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NORTHUMBERLAND FISH-WOMEN.

## A Glance at a Northumberland Fishing Village.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., S. GABRIEL'S MISSION, BROMLEY, LONDON.

**P**ERHAPS few of our readers, except those who belong to the far North of England, have heard of Cullercoats. It is not surprising that they should not have done so, for it is a retired spot on the Northumberland coast. Though it is not far from the great town of Newcastle, with its extensive trade, yet it is, perhaps, one of the most simple and primitive fishing villages in England, and we venture to commend it to the notice of over-worked townsmen, who require the strong tonic of a northern air to recruit their broken energies. The sea is fine, the rocks are bold, the sands are good, and the air is bracing. One particular group of rocks, known as 'the Fairy Rocks,' from the fantastic shapes which they have assumed, are particularly well worth a visit. Tynemouth Priory, with its picturesque ruins, is close at hand, and for those who like an occasional whiff of coal-smoke, and an occasional peep at town life, Newcastle is within available distance.

However, the visitor to Cullercoats need not go very far to seek amusement. He can readily find it in an investigation into the habits and ways of the dwellers in the little village in which he is for the time making his abode. It is a pretty sight to see the fishing-boats go out to sea in fine weather, and to watch the brawny limos and well-knit figures of the Northern fishermen, as they man their crafts. It is no less pleasing sometimes to fall into chance conversation with one of these men, as he smokes his evening pipe close by 'the Beacon,' which does duty at Cullercoats for a lighthouse. The honest freedom and simplicity of these men, and the broad tones of their Northumberland dialect, at once arrest the interest and sympathy of strangers, and much more of those to whom that language is as their mother-tongue. Many a story might be told of these brave fellows venturing their lives to save their companions, and deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice have been performed on that rough rocky coast, which might not be unworthy of a place in the annals of our country.

The fisherman generally has an help-mate in the shape of a wife, often scarcely inferior in muscular development to himself. The dress of the Cullercoats fish-women, which is almost unique, is represented in the foregoing woodcut. Of late years considerable innovations have found their way into their toilet, but in their earlier and simpler days shoes and stockings were regarded in the light of unnecessary and cumbersome luxuries. As it is, the majority of the 'fisher children' run about bare-foot, and this, judging from their appearance, does not interfere with their health or strength.

The fish-woman acts as the sale-woman of the fish caught by her father, husband or brother, as the case may be. Each morning these women may be seen making their way across the 'Long Sands,' with their fish-kreels strapped upon their broad shoulders, and soon in the streets of Tynemouth and Newcastle is heard the cry of 'fresh herrings, caller-herrings' and other similarly tempting announcements, delivered with the strong intonation of their northern dialect. When the women are not employed in this way, you may see them sitting at their doors mending the crab-nets,

cleaning and preparing the fish, or patching the great worn sail of a fishing smack with needlework scarcely of the most delicate description. At other times your nasal organ is made unpleasantly aware of the fact that they are boiling oil just below the cliffs. This, however, happily only occurs at intervals, and even then it is a trifling discomfort to a nose accustomed to metropolitan smells.

It was said that Cullercoats was a very primitive place, but however much it may have been so in other respects, it certainly was not until very recently primitive in its religion. Until within the last two or three years Cullercoats had no church. By the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, who has in this point furnished a worthy example to Christian landlords, a pretty solid-looking little Church was erected, and the village has now the privilege of the regular spiritual ministrations of a Clergyman of the Church of England.

One trait in the character of the Cullercoats people must not be omitted. Like all North-country people, they have a strong spirit of enterprise, and independence. As with the pitmen, so with the fishermen. Their houses, however humble and even dirty, will generally be found to contain some article of really good and durable furniture, which they have purchased for themselves. The last enterprise undertaken by Cullercoats is to make up a collection of its products for the Paris Exhibition. A fisherman spoke of this with honest pride, and it was impossible not to wish well to the undertaking. However, it is time to 'pack up our traps,' and depart from Cullercoats, to return to the wear and tear of our own work, and not without a sigh of regret we leave its inhabitants to live their simple life, and do their simple work, only praying that they may be taught to do it for God's glory.

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## Great and Good Churchmen

OF PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

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

BISHOP BLOMFIELD, BORN 1786, DIED 1857.



THE Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that he ever retained in his memory those simple but weighty words of the Church Catechism, which he had learned at school, "*To do my duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call me.*" It was a significant mark of appreciation, therefore, and, as it will appear, a proof of characteristic sagacity when this greatest of English generals advanced Bishop Blomfield to the see of London. For who shall estimate the amount of noble emulation excited throughout the length and breadth of our Queen's vast dominions, when it became known that 200 churches, with all the usual appliances of schools and parochial visitation, had been erected or promoted in the very centre of English power and intelligence? In the year 1836, before the then awakening zeal of the Church of England had produced such magnificent results as we now everywhere witness

in the building of churches and the restoration of cathedrals, there were in London four parishes with an aggregate population of 166,000, and church accommodation for only 8,200; and thirty-four parishes with a population of 1,137,000, and church room for only 101,682. Bishop Blomfield's scheme for remedying these evils was of so grand a character that even Dr. Chalmers pronounced it unattainable. But in two months' time the subscriptions reached £71,000; at the end of the year they exceeded £106,000, and subsequently rose to a quarter of a million and upwards. The following details will be read with interest:—

“Before the erection of the new churches, Bethnal Green was the resort of the worst characters, and the frequent scene of disgraceful riots. On the spot now occupied by St. Thomas's Church, with its schools and parsonage house, and by the model lodging-houses, which the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts has erected for the labouring population, were situated the notorious ‘Nova Scotia Gardens,’ in which resided the infamous ‘burkers,’ who were convicted of the murder of a friendless boy; after which time the place was known in the neighbourhood as ‘Burker's Hole.’

“The change in the character of the people was strikingly shown in their altered manner of receiving the scheme. When it was first started, the persons who went round to collect subscriptions for it were met with jeers and insults; and when the first stone of the first new church was to be laid, the people, regarding the movement as an unwarrantable intrusion, assembled in crowds to jeer and scoff, and an infuriated bull was wantonly let loose to disturb the procession. But when the first stone of the ninth church was laid, the temper of the people had entirely changed; thousands lined the streets, decently attired in their Sunday clothes, and showing every mark of respect, and the working men bowed and took off their hats as the procession passed.”

The bishop at this time was about sixty years of age, and this would seem to have been the crowning work of his life, for which he was admirably fitted in the order of Divine Providence by extraordinary application and the most unwearied habits of cultivated reading and reined scholarship.

During the ten years which he spent at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds, he would often rise at four or five in the morning in order to study modern languages, botany, and chemistry, in addition to his regular schoolwork.

As the rector of a London parish “he was never idle, for it was well known in how many public works, connected with moral and religious objects, he was taking part beyond the limits of his parish. For the poor he had not only kind words, but an open purse. He visited among the middle class of his parishioners as a neighbour and a friend. His frank and kindly manner made him acceptable to the dissenters in his parish, with whom he was always on good terms. While he never flinched from upholding the truth, he respected the conscientious feelings of all. He was constitutionally of a warm and impetuous temperament, but it was an impetuosity fired by an uncontrollable desire to advance the glory of God, and the good of his fellow men.”

