

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1876.

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH.

It is not always an effort of superogation to endeavor to form an estimate of what we are doing in the world; and little as that may be, compared with what ought to be done, we may safely say there is no religious society in the world at this moment which is doing so much good everywhere, including England, the Colonies, and the regions of Heathenism, as the Anglican Communion. It may be that Rome is more successful in the working of some foreign missions, that Lutheranism may be doing more for a certain kind of scientific theology. Methodism doubtless stirs up religious emotion more than most other widely spread forms of opinion. Jewish charity has been declared to be a model of wise and successful organization; so that in particular departments the English Church may be surpassed by other religious bodies; but there is no question that her general average is the highest in the world. Her social influence has been well earned, and is unquestionable; so much so, indeed, that we sometimes meet with men of other communions who appear to join the Church pretty much for the sake of social position. And these cases constitute a great part of our difficulty; because the individuals themselves endeavour to model our church after their own notions; hence much of the disagreement. Many of the troubles which have lately occurred, both in England and Canada, might be traced to this source.

One of the most successful and most useful branches of church action, that of promoting the education of the poor, is that in which the church has been eminently successful in England; but which is a thing simply neglected, if not opposed by the Roman Church, where it has had a monopoly of the field. In literary diligence and a corresponding eminence in the whole field of ecclesiastical literature, as distinguished from the special branches cultivated by Germans, the English Church can claim a decided pre-eminence. And another very important particular may be noticed, which is that she has manifested an earnest desire to amend her ways, wherever in the course of ages, she has gone wrong; whether this has arisen from too close an assimilation to the corrupt Church of Rome, or whether, in her efforts to free herself from the errors of that Church, she may sometimes have gone to the opposite extreme.

Surely, as has been remarked, such a church is not a spiritual mother to be ashamed of. She has spread herself, under the guidance of her great Head, over many of the finest parts of the world, with her dioceses and missions stretching over America, Australasia, much of Asia and portions of Africa; winning to

herself the purest and the most highly cultivated minds where she is planted, and doubtless having a future commensurate with that of the English race itself, already the master race of the world in extent and variety of dominion. She is not a communion to be humbly subordinated either to that erratic church whose faults are at least as great, but of whose repentance and amendment no token is visible; nor is she for a moment to be put in comparison with the multitude of sects everywhere springing up, all of which combined, could not claim her grandeur of position, and none of them can share in her triumphs.

Let us by all means copy whatever is worth copying, wherever we can find it, irrespective of the source whence it can be obtained. But let us never forget that we occupy a vantage ground, peculiarly our own; and that we have evangelical truth that we cannot surrender to Rome, and also that we possess an Apostolic Order that we cannot basely and ignobly give up to the destructive elements of the sects around us.

THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS, U. S.

The Presiding Bishop of the Church of the United States, having received a written request from more than twelve Bishops for the purpose, has given notice for a special meeting of the House of Bishops to be held in Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, at ten a.m., on Friday, October 18, 1876, when the consideration of the following subjects will be brought before them: I. The election of a Missionary Bishop for Cape Palmas, Africa, and parts adjacent; and also the election of a Missionary Bishop of Shanghai, having episcopal jurisdiction in China. II. To receive and act upon the resignation of the right Reverend F. Adams, D.D., Missionary Bishop of New Mexico and Arizona. III. To receive, and if judged needful, act on communications from commissions of the House of Bishops having charge of its relations with foreign chambers or missions. IV. And to take into consideration the circular of his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury with regard to the second Lambeth Conference.

This meeting of the House of Bishops in the centennial year will by no means be an unimportant one. It will be a subject of general rejoicing among us if men should be found who will undertake the responsible duties of the Episcopate, for two Bishoprics so important as those of Shanghai, and Cape Palmas, as it has been a matter for regret that suitable clergymen who will undertake these onerous posts have not yet been found. We trust also, that the circular of the Archbishop of Canterbury will be heartily responded to by the Bishops who are to assemble in October, and that the second Lambeth Conference will be attended with more satisfactory results than the former one.

There are those we believe, who were considerate enough to think the first Conference not entirely useless, as it promoted genial expression and a feeling of oneness among all branches of the great Anglican communion; but as the general expectation among those who went there, as well as with others, was that some decided expression was to be given on the Colenso heresy, the manifesto sent forth as the grand result of the meeting, reminded most people very strongly of the mountain and the mouse. The refusal of the Dean of Westminster to lend the Abbey, also threw a chill over the proceedings.

CONFIRMATION OF A BISHOP ELECT.

The question of the election of a Bishop by a Diocese, requiring to be confirmed by the House of Bishops, was brought forward in the recent meeting of the Diocesan Synod at Nova Scotia, notice having been given at the last session by the Lord Bishop. After some discussion, the resolution passed unanimously in the following form:—

"Resolved, That this Synod is of opinion that the consent of the majority of the Bishops of the Province should be required previous to the consecration of the person elected by any Diocese to that important office, provided that in case the consent of the required majority shall not be obtained, then the dissentient Bishops shall severally in writing communicate to the synod of the diocese whose election has not been confirmed, their reason for their dissent within some specified time."

That some arrangement of this kind should be adopted seems to be the prevalent sentiment, and we think this very far superior to the mode adopted in the United States, which is about as cumbersome an arrangement as could be adopted in a Republican country. It is all the more desirable that the subject should be discussed and a Canon of the Provincial Synod enacted upon it, inasmuch as from the satisfactory elections that have already taken place, the discussions in reference thereto would have no personal reference, and the whole matter would be settled on its own merits, as one purely of principle, and not of party or personal feeling.

A JEWISH MISSION.

As among the countries of the earth, Palestine is one of the foremost in interest, so throughout the races of humanity, the Jewish people have been, and again will be among the most important; and the part they have played in the great drama of the world's history is nothing compared with the power and influence they shall claim before the final act of the present dispensation. In literature, in art and science, in statesmanship and in war, the first rank has, in innumerable instances, in ancient and modern times, belonged to them.

In Palestine the Jewish nation once flourished, although the land is now chiefly occupied by the votaries of the false prophet, Mohammed; and along its mountain sides, its plains and valleys, if the Word of God means anything at all, that highly interesting race shall again wave its banners in the sight of the nations, again luxuriate in the corn, and wine, and oil abounding there; and shall again worship in their magnificent Temple on Mount Moriah. To them still pertain the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants; and of them, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. To their forefathers we owe the sublime effusions of a glorious literature that shall never die; and in the imperishable characters of Heaven, that ancient nation has given to the world the loftiest examples of prophecy expressed in the noblest flights of song. And when we come down with the course of time to later days, it is enough to mention the name of Maimonides in universal philosophy, Mendelssohn for richness, grandeur, and thrilling depth in music, Abn Ezra in poetry, Stern in mathematics, Disraeli in statesmanship, to show that the Jewish people are not a whit behind the most favored races of the universe in the struggle for immortal honors. There is not indeed a branch of the tree of knowledge known to mankind, on which the persecuted Jew has not revelled, and borne away in triumph the finest and richest laurels. And the national life is still a growing light. Let the central fire be kindled again, and the light will again shine afar, and reach to the ends of the earth. In the language of a living writer:—"The sons of Judah have to choose, that God may again choose them. The Messianic time is the time when Israel shall will the planting of the national ensign." And whatever the statesman or the man of the world may think about the matter, the right-minded Christian cannot but regard the Jewish race as the most deserving his admiration when ennobled, and most worthy his compassion when degraded.

But so entirely has this principle been disregarded even by the Christian Church in our day, that in England it was found necessary some years ago, to establish a separate society in order to promote the conversion of the Jewish people. And we find it stated in one of the reports of the Church Missionary Society in England, that its great mission in Palestine is to the Mohammedans and heathens, but not to the Jews. Both these societies were chiefly established under the auspices of a particular school of thought in our church. Fortunately, however, both of them have received the sanction and the hearty support of all sections; and the clergy they have sent out have by no means been confined to the particular school which inaugurated these institutions.

We contend, however, that our commission to evangelize the world is not so much immediate and direct, as coming through a channel, and that channel an Apostolic one. Now, in the great

charter given to the Apostles, we find the words most unequivocally expressed,—“Beginning at Jerusalem.” And surely the Christian has no authority to divide his responsibility. He may not thus lightly dispose of his duty by telling us that there is a society somewhere, established by a particular band of men in the Church, having this special object in view. The commission involves the principle:—"To the Jew first and also to the Gentile."

It has, however, come to be discovered that at least the Jews who form a portion of the British Empire should be approached by no less a missionary society than the Church herself, through the agency of her ordinary parochial system, and that wherever possible their evangelization should be included in the regular parish work.

For those who would endeavor, with the help of God, to grapple with so important an undertaking, it is felt that a special training is necessary—a knowledge of Hebrew, and a familiarity with Jewish writings and traditions being absolutely essential. It is not intended to start a new society, but it is desired to raise a fund for the special training of men, who after their ordination, shall be willing, as licensed Curates (the Bishop's and Incumbent's consent being secured) to devote all their time not occupied in church to this particular class of parishioners. The fund is also intended to assist in providing stipends for them while so engaged.

We doubt not that this is beginning in the right way; and should the plan be pursued, the blessing of God will no doubt largely rest on such efforts made for the conversion of God's ancient people.

INTEMPERANCE.

The question, Whether Acts of Parliament can do much in the way of promoting sobriety among the people, has again come up in England, in consequence of the appeal of convocation with nearly half the clergy of England. The Archbishop of Canterbury brought the subject before the House of Lords, and a select committee has been appointed to inquire into the prevalence of the habits of intemperance, with the manner in which those habits have been affected by recent legislation, and other causes. And as far as the excitement about the Eastern question, together with anxiety about the depression of trade, gossip respecting home rule, attention to the centennial, and feelings of horror at the Custer massacre will permit, the appointment of the committee has occasioned considerable discussion. The *Daily News* urges that there are causes of intemperance quite independent of licensing laws, of the hours of sale, and of the proportion of public houses to inhabitants. There is one cause it mentions which is hardly ever taken into account in debate, but which it thinks is of tremendous influence—and that is the natural craving in every mortal creature, who leads a hard, monotonous, and grinding life, for a plunge

of even an hour into an ideal existence, even when it can only be obtained through the use of some intoxicating stimulant. Hence also the indulgence in tobacco, opium, chloral, and even tea, which has something of the same effect in a limited degree. It is alleged that conditions of life among the poorer classes must be considerably improved before this temptation is taken away, and while it is active there will be some drunkenness. This is a matter which legislation can scarcely ameliorate; and the committee, indeed, has been warned that it had better not turn too much to Parliament for the reforms it would seek. It will no doubt be a matter of some importance, also, to ascertain from the reports of the committee, what proportion of the intemperance that can be taken cognizance of is to be found among the lower classes, and how far this hankering after the visions of an ideal existence is the mere result of a "hard, monotonous, and grinding life" among the poor. The Primate deprecated with considerable warmth the *rum* made by enthusiasts against the "liquor traffic," and the classes interested in it. He also held out the encouraging hope that the present increase of intemperance, if it is indeed a fact, is in a great degree owing to temporary causes, and will be found to diminish when our working population have learned a better use for their sudden increase of wages and decrease of labor. His Grace admits, however, that it is no extraordinary or exceptional state of things we have to deal with, and that nothing is to be discovered that is not already known, but simply the patent and universal fact that most people drink too much, and that a fearfully large proportion of them drink themselves into workhouses, hospitals, jails, lunatic asylums, miserable dependence, divers diseases, and premature graves. The *Times* agrees with the Archbishop in thinking, that upon the whole the agricultural people in England occupy about the same moral level as the towns people, and that they are at least as good as those of other countries, or as their own forefathers; and that if we want to know why they are not better, instead of remaining much the same, we must go deeper into human nature than convocations or Parliaments can possibly take us.

