

R Per
Pts, 1867

PARISH

MAGAZINE.

AND

CHURCH

REGISTER.

Vol...I...

Part...8...

TORONTO:

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS.

THE
HOME MAGAZINE
AND
Church and Sunday School Register.

The projectors of this Illustrated Periodical, (The PENNY POST localized,) desire to establish a Magazine which, being sound, interesting and instructive, shall be worthy of the confidence of the Church.

They ask the sympathy and aid of the clergy and others in extending its circulation.

As an inducement to Sunday Schools to secure subscribers, the MAGAZINE is offered at the following rates :—

ONE COPY, (for one year)	-	50 Cts.
TWELVE COPIES,	-	\$5 00
TWENTY-FIVE COPIES,	-	\$10 00

Or, if thought desirable, the Club may be made up partly of the Home and partly of the Parish Magazine and Church Register, the price of each being the same.

We have great pleasure in referring to the following testimonial from a Canadian clergyman :—

"I am greatly pleased with the HOME MAGAZINE, and shall be glad to see it largely circulated in my parish. Its thirty-six pages contain a vast amount of interesting information. It has articles which will please the old, instruct and amuse the young, and help to make all better Christians and better Churchmen. I regard it as the cheapest, the most interesting, and the best Magazine for general use, and only wonder that you are able to issue it at the low rate of FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM. I hope your subscription list contains the name of every clergyman and lay delegate in the Province, and that many others enjoy the privilege of perusing its contents."



The Water-Cress Girl.

ix.—8.

1

HAMILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Water-Cresses.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMÖCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



THE heroism of the unknown poor is a thing to set even the dullest marvelling, and in no place in all London is the virtue of the humblest — both young and old — so conspicuous as among the water-cress buyers at Farringdon Market.* So remarks a writer well acquainted with metropolitan street-life, and deep in his sympathy with its struggles and its sorrows.

Our readers do not need to be told that there are different *strata* in street-life. There is a wide social chasm between the Potato-seller, with his polished can, and the Purveyor of Water-cresses, whose sole trading 'plant' consists of a tray, from which every trace of japauning has long since departed. 'Water-cress' selling is, strictly speaking, a branch of 'costering.' It is not, however, always carried on in connection with the larger branches of the Coster-mongers' business, but is generally confided to the younger members of the family, or is the commercial speculation of independent adventurers. It is not a very difficult matter to start in this the humblest branch of street-trade. A few half-pence and a worn-out tin tray, or superannuated basket, are all that are needed to 'fit out' the intending seller of water-cresses.

The selling of water-cresses in the streets is chiefly confined to the very young and very old. Homeless girls, boys in the same unhappy plight, and old men, whose failing limbs will just permit them to totter from one street to another, naturally turn to a trade which requires but little 'stock-money' at starting. Whilst, however, the elder members of the fraternity have their own narrow rounds, the young water-cress sellers, both male and female, have need of a good deal of strength, energy and perseverance, especially if they are 'in business on their own account.' 'Cresses' can only be procured at one of the early green-markets, and therefore our friends must be up betimes. Farringdon Market is † the great centre for the sale of water-cresses. These have for the most part to be purchased before the hour of the mechanics' breakfast, which necessitates an early run upon the markets. After the purchase is completed (and there is often a struggle for the best green bunches), the water-cress seller starts upon his morning rounds; and the familiar cry, 'Wo-orter-cresses,' is heard in suburban streets, before 'the working-man' is ready to go out to his daily labour. The rate of four bunches 'a penny' is not an immoderate price to give for this luxury to deck the breakfast-table, and it is wonderful what a finish it gives to the board as well as relish to the appetite.

However, when the morning supply is sold out, the toils of the lad or maiden who purveys the delicacy are far from being at an end. Again, as evening steals on and the sound of the muffin-bell is heard, the cry of the water-cress seller resounds through the streets. The tea-table as well as the breakfast-table demands the luxury of 'cresses.'

Mr. Mayhew* supplies us with a table of the sale of water-

* *London Labour and the London Poor*, Vol. i.

† We shall very probably soon have to say *was*, as this Market falls almost, if not quite, within the range of the Holborn Valley Improvements.

crosses at the five principal metropolitan centres for this trade—viz., Covent Garden, Farringdon, Borough, Spitalfields and Portman Markets—and he calculates the receipts of the water-cress sellers of London and the suburbs at £13,949 annually. This looks a handsome sum, but when it comes to be divided among its various claimants it scarcely leaves a bare subsistence for each.

The boys and girls engaged in this trade are necessarily taken from the very lowest class of 'Street Arabs.' Still it is to their credit that they prefer having something definite to do to 'living by their wits,' which is merely a polite name for thieving. As a body, they are intensely ignorant on religious subjects, but by no means insensible to religious influences. With them, as with all the street-tribes, kindness will go a long way, and the system pursued in the Ragged Schools has done much to improve the moral and religious tone of many of these wanderers in our streets.

Flint and Steel.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL went quietly and happily at Westbeach. David and Becky heard nothing of Tom, but they did not wonder much at this. Christmas Eve came, and as they sat together by the fire, the door was flung open and Tom came in, letting in a gust of wind and sleet with him. David sprang up to welcome him. "Why this is good, Tom, you've come to keep Christmas with us," and Becky greeted him gladly.

"Yes," he said, "I've come, if you'll have me."

"Have you!" and David laughed. "There's no doubt of that I'm thinking. Here, Becky, where's my other coat, he's pretty near soaked."

But Tom was very silent. When he had put on the dry coat, he sat down on the old chest in the chimney corner and stretched out his hands to the blaze, and said not a word. He was pale, and looked worn and harassed. David went out to fetch another log, and Becky slipped out after him. "What's wrong with Tom?" she asked. "Do you think he's ill, Davy?"

"No, he's got one of his queer fits on him. He'll come all right soon, never fear, only let him be."

But Tom did not come right so soon as David thought. He sat cowering over the fire and would not go out or see anyone who came to the door, and hardly spoke to David or Becky. This went on for several days, and then,—for ill news travels fast,—it began to be whispered about that Tom had been turned off from his place, that money had been embezzled, and that some tampering with the books had been discovered. They said it was lucky for him that his master was an easy, kind-hearted man, and that Tom richly deserved to go to jail. It was some time before this report came to David's ears, but at last it did.

"I thought he would have struck me," the man said afterwards who told him first, "he looked so fierce, and then he just turned round and walked off without another word."

Becky met him at the door, and read a trouble in his face.

"What is it, Davy?" she asked, catching hold of his arm.

"Oh, Becky, lassy, they say as Tom is a thief!" And then he passed in and stood by Tom's side by the hearth.

"I'd best be going, I suppose," Tom said. But David laid his hand on his shoulder. "Tom," he said, "I won't ask you if it's true or false, only stay with us. Don't leave your home."

And so Tom stayed moping in the chimney corner, shunning every one. Mr. Horn came in now and then and talked to him, trying to lead him to speak of his temptation and fall, and to bring him to repentance, but he only met with sullen silence.

