

Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M.A., D.C.L.

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The red marks enclosing this paragraph indicate that the subscription is due, and the Proprietor will be glad to receive the amount as early as possible. The date marked with the address on each paper is that to which that paper is paid up.

With this number closes the fifteenth year of our little monthly. We think that CHURCH WORK is appreciated from the many letters of commendation that reach us, but unfortunately these will not pay our printer; and as we would much like to begin our New Year out of debt, we would ask our readers to look at the date on their papers, and remit to us what is due; for tho' we only ask 30cts. for each copy, the amount of debts on our books is nearly \$800, and this all among those to whom the paper is sent regularly, not to mention what is due by those we have struck off, as they were so far in arrears that we could not afford to send to them any longer. We know that there are a few who, when asked to pay, say they did not order it. Why not, then, send back the first one? not let them be sent year after

year, read them, but never think of paying. Others say they do not get them regularly. If they would only let us know when they miss, we would try and find out where they are lost, and set it right, as they are always sent. Others change their place of residence, and do not let us know. But leaving those who never intend to pay, tho afraid we have failed in our duty of teaching them to "Owe no man anything," there are many who neglect to pay through thoughtlessness, or forgetfulness. They say, when they see the date, "I must send that money," put it down and forget it till next month, when the same thing happens again. Now we sincerely hope that this number will not be put out of sight until each subscriber in arrears has mailed the amount due. If we could mark 91 on each paper, we would begin our sixteenth volume with gladness.

Oh, ye who taste that love is sweet,
Set way-marks for all doubtful feet
That stumble on in search of it.

Lead life of love, that others who
Behold your life may kindle too
With love, and cast their lot with you,
Christina G. Rossetti.

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THE LAY PRIESTHOOD.

Under the Old Testament Dispensation it was ordered by Almighty God that the setting apart of special agents for His work should be accompanied by certain outward and visible signs significant of the special grace and help, inward and invisible, which He would bestow concurrently with the outward sign on worthy recipients, and without which their subsequent duties could not be acceptably fulfilled. Ceremonial washing with water, anointing with consecrated oil, and the laying-on-of-hands were the principal among those outward signs,—the first signifying repentance and faith, with the accompanying cleansing of body, soul and spirit,—the second representing the anointing by the Holy Spirit, with its teaching and strengthening gifts, and the third marking the bestowal of those seven-fold gifts by the hand of God.

Prophets, priests and kings were thus religiously and ceremonially set apart from the world around them as God's chosen servants to fulfil His work for the salvation of His chosen people, themselves and others, and the subduing of the kingdoms of the earth. The people of Israel were in those days called of God to be a holy nation, a royal priesthood. Through them was to come a Light to lighten the Gentiles, as well as to be the glory of His people Israel; for the promises given through God's an-

cient Dispensation were to extend—not only to His people of Israel, but to those afar off, even as many as the Lord our God should call, and His call was to be to all nations.

This in-gathering of the Gentiles began with the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. All were called to become "members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones." All thus becoming His members were to be partakers of His nature and of His work, namely that of a prophet, a priest and a king. In his nature there was to be no distinction—as in the Old Dispensation — between male and female, bond or free, but all were to be one Body. In this Body, fulfilling His work, every member should partake of His rest.

Admission, or being "born again" into His Body, was to be of water and of the Spirit, from which—as in the Old Dispensation, infancy was to be no bar. Next, even as the young Israelite at twelve years of age was brought before the doctors of the Law and, after careful examination, admitted to be "sons of the precept" by the Laying-on-of-hands, even so in the Primitive Church, and thenceforward even to our day and to the end of the world, in the fulfilment of the earlier type, is found in the setting apart for their holy work as prophets, priests and kings, as the members of Christ's Body, the solemn Laying-on-of-hands of the Apostles and their regularly-ordained successors on the heads of the candi-

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dates. Having had the "washing of water" in their new birth into God's covenant, the anointing with holy oil under the Old Dispensation is—under the New, with all its fullness—that which the consecrated oil formerly signified, even the seven-fold gifts of God's Holy Spirit, which, as Holy Scripture informs us, comes with the Laying-on-of-hands. "Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

There is a lay-priesthood as well as a clerical priesthood in God's Church, and Confirmation is the ordination of the lay priesthood.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