It may be as the Archbishop and the *Times* think, that the people of England, and they might add Canada, are quite as good as others—although it might have been added, except in reference to sobriety—but that is no reason why a crying evil should not be remedied, if there is any possible way of doing it. It will, of course, be said that people cannot be made religious or temperate by Act of Parliament; but there are two things which Parliaments can do, that will have an amazing influence for good. They can, by severe penalties or otherwise, prevent, or very much diminish, the public exhibition of intemperance, and so reduce the bad example of it to the least possible degree. And they can diminish the facilities for intemperance to a very great extent by reducing the num-

ber of drinking places, by having them closed at certain hours, and on the Lord's Day; and by securing that what is sold shall be, as much as possible, wholesome and pure. These things can be done with comparative ease; they can be secured by Acts of Parliament; and an incalculable improvement would be thereby effected.

THE BRANT MEMORIAL.

It is proposed to raise a Memorial Fund to perpetuate the memory of the great Mohawk Chief, Thayendanega, or Captain Joseph Brant. He is spoken of as the most prominent man in the leading tribe of the most enlightened and powerful Indian Confederation that has ever been formed. He and his people espoused the cause of Great Britain in the Revolutionary war, and in consequence, suffered expatriation and the loss of everything except honor, which they held most dear. In that struggle they loyally and gallantly led their fathers as allies of the Crown in defence of it and the Empire; and when they had lost all, they still maintained their allegiance, and finding their way to what were then the wilds of Canada, they continued unimpaired their attachment to the Crown and its institutions. Their celebrated chief appears to have been a man of unusual ability and energy. After the war of Independence, the Six Nation Confederacy was broken up, and the Council fires which had burned uninterruptedly for many generations were now extinguished; but with the endurance for which their race is remarkable, the Mohawks took up their residence where they now remain, on the Grand River, and set to work resolutely and perseveringly to convert it into a home for themselves and their descendants. A portrait of the great Chief was painted on the occasion of his visit to England in 1786, from which a number of copies have since been taken. In 1874 Prince Arthur visited the Six Nation Indians, on which occasion they presented him with a memorial, representing "their anxious desire to see performed their too long delayed duty of worthily perpetuating the memory of their great Chief, Captain Joseph Brant, or Thayendanega. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has been asked to accept the position of Patron of the Memorial Fund, and the local committee propose securing the names of the leading men throughout the Dominion as Vice-Patrons. It must not be forgotten that the Six Nation Indians took an important part in the war of 1812, when it was sought to destroy the last vestige of British authority on this continent; and from that time till now, when any similar attempts have been made, the Mohawk nation has been ever ready to manifest the loyalty which was so conspicuous in their forefathers of the last generation.

THE INDIAN ACT.

It is truly refreshing to turn from the barbarous and sanguinary treatment of the natives of this continent, as practis-

ed in the United States, to the honorable, wise, and in some respects, Christian treatment which their brethren receive when in British territory. An Act was passed during the last session of the Dominion Parliament, in entire agreement with the policy which England and Canada have always pursued towards the original owners of the American soil; and which is said to bid fair to prove a complete success. The measure provides means for raising all Indians who desire it, from the position of dependents to that of citizens. It would also appear that the Indians themselves are pleased with the new arrangements, for we are informed that the movement in the direction of enfranchisement has already begun; and so sanguine are the promoters of the plan that it will ultimately succeed, that they predict the movement will spread with considerable rapidity until every Indian in the older parts of the Dominion has been admitted to all the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, on precisely the same footing as Europeans or their descendants. At a council of Ojibways, recently held at Southampton, the Indians of the Bruce reserve unanimously decided to take advantage of the provisions of the Act. It is alleged that although the progress of the experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest, yet few will entertain much anxiety or fear as to the result; because the Indian race has always shown that it has mental acumen enough to make the best of the circumstances in which it may be placed; and there is no reason why every facility should not be afforded for these people to amalgamate themselves more thoroughly with our own, at least in social and municipal institutions. Justice to the original owners of every inch of American soil requires that such facilities should be afforded; and however much we may have cause to congratulate ourselves on the superiority of our treatment of the aborigines when compared with that afforded by our neighbors, yet we may rest assured that there will ever be considerable room for improvement.

THE SIOUX WAR.

We imagine many of our readers will have but little idea of the nature and magnitude of the difficulty connected with the Indian trouble in the United States. There appears to be no way of peace open to the contending parties; and, in all probability, before a final settlement takes place thousands on thousands of lives will be lost, and several hundred millions of dollars will be spent. Some among us have been speculating on the consequences that may result from the Sioux Indians being driven from the United States Territory and finding a refuge in the Dominion. That, however, would appear to be a very remote contingency indeed. Some years of fighting among vast piles of mountains, but little known to the white man, will probably pass over before such an

event can be possible. The cause of all which is to be sought in the rapacity of the white man; and the greatest possible advantage will be, the possession of tracts of wild land which will not be wanted for many a year to come.

In order to arrive at some idea of what has to be done, we may mention a few facts which may impart some light on the subject. In the Modoc war about one hundred comparatively tame Indians defied the military power of the United States for some time, and were at last overcome only through the treachery of some of their own people. The foe that has now to be overcome numbers many thousands of the fiercest and wildest savages on the continent, who are headed by chiefs, thoroughly versed in strategy. The Modocs were hemmed in by lava beds; but the Sioux Indians have an area of thousands of square miles abounding in natural fortresses, where they may defy all the armies in the world. According to the *New York Sun* there are forty thousand square miles in the great Sioux reservation alone, and a population of thirty thousand upon it. There are also fifteen or twenty thousand of this warlike nation, the fiercest on the continent, upon other reservations, besides several thousands who have steadily refused to enter into any relations at all with the United States government, refusing to make any treaties with it, or to acknowledge it in any way whatever.

A few years ago, the Cheyenne war cost the United States Government one million of dollars for every Indian that was killed. In Florida, about forty years ago, a few Seminoles held out for seven years against the military forces of the United States commanded by some of the ablest generals that people ever had. That contest cost the country ten million dollars and about fifteen hundred lives.

But other and still more important matters have to be taken into account. We are told that a general uprising among the red skins may be expected, because other Indian nations besides the Sioux have been deprived of their treaty rights for a number of years; and if they carry the war—as it is not improbable—into the unprotected frontier settlements, the consequences will be frightful beyond all former precedent. At any rate, there will be no exaggeration in anticipating an addition of hundreds of millions of dollars to the national debt, and the loss of a multitude of innocent lives.

We have it from United States authority that this war is a most unrighteous one, that it has grown "out of gross violations of treaty," in order "to gratify the avarice of speculators and political jobbers." The most recent intelligence indicates that all the young men of the different tribes are on the war path; their numbers are swelled every day from several different directions; and it is estimated that there are already, with "Sitting Bull," at least ten thousand men; so that a general Indian war is expected in the West.

BOOK REVIEW.

MODERN SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION.—A sermon preached at the visitation of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Quebec, in the College Chapel of Lennoxville, July 5, 1876. By the Rev. Isaac Brock, M. A., Queen's College, Oxford, Co-Rector of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke. T. J. Tuck, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

This sermon is more than usually interesting, giving, in a succinct form, and in really intelligible and sufficiently popular language, a view of the supposed conflict between Modern Science as put forth by the Evolutionists, and Religion as displayed by Revelation. The theories advanced in what is termed "Science" in the present day, are so visionary, so entirely unsupported by any facts we know of, that a new definition of the term appears to be necessary before these theories can claim to be called by the name of "Science." From the derivation of the word we should have supposed it would be very carefully applied to nothing but what is positively and absolutely known. This however is very far from being the case; and the theories so confidently advanced bear no more relation to what Newton or Cuvier would understand as science than they do to the inductive system of philosophy as propounded by Bacon. Indeed, the estimate formed by a living wit is not an unfair one, when he says:—"There is something wonderfully attractive in Modern Science; it gives an almost unlimited return of theory for so small an investment of fact." However that may be, we are safe in saying that until materialism and atheism are raised to the dignity of sciences, there will be no real conflict between what is correctly called Science and what we usually understand by Religion—meaning by the term "materialism," the denial of any other essence than that of matter, possessing extension, divisibility, and solidity; and by the term "atheism," the denial of the existence of a personal God.

In the sermon before us, it is shown that Science and Religion cannot be kept entirely separate. It then proceeds to dilate on: I. The modern theory of forces—The correlation and conservation of force—The distinction between force and life; between matter and mind—The importance of this distinction in reference to Science and Religion.—II. The modern theory of Evolution—Its tendency is to Materialism—It contradicts a fundamental principle of philosophy and science—It leaves the universe to the sport of chance—It would destroy all Religion.—III. The theory of forces and the theory of evolution in connection with our belief in a personal God—There is a theory of forces which we may hold and still retain our faith in a personal God—The phenomena of nature due to the variable combination of invariable forces—There is a theory of evolution which will commend itself to Christian Theists—Religion has every-

thing to gain from the real advances of Science—Our Talisman against all the unbelief and doubt of these restless days.

In the course of his sermon he remarks that "life is not a force, but a power. Force is mechanical, power is living. Force is that which is used; power is that which uses." And he quotes Dr. Lionel Beale's reply to Professor Huxley's essay on the physical basis of life, in which he affirms that "It has been conclusively proved that the phenomena of the simplest living thing are essentially different from those of non-living matter, and cannot be imitated, and that the living does not emanate from the non-living, or pass into it by gradations. Life is no mere sum of ordinary forces, nor does vital action result from material changes alone. It cannot be shown that the matter of the world and material forces necessarily give rise to the development of life. We may, therefore, still regard life as transcending mere matter and its forces, and as a distinct gift of an all-wise Omnipotence."

The system which claims, somewhat boastfully, the allegiance of the highest culture of America and Europe—Positivism—involves an absolute identification of matter and mind; and one of the most advanced thinkers, so-called, of our day, pushing the modern theory of forces to its logical materialistic limit, says:—"All actions organic or inorganic, mental or material, being equally necessary, there can be no intrinsic difference between them." So that, as Mr. Brock remarks, according to this, merit and demerit are no more predicable of human actions than they are of material forces. This modern theory of forces then robs man of his moral freedom; would sweep away the great safeguard of society, moral responsibility; would deny the possibility of the moral government of God; and ultimately obliterate all distinction between right and wrong. And it might have been added that it diametrically opposes the innate consciousness of universal man.

The modern theory of evolution is described as contradicting one of the fundamental axioms of both Philosophy and Science, that an effect cannot be greater than its cause; whereas, according to this theory, there are physical forces without intelligence, wisdom, or purpose, evolving powers that are living, conscious, intelligent, wise and moral.

In reply to the objection, that forces are invariable in their manner of operation, he says:—"We would have expected no less, if they are to be traced to the energies of one Omnipresent and pervading will. Let me however remind you that the phenomena of nature are not due to the operation of an invariable force, but to the variable combination of invariable forces; to the mutual adjustment and balance of forces, in fact. A most interesting and fruitful field would open to us here, had we time to enter on it. The orbits of the heavenly bodies in space; the proper-

ties of the air we breathe; the qualities of water; the marvellous power of numbers in the laboratory of nature, making, as chemistry shows, of the same elements differently combined—a nutritious food—or a deadly poison; yea, all the realms of nature as far as science has explored them, would supply us with examples innumerable of the wonderful adjustment of forces, of the marvellous balance of law,—an adjustment upon which not only our own happiness and enjoyment of life depends, but an adjustment involving the very safety of the universe.