As a bishop, his peculiar aptitude for business, and the facility with which he settled grave matters of public interest in connection with the Ecclesiastical Commission, gave him great influence. “*Till the Bishop of London comes,*” said the archbishop, “*we all sit and mend our pens and talk about the weather.*”

It was commonly supposed by those who exaggerated the abuses

of the church that the bishop would die very rich, but the reverse of this was the case. No less a sum than £150,000 was freely given up by him, out of the increasing revenues of the see of London, to the interests of the diocese; whilst his private charities were equally bountiful. In the life of Joshua Watson there is a pleasing anecdote which will illustrate the self-restraint he practised, although his family was large. It is there recorded that the Bishop "gave to every thing," and when Mr. Watson thanked him for his continual exertions in behalf of the Clergy Orphan School, he replied, "*Bless you, no thanks; I do not know how much my children may be indebted to it.*"

His warmth of zeal in planting our branch of the Church of Christ in the colonies of the British Empire demands a concluding word. "We may not rest satisfied," he said, "till all the members of our Church, in whatever quarter of the globe they may have fixed their households, shall be within reach of all the means of grace, and enjoy the benefits of apostolical order and discipline as well as that of scriptural teaching. It may be reserved for our Church—I devoutly and soberly believe that it is reserved for her—to be, in a sense subordinate to the prerogative of her glorified head, the light of the world; I believe that unto her, imperfect as she may be, *is this grace given, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.*"

Bishop Blomfield died, meekly and humbly resting his hope of acceptance on the merits of the Divine Saviour, and after his death it was discovered that, like St. Augustine, he had been in the constant practice of repeating the 51st Psalm during the hours of the night.

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## Plain Words about the Prayer Book.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., S. GABRIEL'S MISSION, BROMLEY, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.

**T**HE Litany is succeeded in our Prayer Book by certain collects bearing the general heading of 'Prayers and Thanksgivings upon several occasions.' Upon these Wheatley, in his valuable work upon the Book of Common Prayer, writes as follows:—"The usual calamities which afflict the world are so exactly enumerated in the preceding Litany, and the common necessities of mankind so orderly set down there, that there seems to be no need of any additional prayers to complete so perfect an office. But yet, because the variety of particulars allows them but a bare mention in a comprehensive form, the Church hath thought good to enlarge her petitions in some instances, because there are evils so universal and grievous that it is necessary they should be deprecating with a peculiar importunity, and some mercies so exceedingly needful at some time, that it is not enough to include our desires of them among our general requests, but very requisite that we should more solemnly petition for them in forms proper to the several occasions."

The wisdom and justice of the above statement will be apparent to all who carefully consider the matter; and it will be interesting

to observe how many of these prayers are in reality expansions of petitions contained in the Litany in a more condensed form.

These 'Prayers and Thanksgivings,' as we now have them, are the most modern portion of our present Prayer Book. The use of prayers of a similar kind was, indeed, very ancient, but they were usually inserted in the Communion Office. These collects will be found to be framed upon the ancient type, for Bishop Cosin, who had much to do with the last revision of this portion of the Service Book, was one who had drunk deep of the spirit of the ancient offices. It will be impossible to examine all these collects in detail, but some demand a more especial notice.

This portion of the Prayer Book naturally divides itself into (1) 'Prayers,' (2) 'Thanksgivings,' the prayers, with the exception of three, being of a deprecatory character. There are eleven prayers, and eight thanksgivings, including those cases in which a choice of two prayers or thanksgivings is permitted.

The two first prayers 'for rain,' and 'for fair weather,' are found in the first English Prayer Books, but there, as in most ancient missals, they were put in at the end of the Communion Office. The second of these, in its opening clause, furnishes a type of that richness of Scriptural illustration so common in ancient, and so markedly absent in modern, collects. The second prayer 'in time of dearth or famine,' although of more modern date, supplies an example of a similar and equally telling appeal to Scripture, as does also the collect 'in time of any common plague or sickness,' which has lately been brought home to us with such fearful and intense meaning.

The two prayers which stand next in order differ from the rest, inasmuch as they are not deprecatory in their character. The principle of special intercession for the clergy is one founded on Apostolic injunctions, and consistent with the natural instinct of Christian people. The Church of England, in common with the whole Catholic Church, from the earliest time, has set apart four seasons, in which the people should more especially intercede before God for their pastors.\* The first of these Ember collects is ascribed to Bishop Cosin, the second is modified and adapted from the Ordinal. The first seems more suited for the earlier, the second for the later, portion of the Ember weeks. The prayer which succeeds these Ember collects is of very ancient origin, and may fitly be used at any season of penitence or humiliation. The prayer for the Parliament, by whatever hand it may have been drawn up (and there is some diversity of opinion on the subject), owes its origin to the times of Charles I., and it is not a little remarkable that a king, who certainly had little reason to be grateful to Parliament, should have been the most anxious to provide a suitable form in which the Church might intercede for the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon its deliberations.

\* The Ember Days are—

The Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday after....	{ The First Sunday in Lent. The Feast of Pentecost. September 14. December 13.
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'The prayer for all conditions of men'—one of the most beautiful and comprehensive modern compositions in the Prayer Book — is usually ascribed to Bishop Gunning in 1662. It is a very devout prayer, and breathes the spirit of the ancient collects, while it is far from being a servile imitation of them.

The 'General Thanksgiving,' which is fit to be placed side by side with the preceding prayer, is said to have been the work of Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Norwich, in 1661. The remaining thanksgivings do not call for any special notice, save to say that they are all of comparatively modern date.

This concludes our notes upon the ordinary Daily Services of the Church of England, and the aim of these papers will have been more than answered if any churchmen are led to examine more carefully for themselves those deep treasures of devotion which are preserved for us in our Book of Common Prayer. They will bear examining, for it is impossible, on a cursory glance, to appreciate their full meaning; and they will bear using, for these prayers become to us like the features of an old friend, the more we know them the more dearly we shall love them, and be able to say, with good George Herbert, 'The prayers of my mother, the Church of England! there are none like them!'

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## *John Brett's Treasure.*

When he saw his child after her narrow escape, John was more overcome than I had ever seen him before. It was not entirely the thought of the danger from which his darling had been rescued; it was the thought of how precarious his hold upon his treasure was. A blow—a slight illness—and he might again be left alone in the world. He could not recall the incident without a shudder.

"What a fool I am, to be sure!" said John, as we walked home together from work. "The child's safe enough, by all that everyone says; and yet I can't get over the thoughts of it. Bob, I think if she had come to harm, I should have gone crazy."

I almost believe he would, for his limbs trembled, and his lip quivered, as he only pictured to himself what might have been.

John and I had many arguments on the subject of religion. He often seemed to have the best of it, for he was much readier than I, and a much better hand at an argument; but we recurred time after time to the same subject, and his manner when we spoke of such subjects was different from what it had been. He now and then lost his temper in the course of our talk, while, when we first began, he had spoken in an indifferent, half-sneering way; and I much preferred his present state of mind. I hoped that he might be coming round, and that before long he might tell me that he had changed his mind, and believed in Christ and His religion. Suddenly a blow came to all my hopes.

