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THE NEW CURATE.

CHAPTER I.—THE SMALL ROOM IN LAURA PLACE.

"You are a lucky fellow, Selturue! A curate with more money than he knows how to spend, and a comfortable family living in store for him—a rare bird in our days."

"It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes," was the dry response. "The living of Repton is filled at present, and money is but means to an end."

"Don't preach before you are in the pulpit, Ralph, don't. If you are not a lucky fellow, shall I tell you what you are? A young bear with all his sorrows before him. You don't know what it is yet to do a curate's work in a hard parish."

"Don't I?"

"And the vicar away too. You look supercilious; well, we shall see; good-bye."

The Rev. Ralph Selturue nodded with a half smile, as he turned away from the speaker. He did know, he thought, pretty well, the kind of duties on which he was entering: the life was one he would have chosen before all others; and as he thought about it his heart swelled with the consciousness of individual power to trample under foot the thorns and brambles which might spring up in his way. If the work were hard was not he young and strong for it, a man of thews and sinews?

He had no fear—nothing but hope and anticipation.

And a week after that conversation he sat alone in his lodgings, a disappointed weary man. There on the table before him, in its black velvet cover lay the sermon, over the composition of which he had spent so much care, and built so many castles of future success. But in all his philosophy and vain imaginings had he ever dreamed of such a parish as this, to which he, the Rev. Ralph Selturue, had just been ordained? That was the unanswered question which worked in his mind bitterly at the close of his first Sunday amongst his new parishioners. A lucky fellow was he? Or a young bear with all his sorrows before

him—which? He eyed that new velvet cover disconsolately. Making no allowance for the fact that he was tired mentally and bodily with unusual work—hard because unusual—he suffered a cloud of despondency to creep over him, as the cloud from over the red chimneys up in the town came stealing over the suburb to tell him it was night.

It was not that the situation of his parish that disappointed him; it was not that he felt oppressed by the preponderance on the town-ward side of poor and miserable and uncouth; or that he disliked the style of his richer suburban parishioners, who were with a few exceptions, tradesmen retired, or non-retired, and professional men. He had no longings after the fashionable Chapel-of-ease on the right hand beyond Raventree, for the lip oratory and stage tricks of gesture of whose curate he had indeed a profound contempt. Neither was he envious of the quieter but more solid parish of St. Mark far away to the left, whose curate, Martin Thorpe, was well meaning enough, but still did not come up to his standard of ecclesiastical excellence.

Moreover, poverty had nothing to do with his depression. It was quite true that he did not rank in the catalogue of poor curates; and true also that the living of Repton Magna would probably be his before very long, but there was no comfort for him in these reflections. There had been and was still in his heart, though just now it shone less brilliantly than usual, a sort of feeling that he stood apart from and above the accidents of position and wealth. Inasmuch as he believed in his own powers of reasoning and imagination, those accidents were separate from his career, having nothing to do with his life, his duties, or his performances of them. He had a fancy for thinking of himself as a poor curate; for divesting himself of every sign that he was in reality a rich one. The small, unostentatious lodging he had chosen was in conformity with this idea, and he might even have succeeded in impressing it upon his landlady if Repton Magna had been in some distant county, instead of standing as it did within an easy distance of the Church of St. Peter. The landlady, however, knew all about him, and all about his brother Cresset, and all about the Repton Park family; but she did not know why, on this particular evening, when he must surely need it most, the curate never rang for his tea or for candles, but sat there moping by himself in the chill twilight. And as the thought of his loneliness and possible exhaustion grew upon her she took courage. It would be no harm to go in and see if anything was amiss with him, and she could profess to have heard the bell.

She carried the tray in and set it before him without attracting any notice; then she lighted the lamp, and the sudden glare produced only a quick movement of the curate's hand to screen his face from it. But when the audacious intruder proceeded to lay hands upon the velvet cover, with intent to make him speak or perish in the attempt, his look up, and his irritated, "Let that be, please," made her start and drop the touch-me-not as though it had burnt her fingers.

"The night is chilly, sir," said the landlady, glancing from the open window to the fireless grate.

"Yes," responded the curate, curtly.

He was not disposed to be talkative, and would have been highly indignant at the notion that this woman compassionated his loneliness and wanted to cheer him up. He wondered why she chose to stay there baiting him, and what possible interest he could be expected to take in the chilliness of the night.

But the landlady was not to be balked. As she said to herself complacently she "saw how it was. He can't let the sermon writing alone. It's like everything else, even wickedness; when it's new they do go at it so fast that they knock themselves up at starting, and then they're fit for nothing all their lives."

"Very chilly," she repeated aloud, "and foggy too, if you look through the little window into the court. It's bad for the chest, sir, the fog off the river. If you'd like the window shut and a bit of fire?"

"Yes, a fire, please," interrupted Ralph impatiently. Not that he felt the cold, or wanted a fire, but he wanted to be let alone.

And when his tormentor, after an admonitory rattle of the tea tray, had lighted the fire and shut the door after her, he tried to go back again into the dismal reverie which she had interrupted. But it would not do. The tormentor had wrought her will upon him, and the peculiar gloominess which had been gathering over his lot in life being disturbed refused to settle again.