He goes on to say:—"There is then a theory of forces which we can hold, and yet retain with even a stronger tenacity our belief in the living God; and so too, there is a theory of evolution which will commend itself to the most devout Christian theists. Surely evolution means an evolver, and such an evolver must be divine. The very magnitude, the continuity, and the certainty involved in the progress and results of evolution, must comprehend an all-wise evolver." "Wallace places the theory of evolution in opposition to what he is pleased to call 'the continual interference' hypothesis. But no intelligent Christian entertains the idea of a continual interference of Divine power. Interference is a term utterly inapplicable to Omnipotence, utterly incompatible with Omnipresence, and quite as much so with Omniscience. The Being who foresees all, who is present with all, who can do all, can never in any sense interfere with Himself."

The conclusion to which Mr. Brock arrives is, that "we have nothing to fear from the real advances of science. The works and the words of God must be in eternal harmony. Rash hypotheses of scientists resting on insufficient data may clash with Revelation. But wait; fresh discoveries, or inductions drawn from a larger field, will overthrow those hypotheses. Human interpretations of Revelation may be at variance with well ascertained facts or laws of nature. Again, let us wait—wait for light. Perhaps from the works of God the Spirit of God is flashing light on some words of God, which hitherto we have understood in a sense which is now seen not to be their true sense."

We commend the sermon to the careful attention and study of our readers. The more the subject of it is considered, the more evident will it become that it is necessary for the theological student to form as extensive an acquaintance as possible with the phenomena of nature, in order to justify his own belief; and also to be able to show how perfectly gratuitous are many of the assumptions made by some talented and pleasing writers in the present day, and which they unwarrantably dignify with the august name of science.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.—Anon.

CALENDAR.

Aug. 6th.—*Eighth Sunday after Trinity.*
Transfiguration.
1 Chron. xxix. 9-29; Rom. vi.
2 Chron. i; St. Matt. xiv. 27;
xx. 17.
1 Kings iii; St. Matt. xix.
27-xx. 17.

" 7th Name of Jesus.
Eccles. ix; Rom. vii.
xi; St. Matt. xx. 17.

" 8th " xii; Rom. viii. 1-18.
Jer. i; St. Matt. xxi. 1-23.

" 9th " ii. 1-14; Rom. viii. 18.
v. 1-19; St. Matt. xxi.
28.

" 10th St. Lawrence.
Jer. v. 19; Rom. ix. 1-19.
vi. 1-22; St. Matt. xxii.
1-15.

" 11th " vii. 1-17; Rom. ix. 19.
viii. 4; St. Matt. xxii.
15-41.

" 12th " ix. 1-17; Rom. x.
xiii. 8-24; St. Matt.
xxii. 41-xxiii. 13.

ORDINATION.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto will hold (D.V.) his Annual Ordination in St. John's Church, Peterboro', on Sunday, October 15. The examination of candidates for both Priest's and Deacon's Orders, will take place in St. Peter's School-house, Cobourg, beginning on Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 9.30 a.m.

Candidates are requested to notify without delay the undersigned, of their intention to present themselves; and to come provided with the usual *Si Quis* and *Testamur*.

WALTER STENNETT, M.A.,
Examining Chaplain.

Cobourg, July 26, 1876.

ONTARIO.

KINGSTON.—The annual picnic excursion, in connection with the Sunday School of St. George's cathedral, was held Wednesday, 19th July. The place selected was Knapp's grove, Wolfe Island. There was a large attendance, as a matter of course, and the time was very pleasantly spent.

The same week St. James' Church had an excursion among the Thousand Islands, on the fine steamer *Maud*, for the benefit of the organ fund.

The Sunday School picnic excursion of St. Paul's Church took place on Monday, 24th July. It was destined for Channel Grove, Simcoe Island. They had a band on board, and enjoyed themselves very much, returning home about 9 o'clock in the evening.

St. James' Sunday School picnic excursion was on the 25th, St. James' Day, at Wolfe Island. They, also, had a very pleasant time, enjoying themselves very much.

ALL SAINTS' Sunday School picnic was held on the same day in Bryan's Grove, Township of Kingston. A smart shower coming on early in the afternoon, the party adjourned to Mr. Nason's commodious stone barn, which he very kindly placed at their disposal. After the weather cleared up, games and races were merrily indulged in until seven or eight o'clock.

St. MARK'S CHURCH, Barriefield, picnic, was held in Barker's Point, Pittsburg, and was numerously attended. Here also, as at the other pic-nics, sports of various kinds were the order of the day.

NIAGARA.

GUELPH.—The Sunday School in connection with St. George's church has been considerably strengthened during the past year, especially in the increase of pupils; a fact which is attributable to the earnest efforts which have been made in that direction by the superintendent, Mr. E. Morris, and the teachers. The annual picnic for the pupils of the school was held on Friday, when the children assembled at the church at 1 p.m., and marched in procession, accompanied by their teachers, to Rosehurst, the residence of the Rev. Canon Dixon, the beautiful grounds of which had been tastefully decorated with flags. Ample seating accommodation was provided under the magnificent shade trees, and several tents were erected. During the afternoon various games were indulged in, followed by the children's sports, for which prizes were awarded.

At 5 o'clock refreshments were served to the children and guests, after which the Guelph Town Band added considerably to the enjoyment by a well selected musical programme. By 9 o'clock the children and guests had all departed, after having spent a most enjoyable time. Too much credit cannot be given to Messrs. George Elliot, E. Morris, C. F. Leonard, and George Murton, sr., who superintended the arrangements, and also to Rev. Canon Dixon and his estimable family, who heartily assisted in making the picnic the most successful yet held in connection with the school, fully 500 being present at it. The Rev. Rural Dean Thomson and children were among the guests.

NANTICOKE.—The congregation of Christ Church, Nanticoke, has presented the Incumbent, Rev. P. W. Smith, with a valuable horse. As a token of the kindness of a people among whom he has labored only a little over two months, the gift, independent of its usefulness, is deeply appreciated by the missionary.

TORONTO.

RURAL DEANERY OF WEST SIMCOE.—The last clerical meeting of this Rural Deanery was held at Ivy parsonage, on Monday and Tuesday, 17th and 18th ult. Some of the clergy, owing to unavoidable circumstances, could not be present, but there was a fair attendance. In the absence of Dr. Lett through illness (which was very much regretted by all present, for he is a universal favorite with the clergy and laity of his deanery) the chair was occupied by Canon Morgan of Barrie, who had kindly accepted an invitation to come out to Ivy to meet with his clerical brethren of West Simcoe. On Monday, at 6.30, Evensong was said at Christ's Church, where Mr. Clarke, of Alliston, took the place of Dr. Lett, who was to have been the preacher. He delivered an excellent discourse on the "union of Christ and His members, the Vine and the branches"; showing where the union was commenced and how it should be maintained. The sermon was a fair exposition of the Church's sacramental system.

The following morning there was an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Clarke being respectively Celebrant and Deacon. The service was semi-choral, and, being the highest act of the Church's worship, was very impressive. After breakfast, business was commenced at 10 a.m., when arrangements (as below) were made for next winter's missionary meetings. Afterwards a very interesting discussion took place upon a portion of the Ordinal in which the office and duties of the Diaconate, and the nature of the Priesthood, were carefully, and somewhat

critically considered, frequent reference being made to Wordsworth's Greek testament and other standard text-books. Evensong was held at 6.30 p.m., preaching *ad clerum*, gave no uncertain sound, but in true and vigorous Anglo-Saxon declared and showed forth the distinctive character and teaching of the Anglican branch of the Catholic Church.

The following is the scheme of missionary meetings:—

West side.		East side.	
Monday, January 8th, 1876.	Honeywood.....Ivy.		
Tuesday, " 9th, "	Whitfield.....Thornton.		
Wednesday, " 10th, "	Roesmont.....Bradford.		
Thursday, " 11th, "	Mono.....Coulson's.		
Friday, " 12th, "	Adjala.....Middletown.		
Monday, " 15th, "	Alliston.....Bond Head.		
Tuesday, " 16th, "	WestEssa.....Tecumseth (St. John's).		
Wednesday, " 17th, "	Fisher's.....Clarksville		
Thursday, " 18th, "	Mono Mills.....Tecumseth		
Friday, " 19th, "	Mono(OldSt.John)Cooks-town.		
Monday, " 22nd, "	Collingwood.....Braden's		
Tuesday, " 23rd, "	Batteau.....Pinkerton's.		
Wednesday, " 24th, "	Singhampton.Churchill		
Thursday, " 25th, "	Dunroon.....Innisfil.		
Friday, " 26th, "	Stayner.....Allandale.		
Monday, " 29th, "	Creemore.....		
Tuesday, " 30th, "	Bauda.....		

Deputation for west side—First week, Rev. Messrs. Lett, Ledingham, Nesbitt, and Kirkby. Second week, Rev. Messrs. Baker, Morgan, Lett, and Swallow. Third week, Rev. Messrs. Baker, Bates, Forster, and Ledingham. Fourth week, Rev. Messrs. Lett, Nesbitt, and Kirkby. Deputation for east side—First week, Rev. Messrs. Clarke, Baker, Morgan, and Frank Wood, Esq. Second week, Rev. Messrs. Baker, Bates, Murphy, and Frank Wood, Esq. Third week, Rev. Messrs. Ball, Clarke, Morgan, and Nesbitt.

Meetings to be held invariably in the evening, at any hour appointed by the incumbent of each parish or mission, who is also at liberty to assign to his stations the evenings given to his parish, in any order he pleases. In appointing the deputations for each week it was understood that no clergyman should be expected to attend any meetings outside his own parish during the week when his own meetings were going on. It is also expected that the members of the deputations will, with the above limitation, perform the work assigned them, so as to avoid disappointment. It was unanimously recommended that the clergy make arrangements for an exchange of duty on the Sundays preceeding the days appointed for meetings to be held in their parishes. It was resolved that the Provost of Trinity College be invited to attend as many of the meetings as he may be able to make convenient.

W. W. BATES, Sec.

S. Mary Magdalene's Day, 1876.

THE LATE COLONEL HIRAM SMITH.

The Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR.—Will you kindly give space to a little record of the loss we have lately experienced, in the removal of a dear and valued neighbor?—a serious loss to his many friends, but great gain, we doubt not, to himself.

On Thursday, July 13th, passed away from amongst us Colonel Hiram Smith, an old and highly respected inhabitant of this place.

His illness, although of some months standing, was not until very recently, thought likely to prove fatal, except by some few. The sufferings with which it set in soon abated, leaving, however, great prostration of strength, which I believe our friend understood himself as a warning of approaching death, although he complied with all the desires of his family and physicians as to medical treatment.

Naturally reserved, he spoke little of his own condition until the last week or ten

days of his life. Then his chief desire evidently was to meditate on spiritual things, and exhort those around him to dedicate themselves at once and for ever to God.

As his children and grand-children gathered round him, lovingly ministering to his comfort, and watching for each word from his lips, he entreated them with the deepest earnestness to "give their lives to God's service from that very hour. Do not delay. Now is the time. O, live to God from this very moment," was his request. Of his own past life he spoke with the profoundest humility—always extolling the infinite mercy of God through Christ as the cause of his redemption. When one present remarked that at such a time as this the insufficiency of our very best things to give us hope or peace became fully apparent, he said, "Yes—nothing short of Christ crucified will do. And I am nothing but a poor helpless sinner in myself, but in Christ I have all I need. God is satisfied with Him for me. His blood has made me clean. O, that cross! that blood! Jesus my Lord is my shepherd. He sought and found me, lost as I was, and He took me up in His arms." Then he repeated the twenty-third psalm, and many other passages of Scripture in a tone of solemn joy.

