visit of about forty of his Parishioners, who, after an address read by Mr. G. F. Fowler, expressive of their good-will and affection, handed him an envelope containing \$82.50. On the following evening, after Service at Wilson and McLaughlan's Mill, Mr. Symington, Lay Reader and Assistant to the Rector, was presented by Mr. Thomas Fairweather with a gold watch, in token of the esteem in which he is held by those residing at and in the neighborhood of the Mill to whom he gives regular Services and Instruction.

The Rector's larder has also been well supplied with turkeys and geese, kind friends having, in addition to the above mentioned gift of money, remembered the 'inner man.'" WELL DONE, PETITCODIAC!!

SPRINGFIELD.—We are glad to say one of the wants mentioned lately in K. D. M. in connection with SS. Simon and Jude's Church has been supplied. One acre of land, nicely situated alongside the Church, has been purchased for a Cemetery. The most pleasing feature about it is that there is no debt upon it, the sum of \$100 being paid to Mr. Secord and the deed drawn.

This speaks well for the worshippers at this little Church.

The next thing will be the Consecration of the ground for Christian Burial.

At the Parish Church, which looked very pretty in its Christmas decorations, five adults were baptized at the Evening Service on the last Sunday of the Old Year, a large Congregation being present.

All three Churches were decorated at Christmas and looked well.

STUDHOLM.—On Monday, January 21st, the new Church at Mount Middleton was opened for Divine Service by virtue of the License of the Bishop of the Diocese. The day was a stormy one and

only thirty-six worshippers gathered together to join in the Service. After Evensong the Bishop Coadjutor gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on "*The Holy Land*," and we heartily wish every person in the Settlement could have heard it. The offerings of the small Congregation amounted to \$10.81, which was added to the building fund. The Church, which was brilliantly lighted, looked very well, and the different arrangements and appointments were approved of by His Lordship.

Regular Services will now be held in this Church, two each month, one on Sunday and the other on a weekday evening, and it is hoped when all the work has been completed, probably some time in June, His Lordship the Metropolitan will Consecrate the Church. There are only a few Church families at Mount Middleton, but there are known to be more than eighty children within a radius of two miles, and it will be strange if some of these do not become members of the Church.

Lists of the Services to be held during the year will shortly be distributed.

SUSSEX.—Our Choir is busily at work preparing for a Parlor Concert to be given a short time hence in the interest of Mount Middleton Church. We are very glad to record their efforts as a proof of the breaking down of "Congregationalism," of which there is far too much everywhere, and we hope the Concert will be a success. The Ladies' Sewing Society have already shown sympathy in the same direction, and have paid into the hands of the Rector the sum of \$25 towards furnishing the new Church. We wonder if our young men could not do some useful work of this kind? No doubt the Parson would refuse no good offer. The offer of a few days work from the hands of some of the Sussex carpenters would be most acceptable. Is work too rushing at this time of year?

HAMPTON.—Our new Rector, Rev. Geo. Maynard, has arrived, and has been well received. We trust our anxieties will now be buried, and that all hands and hearts will be outstretched to help him in the work.

We regret to record the decease of Mr. John Raymond, who will be much missed in the Church and, indeed, throughout the whole neighbourhood.

NORTON.—The Parson has been quite under the weather since Christmas, and is still far from well. We are thankful to say, however, he has not been confined to his house for more than one Sunday.

ROTHESAY.—The Rector has been paying a visit to New York, and is still absent from the Parish. The School Teacher, who expressed the want of a school not too far from Church in the last number of K. D. M., secured a school at Nauwigewauk in less than a week. Who can say after this that the Magazine is not a good paper to advertize in?

Deanery of Chatham.

