



REV. E. P. CRAWFORD.

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The Parish Guide.

VOL. I.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, SEPT., 1894.

No. 9

The Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
9. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
16. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
21. St. Matthew, A., E. and M.
23. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
29. S. Michael and All Angels.
30. Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

What Then ?

I.

After the Christian's tears,
After his fights and fears,
After his weary cross,
All things below but lost—
What then ?

Oh ! then—a holy calm,
Resting on Jesus' arm ;
Oh ! then—a deeper love
For the pure home above.

After this holy calm,
This rest on Jesus arm,
After this deepened love
For the pure home above—
What then ?

Oh ! then—work for Him,
Perishing souls to win,
Then Jesus' presence near,
Death's darkest hours to cheer.

And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour—
What then ?

Oh ! then—the crown is given !
Oh ! then—the rest in heaven !
Endless life in endless day,
Sin and sorrow pass away.

II.

After the joys of earth,
After the songs and mirth,
After its hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then ?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then ?

Only a sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then ?

Oh ! then—the judgment throne !
Oh ! then—the last hope—gone !
Then all the woes that dwell
In an eternal hell !

Failures.

Readers of Walter Scott, of course, remember his inimitable account of the first attempt of Dominie Sampson to preach. When he appeared in the pulpit "he became totally incapable of proceeding, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes, till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit

stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated a 'stickit minister.' We have heard a similar story of an amateur preacher, who, having given out his text with much confidence, began, "I shall endeavor," then gasped and continued, "I shall endeavor," gasped again; then he began once more, "My brethren, I shall endeavor," and once more he came to a full stop. By this time a grin was very perceptible on many faces—not on his. He gasped, turned all manner of colors, and having once more said "My brethren," hopelessly, and seen the grin develop into something stronger, he exclaimed quite fluently, "Well, *you* just come up here, and see how you would like it," and with that he vanished, not unlike Abel Sampson. How it fared with him afterwards we know not. But here is a true story of a man who afterwards became one of the most eloquent of English preachers, Robert Hall. He was admitted to "probation" and had begun his sermon, and was getting on fluently when he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I have lost all my ideas!" covered his face with his hands, and came down. His friends, however, believing he had real power, gave him another hearing, and he was appointed to preach again on the same subject at the same place the next week.

The second attempt was more disastrous still, more painful to witness, still more grievous to bear. He hastened home from the vestry, and on sitting down in his room ex-

claimed, "If this doesn't humble me, the devil *must* have me." This was the man who afterwards, for nearly half a century, roused the hearts of all his hearers by the splendor of his eloquence.—*Church Bells.*

John Kane and the Robbers.

Once there was a good man whose name was John Kane, who lived in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong to others. One night, as he was riding through a dark wood, he all at once found himself at the mercy of a band of robbers. He got down from his horse and said to the gang that he would give up to them all he had about him. He gave them a purse filled with silver coins, a gold chain from his neck, a ring from his finger, and from his pocket a book of prayer, with silver clasps.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief in a stern voice; "have you no more money?"

The old man in his confusion said he had given them all the money he had; and when he said this they let him go. Glad to get off so well, he went quickly on and was soon out of sight. But all at once the thought came to him that he had some gold pieces stitched into the hem of his robe. These he had quite forgotten when the robbers had asked him if he had any more money.

"This is lucky," thought John Kane, for he saw that the money would bear him home to his friends, and that he would not have to beg

his way or suffer for want of food and shelter. But John's conscience was a tender one, and he stopped to listen to its voice. It seemed to cry to him in earnest tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words would not let him rest.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept, and few men would have been troubled after such an escape. But John did not stop to reason. He went back to the place where the robbers stood, and walking up to them, said meekly: "I have told you what is not true; I did not mean to do so but fear confused me; so pardon me."

With these words he held forth the pieces of gold; but to his surprise not one of the robbers would take them. A strange feeling was at work in their hearts. These men, bad as they were, could not laugh at the pious old man. "Thou shalt not steal," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if touched by a common feeling, one of the robbers brought and gave back the old man's purse, another his gold chain, another his ring, another his book of prayer, and still another led up his horse and helped the old man to remount.

Then all the robbers, as if quite ashamed of having thought of harming so good a man, went up and asked his blessing. John Kane gave it with devout feeling, and then rode on his way, thanking God for so strange an escape, and wondering at the mixture of good and evil in the human heart.—*Good Words.*

The Best Recipe for Rest.

There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to overtired nerves so surely as a simple faith in the overruling, wise and tender providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending.

A simple faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that He cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerves the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the greatest everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength.

All Depends Upon the First Step.

We are in our own power at the very moment of temptation, in a way in which we are not afterwards. Our mind is free, unclouded; our will, firm. We can then, by God's help, gather ourselves up, and cast the evil one from us like a serpent. It has become a proverb from sad, miserable experience, "Who hesitates is lost."

The Parish Guide.

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224 Bay Street South.

Notes.