There was a Sunday excursion train to Brighton, and John declared that he meant to take Lizzie down to see what the sea was like, and offered to treat me, my wife and children. I thanked him for his kindness, but refused it, saying that for

myself I did not approve of a Sunday excursion, and thought we should all be better at home.

"Do you think it wicked for anybody shut up in this smoky place all the week to get a breath of fresh air on a Sunday?"

"I don't say it is wicked," I said. "Everyone must judge such a thing as that for themselves; but for myself, I should not care to miss the Sunday services, and I know Annie feels the same."

"Then let me have the children. I will take good care of them. Lizzie will like it twice as well if Emma and Charley come."

"You are very kind, John; but I had rather not. We have taught them to look on Sunday as a separate day from other days, and I don't fancy their beginning the habit of Sunday pleasuring."

He left me with a shrug of contempt for the narrowness of my mind: and the next day he went off to Brighton with Lizzie.

The child came to us as usual on the Monday, full of all the delights of the day before; but I noticed that in the evening she looked downcast, and the next two days she did not come at all. I did not happen to meet John till the Wednesday evening, and then I noticed a cold manner and displeased look, which I had never seen in him before, the cause of which I could not understand. It was not long before I found an opportunity to ask him the reason.

"If you ask yourself you can tell," he answered, with some resentment in his voice. And when I still pleaded ignorance, he said, "I would not be the man to poison a child's mind against her father, particularly if that father was my friend."

"What do you mean, John? I am sure I have never said one word against you before Lizzie. I should have thought you might have known me better than that."

"Ali I know is," said John, "that she came home crying on Monday, because your children had told her that it was very wicked of me to go to Brighton on Sunday, and you had said so. Indeed, she told me that the Bible said people were not to go to Brighton—rather a new idea, I think. But, anyhow, she was quite in a way, and I could not quiet her for some time."

"Now hear what I have got to say. Lizzie had told Emma and Charley that you wanted to have taken them with you, and naturally enough they were disappointed when they found they were not to go. I explained to them my reasons—not saying a word about you or Lizzie—and I did not use the word wicked at all. I said that other people must judge for themselves and their children, but that it would be wrong in me, because I thought it wrong. What they may have said I cannot tell."

(From after conversation, I found that when Lizzie had been telling the children about the pleasures of her day, they felt in their own minds that they would have liked so much to have been there too; that to keep up their own spirits they enlarged upon what I had told them about my reasons for not letting them go.)

"Well, Porter, I'm sorry I suspected you; but if you knew what a wrench it is to see that child's trust in me destroyed! I had always taught her to look up to me, and she had always thought all I did was right; and now—one thing it has determined me to do—don't you or your wife think me ungrateful for your

kindness to her, but I must take her away from your children. They have been brought up with different notions to mine, and the same sort of thing might happen over and over again, till Lizzie learnt to suspect and distrust me. She loves and trusts me, and I want to keep her love and trust perfect as long as I can. You won't think the worse of me, old fellow?"

There was a pleading tone in his voice as he spoke, and though I was very sorry, I could not gainsay him. At the end of that week he removed to another lodging at some distance, and we saw no more of Lizzie; and as we no longer walked home from work together, I saw much less of him. It was with pain that I saw that melancholy expression deepen on his face, and I could not help thinking of the Bible words—"Having no hope, and without God in the world."

Time went on. Summer gave place to autumn, and autumn to winter; and one January morning, when a sharp east wind blew round every corner, bringing every now and then a biting shower of sleet, John knocked at the door, with Lizzie in his arms.

"I know that you will excuse my bringing her," he said, "but she's not been well lately, and she fretted so after your Emma, I was afraid she'd make herself quite ill. Gently, little woman," he added to Emma, who, in her tumultuous joy, had almost knocked Lizzie down.

Annie unfastened the child's wraps, and we saw that she had grown tall and thin. Her face was flushed, but it was less the flush of health than of fever. "She has had a bad cold and cough," said her father: "it's the weather, I suppose; but I wish she could get rid of it."

"You should not have brought her out this bitter day, Mr. Brett," said Annie; "Emma would have come to her."

"You don't think it will hurt her?" he said, in a tone of such real anxiety that Annie hastened to soothe the fears she had raised. John and I went off to our work; but Annie afterwards told me that Lizzie seemed too heavy and ill to play, and that she had wheeled round the big arm-chair to the fire, and put her in it, telling the children to play quietly, and not to disturb her, and then, perhaps, she might go to sleep. Lizzie dozed a little, but not much; her breathing grew hoarser and more difficult, her hacking cough more frequent; and in the evening, when John and I returned from our work, we found her sitting on Annie's lap, the feverish heat of her hands, and her loud, quick breathing, showing that there was something seriously amiss.

"I'm glad you are come back, Mr. Brett," said Annie, "for Lizzie seems so poorly that I have sent Charley off for the doctor. As for your taking her home in this state, it would be madness."

"What do you think is the matter with her?" said John, trying to speak as usual, but faltering in the attempt; and looking at him, I saw that he was white to the lips.

"Inflammation, I am afraid." At this moment Lizzie opened her eyes, and said hoarsely, "Father."

"Yes, my darling, here I am." And he knelt down by her side, and put his face against her burning cheek.

"Take me on your knee." And he took her up tenderly and gently; but even that motion seemed to cause great pain, and she lay back in his arms in a sort of stupor. There was complete silence in the room, broken only by her painful breathing. "When will the doctor be here?" he said, with an expression of utter misery upon his face as he looked at her.

At that moment Mr. Pelton, the doctor, entered. He pronounced it to be a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies he ordered as the only chance seemed truly to increase her pain; and regardless of all beholders, John stooped down, hid his face in his hands, and groaned bitterly. Lizzie was restless, and was again lying back in the great chair, propped up by pillows.

"My darling! If I could only bear it instead of her."

"It is the only chance," said Mr. Pelton.

"Is there hope?" John asked, almost fiercely, turning to the doctor. "Now mind—the truth!"

"One never knows in these cases," was the answer. "It is quite possible that a change may take place; while there is life there is hope, but she is in great danger."

He bent over her, to watch her again. There was little change; the heavy eyes were but half open, so that the long, dark lashes above and below almost met. The doctor spoke to me in a low voice, and then turned as if to go. John started up.

"Where are you going?" he asked, in a repressed voice.

"I must go and see another patient," he said. "I can do no good just now. She will probably go on like this for some hours, and according to the strength of her constitution, she will either struggle through it or sink."

Hour after hour passed wearily away. The roll of carts and omnibuses in the street ceased. We looked at the child, but there seemed no improvement. I even fancied that the breathings grew weaker, and were drawn with more difficulty.

"She will die," said John, in a terribly calm voice. As I looked up, I was struck with his face of stony despair. It was my own conviction, and I could say nothing.

"If she does, Mr. Brett, it will be God's will," said Annie's gentle voice. "He will keep her safe till you come to her—safer than you could keep her—pretty dear."

Annie's eyes were overflowing as she spoke, and John's attention was roused.

"Mrs. Porter, would you say that if it was one of your own?"

"I have said it," said Annie, sadly, as she remembered our eldest boy, who died of scarlet fever. "And if need was, I would say it again. I believe He knows better than we do what is best."