CHATHAM.—The Clergy of the Rural Deanery of Chatham, with the exception of the Rectors of Dalhousie and Richibucto, met in this Parish on January 21st and three following days. It was an interesting and profitable reunion of the Brethren, who see each other seldom, and the Services in St. Paul's and St. Mary's in connection with the meeting were much enjoyed by both Priests and people. Excellent Sermons and Addresses were delivered by the Rectors of Richibucto, Newcastle and Baie des Vents. The Choristers did their part well in the Services, although we missed from some of the Services our valued little organist, Master Fred Blair, and one of our chief singers, Master Willie Howard, who were in St. John. Our organist's place was admirably supplied during his absence by Mr. Geo. Burchill, of Nelson, and Miss Gertie Goggin, of Chatham, who astonished us all by her proficiency. Mr. Burchill, being an "old hand" at the organ, although youthful in years, we were not surprised that he did his part well. There were Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist before and after the series of Chapter meetings, and thus the Brethren returned to their several Parishes encouraged and cheered by communion and fellowship with each other and with the Master in the Sacrament of Life. Among the matters of importance considered in Chapter was the organization of a Sunday School Teachers' Association for the Deanery, which will be consummated, it is hoped, at the next meeting in Newcastle, in April next. A resolution was unanimously passed having in view the prevention of the unseemly irregularity of solemnizing marriages in private houses, contrary to the regulation of the Church. It is to be hoped that our Church people will soon cease to ask the Clergy to disregard the Church's wise provision for the due celebration of this solemn rite.

There are rumours of preparation among the members of the Juvenile Guild for an entertainment, but we will not say more until more certain

as to the course of events. We only wish "the boys and girls" success in whatever they undertake.

The Choristers' practices are held in the Rector's study each Tuesday evening, when "the boys" and "the Professor" have a rehearsal of the music for the following Sunday in addition to the regular practice in Church on Wednesday evenings after the prayers.

The Parson has been absent in Fredericton for a few days attending the meeting of the Rural Deans with His Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor.

DALHOUSIE—A very successful concert was held here on Thursday, the 17th January, and in Campbellton on Tuesday, January 22nd. Great praise is due to the workers who devoted their time and talents to the preparations of the selections, etc., for the occasion. The Christmas Services were hearty and interesting, and the decorations very effective. There were Celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at Dalhousie at 7 a. m., and at Campbellton at 11 a. m., with Matins and Sermon, and Evensong with Sermon at Dalhousie at 7 p. m.

DERBY AND BLACKVILLE.—We are sorry to have to say that no regular Services have as yet been held in this important Mission. Mr. Harte has not gone up for Holy Orders, and has not continued to act as Lay Reader here. So we are still as "sheep having no shepherd," and a valuable opportunity is being lost to strengthen the stakes of our Zion in this locality.

NEWCASTLE AND NELSON.—The annual meeting of the "Young Women's Guild of St. Andrew" was held at the Rectory on January 3rd. The Report of the Secretary showed that a most excellent year's work had been accomplished, and too much praise cannot be given to the faithful workers for the Church of God. The Guild began the New Year with the largest membership since its formation several years ago, and the efforts of the ladies will be directed towards the painting of the Church of St. Andrew, which it is hoped will be accomplished next summer.

The Sunday School children had their Annual Festival on January 17th, in connection with which joyful occasion the Parson exhibited a series of Magic Lantern views, which added much to the enjoyment of the children. The School has now a larger number on the roll than hitherto. Mr. Sweet was absent on Sunday afternoon, January 27th, holding a Service in St. Peter's Church, Derby.

BAY DU VIN.—The "Willing Workers" of St. John the Evangelist held their Anniversary Meeting at the Rectory on January 15th. Mrs. Wilkinson was elected President, and Miss Gertz, Secretary-Treasurer. Although few in number, the "Workers" have done good work during the past year. The proceeds of their Annual Sale in August last were \$60. It is intended to introduce the admirable Bishop Doane Series of Manuals of Instruction into the Sunday School as soon as the books can be obtained.

