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THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER VIII, (Continued).—POPULARITY OF ILLNESS.

And Hester Dudley, looking out upon the bare trees and the few early flowers, thought sorrowfully that he had gone without sword—without even an enquiry after her father in his illness. Did she blame him? Not she. But she did blame those whose hands, instead of helping, had been always against him; who had worried, and wronged, and driven him away.

"Take my advice, children," said Richard Dudley from his sofa; "never run after popular preachers."

"Popular!" repeated his eldest daughter. If you mean Mr. Selturue, he will never be that."

"Yes, he will. Didn't you say he had knocked up? Yes, he will be popular."

"People are too hard upon him," said Caroline. "His sermons may not be anything particular; I am no judge. Hester says they are clever, but if they are not, it is no reason why everybody should be so hard upon him. This is his first curacy."

A smile passed over Hester's face, but she did not move from her safe position at the window. The sublime absurdity of seeking excuses for Ralph Selturue! He was so great in her eyes, so clever, so far up above her, that she could hardly now believe in the friendship which belonged to the past. Was it past? It had been very pleasant to feel that he thought it no condescension to talk to her: that, poor as her music was, he yet liked to listen to it. Something had come between them; some trouble of his own. He had not forgotten, could not have forgotten, a little patience was all that he required of her, surely she might attain that.

"People have fallen into the common mistake of expecting an old head on young shoulders," said Richard Dudley. "And everybody likes to have his own way. I repeat, don't you run after popular preachers. They will see him better by the light of absence, and illness from over-work sounds well."

And Richard Dudley was right. A feeling of sympathy for the curate began to spread in the parish now that he was absent. They really did begin to think there might be fault on both sides. He had been hasty, domineering, arrogant, it was all true. But perhaps they had been so

also. They had shown no consideration for him. They had made no allowance for his youth and inexperience, no allowance for his real anxiety to do good, about which there could be no mistake. They began to see that he was utterly deficient in that tact and readiness of self-adaptation which wins all hearts for men possessing but a moiety of his good qualities of head and heart.

As Ralph had not spared himself in his reflections, so now it was their turn for self-accusation. They had given him no chance. They had made overt attacks upon him in the local papers, they had put stumbling blocks in his way instead of going with him heart and hand in his work. The old singers even got up a complaint to the vicar, whose response, that he had perfect confidence in his curate, and could not interfere in his movements, was received as a fresh indignity.

The clergyman who officiated in Ralph's place, too, and who had once been curate of St. Peter's, had no bounds for his wonder and admiration at the change which his brother curate had effected in so short a time. The improvement in the appearance of the church, the music especially, which used to be so weary a ceremonial, and so sore a point of discussion, roused his enthusiasm in its praise. and the people now that it was pointed out to them, though they were at first quietly antagonistic, were struck with the actual improvement.

Ill! No wonder he was ill. Why, old Atwell said, who had it from the curate's own landlady, that he used to study so many hours every day, besides sermon writing, and working like a horse in the parish, and then there were the choral meetings which he presided over. And those sermons of his after all were wonderfully clever and deep. Think of the head work! And look at his ready generosity. They could hear of it now on all sides. And there was the harmonium, and the organist's large salary, all out of his private means. Why, not one man in a hundred would have done as he did. No wonder his health had given away.

CHAPTER IX.—PAST AND FUTURE.

HE sat alone in his lodging, weary with the pleasant languor, and hopeful. In its velvet cover lay the first sermon preached since his return, and the aspect of the room was the same as it had been on that evening long ago, when he sat there full of listlessness and despondency. But all was changed for him. Instead of fresh troubles, a new cordiality seemed to have risen up to welcome him back.

A deputation had waited upon him on the second evening after his return, to invite him to attend a meeting of the churchwardens and other parishioners, at which he was made treasurer of the sum already collected towards the new organ. Also a list was handed to him of those who proposed to become annual subscribers for the organist and choir. And a vote of confidence in him, and thanks for his untiring exertions amongst them was proposed and carried enthusiastically.

He was not prepared for this. His thoughts had been full of humility for his own shortcomings. His response breathed a spirit which they wondered they had never discerned before.

Inquiries for his health and rejoicings at his return met him on every side, and he was glad to get away from it all, back to the old lodging in Laura Place, that he might have space and breathing time to realize the change. He came back a quieter and happier man, with a secret joy that struggled to be uppermost, in spite of his assertions that he had not deserved it. In solitude and calmness he had taken to pieces his past life, and looked along it as a whole. He was prepared to begin afresh. He had suffered and could pity. His disgust for that part of his work which took him amongst the poor and wretched had vanished, for a shadow from the sweetest dream of his life fell on all those with whom henceforth he had to do. As for that pseudo-friendship of his, he saw it in its true

light. He had no longer any right to free himself and forget, even if he had wished it. He had, selfishly and self-deceived, done all he could to win her to himself, and he was no longer free to choose between the inappreciable which had been placed in his way, and the misery he once proposed to himself. He had expected to meet with distrust and dislike; he had been thinking anxiously how hard a thing it is to undo past false steps; and behold the great difficulty shrank away out of his path, and his parishioners met him at once on the common ground of good will and friendliness. Even his landlady put on her brightest cap in his honour, and ventured to express a hope that now he was better he would not sit so much moping over his books. And his look of amusement, and the tone of his answer were amongst the things unknown to her before.