He looked up and saw the blaze struggling feebly upwards in the grate, and the red curtains drawn over both windows, the front one and the little one looking upon the court. To former lodgers that little window had always been an eyesore; its whole prospect comprehending a dreary range of tall chimneys, varied by occasional wheels and the slow working up and down of a huge iron piston in front. But Ralph Selturne took the room as he found it. If a thought concerning the interior of Repton Chase did cross his mind, he rather gloried in the contrast which his present quarters afforded. There was no luxury surrounding him now, he thought, and there should be none. The good things of the world were not for him, but rather to be thrust aside as beggarly elements, clogging the higher and nobler parts of rational man. He even glanced at the fire with a momentary thought that it was an indulgence; with a fragment of the asceticism which thinks to do the soul a service by denying the body what is indispensably necessary to its well-being, but which instead only renders the victim ill-tempered, carping, cynical, a scourge to his neighbours and to himself, making a god of his self-denial as others do of their self-indulgence—asceticism which makes it a study to select articles of food repulsive to the palate, and set aside the gift of God, who has ordained that it should be pleasant to satisfy hunger. But Ralph was not so far gone as that. He drank his tea although he liked it, and drew his chair nearer to the fire, although its warmth was pleasant to him. He even smiled as the glow grew brighter, and its genial comfort seemed to melt away half the dreariness of his retrospections. And then his eye fell on the lamp, which suggested a memory, and he began retracing calmly and meditatively the day's events. He could do it now with a more patient reasoning, and could ask himself reprovingly what was the worth of that zeal which suffered itself to be so easily damped.

There was a sort of a sublime satire in the reflection that he with his high notions of fitness and propriety, his rigorous adoption of the fiat "Let all things be done decently and in order," should have been called upon to bear part in the services of that day. In the first place his eye was accustomed to architectural beauty, and craved it. And there was the miserable, squat church, with a square window or two stuck here and there in its poor seamed old sides which bulged from the pressure of the roof; with one sound bell and one cracked one in a little shed on that roof, alternately striking horror into his musical ear as he walked towards the gate. He knew, too, that people were curious to see him;

that he was talked about, and that all eyes would be turned upon him, all ears—as he expected—wide awake to receive the sermon he had prepared so elaborately. He could see that the children pointed at him; men and women stared openly, and ladies and gentlemen cast furtive glances towards him. He was seen but not known; and he did not care to be known to his parishioners as a Seltorne of Repton, one of a good county family, and a near neighbour; these were the accidents he desired to shake himself free of. For himself alone, his untiring energy and his genius, he must be known and appreciated.

And then, somehow, he scarcely knew how, amidst a clatter and confusion almost deafening; having had his toes trodden upon and his progress impeded more than once by small boys eager to press forward to their seats at the altar railings, he had reached the reading-desk, and was glad to hide his face in sheer confusion and shame. For the sake of common decency, was that the style of thing these people were accustomed to? Moreover, when he had recovered himself a little and stood up to read the prefatory sentence, the cracked bell which had stopped once began to tinkle again sharply, as though rejecting at the first view all idea that the clergyman in the desk could be the right one, and clamouring for some other. And then there was a rush of nailed shoes to the stairs of that hideous gallery, and an audible cry of "Charlie, Charlie, he's in, stop her!" till the curate's cheeks burnt afresh, and he was afraid to look upon the congregation facing him. He need not have troubled himself; such little solecisms as these were too common to excite much notice. When he did look up, at the close of the first lesson, wondering what caused the delay and the peculiar wheezing noise in the gallery, he became aware that the organ was what is popularly termed a "grinder," and that as the air escaped, it took considerable time and labour to get up the steam at all. When it did start however, it went on bravely, and ground the requisite number of bars long before the few feeble singers had got through the words.

And then came the Psalm. Even while he gave it out the curate's eye travelling down the page counted eight verses, and he gave himself up for lost. He thought of the "grinder" in a country church in the west, which could not be stopped at all, but had to be carried out and set on a tombstone to grind itself down. He thought of everything he could think of in his endeavours to drown those hideous sounds, and the pitiable distortions of Tate and Brady. His great passion was music, and as he thought now, by the fireside, of that organ and that singing, involuntarily his shoulders rose and his hand went over his ears.

All through the service, too, there were arrivals; some noisy and breathless, some quiet; but all taking their seats bravely, as though they were used to it. But the amazing part of the whole thing, was to see that most of these people took keys from their pockets to unlock the pew doors. That at any rate, must be stopped.

And then the sermon; that great work which had been put together piece by piece, the very pith and marrow extracted from hours of work; revised, corrected, gloried over. How the gloom crept on and deepened, over those hopes and aspirations of his! Of what use was the well-considered sentence; or the studied rhythm of his prose? A few upturned faces there were, but from time to time they turned wearily to the clock stuck in front of the gallery; some slept and the children played with the notes in the straggling sunbeams. To put a climax upon this up-hill work, the old clerk waking up suddenly at a momentary depression of the preacher's voice, lost his presence of mind and

gave out a loud Amen, which was followed by an irrepressible titter from the boys at the altar railings. The curate's voice fell still lower and his utterance grew quicker. All he cared for just then was to have the thing over, and get away out of that pulpit as soon as he could with decency.

And after all his miseries it was cheering to hear as he left the churchyard, concerning the fruit of so much toil,—

“Schoolboyish, but pretty fair for the first; didn't you think so?”

No wonder that the mortified idealist rushed away to hide himself in the small room in Laura Place, or that he felt dreary satisfaction in reflecting that the evening service did not commence until six o'clock.

Dinner, indeed! The mutton chops might have been bits of leather and the potatoes marble, for anything he knew about their flavour. His throat was parched and his heart heavy. So these people set themselves up as critics of what they had never heard! He was certain they could not have listened to a word of it. And if they had—why, how could he expect these suburbans, these country dullards to appreciate a man who had taken a “double first?” Schoolboyish! Were they going to patronize him? These people whom he had come to teach? Would they kindly give him a few lessons in sermon writing? Or in Church discipline perhaps they would instruct him! They seemed to have very fine ideas on the subject themselves.

Then there was the evening service, which presented little variety, except that, as it was growing dusk, there was on the altar a moderator lamp, with a newspaper spread under it, a split chimney, and no globe.