RICHMONTO.—The Parson gladly returns thanks to the good people of Nicolas River for twenty bushels of oats brought to the Rectory by Mrs. Palmer. He also thankfully acknowledges the kindness of other Parishioners in sending good gifts at Christmas time. The Rectory windows have been provided with double sashes and are consequently much warmer. The attendance at the Services is good, and an encouraging interest is manifested in Church work. We have lost an old and well-known Churchman by the death of Thos. W. Bliss, Esq., which occurred on January 17th. The funeral took place on Sunday, January 20th, and was attended by an immense concourse of people. The Rev. Donald M. Bliss, Rector of Westmorland, and brother of the deceased, was present.

Our Parson has been absent for a few days attending a meeting of the Clergy of the Rural Deanery in Chatham.

WELDFORD.—The Parson has been holding Services at many points in his scattered Mission wherever a number of people can assemble for prayer and instruction. The attendance at the Parish Church and at St. Mathew's, Harcourt, is very good. Some are particularly faithful in attending Public Worship and set a good example to many who have better advantages. Mr. Hooper has been absent in Chatham attending a meeting of the Clergy of the Rural Deanery.

BATHURST.—A Rood-screen has been placed in the Church of St. George the Martyr, and was first seen in position on Christmas Eve.

It was given in memory of Frank J. Miller, Choirman, who perished in the terrible Caraquet Railway disaster of last year, by his brother and sister, Mr. John and Miss Emma Miller.

This very handsome piece of work was made by Messrs. Ross & McPherson, of Sussex, N. B., who are well known for their ability in turning out all manner of articles for Church adornment and use. Any persons desiring Altars, Lecterns, Reredos or Screens, etc., have only to send their

designs to the above firm, to receive goods perfectly made, of thoroughly dried lumber, and at very moderate prices. The Screen is of black ash polished, with side bays and centre gable. A closed front, of tongued and grooved vertically boarded panels, set into heavy posts, surmounted by a trelles-like border of quatrefoils and battlemented ridges, is on each side of the Choir Front, and in the central space are gates of the same design. Posts turned and carved rise from this and support the upper part, consisting of five arches; four lesser ones on each side, and a wide central one under a gable, which in turn supports the Rood.

The arches are in all cases notched after the general architecture of the building. The corners are pierced with, in each case, three narrow slits, and the beam above richly ornamented and battlemented. The Rood itself is five feet in height, and of plain and massive finish. A brass plate is to be affixed to the Screen, having this inscription:

To the Glory of God, and in loving memory of
FRANK JOSEPH MILLER.
Obit. December 18th, 1887, aged 21 years.
Jesu mercy!

At the midnight Celebration at Christmas a Dedication and Memorial Service was held before the Screen.

This Church has also, during the last three months, been painted and decorated inside. The Chancel is done in two shades of terra cotta, and the Nave in two shades of green. The interior is now very attractive, and almost perfect, too, in furnishings; the only defect being a Pulpit, which we hope to have some day. The usual Christmas Services were held, and the Priest's heart made glad by many handsome and useful presents, among them being a purse from members of the Congregation; gift of clothing from the Choir, and four bags of all sorts of produce from New Brandon, and various donations from Tetagouche and Salmon Beach.

Deanery of Shediac.

DORCHESTER.—Rural Dean Campbell, our Rector, spent a few days in Fredericton at the end of last month in company with the other Rural Deans of the Diocese, where he was the guest of the Bishop Coadjutor. He returned home on Friday, February the 1st. The work of the Parish is progressing slowly, and there are some faithful souls who are always ready for work.

MONCTON.—Our Rector has not been very well of late, but he works on as if nothing was the matter. The Congregations at the Church and Mission Room have been very good this winter, and the Services are very heartily rendered in both places of worship.

We hope when spring opens to commence a new Rectory, which is much needed. The ladies are busily sewing away every week with this end in view, and it is wonderful to see how much is realized from their zeal.

SACKVILLE.—Nothing very startling has taken place here of late. We work on quietly and steadily, and can safely hope that the Church more than holds her own under difficulties.