Once, again, she brought in that tray without waiting for the bell, and, as she set it down, lifted unproved the sermon in its velvet cover. Left alone, the curate eyed that sermon gratefully. It had been written in the time of solitude and quiet; there was a strange pathos about it even to himself, in its utter dissimilarity to his former ones. In it there was the fruit not only of persevering book study, but also of his trouble, gentleness, earnestness, patience. In his suffering he had learnt compassion; in his human love, tenderness.

He rose and went out, past the court and the church, and the big house of Mr. Smith, towards whom a feeling of gratitude had taken the place of his former coldness. He passed into those meadows over which the river fog had already begun to rise, and he stood at the gate of the Red Grange for a moment, leaning over it. He saw the fire-light in the dining-room, and he saw a figure at the window of Richard Dudley's sitting-room. He opened the gate softly. So much dearer was this scene to him for the trouble which had gone before it. As he drew nearer he saw that the figure at the window was Hester; and that she left it suddenly. He did not wait to have the door opened for him, he knew the trick of the handle so well. He turned it, and stood in the hall, and saw Hester there, making a sign to him to be silent.

"Hush! he is asleep."

And then they went into the dining-room, and Ralph with a quick recollection of his last visit there, went up to the mantelpiece. He liked to stand on the spot where he had been so miserable in his sudden awakening and dismay. He wondered if Hester remembered it, and if she had understood it.

One thing she understood, which the first glance at his face had taught her. Whatever the nature of that something that had come between them, it was gone now.

"Do you remember the last time I stood here?" he asked. "You do. Hester. Once, I proposed to myself a foolish resolution. That night I was conscious, for the first time, of having broken it long ago. Some time I will tell you more about it, if you care to hear. Now I can think of nothing but the joy of seeing you again. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"For what?"

"That false claim of brotherhood. I never did care for you like a brother. I care for you like a greedy man who wants a treasure all to himself. Do you know that, Hester? I want to take you away—my wife."

There was no need to tell him she knew it. There was no need perhaps to go over the story of those past months, which must have been old to both of them, but they did go over it.

And then Richard Dudley heard that the curate was come, and sent for him. He looked at them both from under his bushy eyebrows, and divined. To-night he put away his bits of philosophy, his axioms, and proverbs, into a quiet corner, for he saw that they would be unheeded. And he wished the curate joy of his renewed health, and that tide in the affairs of men which had turned now in his favour.

"Nevertheless," he added, "a popular preacher is my abhorrence."

"And mine," said Ralph, quietly.

"I have given up all idea of counsel to-night. In your present state of exaltation it would fall on barren ground; therefore I generously lay down my favourite weapon. Only one thing I have to remind you of, which I shall beg to do while it runs in my head."

"Both of us?" inquired Ralph.

Richard Dudley groaned.

"Both of you! Aye, I understand the query. Well then, yes; both of you. Don't expect too much. A Curate universally popular is a phenomenon. There is a fable wondrous wise concerning a deluded old gentleman who carried his donkey on his shoulders, and yet could not steer clear of the charge of cruelty to animals. I should say that the fabulist intended to point, under the guise of that old man, to a young curate in a populous parish, in the year of grace 18—"

(CONCLUDED).

A MINISTER WANTED.

THRIFTYVILLE wants a minister. They are looking far and near to find one; but they want the "right man." Thriftyville is not one of your old, effete, worn-out places. It is a place grown up quickly on Rapid River, in the beautiful valley of Bureka. It is a very important place; standing directly over the centre of the earth, so that if a hole were dug, and a stone dropped into it, it would pass through the very centre of this great world. It has a growing population, and boasts of "a circle of *very* intelligent people." Moreover, it seems to be "the centre of a great moral influence," and it now wants a minister second to none. They want to get the society out of debt, to repair the old wastes which time has already made in their half-built sanctuary, to gather in the young, to "draw" a full house, and to make the concern every way prosperous and respectable, and easy to support.

Now for the qualifications desired. They are so few and simple that "the right man" probably stands at your elbow.

Item. He must be a man mature in intellect, and ripe in experience—and yet, so young that all the young people will rush after him.

Item. He must be quick, ardent, flashing, nervous in temperament, so he may kindle quick, and burn bright, prompt, ready, and wide awake—and yet a man of the most consummate prudence, whose nerves shall never be unstrung, nor out of tune.

Item. He must be a man of great, burning zeal, so that he can startle a crowd, and kindle and move the congregation—and yet so cautious, so cool, that he is always safe, calm, self-possessed, unperturbed.

Item. He must be strong and original in the pulpit, and bring none but beaten oil there—and yet be at leisure to receive any call, any interruption, be prepared for every occasion, and like the town pump, never sucking for water, or giving out dry.

Item. He must be a workman who shall go down deep into the mines of truth, and quarry out its pillars, and set them up, and make men come and wrestle around them—and yet, the most gifted man in light conversation, and on all that floats in the everyday world around him.

Item. He must have health, so that his body never wearies, his nerves never quiver: a real specimen of muscular Christianity—and yet a hard severe thinker, a close reasoner, and a most diligent student: getting his books from any quarter.

Item. He must be poor in this world's goods, to show that money is not his object, and so that he can sympathise with the poor, and so that he can't help feeling humble and dependant—and yet his family must be the

most hospitable, and entertain more company than any other in town; his children must be second to none in education and training; they must be respectably dressed: he must give away more, and more cheerfully, than any man in the place, not even excepting Esquire Rich himself; and his family must all be models, in all respects, for the community.

