

Dominion Churchman.

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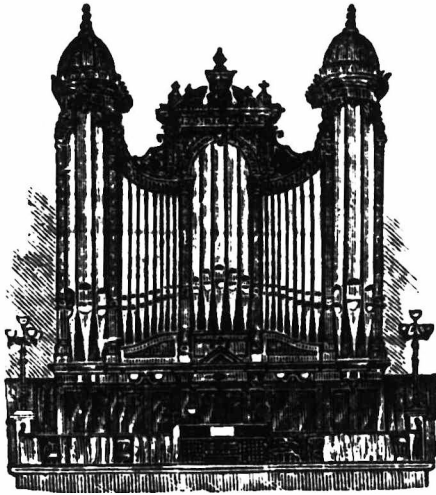
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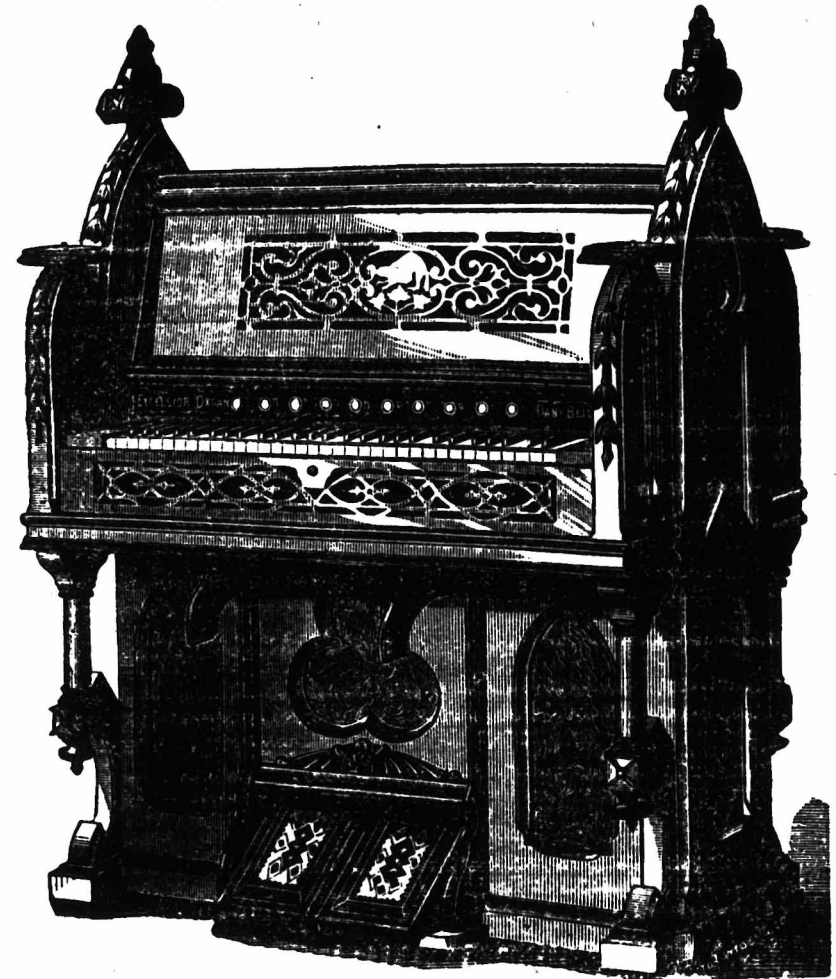
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1880.

THE Rural Deanery of Greenwich, held by the late Canon Miller, has been offered by the Bishop to the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge, M. A. It is said the appointment will be very satisfactory to such of the clergy as recognize the interference of Rural Deans.

The funeral of the Rev. C. F. Lowder, late Incumbent of St. Peter's, London Docks, who died of inflammation in Austria, on the 9th, took place on the 17th ult., at Chislehurst. The Rev. C. H. Cleaver preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. The funeral was attended by a large number of clergy and laity. The testimonies to the worth of the departed servant of Christ are manifold. The Archbishop of Canterbury has spoken in the very highest and warmest terms of regard, and has written to the clergy of St. Peter's, expressing such feelings on receiving the news of his death. Bishop Cloughton has also written, characterizing him as "one of those servants of God, whose life simply told its own tale; an epistle of Christ, known and read." The presentation to the living is in the hands of trustees.

The news from Afghanistan is somewhat quieting, although not entirely satisfactory. Abdul Rahman is strengthening his position at Cabul; but is believed not to be, at present, equal to taking charge at Candahar, which is expected to be held for some months by some ten thousand British troops. It appears to be undecided what is to be done with the entire tract of country, or, at least, with the city and its fortifications. It is said to be tolerably certain that the Kuram Valley is to be abandoned. The reasons for holding it were not so strong as for retaining the entire command of the Khyber Pass.

The succession of landslips which caused the death of forty Europeans and a number of natives at Naini Tal, has been a terrible blow to the pleasant sanitarium amongst the spurs of the Western Himalayas. There had been reason for some time to dread some catastrophe of the kind, but at last it came as a surprise. The Victoria Hotel, and the Assembly Rooms, which which were supposed to be safe, were swept into the adjoining lake. One of those who lost their lives on the occasion was the Rev. Alexander Robinson, one of the senior chaplains of the India establishment. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1855.

The world has just been edified with the proceedings of a "Pan-Presbyterian Council" at Philadelphia, and now we are threatened with an "Ecumenical Wesleyan Council!" The object of the latter is probably to demonstrate to mathematicians how it happens that the influence of "the connection" increases in the exact ratio that their numbers decrease. The proportion claimed is that which is generally understood by the term "universe." Surely mimicry and absurdity "can no further go."

Serious disturbances have taken place at Canton. The European community has been threatened and is in a state of alarm. The Roman Catholic Mission has been attacked. The military were called out, some rioters were killed, and others wounded.

Some fighting has been going on in South Africa with the Basutos, twelve hundred of whom attacked Mohales Hock on the 20th, and on the following day another body of five thousand attacked Mafeteng, but the Basutos were ultimately beaten off. At Mafeteng, the Basutos, seven thousand strong, repeatedly charged the Cape Mounted Rifles' camp at Courthouse, held by a magistrate and volunteers, but were repulsed at all points.

The news from Ireland continues to be of a painful character. The Rector of Tullylish, the Rev. R. R. Kane, on the 25th, defended, at a meeting held in County Down, his declaration that a game of lead is a game at which two can play. He said that Dillon, and Parnell, and every other radical under Heaven might shut their mouths about law; and that some day it might be necessary to start from Gilford and march through Tullalish, and Dromore, and Hillsborough, and Lisbon to Belfast, increasing as they go, and then 200,000 strong, each man with a rifle in his hand, they would advance on Dublin, and show the world that if the game is to be a game of lead, then the Protestants of Ireland are ready to take their part in that game.

In reference to Church matters in Ireland, the *Waterford Mirror*, quoted in the *Guardian*, says:—"Every year older the Church Act becomes, there is an increase of vitality and energy recorded in the annals of our Church. The number of churches that have been built, restored, or renewed in Ireland, during the past ten years, is an omen of successes and prosperity in the years that are coming on. Our people are gradually recognizing that the temporalities of the Church are to be supplied by its members, and they are learning to contribute their quota to the common exchequer. It is also pleasant to notice how universal the practice has become of having a Board of Education for each Diocese."

We are glad to be able to chronicle the fact that, on the 25th, Lord Arthur Hill, M. P., laid the foundation stone of a new parish church at Bangor (Diocese of Down, Connor, and Dromore), of which the Rev. Edward Maguire is Incumbent. The estimated cost of the building is £10,000 stg. Mr. R. E. Ward, D.L., of Bangor Castle, kindly granted the site. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Bishop of the Diocese and a large number of clergy. Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., and Mr. Ewart, M.P., were also present.

A considerable amount of consternation has been experienced at the discovery of a plot to destroy the Czar's yacht, the *Livadia*, at Glasgow. Information was received from St. Petersburg and Geneva that the Nihilists had decreed the destruction of the yacht. It was afterwards discovered that three persons had set out from London to Glasgow with some nitro-glycerine clocks, which

they intended to have conveyed on board the *Livadia*. Precautions were then taken, but the mysterious persons with the explosives could not be found.

The Bishop of Liverpool, after preaching to a crowded congregation of working men at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Liverpool, on the 26th, was hooted by an Irish mob of he drove home, and missiles were thrown at his carriage. The Bishop will hold his next ordination on Sunday, December 19th.

Mr. Gladstone has sent a cheque for £25 stg. to the Rev. Canon Mason, of Truro, in aid of the Cathedral Building Fund, "as a very small token of good will to the Cathedral."

THE TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

IF the benevolence required of us is to be regarded as a feature peculiar to the Gospel of the Son of God, much more is the forgiveness of injuries a peculiarity of the same Gospel, and both of these remarkable requirements arise out of the fact which the Church brings before us to-day—that we belong to one household, the household of faith. We are not only, all of us the offspring of one God, and brethren in a common humanity, but the members of the family compose a family having one Head, even Christ; and we are so intimately united to each other, through the Head, that one member cannot suffer without the other members suffering with it; nor can one member rejoice without communicating some of his blessedness to the rest. And even to those who are without, inasmuch as the same redeeming grace which has rescued us has also been extended, more or less, to every son of Adam—the benevolence and the mercy of our common Father have been given, in one way or another, to every one of them. It becomes us to be imitators of the lofty example of our Lord Jesus Christ in the forgiveness of injuries, and in the extension of the benefits of which we are partakers, to all who can come within the reach of our influence. Both this universal benevolence and the forgiveness of injuries were, as a rule, unknown among the Jews, especially in the time of our Lord's sojourn on earth. Where He introduced into His prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," adding, "For if we forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you;" when he uttered the parable of the man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves; when, in the Gospel of this morning's Communion Office, in answer to Peter's question, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?" Jesus saith unto him, "I say not unto thee, until seven times; but until seventy times seven;" and further, when Christ spake the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, who seized his fellow servant by the throat with the demand, "Pay me that thou owest," He was enunciating principles so totally new to them that His language was well nigh unintelligible in their ears. Their idea of the "neighbor" excluded the Gentile and the Samaritan. This was a settled decision among them; and how far it extended among themselves was a doubtful question. According to the Talmud, Daniel was punished by God because he had given good advice to Nebuchadnezzar, a Gentile. It was forbidden in the oral law to give good advice to a heathen or to a wicked slave. They forbade to cure idolaters, even for pay, unless the Israelite was afraid of them; nor did they allow anything lost by a Gentile to be restored to him by an

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Israelite. Among other things, they taught that, "If the disciple of a wise man be despised or reviled by any man publicly, it is unlawful to forgive any affront to his honor; and if he forgive, he is to be punished." But when Christ came He taught, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven;" "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." He Himself gave the most magnificent illustration of His teaching when He exclaimed on the cross, "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do." And His followers, in propagating His religion, dwelt especially on the same principle, when they taught, "See that none render evil for evil unto any man;" "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" "The Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men." All this is just as much opposed to Jewish notions as it is to the modern idea of progress, which is practically exemplified in every man taking care of himself.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND AGNOSTICISM.