SHEDIAC.—Our new Rector has taken up residence amongst us, and we are much pleased with him. There is plenty of work of a Missionary character to be done in Shediac Parish, and we trust we have secured the services of a man who will do it.

WESTMORLAND.—Alas! our hopes of getting a Missionary for Baie Verte and the long-neglected Parish of Botsford have almost ceased. It is, indeed, sad to know that thirty Church families have to depend upon the occasional services of the Clergymen of the neighbouring Parishes when they are ready to do all they can to support a Parson of their own.

ALBERT.—All we can say of this County, from a Church standpoint, is that Albert is *vacant*, and likely to remain in that condition. "*No man careth for my soul!*"

Deanery of St. Andrews.

From reports of work in the different Parishes of this Deanery we are led to believe that the Church is not by any means asleep, though there is plenty of room for the putting forth of more energy.

In St. Andrews Canon Ketchum is working steadily on.

In St. George and Pennfield Rural Dean Smith is doing his best to build up the Church.

From Campobello we hear good accounts of the zeal of the Rector and of his good wife.

In St. David the Rector has a busy life; he is now completing a Church in St. Patrick, which he hopes to have Consecrated this year.

During the month of January the Rector of Trinity, St. Stephen, made a visit to New York, being away from his Parish for two Sundays.

A new window—in memory of Rev. J. H. Saturley—has lately been placed in Christ Church, St. Stephen. It is a two-light window, of very excellent workmanship, designed and executed in England. The figures are St. John Baptist and St. Stephen. There were sixty-one Communicants at the Services in this Church on Christmas Day.

Christmas Trees were provided for the Sunday Schools in connection with Christ Church and Trinity, St. Stephen. New Year's Eve Services were also held in these Churches, followed in Christ Church by a Celebration of the Holy Communion.

Diocesan News.

The "Needs Committee" of the whole Diocese have put forth a Schedule of Meetings to be held in various Deaneries, and work has already been commenced in the Deanery of St. John. Dates and the names of Speakers are contained in the Schedule, showing that the work of the Committee has been very thorough.

Two sons of the Rev. Canon Brigstocke were taken to their rest on Thursday and Saturday, January 24th and 26th. Our hearty sympathy is given to Canon and Mrs. Brigstocke in their affliction.

The new Rector of Shediac has arrived and is hard at work.

Rural Dean Hoyt has returned from England, after three months' absence, very much better in health.

Nineteen Churches and five Parsonages are being built at the present time throughout the Diocese.

The Rector of St. Stephen has on hand a number of Church Tracts, and will gladly send sample copies free to any one desiring them, or will mail single copies upon any Church subject to any address that may be given. We want a "Tract Distributing Agency" for the Diocese, and this is a step in that direction. Address Rev. O. S. Newnham, St. Stephen, N. B.

All Churchmen as well as many others will be sorry to hear that the Metropolitan had a serious fall on the icy steps of the Post Office at Fredericton, about five weeks ago. His Lordship did not think at first any damage had been done, but it proved that his right hand had been injured, and it was found necessary to put it in splints. We are glad to hear that his Lordship is now comparatively free from pain, and hopes to be quite well again in a short time.

On Tuesday, January 29th, the Rural Deans of the Diocese met at the Queen Hotel, Fredericton, on the invitation of his Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor. Three days were very pleasantly spent in the discussion of subjects of general interest to the Church people of the Diocese, the result of which will be seen in the future.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, in addition to the Rural Deans, the Bishop entertained several of the Clergy from the Fredericton, Kingston and Woodstock Deaneries, as well as the Cathedral Sidesmen. After a sumptuous tea on each evening a useful subject was brought forward for discussion: *First*, the four points suggested by the Bishops at the Lambeth Conference as a basis of "Home Reunion;" *second*, the comparative merits of written and extempore sermons. The first subject was opened for discussion by Rural Dean Medley, the second by Rural Dean Smith.