Item. He must be a man who can be permanent, (though vastly superior to Dr. Solid of the next town, who has been with his flock over thirty years!) and his congregation must hear the same voice, on the same subject, several times every week—and yet he must come every time, as original, as fresh, as glowing, as if it were done but once a-year.

Item. He must be able to live in a glass house, always acting in public, coming in contact with all sorts of men and of prejudices, so original that all will respect and fear him—and yet never odd, eccentric, morose, repulsive, or awing in manners. He should have the lofty attributes of an angel, with the sympathies, the gentleness, and softness of the little child.

Such, in a few words, is the man they want for Thriftyville. If they can light on him they will pay *Five Hundred Dollars* annually; and not let it run behind unreasonably. This is not, to be sure, half what their clerks receive, but they think that their minister, if he be only the "right" man, can "manage" to live on it. Who is ready?—*John Todd, D. D.*

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

I had gone on deck several times to look at the beautiful scene, and at nine o'clock was below in my cabin going to bed, when the captain hailed me with the words, "*Come above, Hall, at once! THE WORLD IS ON FIRE!*"

I knew his meaning, and quick as thought I re-dressed myself, scrambled over several sleeping Innuits close to my berth, and rushed to the companion stairs. In another moment I reached the deck, and as the cabin door swung open, a dazzling overpowering light, as if the world was really a-blaze under the agency of some gorgeously coloured fires, burst upon my startled senses. How can I describe it? Again I say, *no mortal hand can truthfully do so.* Let me, however, in feeble, broken words, put down my thoughts at the time and try to give some faint idea of what I saw.

My first thought was, "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto *Thy works!*" Then I tried to picture the scene before me. Piles of golden light, and rainbow light, scattered along the azure vault, extended from behind the western horizon to the zenith; there down to the eastern, within a belt of space twenty degrees in width, were the fountains of beams like fire-threads, that shot with the rapidity of lightning, hither and thither, upward and athwart the great pathway indicated. No sun, no moon, yet the heavens were a glorious sight, flooded with light. Even ordinary print could have been easily read on deck.

Flooded with rivers of light. Yes flooded with light; and such light! Light all but inconceivable. The golden hues predominated; but, in rapid succession, *prismatic colours leaped forth.*

We looked, we saw, and trembled; for even as we gazed, the whole belt of aurora began to be alive with flashes. Then each pile or bank of light became myriads; some now dropping down the great pathway or belt, others springing up, others leaping with lightning flash from one side while more as quickly passed into the vacated space; some twisting themselves into folds, entwining with others like enormous serpents and all these movements as quick as the eye could follow. It seemed as if there was a struggle with these heavenly lights to reach and occupy the dome above our heads. Then the whole arch above became crowded. Down, down

it came, nearer and nearer it approached us. Sheets of golden flame, curuscating while leaping from the auroral belt, seemed as if met in their course by some mighty agency that turned them into the colours of the rainbow each of the seven primary, three degrees in width, sheeted out to twenty-degrees: the prismatic bows at right angles with the belt. While the auroral fires seemed to be descending upon us, one of our number could not help exclaiming.

"Hark, hark! Such a display! almost as if a warfare was going on among the beauteous lights above—so palpable—so near,—seems impossible without noise."

But no noise accompanied this wondrous display. All was silence.

After we had again descended to our cabin, so strong was the impression of awe left upon us that the captain said to me.

"Well, during the last eleven years I have spent mostly in these northern regions, I have never seen anything of the aurora to approach the glorious vivid display just witnessed. And to tell you *the truth*, Friend Hall, *I do not care to see the like ever again.*"—*Life with the Esquimaux*, Capt. C. F. Hall.

(From the *Guardian*).

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S CHARGE.

All the Bishop of Oxford's Charges show a large and comprehensive spirit, and a disposition to allow everybody in the English Church as much room as is consistent with anything like discipline. No Bishop on the bench has such an acquaintance with human nature, its weakness, impulses, extravagancies, idolatries, obstinacies; no one better understands the mixture of bad and good which composes a religious enthusiastic party movement, the combination of seriousness with fancifulness and volatility, and of disinterested zeal with impetuous egotism. No one has inoculated himself more deeply with the maxim which lays it down as necessary that mankind is to be humoured. He is not, however, a mere ecclesiastical politician. He goes along with people really and heartily as far as he sees a reality and a valuable truth in the position and cause which they adopt. Thus he always does justice to the Evangelical school. There is a mode of speaking of that school in all his Charges, and in this among the rest, which shows that he deeply appreciates those great religious truths which this section of the Church has been the special instrument of sustaining, and at times reviving in the Church. The Bishop of Oxford has not cast aside this deep portion of theological truth; he everywhere expresses a sympathy with, and a retention of, the internal aspects of Christian doctrine, and those wonderful appeals which it makes to the individual consciousness and faith.