"You believe that—you believe in Him?—Mrs. Porter pray to Him to spare my Lizzie!"

"We will," I said. "Do you join us, John?"

"I can't. I have not prayed for years; I can't now. How could I expect Him to hear me, when I have not believed in Him for so long? I don't know whether I do now."

We knelt down, and the first words I spoke were those of the nobleman, who, like poor John, said—"Sir, come down ere my



child die." "Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief." Then I read the 'prayer for a sick child' in the service for the Visitation of the Sick; and John said "Amen" at the end almost in a groan.

Then we watched again beside the child. The flush on her cheek had faded, but we did not know whether it was the going of the fever or the coming pallor of death. Two hours more of weary, weary watching, and then—was it fancy which sees what it wishes, or were these hard, hoarse breathings gradually growing softer and

more even, and the unconsciousness of stupor passing into a quiet sleep? I looked up cautiously at John, and caught his eyes in the act of searching mine with a wistful eagerness, hardly daring to confess to himself that he hoped. At the same moment Annie whispered—"She is certainly better! She has taken a turn, and I do believe she will do now." John hid his face, and cried like a child. The sudden relief seemed more than he was able to bear.

Lizzie slept calmly and quietly, and John persuaded myself and Annie to rest a little while he watched by her. When in the early morning I got up and gently opened the door of the other room, John was kneeling by his child's side, his face hidden in his hands. He did not hear me, and I would not disturb him; I softly closed the door and came away.

"Annie," I said, "I believe we have more to thank God for than only Lizzie's recovery." And I told her what I had seen.

"Oh, Bob," she said, "I am thankful! I can't wonder, for I know how I felt after Charley had been so ill with the measles. But it is all that was wanted to make everything right."

After a while, I rose and went into the other room. Lizzie was still asleep, and though she looked pale and delicate, her skin was moist, and her breathing soft and regular. But John rose, and grasping my hand, said, "Last night's business did more for me than all the days of my life, Bob. There is some chance of my thinking as you do now." He did not say any more, but we wrung one another's hands. Soon after the doctor looked in. He said that Lizzie was going on as well as possible. "But it was a very near thing; I did not expect to find her alive to-day." I had my hand on John's shoulder, and I felt him shudder. There was at least no danger of his undervaluing the treasure which had been restored to him.

Some people are impressed by sorrows, others by blessings. John Brett was one of the latter. The mercy which had been shown to him in Lizzie's recovery was the turning point of his life. I do not mean that none of his old doubts troubled him any more, but now his wish was to believe; and with him as with most people, the old proverb came true—"Where there's a will there's a way." His heart was softened, and his frame of mind was humble and earnest; and the soil being thus prepared for the good seed, it sprang up and bare fruit a hundredfold.

Lizzie's recovery was sure, though slow; but it was a long time before she was able to be about as usual, and still longer before John ceased to be anxious about her. When she was able to go to church again, it was with her father that she went; and though John is usually reserved about his feelings, I understood what he felt when he said, in a low voice, to me, "One thing I know, Bob, and that is, I can never be thankful enough for her."



# Graves, Gravestones, and Graveyards.

BY CORNELIUS WITHERBY, B.A.



OUR part in the burial of our friends is not done when we leave the churchyard, or when on the following Sunday we look on the grave newly turfed up. Some people indeed do seem to think so, and having buried their dead, leave the grave to look as it may, shabby or neat, from that time forth; or, perhaps have a stone, or 'tomb,' or 'monument' placed at the end or upon it, put an iron railing round it, and after all leave thorns and thistles, brambles and nettles, to grow up rankly over it. But this neglect is very much out of keeping both with the burial service and with the ceremony common at funerals. Both of these, for the sake of consistency, demand that the mound of earth that marks the sleeping place of a friend should be kept at least in tidiness, and I think that we show more true respect for the memory of those we have loved by keeping their graves always neat, or by planting them from time to time with flowers, which of course gives us a little trouble, than by doing a great deal at the time of their burial, and nothing ever afterwards.

I. First then a word or two about *Graves*, in which I do not include family vaults, nor the catacombs we see in cemeteries, where the coffins are laid in cells or on shelves; but only the common churchyard grave, dug down its few feet long and deep, and filled in again when the dead has been laid in it. Even of this sort of grave, however, there is a variety—the *brick-grave*, in which some persons who can afford extra expense lay their dead, no doubt from a natural feeling that the greater outlay proves greater respect. To me the common earth-grave seems more natural, so to speak: 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Scheme as we choose, this corruptible must put on corruption, this body must go to its dust again; a few inches of brick can but keep off decay for a little while. So I am thinking now only of the common mounds of green turf which rise up one beside another in our churchyards. And of them I say that, if we truly believe in the resurrection of the body, we can hardly help keeping tidy, even beautiful when possible, the place where the body awaits that resurrection. Whatever the usual form of graves may be in the parts where we live, we should have our friends' graves in the best order that that form allows; whether it be stone borderings, coffin-shaped, as in South Wales, or turf mounds banded over with twigs or briars as in many parts of England.

Flowers are never out of place upon or around a grave; first, because they remind us of death by their decay (as 1 S. Pet. i. 24); and secondly, because they are types of the resurrection—dying in winter and then rising again in spring, from bulb, or root, or seed (1 Cor. xv. 36, 38). Only, if once planted there, they should be attended to, kept free from weeds, removed as soon as past their prime, and their places supplied with others. A little care and forethought will enable any one to have flowers of some sort nearly all the year round, beginning with snowdrops and crocuses, and ending with chrysanthemums and Christmas roses. Let this, however, be always borne in mind, that a plain turf mound, neatly clipped, and free from rank grass and weeds, looks better than one that has been once planted with flowers and then left to itself.

II. Much has been said and written about *Gravestones*, and it

really does seem that a better taste in them is exercised now than was the case 100 or 50 years ago. At the beginning of Christianity, as we can judge by the most ancient examples, it was considered enough to put the name of the deceased, age, date of burial, with the words 'In peace,' and a plain cross cut in the stone. By degrees man's natural vanity stepped in and magnified the dead by adding to their tombstones various pieces of information concerning their history. Then came in, a few hundred years ago, a taste for long epitaphs in verse or prose; few of which could be altogether true, fewer still were in good taste, and none at all worthy of our imitation. Then too came in a fancy for queer-looking carvings, mostly copied from ancient heathen monuments and ruined buildings, often mixed up with puffy-faced winged heads, supposed to mean angels, and several other like absurdities.

A few years ago we used to hear of persons objecting to the use of a cross as an ornament, on the mistaken ground that it was wholly Popish, but we hardly ever hear of objections being raised against certain funeral ornaments which are decidedly *heathen!* That very common figure called an urn, for example, which we see sometimes cut out in solid stone, sometimes sculptured, sometimes embossed or printed on memorial cards, is a direct copy of heathenism. The idolatrous Greeks and Romans of old, concerning the former of whom we read that they were 'wholly given to idolatry' (Acts xvii. 16), used to burn the bodies of their dead, and put their ashes into vessels called urns. Christians from the very first abhorred this way of burying, and either put the body whole into the ground, or else embalmed it, and then laid it in a catacomb, both of which methods expressed their belief—a belief so new to heathens—that the body would rise again. And, therefore, it is both false and heathen-like to place an urn as an ornament on a coffin or gravestone. It is false, because if it means anything at all, it means 'this dead person's body was burned, and the ashes collected and placed in an urn.' It is heathen-like, because none but heathens ever did treat their dead in that manner. Let us hope that before long undertakers and carvers will give up the use of these ugly platings and sculptures, and adopt instead something more Christian, more reasonable, and more handsome.