THE Archbishop has been giving additional portions of his charge, in which he has made some further allusions to the Burials Act, in endeavoring to persuade the clergy that they have been relieved from a multitude of disabilities and hardships to which they had been exposed; but His Grace failed to show how the clergy had been relieved from the particular disability they had complained of, namely, the being obliged to bury people who have not died in the faith of the Church, or who have lived ungodly lives, or perhaps have really died in the commission of actual sin. This was the great grievance of the clergy—they being obliged to read the pious and laudatory service of the Church as we find it in the Book of Common Prayer over notoriously wicked characters. But the real fact of the case is that the Burial Act does not relieve the clergy at all in this respect, and the Archbishop must be as well aware of this fact as any one else.

The Archbishop has dwelt, in the third and fourth portions of his charge, chiefly upon the subject of "Infidelity." And in the first part of his indictment he refers to Agnosticism, which is only another name for Atheism. Atheism means the negation of a God. Agnosticism means the negation of everything, the knowing of nothing. And, although the Archbishop has not, in the estimation of many people, touched the exact point of the evil which is the characteristic feature of the present day, yet his remarks are of considerable value. He says:—"An Agnostic is one who says, I know nothing about all things spiritual or metaphysical. You tell me there is a world beyond the grave, and that there is something within me destined to live in the world when all the material objects, of whose existence alone I can be certain, have crumbled into dust. You tell me old stories of men believing that they had intercourse, in time past, with a spiritual Being Who dwells somewhere above the clouds. I know nothing which is capable of corroborating such fancies; and, therefore, why should I not regard them as the dreams of a heated imagination? I want something certain, and they say I find this certainty only in the physical phenomena around me. To this kind of argument the Archbishop would object:—"Do you believe nothing which is not capable of being tested by the ordinary rules which govern experiments in things material? How do you know that you yourselves exist? How do you know that the perceptions of yourselves are not mere delusions? Had they a mind, or had

they not? What was it that enabled them to think, to reason, to fear, and to hope? They must admit that intellect was almost Divine, if there was anything Divine, and he thought they must allow that it was not a thing to be propagated as they propagated well-made and high-bred cattle. Whence came Alexander the Great and Charlemagne? Whence came the first Napoleon? Was it through some process of spontaneous generation that they sprang up to alter, by their overwhelming will, the destinies of the world? Again, whence came Homer, Shakespeare, Bacon, and all the great historians; Plato, and all the bright lights of divinity, philosophy, oratory and poetry?.....Or he might descend to the ground of strict logic, and challenge these men to give an intelligible account of how this bright world, and all that lived in it, came into existence without the action of a great first Cause—that is, a God. No one had ever yet been able to refute the old argument necessitating a great first Cause; and if there was such a Cause, this Cause was the Author of our being. And God, being the Creator of the world once, must, if there be any meaning in the terms by which we strove to express its existence, be ever Lord of it. In all consistency a man of science, who was guided by real facts, must allow that any man who had a mind as well as a body, at however great a distance that mind might be placed from its original, must have something within it, akin to the mind, by which it was generated, and must be more like an eternal mind than a body.

The Archbishop's remarks are generally regarded as pointing to an older phase of unbelief than that now so rife in the world; and, while acknowledging the force of the Most Reverend Prelate's remark that superstition is no cure for unbelief, it is urged that the new Theism is not precisely the same thing as the old Deism revived, otherwise it could be met by the arguments of Bishop Butler and other great writers of the eighteenth century. And that if any one can be found to profess himself an Atheist, and to contend that the universe came by chance, he might be left to the old arguments of Paley. The old arguments against Deism are still unanswerable. The Deistic Theory is that there is a God Who made all things, and then retired from the work of His own hands. But if there is anything that it is possible to say Omnipotence cannot do, it is to withdraw from His own creation. It is easy to talk about "laws." But a law, without some power to execute it, is a nullity; and to say that God has made a law simply means that He has a habit of acting in a certain way. And this remark will apply to a great deal of trash that is talked about "Development." If by development is meant that it is not God who has made plants and animals, but they themselves, it is not possible to imagine a greater absurdity. But if by development it is meant that God has chosen to work gradually, then there is much in the Christian faith, in the Biblical record, and in all experience to support the hypothesis. What the Evolutionists have yet to do is to prove their hypothesis: and then they will have promulgated a new and, perhaps, a magnificent commentary on the first article of the Creed, not a refutation of it.

The present state of the case has been put in this way. The Theist believes that God was, and is; that He created the world and governs it; that he has a permanent and vital relation to His creatures, and may suspend and modify His laws at pleasure. But, instead of accepting what Christians mean by Revelation, he puts forward his own notions as to what God wills. He thinks that God

has always revealed Himself in progressive steps and continues to do so still; and that we may look forward to many a step beyond the conceptions of the Gospel. There is a vast amount of this system in the present among us; and it is intimated that the Archbishop has not offered his clergy any suggestions as to the best mode of dealing with the delusion. It is, therefore, urged that what is wanted, but what the Archbishop has not given us, is a clear and readable statement of what non-Christian Humanitarianism has ever done for humanity; and that such a statement would show how utterly hopeless it is to look for any amelioration of the plague spots of our civilization in any form of secularistic philosophy or morality.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF CHURCHMEN.

No. 1.

A VICAR IN IVANHOE LAND.

IN glancing over past years, there comes across the field of vision, like the spectres conjured up before Macbeth, a procession of personal memories of Churchmen with whom, in days gone by, we had intercourse more or less familiar. Some of these have joined the "Church at rest;" the images of others "rise like spirits, so depart" who yet "their watch are keeping" on the ramparts, or fighting Zion's battle on the plain.

Personal portraiture, while one of the most fascinating forms of literature, is one of the most difficult branches of literary work. We pretend not to have skill in this, but propose simply to hold up a mirror in which will be reflected those images which are now pictured in our memory.

Our first introduction to a clergyman was under circumstances not favorable for close observation, as we then had only a few days experience of the world, the baptismal water, too, was very cold and the parson more like a wolf than a shepherd.

Although brought up under the shadow of the Church, only a stone's throw from the vicarage, and there resident till manhood, we do not remember ever to have been spoken to by the Vicar who signed us with the baptismal cross. Yet our family was, in a sense, very strictly "Church," but save on Archidiaconal visiting days, or Confirmation, or the very rare occasion of a sermon by a stranger, we were very seldom taken to service, as a chronic feud existed between the Vicar and well nigh every family in the parish. The church, one of the noblest parish churches in the world, was deserted, save by a handful of people, chiefly officials, as the families of the wardens, clerk, sexton and beadle made up the bulk of the congregation. The Vicar was a tall, beetle-browed, cadaverous visaged man with the bearing and gait of a tenth rate tragedian. He trod the village with tilted chin and supercilious pucker of his pinched lips, indifferent to all that was passing near, deigning not to notice, by nod or smile, any of his flock. This proud unconcern was manifest also when fulfilling his offices in the church. The service was a mumbled duet between himself and the clerk, whom we boys irreverently called "Old Billy." The Vicar read the prayers with the expression of one who was doing the Almighty too much honor in addressing Him, and therefore was under restraint, lest liberties should be taken by the Divine Being with so very distinguished a suppliant. The clerks said his *Amen* with a tremulous vibration upon the *A*, like the bleating of a sheep, and dropped suddenly on the final syllable "men" as though he suddenly remembered that this was necessary to finish his response. We say "his response," for the notion than any

body but "Old Billy" ought to respond "Amen" or join in the versicles or psalms, was not dreamt of, indeed we much doubt whether the Vicar would have tolerated such interference with his and Billy's monopoly. Naturally, quite, indeed, in perfect keeping, so much "of course" that we apologize for naming it, the Vicar never left the desk to read the ante-Communion. He, however, did leave it, preceded by the beadle, to put on his black gown in the vestry from whence the ludicrous procession started back to the pulpit, the beadle standing, wand in hand, at the foot of the stairs, while the sexton ascended after the Vicar, to shut him up safely in the magnificent black oak box whence he preached. That procession from the vestry has always been a hard problem to us, but we suppose it was, and is, intended to set forth, ritualistically, what is meant by the "pomp and vanities" of clerical life. The sermon was a mumble so densely foggy that the congregation were saved from having "itching ears," for few ever caught a sentence; a style of preaching which would leave a large number of congregations even better off than they are now with those popular preachers, who put their party views and eloquence before the Church.

When Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" says that at church he heard the parson,—

"A bummin' away loike a buzzard clock over my head,
"And I never know'd what he mean'd,"

most persons imagine the satire to be "maan'd" for the farmer, but had such critics attended R— church in "black gown" days they might have listened away without catching anything but the "bummin' away like a buzzard clock" of the Evangelical Vicar.

It raised no protest, nor even private censure, when our hero allowed the victims of the cholera scourge to be cast into their pits, near his house, without any service, like dogs or suicides. We well remember watching these victims being carried for burial in wicker baskets, (truer coffins than the usual ones), and dropped, in broad daylight, into graves with an irreverence which made an indelible impression on our, then, very juvenile mind.

It is a very natural question to ask, "What effect upon the parish had this scandalous regime?" The effect was varied; Dissent flourished, open infidelity reared its poisonous head, vice was rampant, and the Church of England became despised and hated by Englishmen. John Wesley had once visited the place, and two or three old men who followed him still went to "chapel" and to "church" alternately; but the Methodists, most excusably in this case, never went to church save at baptisms, weddings and deaths. A large body of persons, nominal Churchmen, stayed at home on Sundays; others, of "the baser sort," spent the day in the public houses, at one of which, in our day, the landlord placed a Bible on the spit and roasted it before the fire, in the presence of a blaspheming crowd, during morning service hours. But the "black gown" was worn, and, doubtless, that atoned for a great deal. The feeling of the lower orders may be judged by there having been two attempts made in our boy days to blow up the church by infernal machines during times of political excitement. One consequence of this state of things was to develop in some who were fond of books, a taste for theological reading, which they indulged in on Sunday, as an apology for non-attendance at church. We were drawn into this habit, and habitually read the works of the great theologians of our Church during service time. It

was from an acquaintance thus gained with the writings and lives of our great Reformers, while a school boy, that made us open our eyes with amazement when a certain Vice-Chancellor spoke of Cranmer as an "Evangelical," in a company of clergy and lay delegates to Synod, and we could not but reflect that such audacity of assertion betrayed a boldness which is not uncommon in the ignorant, who do not know that others do know more than themselves, by having read historical authorities and original matter, instead of trashy, party magazine articles.