Many of the Laymen took part in the discussions, much interest being aroused on the side of extempore sermons.

Nearly the whole of Thursday was taken up in the discussion of a Manual of Church Officers and their duties by a Committee of the Diocesan Synod.

The Conference of Rural Deans was brought to a close on Thursday night at eleven o'clock, a vote of thanks having first been given to his Lordship the Bishop Coadjutor for his kindness and generous hospitality. Most of the Deans left Fredericton the following morning.

A series of Organ Recitals are being given during Epiphany Season, by Mr. Morley, the accomplished organist of the Mission Church, Portland, to the great enjoyment of crowds of musical people. The Church is filled to overflowing on every occasion.

Kingston Deanery Choral Union.

NOTICE.

The music for 1889 has arrived, printed in Novello's best style. It is simple and taking, and quite within the range of any country choir. None of the Hymns are from Hymns Ancient and Modern, but all chosen from other sources. The Secretary will mail the music at once to any Parish in the Deanery as soon as he is notified as to the number of copies required. Any Church member in the Deanery can obtain a copy by forwarding, if a new member of the Union, 50 cents; if an old member, 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted.

The rule with reference to any outside of Kingston Deanery who may desire to take part in our

Annual Service is this: "RULE 4—*Members of the Church not residing in the Deanery, who possess musical talent, may be either permitted or invited to assist at the Rehearsal and Annual Service by the Music Committee.*"

As the Nicene Creed will again be sung instead of the Apostles' Creed, and as the music of this is not reprinted in the Service for 1889, copies of the Service for 1888 containing it can be had from the Secretary by any who do not already possess it for 20 cents (below cost).

There are about sixty copies of the last year's Service still on hand. As these contain, besides the Nicene Creed, and Hymns, and Psalms, Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" and Wesley's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* (very simple and effective, they ought to be useful to some choirs in the Diocese), and will be sold in quantities on most reasonable terms. Address letters to "Lawson's P. O., via Apohaqui."

C. P. HANINGTON,
Secretary K. D. C. U.

Correspondence.

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, Jan. 7th, 1889.

To the Editor of *The Deanery Magazine* :

DEAR SIR:—As you once intimated to me that you would be glad to receive any items of Church news from this distant region, I thought I would send the following report of our Christmas doings at the Church of S. Augustine.

The day was all one could wish for as regards the weather, being very mild, indeed quite spring-like. A large and devout congregation filled the Church, and the Service, which was bright and hearty, opened with the well-known Hymn, "*Hark, the Herald Angels Sing,*" followed by Matins and a Celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Nearly the whole Congregation received the priceless gift at the Holy Altar. The Church looked very nice, decorated with such evergreens as could be procured, wreaths of which were placed over the East Window and round the Pulpit, Lectern, Prayer desk and Communion rail, and a Cross stood above the Altar made of heather and adorned with red berries. The Altar looked splendid vested in a beautiful white silk Frontal, the sacred emblem being a richly embroidered "Agnus Dei," whilst the Gradine cover was enriched with embroidered pomegranates most exquisitely worked. On either side of the Altar hung curtains of old gold cloth—the whole, I might say, being wrought by the good ladies of the "Guild of S. Monica," St. John, N. B.

Bannerets hung on either side of the Chancel window (which, by the way, is of stained glass and gives a pretty effect to the interior), and on each side of the arch is a banner with texts.

Rev. I. F. Pritchard, Priest in charge, is held in high esteem by the members of the Church, and it is due to his indefatigable zeal that we have to-day a united and prosperous congregation.

A successful Christmas Tree was held for the children of the Sunday School on Christmas Eve in the Police Barracks, at which many parents and friends of the little ones were present.

The children sang a few Carols very nicely. "Santa Claus" then appeared and dispensed his many gifts to the intense delight of all. After singing "God Save the Queen" the happy party separated for their homes.