David always treated Tom as he had ever done, and Becky did the same for David's sake, but she was not sorry when one day a letter came for Tom, and he announced that he had heard of a place, and that he must go the next day. She was glad, even though the little store they had begun to lay by had to be spent to pay his expenses to London, where his new employment lay. What that employment was, neither David or Becky rightly understood, but they both believed it would turn out well, and when soon after they had a cheerful letter from Tom describing his London doings, they both were hopeful and glad, and only Mr. Horn distrusted Tom's bright schemes for the future.

And Mr. Horn's forebodings proved true, for before six months were past a letter came from Tom begging David to send him some help, as he was in great need and did not know what he should do unless they could help him. Again the little store was emptied, and though it gave Becky's heart just a short pang to see their hard-earned savings go, still she did not say a word, for she knew that David's heart was sore for Tom. Then there was a long silence, and then another letter, saying he had been ill, and was very poor; and again the store was emptied. And so matters went on for more than two years, and Becky began to think that the little money box getting heavy, was a sure sign that one of Tom's neatly written begging letters was coming, but still in her love for David she never said a word.

With the exception of their anxieties for Tom, things had gone pleasantly with those two. And now to add to their joy, there was a cradle by the hearth, with a blue-eyed baby in it who promised to be a second David, and who was called Job.

More than two years had passed since Tom left Westbeach, when one day late in April, David was just going out after their simple, noontide meal, and Becky was busy with her household work, when a sudden exclamation from David made her look round.

"Why, Becky!" he cried, "whoever do you think is coming up the street? It's our Tom, as we have not seen these two years!"

But there was no answering joy in Becky's face. "Davy, old man," she said, "Davy."

Her voice stopped him just as he was going to shout to Tom, who was yet at some distance, and he turned again into the house.

"Ay, Becky?" She took hold of his arm and drew him to the cradle, where the two-months-old baby slept so quietly. "Davy," she said, and there was a tremor in her voice. "I'd never have

said a word if it had only been you and me; you might have given the clothes off our backs, or our house over our heads, and I'd have said, 'Tom Sharpe, you're welcome for David's sake.' But oh, Davy! think of the baby here. It would break my heart to think of the little lad wanting."

"You're right, Becky," David said. "I'll tell him as this must be the last time." And then he turned to welcome Tom to his old home, with as glad a face and cordial a voice as ever.

But it was a very different Tom Sharpe to the one who went away two years before. There was a shabby smartness about him, a bold, bad look in the eyes that was not there before; and a loose, fast way of talking that David hardly understood. Those two years had changed Tom greatly, and not for the better; but still he was Tom Sharpe to David's simple loving heart. After he had seen the wonderful baby, they sat down and talked.

"Things looked much the same at Westbeach," he said; precious slow place, nothing ever going on there. They should see London, that was the place for keeping one's wits rubbed up.

"What, old Dan Smith not dead yet? Who would have thought of his hanging on so long;" and so he went on speaking heartlessly of the old friends that seemed almost like part of themselves to David and Becky, till Becky's cheeks grew hot and her heart angry; and she made some excuse to go out into the village that she might not hear it. When she was gone, Tom began at the real object of his coming. "He could not stop," he said, "but he must go that same day. His friends were waiting for him at Scarmouth, but he wanted to see David before he went on farther, as years might pass before he came to Westbeach again.

"You're never going away so soon, old chap," David said, "and we've not seen you for such a time."

"Yes," Tom said, "I must go, but I wanted to tell you my plans. The fact is, I've been shockingly unfortunate lately, but now I mean to make my fortune. I've struck in with some fellows who are first-rate at acting, and I'm not a bad hand at it myself."

"What, play-acting, Tom?" David asked, looking as if he thought it not a very respectable calling.

"Yes, why not? and these fellows are going to make what they call a tour in the provinces; going to act at different country towns, you know. It's sure to pay, and they'll make no end of money, and they've offered to let me share if I can bring a trifle to begin with, and I've come to see whether you can help me a bit."

David brought out the little money box and emptied it into Tom's hand. "Tom, old chap," he said, "you're welcome to it, and I wish it were more; but—oh, Tom, I'm loth to say it!—now we've the little chap to care for we shall have to put by for him, and —"

"You mean, I suppose, that this is the last help I may expect," Tom said, chinking the money up and down in his hand. "It's hard upon a fellow being so unlucky, and having to take from a man who grudges him even such a trifle as this."

"Grudge it!" David said, his whole frame quivering with indignation. "Why! I'd not grudge my life for you, Tom."

"Well, as I was telling you," Tom said, "I'm not likely ever to come asking you for help again, for I'm safe to make my fortune, and when it's made, I'll make a man of that child, and he shall not want as long as he lives, and you've my word for it, David."

When Becky came in soon afterwards, she found the two men talking and laughing more like old times, the baby still asleep in the cradle, and the empty money box on the table. Soon after this Tom took his leave. David wrung his hand. "Tom, old chap," he said, "you'll not be vexed with what I said just now; and remember, as long as we've a roof to cover us, or a crust to eat, you'll be welcome to a share, and pleased I'll be to see you. Good-bye, and God bless you, old boy!"

"I'll not forget," said Tom, and then he went, and David stood shouting after him, "Good-bye, Tom, good-bye." Becky joined him at the door when Tom was some way up the road.

"Davy, old man," she said, "do you know what Mr. Horn told me as that word good-bye really means? He said that it means 'God be with you.' Why, what's the man after?" For David made a stride up the road and shouted out, "Good-bye, Tom Sharpe, good-bye;" and Tom, far off as he was, heard it, and waved his hat to David and went on his way.

"What was that for, Davy?" Becky asked, as he came back.

"Becky," he said, "if that's its meaning, if it's God be with you, why, sure! it's all more reason to bid Tom good-bye, for he's sore need of it, poor chap."

And in the evening Becky heard him say to himself, softly, "Good-bye, Tom, good-bye."

CHAPTER VII.

EVERYTHING looked hopeful at first in Tom's new enterprise. The novelty of the thing pleased him, seeing fresh places and travelling about, and he got on very well with the other men. At first, too, they met with tolerable success. It was not long, however, before Tom began to see that he would not be any the better personally for their gainings, and that while he had his full share of the work he got but little of the wages. Pope and Simons, the two leading men of the company, generally managed to pocket the money between them. At first he made a disturbance about it and demanded an equal share, but he was only told that if he was not contented he might take himself off, that he was no good to them.

He had nowhere to go if he left them, nothing to do if he gave up this, so he hung on to them in a hopeless, spiritless way. His health now was bad, his habits of intemperance, which had grown on him since he left Scarmouth, had undermined his constitution, and his present life, with its late hours, and hard work, was too much for him. His most intimate friend among the men was one named Watson, who was less worthless and selfish than the rest, and who felt something like pity for poor Tom, who, still young as he was, seemed going so fast to ruin, both of mind and body, and he did his best to rouse him from his depression, and to put a little strength and manliness into him, but with small success.

To escape his feelings of exhaustion and dejection, Tom flew to the cause of it all, and sought in drink the escape from the ills it had brought on him till he was always spoken of in the company as "that drunken fellow, Sharpe." And then things began to go badly with the company, and there was no more talk of making any one's fortune. At one place there was a disturbance at a public house between Pope and Simons and some young man they had cheated out of his money, and the police were called in and all the party made off that same night to get out of the way. Then, for a while they made more money in some small towns. One night when the men met together to hear their plans for the future, neither Pope nor Simons appeared, and it turned out that they had gone off with all they could lay their hands on.