Happily for England and for England's Church, the race of Vicars such as we have depicted is forever gone; had it continued for another generation Dissent and Romanism would have reigned. We emphasize "Romanism," because from this one parish, the church of which has been served by Evangelical Vicars for generations, more perverts to Rome have gone out than any half-dozen churches of the extreme opposite type, and the "black gown" there has been, as it usually is, the very pall of Church life and symbol of a dark and repulsive form of doctrine.

It was an event worthy of a *Te Deum* celebration when, a few years ago, this afflicted parish was placed in charge of a pastor who gloried in the very name of Church of England, and made his boast of the claims of our Church to Catholicity.

What a revival ensued! Wealthy men were stirred to munificent gifts for works of restoration and adornment; poor men were inspired to give their presence, and their hearts, and their labors for that church, which their own fathers had sought to blow into the air; the outcasts were made to feel that the Church knows no such word as "outcast," but lovingly, tearfully yearns even for them to feel that they, too, are in her fold to be shepherded.

The church deserted, despised, a byword of the ungodly, a theme of low blasphemy with the profane, now arose in all the beauty of devotion, all the strength of righteous claims, all the over-mastering force of love and fervent zeal, and beaming with a charity embracing humanity in all its phases, the Church wielded nowhere an influence and a power more blessed or more recognized than in the parish where, in our early days, it was a shame and a desolation.

Our moral is double-barrelled. In that town a Presbyterian congregation lapsed into Unitarianism, all the the light of its Evangelicalism of doctrine went dead out. Whence such a triumph of error?

Surely a judgment befell them for schism, the branch died, being cut off from that living Vine, the Catholic Church.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE Reverend Saltern Givins, by the tidings of whose sudden death his many friends have, during the past week, been so deeply moved, is one who may justly claim, by long and faithful service, a special tribute of affectionate esteem and respect from the Church which he loved and for which he so diligently labored.

Canon Givins was one of the oldest residents in this city. He was third son of Colonel James Givins, an officer in the British army, and was born in 1808, at a house built by his father, towards the close of the last century, which now lies within the western limits of Toronto, and has, for many years, been occupied by the sisters of the deceased. He received his education, as a lad, from Dr. Strachan

(afterwards Bishop of Toronto), who was at that time in charge of the Grammar School in this city, and under the care of the same kind friend, he also received his instruction preparatory to taking Holy Orders. He was ordained Deacon in 1831 and Priest in 1833, by the Honorable and Right Reverend Charles James Stewart, Bishop of Quebec, the See of Canada at that time including the whole of Upper and Lower Canada. He was appointed first to the Mohawk Mission on the Bay of Quinte, which he served from 1831 to 1850. He was then successively curate of Niagara and incumbent of Oakville, and subsequently held the incumbency of Credit from 1852 to 1856. In the latter year he assumed the charge of St. Paul's, Yorkville, of which parish he continued Rector until the time of his death; but, the actual care of the parish having been entrusted, for some time past, to an assistant minister, Canon Givins gave his valuable services elsewhere, first at Newmarket, during a vacancy in that parish, and afterwards at Christ Church, Hamilton, during the interval between the departure of Dean Geddes for England and the appointment of the Rev. C. H. Mockridge to the rectory. Mr. Givins was also appointed Rural Dean in 1845, and Canon of St. James' Cathedral in 1875. In 1877 he received from Trinity College, Toronto, the Honorary Degree of D.C.L., a distinction which he had long before declined, with characteristic modesty, when he was urged to accept it by Bishop Strachan.

The circumstances of his death have been detailed very fully, and with great feeling, in a communication addressed to W. P. Atkinson, Esq., Secretary Treasurer of the Synod, by Dr. Willoughby, of Colborne, at whose house our departed friend was a guest at the time of his sudden removal.

Dr. Willoughby writes as follows:—"I deeply deplore the sad event, which necessitates my writing some information for the family and friends of the late Mr. Givins, whose death took place here yesterday (Wednesday, Oct. 18th), when on a missionary visit to this parish. He came here on Tuesday afternoon, and came to stay with me. I had known him and attended his church at Yorkville when I was a student, some thirteen years ago. He spoke at our missionary meeting (on Tuesday evening), with a great deal of warmth and ability, pleading earnestly for the poor Indian, who, he said, had ever a warm place in his heart, and now, that the number of his days were nearly spent, he wished their just claim to be appreciated. He walked home with me, and was in a great glow of good humor and spirits; took some refreshment with my sisters, and went to bed at eleven, anxious to be astir in the morning in good time, as there were some old friends here he wished to visit before he left, as he said it would be very likely the last time he would ever be in Colborne. He rose in the morning at six, and read a couple of hours; and, when he came down to breakfast, he expressed himself as being exceedingly well, and as having passed a comfortable night. He and I talked and strolled about for an hour after breakfast, when he went off, with my sister, in the carriage, to call upon some old friends of his. After being at a few places, they went up to Mr. Keeler's to see Mrs. Keeler, (a Miss Philipps, that was an old friend of his), and, while there, he died, sitting in a chair, without giving a sign of illness or any warning. They were all engaged in conversation, and he was particularly genial and bright, and had been so all day. Mrs. Keeler had gone for a photograph, for which he had asked, when my sister, who was sitting near him, noticed his eyes brighten and his lips quiver. The surface becoming discolored, she

rushed to him and tried to arouse him, but, finding it impossible, sent for me; but he had died almost without their knowing it, so quietly and peacefully did he pass away, not a feature of his face being distorted.

"The sad event has cast a deep gloom over all the parish, as he was very deeply respected by all."

Such are the very impressive details of our venerable friend's removal. His remains were conveyed to Toronto, on the same day, by the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Snitzinger, of Colborne, kindly assuming the melancholy office of attending them on their way thither, and placing them in the charge of friends, who superintended their removal to the residence of Miss Givens.

Numbers can thankfully testify to the consistent Christian life of the departed—to his unwearied care for the temporal and spiritual wants of others—to his peace-loving spirit, and to his loyal and devoted attachment to the first Bishop of Toronto, as well as to his successor, to whom he had the satisfaction of paying a warm tribute of affection, in an address delivered on the occasion of the Bishop's interment at Cobourg.

Do not the circumstances of his removal most instructively illustrate the words of St. Paul, "No man dieth to himself?" And may we not reverently interpret this signally abrupt termination of a gentle, blameless life, as being wisely and graciously appointed by that Lord, to Whom it is our calling to both live and die, in order that the departed might, in a special manner, serve and glorify Him by his death, inasmuch as we who survive are thereby most emphatically taught "to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is; and so to number our days, that we may seriously apply our hearts to that holy and heavenly wisdom, whilst we live here, which may in the end bring us to life everlasting, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord?"

PLAIN REASONS AGAINST JOINING THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THE FATHERS ON IMAGE-WORSHIP.

[Continued.]

Thus it is plain that down to St. Augustine's death in A.D. 430 there was no devotional use of pictures and images lawful amongst Christians, and even very little merely decorative use; of which latter it is just possible to find some slight traces in a few of the Fathers, such as St. Chrysostom, St. Cyril, and St. Gregory Nyssen. By degrees, as learning and civilization decayed in the West, through the inroads of the barbarians into the Empire, and in the East through the crumbling away of provinces after province under the advance of Mohammedanism, image-worship amongst Christians arose, spread and developed, during the time known as the "Dark Ages," i.e., from about A.D. 600 to 1,000. Just before the first-named of these dates, Serenus, Bishop of Marseilles, finding that the pictures and images in the churches of his diocese were superstitiously used, destroyed them and cast them out of the buildings. Pope Gregory the Great wrote him two letters, one in 595 and the other in 600, blaming him as too hasty, because pictures of religious subjects are useful for teaching the ignorant; but adding that, of course, no sort of worship of these pictures ought to be tolerated. His words are:—"I give you warning that news reached us some time ago, that you, my brother, noticing some persons as adoring images, broke up and cast out these church images. And we praise you for having been zealous lest anything made with hands should be adored, but we are of opinion that you ought not to have broken those images. For the reason why a picture is used in churches is, that those who are unlettered may, at any rate, read by seeing on the walls what they cannot read in books. So, brother, you ought to have preserved them, and have prohibited the people from worshipping them." (Ep. VII. ii. 8.) Serenus, being on the spot, and knowing better than the Pope hundreds of miles away, did not restore the images, and got a second letter in reply to his message of non-compliance. The Pope goes over the same ground saying:—"Fired with inconsiderate zeal, you broke the images of the saints under this excuse, because they should not be adored. And in so far as you forbade their being worshipped, we entirely

praised you, but we blamed you for breaking them..... It is one thing to worship a picture, and another to learn by the story told in a picture what is to be worshipped..... So, if any one wish to make images, by no means forbid it, but in every possible way avoid worshipping images..... and let the people humbly prostrate themselves in honor of the Almighty and Holy Trinity alone."—(Ep. IX. iv. 9.)

Now, though this shows a great declension from the earlier standard, yet it explicitly contradicts the teaching of modern Romanism, which encourages that kneeling and prostration before pictures which St. Gregory limits to the worship of God alone. It is not till the Eastern Church had entered on its decrepitude that the falsely-styled Seventh General Council was held at Nicæa in 787, which gave the first formal authorization to the worship of images, doubtless influenced by reaction against the Arianizing temper or the Iconoclasts. Regarding this, the following facts are important:—

1. It was attended by 375 bishops, and revised the decrees of a previous council of 338 bishops, who had condemned image-worship at Constantinople in 754.

2. It was promptly rejected by Western Christendom in a council of more than 300 bishops at Frankfurt in 794, including the prelates of Germany, Gaul, Spain, Italy, and England, with two papal legates.

3. It is styled over and over again a "pseudo-synod" by French, German, and English Catholic writers down to Matthew of Westminster in 1375, so that it never has had that acceptance by Christendom which is necessary to make a council rank as General and binding, nor can it ever acquire it now. (See proofs in Palmer's "Treatise on the Church," IV. x. 4.)

4. Its Acts are extant, and prove that the Holy Scriptures, and the practice and teaching of the early Church, went for almost nothing in guiding its decisions, which are based chiefly on wild and puerile legends; such, for example, as that a workman employed in putting up hangings in a church happened to drive a nail into the head of a picture of St. Peter, and was at once seized with a racking headache, not curable till, at the Bishop's order, he drew out the nail, when the headache disappeared immediately.