By the time this number is circulated many of our parishioners will have returned from their holidays. We therefore give a few intimations of the work for the autumn and winter, in which we hope all will be deeply interested, especially after such a long interval of rest.

The Rev. F. E. Howitt is conducting a ten days' mission at Watford, in the Diocese of Huron, commencing Aug. 25, after which he will take a short vacation.

As the Rector will be single-handed for a few weeks, he will be glad if parishioners will remember their duty in letting him know of any cases of sickness requiring visitation.

Will members of the Bible class take notice that the class will be resumed on Sunday, Sept. 2nd, at 3.15 p. m.?

The first meeting of the Confirmation Class will be held on Friday, the 21st inst., in the school-room at 8 p. m.

The Daughters of the King and S. Andrew's Brotherhood will shortly resume active work.

The ladies of the congregation are reminded that the W. A. M. A. will commence its season's work the 1st Tuesday in October.

Services will be held (D. V.) every Sunday evening in the mission-room, Wellington St., at 8 p. m., of which due notice will be given.

Mr. John Hoodless has our deepest sympathy in his recent loss of a loving and devoted mother. May our Lord Himself comfort the hearts of the bereaved husband and children.

Let no earnest and true lover of Christ think that we have a plethora of workers for the Master in this parish. We want helpers in every department—S. S. teachers, district visitors, Dorcas and Temperance workers, etc. Bishop Hall says, "There is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing." Some Christians we have known must have had a large amount of that kind of trouble.

Good striving
Brings thriving.
Better a dog who works,
Than a lion who shirks.

Special sermons to young men and women will be preached by the Rector (D. V.) on the first Sunday evening of each of the months from September to May inclusive.

Historical Sketch of our Parish.

(Continued.)

Some months elapsed before the efforts of the committee entrusted with securing a successor to the Rev. H. Carmichael were crowned with success. After considering several names their choice at last fell upon the Rev. E. P. Crawford,

Rector of Trinity Church, Brockville, one of the most popular and well-known clergymen of the Diocese of Ontario, whose ministry as Rector of Trinity Church, extending over a period of fourteen years, had been marked with no little success.

Mr. Crawford was born at Brockville. Having passed through Upper Canada College he entered Toronto University, where he graduated in due course. Having completed his theological studies, he was ordained deacon in 1869, and priest in the following year by the Bishop of Ontario. His first appointment was to the Mission of Hillier, from whence he removed in a short time to Hawkesbury, and thence, in 1875, to Brockville. Mr. Crawford entered upon his work in Hamilton on Sunday, June 30th, 1889, being inducted by the Bishop of Niagara, who preached on the occasion from 1 Thess. v. 12, 13.

Before his removal to the parish, the Rectory underwent a complete renovation, and about the same time a valuable addition was made to the church property by the purchase of a lot adjoining the Rectory grounds, belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Canon Hebdon.

After some three years' service, Mr. Belt removed from the parish in 1890, and succeeded his brother as Incumbent of Harriston, Clifford, and Drew. The Rev. R. W. E. Wright was appointed assistant minister in his place in 1891, but resigned in less than a year to accept a similiar position at Christ Church

Cathedral, Hamilton. His resignation was brought about by the fact that Mr. Crawford was himself contemplating a similar step.

The Rectory of S. Luke's Cathedral Church, Halifax, N. S., having become vacant, the Rectorship was offered to Mr. Crawford, who, after some delay owing to legal difficulties connected with the position, accepted the call of the vestry, and removed there in 1892, after but a short rectorate at the Ascension of some three years.

(To be continued.)

What a Prayer Did.

Dr. M. D. Hoge, of this city, tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candor and try to get rid of them?" "Yes, sir," replied the other, "I will do it." They went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please bow down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you will tell them? You lead in prayer." It was done, and when the prayer was over the man who had sought the interview said: "Now, proceed with what you have to complain of in me." But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is I feel now that in going around talk-

ing against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me and forgive the wrong I have done you." Dr. Hoge tells the story very well, and here and there in every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.—*Religious Herald*.

A False Prophet.

Voltaire, who was considered the cleverest man in Europe in his day, and died in 1778, prophesied that 100 years from his time the Bible would be a forgotten book. When the 100 years were up, the Bible Revision Committee was sitting in Europe and America. In 1884 the British and Foreign Bible Society distributed over 4,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. This has been the fulfillment of Voltaire's prophecy. The foreign mission enterprise has been one of wonderful success. The fact is that by the very success of this work, by the openings in every heathen land, and by the crumbling of old heathen superstitions, a crisis has been reached in missions. It will tax the energies of the Christian churches to occupy the fields, which to-day are open to them. There is a mighty call to us from every quarter to go forward.

Why He Went.