It was a wild and stormy night, and the wind was driving the rain sharply against the window, and fluttering the ragged curtain, as Tom Sharpe came in and threw himself on the bed of his wretched lodgings. His candle glared and guttered in the draught, and the door banged and creaked on its hinges, but Tom lay with his face buried in the pillow too sick and stupified in mind and body to heed anything. A step on the stairs, and his door being flung open, roused him; and sitting up and shaking the damp rough hair from his eyes, he saw Watson, who had followed him, standing by his side.

"I say, Sharpe," he said, "what do you mean to do?" Tom only answered with a groan. "They say the police are asking about that affair at Horton, and we'd best keep ourselves out of the way." As Tom made no answer, but only threw himself again face downwards on the bed, Watson added—"I'm off; there's no time to lose." And as he closed the door, he said to himself, "Drinking again; well, he's in for it, that's all, sure enough this time."

When the last sound of Watson's footsteps had died away, Tom raised himself again into a sitting posture; and, with his back against the wall, sat with his hands clenched together, and a vacant stony face. One by one the events of his life passed before him, his idle, profitless life, and he saw now how he had been fooled and practised on by the bad men he had chosen for his friends. He thought of the chances he had had, and how all had been misused, and now what was left to him? what remained? "Nothing," his heart made answer, "nothing." What use is this miserable life to me? For a long time he sat there, but at last he rose and went to the table, and sought for something that he did not at once find among the things that lay there. A cracked dressing glass, a dress, gay with tinsel, that he had worn in acting, some paints, a dirty pack of cards; these, and many more things, he threw aside, till at last he found a razor, and as he ran his finger along the keen edge there was a terrible look on his face. It was such a look as that that Judas had when he cast down the silver pieces in the Temple, and went out. For this man meant, with his own hand, to close for ever the blotted book of his life, to close it for ever from tears of repentance, from prayers for mercy, and lay it in all its guilty neglect before the face of his righteous Judge.

His hand trembled, and he sat down to steady it. The wind had been silent a minute before, but now it came with a rush and roar against the house, causing him to start and listen. "Nothing but the wind," he murmured, and listened again, for with the wind he seemed to hear the sound of waves breaking on the shingly beach, and to see a low cottage with blue smoke curling from the chimney, and old David's honest cheery face and kindly voice and his last words, "As long as I've a roof to cover me or a crust of bread, old chap, you're welcome to a share, and pleased I'll be to see you. God bless you, old boy, good-bye!"

At the thought the razor dropped from his nervous fingers, and he leant his aching head on his hands. "He will be sorry when he hears, if he ever does. He's the only one that ever cared a straw for me, and he'll be sorry." He stooped and picked up the razor again, but a shudder came over him and he laid it down on the table and turned away. Again and again came the wind; again and again came the old memories, and his dreadful purpose got weaker and weaker. "I'd like to see old Davy again," he thought, "and Westbeach, and the sea, and then perhaps I should be less of a coward and better able to make an end of this miserable life of mine. I've a great mind to go, but yet—oh, what a poor miserable wretch I am!" He had only a few pence in his pocket, and weak as he was, the long journey to Westbeach on foot seemed almost impossible; yet, after about half an hour's indecision he rushed out, hardly knowing where he was going to, or what he wished, only full of a horrible dread of that dreary room with the guttering candle and the open razor.

About ten days after this, dusty and footsore, with all his worldly goods in a small bundle in his hand, Tom Sharpe came into Westbeach, shunning, as much as possible, the glance of passers-by, and slinking past the group of men round the boats like a beaten hound. They did not seem to notice him, though there were many there that he knew. Now he had come to David's cottage, and he stood still for a moment looking at it before he entered. It was the only home he had ever known, and it contained the only true friend he had ever had, and his heart, hardened and dried by sin, felt warmer and softer at the sight. "At any rate," he said to himself, "there's one man in the world that's always glad to see me;" and with a smile on his face, as he thought of David's hearty welcome, he pushed open the door.

"Hullo!" he said, "where's the old chap?"

With a cry of surprise Becky started from her seat.

"What, haven't you heard?" she said, in a strange, quiet voice; and one glance at the black dress, and the pale young face, told the tale. He staggered back against the door-post, sick and giddy with the terrible surprise, and uttered the first words that came to his lips.

"What! there?" he said, pointing to the bright, dancing sea.

"No, there," she answered, pointing up to the quiet blue sky; and then she turned to rock and soothe her fretting baby. Tom dropped into a seat and sat silent, watching her. At last she spoke.

Flint and Steel.

"Ay, he's gone up yonder, and the parson says as there's no sea there, nor sorrow, nor any parting; and oh! Tom Sharpe, I'd like to be there too."

What could he say to comfort her, who was so desolate himself! he could only be silent, while little by little she told him all.

Yes, old David was dead. That night, ten days ago, when the wind beat against Tom's window, the old boat went down. No one knew when it sank, no one knew how long the strong swimmer struggled with the waves, or what his last thoughts were, but we may be sure that he was not alone, but that One was with



["HULLO!" HE SAID, "WHERE'S THE OLD CHAP?"]

him whose "ways are in the seas, and His paths in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known," and we know that though the storm raged around, yet into David's true, trustful heart there came "a great calm," and that though for days the waves tossed about the strong frame in their ceaseless motion, his humble, guileless soul was in the haven where it would be.

Tom Sharpe sat silently as she told the tale of their loss, without a word or look of comfort, twisting his dusty cap in his hands, and yet Becky, as she went on rocking the sleeping child, and telling all she knew in short, broken sentences, felt a greater sense of comfort than she had done since she had turned from the grave to her desolate home, for she felt, without a word from him, that the same grief was making both hearts ache, and that the same desolation had fallen on him as on her, and the sense of sympathy was

more comforting to her than all the kindly meant consolations offered by the neighbours.

"Tom," she said, after they had sat silent for some time, "he was mighty fond of you."

And then the wearied, broken-down man gave way.

"Ay! and he was the only one as ever was." And leaning both arms on the table, and his head on them, he sobbed aloud,—sobs that shook his whole frame,—sobs from the very bottom of that sin-stained, hardened, worthless heart of his, choking, terrible sobs, breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and recklessness that had been forming so many years around it. Becky sat watching him for some time, almost enjoying, poor soul, the grief that could pour itself out and find ease, watching him with those dry eyes of hers, that had never shed a tear since the moment when they brought her dead husband to his home. But it was not in her nature to look on at grief without an attempt at consolation; so laying the sleeping child in its cradle, she came to Tom's side and laid her hand on his arm. And in the very act of consoling him God sent her relief, and more at sight of his grief than at thought of her own, the tears sprang to her aching eyes.