A degree or two better than this style of ornament, but still far from good, is that of several old-fashioned sculptures, representing Death with a dart, Time with a scythe, skulls, crossbones and hour-glass, all of which leave out the main Christian consolation in death—the resurrection. They tell of death as it seemed to heathens, as the *end* of man's body, just as weeping willows mark sorrow that looks only down to the ground. In a churchyard, of all places, these emblems are most unfitting, although they abound in our old churches and cathedrals. But when we look at the dates of most of them, we find that they were introduced about 200 years ago, at which time true religion and religious art were at a very low ebb. The fashion is happily dying out now, though I have seen a gravestone, not twenty years old, on which is carved the picture of a steamboat, and the person, whose grave it marks, in the act of sinking beneath the waves of a river; the name and so forth being recorded below.



It seems to me that a plain cross, more or less handsome as can be afforded, is the fittest memorial of a Christian. It signifies that he whose grave it marks died in the faith of Him who suffered on the cross. Should any stranger come by chance on that solitary spot by the African river where Bishop Mackenzie sleeps, he will know at once that there is a Christian's grave, by the cross that Dr. Livingstone set over it.

As regards *Inscriptions*, they should be short and to the purpose, and the letters should be such as may easily be read. And whatever is chosen, it should always be shown to the clergyman of the parish before it is begun in the stone, partly because the spelling might be faulty, and partly because the law entrusts him with the care of the churchyard, and it rests with him to admit or reject any inscriptions as he may see fit.

III. I must be brief in what I say upon *Graveyards*. Although, as I have just said, the care of them is entrusted to the clergyman, yet all parishioners are concerned alike in their common burying-place, and should help to keep it comely. In some of the wide and full churchyards of old country parishes it is next to impossible, as matters generally stand, to keep the grass tidy, without having it eaten down. But if all who have graves, or who use their parish church, would join together to help the clergyman keep it neat and mown, the sheep could be dispensed with, and then flower-beds, shrubs, and evergreens could be planted in the corners and unused spots. Sheep are very unpleasant in churchyards; but in many parishes the choice lies between sheep and coarse thistly grass; and so it will continue to be, until the parishioners make a united effort to keep their churchyard properly. And I feel sure that such an improvement, once begun, will not soon be given up. All would prefer to walk to church between laurels, yews, and cypress, to picking their way through dirt, or getting ankle-deep in rank wet grass. And as to the expense, it is trifling when shared among many; and if we regard it as a tribute of honour to the house of God, and of respect to those who sleep around it, how much better this method is than to put up, for one's own family only, some costly tomb or monument, or to dig out a vault which is to be hidden by an unsightly slab of stone?

I conclude with words of S. Basil:—"What need have you of a sumptuous monument, or a costly entombing? What advantage is there in a fruitless expense? Prepare your own funeral whilst you live. Works of charity and mercy are the funeral obsequies you can bestow upon yourself."



## End of the Year.

Behold  
How short a span  
Was long enough of old  
To measure out the life of man!  
In those well tempered days his life was then  
Surveyed, cast up, and found but three-score years and ten.  
Alas  
And what is that?  
They come and slide and pass,  
Before my pen can tell thee what:  
The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.  
We spend  
A ten years' breath  
Before we apprehend  
What 'tis to live, or fear a death:  
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys,  
Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove but toys.  
How vain  
How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short at longest, few at most;  
They are but bad at best; yet lavished out, or lost.  
They end  
When scarce begun:  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done.  
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last!

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## Short Sermon.

### Our Years as a told Tale.

BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DERBY.

Psalms xc, latter part of 9th verse. — “*We spend our years as a tale that is told*”—or (as in Prayer Book version) “*We bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.*”



THE writers in the Bible use many figures to show us how short man's lifetime is. Our time in the flesh is said to be like to the flower that quickly fadeth, and to the grass that withereth afore it groweth up. To a dream when one awaketh, or to a watch in the night when one is asleep. To the smoke that is lost in an instant in the purer air, or to a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. To a journey, or to a span! To a vain shadow, or to a thing of naught! To the swift ships scudding before the wind. To an eagle pouncing on its prey! And in my text, to a tale when it is told.

These words have fallen on our scarce-listening ears at some of the bitterest hours we have known, when, with the company of mourners, we have sat for the last time beside the remains of some loved one we have lost; and in the very depths of our stricken souls we then and there have *felt* how true it is, that "we bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told!"

A man feels it *then* while he commits that body to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. He feels it *then* to be true of himself, and yet "he goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he is." He returns once more to the sin or the excitement of "life's endless toil and endeavour;" he lives on again as if all men were mortal except himself.

"We spend our years as a *tale* that is told." How short the time seems which it takes to tell a tale, or to read one in a tale-book. So short, says God's word, is the life of man. And not only *short*, but gliding away without our noticing it. If you notice some youth, smitten with unhappy love for reading novels, you will see that while he listens to the tale which his book is telling to him, he is careless of the passing hours, he forgets the work that he has to do, until with the close of the story he starts up to find that what he counted *minutes* have been really *hours*, and that the time for his work is lost. So is it that Time is ever on the wing, and steals from us hours and days and months and years, until it has robbed us of our whole life, and leaves us, before we are aware, standing on the brink of Eternity!

And it does this just in the same way in which a tale beguiles its hearers or readers. At the opening of the tale we are eager to get into the stirring part of the story. We skim lightly and hastily over the earlier chapters, and call them dry and dull. By-and-bye the plot thickens, and we read on eagerly. New people get mixed up in the story. We come to think of them as real, and not mere pieces of brain-work. We are wholly taken up with their dangers, or loves, or sorrows! The clock strikes its note of warning, but we heed it not. The tale draws to a close—we would willingly prolong the pleasant excitement—we do not wish to hear how it all ends—and yet we cannot stop!

And thus, too, with the years of our life. *In youth*, eager-hearted and hopeful, the soul longs for pleasures of the *future*. It would willingly leap across years of existence to be in the thick of the battle of life. But in *manhood* and middle age, the soul is taken up with the present. Passing events with their tangled and twining interests are all in all. Old age creeps on; the soul catches misty glimpses of the final close. It clings fondly to the Past. It would stay the advancing Future! It shrinks from the dying hour, but it cannot stop! "Then cometh the end." Life is done: and oh! how short and how wasted it seems! But Eternity rolls on, and throughout it *that* Life is remembered like a tale after it has been told—remembered with what gratitude, or with what remorse—for *as a man has lived here, so he lives for ever!*

Keeping up the figure of the text, I would now enforce some practical lessons from these *three* facts, that tales are of *different kinds*, have *different endings*, and are of *different lengths*.

(1). It is plain enough that there are *different kinds* of tales. Some are Fairy tales, light and trifling stories—dealing in the impossible and the absurd—meant only to raise a laugh.