He gladly welcomed the several clergymen who visited him, joining devoutly in their prayers, and receiving the Holy Communion at their hands. Those lovely hymns, "Just as I am," "Nearer my God to thee," &c., when repeated to him by his daughter, seemed very sweet to him. He would dwell on the leading ideas, as if they expressed his own inmost feelings: and frequently did he utter his heart's desires in the words of our beautiful collects, besides quoting freely from different parts of our precious liturgy. Who could say, as they listened to his use of these, that they were cold, heartless forms? It was remarkable how entirely he threw himself with all his wants into the hands of his Heavenly Father. Everything he needed he asked for like a confiding child. "Give me repentance Almighty God for Christ's sake," he cried repeatedly—and "for Jesus' sake grant me thy Holy Spirit," came again and again from his lips. And when one at hand remarked, "Christ is exalted to God's right hand to give repentance and remission of sins, and to intercede for us," he said gladly, "Yes, I know it; 'tis just what I want. He has ϵ me, and will not forsake me, though I have wandered so far from Him." Even when speech failed him he retained full consciousness, and would reply to remarks by a slight bowing of his head, and upward glance. When a friend whispered, "Cling fast to Christ, and fear nothing; with Him for you none can prevail against you;" he regained voice enough to articulate, "Peace. The everlasting arms." Peaceful truly was the manner of his departure. His last breath passed without the slightest struggle or sigh.

"Shrewd and sensible—kind, loyal and honorable—a reliable friend—an excellent husband and father—hospitable and genial in his home.—Industrious and prudent in the management of his affairs"—such was the estimate of Colonel Hiram Smith's character by one who knew him well and spoke truthfully. His trust in his Saviour was unflinching; his self-renunciation entire. He died in his seventy-third year.

Very truly yours,

ONE WHO KNEW AND LOVED HIM.

Wellington Square.

ENGLAND.

EXETER CATHEDRAL.—The choir of Exeter Cathedral, which has been restored at a cost of £40,000, was re-opened June 30th, the Bishop and Dean preaching at the re-

spective services. Some idea of the nature of the work just carried out may be gathered from the fact that nearly one hundred tons of marble have been used in the restoration of the pillars, which are clusters of shafts, and were found to be much decayed. They are now semi-polished. The removal of whitewash and dirt brought to light some of the original decorations in many parts, and the original designs and paintings have as far as possible been restored. A thousand pounds has been expended in restoring the Bishop's throne, a magnificent specimen of oak carving. For the repair of the sedilia 1,800 pieces of stone had to be inserted. The reredos, about which there has been so much contention, and which has cost £2,000, has been raised, and now shows more prominently. The Lady Chapel has also undergone restoration. The organ has been almost entirely renewed, the pipes having been re-cast. There are 8,000 of them altogether. The restoration of the nave is now to be taken in hand, and it is estimated that it will cost about £10,000.

THE street stall movement of the Church of England Temperance Society is said to be doing really useful and effective service in supplying non-intoxicating drinks. Thirteen of these stalls are in active operation in Westminster, Pimlico, Walworth, Clerkenwell, Kensington, Chelsea (2), Somers Town, Woodford, Sunderland, Lytham, Cambridge, and Eastbourne; and the council now feel justified in extending the movement to agricultural towns and villages. A new street barrow was accordingly prepared, and the council sincerely trust that ere long they may be able to see non-intoxicants supplied to the workmen instead of beer and cider in every hay and harvest field in the kingdom.

CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.—The standing committee submitted the following letter from the Bishop of London, on the subject of providing a permanent endowment for the bishop at the head of the Central African Mission.

"My dear Mr. Swabey,—As president of the Central African (Universities) Mission, may I ask you to bring in the proper form before the committee of the S.P.C.K. my earnest request for a grant towards the endowment of the bishopric which has always formed an essential part of this mission. The committee has raised 5000*l.*, but it cannot do more without crippling the missionary staff, and it is anxious to be able to invest 6000*l.* for the bishopric, and to place the investment in the hands of the Colonial Bishops' Fund. This mission has always been conducted on the most economical principle. Bishop Tozer lived mostly at his own cost, and Bishop Steere has spent very little on himself. The work, indeed, has been to a great extent educational and tentative. But now that in addition to the schools and liberated slave settlement at Zanzibar, measures are being taken for establishing missions on the mainland, the expenditure must largely increase, and it is very important that the bishop's income of 800*l.* per annum at least should be placed on a secure basis. I trust, therefore, that the society will be able to make us a liberal grant towards this object. "Believe me &c.

"J. LONDON."

Fulham Palace, S.W., June 6, 1876.

The standing committee gave notice that at the next monthly meeting they would propose that a grant of 500*l.* should be made to the endowment fund for this bishopric, on the understanding that 4500*l.* had already been raised for the purpose.

IRELAND.

The Bishop of Cork has appointed the Rev. I. M. Reeves to the deanery of Ross, vacant through the death of the Very Rev. J. Stannus. The Archbishop of Dublin has published a letter to the clergy of his diocese of Kildare, on the proposed restoration of the ancient cathedral of St. Brigid, asking the clergy to make a special offertory collection for that object in the month of July. The letter contains the following passage:

"The completion of this work ought not to be beyond our power, or if it should prove so, we may fairly count on the sympathy and active assistance of Churchmen beyond our own limits. This however, we can look for only on one condition—namely, that we shall ourselves have done what we could."

THE Diocesan Council of Dublin met on Thursday, when the Dean of St. Patrick's took the chair, in the continued absence, from ill-health, of the Archbishop. A large quantity of business was transacted, and on the returns from the parishes being examined, it was found that the untoward parish of St. Mary, Dublin, has not paid its contingent to the diocesan financial plan, and therefore, that there is no provision made for the future work of the Church in that parish. Happily this is an exceptional case.

THE Rev. G. O. Brownrigg, for many years incumbent of Ballinrobe, (Mayo), has accepted the incumbency of St. Mary's, Harrogate.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.

SPEECH DAY—DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.—Thursday, the 20th ult., was the annual "Speech Day" at Trinity College School, Port Hope. On this occasion there is always a goodly muster of parents, friends of the boys, and others interested in the work of this flourishing institution, who assemble to witness the distribution of prizes and hear the reports of the examiners in the various departments of study. The religious proceedings were of the usual character; an account of which appeared in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN last week. Immediately after the service, the company assembled in the new school hall, which, though unfinished, answered the purpose capably. The boys were arranged on raised seats along the sides and one end of the room; the visitors filled the area in the middle; while the platform at the other end was occupied by the authorities of the school, the examiners and others, the Lord Bishop of Toronto occupying the chair. Among those present were the Lord Bishop of Toronto; the Ven. Archdeacon Wilson, of Graton; the Revs. Canon Brent, of Newcastle; Rural Deans Allen, of Milbrook, and Smith, of Lindsay; Professors Jones and Maddock, of Trinity College, Toronto; Revs. W. Stannett, of Cobourg; J. W. Burke, of Belleville; H. D. Cooper, of Colborne; C. R. Lee, of Aton; J. D. Cayley, of St. George's, Toronto, and C. W. Patterson, of Port Hope; also J. W. Rolph, Bowmanville; the Hon. Wm. Cayley and Mr. O. J. Campbell, of Toronto; Major Staunton, Kingston; Mr. J. S. Cartwright, Napanee; Lt. Col. Boulton, and Mr. John R. Cartwright, Cobourg; the Hon. C. J. Douglass, Aurora; Lt. Col. Williams, Rev. Dr. O'Meara and others, of Port Hope.

After apologizing for the unfinished state of the room, the head master read the list of University and other honors obtained by former pupils during the past year; these included five valuable scholarships, two medals, and several other prizes. He then

called upon the examiners to read their respective reports. The first was Mr. John R. Cartwright, B. A., who had taken the whole school in Divinity, History, and Geography. After giving a detailed account of the mode in which various boys had acquitted themselves, he expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with the examination in Divinity, but not so well pleased with the History and Geography, in which the work was somewhat inferior. The next report was that of the Rev. Professor Maddock, M. A., who had examined the upper school and the third form in Classics. After giving full particulars of the work of those who had especially distinguished themselves, he summed up his remarks as follows:—"In conclusion I must express the gratification I have felt in seeing the results of so much careful and scholarlike teaching on the part of the masters, and honest work on the part of the boys. I am quite sure that many of the boys are being educated in the highest sense of the word,—are laying the foundations for good and accurate scholarship,—and are being at the same time fitted to grapple with any difficulties which may await them in their future calling. From my experience in examinations in England, I can confidently say that the Fourth and Third Forms especially would be fully able to hold their own against the same forms in the best schools of the old country."

The Rev. Professor Jones, M. A., next read his report as follows:—"I have examined the whole school in mathematics, with the exception of the Euclid in the upper First Form, which was taken by the head master, and the arithmetic of the Second Form and the first division of the lower First Form, which was kindly taken for me by Mr. J. A. Worrell. I am glad to be able to state that the examination has been a very satisfactory one. The masters have evidently taken great pains with their forms, and the boys for the most part have worked well, and profited by their instruction. In each paper there were one or two boys who did remarkably well, and several who passed very creditable examinations." Then followed a list of those to whom he awarded prizes and "honorable mention."

The next report was read by the Rev. C. Russell Lee, B. A., as follows:—"In presenting my report upon the examination of the various forms in French, I beg to say that, while I cannot speak of the general result as indicating more than a fair degree of proficiency in this subject, yet, I am able to say that a certain number of the boys have passed very creditable examinations, giving every evidence of careful and painstaking training on the part of their teachers, and of diligent and successful application on their own."

The English and other subjects of examination had been taken by the masters of the school—the rule being that no one should examine a form in a subject that he had himself taught them—the results were commented upon as the various prizes were distributed.

The following is the prize list, the various handsomely bound volumes being presented to the successful competitors by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, with a few words of kindly congratulations:—

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION, 1875.

General Proficiency—6th form, Allen, max; 4th, Hoskins, max, and Straubensee, max; 3rd, Bridges; 2nd, Baldwin, major; 1st (upper) Hinds; (lower) Straubensee, major.

MIDSUMMER EXAMINATION, 1876.

General Proficiency—The Chancellor's prize to the head boy of the school—Allen, max, of the 6th form; 4th form, Belt; 3rd,

Coldwell; 2nd, Broughall; 1st (upper) Hinds; (lower) Thompson.

General Standing in Form During the Year—4th form, Straubensee, max; 3rd, Coldwell; 2nd, Gribble; 1st (upper) Hinds; (lower) Clark.

Divinity—The Bishop of Toronto's prize—Belt and Cruttenden, equal, 4th form; 2nd prize, Fortye and Moore, max, equal, 3rd form; 3rd prize, Broughall, 2nd form; 4th prize, Jones, major, upper 1st form; 5th prize, Douglas, lower 1st form.

Mathematics—1st (Mr. Crosby's prize) Ingles, max, 4th form; 2nd, (Prof. Jones' prize) Fidler, max, lower 2nd form. Arithmetic, 1st (Prof. Jones' prize) Fidler major, upper 1st form; 2nd, Roach lower 1st form.

Grammar—Rev. A. J. Broughall's Greek prize, Allen, max, 6th form; 2nd form Greek prize, Roberts; 1st Latin prize, Cruttenden, 4th form; 2nd do. Coldwell, 3rd form; the "Lytleton" prize, Irving, 1st form.

French—1st (Mr. A. H. Hooker's prize) Ingles, max, 4th form; 2nd, not awarded; 3rd, Broughall, 2nd form; 4th Murray, upper 1st form.

History and Geography—1st prize, Bett, 4th form; 2nd Miles, 2nd form; 3rd Douglas, lower 1st form. Extra prize, Cayley, upper 1st form.

English—Cayley, upper 1st form.

Natural Science—Bridges, 3rd form.