But now, as he thought it all over in the quiet evening, the mercury of his temperament rose as high as it had before fallen low. Why, everything could be altered of course. He had taught himself to expect difficulties, and here he was failing at the very first onset. He had liked the idea of St. Peter's, because they told him the work was hard, and as the vicar was in Madeira, he would have it all to himself. Certainly he had not expected anything so bad as this, but it was mean and cowardly to be cast down about it so readily.

He would have that organ down; there must be a trained choir, and—

So many alterations crowded upon him that he decided it would be better to write to the vicar for a *carte blanche* to effect any improvement; he might find possible. The worse everything was, now, the more credit it would be to him to bring order into the parish. And in a month's time there might be a change so great that people would hardly know the little church to be the same.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG THIEF.

(A SKETCH FOR THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY).

BY. S. W.

[The following sketch was crowded out of *The Church Magazine* for June.]

WE pray in to-day's collect that we may so pass through things temporal that we finally lose not the things eternal; and we know that what we pray for may be done. No vain and empty words are put into our mouths in the Church collects. Adverse as circumstances may seem, crowded with temptations as our path may appear, let us not doubt that if we make the Lord our ruler and guide we may in His strength pass on

through the things of time as to win those of eternity. Others with stronger temptations, greater hindrances, less help, have trodden the dangerous path and reached the goal in safety. All on earth seemed against them, but they have made it the road to heaven. Of such an one would I tell you to-day, and his history, though in part sad, is full of instruction.

An active zealous clergyman on becoming vicar of a London parish set himself to visit every house in it. This was an arduous task, for the parish was large, and contained some streets, and courts of the worst character. I do not know that he ever completed it, but he did much. He relieved many who were in distress, warned many sinners, comforted many sad hearts. One day after going to a large house with several families crowded into every story, he paused before descending. He thought himself at the top of the house, yet was startled by a violent cough proceeding apparently from above. So he went back into the room he had just left and made inquiries. "Yes sir," answered a woman, "there is a family living up in the roof, but they're out all but the boy, a poor, sickly lad. The only way is up by a ladder and in that trap door. They've moved it, I see, but there it stands if you choose to go up." So the vicar brought the ladder, placed it against the trap door, and went up.

He found himself in a dark wretched garret, so low, that even in the middle where the sloping roofs met he could scarcely stand upright. Crouching on a heap of rags, in the furthest corner, sat a lad of about ten years old, pale and very thin. "Well my boy," said the clergyman, I am afraid you are very poorly. Your cough brought me up stairs or I should have hardly thought of any one living here. "Thank you, sir, for coming, it was very kind in you to take the trouble," replied the boy, with more courage than might have been expected in such a place. Mr. Winter (for that was the vicar's name) looked at him with interest, and sitting down on a low bench, almost the only piece of furniture in the room, learned that his name was Jim, and that he had been ill for some weeks, spending many hours by himself while his parents were out both by day and during a good part of the night. "And how do they get their living, Jim?" asked Mr. Winter. "Oh! sir," exclaimed the boy, flushing very red, "you're a minister and so I can tell you. Mother goes out with a basket, but father—he steals more than he earns." "My poor boy," said Mr. Winter, "and have you ever stolen to?" "It's what I was brought up too," was the answer. "As long as I can remember, I've picked up little things and carried them home to mother, and when I was old enough she taught me how to take gentlemen's pocket handkerchiefs. A look of pain passed over the clergyman's face. Jim saw it and went on. "I would not do it now, sir, indeed I would not. I had not been to school then," "and have you been since?" "Oh, yes, to the Ragged School; I learnt 'Thou shalt not steal,' and teacher explained it to me, and I said to myself I would never take another handkerchief, and I haven't." "But what did your father say?" "He beat me till he found it was no good; then I was took ill; so he left me alone, for I could not have done it if I'd wished it. I didn't care much for being ill, except for its keeping me from school." "And what else did you learn at school, my poor fellow?" said Mr. Winter. "I didn't stay long enough to get much reading," answered the boy; "I learnt 'Our Father,' and I've said it night and morning ever since; and I think over what teacher said about Jesus dying on the Cross for us. I don't think I shall be here much longer; but, oh, sir, I do grieve over father and mother, and their bad ways. Can't you come and talk to them?"

"I will, indeed, my dear boy," said Mr Winter. "When shall I find them at home?" "I can't say for certain," answered Jim, "most likely in the mornings." "Well, I will come to-morrow morning if I can; if not, the next," replied the vicar, and after kneeling down by the sick child praying with and for him he went his way.

The next day found Mr. Winter too much occupied to pay the promised visit. On the following morning he went. The ladder was placed against the trap-door, he ascended it, and glancing round the room, thought it empty. He walked, however, to the further end and looked to the corner where poor Jim had been resting during his former visit. The heap of rags was spread into a sort of bed—a slight form was stretched upon them, and covered with a sheet, which though torn and ragged was the cleanest thing in the room. The clergyman stood still a moment—then he stooped and turned back one corner of the sheet. There lay all that remained on earth of poor Jim. The face bore traces of want and suffering, but a smile dwelt on it as if imprinted by a spirit rejoicing to leave a world of sin and sorrow. Mr. Winter looked upon the lifeless form in silent awe. "Poor Jim," said he at last, "how wonderful the path by which you were led to eternity! The child of vicious parents, example, training, all around you was bad. But just the help you needed was given. One commandment to follow, one prayer to say, and we may hope you have so passed through the trials of earth as to attain everlasting rest." He replaced the sheet and left the chamber of death, but his thoughts often recurred to poor Jim, and, thinking, he prayed that he too might so pass through things temporal as not to lose the things eternal.

RALPH HARRIS;

OR

BE RECONCILED TO THY BROTHER.

(A SKETCH FOR THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY).

BY S. W.