Such also is the life of some—chiefly, but not solely, of the young. They have high spirits, they are free from the cares and sorrows of the world, and so they are light of heart. They spend their time in foolish gossip, idle jesting, or careless mirth—the shade of serious thought never passes over their smiling faces. They seem to live only to amuse or to be amused—to laugh themselves or to make others laugh.

Other tales are of a graver kind. They turn on the doings or the sorrows of mankind, but they are altogether worldly in their tone and tendency. Or they are the stories of the lives of men who have “scorned delights and spent laborious days!” but *done so* on no higher spur than that of fame, or of power, or of wealth!

So it is with the lives of many. They are more sober-minded and in earnest, they pursue their ends with eagerness and energy, they are industrious and pushing, but for the great business of life—the saving of the soul—they care nothing! So far as eternity goes, their life is as worthless as that of the giddiest follower of gaiety and amusement. The only difference is, the others dance and laugh and sing as they pass along the broad road, *these* walk along it with a graver look and a steadier step; the others are butterflies and these are bees, but both are flying no higher than the flowers of earth.

But some tales are tales of truth: they have a high purpose. They are meant to make men not only wiser or richer, but to make them *hclier*; or, in Biography, they are the records of the righteous, who have served God in their generation, have largely benefited their fellow-men, and at last have died in peace. Such tales well stand for the lives of Christians. They live *in* the world, but are not *of* it. Whatever be their calling or profession, they are active in it. They are ready to further any plan for the welfare or happiness of others; but they do so *erving the Lord*. They are *bees* indeed; but not as others do they gather their treasures and house them on the earth; but they “lay up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life” (1 Tim. vi. 19).

My reader, look back on the year fast closing on us, and say what kind of tale has your life been. Has it been frittered away in mere amusement? Has it been filled with action, eager and constant, but hearing only on the things of earth?—or has it been full of high and holy longings after peace with God and meetness for heaven?

(2). But tales differ in their *endings*.

The close of a tale is its most important part; to *this* all the windings of the plot lead us on. As we come near *this*, our interest rises to its highest pitch. And is it not so with man's life? When we look on him as an immortal being—this present life as only a state of trial, and its end a turning point, after which his happiness or his woe are changeless for ever—surely we ought to search anxiously what kind of a close our own is to be.

Some tales, whether they have been serious or trifling in their earlier parts, have an unhappy ending. They end in some terrible misfortune that can never be mended. And is it not so with the lives of many? I know that when men are dead, however bad they may have been, we hardly dare to acknowledge that they have met their doom. So that it was once said by a witty reader of the inscriptions in a cemetery—"The dead lie here, and here the living lie." And yet, though in our natural affection, we put on the tomb a kindly hopeful epitaph, it is not the less true that the life of the wicked does end in fearful ruin!

But other tales have a *joyful* ending.

Although the later scenes may have told us of dangers, and difficulties, and sorrows, that seemed coming on so that the heart was heavy in looking on to the end, yet suddenly these clouds clear off. Some happy chance changes the whole aspect of affairs, the tangled threads are safely tied into the knot of happiness, and the last words tell of bright hopes fulfilled to the uttermost! And just so closes the life of God's people! Whatever doubts and troubles, trials and disappointments, may have clouded their earlier years, however Satan, our cowardly foe, taking advantage of the weakness of the flesh, may have darkened their last days with anxiety and distrust, yet the close of it is in peace! Death is the one event that changes the aspect of all the rest, and brings about the fulfilment of their every hope, viz., that they should be with Jesus till He comes, and that when He comes they should be with Him in His glory for ever!

Let the close of this year persuade us to look onwards to the close of our lives. It is not a thing impossible that the end of our life may be nearer even than the end of the year; and were it to be so, what would be the ending of the years that we have spent? Would it be that sorrow and sadness is past, and that endless joys have begun; that darkness and gloom are lost in a light that shineth for evermore?

(3). But *tales are widely different in their length*. Some fill three volumes, some only one, some only a few chapters, but all agree in *this*—that on the last page we find the word *Finis* or "The End!" This is equally true of men's lives. They, too, are of very different lengths. Some reaching threescore years and ten, and some few (one in each 500) even fourscore years. Many more do not reach even to the half of this number; for the average length of human life is but *thirty-three* years. While still more fall very far short even of this age. It is reckoned that of all those born into the world, somewhere about *one quarter* die before they are *seven* years of age, *one-half* before they reach *seventeen*!

What a voice there is in these facts for us all, of whatever age!

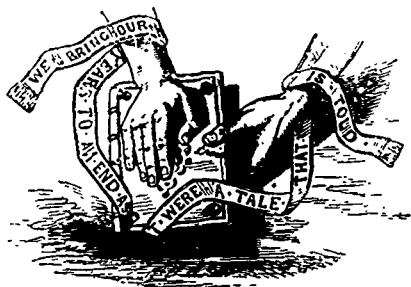
Dear children, let me say to you when you know that *one* out of every *four* dies before it is *seven* years old, should not you be ready! ready to die because you trust in the blood of Jesus to wash away your sins, and yet ready and happy to live if it please Him.

But to you who are no longer children—you young men and maidens—you who have already seen many of your acquaintance and school-fellows laid low in the dust—the voice of this waning

year is—"Be ye also ready." What though life spread out before you bright and glorious visions! They have deceived thousands, let them not deceive you! The traveller in the eastern desert is often cheated, during the burning heat of day, by an appearance called the *mirage*. He seems to see before him pools and lakes of water. He presses forward to enjoy the coolness and refreshment that seem almost within his reach. But when he comes to the spot on which his longing eye had been fixed, he finds, instead of streams of water, only a waste of glowing sand. Such will be your disappointment so long as you trust the world's promises of happiness, and such will be your state—unsafe and unhappy—until you accept the gracious offer of Jesus, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." "Incline your ear; come unto Me. Hear and your soul shall live."

And to those who are in middle age—in the strength and ripeness of manhood—if you have not obeyed it already there is no better lesson than this, "Be ye also ready." Yours is the life of constant action. Your danger is rather to be engrossed with the business of life than with its pleasures, but be assured this is not a whit the less deceitful if you seek your satisfaction in it. Oh, then, live in the view of the enduring Future! Seek, while with all energy you prosecute your appointed work, to do so with such an habitual dependance on the one Redeemer of guilty sinners, that at any hour you may be ready to answer to the awakening cry—"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."

But lastly to the aged, I would say, with all reverence, surely you should be the readiest of the ready. The matters which now engage your time and thoughts may be the last chapter of the tale. Nay, some of you may be nearly or quite at the last page, and the all-momentous ending will soon be known. Delay not, therefore, to make sure of your salvation now. Make sure that *your* Redeemer liveth. For *you* the days *must* be few—and by many a certain token—by deafening ear, and failing sight—by shrunken limb and breaking health, the Lord is saying to you—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. Be ye also ready."



# MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the *Penny Post*).

## A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

“Rejoice in the Lord.”—Phil. iv. 4.