Writing—Foster, 2nd form.

Drawing—(Mr. Sutherland Macklem's prize, Floyd, 4th form. (Rev. W. E. Cooper's prize) (Book of Common Prayer) Coxe, 4th form. Rev. F. A. Bethune's prize for Sunday Lessons, Bryan 1st form.

Extra Prizes—(Mr. L. S. Robert's General Standing prize, Jones major, upper 1st form; (Rev. W. E. Cooper's Latin Grammar) Hague, upper 1st form. Classics (on the recommendation of Prof. Maddock) Straubensee, max, 4th form.

The bronze medal, for "steady perseverance in integrity, industry, and courtesy" (presented annually by Mrs. Ferram and Mrs. Gaviller, of Bond Head)—Allen, max, head boy of the school.

The boys honorably mentioned by the examiners were as follows:

General Proficiency—4th form, Cruttenden and Straubensee, max; 3rd, Moore max; 2nd, Miles and Fidler, max; upper 1st, Fidler, major, Cayley, Murray, Jones, major; lower 1st, LaBatt.

Divinity—6th form, Allen, max; 4th, Ingles, max, Coxe, Ingles, major, Straubensee, max; 3rd, Coldwell, Bridges, Cooper, max, Howard, major, Stewart, Ross, max, Jones, max; 2nd, Miles, Gribble; upper 1st, Cameron, Cayley, Hinds, Wallace, major, Boyd, Topp; lower 1st, Macdonald, Thompson.

Classics—6th form, Allen, max; 4th Straubensee, max, Cruttenden, Belt, Coxe. 3rd, Coldwell, Moore, max, Cooper, max, Lewin; 2nd, Broughall, Roberts, Hudson, Gribble; upper 1st, Hague, Hewett, Hinds, Fidler, max, Cooper, major, Miles, Bethune, Spratt, McInnes, max, Bayley, Murray, Topp; lower 1st, Thompson, La Batt, Moore, minor.

Mathematics—4th form, Barnum, Turner, Belt, Inglis, major; 3rd, Moore, max, Floyd, Campbell, max, Cruttenden, Stewart; 2nd, Gibb, max, Broughall, Miles, Gamble, Freer, Mulock, Birdsall, Farncomb, Strathy; 1st, Cayley, Hinds, Murray, Bethune, Bryan, Irving, Hugel, La Batt, Thompson, Macdonald, Horrocks, Jarvis, min.

History and Geography—6th form, Allen, max; 4th, Cruttenden; 3rd, Coldwell; 2nd, Broughall; 1st (upper) Cayley, Jones, major, Murray, Roach, Boyd, Cameron, Hinds; 1st (lower) La Batt, Clark.

French—Ingles, major, Strathy, Hewett,

Roberts, Boyd, Jones, max, Topp, Langstaff, McInnes, max, Roach, Bayley.

English—Floyd, Coldwell, Moore, max, Howard, major, Bridges, Mulock, Birdsall, Hinds, Thompson, Fidler, major, Jones, major, Bayley, McInnes, max, Murray, Hime, Jarvis, min, Horrocks, Stennett, Bryan.

Writing—Ross, major, Murray, Freer.

After the distribution of the prizes, etc., the Head Master announced that the Venerable Archdeacon Wilson had established two exhibitions of the annual value of \$50 each, for the benefit of the sons of the clergy in the Province of Ontario; and that the Corporation of the School now offered the sons of the Clergy in the Dominion, no less than twenty Bursaries of the annual value of \$100 each; the conditions under which these may be held are set forth in the School calendar.

The proceedings were brought to a close by excellent speeches from the Bishop, the Revs. Messrs. Burke and Smithett, and Mr. Jas. Cartwright. After the benediction had been pronounced, hearty cheers were given for the Head Master, and Mrs. Bethune, the assistant master, the ladies, etc. After a short interval the members of the school together with their friends from a distance, numbering in all over a hundred and fifty, sat down to a bountiful luncheon in the handsome and spacious dining-hall.

CANTERBURY:

THE SCENE IN OLDEN TIMES, AND THE NURSERY IN MODERN TIMES OF MISSIONARY WORK.

(Continued.)

Mr. Butterfield, the eminent architect, was consulted with a view to rebuilding, who zealously gave himself to the execution of his not easy duties with all his heart and mind. Subscriptions poured in from all parts of England, members of the Royal Family aiding with most munificent donations, so that in 1848 the work of re-modeling and re-building had been completed; and the old abbey dedicated once more to religious uses, became St. Augustin Missionary College. The chapel was consecrated on St. Peter's Day, 1848. Every part of the ancient structure which could possibly be preserved was most carefully used in re-building. The old oaken beams of our College Hall are those which supported the roof of the ancient hall. The new College is built in the style of the 14th century, and accords admirably with the fine old gateway, now forming the grand entrance, (well illustrated recently in the Missionary Magazine.)

The porter's room and infirmary to the north, the dining-hall with kitchen and buttery and offices, in the west front of the chapel and the wardens' south west, and Fellows' Lodges to the south of the gateway form the principal street front.

The walls are all faced with flint and ragstone; it gives the appearance of one mass of honey comb, and is considered the most successful modern imitation of ancient building. Entering the gateway you find yourself in a turfed quadrangle, a gravelled terrace rounds the north and part of the south. On the north terrace stand the cloisters, with the student's rooms above them, each student has sitting-room and bed-room. On the east side of the quadrangle is an under-crypt intended for a museum, floored with red tiles and vaulted with brick and stone groittings. Above is the library, the entrance to which is up the large open stone staircase. This building stands on the site of the old refectory and is of similar dimensions. The library has a fine pitched roof, well lighted with six side windows, and the end by a large stained glass window containing figures of

St. Augustin, St. Peter and St. Paul. A wall, shutting off the College garden, completes this side. An elegant stone conduit, stands in the middle of the quadrangle. On the west side of the quadrangle stand the wardens', sub-wardens', and Fellows' Lodges, the hall, kitchens, and also the chapel which projects considerably beyond the other buildings into the court.

The chapel is fitted up with great taste. It is raised on a crypt, and is provided with seats in the ante-chamber for lay members of the College, and is furnished with sixty-four stalls in the choir for the Fellows' and Students. The carved stalls, the rich and varied designs of tessellated pavement, the well-arranged altar, which is raised on three successive steps, distinguished by tessellated pavements of distinct patterns, and beautiful east window (part of the tracery of which being of the ancient Greek chapel) forms a house of prayer of singular beauty and richness, and is a spot above all others dear to an Augustinian, wherever he may be.

At no great distance from St. Augustin's is the Mother Church, the Cathedral. Many are the wonderful tales told of the feuds which used to exist between the Cathedral and the Abbey monks. There it stands, still in the heart of the city, the noble old Cathedral with its beautiful angle tower. It is an enormous mass of buildings—the great nave, chancel, sacristy, cloisters, chapter house and side chapels, each have a history in themselves, and are all well remembered by those who have ever beheld them. The spot where the blood of the martyred Archbishop, Thomas a Becket fell, is still visible; the shrine has long since passed away; the high altar stands, if I mistake not, at a greater elevation from the chancel than any other in England, being raised some nineteen or twenty steps. I must not, however, dwell on a spot which brings to me so many recollections, but return to the missionary college.

The object of the institution is to provide an education to qualify young men for the service of the church in the distant dependencies of the British Empire. The staff consists of a warden, sub-warden, and provision for six fellows. The appointment of all the authorities of the College (who must be members of one of the three universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham), rests with the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, with the Bishop of London. There are twenty-five scholarships, varying from £40 to £10 per annum, besides 56 missionary studentship associations.

And now to give you some idea of the inner college life, the mode in which we are prepared for the work of the ministry, I cannot do better than describe a week-day at St. Augustin's. I will tell it just as it occurred over and over again; in fact, from day to day during my residence there.

No sooner does the sound of the College clock striking six die away on the morning air, than the bell reminds each member of the college that it is time to rise and prepare for chapel service. The service is at seven precisely, and consists of the usual morning prayer. At eight the bell again calls all to breakfast in the great hall. At nine lectures begin, each occupying an hour, and so arranged as to give variety both to the lecturers and all students, and embracing the usual routine of University studies, but giving peculiar prominence to theology, and including medical science and foreign languages. At a quarter to one you would see all the students diverging in groups from the cloisters and passing through the quadrangle in various directions to the different departments of manual labor. Some become printers, others illuminators, others

carpenters or gardeners; but if you chanced there on a Saturday you find them all assembled for the hour in College Hall with the Warden and Fellows at the high table. The work then is to hear the homilies and essays of three or four students; each has written according to his year a homily on either the collect, epistle, or gospel, of the previous Sunday, and an essay on some subject previously announced.

At 2 o'clock, all are ready to make full proof of the goodness, of the simple yet excellent College dinner, the Warden and Fellows dining at the high table. I may here say that the Fellows take all their meals with the students in College Hall, the Warden dinner only—he takes breakfast and tea in his own lodge.

The afternoon, until 6 o'clock, is given to exercises,—rambles, boating, cricket, and so on,—and rambles round Canterbury are worth taking. In all parts of the city you meet with historic remains. The inn in which Chaucer lodged is still standing, and many are the quaint stories which old residents of Canterbury will pour forth into listening ears. The greater part of two afternoons in the week are devoted by the senior students to district visiting, under the supervision of the Rectors of the various city churches. At six all assemble for tea,—the great gate closes then for the night,—after tea a short musical practice with the Precentor, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays with the Singing Master, Dr. Longhurst, of the Cathedral, and the remaining time is spent in the rooms preparing lectures, one hour each week being devoted to the Student's Devotional Society. Then, as we begin so we end the day, for at nine o'clock the bell rings again for Chapel, and thus with the quiet influence which always creeps over one after the half-hour spent in that sacred place, we are ready for the sound of the Curfew bell at half-past ten, when all the College lights are put out and peaceful rest falls upon the holy ground. Such is the course of every-day life. A change takes place on festival days, for then after morning Chapel the whole day, until nine p.m., is given to the students, and then the rambles penetrate even as far as Deal, Dover, and Ramsgate, and many an ancient church is visited, and ancient brass taken to be preserved as mementos in far off colonial homes. There is one favorite walk to Barham Downs, on the Dover road, and then down a lane with high hedges to a quaint old church in Bishop's Bourne, and what takes us there is the memory of Hooker. 'Tis well to think of him of whom the theologian and poet has sung:

Voice of the Fearless Saint!
Ring like a trumpet when gentle hearts,
Beat high in truth, but doubting, cower and faint,
Tell them the hour has come, and they must take their part.

Of a Sunday then, a writer in the *Penny Post* says "What a holy calm! what an air of reality there is in this place—when the massive gates shut upon me at entering, it seemed to shut out all the world, and one felt as if one had stepped back some hundreds of years into all the solemn seclusion of religious life,—the cloistered quadrangle, the terraced sward, the noble library, the unostentatious and yet conspicuous chapel, the sub strains of an organ—these were the first sounds I heard. The silvery chimes, the occasional call bell, the holy quietude, all made me forget that there is such a thing as a busy world outside."

The early service and the later one at which the warden preached! How very solemn to kneel side by side with those who in a short time would be scattered north, south, east, west, dispensing the bread of life, doing the same work as those who worshipped here in the days long gone by,

when our fair England was little but a desert. At half-past one dinner, and in the afternoon the service at the church of St. Gregory the Great, when the whole service is taken by the students and authorities of the College. A former Rector, then sub-warden of the College, made it a rule to place his church at the disposal of the College every Sunday and Holyday, and his rule has been respected by succeeding Rectors. From nine to half-past ten in the morning and in the afternoon, till church hour, the students are engaged in Sunday-school teaching in other various city parishes. In the evening from time to time all assemble in the reception room in the Warden's Lodge, and after uniting in prayer, letters are read which have arrived from late students and missionaries. Such is the life at St. Augustin's—a "holy round of services." Then we have our high days, e.g., St. Augustin's Day, on the 26th of May, in memory of our founder who died on that day in the year 610. There is a special service in College in the morning, and the remainder of the day, until six o'clock is given to recreation; at that hour the College Hall is filled to overflowing with numerous guests to partake of College fare and interchange kindly words.