When soon after Mr. Horn came in, having heard of Tom's arrival, he found him still sitting with his head resting on the table, while Becky was busy by the fire, stopping now and then to wipe away the still flowing tears. She looked up as he entered, and bid him welcome, with the shadow of her old smile; and then, as he looked towards Tom, she said, "Ay, poor chap, poor chap, he do feel it terrible bad. Sure, you see, sir, it did come so sudden like on him. Here, Tom," she said, laying her hand gently on his arm, "here's the parson himself come; can't you get up, man, and speak to him civil? I was just getting him a cup of tea, sir, thinking it might do him good, for it does seem to cheer one a bit when nothing else will."

Mr. Horn went to where Tom sat. "Tom Sharpe," he said, "Tom Sharpe." But he got no answer; and then he raised Tom's head, which lay so heavily on his arm, and looked into his face.

"Becky," he said, "you'd better get him to bed, and I'll send over to Dr. Benson. He looks very bad."

"Do you think he is ill, sir?"

"Yes, I fear so, but anyhow he will be better in bed than anywhere else. But stop," he said, turning as he went out at the door, "it's hardly fair on you, with your own sorrow so fresh, to ask you to take this on you. I daresay one of the neighbours will take him; I'm sure you have not strength for nursing yet."

"If you would not mind, sir," Becky's anxious voice broke in, "I'd rather keep him here. I've not the heart to turn him out, for David thought a mighty deal of him, and sure, sir, I think it will do me good having him to think for."

And so it was. God sends strange, unexpected comforters sometimes, and to Becky in her affliction He sent poor Tom Sharpe, fevered, almost dying, with all his sins and sorrows, and in tending him she got used to her own loneliness and desolation.

For many weeks Tom Sharpe tossed on the bed of fever; for a long time everyone thought he would never leave it except for his grave, but at last his illness took a turn, and he slowly began to mend. It was a very different Tom Sharpe that rose from the bed of sickness, not only changed in body, wasted and weakened, but changed, too, in mind, for he rose a humble, repentant man, hoping, with God's help, to lead a different and a better life; and with God's help he did so. I do not mean to say that he had no falls or slidings back into sin; we cannot fling off long habits of evil at once, and stand free and clear; no, all his life was one hard battle and struggle, sometimes vanquished and falling, sometimes, God be thanked, victorious.

And he and Becky were firm friends from henceforth; and when Tom was again placed in a position to earn his livelihood with honesty at Scarmouth, a month never passed that he did not come once to Westbeach to see the patient widow and her boy, who promised to be as fond of Uncle Tom as his father had been.

Becky managed to make a living for herself and little Job by taking in some washing, and Tom, unknown to anyone, by patient saving, was laying by a sum for the little lad to have some day. His great pleasure was in those quiet Sundays at Westbeach, which came now and then, when he could sit in the old cottage and talk over happy times with Becky, or go to the churchyard and see the place where Job and David rest side by side, and think of the day when he will lie there too, and will, by God's grace, see them again.

The Unchanging.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."
GATHER up each fleeting minute,
Work while it is day;
For this world and all things in it
Soon shall pass away.
Verdant plain, and lofty mountain,
Sea, and cliff, and bay,
Flowerly field, and sparkling fountain,
All must pass away.
Yea, the moon, and stars that nightly
Shine with silver ray,
And the sun now blazing brightly,
All must pass away.
Christian, seek not worldly pleasure;
Hear the Saviour say,
"Let your heart be where your treasure
Cannot pass away."

On God's promised Word abiding,
When all things decay;
Safe from harm we rest confiding,
Though earth pass away.

ELLIN ISABELLE TUPPER.

St. Philip.



If all parts of Palestine, Galilee lay under greatest reproach. It was called "Galilee of the Gentiles" because it bordered on the idolatrous nations, and the people were counted rude and irreligious. Jesus and His followers were often reproached as being "Galileans." "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (a town of Galilee) was the question of Nathanael concerning Christ (St. John i. 46). "Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," said the Pharisees (St. John vii. 52). But our Lord showed how false this

prejudice was both by making it His own ordinary place of abode, and also by choosing several of his apostles from among its people.

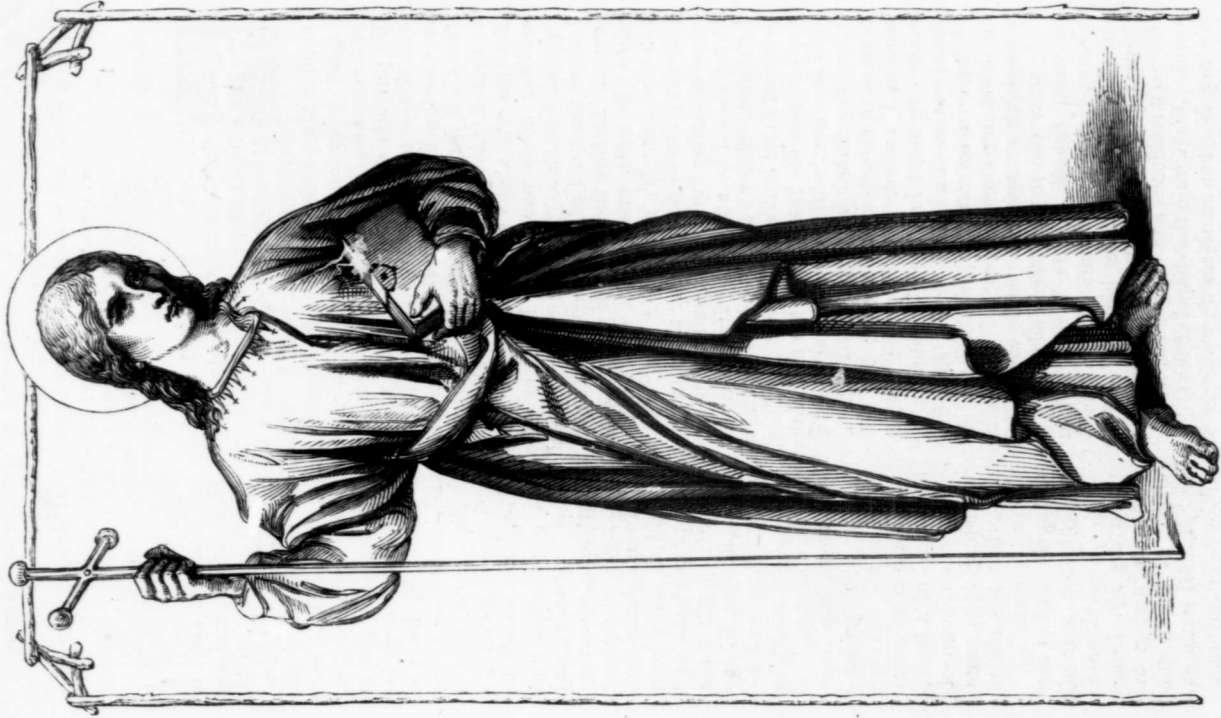
One of these was Philip, who was born at Bethsaida, a town near the sea of Tiberias, the city also of Andrew and Peter. Of his parents and way of life the Gospels tell us nothing; but he was, probably, a fisherman, as that was the ordinary trade of the place. He had the honour of being first called to the apostleship, which came to pass in this way:—Our Lord, soon after His return from the wilderness, met with Andrew and his brother Peter; after some short discourse with them He parted from them, and the very next day, as he was passing through Galilee, He met Philip, whom He commanded to follow Him, which was the form that He constantly used in making choice of His apostles, so that Philip had the honour of being the first called to the sacred office; for though Andrew and Peter were the first that came to Christ and conversed with Him, yet they immediately returned to their trade again, and were not called to be apostles till above a whole year after, when John Baptist was thrown into prison. Immediately after Philip had himself been called, he went to Nathanael, a person of note and eminence, and told him that he had found the Messiah, and brought him to Jesus (St. John i. 43—51).