And now we have his Lordship's estimate of Ritualism, and his view of the proper mode of dealing with it. He expresses a high appreciation of the ritualistic principle carried out within certain bounds; but he also expresses a fear that the party now carrying out this principle has exceeded those bounds. "All ritual, to fulfil its purposes, must lead the worshipper to God, not interpose itself as a veil between God and man. It must express what was calculated to elevate his devotion. Whatever failed in this failed in expressing its truest purpose. It might fail by its splendour, its variety, and its intricacy, it drew the soul, which should be lifted up to God, down to painted images." He thinks, however, that the ritualistic party has not attended to this limit. "There has been the

sudden restoration of unaccustomed vestments, and an intrusive introduction of new, perhaps suspected, attitudes, postures, actions; the introduction of matters affecting the sight, and attracting the full attention of the worshippers." He "deprecates the want of discretion and the disinclination to obey," and reminds the Ritualists that before the Act of Uniformity "there was no question that the Bishop of each diocese fixed the liturgy of each diocese,"—*i.e.*, we presume, the mode of carrying out the Liturgy. He is, however, against judicial or legislative interference, taking upon this head the directly opposite line to the Bishop of London; although he still hangs the legislative rod *in terrorem* over the Ritualists, as a calamity which their "rashness of action," if persisted in, will infallibly bring down upon them. But if necessary, it will only be a necessary evil. "A new sharply defined statutory rule would, indeed, 'make havoc of the Church's liberty on every side.'" He admits "that the present movement points out some want to 'be supplied.'" He speaks of "a craving for a more expansive symbolism in worship, which wise rulers should consider whether it was not desirable to satisfy." "Its repression might seem apathetic." The policy of repression "tends to dry up the springs of an earnest spirituality." The Bishop goes so far in parts as to argue for ritualism, and defend it from objectors. "They were met by the allegation that increasing ceremonial was only the expression of a feeble love of ornament—an unmanly desire to trick the ministers in gorgeous attire and sumptuous vestments, and that it was incompatible with spiritual worship. This was only the old paltry objection to the Church's whole system of external rites and ceremonies, and applied as much to surplices and hoods as to chasubles. The ceremonial of Christian antiquity was far richer than ours."

This view of the case, it must be acknowledged, shows no fear of "S. G. O."* The Bishop of Oxford does not write under any slavish check of criticism. His view amounts to saying—"Let not these people be artificially stopped, by bringing some verdict down upon them which does not fairly represent the mind of the Church." * * * The spirit and tone contrasts with that of the Bishop of London's Charge. The Bishop of London is not rigid or severe exactly; still he is magisterial; the schoolmaster comes out; he says summarily—"This must be put a stop 'to'; we cannot let it go on, it will do great mischief." The Bishop of Oxford is not magisterial, but speaks rather with the note of warning which a friend and adviser uses. The Bishop of London speaks without harshness or irritation, but still without sympathy: he obviously sees no good whatever in the movement, and thinks it nonsense from beginning to end; the Bishop of Oxford sees good in it, but good mixed with a fantastic thought. He stands up for ritualism, and for having a good deal of it; and yet we are much mistaken if the Bishop of Oxford is, in his own personal bias and tastes, very much of a ritualist. He is an orator, a great orator. But it is not in the nature of orators to care very much about symbolical niceties, to be interested about typical postures, or even to indulge in acute predilections for ceremonial garments. Speech is their instrument and their world. Give them a flat floor and three or four thousand people on it, and they have all the material and stimulus which they want. Their sphere of life and interest and romance is the inner human heart, with its profound emotions, its moral and poetical cravings, and its susceptibilities of impression and absorption under the gifted words of one who can express men's feelings for them, and surprise them by the expression. The ritualist and the orator are, in short, rivals, even if they are co-operators and colleagues; the one attempts to do by the channel of the eye that which the other effects triumphantly by the speech. The richness of metaphor, the variety of analogy, the vivid touch of feeling, the powerful climax,

* Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne.

the sustained accent.—these are the æsthetic instruments of the orator; these are his architecture, vestments, gilding, and stained glass, banners and scrolls and postures and lights. All the machinery of æstheticism has one object in view—viz., the subjugation of the human mind to certain impressions for the time, the rapt, the solemnised, the inspired, the fixed attitude of human attention. The orator accomplishes this end, conquers the inconstancy and levity of human thought, and creates this fixed and absorbed condition of the attention by the single and simple power of language. The Bishop of Oxford has, however, generosity enough not to be jealous of a rival, and he has imagination enough to understand and to enter into wants which he does not perhaps feel on his own account. He gazes with the admiration of an external spectator and bystander at "the brilliant fantastic coruscation" which has cast itself from the surface of the weltering mass of molten metal, which, unaffected by such an exhalation, flows on in its full stream into its appointed mould. And he only warns the party of the dangers internal and external which attend upon such luxuriance of outward worship.

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A FATHER and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing,
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was fading,
And fiercely round their lonely bark,
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hover'd near,
They pray'd—"O Heaven, deliver!"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon with sob and slaver
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguish'd voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying—
"Oh, mind not me, but save—
For mother's sake, dear father;

Leave me, and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen on men attendant,
Flew up, o'er'oy'd to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page resplendent,
High over those of heroes bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child! ay, He did bless
That noble self denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil, and trial.
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

—London Journal.

SURPRISE PARTIES.

(From *Hull's Journal of Health*).