Then again, on Commemoration Day, St. Peter's, 29th June, we have the great annual gathering. Bishops from distant seas, and men known in the church from all parts, assemble and find a hearty welcome. It is indeed a day for great missionary union. A colonial Prelate or Missionary is always selected to preach on that day. In the evening there is a missionary meeting on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in St. George's Hall. It was at one of these meetings that I first learnt much of the needs of the church in Canada. The speaker was the Hon. J. H. Cameron. Of a recent Commemoration, the warden writes, "our Commemoration was a peculiarly pleasant one. The first arrivals were the welcome guests from Nashotah and Racine in the persons of Professor Ashley and Dr. DeKoven. Afterwards the Coadjutor-Bishop of Barbadoes, with the Bishops of Cape Town, Dunedin, and Honolulu. Our American brethren in college Hall delighted us with their description of American institutions, customs, &c.

Then came in the early morning, the Bishop of Lichfield, who has been aptly called the Apostle of the Southern seas. He often consecrated at the early service. The service at 10 was peculiarly solemn and soul-stirring. Hoods were conferred upon departing students: Dr. DeKoven was the preacher. In the evening, the usual missionary meeting. Truly what a happy day! I would like here to mention one of our customs, and which is on Easter morning, students all assemble together to sing the Easter hymns and chant upon the steps of the Library at 6. Now a word or two on what the College has done. Since 1848, about 220 men have left its walls duly commissioned for the service of their Master in the various fields of missionary labor, besides some 15 who left before the completion of their full college course, and five or six catechists—say in all nearly 240. They are found in the dioceses of India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Melanesia, Borneo, Madagascar, Honolulu, the British North American Provinces, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and St. Helena. I could read you many an extract from letters from different men in many lands, showing how dear they hold in their remembrance their Alma Mater, and of their warm attachments to its rules and regulations.—There is one piece of advice contained in a letter from Australia, which I will now give "As soon as you

can, learn to ride, drive, and swim, do your own carpentering, it will save you many a pound for better use. Be sure and learn how to lead the singing. Practice the art of extemporaneous preaching, and remember that Christ hath called us to peace."

Another writer says, "I have now been many years at this Post, for the first seven absolutely alone. I usually travelled on horseback or on foot, sometimes 4000 miles in the year, under a burning sun, with the thermometer at 120 degrees. And yet so wonderfully have I been supported, that I have never been off duty a single Sunday since 1868, except when I went to the District Synod." He refers to the use he made of his medical knowledge and experience of music among his people, and tells the usual tale of the sad consequences upon the natives of the vices of the Europeans. Drunkenness and debauchery, he writes, were unknown until introduced by white people. Another says, "I have often had to sleep on the hard ground, in smoke and dirt, but as God tempers the wind for the shorn lamb so there are always some ameliorating circumstances in a hard lot." Another, writing of his Kaffir boys, says,—"They came to us naked and wild from their heathen kraals, now they are well instructed in the Christian faith, and I have found of vast importance in training them, the knowledge I gained at St. Augustin's of manual labor. The carpenter's shop proves very interesting to the Kaffir youth. They are also very fond of English games, such as marbles, tops, shuttlecock, and above all, cricket." But I must not weary you with these notes from Africa and other places.

It has been said in this diocese that Augustinians are not as a rule strong in health. Well, out of the 240 already mentioned we number twenty-six among the holy dead,—of those, one was a native of Madras; another of Greenland, "Kallihirua;" another of Bombay; another a son of a South African Chief; another a native of Jamaica, and another a son of a Kaffir chief; then poor Effendi Mahmoud, of Constantinople; leaving eighteen Englishmen who have fallen at their posts; one of these was drowned while attempting to ford an Australian river. And when you remember the nature of the climate these men labored in, I don't think the charge of weak health is well founded, and I know of no college that can shew a better record. It is true that in this Diocese we have had two or three weakly men, but though weakly they did not crave easy posts, they were willing to be spent in the master's service; and one even could write of Labrador "My lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," the simplicity and devoutness of the hardy fishermen having won the heart of the Eton school boy and gentle scholar. One of the three is now lying ill, and I ask you to remember him in your prayers to-night.

The field of labor sought after by members of the College at the present time is the Missionary District where Bishop McKenzie fell; also India and the Islands of the Southern seas. Bishop Selwyn was always a great favorite at Canterbury, and men were ever ready to volunteer for service at his call, and now that his son has taken up the work of the martyred Patterson, my brethren are eager to labor under his guidance to avenge the Bishop's death by winning souls to Jesus Christ.

And in conclusion, I cannot do better than quote words of a brother student in a far distant land, when he prays—"That God may still bless and support St. Augustin's; all that I am and all that I have been enabled to do, I owe to her." Who can wonder then, at the love which I, in common with all her sons, regard her? May the successive races of students ever study to

keep up the high name the College has won, and may they too, each in turn feel an honorable pride in being able to say with the present writer, I AM AN AUGUSTINIAN.

AN EVERLASTING REFUGE.

It is remarkable how many times God speaks of Himself as a refuge and defence. In His word we read of Him as a strong tower, into which the righteous run and are safe; as a rock of defence and tower of refuge; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; and as a Father that pitieth His children.

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry," says the sweet singer of Israel, and Peter, in his letter to the churches repeats it. In each of these cases, the Holy Spirit represents God as tenderly watching over His people, and bending down His head with a quick ear to catch the feeblest breath of prayer. Very often, in the Bible we are invited and urged to commit our ways unto the Lord. The original is, "Roll thy ways on the Lord." It so appears on the margin of many of our Bibles. "Roll it all on me," says God. "I will bear it. You are carrying too great a burden. It will crush all hope and joy and peace out of your life. Bring it all to me, and cast it on my heart."

One marvellous thing about all this is, that though so often neglected, slighted, and forgotten by His children, He still stands and waits to help them. A man may be deserted of all friends on earth, and lose all hope in himself, but God never gives him up. How meanly men treat God, and still He is their "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Fools, because of their transgressions, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted; their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; they draw near unto the gates of death. Then they cry unto the Lord and He saveth them out of their distress. They rebelled against the words of God and contemned the counsel of the Most High; therefore He brought down their hearts with sorrow; they fell down and there was none to help. Then they cried unto the Lord in their troubles, and He saved them out of their distress. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and break their bands in sunder."

The father runs to meet the prodigal when he sees that he is coming back. Ragged was the prodigal and wretched indeed; but he was coming back. Disobedient had been his life. Honor gone, character gone, money gone, but he is coming back and that is enough. That coming back is all God asks. He has food for the hungry, clothes for the naked, honor and character, and all that has been forfeited by sin. He has the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for a spirit of heaviness.

"Joy of the desolate, light of the straying
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying:
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

In every act of worship there should be the strictest regard to truthfulness. It is a bold profanity that will attempt to deceive the Almighty, and the double disaster sure to result from it should deter all from so impious a thought. For this reason all religious observances should be arranged so as prevent unnecessary means of temptation. They should be plain, simple, appealing but little to the disposition to show and pretence; and it is right here that ritualism is especially offensive. In its very nature, it trains men into a condition of exaggeration and insincerity.

WHAT IS "FUNDAMENTAL."

We have lately seen it denied that the institution of the Church by Christ is a fundamental truth in religion. It is gravely argued that nothing is fundamental to religion which is not fundamental to human nature, and therefore that religion cannot be exterminated, whatever may happen to its incidents. Doctrines may perish, the Bible may be blotted out, all ministers die, but religion will survive. The plain result of all this talk, with its fanciful, and often forced, illustrations, is that religion is the creation of man's own moral instincts. Nothing is fundamental in it, save the abstract truths which owe their power to their origin in the heart of man. The facts of the Bible are nothing. Sweep them all away—the Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection and Ascension—and "religion" will remain; that is, man's inwardly-developing power of self-salvation. This is the modern creed of the new Independency fairly stated. "I believe in myself" is its sum and substance. This may be a religion for ought we know, but it certainly is not Christianity.

We do not, of course, mean to limit the Divine power, or to say that if, by some monstrous convulsion, all monuments of the faith should be swept away, and all memory of it be obliterated from the human soul, God could not find some way of restoring the lost truths of revelation. But this is not the question at all. This is as purely abstract as to discuss the point whether, if the ark had foundered in mid-deluge, God's power would have reached to the reparation of the loss. The question really at its issue is thus, that it is not worth while to be very anxious about Scriptures, or the Church, or any other "non-fundamental" element. The only need is to keep up a good stock of moral sentiments, and let the human nature find its way into the light.

This sort of teaching is actively demoralizing, and infinitely more so than open infidelity. The direct attacks of open denial can be met, but it is this constant hostile pressure on the flanks which is to be dreaded. When ministers are found saying, "Never mind these arguments of the unbeliever; what of them, the position they assail is not worth defending," no doubt there will be a vast number of listeners who will begin to think this to be true. We do not hesitate to pronounce this to be actively anti-Christian. It denies revelation to be essential to religion, except such as directly enters into the soul of man by express operation of God's Spirit. In other words, man's knowledge of God, which he has within himself, is the only essential knowledge. All else is merely local, temporary matter of opinion. If this does not strike at the very foundations of Christianity we are at a loss to say what does.

To come more closely home to the points thus denied, we maintain that the divine origin of Christianity, in the shape of visible institutions, is fundamental. These are the living witnesses to past facts. Those facts are of essential moment. Does the modern Broad Churchman, who is found now-a-days in every denomination, mean to say that it is of no consequence whether Christ was really born of the Virgin, by the power of the Holy Ghost, so long as we have the idea of obedient Sonship unfolded to the world in his history? Does he mean that the death upon the cross is nothing save as it suggests an idea of self-sacrifice? Will he permit the doubter to sneer away the resurrection from the dead, provided only there is the great and fundamental truth that spring comes after every winter, and that out of death is constant renewal of life? Yet this is precisely the hopeful sort of Gospel we are introduced to by this new teaching.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN.

CHAPTER XIV.—COLONEL WADE'S WILL.

The next morning Dorothy and Tom and Sally and Will were all sent for. Their grandfather was dying, and wished to see his daughter's children once before he departed. So, with grave face and soft steps, they crept into his sick-room, and stood around his death-bed, and took their first and last look of the grandfather of whom they had often heard but never seen; and when the evening came, Colonel Wade was dead. Tom and Will and Sally went back to Hampstead, but Dorothy stayed with Netta, who was fretting, and afraid to be alone. It seemed so strange for those sisters, together for the first time in their lives for three consecutive days. Netta made Dorothy wait upon her, and Dorothy, who could not sorrow much for a relative she had only seen once, and was secretly happy in her own life, was only too ready to do her sister's bidding.

"I don't know what I shall do!" sobbed the Beauty. "No one will ever be like grandpapa to me; and now I shall have to come to that shabby house at Hampstead, unless grandpapa has left me some money!"

"But, Netta, surely you are more grieved to lose grandpapa than your home!"

"Yes, of course I am; but I shall so hate always being there; and it will ruin all my prospects, unless I let my friends visit me there, and then I shall be so ashamed!"

"Netta, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Dolly, indignantly. "You ought only to think of grandpapa."