A missionary being asked what it was that directed his thoughts toward the foreign field, answered :

"In coming home one night, driving across the vast prairie, I saw my little John hurrying to meet

me; the grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly I missed him, and thought he was playing and simply hiding from me, but he didn't appear, as I expected he would. Then the thought flashed to my mind, 'There's an old well there, and he has fallen in.' I hurried up to him, reached down in the well and lifted him out; and as he looked up in my face, what do you think he said? 'O, papa, why didn't you hurry?' Those words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them and bade me think of others who are lost, of souls without God and without hope in this world; and the message came to me as a message from the heavenly Father, 'Go and work in my name'; and then from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul, as I accepted God's call: 'Oh, why don't you hurry?'"

Work and Rest.

Gustave Doré was an energetic worker, and here is his creed as to work and rest: "I firmly believe that we workers have the best health, and for the simple reason that our lives are more uniform. Idlers always fancy that we must be tired, and are astonished to find that we do not wear out faster than themselves. Now I am one of those who believe that even excessive intellectual work, if it be pursued steadily and continuously, consumes one less rapidly than idleness, intemperance, or *ennui*."

An Archbishop's Dilemma.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, when preaching at St. Paul's, had the notes of his sermon, containing some important statistics, on half a sheet of note paper before him on the pulpit cushion. During the hymn a sudden gust of wind whirled the little paper among the audience and wafted it into the face of a citizen at some distance from the pulpit. The Archbishop expected it to be brought back; the man looked over the scribbled paper and a sudden look of bright intelligence stole into his face; he closed his book, folded up the paper, placed it in his breast pocket, and hurriedly left the church, congratulating himself upon having secured so undoubted an autograph under such exceptionally interesting and unique circumstances. The keen sense of humor, so characteristic of Dr. Tait, came to his relief; and it is a strong testimony to the imperturbable serenity of the man that he was able to preach his sermon as if nothing had happened.

Religion and Rum.

Christian nations continue to exhibit to heathen nations the terrible farce of carrying in one hand an open Bible, and in the other hand the bottle of rum. The *Bombay Guardian* has been speaking out very plainly on this question. It calls this business by the name of "The Devil's Missionary Enterprise." All vessels bound for West

and South Africa, coming from ports in Europe and America, stop at Madeira, and here is a list of spirituous liquors which passed through in one week, taken from the daily returns posted in Liverpool:

960,000 cases of Gin	£240,000
24,000 butts of Rum	240,000
30,000 cases of Brandy.	90,000
28,900 cases of Irish Whiskey.	56,000
800,000 demijohns of Rum	240,000
26,000 barrels of Rum.	72,000
30,000 cases of old Tom.	60,000
15,000 barrels of Absinthe.	45,000
47,000 cases of Vermouth	3,000

Thanking God for Our Thorn.

Dr. George Mathewson, of Scotland, is totally blind, and yet he is one of the most learned and gifted men in all Britain. He was a member of Pan-Presbyterian Alliance of Belfast, in 1884, and no man in all that body of great men was heard with more profound attention than he. In oratorical power he had few, if any, equals in that body of eloquent men. He spoke with such fluency, power and magnetism that he swept everything before him.

It is beautiful to witness the sweetness of the spirit of this man. Although he lives, and must always live, in total darkness, yet he is a cheerful and happy-hearted Christian. The following touching words from his pen ought to strengthen the Christian patience of God's afflicted children:

"My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have

been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human path has been perfected through sufferings, teach me the glory of my cross; teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have been made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of the hour when I wrestled until the break of day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"
Cumberland Presbyterian.

No Conflict

When science fails to agree with the Bible there need be no doubtings or wonderings as to the result. Again and again the seeming differences which have arisen have vanished in the light of a fuller knowledge. So it will be as we continue to learn. We shall stand more and more in awe and admiration of that infinite wisdom which is above all human knowledge "as the heaven is high above the earth."—SELECTED

THERE are two freedoms: the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—*Kingsley*

The Genesis of Sin.

"Do you suffer your thoughts to tamper with evil, and to dally with wrong-doing? If so, you are not sincere, God will regard your thoughts, for *thoughts are heard in heaven*. If you willingly sin in thought, if you are base and guilty there, because you think that no eye can see your thought, the guilt and the baseness will sooner or later break into the outlets of word and deed—from thought to wish—from wish to purpose—from purpose to word—from word to act—from act to habit—from delight in the imagination to consent in the will—from consent in the will to guilt in the deed—from guilty deed to repeated transgression, such is the genesis of sin."
 ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Parish Register.

BAPTISMS.

- Aug. 5. Ina Pearl, daughter of P. F. Young.
 Aug. 5. Henry Richard, son of G. C. Thomson.
 Aug. 12. Edward Harrison, son of J. E. Hines.
 Aug. 12. Annie Maria, daughter of A. Mathews.

MARRIAGES.

- Aug. 18. By the Rector, Geo. Jones Shrapnell to Mary Ann Venn.
 Aug. 23. By the Rector, at 26 Augusta street, Newton Eldridge Humphrey to Miriam Bartington Slater.

BURIALS.

- Aug. 1. Thos. J. Smith, aged 6 months.
 Aug. 3. John Ormsby, aged 30 years.