CHRISTMAS-DAY is, and ever has been, a time of rejoicing to all Christians; God grant it may continue so. But there have been, and doubtless are this Christmas, too, those who feel the message “Rejoice” is not meant for them. There are some to whom the familiar sounds of the church bells, the sight of the evergreens, bring only to their hearts pangs of bitterest sorrow, and to their eyes floods of tears. If any such should read the words “Rejoice in the Lord,” and think that the message this Christmas comes not to them, to such I would address myself. It may be one who last Christmas was in health and strength, rejoicing in the universal joy, who now is laid upon a bed of sickness; and sorrowful to such an one may sound the message “Rejoice.” But yet to you the message comes. “Rejoice in the Lord.” It is not rejoice in the mirth, the festivities, the gaiety, but “Rejoice in the Lord.” And it is this message that must find its way, even into your sorrowful chamber, afflicted brother or sister, this Christmas-day. It tells you of One who left His glory for you and was born, as on this day,—One who “bore our griefs and carried our sorrows”—was subject to pain and sickness like as you are. One who can feel for all your pains; and, not only a sympathizing Friend, but an all-powerful Healer, and He can, if it be His will, heal yours. But oh! if He see fit that you this Christmas should not taste bodily health, will you not count it “a joy” to taste one drop of the cup He drained, and “glory in tribulation?” You have rejoiced before, but have you ever rejoiced *in the Lord?* and if not, it was for this He in mercy afflicted you—took away earthly joy that He might give you heavenly joy. Or is it some poor one who is reading this, and who sorrowfully thinks of the Christmas last year, when the festive board and happy faces proclaimed that want and poverty had never entered into the home you now have left, poor and afflicted, to return to no more. You may indeed feel sorrowful when you think of the poor Christmas you and your family have this year to spend. Think of the joys of last Christmas, and you will find no consolation; yet rejoice *in the Lord*; rejoice this day in One “who though He was rich yet for our sakes he became poor.” Mourn not too much this day for the comforts you cannot give your children; for their sakes Jesus was laid, as this day, in a manger. He “had not where to lay His head”—He was poor; and all that He might give to you the unsearchable riches of His grace. Then ought you not to rejoice this day? for riches, greater than the world’s best wealth are freely offered to you. Happy, twice happy are you, if to you Christ can say, “I know thy poverty, but thou art rich.” Happy, if, while “having nothing,” you are yet “possessing all things.” Or are you, reader, one who is *truly* poor—one who has lived in sin, and found neither joy nor comfort in religion? To you the sound of the church bells falls unheeded; the call to the heavenly feast comes in vain; you think the message “Rejoice” may do for religious people, but comes not this day to you. But to you it *does* come, and in saying so I declare nothing more than our Lord, when he spoke the words, “I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” You may have been deaf to the most graphic descriptions of heaven and hell, but can you, will you, resist the simple message, “God loves you?”—and this is the message Christmas-day brings—this is the message Christ came down to bring to the world. To save souls was the greatest joy of Jesus; to accept that “great salvation” should be the highest privilege the human soul is capable of. Will you

let there be this day joy in heaven over you? Then, dear reader, whoever you are, afflicted in "mind, body, or estate," this is surely a time to rejoice; "for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a SAVIOUR, which is Christ the Lord."—C.

X The Rev. Canon Gray has gone to Halifax to spend the winter there, in the hope that rest and absence from the duties and cares of his parish may give him renewed health and strength. Previous to his leaving St John, he addressed a letter to the wardens and vestry of Trinity Church, and a feeling reply was returned in which they expressed the deep sympathy felt for him not only by his own but by the members also of other congregations.

WOODSTOCK.—The new and beautiful little Parish church just completed at Woodstock, called Christ's Church, was consecrated by the Bishop of Fredericton on Thursday the 7th Nov.

The clergy present assembled at the old church and formed a procession which, headed by the Bishop, moved off, singing No. 164 from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—"We love the place, O God." Arriving at the entrance of the church, the procession was met by C. W. Raymond, Esq., who read an address presenting the building to the Bishop for consecration. This done, the clergy moved up the aisle singing the 24th Psalm to the 5th Tone, the choir joining in at the 7th verse "Lift up your heads, &c., as the procession reached the chancel steps. The Bishop and clergy having taking their places within the altar rail the usual form of consecration was proceeded with, and, after that, ordinary Morning Prayer. The Venite was sung to a single chant by Woodard in C. The Glorias to Jones in A; Te Deum, Dupuis in A, and the Jubilate to the Grand Chant Hymn 180, "Christ is made the sure foundation" was sung to 69, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—and the glorious Hymn "The Strain upraise", was admirably sung to its appropriate chant tune. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon after which the Holy Communion was administered to about forty persons, and concluded a service which must have produced cheerfulness and thankfulness in every earnest Churchman. The excellent choir of Christ's Church is under the able management of the Organist, Mr. H. W. Bourne. The new church which has been modelled after the Chapel of St. Anne, Campobello, is of the Early Pointed style with an open-timbered roof. It is 40 feet long and 20 wide, with a chancel 16 by 14 feet. The windows are all of stained glass and are all memorial. The East window, especially, is very fine. The seats are of ash, all open, and we believe free. A beautiful altar-cloth has been worked for the altar, (which is well elevated), by the daughter of the Rector, the Rev. S. D. Lee Street. The pulpit is made of maple wood and walnut.—This notice should not be closed without a passing recognition of the loving care and zeal bestowed for some time past by C. W. Raymond, Esq., one of the church-wardens, whose exertions in the raising of the funds with which to build the church, and his attention to it while building are worthy of all praise.

X The late Bishop of Toronto who died on the 1st of October last in the 28th year of his episcopate, had attained to the ripe old age of ninety. Bishop Strachan was born of humble parentage at Aberdeen in 1738. We quote some extracts from the *Toronto Globe* concerning him;—

In the year 1799, when only twenty-one years of age, he sailed from Greenock for Canada; and after a tedious voyage and journey by New York, reached the land with which his name has been since so much identified on the last day of the year to find nothing but disappointment and mortification. The Governor, upon whose invitation he had come, as he said, to superintend and organize a university, had in the meantime left, and the idea of a university had been abandoned. No provision had been made for him, in fact the Governor does not seem to have thought of him at all. A stranger in a strange land, he was no doubt sufficiently forlorn, and as he himself says, had he had money he would have forthwith returned to his own country. The necessary funds, however, were wanting, and he was kept in Canada, in due time to become Bishop of Toronto. Kind friends were raised up for him—one especially, Mr. Cart



wright, who proposed a plan which was followed. He advised him to take in pupils, and offered his four sons to begin with. In this way, he urged, he could be honourably and usefully employed—could have leisure to look around him—and if in the course of a year or two, he thought of returning to Scotland, he could do so comfortably and creditably.

He, accordingly began as teacher in Kingston, and was eminently successful in that work. While so engaged he had among his pupils not a few who became afterwards prominent and influential citizens, and some of them zealous cooperators with their former teacher in his various plans and projects.

How he came to join the Church of England we do not particularly know. He used to say that he was, even from early youth, considerably disposed in that direction, and that intercourse with Mr. Cartwright and Dr. Stuart, then of Kingston, finally determined him, at last to cast in his lot with the Episcopalians.