IN the North of England, where natures are stronger, and wills more unbending, passions more headstrong, and love and hate alike more intense than in the smiling and sunny south, lived, several years ago, a farmer of the name of Harris. He was a widower with two sons, differing little more than a year in age. At about twelve years old they were fine promising boys, generous and open, but hot-tempered and slow to forgive when stung by an injury. Their mother had died in their infancy, and thus their natural faults of temper had been unsoftened by her loving care. As to their father, he made them to fear him if no one else: he saw that they attended church on Sundays, and the grammar school of the neighbouring town on week-days, and gave himself no further trouble about them.

One day in early June the boys went as usual to school, but found that their master was ill, and that they had a holiday. Ralph, the elder of the two, instantly started for a long ramble in search of butterflies to add to his collection: while his brother Gilbert turned homewards, but was soon stopped by some of his school-fellows, who wanted him to help make up a game at cricket. "I should like nothing better," said he, "but I have no bat: I lent mine yesterday to my cousin Stephen, who is going to play a match to-morrow." "Can't you go and fetch it?" asked one of the lads. "No, for he lives more than five miles off," was the answer. There was a moment's pause; then a boy called

out "Take Ralph's bat, his is a good one, I know." "Yes, but Ralph's out butterfly catching," replied Gilbert, "and I don't like meddling with his things when he's out, he's so particular." "Oh, never mind," they all said, "you won't harm it. Go and get it, and be quick." Gilbert did not like going, for he did not think it was right, and he knew Ralph would be displeased, but the others over-persuaded him. So he ran home, took the bat out of its case, ran to the cricket ground, and was soon in the thick of the game.

It proved a long one, and before it was over Ralph came home and saw the empty case of his bat lying on the ground. It was a new one and a great favourite, so he eagerly searched the house for it, questioning every body, but in vain. At last he dashed away, ran to the cricket-ground, and found the bat in Gilbert's hand, just raised to strike the ball. Gilbert was startled, and struck so awkwardly that he split the bat. Ralph called out sharply, "What business had you with that, sir? How dare you take my things and spoil them?" and snatching the bat he raised it as if to strike his brother. However, he checked himself and turned away, closely examining his bat, and not giving Gilbert time to say a word. The other boys crowded round Gilbert, calling out, "What a shame in him to be in such a rage! If he had not terrified you by rushing up so, you'd have done the bat no harm. You'd better not go home till he's got over his temper." So one of them took him to his own home and kept him till the evening, when he walked home, half afraid to meet his brother, half wishing to ask pardon, and heartily vexed at what had happened.

Meanwhile Ralph had brooded over his wrong, growing more and more angry every hour, till at last he determined never to speak to his brother again. "He would do nothing to punish him," he said, "there was no punishment bad enough. He never could be friends with him again. Why should they talk about it to make matters worse?" As Gilbert drew near home, he saw that their pony had found its way into a cornfield, so forgetting everything else he ran straight in, calling out, "Ralph, Ralph, the pony's in the corn!" Ralph came out at once, and together they caught the pony, drove it back into the meadow from whence it had escaped, and made good the gap in the hedge—but not a word did Ralph say. Gilbert was at first too eager about the pony to notice this, but as they walked home and question after question was unanswered, he grew frightened, and said quickly, "Oh, Ralph, do speak to me, only one word? are you hurt? are you ill? is it because of the bat? I'm so sorry I took it, I never will meddle with anything of yours again, and I'll save up all my money to buy you another' only do speak to me!" But Ralph shook his head. They were now near the house, so they went in, and Ralph, taking his school bag off its nail, opened it and pulled out the slate, on which he wrote these words, "I never can forgive you, and I don't mean to speak to you all my life." He held the slate before Gilbert's eyes, watched him read them, then rubbed them out, replaced the slate in the bag, and hung it up. Gilbert looked at him in horror, then rushed out of the house, and sat down on a bench to cry.

You will think it scarcely possible for a boy of Ralph's age to keep such a resolution, but he had a strong will and plenty of self-command, now unhappily set in the wrong direction. For a fortnight he really did hold to it, and after that, alas! no opportunity of speaking again to his brother was granted him, no room for reconciliation. Harris did not know how matters stood between his boys; he was a silent man and not very observant; besides, it was nothing new, to have little talking at meals. Gilbert was sometimes very miserable, and when

they were alone would beg his brother to forgive him, but to no purpose. One morning in particular as they were going to school, he asked pardon most earnestly, but Ralph turned from him, climbed a gate, and found his way to school by another path. That afternoon was a half-holiday, and Gilbert went with a friend to bathe in the river. It was a sultry day, and they had heated themselves with running before they got into the water. Gilbert was seized with cramp, and sunk at once. His companion screamed for help, but it came too late, and only a lifeless body was rescued from the waters.

Ralph, meanwhile, had been out in another direction. When he came home at sunset all looked strange, the doors standing open, the tea not set. His father was not in his old arm-chair, nothing was going on as usual. A panic came over the boy; he felt sure something dreadful had happened. He went to his room, his and Gilbert's room, and saw a pale, lifeless form stretched upon the bed, when they told him his brother had been drowned. A kind of stupor came over him, came in mercy, or surely his mind would have given away. They led him to another room, and would have him go to bed. He did so, and at first he slept for sorrow, but soon thoughts and recollections crowded upon him and chased sleep away. His altered looks the next morning showed how much he had suffered during that miserable night.