"So I do; but he is dead, and I live after him, and I must think of my life. If he has left me some money, of course it will alter things, then I could go and live somewhere."

"And not come home to us?" Dorothy didn't want her, but she was indignant.

When Colonel Wade's will was opened, it was found that he had left his grandchildren, Robert and Netta Woodward, each £1,000, to his daughter Mrs. Woodward, £2,000 (which no one ever expected) and his household furniture, and the residue of his property to his sons. So the Woodwards were suddenly rich (as it seemed to them), and their shabbiness could vanish forever.

CHAPTER XV.—A FAMILY FIGHT.

"It has saved us from ruin," Mr. Woodward said, when he heard of his father-in-law's legacy. "The paper was going to the dogs. Now that we can put this money into it it will take out a new lease of life."

"We are not likely to lose it?" his wife asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," he answered hopefully, and so the money was invested. Netta's money was settled so that she could only touch the interest, but Mrs. Woodward had absolute control over hers, and so, as confident in her husband as he was in himself, she placed it all at his disposal.

After the funeral and all the necessary arrangements were over, Dorothy returned to Hampstead again, and Netta with her; for when the Beauty found that her parents' circumstances were improved, and that all the belongings of her old home were to be used in making the shabby house smart, she ceased to demur.

"I shall invite all my friends to come and see me," she said; "and, of course, I shall marry soon; I dare say Sir George Finch would have proposed before this but for poor grandpapa's illness. I shall miss a great deal, of course, and shall have to dress myself, and all that, instead of having a maid."

"Dorothy must wait on you, dear," her mother said; but Dorothy's eyes flashed.

She would do anything in reason, she thought, but she did not intend to be her sister's servant.

They hardly knew the old house when it was covered with Colonel Wade's carpets, and decorated with his furniture. It seemed another place altogether, all but the study, and that Mr. Woodward refused to have touched, so the cosy room and faded chintz were left undisturbed.

"The garden must be done up," said Netta, "then the place will be much more presentable. I should like all that tall staring grass and rubbish at the end taken away, and the grass plot in the centre might have some more beds about it."

"It will spoil the place. I would not have the underwood cut away for the world!" said Dorothy.

"Your sister knows much better about these things than you do, Dorothy," Mrs. Woodward said, reprovingly.

"But it would never be the same if once a horrid gardener came and fiddled about in it. I should never care about reading there."

"You read too much, Dorothy, and get all sorts of notions into your head; why, don't you do something more feminine, some pretty fancy work, for instance?" but the tears were in Dorothy's eyes, and she could not answer. Tom did for her.

"Now you look here, Netta," he said, "if you think you are going to interfere here and make the place hot for Dolly, you'll find out your mistake. You may do fancy work yourself, but she isn't the sort of girl to make holes in a bit of rag and sew away at them, and call it embroidering."

"Much better than reading love-stories, Tom, dear," said the Beauty, in her softest tones; "they only put stupid notions into one's head, and make her think she's in love with Mr. Fuller, or he with her, which is so absurd."

"I believe he is much more in love with Netta," said Mrs. Woodward.

"In love with Netta!" exclaimed Tom, scornfully. "In love with a kangaroo, more likely!" For one minute the colour rushed to the Beauty's face, but she said nothing.

Dorothy carried the day with regard to the garden.

"Your sister may make the house look as gimcracky as she likes," Mr. Woodward said, when she appealed to him, "but she shan't poach on the study or the garden. What has become of Fuller, Dorothy?"

"I suppose he has heard of our trouble, and has not liked to come yet," she answered. "I dare say he will soon."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE TWILIGHT.

Mr. Woodward became part proprietor as well as editor, on the strength of the money he invested in the paper. Another servant was added to the establishment at Hampstead, and Netta invited her friends to call, and persuaded her mamma to be at home one day a week, and fixed the dinner-hour at a later and more fashionable one than previously, and tried to polish up the family generally.

"We will have some musical parties in time, and Dorothy might learn to accompany me, or to play one or two nice pieces."

"I hate pieces one has to learn!" said Dorothy rebelliously.

"So do I," said Tom. "I hate people who go twiddle, twiddle, twiddling all over the piano, and making it sound as if it were a monster rattling its teeth."

"Tom!"

"So I do. Just as I hate people who think it so fine to get up to a certain note, and scream then. What is the use of it? It is not pretty, and it is not meritorious—"

"What is not?" asked Adrian Fuller, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"Tom is so absurd, Mr. Fuller, and will talk about things he cannot understand. We were saying that some day, when we are happier, you know"—and she glanced down at her black dress and up at him, with a grave expression on her sweet face, for it was very sweet—"we might have some music."

"You were talking of parties," said Tom, bluntly, "only you didn't like to own it so soon after a funeral."

"Tom, you uncouth rascal, when will you learn manners?" asked Mr. Fuller, laughing.

"I thought you would never come again," Dorothy said, her heart beating, and her voice choked with shyness, for she felt that since that evening before Colonel Wade's death, she and Adrian Fuller had been on a different footing, but he answered quite unconstrainedly, "I did not like to come before, knowing you were in trouble. I have brought you 'Schiller,' Miss Netta."

"What for?" asked Dorothy.

"Why, to read, of course, you silly child."

"Let's come into the garden," said Tom, who seldom spent an evening off the river, and was impatient of any roof but the sky above his head.

"I don't think I can read it," said Netta, turning over the leaves of the book. "I shall want a dictionary."

"Yes, let's go into the garden," assented Dorothy. "Won't you come, Mr. Fuller?" but he was answering Netta.

"I'll bring you a dictionary to-morrow," he said, "and to-night you must use me as one. Yes, I'll come, Dorothy. Miss Netta, shall I get you a shawl?"

"No," she answered, gently, "I am not very strong just now. I shall go into the study, and read."

"Schiller?" Then let me come and be dictionary."

She looked up at him for a moment. He was very handsome she thought. She did not wonder Dorothy liked him, and there was something sympathetic in his manner. She wished Sir George Finch had been more like him; and she wondered if she should ever care much for any one. Perhaps circumstances had been a little hard on her. She had been taught to think of herself and care for herself; even her grandfather, who had indulged her in every way, had yet been a selfish man, and unconsciously she knew it, and he had taught her to be selfish too. She had been brought up to think money and position everything, and she did think them everything, and yet for one moment, as she looked up at the artist, she understood her sister Dorothy for the first time in her life. "But it would never do for her to marry into poverty," she thought, "especially if Mr. Blakesley will have her."

"Don't you want to go with the others?" she asked; her voice was low, and graver than usual.

"No," he said.

"Tom, we will go into the garden together," said Dorothy; and she took her brother's hand, and they went out. "I wish I had something to care for very very much," she said, as they went down the pathway—that moss-grown pathway which Netta's influence was never to make neat and tidy.

"I don't mean a human being, but something that never changed, and one could be quite certain of, you know."

"Why don't you keep a boat?"

"How can you be so absurd, Tom; I haven't any money."

"I'll treat you."

"Oh, no, Tom dear, a girl couldn't keep a boat. She might as well keep a white elephant;" and she laughed, with a touch of the old fun which used to be one of the secrets of her popularity with the boys.

"Then keep a cat or a parrot!" But she

was looking back at the house, and saw that Netta and Adrian Fuller had entered the study, and were sitting by the window reading the German poet.

They came sauntering out into the garden an hour later, Netta with a shawl wrapped round her, and speaking in low tones to her companion. Dorothy did not hear what they were saying till they stopped in front of her.

"We are talking about the artist-folk, Dorothy," her sister said. "Why is it, I wonder, that as a rule, they have such beautiful wives? One seldom sees an artist with an ugly one."

"I can understand it," Adrian Fuller answered. "They have a greater love of beauty than the majority of other men; don't you remember Keats' celebrated line,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever?"

"But human beauty soon fades," Dorothy said, gently. "There are a hundred things that have many summers—the simplest trees live and bloom, and are young with every year that comes; but human beings have only one youth, and then their beauty goes for ever." Netta shivered a little, and turned away with a touch of something vibrating through her that was almost feeling.

"It must be dreadful to outlive one's beauty in the eyes of those we love," she said.

"Love blinds our eyes," he answered; "besides, it is something to create a picture for the memory of others, as beauty does."

"Must your wife be beautiful?" she asked. She drew her shawl round her, and waited for his answer; and Dorothy stood still, her hands folded almost like one waiting to hear her fate.

He looked at the two girls before him for a moment—at Dorothy, with her black dress hard and grim, and her pale face set and grave, and at Netta, with the white clinging drapery she loved hiding her sombre attire, and twisted round about her graceful figure, and with the golden brown hair forming something that looked in the dim light almost like a halo round her shapely head.

"Yes," he answered, "above all things she must be beautiful!"

CHAPTER XVII.—"GOOD BYE."

Another six weeks, and only the beginning of August! What a long summer it seemed to Dorothy! and yet in all previous years she had so delighted in the sunshine, and missed and mourned for every flower when its day was over.

"How happy I was last year!" she said to herself; "and yet I was impatient, and wished the time away."

And they had been happy days too, though in them, as in all others, she felt as she felt now, waiting for something—for some life or some world she had not seen as yet, and the key to which she thought Adrian Fuller held.

Colonel Wade had been but little missed. Before the summer waned Netta filled the house with guests; and Sir George Finch and Major Henty, and all her admirers, came to her, bringing her books and flowers, and making water-parties and picnics; and elderly ladies, who like the *colat* of having a pretty girl under their wing, called to take her for drives, "and to brighten her up a little, for she has had a sad loss, you know." Netta was always ready, and pretty, and well-dressed; it seemed to Dorothy that if she were to put on a sack, or dress herself in a blanket, she would do it gracefully, and she did not wonder that she was admired. There was a grave side to Netta's character, too, there were many sides, in fact, that fascinated even Dorothy—a time when she could, gravely and sweetly, in a low, almost sad voice, talk of

her grandfather and by-gone days, or even of the poetry and the stories that Dorothy herself loved, and she would sing (in the twilight usually) wild weird songs generally, with some dreary refrain, or simple old ones, in a way that none who heard her could forget. There were days in which Dorothy almost loved her beautiful sister; there were others in which she tried hard not to hate her. Netta fascinated Adrian Fuller completely, and roused his sluggish nature as Dorothy never could have done. He was always by her side, reading or walking, or hanging over her chair while she flirted with her crowd of admirers at her mother's "at home," and when she sang he chose her songs, and pleaded for his favorite ones, and afterwards, on the clear summer nights, he would wrap her in one of her favourite wraps, lingering to put the folds in some way grateful to his artist eyes, and then they betook themselves to the garden.

"They might have left me the garden!" Dorothy sighed once.

Poor Dorothy! it was a dreary summer for her. She hated strange people and visitors, and when they came hid herself, or if she appeared, was shy and awkward, and so allowed to remain unnoticed. She hated the smart rooms, too, all loaded with gimcracks, and kept neat and tidy; and the only one in the house untouched—the study—Netta and Adrian Fuller occupied all the morning, for the Beauty was sitting to the artist, and in the evening Mr. Woodward; if at home, sat there busy with his writing.

Mrs. Woodward's money had all been risked in the paper, and Mr. Woodward was busy and anxious. He was almost angry at the difference made in the household. "We must be careful for a time," he said, "for remember we have to wait till the paper has had a little run before we can launch out;" but Netta and Mrs. Woodward laughed at him.

"We must keep up an appearance," Netta said, "and live in a well-bred manner."

"Of course we must," assented Mrs. Woodward, ready to agree to everything, provided she was not troubled.

"Mamma," said the Beauty, later in the day, "don't you think papa could manage to send Sally to a boarding-school for a year? Sir George was saying yesterday that my sisters were more picturesque than beautiful."