5. Such as the Council is, however, it expressly denies and rejects the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas, cited above, in that it strictly confines the honor of *latria* to God alone. Image-worship, then, stands condemned by Holy Scripture and by all ancient Church authority finding its warrant only in a late, corrupt, and ignorant age. Some more candid Roman Catholics, such as the great canonist Van Espen, have admitted that there is actual idolatry practised in the Roman Church,—his words are: "Notwithstanding the manifold decrees of synods, and notably of the wholesale injunctions of the last, the Council of Trent, so great, multiplied, superstitious, and almost idolatrous cultus of images and statues on the part of the vulgar and ignorant people is commonly seen, that the Gallican Bishops (at the time of the Council of Frankfurt) do not seem to have groundlessly feared lest, if they permitted the worship of images, it would be very difficult to draw back the ignorant vulgar from superstitious cultus and extravagant worship." But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to find any serious warning against this danger and sin, much less any frank prohibition and condemnation of it, in any popular Roman catechism or manual of doctrine. Excuses and quasi-arguments sometimes do occur, indeed, against Protestant charges, but they seem half-hearted and insincere in their deprecation.

MISSION WORK.

TRINIDAD—COOLIE MISSION—BAPTISM OF HINDOOS AND CHINESE—NEED OF CLERGY.

The following letter from Bishop Rawle will be read with much interest:—

"I hope the Society will renew the grant of £40 for a Hindoo Catechist, which I have received for three years. It has enabled me, with the local contributions that have met it, to maintain a Chinese Catechist also. Of Hindoos there have been more than 300 adult baptisms since I began to employ a Catechist for them—of Chinese, in the same time, upwards of 100.

"Of the Chinese there is no new immigration; they are mostly settled here in permanence, and when they offer themselves for baptism, though they do it in all seriousness and with a pleasant feeling (Chinese character is grave and steady), the secondary motive, of being what we are, has not been without an influence in the decision. Last Sunday I began to have a Chinese Evensong in the parish-room of my house, which meets a want amongst them—for their wonderful monosyllabic language seems to incapacitate them from catching English, and a service in their

own tongue is the only one they can take part in. I have only now obtained from Demarara a Catechist who is equal to this.

"For the Hindoos what we are doing is miserably inadequate to the occasion. They are imported at the rate of 2,000 a year, and are rapidly forming the chief population, not only (as they have long been) on sugar estates, but also in the free villages and settlements all over the island.

"I cannot do much with them unless I have a Hindoo-speaking clergyman—who can devote himself to Mission work, and train Catechists and Teachers—as is being done by three Presbyterian ministers from Nova Scotia—maintained by their congregations in the Canada Dominion.

"The good men work in no sectarian spirit, and would rejoice if I could divide the land with them.

"Can you help me to an ex-Indian Missionary who would take up this work in earnest? Given the man, I would make every effort to provide for him, and turn him to good account.

"We are poor—the one or two rich people belonging to us are not good at giving—few have any margin of income—and in the rural Parishes we depend almost entirely on the laboring class. My whole official income from the beginning has been spent on our Church needs, mostly very urgent needs, for which there was no other resource available. I am greatly in need of clergy.

"Trinidad, January 8, 1880."

HAVE YOU BEEN CONFIRMED?

"He went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose."—St. Matthew ix. 25.

"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."—Acts viii. 17.

"Lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees."—Hebrews xii. 12.

If you have not, let me tell you why you ought. If you have, let me remind you of some things that you have learned.

Everybody ought to be confirmed. For many reasons. Because—

I. The Bible teaches Confirmation.

In the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 5, 6, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, is the story of a Confirmation. Philip went to Samaria, preached Christ, and baptized those that believed. The Apostles at Jerusalem heard of it, and sent Peter and John. When they came, they prayed for the people who had been baptized, and laid hands on them; and they received the Holy Ghost. The same thing happens now. Ministers like Philip preach and baptize; but Chief Ministers like the Apostles—I mean, the Bishops,—come afterwards, pray for those that have been baptized, and lay their hands on them.

One case is not enough, perhaps. Let us see what the Apostles commonly did. For example, St. Paul came to Ephesus, and found some disciples there. He asked them, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?"—Acts xix. 2. In this case there was no need to send for one of the Chief Ministers; for St. Paul was an Apostle. "When he laid on his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came upon them."

Now look at the first two verses of the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here you see a list of six "foundation" doctrines of Christianity. They are in three pairs:—

- 1, 2. Repentance and Faith.
- 3, 4. Baptism and Laying on of Hands.
- 5, 6. Resurrection and Judgment.

All these are most important, as you see from the way they are joined together. And the texts quoted before show what is the meaning of the Laying on of Hands which came after Baptisms.

Without quoting more passages, it is enough to show that the Bible gives an example of a Confirmation in Acts viii., tells us that such Confirmations were usual in Acts xix., and explains the importance of the doctrine in Hebrews vi.

II. The Church teaches Confirmation.

Of course she does, for she must teach the doctrines of the Bible. And her teaching is plain. At the end of the Service for the Public Baptism of Infants, the Church directs that all children thus baptized shall be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him so soon as they have learned the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and have been further instructed in the Church Catechism.

III. It will do you no harm to be confirmed.

The harm that is feared in Confirmation is this: people think that they have to make new promises, and undertake new duties. No such thing: this is a complete mistake. True, in the beginning of the

Confirmation Service the Bishop asks the candidates if they acknowledge themselves bound by the promises made in their names by their Godfathers and Godmothers in their Baptism; and the candidates answer, "I do." But let me ask you to compare this question of the Bishop and the answer to it, with the fourth question and answer in the Church Catechism. The question is this,—“Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as they have promised for you?” The answer begins thus,—“Yes, verily, and by God's help I will.”

The Bishop does not ask you at your Confirmation to take any new vows, but only the vows which were made at your Baptism, and which you have “renewed” every time you have repeated your Catechism.

IV. It will do you good to be confirmed.

This you see plainly, when you have got rid of the false notion that you endanger yourself by making new vows. The fact is that, though you do not take upon yourself any burden which was not upon you before, you do get new and increased strength to bear the old burden and to keep the old vows. This is the “good of Confirmation.” To refuse Confirmation, then, is not to escape from greater burdens, but to refuse the help that might make your present labor easier in every way. If you look at the service you will see that this is the case. It is called not “The Order of Confirming the promises of those that have been baptized;” but “The Order of Confirmation, or laying on of hands upon those that are baptized.” The Rubric at the beginning of the Service goes on to say, “Upon the day appointed, all that are to be confirmed,” not “all that are to confirm their promises.” Then the “Preface,” tells you why you are to be asked the question by the Bishop, and why you are to answer it; it is that you may “openly before the Church” do what you have “yourselves, with your own mouth and consent,” done many times before. And if you look now at the first words of this Preface, you will see the meaning of the whole Service. Those words tell you that your learning of the Catechism before you come to Church, and your solemn answer to the Bishop, “I do,” are not your Confirmation; but both are good preparations for Confirmation. Confirmation is not an act of yours; it means “strengthening” by the Holy Ghost; and is God's gift which you “receive,” if you are sincere in your desire to serve Him.

And it is a gift that you cannot do without, unless, indeed, you think that you can keep your baptismal vows without GOD'S “confirming” or strengthening grace. If you could fully realize how weak you are, how utterly unable you are to love God, as He should be loved, or to please Him as we ought to please Him, you would gladly seek from Him the power and the grace, which He is so ready to give you in Confirmation.

A few more reasons for being Confirmed:—

V. At your age you ought to be Confirmed.

I do not ask your age. Perhaps you are young, and you may be told that you are too young. It may be so; but let me ask you, does not God say, “Those that seek Me early shall find Me?” Are you old enough to go to work, to leave your home for a great part of the day, to be in places of temptation and sin? Then you are old enough for the help which Confirmation will give you. Perhaps you have a family and are of middle age; then come to the next Confirmation. Lose no more time. Each child you have is a call to you to gain strength to guide it as well as to go right yourself. Perhaps you are old; then “it is time to seek the Lord;” you have no time to lose. “The young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait upon the Lord [old or young] shall renew their [spiritual] strength.”—Isaiah xl. 30, 31.

VI. Your trials ought to make you be Confirmed.

Are you sinful? Come for power to resist sin. Are you sick? Here is medicine for your soul? Are you poor? Then you should value the “Gifts of the Spirit.” Are you anxious? The laying on of hands is for you: “lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees.”—Hebrews xiii. 12.

VII. Your knowledge: for, if you know your faith and duty, you need grace to believe and to do: and here is a special “means of grace.” Your ignorance: for if you know little, here is a time of special teaching; be diligent in attending the classes; learn all you can; God will not refuse the gift, if you give Him the best you have.

“For every reason” come to Confirmation. God calls you in His Holy Word; the Church echoes His voice: no danger should keep you away: the blessing should attract you: that blessing is for old and young: Confirmation is for you, sinful, weak, poor, and sad, though you be; if you ask God to make you ready, and if you make the preparation He requires. Only repeat of sin and believe the promises of God made to you in Confirmation; “renew” the old vows

again, and receive new grace to keep them all the days of your life.

(Copies of the above reprinted for the Church Book and Tract Society, can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Box 2654, Toronto P. O. Price, 25 cents per 100, post-paid.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Received, T. S.; W. D. H. S. K.; H. B. O.; R. H.; T. W.; D. C. M.; T. B. J.; J. A. M.; and Huron.

Diocesan Intelligence.

TORONTO.

SYNOD OFFICE.—Collections, &c., received during the week ending October 16th, 1880.

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND—October Collection.—St. Philip's, Weston, 13.81; Grace Church, Markham, 4.69; Christ Church, Stouffville, 3.59; Christ Church, Brampton, 15.16; Brooklin, 2.05; Columbus, 2.00; St. George's, Haliburton, 3.38; Georgina, St. James', 6.60; St. George's, 5.00; Cobourg, 140.42. Annual Subscriptions.—Rev. Canon Ritchie, 5.00; Rev. Anthony Hart, (4 years), 20.00.

MISSION FUND—July Collection.—St. John's, Toronto, 6.00. Missionary Meetings.—Ferrytown, 5.00; Elizabethville, 3.00. Colborne, 5.00; Omemee, Christ Church, 5.00; St. James', Emily, 1.00; Cardiff, 2.00.

PERMANENT MISSION FUND.—E. H., subscription for 1879, 100.00; John Markand, quarterly payment on account of subscription, 10.00.

St. Mark's.—The foundation stone of the new church at Parkdale was laid on Monday, the 11th. The Lord Bishop performed the ceremony. There were also present the Venerable the Archdeacon of York, Rev. Messrs. J. M. Ballard, J. Langtry, J. Broughall, A. W. Spragge, C. L. Ingles. A large number of persons were present to witness the ceremony. A hymn was sung and a prayer was said by the Bishop.