There is not much narrated of Philip in the Gospels after his call to the apostleship. Once to try him Jesus asked him how they could procure bread for five thousand men, besides women and children, in the wilderness. To which Philip answered, "*Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little*" (St. John vi. 7). It was to Philip that the Greek proselytes, who came up to the Passover, said, "*Sir, we would see Jesus,*" a teacher of whom they had heard so much (St. John xii. 22). At the Last Supper it was Philip who said, "*Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us.*" To which Jesus answered, gently rebuking him for not understanding that He and the Father were one, "*Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father*" (St. John xiv. 8, 9).

It is believed that St. Philip at first preached the Gospel in Upper Asia, and made many converts there. After having exercised his apostolic office there for many years, he came to Hierapolis, a rich and prosperous city of Phrygia, but a stronghold of idolatry. Among their false gods was a huge serpent. It is said that St. Philip besought God till the monster died, and this helped the apostle to turn many from their vain superstitions. The magistrates were enraged at his success, and caused him to be scourged and imprisoned, and shortly afterwards put him to death—either by hanging or, as others say, by crucifying him.

St. Philip left no sacred writings behind him; the greater part of the apostles, as Eusebius remarks, having little leisure to write books, being employed in active ministries for the happiness and salvation of mankind.

In ecclesiastical art St. Philip usually carries in his hand a long staff, surmounted with a cross. He sometimes bears a basket, with loaves and fishes, in allusion to St. John vi. 5—7.



St. Philip.

Godly Laymen of the English Church.

BY G. W. BENGE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

BORN 25TH DECEMBER, 1642, DIED 20TH MARCH, 1727.

"Oh, speak the wondrous man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good,
How firmly established on Eternal Truth!
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on."

THOMSON.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1642, at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, and was baptized at Colsterworth, on the 1st of January, 1643. His mother (having become a widow ere Isaac was born) had the entire care of his education. She lived at the humble Manor House, which, for about an hundred years, had been in the possession of the family, who came originally from Newton, in Lancashire. It seems to have been her wish to train her son in the pursuits of agriculture, that he might be fitted to manage his own little property. When he was twelve years old he was sent to the Grammar School at Grantham, and, according to information which Sir Isaac subsequently gave to his nephew, he was at first very low in the school. But it happened one day that the boy that was above him gave him a severe blow, from which he suffered acute pain; and Isaac, mortified and indignant, now applied himself so diligently that he rose above his companion, and became the head of the school. And now his career of discovery began. During the hours of play his mind was occupied in making little windmills, water-clocks, and carriages. "He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites; and he is said to have been at great pains in determining their best form and proportions, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made also paper lanthorns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings, and he attached these lanthorns to the tails of his kites on a dark night, so as to inspire the rustics with the notion that they were comets."

When he was fifteen years of age, his mother removed him from school that he might attend the markets, and learn the management of the sheep and the cows; but this did not at all suit the bent of his mind. He was more often found sitting behind some hedge engrossed in his various studies. "The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendence of a water-wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighbouring stream, absorbed all his thoughts when the sheep were going astray, or the cattle were treading down the corn."

A better course was wisely adopted. He was again sent to the Grammar School, and in June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age, Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge—a college which was then high in estimation, having Dr. Isaac Barrow as its tutor, but which has now a renown, owing to Newton's residence and discoveries, as distinguished as any in the world. Just within the chapel of the College is a beautiful statue of Sir Isaac Newton, an object of great interest to all lovers of science. It appears that when he entered the University he had not even seen *Euclid's Elements*, so that Cambridge was really "the birth-place of his genius." When, however, these "Propositions," which

have puzzled so many beginners, came into his hands, he understood them at a glance, and regarded them as self-evident truths; and, without any preliminary study, made himself master of the geometry of Descartes, which was then much valued.

He graduated in 1664, and in 1669, he succeeded Dr. Barrow as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics.

His chief discoveries were made in the year 1666. At this time his favourite study was that of optics. Having observed that the most eminent mathematicians of the day were engaged in the business of improving telescopes, by grinding glasses into figures of spherical shape, he applied himself very closely to the subject; but not succeeding in the manner he had anticipated, he procured a triangular glass prism in order to try the celebrated phenomenon of colours. It had generally been believed that the light of the sun was pure white, free from any admixture of colour. Newton having closed up his room whilst the sun was shining, made a hole in one of his window shutters, and introduced into his darkened room a ray of sun-light, which shone in a circular form upon the floor. He then caused it to pass through his glass prism, and, to his great delight, he discovered that the ray of light had been separated into all the colours of the rainbow, and that it formed an image on the opposite wall no longer circular, but five times as long as it was broad. These colours are of the most vivid brightness, as any of our readers, who will make the experiment, will perceive. Newton, upon this, at once applied the principle to telescopes, and concluding that the lenses of telescopes must in some degree separate light and produce colour, he commenced the construction of a grand reflecting telescope, which he thought might be brought to any desired perfection.

Whilst he was engaged in these studies, the plague broke out at Cambridge, and he retired into the country. He was now twenty-four years of age. He was one day sitting alone in a garden, when some apples falling from a tree, as it has been said, led him to reflect upon the nature of gravity; and as this power is not found to be sensibly diminished at the remotest distance from the centre of the earth to which we can rise, neither on the tops of the loftiest building, nor the summits of the highest mountains, he at once applied the thought to the heavenly bodies. "If gravity thus exists high above the earth, why not as high as the moon," he said to himself, "and, if so, her motion must be influenced by it, perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby." This was his starting-point in the discoveries which have made his name for ever famous.

That the sun is stationary in the centre of our system—that all the planets move round it by the power of gravitation, which varies directly as the mass of the sun, and inversely as the square of the distance—that the earth is nearly 8000 miles in diameter, and that it is flying through the heavens at the rate of nineteen miles a second—that by the same law the planet Mercury performs a revolution in 87 days, moving thirty miles a second—that the moon is retained in her orbit round the earth by the same force by which an apple falls to the ground—that the tides of the sea are influenced by the same cause, and rise and fall according to a definite law.

Godly Laymen of the English Church.