Happily the next morning brought a comforter in the clergyman of the place, a good old man who had christened Ralph and attended his mother's death-bed and now came again in his Master's name to the house of mourning. Ralph was quite broken down, and with many tears he told the vicar all his sad history; and from him he heard that though it was too late to be reconciled to his brother in this world, though he could not receive and ask his pardon, yet a merciful Father's ears were ever open to him, that to Him he might confess all, and confessing, hope for forgiveness. Ralph's heart opened to this holy teaching. His repentance was sincere, his prayers were earnest, his high spirit was bent to the yoke of Christ: but it was long ere peace visited his soul, and the careless happiness of childhood was gone forever. His sin had been great, his punishment severe: and surely his sad history illustrates the lesson in to-day's Gospel, on the danger of indulging anger against a brother, and the duty before all things of being reconciled to him.

Holy Days of the Church.

[Written for *The Church Magazine*.]

ST. JAMES THE GREAT.

JULY 25TH.

MORNING LESSON,—Ecclesiasticus XXI. EVENING LESSON, Ecclesiasticus XXII.

THE beautiful July day dedicated to St. James the Great, found our friends at a small fishing village on the north coast of Devon; and it was when on the beach that evening watching the fishermen, some mending their nets, others casting them into the sea, that Hugh asked his mother the history of that apostle, who whilst thus pursuing his lawful trade was called by his Lord and Master, and at once left all and followed Him.

“We have already spoken of St. James,” said Mrs. Clifton, “in our talk about St. Peter: the time and manner of his calling, and the several instances in which he was admitted with St. Peter and St. John into close fellowship

with their Lord ; two circumstances however are related of the sons of Zebedee and Salome with which the other disciples have nothing to do. Do you remember what surname our Lord gave them ?”

“ Yes, Boanerges or the sons of Thunder.”

“ Right ; this title was given, it is believed, in reference to the bold, ardent disposition of the two brothers, of which we have an example in St. Luke chap. ix where St. James and St. John are so indignant at the refusal of the Samaritans to receive our Saviour, that they entreat Him to let them call down fire from Heaven upon them, as Elijah did of old. But Jesus turned and rebuked them, telling them ‘ He was not come to destroy life but to save ; and He went into another city.’ What a lesson of forbearance this teaches us, to curb our angry tempers and to follow Him Who was so meek and lowly in heart.

The other circumstance to which I alluded is recorded in the gospel for the day, where Salome prays our Lord “ to grant that her sons may sit, the one on His right hand, the other on His left, in His kingdom ; unknowing that that Kingdom was not of this world.’ Our Lord gently rebuked her, and reminds His too eager disciples before they could hope to reign with Him, they must first drink with Him the cup of trial and of suffering, and share His Baptism of Blood, the cross of shame and death. The two apostles shrank not from their conditions, the prayer of the mother, though not as she anticipated, was answered. St. James was the first of all the apostles to suffer death for Christ’s sake. After our Lord’s Ascension it is said he went up and down Judea and Samaria preaching to the dispersed Jews, and some affirm that he visited the western part of Europe, particularly Spain. He returned to Jerusalem in the reign of Herod Agrippa, which king, being determined as we read in the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle, ‘ to vex certain of the Church’ laid hands upon him, and killed him with the sword. One beautiful anecdote is told of the death of St. James. As he was being led to the place of martyrdom the soldier who had accused him, struck with the courage and patience the apostle had shewn throughout his trial, threw himself at his feet and implored his forgiveness. St. James quickly forgave him, and raising him up said ‘ Peace be to thee., my son, and the pardon of thy sins :’ whereupon the soldier loudly proclaimed himself a Christian, and was beheaded with the apostle.”

“ How pleased St. James must have felt, to have made a convert at his very death !”

“ Yes, it is indeed a blessed thing to save a soul alive, and a fearful one to be in any way a stumbling block in the path of another. This Festival, “ Mrs. Clifton continued, “ has long been a favourite one with me. Many years ago I was confirmed on this day, and I remember how much I was then struck with the collect ; it was the first time I really felt they were prayers we might make our own and use in private. You will see in reading it, that, after speaking of the readiness with which St. James left all to follow Christ, we pray that so we forsaking all worldly and carnal affections, may be evermore ready to follow God’s Holy commandments ; through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

“ I understand, you mean that at our confirmation we promise with God’s help to renounce the Devil and all his works, and to keep God’s commandments all the days of our life. It is a beautiful prayer for such a day.”

“ It is indeed ; I have always felt it so, and prayed that it might be granted. And now, Hugh, I am going to ask you a few questions. Last month on the

24th, we observed the feast of St. John. Was that St. John the son of Zebedee?"

"Oh, no, he was St. John the Baptist, the son of Zacharias and of Elizabeth the cousin of the Virgin Mary. His birth was foretold to his father by the Angel Gabriel: and because Zacharias did not believe, he was struck dumb till after St. John was born."

"Quite right, what became of St John when he was grown up?"

"He went out into the wilderness clothed in camel's hair, and a leathern girdle, and his meat was locusts and wild honey; the people came to him in great numbers, and he preached to them, and baptised in the river Jordan, all who truly repented of their sins. I remember you told me he was called the Forerunner of Christ, and was sent to prepare His way before Him. Our Lord Himself was baptised by St. John. Why was that?"

"That he might set us an example of perfect obedience in all things. Can you tell me how St John died?"

"He was thrown into prison by king Herod, because he told him he was doing wrong: and there he was beheaded to please Herod's wicked wife Herodias. Was this, the same Herod who killed St. James?"

"No this Herod was Antipas, uncle to that one, and son of the Herod who caused the death of the Holy Innocents. And now when you think of St. John the Baptist, I would have you remember the great example he has left us of humility and boldness. Of humility in that, as it has been truly said, he never thought of his own honor, only of his Lord's; he rejoiced that he was to decrease since Christ was to increase; and sought only to make disciples that he might lead them to the Lamb of God. Of boldness in that, he constantly spoke the truth, boldly rebuked vice, and patiently suffered for the Truth's sake.

May we have grace given us to go and do likewise."