SURPRISE PARTIES are among the numerous underhand inventions of the "Adversary," as "Friends" term that wicked spirit, who, as a general rule, goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but in this matter assumes the garb of philanthropy, as many of his followers in these latter days are prone to do. There is no objection to giving pleasant surprises to those whom we love, respect, or admire, provided pernicious consequences do not result, legitimately and infallibly. The clergy in this country are the best men in it; they are the light of the world, the salt of the earth: for literary acquirements, for mental culture, for purity of morals and blameless lives, they have not their equals in any class of civilized society. * * * The merchant pays his private watchman for guarding his property every night; the whole of

the minister's time is expended in enforcing those precepts which, and which only, can make, not only property, but even life itself, secure in any community. The Broadway merchant or the Wall Street broker or the South street skipper, would cringe with shame to have it known that his faithful night watch had starved to death, on the pitiful salary which he had accorded him; and yet there are rich men and women, who give so little towards the support of the clergyman of the neighbourhood, that he would actually starve, if others did no better by him. The minister of any community has a right to demand an ample support, a salary large enough, regular enough, prompt enough, and sure enough, to enable him to have a mind at perfect ease in a pecuniary point of view; so that his undivided energies may be given to his proper work, that much he ought to have as a salary and no more; if that much is regularly and promptly paid, a surprise party is not needed. If that much is not accorded of right, then a surprise party, a donation party, and all similar inventions of that long-headed evil one, are underhand efforts to cripple the ministers in the long run; and like all underhand things, are mean in their very nature. In fact, these devices of the enemy are acknowledgments that the minister is not well enough paid, and that his people know it; and by these parties they seek to accord him as a favor, what belongs to him as a right; is there not here a palpable want of magnanimity? Do you wish your minister to have a feeling that he is under obligations to you for your contributions to these parties? If he knows where that ham'some present comes from, is it in human nature for him to be as faithful to you in his reproof, as he ought to be? to feel as independent of your good will as he ought to do? Be assured, it is impossible. These parties are tacit bribes; they cannot but have to a greater or less extent, the effects of a bribe; but a minister's palm should be as clear of a bribe as that of a judge. Who would dare to bribe his judge? None but the meanest of his kind! These parties are fitful and uncertain, their tendency always is to make the people feel that their pastor's income is larger than it really is, because the results of such operations are always exaggerated. Of all things, uncertainty in the amount of salary is the most harrassing to a cultivated mind; it makes an immense difference in a family's happiness. It may be ventured as a truth, that a certain salary of a thousand dollars a year, punctually and cheerfully paid, gives more happiness to any family, than double the amount promised and merely possible, and at best, most uncertain. A paragraph is going the rounds, most applaudingly, that a clergyman had his rent increased one half, and that as soon as his people heard of it, they promptly made him a present of that increase. A present! a beautiful thought; splendid idea; why not make it a generous deed, by adding that much to his salary! and then he would have no misgiving as the year closes, about its being made up to him again; would he not be more able to lay down the law and the testimony without fear, favor or affection? less likely to preach peace, when there was no peace, if he stood upon the higher ground of receiving a sufficient salary as a matter of right, not favor? There is another radical objection to these chance additions to the minister's salary. All persons who rely upon what is called chance, are demoralized, as beggars, gamblers, hunters, wreckers and raiders. Men who get a living by uncertain fees, such as lawyers, physicians, and the like, are not reliable providers for their families, as a general rule; they are liberal only by fits and starts.

That people will be best fed from Sunday to Sunday whose godly minister is kept easy in his pecuniary matters, who has an income sufficient, if well managed, to meet his moderate wants; and it will continue as long as human nature remains as it is. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," said the Master; nor should the sun go down on his wages; those wages should be equal to his comfortable support and should be paid to him without peradventure; always and in full, as his bounden right and

just due; thus being generously supported by a loving people, he will be saved those health destroying anxieties which have many a time eaten out the lives of some of the best men ever known and laid them in a premature grave, to the great loss of the Church, the community, and the world at large.

DEATH OF TWO GOOD LAYMEN.

In the month of December last there passed away from earth two members of the Church in England, each of whom in his life did a great amount of service in the cause to which they proved so loyal and so sincere. The first was William Cotton—"a true gentleman, a true man of business, a true Christian—who was loved in his own domestic circle, respected in the commercial world of London, and honoured by all who have laboured (and are still labouring) for the amelioration of the condition physical as well as spiritual of their fellow men." He was in early life inclined to take holy orders but was prevented by family circumstances. For a long time while much engaged in the factory business (in the firm of Capt. Joseph Huddart & Co.), he became connected with the London and other Hospitals and his best energies were employed in their service. He was director of the Bank of England for forty-five years. He was an early member of the National Society, and for fifty years a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was also a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and of the Church Building Society; and was a constant attendant at the different committee meetings of these Societies. Of the Colonial Bishops Fund in connection with the S. P. G., he was a most zealous supporter. He was a great friend of Bishop Bloomfield to whom it is said that he was a "wise adviser and an untiring fellow laborer." He was to a great degree self educated; but had no self-seeking self satisfied spirit. He was glad to have others engaged in the same work with himself, and so that the work was well done he did not care who did it. "Work whilst it is called to day; the night cometh when no man can work," were the words he would sometimes quote; and when remonstrated with for doing more than his powers could bear he would answer: "It is better to wear out than to rust!" The secret of his large contributions to various Church objects was this. From the earliest time when he entered into business he devoted one tenth part of his profits to holy and charitable purposes. This fund rapidly accumulated: for in days of his commercial prosperity the calls upon this fund were by no means equal to the yearly additions to it, and so from this reserved fund devoted to the service of Almighty God—his Commission Fund as he called it—William Cotton was enabled to pour forth subscriptions to every great and good work with a largeness and freedom which led many to regard him as a far richer man than he ever was." He died on the eve of Advent Sunday, in the eighty first year of his age.