It is said that Newton existed only to calculate and to think. "Often lost in meditation he knew not what he did, and his mind appeared to have quite forgotten its connexion with the body. His servant reported that in rising in a morning he frequently sat a large portion of the day, half-dressed, by the side of his bed; and that his meals waited for hours on the table before he came to take them. Even with his transcendent powers, to do what he did was almost irreconcilable with the common conditions of human life, and required the strongest character, as well as the highest endowments which belong to man."*

The following anecdote is sadly interesting, though it affords an example of his gentleness of character, and the intensity of his devotion to scientific investigation. His discoveries in astronomy had



[NEWTON'S BIRTH-PLACE.]

already been published in his *Principia*, and he was preparing to launch another work of great interest. But one winter's morning, while attending divine service at Trinity College, he had left at home in his study a favourite little dog, called Diamond. Upon returning to his rooms he found that the lighted taper that was on the desk had been overturned, and all his papers, the labours of many years, had been consumed, though the room itself was uninjured. When Newton perceived the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, "Oh Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me!" The book in question "was one of colours and lights, established upon thousands of experiments which he had been twenty years in making, and which had cost many hundreds of pounds." The distress which this event occasioned him is said to have been so bitter as to affect for a time the powers of his understanding; but Sir David Brewster, to whose interesting biography we are indebted for many particulars, has doubted this latter statement.

It is a cause of much thankfulness, that this illustrious man, who enlarged the sphere of philosophical enquiry, and gave the world so unique and so splendid a system of astronomy, was a

* "Whewell's Inductive Sciences."

devout Christian, who, as we have seen, united in offering to God those soul-uplifting prayers and praises which members of the English Church love so well. "That he," says Sir David Brewster, "who among all the individuals of his species possessed the highest intellectual powers, *was not only a learned and profound divine, but a firm believer in the great doctrines of religion, is one of the proudest triumphs of the Christian religion.* He had been of a devout mind from his youth, and though he never intended to take Holy Orders, yet he interchanged the study of the Scriptures with that of the laws of the material universe, and from the examination of the works of the Supreme Creator, he found it no abrupt transition to investigate the revelation of His Will, and to contemplate the immortal destinies of mankind."

Sir Isaac Newton wrote several theological works, as follows:— (1). "*The observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St. John.*" (2). "*Lexicon Propheticum.*" (3). "*Four Letters addressed to Dr. Bentley, containing some arguments in proof of a Deity.*" (4). "*Historical account of two notable corruptions of Scripture.*"

We may observe that upon the Prophecies, he gives this very suggestive and commonly received opinion: "The Prophecies of the Old and New Testament are not given to gratify men's curiosities, by enabling them to foreknow things, but that after they are fulfilled, they might be interpreted by the event, and afford convincing arguments that the world is governed by Providence."

The following is the lucid manner in which he interprets a difficult passage of Scripture, viz.:—

"*There are three that bear record in heaven.*" "There are three that bear record of our Saviour's coming; the Spirit which He promised to send, and which was since shed forth upon us in the form of cloven tongues, and in various gifts; the baptism of water, wherein God testified 'this is my beloved Son'; and the shedding of His Blood, accompanied with His resurrection, whereby He became the most faithful martyr or witness of this truth. And these three, the Spirit, the Baptism, and Passion of Christ, agree in witnessing *one* and the same thing (namely, that the Son of God is come), and, therefore, their evidence is strong; for the law requires but two consenting witnesses, and here we have three; and if we receive the witness of men, the *threefold* witness of God, which He bare of His Son by declaring at His Baptism '*This is my beloved Son*'; by raising Him from the dead, and by pouring out His Spirit upon us, *is greater*; and, therefore, ought to be more readily received."

It is also said that his generosity and charity had no bounds, and that he used to remark, "that they who gave nothing till they died, never gave at all." Though his wealth had become considerable by a prudent economy, yet he had always a contempt for money; and he spent a considerable part of his income in relieving the poor, in assisting his relations, and in encouraging ingenuity and learning. He gave also several donations to the parish of Colsterworth, in which church he was baptized. He never permitted immorality or impiety to pass unnoticed; and when Dr. Halley ventured to say anything in his presence disrespectful to religion, he always checked him, and said, "*I have studied these things—you have not.*"

Sir Isaac died at the advanced age of eighty-four, in the year 1727. A short time before his death, he uttered this memorable sentiment, which more than anything bespeaks the humility, as well as

Plain Words about the Communion Service.

sagacity, of a sound mind—"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing upon the sea-shore, and diverting myself now and then in finding a smother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

His death was mourned as a national calamity. "His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber; his pall was borne by the first nobles of the land; and his earthly remains were deposited in the centre of Westminster Abbey, in the midst of the memorials of the greatest and wisest men whom England has produced."

The following is a translation of the words inserted on his monument:—

"Here lies
Sir Isaac Newton, Knight,
Who, by a vigour of mind almost supernatural,
First demonstrated
The Motions and Figures of the Planets,
The Path of the Comets, and the Tides of the Ocean.
He diligently investigated
The different Refrangibilities of the Rays of Light,
And the Properties of the Colours to which they give rise.
An assiduous, sagacious, and faithful interpreter
Of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
He asserted in his Philosophy the Majesty of God,
And exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.
Let mortals rejoice
That there has existed such and so great
An ornament of Human Nature.
Born 25th December, 1642, Died 20th March, 1727."

Plain Words about the Communion Service.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



FROM praise we pass again to prayer. Though we ask the angels to join in our worship, yet we can never forget that we are sinners, and that the attitude of supplication is the one most proper to us here on earth.

Before we 'presume' (and this word is worthy of remark) to come to God's holy table, we bend down before Him and pray to receive the full blessings of His gift, in what is termed 'the prayer of humble access.' Certainly, if 'the true temper of devotion' be 'fervour mingled with humiliation,'* this prayer may be regarded as a perfect type of the true way in which we should approach God, combining a sense of our own sinfulness with unflinching trust in His mercy. There are two or three points in this prayer which seem to call for remark. The body of the prayer itself is modern, for it dates from 1549, and its probable author is Archbishop Cranmer. The old rubric directed the priest to 'kneel down at God's board and say'† the prayer 'in the name of all.'

The basis of 'the prayer of humble access' is the earnest petition of the Syro-phœnician woman addressed to our Blessed Lord. The prayer in this case is addressed, as we gather from the concluding clauses, to God the Father. It is noteworthy that we

* Dean Goulburn on the Communion Service.

† In the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., the prayer stood for use after consecration.

pray not only for distinctly spiritual blessings, but also that 'our sinful bodies may be made clean by' our Lord's 'Body,' an expression entirely consistent with our Lord's own language about the life-giving effect of His flesh upon the body, and with the duty, which S. Paul urges, of the consecration of our 'bodies' to God's service. 'It is true,' says a valuable writer,* 'that the body is sinful, and, therefore, . . . unworthy of this glorious consecration. But through our union with Christ (a union which by a faithful reception of this sacrament is cemented,) the sinful body is made clean by Christ's Body (the Body in which He bore our sins on the tree), even as the sinful soul is washed through the spilling of the Blood of Christ in expiation of sin.'

We now come to the central point of the office, to which all its different lines of prayer and praise converge. 'This consists,' as a great Liturgical writer tells us,† 'of the commemoration of the one sacrifice once offered by Christ upon the Cross, the history and the institution of the Sacrament, together with prayer that, together with the bread and wine, we may communicate of the body and blood of Christ.' The prayer naturally falls into three parts (1), an introduction, recounting before God the nature and object of the holy rite which the Church is celebrating; (2), a petition; (3), the recitation of the Gospel history, which forms part of the act of consecration. It may be well to consider these different parts separately.