L. H. B.

"DO NOTHING WITHOUT THE BISHOP."

Nearly eighteen hundred years ago, during the persecution under the Emperor Trajan, Ignatius the Bishop of Antioch was on his way to Rome, where he suffered martyrdom for the faith; and as he journeyed he took occasion, at the various places where he stopped, to address an epistle to the Christians of those countries. These letters are most instructive, and most valuable, as giving us an accidental insight into the views of one of the earliest writers, nearly contemporaneous with the holy apostles. The words at the head of this paper occur in these epistles, and are repeated in several different ways. They are very forcible, and open out to us a line of thought and action not always understood, or acted on in these days.

The essential office of a Bishop must always remain the same. As Christ's vicergerent in his own diocese, all mission must come from him. By his commission priests obsole and consecrate; by his commission they baptize, they preach, they pronounce the nuptial benediction, they catechize, they instruct, and, in the primitive ages, the clergy were so completely the Bishop's vicars that when he was present a priest was not allowed to act without his special permission. If he was not the sole minister of sacraments in his diocese, he was at least their ordinary minister, and all acted by his delegated authority. "The right of conferring baptism is in the chief priest; then in priests and deacons; yet not without authority of the Bishop." (Tertullian, de Baptismo, c. 17). Without the command of the Bishop neither priest nor deacon has the right of baptizing." (Jerome adv. Luciferianos). And we may say that if the Bishop was considered the ordinary minister of baptism, *a fortiori* he was also of the Holy Eucharist and of the other offices of religion.

A great deal might easily be adduced from the early records of the Christian

Church to show that the above was the universally recognized idea of a *Bishop*—one who by consecration had received ministerial authority, which he deputed to others by ordination and then gave to them the right to exercise it as his substitutes within certain limits. This remains in theory even now in every branch of the Church. A man is ordained priest, and so priestly power is given to him; but he must further have induction to a cure of souls, or at least a licence to assist another before he can exercise his office. Ordination gives the power to discharge certain duties; but besides this a priest must have, and always has, or ought to have, “mission” from the Bishop of the diocese, in whose name and on whose behalf he acts.

The above short explanation of the primitive theory, will throw some light upon and very much increase the force of the well-known and oft-quoted saying of Ignatius, “Do nothing without the Bishop;” and it certainly shews us that the ideas as to what is due to the episcopal office which prevailed then were very different from what we meet with now. For example, it would have been scarcely possible then for a clergyman to organize a society having for its object the payment of missionary clergy, not only without any reference to the Bishop of the diocese, but in direct opposition to his known wishes; such a step would have been regarded as most presumptuous, and partaking of the sin of schism.

The practical conclusion which we would wish to draw is, that it is better for Church people to give *all* the help which they are able to afford to that organization which has for many years been established in the diocese, which is recommended by the Bishop, and so largely supported by the laity,—the Diocesan Church Society. Do we wish to contribute towards the support of clergymen in the poor and thinly populated parishes of the province? Then this Society will dispense our alms. Do we wish to help in the distribution of the Word of God? Then this Society has for years largely imported the Holy Scriptures, and distributed them gratuitously, or at an almost nominal rate. Do we wish to assist in making known the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen? Then this Society will receive our contributions for this purpose, and gladly forward them to that venerable Society for Propagating the Gospel which has ever been and is the greatest and most unwearied benefactor to the Church in this province. In fact, there is nothing which can rightly engage our attention or enlist our sympathies as Churchmen which the Diocesan Church Society is not prepared to carry out, if only we find the means. And in using the agency of this Society we have the satisfaction of knowing that as well as being approved of by the generality of the laity, it has the privilege and honour of being sanctioned and presided over by him to whom God has committed the government of the Church in this diocese, and who is or ought to be the centre of unity to all her members.

How sad and humiliating in our hour of weakness to see men who are bound by their ordination vows and by their oath of obedience to their diocesan, presuming to interfere in the management of the diocese *against the Bishop's known wishes*. Every one knows that the Bishop wishes the Church Society to be supported, and not any other organization, for the missionary work of the Church. Why is it to be tolerated that any unauthorized clergymen should take upon themselves to do this work in a way which the Bishop disapproves, and which practically gives *them* the placing or removal of a minister by the simple process of stopping the supplies? We think it would be well for any missionary to pause before foolishly fitting such a yoke to his neck, for it is quite possible that the control of a brother priest may be found far more galling than the mild restraint and fatherly rule of the Bishop. In olden time the Jewish people complained of the rule of Solomon, but they found to their cost that Rehoboam's little finger was thicker than his father's loins. And as for the prime movers in the matter, who arrogate to themselves hyper episcopal authority, it may be well for them seriously to consider whether by so doing they are not violating the spirit, if not the letter of their ordination vow and oath of canonical obedience. At any rate they are going contrary to the injunction of Ignatius, a law acted upon in the Christian Church to “do nothing without the Bishop.”

RITUALISM.

A friend has sent us the following temperate and judicious paper in which, we think our readers will be interested:—

There is but one position that a Churchman can take which he may be sure of, which will keep him safe against every aggression; and that is the Prayer-book; and by this, I mean the whole Prayer-book, and nothing but the Prayer-book. There is no other possible ground for union; and this is authoritative ground for us all. But we see the Prayer-book departed from, and that in two directions. While one rides over the Rubrics, appointed usages, aye, and canons too, in utter indifference to the Church's law; another while he keeps the whole law, goes beyond the law, and adds to it ceremonies, forms and practices hitherto unheard of. How is the balance to be cast between them? I say, not in an unhesitating sense of justice and fairness in the matter, if the one is to be tolerated, so is the other. The Church's liberality of allowance must be equal towards the two extremes. I do not like either. But the one, I see is permitted, and has always been permitted, and that extreme would fain judge and condemn the other. It is doing so, most bitterly and virulently. I do not see the fairness of this treatment. "Thou hypocrite! first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote of thy brother's eye." At present thy vision is all distorted and jaundiced. Thou hast no more right to judge thy brother than thy brother to judge thee—a Rubric violated by diminution is quite as bad as a Rubric violated by excess. So far I am prepared to defend this new Ritualism. In all fairness, churchmen should have as much liberty in one direction as the other. Liberty seems to be established on the one hand; then concede it on the other. But for myself and for my parish, I choose neither. I have but one rule; and by that I abide—whatever the Church has appointed, I fulfil; and wherever, (as is true in some matters of form), the Church has given no direction, I follow the usage which is approved by the best authorities. —*Bishop Southgate.*

ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.