Mr. Parkins Jeffercock, a mining engineer, met his death last year in an explosion at the Oaks Colliery, having descended into the mine on the previous night to send up to the surface those who had been killed and wounded by the first explosion, and also to attend to some engineering duties. He was seen about seven A. M., on the morning of the second explosion by persons since dead going, it is thought, to repair some air courses, some distance from the pit bottom. At nine the explosion took place. He died unmarried, aged thirty seven. The words "*Finis Vitæ*" have been found written in many places on his books and he was an eminently thoughtful, methodical and religious man. He, too, was intended for holy orders, but had scruples as to his fitness which caused him to draw back. For a great many years he taught classes of the collier youths in Sunday School at Moria, besides promoting their interests on the week days, and encouraged *fetes* and flower shows among the people with whom

he was thrown. He is described as very generous in his contributions to various good objects and as being a sincere and loyal son of the Church of England, and when staying in Westminster near his London office, he used to go to prayers in the Abbey at a quarter to eight before commencing the day's work. He was a steady communicant, and on the day of his death had with him *Eucharistia* as well as Dr. Hook's *Christian Taught*, as his travelling companions.

CONTROVERSY IN THE "TIMES".

A number of letters, *pro* and *con*, have lately appeared in the London *Times* from the Rev. Lord Sydney G. Osborne, Dr. Pusey, "A Layman" and others on the subjects of Confession, Absolution, &c., in the Church of England. So far, Dr. P. has the best of the argument, being far superior to the other writers in point of ecclesiastical learning. At the close of one of his letters he says:—

In all we are acting by authority of Christ, as His ministers and representatives. For He has said, "Whosoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. We cannot hear His absolving voice from heaven." He thus has appointed His ministers and delegates on earth to pronounce our forgiveness on earth in His name and by His authority. There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the Church of England, which bids us say, "by His authority, committed unto me, I absolve thee from all thy sins."

I have answered, as fully as your space permits, the questions of the "Layman:" let me say a few words on what "S. C. O." says on that delicate subject, the Seventh Commandment. He has, I think, mixed together two things. (1) Questions such as may be found in books of self-examination, some more, some less wise, and which are intended to teach persons generally what things to avoid. These have nothing to do with confession. They are not even specially meant for those who use confession. They contain questions which no one would have occasion to ask in confession. The wiser of these (and there are plenty of them) are so framed that while they would speak to a person's conscience who had committed a sin they would be simply unintelligible to one who had not. But (2) in confession there is absolutely no need of these. A person comes to confession because his conscience is "troubled with some weighty matter." Sins against the Seventh Commandment are so weighty that any who had been guilty of them would, if he confessed at all, have them prominently in his mind. The only object of questions, if used at all, would be to enable a person to put into modest words what they knew not how to express. As for "ruthless inquiries," they would be as needless as they would be wicked. "S. G. O." may know about books of self-examination. About confession, not having either used confession nor received any, he can naturally, only speak upon conjecture. But, probably, he does not know—and parents and guardians seldom know—at what early date practical knowledge of evil comes to boys. I believe that it is the experience of those who have heard confessions that in cases where there has been sin against the Seventh Commandment it has been the exception where sin, which has, perhaps, desolated or blighted the subsequent life has not been first fully known either at eight or twelve years old, their first or their second school, or the date of their free intercourse with other boys. And what has been specially miserable has been that almost uniformly sin was not known to be sin until it had a hold upon the sufferer. All this might be prevented by the simplest, most modest questions, if parents were not afraid of the whole subject. They shrink from an imagined risk of conveying hurtful knowledge which Satan has taught long before, not for prevention, but in temptation. I have ventured to say this on this delicate

subject because no one who does not already know to what I allude—no lady who reads your paper—can in the least understand it, or be supposed by others to understand it.—Your obedient servant.

E. B. PESEY.

Correspondence.

THE ORGAN MANUAL.

(*To the Editor of the Church Magazine*).

DEAR SIR,—As it is the intention of your Magazine to help the Church in every possible way, I trust I may occupy some of your space very profitably in calling attention to a little work, bearing the above title: so if any one has even to blow the bellows of an organ, he will find some useful hints in it.

Many of our clergy are far away from those whose profession it is to look after our musical instruments; and very few of them are without one or more in their various churches. Now I know it is often a great annoyance to find the organ out of use some day, and to know that one must send many miles to have the trouble rectified. But if they would get a copy of the manual, they would find it seldom necessary to call in a professional. In the words of the title it contains: "Directions and information to persons desirous of purchasing an organ, and to enable organists to rectify caphering, and other simple casualties, without sending for an organ builder."

After a chapter on the history of the organ, we have a very lucid account of its construction, clearly shewing us "which way the wind blows." The action is traced from the pressure of the fingers to the emission of the sweet sound that enchants the ear. The various stops are described from the 32-foot double open diapason, to that which has but three-eighths of an inch speaking length. Then directions are given for tuning an organ, concluding with the most useful point of all, to the ear that has been distracted with its caphering and squeaking, and groaning,—directions for getting rid of these annoyances in a very short time. In fact with this little manual in your hand, the note that *will* speak is soon made to hold its breath, and the note that *will not* speak, soon finds its voice.

Nor are the hints about playing this kind of instruments less valuable—for where is not this advice needed. The organ ought to be made entirely subservient to the singing, and the choir ought not to be supposed to sing *to* or *for* the congregation, but *with* them, so that all together, organist and organ, choir and congregation, may, "with one mind and one mouth glorify God."

An appendix is added, containing a few remarks on reed organs, which go under the names of melodcons, cabinet organs, &c., and this is very useful for those who from poverty are obliged to be content with these substitutes for a nobler instrument.