His Lordship then said:

In the faith of Jesus Christ, we lay this foundation stone in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Here let the true faith, the fear of God, and brotherly love ever remain; the place is dedicated to prayer, and to the praise of our most Holy Saviour Jesus Christ, who ever liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

A workman then brought forward a tin box, to be placed in the foundation, in which were placed the DOMINION CHURCHMAN and others, a map of Toronto, Canadian Almanac, and a few coins. A manuscript, which read as follows, was also among the contents:—

“The corner stone of St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, was laid on Monday, the eleventh day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, being the 44th year of her Majesty Queen Victoria's happy reign. The Right Hon. Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell, Marquis of Lorne, K.T.G.C., M.G., P.C., Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. The Hon. John Beverly Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario. The Right Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D.D., Lord Bishop of Toronto. Officials of the Parish:—The Rev. Charles Leycester Ingles, Jr., B. A., Incumbent; James Smart Lockie, Esq., Thomas Wilby Rawlinson, Esq., Churchwardens; R. N. Gooch, Esq., Thomas Maclean, Esq., Wm. Fahey, Esq., lay representatives to the Synod; Building Committee, the Incumbent and the Churchwardens; Paull & Son, architects; William Luney, bricklayer and mason; James N. Harris, carpenter and joiner.

After the Bishop laid the stone, prayers were said and addresses were delivered by His Lordship and the Archdeacon of York. The benediction was then pronounced.

We are glad to chronicle so auspicious an event in the history of this new parish, and trust that the energetic efforts of the young clergyman, the Incumbent, will continue to be crowned with success. The Bishop, in his speech, bore testimony to the talents and Christian worth of the pastor.

The new church will be built of red brick trimmed with white, in Gothic style, and when completed will have a seating capacity of 400. The dimensions are as follows:—Length of nave, 66 feet; breadth, 39 feet; height of roof, 48 feet; height of walls, 18 feet. The chancel, which is to be completed at once, will be 18 feet wide, and 22 feet deep. On each side of the chancel there will be a vestry 18x9. The cost of the building is estimated at about \$4,000.

CARLETON.—St. Mark's.—On Wednesday last, a deputation from this congregation waited upon the Rev.

C. E. Thomas, at the Parsonage in Weston, and presented him with an excellent horse and harness, as an expression of their good will, and of the desire to aid him in his ministrations amongst them.

There were between forty and fifty subscribers to the fund raised for this purpose, the majority of whom are by no means rich in worldly goods.

This is a pleasing indication that this congregation, although not a wealthy one, has a gratifying amount of vitality and strength, and is disposed to exert itself in keeping up the services of the Church under considerable difficulties. Let us hope that a church so pretty as St. Mark's will, by the Divine blessing be the centre of religious life to an important district.

St. George's Church.—On Sunday morning, the 17th, the Rev. Mr. Crompton, Traveling Clergyman, Diocese of Algoma, occupied the pulpit of this church. He made an earnest appeal to the congregation on behalf of his special work, that of building small places of worship in the bush, giving many illustrations from his own and his family's experience. The answer to this appeal, we believe, amounted to \$120, besides a surplice and a set of service books.

The reverend gentleman assisted at St. Matthias' in the evening.

OSHAWA.—St. George's.—The Sunday School of this church was opened on Sunday, by the Lord Bishop, who preached and administered the Holy Communion in the morning, addressed in the afternoon, and again preached in the evening. The sermon in the morning was from Exodus 2: 9. In the evening the subject was the vision of the dry bones.

On Monday evening, a musical entertainment was held in the building, the Rev. Isaac Middleton, M.A., presiding. The Rev. John Curry addressed the assembly, Mr. J. E. Farwell gave readings, Mrs. Breden, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Martin, Miss Perry, Miss F. Marshall, Miss Kate Carswell, Miss Grierson, and Mr. H. T. Carswell gave excellent music. Mr. C. A. Jones presented a statement, showing that the building was largely due to the exertions of Mrs. Frank Gibbs, who had carried out the design of her late father, Col. Fairbanks, who was much interested in Sunday Schools. The credit of the entertainment was largely due to Miss Marshall, who arranged the programme and played many of the accompaniments. The building is 55x35, and is in the early English style. The architects were Messrs. Darling and Curry, of Toronto; and the builders, Messrs. Geo. Edwards and James Lang.

CAVAN.—The anniversary meetings in this parish, which have just been held, were of more than usual interest, and were attended very largely by members of the Anglican communion and others.

A very delightful meeting was held on Friday, the 8th ult., at Trinity Church, west of Millbrook, on the boundary line between Cavan and Manvers. After some introductory remarks by the Rector, the assembly was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Harding, missionary at Apsley, and afterwards by the Rev. H. B. Owen, Rector of Newmarket, and formerly missionary in British Columbia. The speeches were exhaustive and full of interest, containing much information touching the domestic and foreign fields of Anglican missions. There was much of personal experience in the addresses of the reverend gentlemen, which were well listened to throughout with the greatest attention.

On the following Sunday, the 10th, missionary services were held in St. John's, Christ's, and St. Thomas' Churches. The services were missionary in character throughout, with special prayers, psalms and lessons. The sermons, in each church, were preached by the Rev. H. B. Owen, who dealt with his subjects with great energy and ability, proving that the Catholic Church of necessity is a missionary one, and it is the bounden duty of the members thereof to do their part in aiding the glorious and important work of extending Christ's kingdom on earth.

At St. Thomas' Church, Millbrook, in addition to the sermon, the Rector delivered a short address, informing the congregation of what had been done by them during the year for missions in Canada, and giving them some statistics indicating the foreign missionary work of the Mother Church in England. Some idea of the interest taken in these services may be got from the pleasing fact that the united congregations in Cavan, last Sunday, numbered six hundred.

St. Luke's.—On Saturday afternoon, the 9th inst., the Guild of St. John the Evangelist, a society formed for the mutual improvement and entertainment of the youths of this parish, some few years ago, held their first annual games, at Rosedale, which proved quite a success. The silver medal presented by the Warden, W. A. Shutt, which has to be won twice by the same member before it becomes his property, was

awarded to Mr. H. G. Langley. All the contestants acquitted themselves very creditably. Rev. J. Langtry and W. A. Cassels, Esq., kindly acted as judges, and Mr. James Catto as starter.

Holy Trinity.—Sunday, the 17th inst., being one of the days appointed by the Church of England Sunday School Institute, with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, for intercession on behalf of Sunday Schools, the Executive Committee of the School belonging to this church decided, with the approval of the parochial clergy, to follow the precedent of last year and observe the day with special services. The teachers, accordingly, in a body, attended one of the early celebrations. The Rev. John Pearson was celebrant, the Rev. Charles Darling assisting.

In the afternoon, the usual half-yearly Sunday School service was held. At half-past three o'clock the procession of clergy and choristers entered the church, headed by the handsome banners presented to the School by the ladies of the congregation for the Centenary Festival last summer. "Brightly gleams our banner," was the processional, and was felt to be really suitable, the banner not being conspicuous, as on many other occasions, by its absence. The Rev. John Pearson sang a short-ned evensong, consisting of the Lord's Prayer, Versicles, Psalm 24, the Lesson, (which was read by the Rev. Charles Darling), Magnificat, Creed, and Prayers to the end of the Third Collect, followed by the hymn, "Lord, speak to me that I may speak," (No. 356, A. & M.). The Rev. W. S. Darling then addressed the children on the subject suggested by the lesson for the day, — the bringing forth of good fruit. Hymns 390 and 366, A. & M., were then sung. During the latter, the offertory was taken up, the children's offerings being presented by one from each class, accompanied by a bunch of bright flowers, the effect of which, heaped up on the offertory basin was beautiful. After the concluding collects and benediction, the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was sung in procession by the clergy and choir down the centre aisle, and returning to the vestry by the south aisle.

For solemnity and brightness such a service could hardly fail to produce a lasting and beneficial impression on those who took part in it. The scholars' offerings go to the Shingwauk Home, at Sault Ste. Marie, and the flowers were sent to the hospital for sick children.

RIVERSIDE—St. Matthew's.—On Sunday night, the Bishop of the Diocese paid his first visit to this poor mission, and was most respectfully welcomed by the people. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The chancel screen was flanked by the two banners belonging to the Sunday School, and adorned with wreaths of evergreens and flowers intertwined, pendant baskets of greenery adding a pleasing variety to the general effect. The font was a bank of dahlias, geraniums and other gay blossoms, artistically arranged and thoroughly effective in their coloring. On the altar there were vases filled with sweetly smelling bouquets, and in front of the sanctuary there were pots of geraniums and fuschias. The whole was the spontaneous work of some of the ladies of the congregation, who, with the churchwardens, Messrs. Potter and Warters, aided by Messrs. Farnden and Mountstephen, worked hard at their agreeable task. At evensong the church was crowded to the doors, the energies of the churchwardens and sidesmen being taxed to the uttermost to provide accommodation, many in the end having either to stand or go away. The singing, with Miss Annand presiding at the organ, was spirited and thoroughly congregational, the hymns being taken quickly and heartily. The Bishop's discourse was sound and practical, putting plainly before the congregation the duty they owed to God for their spiritual privileges, concluding with a few words of congratulation on the progress of the Sunday School, and an appeal for money to reduce the indebtedness—an appeal which was successful in a pecuniary sense. It may be added that many of the flowers which were rich and expensive, were the gift of the Messrs. Pape, the Leslieville nurserymen, who, though not members of the Church of England, took this means of evidencing their good will towards their fellow Christian.

NIAGARA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

GUELPH.—The late Canon Roberts.—In a sermon on behalf of the Widows' and Orphan's Fund, on the 20th after Trinity, Canon Dixon made some touching remarks on the death of Canon Roberts. He said: "I need not dwell upon it as a duty, but rather as a privilege, that you are bound to respond to the appeal this day made to you on behalf of this fund. It is an appeal to your best sympathies that has never yet failed of a liberal and hearty response from this congregation. And to-day it comes before you in a more earnest and urgent tone than it has ever before done,

for since this time last year, the widow and young children of a much lamented brother have been added to the sad list of claimants. He who was thus taken, and whose remains now rest far away, in his native island, under a tropical sun, amid waving palm trees, strange flowers entwining o'er his grave, was my dearest clerical friend. For many years, we took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends, and he died, a martyr to his sense of duty. Late in the summer of last year, he was threatened with a severe attack of a sickness to which he was liable, and the Bishop having heard of it, urged him to leave at once, change of air being the only remedy. But he had a large and interesting class preparing for confirmation, with whom he felt a deep and loving sympathy, and he could not endure the idea of leaving them. And the disease attacked him, and left him so low and weak, that he never rallied, and the voyage to the West Indies, from which much was hoped, was made too late.