(1). The introductory portion of the prayer is a solemn remembrance of our Lord's atoning work before the Father. God's 'tender mercy' is called to mind. Twice in our Prayer Book is this word 'tender' applied to the Divine mercy—once in the Palm Sunday collect, and here in the prayer of consecration. People have been known to complain of the coldness of Church prayers, and yet, if we examine them closely, we shall find that our Prayer Book constantly uses expressions which can only be real when they are the fervent outpourings of a deep spiritual affection. This introduction begins by recognising the Father as the author, jointly with the Son, of the redemption of the world. This is very important, because sometimes people have thoughtlessly spoken as if the Atonement were only the work of God's blessed Son, apart from the other Persons of the Holy Trinity, whereas, the Son only executed that which had been planned always in the eternal counsels. Then the sufficiency of our Lord's death is beautifully set forth. The Church seems, indeed, in accordance with the apostolic description, to 'show the Lord's death.' The fulness, perfection, and sufficiency of that sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction 'for the sins of the whole world,' are beautifully and exactly set forth. We are reminded that this offering was 'made *there*,' *i.e.*, on the Cross, 'by His one oblation of Himself once offered.' These words are to be noticed, because they guard against a common error arising from the acceptance of the Roman doctrine of the Mass. Whether the Church of Rome actually taught the *repetition* of our Lord's sufferings or not in the Mass, one thing seems certain,

* Dean Goulburn on the Communion Office.

† Bishop Cosin.

that popularly men had come to regard 'the sacrifice of the Mass' as a repetition of our Lord's sufferings, a view manifestly inconsistent with such passages as Hebrews vii. 27, and Hebrews x. 10. Therefore, by the expressions 'one' and 'once,' the Church of England is careful to guard her children against this erroneous view. She is not content, however, with a mere protest against error, but provides what is always the most substantial bulwark against it—a clear statement of truth. We are reminded that, though there can be no *repetition* of the one sacrifice, there can, and ever must be, in the Church, 'a perpetual memory' of our Lord's 'precious death until His coming again.' On this ground we therefore proceed to—

(2). *A Petition.* We ask God to 'grant that we receiving the creatures of bread and wine,' which are now lying on the holy table, 'may be partakers of Christ's most blessed body and blood.' Here, again, the expression 'most blessed' may be regarded as an indication of the fervent spirit of the Church of Christ, when she approaches close to these holy mysteries.

(3). The third part of the prayer consists of the recital of the Gospel history, and the act of consecration. The recital of the history is accompanied by certain acts on the part of God's minister, which are meant to convey a special meaning. 'It is peculiar,' as has been remarked,* 'to this celebration, that the death of our Lord is commemorated therein, not by bare words, as in other prayers, but by certain sacred symbols, signs, and sacraments, which are, according to S. Austin, a sort of "visible words."' The Church carries us in thought to one of the most touching scenes in our blessed Lord's life—'the same night in which He was betrayed,'—when, 'having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.' Each action of our blessed Lord is followed out and represented by His minister. After Christ had 'given thanks' (from which act the term *Eucharist*, as applied to this Sacrament, is derived), 'He took bread,' and the priest is here directed to take the element of bread into his hands.† As our Lord 'brake' it, so the minister of Christ on earth is directed to do the same; and then he is instructed to lay his hands upon the bread, and pronounce the words, '*This is My body*,' which the Church of England, in accordance with the universal custom of Christendom, has adopted as the formula of consecration. The same action is observed with regard to the cup, which the priest, after our Lord's example, first takes in his hands, and then places his hand upon it with the words, '*This is My blood*'; concluding the whole prayer with the words, 'Do this as oft as ye shall drink it, in remembrance of Me.' To this prayer the people should answer *Amen*, 'for though all our liturgies stand silent in it, yet may I not omit what here by the way doth offer itself as obser-

* Bishop Cosin. *Additional Notes on the Prayer Book.*

† 'At these words the priest was directed by the first Liturgy, set forth in the first year of King Edward VI., to take the bread and cup in his hands (which is still observed among us), but he was not appointed to make any elevation of them, as the new Roman Catholics do in their Mass.—Bishop Cosin. *Additional Notes on the Prayer Book.*

vable, viz., that, at the close of the Eucharistical prayer, the ancient manner was for the people to say "Amen." *

Now the heavenly feast is ready; now the great spiritual banquet is prepared. It is time for the devout communicant to draw very near to God, and to prepare his heart for the due reception of the great spiritual gift, which God is so ready to impart to every faithful recipient of it. At this time, too, during the pause, which necessarily occurs for a few moments in the service, it has been customary for devout Christians to offer up their intercessions and prayers on behalf of the whole Church of Christ, and to pray for God's especial blessing upon all who are near and dear to them. This is a very suitable way of occupying any spare moments, and one which is in accordance with that spirit of true charity which should animate each one of us as we approach the holy table.

Short Sermon.

A New World, a Joy to Angels.

[PREACHED AT THE CONSECRATION OF ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, EASTBOURNE.]

BY THOMAS LOWE, M.A., VICAR OF WILLINGDON, AND RURAL DEAN.

Job xxxviii. 7.—"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."



IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. This is the first truth taught us in God's word, and it is the first article of the Christian creed; and as it is Faith's first duty to believe this, so it is the glory of what we call *Science* to tell us, as far as she can, the meaning of these words. From *Science* we learn how vast is the heaven, and how wonderful is the earth which God created and made; she shows us the marvellous goodness of all the works of the Lord; the majesty of the greatest of them, and the perfection of the least. And when we listen to her teaching we are constrained to cry out, "O Lord, how wonderful are Thy works, in wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

For instance, we ask *Science* to tell us what she knows about the heavens above us, and she answers that the stars are well called the *host* of heaven, because they are in number far beyond our power to count.

She points out to us many worlds and clusters of worlds, shining upon us from afar, some of them so distant that we cannot trace even the outline of their shape. This she can do; but she does not know whether these worlds are inhabited, nor, if so, who it is that lives there. So she must be content to end as we began, "In the beginning God created the heavens," and she may add, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handywork."

Nor can *Science* tell us all we should like to know about the

* L'Estrange. *Alliance of Divine Offices.*

Short Sermon.

earth. She shows us how wonderfully it is fitted for us to live upon; she shows us the perfectness of the smallest part of the humblest flower that blows; she tells us of long periods of time in the course of which the surface of the earth attained its present shape. But she knows little after all. She cannot be sure whether any other creatures, endowed with reason, possessed the world before us, nor how long the substance of the earth existed before man stood upright on it, in the image of his Maker. One thing only we know for certain: that, when God willed to do so, He created the earth, and furnished and adorned it as a home for the race of man.

Of this work the Lord speaks to Job. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measure thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched a line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?"

And why did the sons of God rejoice? and why are the stars said to have sung in their courses, when God made the earth? Partly, perhaps, because all loyal servants of the Most High would rejoice that His dominions were enlarged, and would triumph in this new proof of His power and glory. Perhaps, also, it was seen to add in some way to the completeness of the heavenly host, just as every leaf, as it unfolds, adds something to the perfect beauty of a tree.