The author is a clergyman of the Church of England, and evidently understands his subject thoroughly, whilst its language is plain to every one. You can scarcely do a greater benefit to the clergy in the diocese than by recommending the Organ Manual, by Rev. H. D. Nicholson.

Y. D.

[Our correspondent forgot to send us the address of the publishing house from which copies of the valuable little work he speaks of could be ordered through the booksellers in Fredericton or St. John. Perhaps, he will kindly let us have it in time to be published in the Magazine for next month.—ED. CHURCH MAGAZINE].

Colonial and Foreign Church News.

THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.—St. Luke's Church, Portland, has this season been decorated for the first time in several years. Besides the wreaths there are various ecclesiastical emblems of good dimensions, and our informant says the effect is quite satisfactory. The churches in Richibucto and Sackville are said to look very well, and we learn that the service in the former place on Christmas day was a very hearty one, the music having been especially good. The church at Dorchester has never before been so prettily decorated.

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, CAMPOBELLO.—In the Christmas decorations of this church a new feature was introduced this year. This was a light choir screen, covered on both sides with twigs of spruce sewn on bands of cloth.

The screen consisted of three arches, the middle one entirely open, the lower part of the side ones occupied by a St. Andrew's cross surmounted by a horizontal rail. There is a good horizontal line at the top of the screen, covered rather more heavily than the rest. In the angles between the arches are circles of cedar, making a pleasing contrast of colour with the darker spruce. The central arch is surmounted by a cross of fir and white everlasting.

There is a temporary reredos covered with red flannel, and edged with fir, on which in old English letters made of cedar twigs are the words, "JESUS CHRIST."

In the centre light of the east window, immediately above the reredos, is a plain Latin cross covered with fir, and having a bunch of white and yellow everlastings at the intersection of the arms. The pulpit and font also are prettily trimmed.—*Com.*

ST. LUKE'S, WOODSTOCK.—This church is carefully and tastefully decorated. The most striking feature is the bold and effective east end. Over the east window, in a semi circle, are the words "Glory to God in the highest," in letters of evergreen on a white ground, and immediately over the altar the words "and on earth peace," in letters of evergreen on a red ground.

On one side of the nave runs the text,—*"This is my beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased,"* and on the other, *"unto us a Son is born, unto us a Child is given."* The letters are gold, blue, and evergreen upon a red ground. Upon the front of the organ is the illuminated text, *"We praise Thee, O God"* Upon the panels of the gallery are various ecclesiastical devices illuminated upon shields, and surrounded by triangles, and wreaths of evergreen.

The whole of the interior of the sacred building is very tastefully festooned with spruce and cedar, and for the design, and much of the execution, the parish is indebted to Charles Raymond Esq., one of the churchwardens.—*Com.*

A correspondent informs us that nearly all the clergy of the Anglican Church in Halifax now wear the surplice in the pulpit, and he adds that the Christmas decoration of the Garrison Chapel is especially beautiful.

NOVA SCOTIA. *Address to the Bishop.*—On New Year's Day, the Dean, accompanied by several of the clergy, waited on the Lord Bishop, to present an address. The Dean prefaced the presentation with the following words of explanation:—

"My Lord Bishop,—It is with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure that I meet with your Lordship to say to present this address,—pain that circumstances should have made such an address expedient,—but, pleasure that it should have been so readily and heartily adopted by the great body of our faithful clergy. On the present occasion we represent no less than *sixty* of our brethren, *sixty* having signed the address. Of the small number who compose the exception, nine have in some way or other avowed their concurrence with the spirit of it. Two only have *expressed* their want of confidence in the Bishop, and *one* only has *declared* his sympathy with his assailants—the remaining few have either refused to sign or expressed no opinion at all.

The clergy have been desirous that this address should be accompanied with some more material token of their esteem, and they have selected, as the most appropriate,

the symbol of the office you have exercised so well. As soon as it is finished they will present to your Lordship a *Pastoral Staff*. We hope thereby to give to the address a permanent and practical use. It will remind us of your episcopal power and authority,—it will remind you of our submission, respect and confidence.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, HUMBERT, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia:—

We, the Dean, Archdeacons and Clergy, of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, approach your Lordship with profound veneration for your sacred office, and with much respect for your person.

We have read with astonishment and sorrow the letters recently addressed to your Lordship, in which grave charges, as to doctrine and practice, are preferred against you. Of these your Lordship's replies may well be considered a sufficient refutation.

We desire while acknowledging the obligation of obedience to your office, to record our testimony to your wise and consistent teachings and your abounding labours throughout the whole term of your Episcopate, and also to assure you of our entire confidence in your administration. Permit us to express our sympathy with your Lordship in the trouble and anxiety which these letters have caused, and heartily to thank you for your late Pastoral, which we shall preserve as an effective vindicator of the Truth and the order of the Church, and we heartily pray God to overrule all to His honor, that unity and concord may be entirely restored among us." [Here follow the names of sixty clergymen].

In answer to the Dean, the Bishop, after a few other words, said he had been unwilling to allow the clergy to bear the expense of the proposed gift, which he had only consented to receive, because he found that he would gratify them by so doing. The Pastoral Staff had always been used in the adjoining Diocese of Fredericton; and he would desire to leave that which was to be presented to him for the use of his successors in the See.—*N. S. Church Chronicle*.

The Bishop then read a very suitable reply for which we regret that we have no room. In the course of it he observed that "of the clergy who have not signed it is right to inform you, that six have written to me expressing their reprobation of the letters to which you refer, and their sympathy with myself, some using language much stronger than you have adopted, although for various reasons they are unwilling to affix their names to the address."