You have read, no doubt, brethren, of the lost City of Pompeii, and how at the beginning of the Christian Era, it was overwhelmed in a terrible eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and how of late years portions of it have been brought to light, and the remains of many of those who perished were discovered. There were some found in deep vaults, whither they had fled for safety. Others were found in the streets trying to save their money, when death overtook them, and some seeking to bear away from the fiery storm those they loved. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? Still on guard at the city gates—his hand grasping a spear, and there while the earth was shaken with wild convulsions—while the lava stream flowed down in flowing surges, and the sky was darkened by the choking ashes, he stood at his post—stood to his duty, as a gallant Roman Soldier till death released him. Even so did my dear brother in the Ministry of Christ stand to what he considered his duty—at the post where the great Captain placed him, and God took him to his eternal home, and his woks do follow him. He may not be a hero in the world's sense, but he followed the path of duty, though it led to the grave. And there are many like him in the ranks of our clergy, earnestly and patiently walking for weary years in the path of duty—not for the applause of men, but for the sake of Him who died for men, and overcame the world, often bearing the heavy crops of daily care as to how they shall provide for their wives and children, how those dear ones shall find bread when they are taken from them, worn out by the perpetual strain on their mental and physical faculties? But amid the cares and burdens of life, one thing sustains them when sick and weary of heart, and that is, that in this Widows' and Orphan's Fund, there is something to rely upon, something to intervene between those they love and dire poverty."

HURON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Programme of Missionary Meetings for the County of Elgin.—Port Stanley, 11 a.m., Yarmouth 3 p.m., Aylmer, 7 p.m., Sunday, Nov. 14; Tyrconnel, 7.30 p.m., Monday, Nov. 15; Burwell Park, 7.30 p.m., Tuesday, 16; St. Thomas, 7.30 p.m., Wednesday, 17.

MEAFORD.—The annual Harvest Home Festival was held in Christ Church, Meaford, on Sunday, the 26th ult. The church was most beautifully decorated with fruits, flowers, grains and vegetables. The Rev. J. Hill, of Seaford, preached most appropriate sermons, the church being crowded each service, notwithstanding the wet weather.

On Monday evening, a most successful entertainment was held in the Town Hall.

St. Thomas' Church, Township of St. Vincent.—A harvest thanksgiving service was held in St. Thomas' Church, Township of St. Vincent, on Sunday, October 10th. The decorations, consisting of flowers, fruits, grain, &c., showed much taste on the part of loving hands. Services, morning and afternoon, were conducted by the Incumbent.

PORT ROWAN.—The annual Missionary Meeting was fairly attended here, on the evening of the 11th inst., and the collection considerably increased from last year. At St. William and Rowan Mills the meeting was in form of Divine service of Thanksgiving for an abundant harvest, on the previous day, Sunday, and the collections, although divided with the Mission Fund for Algoma, were larger than any formerly.

We are already beginning to look forward to Mr. Campbell's next year's visit.

VICTORIA.—There was a fair attendance at the Missionary Meeting on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst.,

in Rev. W. B. Evans' parish. Rev. E. Stuart-Jones, of Port Rowan, made an excellent speech. Rev. W. F. Campbell followed, giving facts of missionary progress, &c., &c. The collection was in advance of last year.

PORT DOVER.—Annual Missionary Meeting in Christ Church, Port Dover, on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., Rev. W. B. Evans in the chair. Rev. John Gemley, of Simcoe, was the first speaker, and made an able speech. Rev. W. F. Campbell, Missionary Agent, for about three quarters of an hour, kept the attention of the audience by a speech replete with missionary information, which was responded to by a liberal collection at the door.

ALGOMA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ROSSEAU.—The congregation of the Church of the Redeemer, at this place, wish, through the columns of your valuable paper, to return their hearty thanks to the Bible Society of London, England, for a valuable grant of Icelandic Bibles, Testaments, Tracts and other books.

Also to the Religious Tract Society, of the same place, for their very handsome grant of books, towards the formation of a Parochial Library, in the parish of Rosseau; and to Mrs. de Blaquiére, of 7 Osnaburgh Terrace, London, (N.W.), England, through whose agency both grants were obtained.

An entertainment was given in aid of the Library Fund, on 11th August, by the visitors at Mr. Pratt's hotel, "The Rosseau House," assisted by a few other ladies and gentlemen, resident and staying in the neighborhood, by which the sum of \$25 was realized. Mr. Pratt having kindly lent his handsome drawing-room, piano and organ for the occasion. He has also kindly consented that the entertainment in aid of the fund, shall be an annual one. It is intended to establish a reading-room in connection with the library. Any donations of papers, periodicals or books will be thankfully received by Mrs. Wm. L. Lawraon, "The Beach," Rosseau, Muskoka, Ont.

Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full

ALGOMA.

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly give me space to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$1 from one who gives neither name or address; \$5 from A. S. R. L., Orillia, and cheque for \$25 from Henry Rowell, Esq., Toronto.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM CROMPTON,
Travelling Clergyman,
Diocese of Algoma.

Family Reading.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

I once met (it was at a garden party) a clergyman's wife—a graceful, accomplished woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them.

"Yes," said she, with a tender pride, "I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful, too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the elder girls that they would have to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scour and clean. My girls take it by turns to be cook, house-maid and parlor-maid. In the nursery, of course [happy mother who could say "of course!"] they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters."

"But how about education?" I asked.
"Oh, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons, too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. Where there's a will there's a way. My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either. Look at them now."

And as I watched the gracious, graceful damsels, in their linen dresses and straw hats—home manufacture, but as pretty as any of the elegant toilettes there—I saw no want in them: quite the contrary. They looked so happy, too—so gay and at ease!

"Yes," answered the smiling mother, "it is because they are always busy. They never have time to pet and mope, especially about themselves. I do believe my girls are the merriest and happiest girls alive."

I could well imagine it.

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

WEARY WITH TRAVEL.

'Tis gathering near the evening hours,
Long since have drooped the mid-day flowers,
O partner true and tried!
And many a mile we've left behind
Since you and I together joined—
There, were the pleasant path combined—
To journey side by side.

So ardent we, so full of bliss,
We sought the choicest joys to miss
That filled the happy way;
What cared we for the rugged road,
For sharpest thorns our path that strewed,
For wind that blew, for sun that glowed
With fiery moonlight ray!

But weary now of toil and race,
We'll pause amid this pleasant place,
Our jaded foot to rest.
We'll talk of all the toilsome day,
Of scenes that beautify the way,
Through which our ardent journey lay,
Through which we onward pressed.

Ah! weary one! you drowsy grow;
Our toil has been too great for you,
Though blended with delight.
I fain would have you wake a while
The lovely evening to beguile,
With me to chat, with me to smile
O'er memories green and bright.

Already sleeping! Then I'll place
This snow-white stone your head to grace,
And this your feet to keep.
Sleep sweetly here! Ay, sweetly now
Sleep with this kiss upon your brow,
And on your lips I press it too;—
Ah!—peaceful be your sleep!

And I!—a little longer yet,
Wakeful, unrestful, let me wait
Till comes the shadier night.
Watchfully, silently, I'll tread
Around the marble at your head;
Then stretch my limbs beside your bed,
And wait the morning light.

A QUEER TEST.

"How happens it, Tom, that you never married?" asked Harry Stanhope of his friend, Tom Meredith, as the two sauntered along Broadway one fine spring morning.

"Because I never could find any woman who would have me, I suppose," answered Tom, laughingly.

"No use to tell me that, old fellow," rejoined Harry, "Girls are not so foolish as to decline a good looking man like you, with plenty of money; yet here you are, nearly thirty years old and no more prospect of settling than you had ten years ago. Now if it were me, why, the case is very different. A doctor just struggling into practice, is scarcely considered eligible by match-making mammas, to say nothing of their worldly-wise daughters, but they are ready and eager to smile upon you and you might as well make your choice."

"Thank you," answered Tom, still laughing, "when I find a young lady who can come up to my grandmother's standard of domestic virtues, I will invite her to become Mrs. Thomas Meredith."

"And what were your grandmother's peculiar doctrines on the subject?" asked Harry.

"I presume she had more than one," said Tom, "but this she particularly impressed upon my mind: 'Always look at a woman's dish-towels,' she would remark with much solemnity. 'No matter how well she plays the piano or sings, or how many languages she can speak, never marry her unless you see that she uses soft, dry towels; and plenty of them, when she wipes her dishes. Be sure that the girl who uses soiled or wet dish towels does not know enough to be a wife of an honest man.'"

Harry laughed at this definition of household knowledge, but presently he said in a serious tone:

"There is considerable truth in the old lady's ideas after all, but I don't quite understand how, in these days, you can apply the test. Most young ladies that we know have, perhaps, never seen a dish towel. Now I think of it, I promised to introduce you to my cousins. There are three of them, all

bright, pretty girls, though I think it doubtful whether they would fulfil your grandmother's requirements as a wife. Still, you may find them pleasant acquaintances, and if you like we will go there now."

"Agreed," responded Tom, and the two friends soon found themselves in the magnificent parlor of Mrs. Renshaw, Harry's aunt.

The young ladies are all at home, and, as Harry said, were bright, pretty girls. Ida, the eldest, was a tall, queenly brunette, whose magnificent black eyes and abundant raven tresses seemed to compel universal admiration, though she had a powerful rival in Adele, the second daughter, whose delicate blonde beauty showed to fresh advantage besides her more brilliant sister. The two were acknowledged belles in their own circles, and few who knew them ever paused to give a second glance at their younger sister little Violet. As shy and shrinking as her floral namesake, she avoided the gay assemblages in which her sisters loved to shine, and passed her time pleasantly and peacefully with her books, her music and flowers. She was not present when Harry and his friend entered, but when her cousin, with whom she was a great favorite, asked expressly for her, Miss Adele desired the servant to call her. Tom, who was conversing with Ida, did not notice her entrance until aroused by Harry's voice saying:

"Mr. Meredith let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Violet Renshaw."

And, turning quickly, he was surprised at the sight of the tiny creature, so unlike her elder sister. There was nothing magnificent and little that could be strictly termed beautiful in the almost childish figure, but there was something indescribably winning in the clear, gray eyes and the rich, chestnut curls that clustered about the broad, low brow.

Tom had little time for observation, however, as Ida and Adele claimed his attention, while Harry monopolized Violet in a frank, brotherly way, quite unlike his more formal and ceremonious manner with the elder sisters.