And was there not a special reason why the lovers of God should rejoice when He made *this* world? Perhaps it was known that this earth would be the scene of one of the very greatest of all God's miracles of mercy and loving kindness; that though the race of man was to be made lower than the angels, and would fall far below them by sin, yet, that through redeeming grace, we should be brought nearer to God than the very angels themselves. Of the Son of God it is said, "Verily He took not on Him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham." Perhaps it was known in the worlds above us that in the fulness of time the Incarnate Son would offer His flesh, and pour forth His blood to redeem the children of men, and would make peace by His cross between them and their God. This was a new wonder in heaven; and if they caught, in those realms of light, a glimpse of the coming glories of the gospel, a thrill of joy might well pass through all the worlds where God is honoured, when He created the earth, and made it ready for the use of man. The sons of God rejoiced in their several homes. The morning stars sang together when their new sister started on her course. They hailed it as another realm to send tribute to the King whom they loved; as another world, from which, daily and hourly, might rise up the sweet incense of prayer and praise, and in which, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the Lord's name might be magnified and adored.

And if there was joy on high when the world was made, it would surely not be wanting when the new creation was begun, and the Church of Christ founded, which He purchased with His

Short Sermon.

own blood. Indeed, the history of the Church on earth is full of interest and instruction to the inhabitants of heaven, for St. Paul says that "unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places is known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."

Moreover, many of God's works are made up of several parts, each of which is like the whole. A branch is a portion, and at the same time a likeness of a tree; a family is an image of the state, or nation, of which it is a part. And so every Christian congregation is a type and also a portion of the whole Church on earth.

It is, therefore, a subject for rejoicing when another Christian family or congregation is formed among us; another house of God built amidst our own houses; another centre fixed, from which the light of God's truth, and of the gospel of His Son, may be diffused; another star placed in the firmament of the Church; another light set to give light in the darkness of this sinful world. We may well rejoice when God puts it into the hearts of His servants to build another temple to His honour. We rejoice that the outward building itself, by its stately height and beautiful workmanship, should show that it is meant as an offering to the King of kings; but, far more, because we trust that in it shall be formed another spiritual temple made of Christian souls. We are glad, because here shall be gathered the two or three in the name of Christ, and He in the midst of them; because here, in the great congregation, God shall be honoured with the full burst of praise. Here shall many bring, every man the plague of his own heart, to the great Healer and Comforter of all. Here shall children be dedicated to Christ. Here shall be spread, for believing souls, the feast that shows forth His death, whose flesh was torn and whose blood was shed for us all. Here shall be proclaimed afresh, and as if in a new world, the story of the Love of God, and of the sufferings of Jesus. In all this we may well rejoice; even as there was an increase of gladness there, where no sorrows can ever come, when, in the ages long since past, God made this world of ours, that we might here live, to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him.

And yet we must rejoice with trembling. Though angels sang at the making of the world, yet sin soon entered into it, and death by sin. Even the Church of Christ itself, purchased by His death, and endowed by His spirit, has suffered from the assaults of the enemy. Outwardly she has not even now gathered into her fold one-half of the nations of the earth, and inwardly she has been grievously crippled and disfigured by manifold errors, heresies, and divisions. No doubt, also, in every newly enclosed field of God, the spirit of evil will try to sow bad seed among the good, and to prevent the good seed from bringing forth fruit unto perfection. To every Christian congregation is it said, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," and "Let your light shine before men, that they may glorify your Father, which is in heaven."

And never were such words more necessary than in our days.

This is an enquiring, questioning, unbelieving age. The claims of the Church, the word of God, what God has told us of His own will and His own character, all things, however sacred, are now

examined and called in question by the daring intellect of man. We are, indeed, assured, that truth is great enough to prevail in the conflicts of to-day, as she has in a thousand other conflicts in times past. But still it is the sight of a *living Christianity* that will best answer these doubts and difficulties. Practically, there is no argument like the holy lives, and humble, happy deaths of true believers; and even the world would confess that God is with us of a truth, if it saw the several congregations of the Church abounding in devotion toward God, and love towards man. In this way also shall we best work towards promoting the *unity of the Church*. Many good men feel a yearning desire to see the several churches and communions of Christian men brought closer together. And it is well to seek the peace of Jerusalem; to remember that our Lord prayed that His people might all be one, and that St. Paul found fault with the Corinthians for the divisions which there were among them. Still, if *unity* is precious, *truth* is even more precious. And if the Church of England, holding, as she does, a middle place between different forms of error, is to be of use in helping to heal the divisions of the Christian world, this is how she must strive to do it. Not by going back to errors which she has renounced; not by weakly giving up, to please others, any part of the truth which she has received, but by speaking the whole truth in love, and by striving to train up all her children, and to build up all her congregations, in ripeness of faith and holiness of life.

Remember, therefore, that every family, by its good or evil example, does something for the safety or danger of the state. Every separate star, even the smallest and the faintest, adds something to the glory of the host of heaven; and every congregation, by its earnestness or its carelessness, helps or hinders the work of God, in spheres far wider than itself.

Gladden, then, the hearts of your pastors, by your fervent devotion. Be always ready to offer the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Let your hearty responses, and loud amens, show that you are in earnest. Draw near to the Lord's table with faith towards God—with love towards man—with prayer for all. And especially remember to offer all your prayers to our Blessed Saviour, and through Him to the Father. At His feet lay down your gifts; in His honour sing your hymns; in His name make known your requests; in all sacraments, let it be His grace that you seek for. Be like those who knew that they would be safe if they could only touch the hem of the garment of Jesus of Nazareth.

Lastly, if there was joy when God made the earth, there shall be joy also when He shall make the new heavens and the new earth. Surely, the gladness at the end shall be even greater than that at the beginning. The long reign of sin, and pain, and death, shall come to an end, like some frightful dream, or as the passing away of some great fear or trouble. The sons of God in every world which He has made shall sing and shout for joy; for the "redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."



THE
Home Magazine
AND
CHURCH & SUNDAY SCHOOL
REGISTER.

Vol. _____ Part _____

COMMUNICATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE SENT TO

"REV. ALEX. WILLIAMS, TORONTO."

TORONTO:

JOHN YOUNG.



THE
Parish Magazine
AND
CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL REGISTER.

In issuing this periodical, we desire to furnish a Magazine for home reading of a sound, instructive and popular character, and to incorporate with it interesting matter connected with the work and progress of the Church in Canada.

In this work, the usefulness of which depends so greatly upon the extent of its circulation, we ask the sympathy and co-operation of the members of the Church.

Brief communications bearing upon the interests and progress of individual parishes, or the Church at large, will be gladly received.

TERMS:—Fifty Cents per Annum, payable in Advance.

SEE PRIZE LIST.

The Children's Paper,

Published by NELSONS, will be supplied at the rate of
12 Copies for \$1.75. Postage Free.

The Children's Guest,

MONTHLY EDITION.

An Illustrated Paper for the young members of the Church, published by the P. E. S. S. Union and Church Book Society, will be sent at the rate of

Twelve Copies for \$2.00, Postage Free.

Apply to **REV. A. WILLIAMS, TORONTO.**