CANADA. The *Guardian* says,—In consequence of the judgment delivered by Lord Westbury in the famous case of the Bishop of Natal v. the Bishop of Capetown, it was determined that no more patents should be issued by the Crown for any Bishops in Canada; and accordingly, on the death of the late Bishop Mountain, in 1863, no patent was issued for his successor in the See of Quebec, but simply a mandate for his consecration, addressed to the Bishop of Montreal, as Metropolitan of Canada. It seems, however, that further consideration by the law advisers of the Crown has led to the determination to discontinue for the future the issuing of the mandate. The following document has been forwarded to Canada by the Bishop of Montreal, who is at present in England:—

"To the Honourable and Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Toronto, greeting.

"Whereas, We, Francis, by Divine permission Bishop of Montreal, and Metropolitan of Canada, have been duly notified that, at a special meeting of the Synod of the diocese of Toronto, convened for that purpose and held in the city of Toronto, on Wednesday the 19th day of September last, and subsequent days, the Venerable Alexander Neil Bethune, D. D. Archdeacon of Toronto, was, with your consent and approval, elected Coadjutor Bishop of the said diocese, according to the canons and regulations providing for such election; and whereas we have also been informed that it has been duly decided that such Coadjutor Bishop shall, on a vacancy occurring in the see, succeed to the Bishopric of the diocese of Toronto, but that until such vacancy occurs he shall be known by the style and title of 'Bishop of Niagara, Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese of Toronto.' And whereas it is very desirable that there should be no delay in providing for the consecration of the said Venerable Archdeacon Bethune, D. D. so elected; and whereas we are unable to attend for that purpose by reason of our necessary absence at this time from the province of Canada, we do therefore hereby, in virtue of our office and authority as Metropolitan to the province of Canada, empower and enjoin you, in our absence, as the senior Bishop of the Province, to proceed, according to due canonical form and order, to the consecration of the said Archdeacon Bethune, Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese of Toronto, with right of succession to the see on the first vacancy which may occur, and until such vacancy shall occur to be known by the style and title of Bishop of Niagara, and in order thereto we give you hereby full authority to act for us at such consecration, and to call to your assistance the other Suffragan Bishops of the Province, or such and so many of them as shall be deemed expedient, not being less than two.

Editorial Notices.

"And for this we heartily commend you to the mercy and grace of God, and pray that you may be guided and assisted therein by the Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake.
"Given under our hand and seal this twenty seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

(Signed) "F. MONTREAL, Metropolitan of Canada."

On Christmas morning, in Exeter Cathedral, an interesting scene was witnessed, where the custom is continued of welcoming Christmas with "hymns and spiritual songs." During Christmas Eve the parish choirs perambulated the city, singing anthems with instrumental accompaniments, and the ceremony was protracted through the night. At a quarter past seven o'clock there was a large assemblage of persons in the nave of the Cathedral. There was also a muster of the choir, and the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung in the gallery to a full organ. The scene was strikingly picturesque, and the more so as day light began to stream through the windows. As the last verse of the psalm pealed forth, the crowd began to move, and the spacious edifice was soon left to the more devout few who remained to service in the Lady Chapel.—*Guardian*.

A distinguished clergyman from the United States who has lately been in Scotland gave the following illustration of the working of the lay element in Church matters in the United States. "When I was a young man," he said, "in Philadelphia, there were four Episcopal churches; there are now sixty, served by upwards of one hundred ministers—and I attribute that mainly to the hearty support of the laity, gained to us by our admitting them to our Synods, and to have a vote in the affairs of the Church."

The use of incense has been given up in some of the Ultra Ritualistic churches in London.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has withdrawn his name from the Bible Society, as one of its Vice Presidents. Such an act can only excite surprise because so many of his Episcopal brethren continue to give that Society their patronage, otherwise *per se*, the withdrawal of Bishop Ellicott *ought* not to be displeasing to any consistent member of the Church of England. Without saying one word disrespectful of the great and good men who like to identify themselves with the Bible Society, we may surely claim the liberty, as clergymen, of standing aloof from it without having our motives pried into and impugned. The "happy family" system of the Society is unseemly, to say the least. The doctrine that the circulation of the Bible without the Church can convert and edify men, is unchristian and unreasonable. And the fact that we have a Society for printing and publishing Bibles should justify us in not giving our support to another one, whose principles are quite opposed to it.—*Clerical Journal*.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

RECEIVED IN JANUARY—Rev. Canon Harrison, 60 cents; J. D. M. K., Hampton, 60 cents; R. E. J., St. Andrews, per J. W., 62 cents.

We have received copies of the Ceylon *Missionary Gleaner and Ecclesiastical Reporter* for several months up to the number for September and October of last year. The accounts of the meetings of the Synod are very interesting, and seem to show the utility, and, indeed, the necessity, for such an institution in every country where our Church exists.

We cannot account for subscribers in the distant parts of the province not receiving the MAGAZINE for months at a time. It is faithfully mailed to all,—even to those who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year.

What kind of consciences those persons have who are content to receive this little periodical and yet never trouble themselves to pay for it we cannot imagine. Is it because the price is so trifling that they think we will not miss a few subscriptions? Can they not see that the smallness of the sum is the very reason why it ought to be paid, and paid *promptly*, too? If any who now get the MAGAZINE do not want it, let them say so at once, and we shall make them a present of the back numbers they have received, and discontinue sending it to them for the future.

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