BY RICHARD WILTON, M. A.

On "Mary Short," Wife of the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

As through St. Asaph's quiet streets I went,
I saw a sculptured fountain softly flowing—
A cherished name inscribed above it, showing
What tearful memories with those were
blent.

To the cathedral next my steps I bent,
Where in rich glass the same deep grief was
glowing:

While strown upon a grave, flowers* freshly
blowing,
Showed sorrow's early tenderness unspent.
Thus by three touching symbols was re-
corded

A Husband's life-love to his Sainted Wife—
Through lonely years like precious treasure
hoarded:

A love as ceaseless as that fountain stream-
ing,
Like flowers fresh-gathered, still with fra-
grance rife,
And to old age with chaste and radiant
gleaming.

An Incident at the Communion Table.

At the Lord's Table waiting, robed and
stoled,

Till all had knelt around, I saw a sign!
In the full chalice sudden splendours
shine,

Azure and crimson, emerald and gold.
I stopped to see the wonder, when behold!
Within the cup a countenance Divine
Looked upwards at me through the trembling
wine,

Suffused with tenderest love and grief
untold.

The comfort of that sacramental token
Time from memory can no'er erase:
The glass of that rich window may be
broken,

But not the mirrored image of His Grace,
Through which my dying Lord to me has
spoken.

At His own Holy Table, face to face!

* Every day, for nearly twenty years, the Bishop, in passing from his palace to prayers at the cathedral, has scattered flowers on the grave of his wife.

Colonial and Foreign Church News.

The members of the Church in St. John should make a point of attending the anniversary meeting of the Diocesan Church Society at Trinity Church Sunday School Room on Thursday evening, July 5th. The proceedings will begin at 7 P. M. The clergy and lay-delegates are to meet for the transaction of the business of the Society on the previous Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the same time and place.

There is likely to be a much larger attendance than usual of lay-delegates this year at the Diocesan Church Society meetings, as many of them are to represent the lay element in their parishes at the discussion of the Synod question. This will take place during the first week of July, but we have not yet been informed where it will be held.

On May 16th the Lord Bishop of the diocese held a Confirmation at All Saints Church, Loch Lomond. Prayers and Lessons were read by the Rector of the Parish, and the Litany by the Rev. W. H. Doveber Rector of St. Paul's Church, Portland. The Rev. W. Scovil, M. A., Chaplain of the Lunatic Asylum read the commencement of the Confirmation Service, after which the Bishop confirmed sixteen persons. Five other candidates were prevented from being present by the heavy rain which fell nearly all day. His Lordship then delivered a very impressive address on self-dedication, a subject of great importance to all persons, but especially so to those who had just been admitted in so solemn a manner to the fellowship of the Church.—*Com.*

We rejoice to hear that the Church Needlework Society has done such good service and has been so well appreciated in so many parishes of the diocese. We wish it every success in its career of usefulness, and hope it may receive still more substantial evidences of appreciation from those who were once its enemies, but are now its friends.

We may add that the Society supplies—SURPLICES, STOLES, HOODS, COMMUNION LINEN for Church and private use. ALTAR CLOTHS, KNEELING MATS, and CUSHIONS, &c. &c., to the clergy at a reduction on the cost price of the materials. TEXTS, printed on coloured paper of large size are also supplied at \$1.00 the set of three. Application for the Society's work, or for a list of the Texts, to be made to MRS. MEDLEY, or MISS HOPKINS, Fredericton.

ANYTHING coming from the pen of the good Bishop of Newfoundland will, we feel sure, be attentively read by those of our subscribers who have heard of his self-denying labours. In a pamphlet containing 46 pages entitled "A plea for Colonial Dioceses," the Bishop introduces a statement of the progress in his diocese, short extracts only of which our limited space will allow:—

"Let me" says Bishop Field, "express my earnest hope and desire that, if it should be made to appear that much progress has, by God's blessing, been effected, during my episcopate of twenty years, it may not be supposed that I have any intention of magnifying, or displaying, my own labours or services. I believe that any Bishop, favoured and assisted as I have been, would, with the Divine help and blessing, have effected as much; and that many would have, as some in similar situations have, effected more. Looking at the progress of the Church in New Zealand, or South Africa, or Canada, I can well believe that the zeal and piety of a Selwyn, a Gray, or a Mountain would have secured better provision, and, it may be, supervision, for the many still desolate places, and scattered sheep of this poor diocese.