Wishing you every blessing for the New Year, and prosperity to THE DEANERY MAGAZINE,

I am yours,

Sincerely in the Faith,

E. G. KIRBY.

Register.

BAPTISMS.

CAMBRIDGE:

May 22.—John Otty Lecky, infant.
July 15.—Ida Augusta Dayton, adult.
July 30.—Clarence Leslie Lecky, infant.
Aug. 19.—Violet Ethel Ferris, 3 years.
Aug. 19.—Theodore Leslie Ferris, infant.
Sept. 2.—Laura Blanche Moss, infant.
Sept. 3.—Harry Nelson Wiggins, infant.
Sept. 3.—Henry Wentworth Tower, 3 years.
Sept. 3.—Mary Melietabel Tower, infant.
Sept. 21.—Lydia Robinson, 77 years.
Sept. 25.—George Yeomans Hanselpecker, 3 years.
Sept. 25.—Clara Mabel Hanselpecker, infant.
Sept. 25.—Cecl Lee Colwell, infant.
Sept. 25.—Harry Gordon Oakley, infant.
Oct. 2.—Katherine Alberta Doherty, infant.
Oct. 2.—Amelia Janet Lecky, 2 years.
Oct. 20.—Frederick Whitfield Belyea, infant.
Oct. 28.—Brunswick Slocum, 19 years.
Oct. 28.—Rosanna Slocum, 15 years.
Oct. 28.—Hannah Allison Slocum, 13 years.
Oct. 28.—Susan Alma Slocum, 10 years.
Oct. 28.—Amanda Jane Slocum, 6 years.
Oct. 28.—Daniel Forrester Slocum, 2 years.

STURMHOLOM:

Nov. 4.—Floyd Forrester Foshay, infant.
Nov. 11.—Emerson Pearson Rankine, infant.

SUSSEX:

Oct. 28.—Etta May Cole, infant.
Dec. 2.—William Howes Wallace, infant.

JOHNSTON:

Nov. 18.—George Melbourne Lawson, infant.
Jan. 2.—Theo Grace Smith, infant.

MARRIAGES.

GREENWICH:

Nov. 7.—Wm. Willard Johnson and Mary Elizabeth Morgan.

JOHNSTON:

Oct. 24.—Richard McFarlane and Martha Simpson.
Jan. 2.—T. E. Alfred Pearson and Helena L. Roberts.

STURMHOLOM:

Nov. 21.—William Tyng Peters, Jr., and Ida May Ellison.

SUSSEX:

Nov. 8.—Walter McFarlane and Annie Arrabella Bird.
Dec. 24.—Jas. Wm Buchanan and Libbie Archibella McLellan.

BURIALS.

CAMBRIDGE:

Aug. 24.—Eliza Vall, aged 66 years.
Oct. 13.—Isabella Bowden, aged 56 years.

GREENWICH:

July 15.—Margaret Belyea, 88 years.
July 24.—Jean Black, aged 84.
July 31.—William Johnson, aged 80 years.
Nov. 5.—Angeline Elizabeth Crawford, aged 28 years.
Dec. 13.—Hiram George Allen Speight, aged 25 years.

JOHNSTON:

Oct. 27.—Mary Jane Inglelow, aged 62 years.
Nov. 19.—Jane Pearson, aged 81 years.

SUSSEX:

Oct. 30.—Elizabeth C. McMonagle, aged 86 years.

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London Guarantee & Accident Company, " 1,250,000.00

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General Manager for New Brunswick.

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"MIRACLES."

In the newspapers of the day are to be seen advertisements of medicines which perform "miraculous" cures. Messrs. Brown Bros. & Co., Druggists, of Halifax, N. S., proprietors of Pattner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Simson's Liniment, Simson's Jamaica Ginger, etc., wish to state that their preparations do not perform "Miracles;" but for the several purposes for which they are recommended, they are far ahead of any others in the market. They are for sale by all Dealers.