"And exceedingly rude and ungentlemanlike it was of Sir George then!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Papa can't afford to send Sally to school; and, besides, I should be miserable, and Sally learns at home and at the School of Art well enough. You have taken Mr. Fuller from me, and now you want to take Sally!"

"Mr. Fuller, I want you to go and talk to my little sister Dorothy," the Beauty said, when he came. "She says I have taken you from her."

He went over to his old playmate, but both their tongues seemed tied. The old footing had gone for ever.

"So you are jealous of Netta," he said. The color rushed to her face.

"We never talk of books or anything now," she said; "you make Netta your friend."

"But she is sitting for me, remember."

"Yes, but not all day."

"And we are learning German together. You are such a foolish child," he added, his eyes turning restlessly in search of Netta. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I am not a child!" she said, passionately; "you always forget that."

"But, Dorothy, you *must* be a child," he answered; "I have always considered you one;" and he put his hand on hers.

The colour left her face, and then rushed back in a torrent. There seemed something terrible in his words, something that struck despair into her heart, while her cheeks burned with shame. Yet still she struggled against his words.

"But I am not a child," she repeated, helplessly. "Why, Netta does not think me one."

"Think you what?" asked the Beauty, coming to the rescue.

"A child."

"No, of course I don't. By the way, I have written to ask your dear Mr. Blakesley here this evening."

"Mr. Blakesley!"

"Yes; so cheer up Dorothy. *He* does not think you a child either, I dare say."

"Netta is always thinking of marrying," Dorothy said, without meaning it, as her sister went into the next room.

"So are most young ladies," and he tried to laugh. "We will come to your wedding, Dorothy," he added.

Then she burst fairly into tears.

"How can you say such things, Mr. Fuller! I shall never be married—never! and you want to get rid of me, I believe, and do not care for me any more than any one else does; for you know if I married we should never be friends again."

"Why shouldn't we?" he answered; "I hope we should, if I liked your husband and he me." Then he looked at her; she was trembling with excitement, and she tried to return his gaze, but her eyes drooped and fell, and her lips quivered. "My dear child," he said, kindly, and quietly taking her hands, "there is something the matter with you to-day; go and lie down a little while, and remember there is no reason why we should not always be friends, and you must not let any foolish notions get into your silly little head." He let go her hands, and they dropped nervously to her side.

"Yes, I will go and lie down for a little while," she said. "Good-bye."

He did not know how much there was in her "good-bye"; and she went. She met her mother on her way up-stairs, and she stopped and put her arms around her neck.

"Mamma," she said, "do kiss me. If you would only love me as you do Netta, and be proud of me!"

"Of course I love you," Mrs. Woodward answered; "but take away your arms, you crumple me so." The words were only said as a matter of course, and the girl felt it, and went up to her room. Once there, she locked the door, and threw herself, face downwards, on the bed; but she did not cry or grieve, or even feel very wretched—only thought, in a dazed sort of a way, of all the happy by-gone hours she had spent in the garden with Mr. Fuller, and of his words when he wished her good-bye, and those few cloudless days after his return. She could not believe that this was the end; through all the time that Netta had taken her place, she had yet thought he was true to her, and she could not believe that he meant what he had said, only that perhaps he was afraid of making Netta angry, as every one else was. How she hated Netta, and how she envied her—her beauty, and brightness, and self-possession, and everything else; and then she tried to remember his words again, and could not. But she remembered his look when he told her that she "*must* be a child," and her face burnt with shame.

Presently a knock came to the door—it was Netta.

"Let me in, Dorothy," she said. "I have come to tell you we all think you are lost; it is nearly seven o'clock;" this was all she had to say; and then Dorothy rose and smoothed her hair, and bathed her

face, while the Beauty sat and watched. "I wonder if Mr. Blakesley will come," she said; "you know he is an excellent match." Somehow Netta's manner was soft and kind that evening. But the tears swelled up into Dorothy's brown eyes again.

"Oh, Netta," she said, "I could not marry for money's sake!"

Her sister made no answer till she had had finished her toilette, and was ready to go down-stairs, then she turned round and kissed her—she, Netta, who was usually so cold, did!

"Love is not all, Dorothy dear," she said; "perhaps it would be a good thing if it were; and they went down-stairs.

Dorothy felt afraid and ashamed to enter the room where Mr. Fuller was; but when she did, he only looked up for a moment, and then went on with a German book he was skimming over before reading it with Netta. He never forgot Dorothy that evening though, there was such a strange look upon the girl's face—a dazed, worn, and weary look, and yet she was evidently keeping a strong control over herself.

"Your faithless knight is not coming, I fear," Netta said, when the daylight faded and there were no signs of George Blakesley.

"He has forgotten me," Dorothy thought. "Even he does not care for me now!" and then she went to the piano, and, unasked, began to play.

She did not know *what* she played, but she kept on and on—she could play well when she liked—putting all her soul into her music without knowing it, asking herself all the time, in the bitterness of her heart, what she could be living for *now*, and for what reason life was given to her, and trying to answer her own question in the sounds her own hands made. Then presently, with a start, she came to a standstill.

"Come and sing, Netta," she said, and rose abruptly; and when they were all listening to Netta's sweet voice, she stole softly from the room, and out into the garden, and on to the sycamore tree. She stopped beneath its shady archedoes, and looked up at the sky, and back at the house, almost hidden now by the darkness, and stood on the grave of Venus, and thought of all the hopes and dreams she had had on that very spot. Then she went and looked over the low fence (that bounded the garden) at the dim distance, and somehow crept along the fence till she stood almost behind the sycamore-tree, but yet was hidden from sight by the darkness, and the underwood, and the tall nodding grass and weeds, then she put her face down into her hands, and was quiet for a little while. It was such a blessing to be alone there where no one could find her. It was not for long though; she heard voices soon. Netta's and Mr. Fuller's, and they came and stood behind her under the sycamore, little thinking how near she was, but she kept quite still, and made no sign.

"Do you remember the day you came here, just after your return, Adrian?" she heard Netta say. Dorothy winced beneath the last word. She had never called him Adrian in her life!

"Yes, and found you in your white dress sitting here waiting for me."

"I wonder if it was chance or Providence," she said, in a low voice. "I see you do remember."

"Oh, my darling!" he answered answered, fervently, "is there anything in the world connected with you that I could forget?" and arm-in arm they sauntered back down the garden path.

(To be continued.)

GOD'S LILIES.

God's lilies droop about the world,
In sweetness everywhere;
They are the maiden-souls who learn
To comfort and to bear,
And to smile upon the heavy cross
That every one must wear.

O lilies, beautiful and meek!
They know God's will is right,
And so they raise their patient heads
In dark and stormy night,
And far above the Eastern hills
They see the dawn of light.

They know that when their day is done,
And deep the shadow lies,
The cross will weary them no more;
So lightly they arise
To meet the angels when they call
"Lilies of Paradise!"

THE CHRISTIAN LAW OF GIVING.

A common error is, that a part of what is in any man's keeping under the name of a "possession" is really his own, whether to hoard for himself or to spend for any selfish satisfaction. Revelation, from first to last, discloses the contrary doctrine. No practical idea is more thoroughly rooted and interwoven in the whole groundwork and texture of the Christian religion, than that all that the Creator of men allows us to have while we are here, to take charge of, belongs to him; and that a certain proportion of it is to be regularly rendered back to him. We can in no way nullify this fundamental law of the kingdom of love. We shall not go to the bottom of our difficulties or our duties till the secular illusion which invests the word "property" is dispelled. In the Christian vocabulary ownership is nothing but stewardship. The word "giving," too, by logical sequence, as literally applied to offerings to God, perpetually misleads. In relation to a fellow-man, what I part with may be a gift; in relation to my Maker and Father, it is no gift at all; it is more like the interest on a loan; it is rather a small sign of indebtedness for an unreckoned and unreckonable bounty. Power to get wealth, the calculating faculty, physical capacity, time, opportunity, natural materials, are all the Creator's, loaned and withdrawn at his will. "Of thine own have we given thee," for of our own we have literally nothing to give. So long as these terms are emptied of their Christian meaning men will continue to disown their duty, refusing alms altogether, or making a merit of self-interested bestowments and a parade of insignificant enterprises, and will reckon as a reserved right the polite apology of having "nothing to spare," which the Bible calls by the plain and awful name of a "robbery of God." Can it be denied that in some quarters the most affectionate appeals for the Redeemer's due proportion of the people's gains are treated very much as the subjects of Pius II. treated his despotic demands of the tenth for a crusade—some of them paying instead of a tenth a fortieth, and others proposing a sixtieth?

Another error is that Christians are somehow fulfilling the obligation of almsgiving when they are only paying the expenses of their church. How often do we hear—"Our congregation is doing less than we should like to do for missions, or for the poor, because we have so much to do at home. We are building a new church; we have a church or school debt; the minister's salary must be increased, etc., etc. Excuse us till these things are finished, and then." The idea appears to be that all our expenditures for religion are to be reckoned on the credit side of heaven's account with us. Every pound we yield for the appointments, conveniences, and adornments of our church, which is our own

household, or for the maintenance of its services, is just as much a matter of interested outlay for a full equivalent as any other provision you may make for the life of yourself and family. Few "popular fallacies" have done more mischief than the maxim that "charity begins at home." Avaricious people quote it, not intending that charity shall begin anywhere. Honesty, kindness, economy, thrift, and some other virtues, start, no doubt, in the home circle. Charity very rarely begins there, because, till we pass beyond that bound, the realm of voluntary and self-sacrificing bounty is not reached. Up to that point we have been at best only "providing for our own," doing what if we leave undone, an apostle says, we are worse than infidels. Almighty justice and Almighty love can give us no receipts for our church decencies. God needs none of them; we need them, and he is gracious enough to lend us the ability to produce them. But if we were liberal enough to give half of our goods for them, or faithless enough to provide none of them, so making ourselves and our households heathen, our obligation to offer in other ways of our substance to him to whom the silver and the gold belong would stand just as it stood before.

THE BURIAL OF THE SULTANS.

A correspondent at Constantinople reports a conversation with one who has long been resident there, and who has an intimate acquaintance with Turkish life and manners. He says: "And how are the Sultans buried?" I asked. "I will tell you," was the reply, "what was told me by a Turk among Turks—one who knew, and would tell the truth." The dead Sultans have always been buried like dogs. The great thing is to get rid altogether of the idea of a dead Sultan; for never was there a people among whom is so literally carried out the idea that, *Le Roi ne meurt pas*. When it is quite certain that a Sultan is about to die, those round him hardly wait for the breath to leave the body. Most of them run away to be ready to do homage to the new occupant of the throne. Then follows an odd arrangement; all homage is due to the living sovereign; nothing must interfere with that, not even the corpse of the late sovereign. So one or two of his old servants only remain with the body, and when it is quite dead they roll it up in straw matting and prop it up behind the door of his room, to be as much out of sight as possible, and when night falls it is carried out of the palace and buried very quietly. No train of mourning coaches here, you see—but, then, they never are used in Turkey; no elaborate preparation for the last resting-place of one all-powerful a few hours before. "With us, in fact, a dead Sultan is nobody—his sacredness has descended to his successor. To him we turn our thoughts. We Osmanlis could not do as you Franks do—have a grand lying-in-state. We should bewail at the sight, and that would be incongruous with the rejoicing demanded of us on the accession of our new sovereign, and would be displeasing to him. Therefore, the custom of burying the Sultans in this manner has never been interfered with; and it is best so."—*London Times*.

You cannot build a house on the tops of trees, and you cannot build up a church that symbolizes the real church idea that rests on the upper level of fashionable society. If the church intends to represent God, then must it fill its bosom with affection for the lowly, and with anxiety for those that are morally lost.