The number of "New churches" since my arrival is very large; many of them in entirely new localities (five on the Labrador), but the majority to replace smaller and less sightly buildings of the primitive style. There are now in this portion of the Diocese (Newfoundland and Labrador) eighty churches, consecrated and in use, seven ready for consecration, and eight others in progress. Of those already in use, I have been privileged to consecrate fifty two, nearly all of which are of much improved construction; and, in the majority, there is a font of stone, with silver vessels for the celebration and administration of the Holy Communion. Several of these churches were assisted from funds put at my disposal by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, but more, and more largely by our own Church Society, Our 'Cathedral,' built after the great fire, chiefly from collections made in England by a Queen's Letter, in which the restoration of the Cathedral and Parish Church was specially mentioned, (it happened that our Church was the only place of Public Worship destroyed in that fire) was consecrated in 1850. It was designed by Gilbert Scott, and as far as it is finished, is well and faithfully executed, and is admired by all who have seen it. The furniture is of oak, the seats open and entirely free. All the windows on the sides, and at the west ends of the aisles, are filled with painted glass. We have a good font of stone, a plain silver set, and a splendid double silver-gilt set of vessels for the Holy Communion, of exquisite workmanship. They were procured by the joint contributions of many friends, through the kind and effective in-

strumentality of the Rev. F. Coleridge. Since the consecration of the Cathedral another stone church has been built in St. John's, equally correct in arrangement, and complete in furniture, with open benches too, though unhappily the principal part of the clergyman's stipend, with the other expenses of the church, can only be provided by letting the seats.

I may be permitted, or rather am in duty bound, as one of the Stipendiaries of the Society to state, that I have been enabled in my little Church Ship, the munificent gift of my friend the present Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, to perform, myself, no inconsiderable amount of missionary work; having many times visited almost every harbour and inhabited island in and around Newfoundland and on the Labrador, to the distance of five hundred miles from St John's. In these voyages I have ministered in many settlements never before visited by any clergyman of our Church, and to people who had never seen a Clergyman or place of Public worship. I have celebrated on board besides the order of Morning and Evening Prayer with Sermons, all the Holy Offices of the Church—Baptisms, Confirmations, Holy Communion and Marriages,—and many times gone in procession with a congregation in boats from the Church Ship to consecrate graveyards, &c. In consequence of the great expense of these voyages, for which no special provision is made, I cannot accomplish one more frequently than every second year; and I desire distinctly to state, and pray it may be remembered, that *without the aid of the Society, which I receive as part of my yearly stipend, I never could have used my Church Ship at all, and none of the blessed results (if I may venture so to speak) of my Visitations would have been attained.*

There are at the present time (Sept. 1851) in Newfoundland and Labrador forty-six clergymen, holding my licence, two of whom are wholly, and two partially, engaged in tuition.

UNITED STATES.—Within a few years large numbers of Presbyterian clergymen have been admitted after due preparation to Holy Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Mrs. Stowe the celebrated authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who was formerly a Congregationalist, we believe, has become a good Churchwoman.

In the repeating of the Creeds in most of the churches in the United States and Canada, the clergy and choristers turn and face the altar. The congregations invariably stand in the same position, facing the chancel.

In very many of the churches in the States, and in some in Canada, whenever the *Gloria* occurs in the service the clergy, choir, and the whole congregation reverently bow their heads all facing the altar, till the conclusion of the verse. This custom also obtains to a large extent in the mother country.

We are informed that the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, though established for about a hundred and seventy years, only held a public meeting for the first time, the other day. "A report was presented which showed that in 1705 the Society began to circulate the Bible, either giving the copies away, or selling them to the poor at low prices. Between April, 1864, and April, 1865, it issued 1824,424 Bibles and 156,353 New Testaments. It also prints Bibles and Testaments in foreign languages. In 1705 it began to distribute Prayer books as it did Bibles. In 1864-65, one year, it issued 505,681 Prayer-books. It also prints the Prayer-book in foreign languages. In the first month of its foundation the five members subscribed to pay the cost of presenting religious books and tracts. In one year (1864-65) 5,751,261 books and tracts were issued from its depositories. It has granted Bibles and Prayer books for services in churches and licensed rooms, books for schools and lending libraries, and tracts for distribution, to nearly every parish in England. It has helped to endow colonial bishoprics, to build colleges and schools, and granted books for their use throughout the colonies."

The *Morning Post* (London Daily Paper) says with regard to a National Church Convention,—“The advantages expected to be gained are simply those expected for all conferences—the broadening of views by the consideration of all sides of a question, the increase of information by the decision of details, the improvement of administrative action by practical suggestions, the removal of difficulties by co-operation, the increase of influence upon public opinion by the expressed consent of members.” By God's good providence there never was a time when the Anglican Metropolitans were so singularly qualified to guide such a Synod. England, Ireland, and Scotland Canada, New Zealand, the Cape Colony, and the United States would be headed at present by men of whom any Church might well feel proud.

THE great supporter of the Evangelical party in England Lord Shaftesbury, thus spoke of Dr. Pusey at a recent meeting of a religious society in London:—"I believe that a man of greater intellect, of more profound attainments, or a more truly pious heart than Dr. Pusey it would be difficult to find in any Christian nation." And yet there are many even in New Brunswick who through ignorance and bigotry think Dr. Pusey the incarnation of all that is bad.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

Subscriptions received during the month of June.—Sackville and Dorchester, \$12; Newcastle, \$4.20; Fredericton, 60 cents; Woodstock, 60 cents.

Several subscribers have called our attention to a number of typographical errors in the last number of the magazine which accidentally appeared dated *May* instead of June. In the paper on Synods, the word "rational" in the third line ought to have been "natural," and in the ninth line "principal" should have been "principle." There were other mistakes, we are sorry to add, in the same paper. In the course of a verse at the close of the account of Keble's funeral "mullions" somehow got changed into "millions." These and other mistakes were in part attributable to careless, indistinct, writing. Our contributors will please bear this in mind.

R. C. N. is cordially thanked for his kind expressions of appreciation and encouragement. We shall be glad to receive contributions from him.

We cannot allow this opportunity to pass over without returning our best thanks to our friend in Fredericton for his kindness in contributing so much of interest to the magazine. It is a matter of regret that our publication is all too small for half that is sent to us.

[ADVERTISEMENTS.]

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