"Well, what do you think of my two cousins?" was Harry's natural question when he and Tom were once more in the street.

"I can only express my admiration by saying that I wish it were possible to divide myself into three separate and distinct individuals, that I might offer each of the fair enslavers a hand and a heart," replied Tom with much solemnity.

"What, without waiting to discover whether their dish-towels are in proper order?" retorted his friend.

Tom laughed.

"I have a presentiment that I shall forget my reverend grandmother's advice until too late, when the important event of meeting my fate shall arrive."

"And then remember it for the rest of your life, I suppose," observed Harry; "on the principle of 'marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.' Well, I hope my fair cousins will not be the cause of such a catastrophe; but I must leave you here, as I have a patient in the house." And he hastily ran up the steps.

Left to himself, Tom sauntered slowly on, thinking of the young ladies whom he had just seen. It must be confessed that little Violet occupied but a very small portion of his thoughts—which were filled with Ida and Adele.

"But I doubt if either of them ever saw a dish towel," was his concluding reflection, as he reached his boarding house.

Weeks passed on. Tom was devoted in his attentions to the Misses Renshaw. Rumor assigned him first to Ida, then to Adele, and waited with impatience for the time when the engagement should be publicly announced.

Meanwhile, almost every day brought some good and sufficient excuse for him to call at Mrs. Renshaw's pleasant house, a new poem, the latest song, an invitation for a drive, or a plan for an excursion. Of Violet he saw less than of the other sisters, although they were very friendly, and he treated her with the same brotherly frankness as did Harry.

One lovely June morning he presented himself at Mrs. Renshaw's at quite an early hour, intending to invite the three sisters to pass the beautiful day in a long country drive.

He noticed that there was some delay in answering his ring, which was not usually the case with Mrs. Renshaw's well-trained servants; but at length he heard a light footstep, and in another moment the door was opened by Violet. She had a broom in her hand and a dust-cap covered her bright curls; but she bade him good morning with as much cordiality as usual, and invited him to enter, adding:

"Please walk into the dining room, for I am sweeping the parlors."

Secretly wondering, Tom obeyed. As he turned the handle of the dining room door, there was a sudden rush, a hasty bang at the door, and a hurried exclamation of "O Violet, how could you?" and he found himself in the presence of fair Adele, although for a moment he scarcely recognized her in the slovenly dressed girl, with dishevelled hair, who stood by the breakfast table dabbling the cups and saucers in some greasy water, and wiping them on a towel, which to say the least, was very far from being spotlessly clean. She colored, and with some confusion, said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Meredith. So you have come to find us all at work this morning. It happens that we have for our three servants a brother and sisters. They received this morning the news of their mother's dangerous illness, and mamma at once gave them all permission to go home. We supposed we could get a woman who sometimes does extra work for us, but she was engaged for this day, so we are obliged to do the best we can for ourselves. I assure you," she continued with a little laugh, which Tom had often thought pretty and engaging, but which now sounded false and affected, "that I am by no means accustomed to such work, nor have I any desire to become so."

"Cannot you allow me to assist you?" asked Tom, politely. "I was brought up on a farm, and often washed dishes and made myself generally useful in the kitchen."

"You!" exclaimed Adele, in such an astonishing tone that Tom couldn't forbear laughing.

"Yes, certainly; why not?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I don't know—only I thought—you never did anything," stammered out Adele. Then endeavoring to seem at ease she said: "Yes, if you will help take the teakettle to the kitchen and set it on the stove."

Tom seized the kettle, and throwing open the door leading to the kitchen was crossing the room towards the stove, when his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Ida from the store-room. If Adele looked slovenly and dishevelled, what shall we say of Ida? An old dress, dirty and torn slippers, run down at the heels and burst out at the sides, no collar or ruffle, very little hair, instead of the magnificent tresses he had often admired, and what there was was hanging uncombed about her face, no wonder that Tom stared in blank astonishment.

A heavy frown took the place of the usual smile, as she curtly bade him good morning. Tom muttered an apology for his intrusion, as he deposited his burden on the stove, and turned to retrace his steps just as Violet entered the dining room. She did not see him but addressing Ida, said:

"Run away now, Ida dear, and dress before callers come for you. I have already sent Adele upstairs, and will finish the dishes, now that I am about done with my sweeping."

"You have been long enough about it I hope," muttered Ida, ungraciously, nevertheless availing herself of her sister's offer with much celerity. "Here are the dish towels, Violet," extending several greasy, blackened articles to the young girl.

Tom stood meditating an escape; not an easy affair, as the sisters stood directly in his path, but at the word dish towels, he involuntarily stopped and glanced around.

"No wonder my grandmother cautioned me," was his first thought, as the soiled towel met his sight, and he hastily approved the look of disgust which crossed Violet's face as she laid them aside, and opening a drawer she took from it a splendid supply, soft and clean.

Ida and Adele had both disappeared, and Tom ventured to renew his offer of assistance to Violet, who started a little, as she for the first time noticed his presence. But she recovered her composure at once, and quietly answered as she deftly filled the dishpan with clean, hot suds:

"No, thank you, Mr. Meredith. I shall do very well without your assistance. My sisters have not left me much to do. You had better walk into the parlor, and they will soon join you."

"No, indeed," replied Tom. "I will take myself out of the way, with apologies for my untimely intrusion, unless you will really let me be of some service. And believe me," he added, earnestly, with an admiring glance at the neat little figure tripping so lightly about the kitchen and mentally contrasting her with her two sisters, "you make me happy by allowing me to help you."

"O, very well," said Violet, smiling and

blushing a little as she met his gaze, "if you are really in need of employment I'll try and find some for you to do. Suppose you set those dishes on the lower shelf of the closet as I wash them; then I can arrange them after all are done!"

Tom obeyed and was rewarded by being allowed to bring a hod of coal from the cellar and doing various other little errands, during which time he was noticing the neatness and dispatch with which Violet worked, and was especially observant of the clean, dry dish-towels and the skill with which, when done using them, she washed and scalded and hung them to dry.

He declined the invitation to dinner, given by Mrs. Renshaw when she came in and found him assisting Violet, and made his way directly to Harry's office.

"I have made my choice at last, Harry," he announced; "it is the one who would even suit my grandmother."

"Might I enquire who the fortunate damsel is?" asked Harry, laying down his book; "and how are you sure of your reverend grandmother's approval?"

Tom told his morning's experience, concluding with:

"If she will only accept me, I shall be the happiest man alive, and all owing to my dear old grandmother's advice."

THE RAKE AND THE WATER-ING-POT.

Who would think of sowing seed upon ground that had become hard as a stone, or upon ground already covered with weeds, herbs, or flowers as thick as it was possible for them to grow? No one with any common sense; they would dig up the stony ground, or see that it was done; likewise on the ground already covered with something else would they bestow some thought or labor, otherwise they would not expect the seed they were about to sow to grow, in all the beauty or perfection it might. Grow it might, spring up in the midst of weeds and flowers it might; but would it not be likely that the other roots would spoil it? Are there not roots of sin in a child's heart that need to be disturbed, loosened, and pulled up if the seed, the precious seed of the Word of God, is to grow, so as to get the root of the matter well into the young heart?

But are there not some who go forth to sow this precious seed, for it is very precious (and if we have precious seed which costs much we do not mind a little pain and extra trouble to put it into right soil)—are there not some, I say, who go forth to sow this seed without looking well that the ground may be prepared?

You ask, What can I do to prepare the hearts of those to whom I am going to convey the precious seed? What can you do to pull up anything that is already there? You can do nothing. Then why do you say so much about the ground or soil?

The preparation of the heart in man is from the Lord. His promise is, "I will pour floods upon the dry ground." Tell Him you have dry ground, some you want softened; ask Him to fulfil His promise and permit you to sow His precious seed. He will do it—gently, where needed, by letting the dew of His Holy Spirit come down.

We read in Job iv, 8, "There are those that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, and reap the same." Is. xvii.10-11, "Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and has not been mindful of the rock of thy strength; therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. In the day thou shalt make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish; but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow."

Contrast this with the promise, "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him."

Let us, then, ask God to prepare the soil. He alone can, but we can ask

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Him, and no doubt nearly all Sunday School Teachers do to a certain extent. But we do not too often pray more about our putting the seed in, which, after all, does not depend upon the individual who sows it so long as we get the precious seed direct from God. It is the precious seed getting into the prepared soil, and watered by the Holy Spirit. How are you to water it? Follow the lesson by prayer, this will be like the watering-pot. We should never expect seed to come to perfection if we simply sowed it. We have also this promise, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.....In the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." Isaiah xxxv.

Our hands may be too weak to hold the watering-pot. He promises, "I will water it every moment." What watchful care! "The nations are as a drop of a bucket, He measured the waters in the hollow of His hand. Thou hast not called upon Me, O Jacob." "Put Me in remembrance." He is not weary with our asking. Should we not more frequently have a blessing if the rake and watering pot were more in use for spiritual purposes.

If these few words should be the means in God's hand of stirring up any to take this subject more to heart, they will not have been printed for nought. They are sent forth with the prayer that God may bless them. And let us ever keep in mind that we can sow this precious seed at all times; only let us never forget that the preparation of the heart is from the Lord. He may to some give the work of preparing the ground for another to sow, but then we must get our instructions from Him,— "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" "Remember, if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, the Lord shall satisfy thy soul in drought and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of waters fall not." "Consider the lilies how they grow."—Jesus is the root—out of a dry ground; we must have the root of the matter in us. We learn from the parable of the tares that the wheat was rooted.

We read, "every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

And for ourselves as teachers, let us seek to be fruit-bearing branches. "Every branch in Me that beareth not fruit, He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He prrgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit. He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing."

If we had a garden of our own, and felt the gardener could not only obtain precious seed, but was enabled to watch it every moment, what should we expect our garden would then be?" "Glorious indeed!" Let us, then, be encouraged by God's precious promises, "He that ministereth seed to the sower, both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness."

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness."

"Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you."

"To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." We never know what shall spring up. God understands each plant or seed, and the nature of soil required. Isaiah xli. 19, "I will plant in the wilderness the cedar,

the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together." James iii. 18, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Look well to the roots, pray that He would grant you "according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by the Holy Spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him beglory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end, Amen. Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." "I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star."

Sometimes, then, it may be, an offshoot is planted—let us ever keep in mind we are but branches. David said (Psalm lxxi. 7), "I am as a wonder unto many."

"Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders in Israel from the Lord of hosts which dwelleth in Mount Zion."

—By M.E.S.

GOOD ADVICE TO MARRIED PEOPLE.