It was on the second day of May, 1803, that he was ordained Deacon by the Rev. Dr. Mountain, the first Protestant Bishop of Quebec, and on the third day of June, 1804, he was admitted by the same prelate into the order of Priests, and appointed to the Mission at Cornwall.

As a Bishop, and in his social relations, Bishop Strachan was very much liked by Churchmen generally, especially by those in his own diocese.

The annual Harvest-home Festival was celebrated in *St. Mary's Church, Bangor*, on the 16th inst. There was Welsh service the previous evening at seven o'clock, when the Rev. Lewis Jones, Minor Canon, feelingly intoned the Litany, the responses being well and heartily given. A powerful sermon was preached by the Rev. T. Morris, rector of Llanallgo. The sun rose brightly and cheerily the next day, which proved one of the greatest Church gatherings for prayer, praise, and thanksgiving ever remembered in Bangor. At eight o'clock the Rev. John Pryce, vicar, said Morning Prayer in Welsh. At ten o'clock the Bishop of Bangor, accompanied by the Bishop of New Zealand, the Dean of Bangor, and the Rev. John Pryce, entered the chancel. No. 224 and 145 and 223 of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* were sweetly sung by the choir. Mr. Owen, National Schoolmaster, playing on the harmonium. The Very Rev. the Dean of Bangor read the Litany, the Bishop of Bangor the Communion Service and Gospel, and the Bishop of New Zealand the Epistle. He also preached the sermon taking for his text 2 Peter, iii, 4—"Where is the promise of his coming?" On the glowing truth, the living trust, the burning zeal of Bishop Selwyn's sermon we must not dwell, for how could we venture to attempt a description of the thrilling feeling—the deep heartfelt emotions which were roused by the impassioned words, the sacred thought of hope, of one whose faith had never wavered, but had shone conspicuously in brightness and in gloom? He stood before us a living representative of the truth he taught; a sworn soldier of the Cross he had proved by self-sacrifice, by toil, danger, and strife that the words he spoke were not merely brilliant oratory, but the daily food of him who followed our great Exemplar in doing His Father's will. Looking at his beautiful earnest face, it seemed to shine with more than earthly lustre, as if in confident hope that in the great harvest day when the Lord is the husbandman, and the angels are the reapers, he will be garnered into celestial joys for ever. Very many of those who hope to meet him in heaven stayed to share with him the highest feast on earth. Welsh and English, rich and poor, old and young all met round the table of our common Lord, the Head of the one Church in all ages and climes, showing that although differing in tongue, apart in lot, divided by space they had the truest fellowship in heart.

**CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY.**—During the month of September the daily services at this London Church were crowded by merchants and business men generally. The *Daily Telegraph* of that city thus remarks upon the subject:—

It is a curious comment on the statements generally made as to the assumed indifference with which religion is regarded by men who are immersed in worldly business, that on a week day so many of those very men should throng to a particular church at considerable inconvenience. We know of nothing resembling it in the modern history of the city: the nearest approach to so unwonted an occurrence being the audiences that used to attend St. Margaret's, Lothbury, to hear the Golden Lecture, when Henry Melville was in his prime. To what is it to be attributed? Hardly to the ritualistic display, for that is not excessive, and the mere sight of a robed choir singing in procession one of the sweet hymns of Bernard of Cluny would not of itself take brokers and merchants from their counting houses at the busiest hour of the day. Nor is it the preaching. The first-class preachers of the Church of England may unfortunately almost be counted on one's fingers, and not one of them occupies the pulpit at St. Lawrence, and yet we believe that the reason for so peculiar a success in the competition between the Church and the Exchange is in no way obscure or doubtful; for unquestionably the scenes at St. Lawrence are among the most remarkably evidences of that revived interest in religious questions which we owe to the animated discussions of the last few months.

On Sunday evening (Nov. 3rd) the spacious Church of St. Mary, Haggerston, was thronged from end to end, numbers of really poor inhabitants standing through the whole service, which was magnificently rendered by a volunteer choir. The Bishop of Tennessee was the preacher. There was nothing calling for notice in his sermon, but before he gave the Benediction he addressed the congregation in a strain of enthusiasm very unusual in the English Church:

After a brief reference to the feast of dedication, he said that in America they sometimes heard that the Church of England, by whom his Church, was begotten, and at whose ample breasts she had been nourished, was an old and effete institution. What he had witnessed in the length and breadth of the land convinced him how fallacious was this view. Only on Friday, at Ely, he had been present at a missionary meeting, where there were Bishops from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and the island Church was now the mother of churches all over the world. It was a great thing to be a citizen of this mighty empire, but it was far greater to be a Catholic Churchman. "H," said the Bishop with great energy, "we are not Catholic Churchmen, we are nothing." Having said that Rome could never prove her claim to be the only Church so long as the Churches of England and America held as they did to what had been enunciated by the first six Councils, he concluded by saying that dark times was in store for this Church: that her bark was riding in a tempestuous sea, but he was confident that she would be more than conqueror, and that children yet unborn should arise and call her blessed.—*Guardian*.

The Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. Lonsdale, died very suddenly at his episcopal residence Eccleshall Castle on the 19th of October.

Although in his 89th year, Dr. Lonsdale was engaged actively in his work, and on the very day of his death had attended a meeting in furtherance of some Church school scheme. He had been a Bishop, and a successful one, too, for twenty-four years. By his marriage and other circumstances he had become a rich man, but during his whole episcopate he had saved scarcely anything beyond the expenses of taking possession of the see. But his money was not spent in luxury or in a magnificent establishment. We read that except a moderate sum which he gave to his married children, the diocese has had the benefit of all the Bishop's private income in addition to the official income of £4,500.

The venerable *Bishop of Chichester* has given in his adhesion to the Lambeth Pastoral Letter in an address to his clergy in which he states that his absence from the late Conference of the Bishops was owing to indisposition.

The Rev. E. Ibbotson has had the honor of presenting to her Majesty a copy of the second edition of the Hawaiian Prayer book, together with the photograph of his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Hawaii, at whose baptism her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales stood sponsors.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Church of St John, Baptist, Bathwick (the seats in which are entirely free and unappropriated, and the services maintained solely by the Offertory), will in future be left open on all week-days between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the evening, for the purpose of private devotion and meditation.—*Bath Express*.

The English Church Union has decided to prosecute the church warden of St Mary's, Atherstone, who, acting upon Archdeacon Hone's *dicta*, ventured to tear down the floral and other decorations at that church on the occasion of the recent Harvest Thanksgiving.—*Church Times*.

The Bishop of Melbourne has withdrawn his injunction against choral services, having obtained the opinion of London counsel that it was illegal.—*The Choir*.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

Another account of the consecration of the new church in St. Andrew's appears in some respects to be more correct than the description published in the last number of the Magazine, which was taken from the *St. Croix Courier*.

The Bishops and clergy assembled in the Madras School room adjoining the old church, and Hymn 164 was sung as a processional, not selections from the Psalms as was stated in our last number. Twenty-three were confirmed at the evening service. Forty three were confirmed last year. The Sunday School is said to be well organised.

We hope that our friends throughout the diocese will kindly furnish us with brief descriptions of the Christmas decorations in their churches this season.

A. W. M.—1. Your enclosure was duly delivered. 2. The numbers you received were sent gratuitously.