A worthy wife of forty years' standing, and whose life was not made of sunshine and peace, gave the following impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good and so well suited to all married people, as well as to those entering that state, that we here publish it for the benefit of such persons:

"Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart! Let no father or mother, or sister, or brother, ever presume to come between you, or share the joys or sorrows that belong to you two alone. With mutual help build your quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that becomes your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your minds will grow together, contented in that love, which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one."

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George D. Prentice: "The fiat of death is inexorable. There is no appeal for relief from that great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade, in a day, have no firailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throng the world to-day will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the dark pas-

sage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion the hope of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among those fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon the living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'"

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warranted to give satisfaction. A. White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

TALENT.

Talent is one of the greatest blessings with which Almighty God has gifted each one of us more or less. Some naturally have more than others; but whatever little we have, we ought to cultivate by study, and try to gain more; because, for what was it given us? Not for us to let it remain dormant as it were, but to improve and cultivate it, in order that we may enlighten others who may be less gifted than ourselves.

To gain talent we must have and exercise a great deal of patience, without which we shall never attain our object in view. While on the other hand, those who have natural talent must not allow themselves to think because they possess it already, or because it is natural, they therefore need no study; for in whatever course our talents run, whether in drawing, music, or anything else, studying the works of others gives us new ideas, which become materials for fresh combinations; the cleverest may find models, the study of which will improve and interest them.

Some of us often give way to the thought that, because we are not gifted with natural talent, it is useless to try and get on; but the prizes of life do not go to talent alone, for more depends upon how we use them, than upon the possession of the same.

The enlargement of our knowledge ought to be the constant view and design of our lives; for there is no time, no place, and no occurrence in life which exclude us from this method of improving our minds.

We ought to remember that our talents, be they what they may, were given us for some useful employment, to the glory and honor of Him who gave us them, and for the good of our fellow-creatures, as well as for our best and final happiness.—IRENE.

CHURCH PRINCIPLES IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

From the time of Abraham to the present time, it has been God's will to save men, not only by working in them individual personal religion, but by joining them together in a body, or family, or kingdom, or Church.

This body has always been an outward and visible body, known by certain outward and visible marks. Men have always been admitted into this Church by a rite or ordinance which betokened God's special goodwill towards each of them. This Church, or body, has always been governed and instructed by a visible ministry. This Church, or body, or family, has always been, and, till the Second Advent, will always be a mixed body; that is, it has always consisted of two sets of persons, good and bad, penitent and impenitent,

those who realize God's love and those who do not.

The Covenant of God has always been with this visible Church.

The word of God has always been addressed to this outward visible body.

The members of this body, or Church, are always assumed to be, or to have been once, in the favor of God. Each member is assumed to be, or to have once been, in the favor of God. Each member is assumed to partake of the covenant of grace, whatever that grace may be. When he commits sin, it is assumed to be against grace, of which he has been once made a partaker. Never for one moment is it supposed that he sins because God has withheld grace from him.

No interior or "invisible" Church within this outward body is ever recognized in God's Word, as a separate Church. When a man who belongs to the visible body lives contrary to his profession, he is nowhere bidden to see whether he belongs to the visible body only, and not to the invisible. He is never bidden to get into some inner true fold. Another way of speaking is adopted in his case. He is rather told to believe and realize that the Church, in which he is already, is the fold of God, and so his condemnation will be great if he do not live and love accordingly. He is not bidden to examine himself as to whether he be a member of the true Church, but as to whether he is a true member of the Church.

Such is in brief, what we may call the great Church principle of Scripture, and its practical application.—Rev. M. F. Sadler.

Children's Department.

"LOVE ONE ANOTHER"

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful, day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

Little children, love each other;
Never give another pain;
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
If you would yourself be blest.

AUTUMN TOKENS.

By the golden dreamful weather,
By the birds that fly together,
Dark against the radiant sky,
By the silence growing deeper,
By the resting of the reaper,
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.

By the vagrant way-side brier,
Flinging far its tangled fire,
By the forest's motley line,
Royal oak and maple splendid,
Holding stately court, attended
As for pageant rich and fine.

By the asters, incense bringing,
By the morning-glories' swining,
And the spicy fragrance shed,
From the grape, whose purple cluster
Captive holds the vivid luster
Of the summer scarcely fled.

Pleasant days are coming nearer,
Days when home will seem the dearer
That its circle, smaller grown,
In its happy talk and laughter,
Or its sighs, low stealing after,
Narrows to enfold its own.

Blithe: for music, work and study
Then will glow the hearth flame ruddy,
What though wild the winds may blow;
Always there is golden weather
Where true hearts are met together.
Though without be storm and snow.
All the autumn's wondrous shading,
Ripened hues, and gentle lading,
All the birds that southward fly,
Speak to us with sign and token,
Say, in words we hear, unspoken,
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.—
Harper's Bazaar.

A BOY AGAIN.

Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man, with several millions.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning as he was investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two dough-nuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and dough-nuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.

For days after the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

A PRETTY STORY.

In Naples the papers tell a very pretty story of the Queen of Italy. It appears that as she was driving to the royal wood of Licalo the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, and the servants' livery, and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know!" he said with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again.

Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said to him: "Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off.

Now, the countryman, who had once seen the queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again."

Thinking he had to do with a madman, the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared, and, recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the queen of his presence. "Bring him here, by all means," was her answer.

When the man was, for the second time, before the queen, he said: "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child.

The queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution under her special patronage.

THE BETTER HOME.

Most children love home; and, when at school or separated far from those they esteem, no sound is so sweet as the

sound of home. Little Charles dearly loved his home; but his friends, who knew what would be best for him, sent him to a boarding-school, at some distance from his native town. The half year passed away, Charles sometimes thought, rather slowly; and the close attention he was obliged to pay to his books frequently tired him; but he was one of his teacher's best boys; and, being of a meek and gentle temper, all the scholars loved him. But at length the holidays were rapidly approaching, and Charles heart beat high with expectation and delight. There was the loved society of his mamma and papa at his old abode, and all his dear, dear brothers and sisters; there was the beautiful garden and orchard, the pony and old dog Carlo, and indeed all the pretty things he could desire; and many a bright scheme did he plan, and many a sweet anticipation did he enjoy.

But it was not to be. About a week before the holidays began, the poor little fellow was suddenly seized with a sad pain in his head, and a giddiness which affected him much. He quickly became worse, and his parents were sent for.

The doctor fearing that the illness might prove of an infectious character, all the young people were immediately sent to their own residences. The afflicted child listened, in pensive sadness, to the roll of the carriages, as they rattled over the stones, and bore his companions away; and often did the heavy sobs burst from his aching bosom; but he had this hope, and it was an anchor to his soul amid all his grief, that if he were called to die, he should go to a better home.

As soon as Charles saw his kind parents enter his room, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Mamma, I *did* think I should have seen you at home, not here; I do not think I shall ever get well again; but I do hope I shall go to a better home."

His mamma could not at first make any reply; the gloom of a sick chamber; the altered appearance of the boy; the probability that he would soon be no more; all these things overcame her.

Charles wondered that she did not answer him, and he again said, "O my mamma, Jesus Christ will take me to a better home; will he not?"

The good lady, almost broken-hearted, then replied to his question, "that if he were called hence, she trusted he would be found with Jesus, and accepted in and through Him. The many proofs of his piety, which, in the days of health he had often shown, greatly comforted her in the prospect of losing him.

Soon after this the dear child became insensible, and though he talked very fast, he knew not what he said. A few hours, however, before he departed, while his tender mother was hanging in silent agony over his pillow, he revived, and reason partly returned. He gazed at his fondest friend, and seemed to wonder why she wept; he said something, indistinctly, about going to his Father's house, about many mansions, about holy angels, and a better home; and soon after this one gentle sigh his fetters broke, there were one or two slight struggles, and the spirit of little Charles appeared before the bar of the Eternal.

Ah! how short is time! how near may be eternity! The body of Charles remained a lifeless corpse; his sweet blue eyes had lost their lustre, and the hollow-ness of death sat upon his countenance. Soon was he carried to the house appointed for all living, to mingle with the dust; but we trust that his soul was washed white as the driven snow in the blood of his Redeemer; and if so, he will "be forever with the Lord."

THE BAD CLOCK.

I have a clock on my mantel-piece. A very pretty little clock it is, with a gilt frame and a glass to cover it. Almost everyone who sees it, says, "What a pretty clock!" But it has one great defect—it will not run, and therefore, as a clock, it is perfectly useless. Though it is very pretty, it is a bad clock, because it never tells us what time it is.

Now, my bad clock is like a great many persons in the world. Just as my clock

does not answer the purpose for which it was made—that is, to keep time—so many persons do not answer the purpose for which they were made. What did God make us for? "Why!" you will say, "He made us that we might love Him and serve Him." "Well, then, if we do not love God and serve Him, we do not answer the purpose for which He made us; we may be like the clock, very pretty, and be very kind and very obliging; but if we do not answer the purpose for which God made us, we are just like the clock—bad.

Those of my readers who live in the country, and have seen an apple-tree in full blossom, know what a beautiful sight it is. But suppose it only bore blossom and did not produce fruit, you would say it was a bad apple-tree. And so it is. Everything is bad, and every person is bad, and every boy and girl is bad, if they do not answer the purpose that God made them for. God did not make us only to play and amuse ourselves, but also that we might do His will.

THE SLAVE-GIRL'S TEARS.

A gentleman was once passing through the auction mart of a Southern slave State, when he noticed the tears of a little girl who was just going to be put up for sale. The other slaves of the same groupe did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept. He was told that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from hard, harsh homes, but that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her.

The stranger asked her price. It was a great ransom, but he paid it down.

The tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove to her her freedom. She only looked at him with fear. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant.

When the gentleman was gone, it began to dawn upon her what freedom was. With the first breath she said, "I will follow him, I will follow him; I will serve him all my days!" and when reasoned with against it, she only cried—"He redeemed me!"

"And so," said the servant of Christ, who told this story in a meeting where every heart was thrilled, "let it be with you. Serve Jesus as sinners bought back with blood; and when men notice the way you serve him, the joy that is in your looks, the love that is in your tone, the freedom of your service, have one answer to give—HE REDEEMED ME!"

SIX SHORT HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer, and, when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers (1 John v. 15).

2. Never neglect daily private Bible-reading, and, when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. All backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules (John v. 39).

3. Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus. Every morning reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13-16).

4. If you are ever in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it (Col. iii. 17). If you cannot do this, it is wrong (Rom. xiv. 23).

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue, because such and such people do so and so, that, therefore, you may (2 Cor. x. 12). You are to ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" Follow Him (John x. 27).

6. Never trust your feelings, or the opinion of men, if they contradict God's Word. If authorities are pleaded, still "let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. iii. 4).

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Did make them whiter still ;
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