This new organization which began its existence through 'General' Booth more than eighteen hundred years too late to be used as God's organization for the regeneration of a world sunk in wickedness, and which by its rejection of Baptism and the Holy Communion sets at naught the idea that God, in both the Old and New Dispensation, provided any outward and visible sacraments for the spiritual enlisting and feeding of His Church militant, is now being thoroughly advertised by its astute leader. Notwithstanding the well-known fact that the Church of England and several of the Nonconformist bodies had formed zealous and energetic societies which had for many years been and now are successfully occupied with the blessed

work of providing for the poor and outcast and, indeed, heathen, who swarm in London and the other great English cities, gaining their good will by kindness to the body, and using that good will as the Christ-like way of introducing the blessed light and love of the gospel amongst them, 'General' Booth now steps forth as the regenerator of 'Darkest England.' His scheme of reforming the poor and sending them forth as labourers at home and immigrants abroad amongst British colonists, (thenceforward to assist in looking after them,) is already in successful operation through the before-mentioned organizations. But neither the Church of England or the Nonconformists ever dreamed of making their plans a means of permanently endowing their various ecclesiastical organizations at home or abroad. This has been left to the far-sightedness of 'General' Booth, who—when it was suggested that the vast sum for which he asked should be vested in responsible trustees, refused point blank to do so, insisting like another chief in our day, on being the solely responsible head treasurer and manager of his projected endowment. Here are his own words :

"He disclaimed any political feeling in the scheme, and said his politics were the Salvation Army and the good of the people. (Note the significant order of the words.) His whole thoughts, he said, were simple for the Salvation Army, and if they

took a man by the hand they must take him as Salvationists."

Considering that this binds him to the rejection of the sacraments of the gospel, and practically to the forsaking of all forms of worship but that of 'General' Booth's ordering, the modesty and tolerance of all other religious bodies stands out conspicuously as contrasted with the bold scheme of demanding from the general public an immense sum as a permanent endowment of a proselyting movement. But in these days, as in all ages, a paralyzing shout silences ordinary objectors and enlists the sympathies of many who cannot, as a rule, be induced to listen to modest appeals, or to think for themselves.

In the matter of obedience to God's commandments, and particularly in purity of conduct, we have seen in the lives of too many of the blatant 'saved' the evil effect of the short-cut way to salvation,—and the verification of our Lord's words, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Some of the most vigorous assailants of the Salvation Army system have been officers of the 'Army', who have retired from its service.

It is not too much to say of the vast edifice now proposed to be built and endowed mainly by believers in the efficacy of the sacraments of the gospel and their perpetual obligation, that if built it will indeed stand on a sandy foundation.

GEN. BOOTH'S SCHEME.—Here is a man, the leader of a sect, and that sect a new one, hitherto carried on upon voluntary principles, who comes forward with an elaborate scheme which he will carry out for the regeneration of the people, if

only those who have money to spare will only endow his sect; for endowment is precisely what he claims. The scheme that is to be accepted entire or rejected altogether, has a look of system, but is really made up of a vast number of projects. Some of the projects are such as, in the eyes of many well-judging students, would tend to pauperize still further the people which they are intended to elevate and purify; others of the projects which are laudable in aim and method, have been already realized to some extent, and are being successfully, if unostentatiously, carried out by the older religious bodies. Yet these latter projects the Salvation Army would monopolize, and the adoption of the scheme would inevitably weaken the already established institutions of the Church. One would think "General" Booth had never heard of the rescue work of the Church and the other religious communions. He does well to ignore what might seem to render himself less necessary; for he wishes to found a vast philanthropic bureau, and to manage it himself in the interests of his sect.—*Church Times.*

THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

The judgment of the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assessors on this famous case has, after long and careful deliberation, been at last delivered. It will be remembered that the indictment against the Bishop of Lincoln consisted of six distinct charges, brought against him by the Church Association, viz.:

1st. His use of the Mixed Chalice in the Holy Communion. The

Court decided that if the admixture of a little water with the wine is not done as a ceremonial part during the service, it is not against the law of the Church.

2d. Taking the Ablutions after the Communion. This charge was dismissed.

3d. The Eastward position. It was held that whilst the eastward position is not unlawful, the manual acts in the consecration of the bread and wine must be performed so that they can be seen by the communicants.

4th. Singing the "Agnus." It was decided that the singing of this anthem, which consists of two verses taken out the Bible, is not unlawful.

5th. Altar lights. It is decided that two lights, standing on the altar, not for the purpose of giving light, during the administration of the Holy Communion, is not against the law of the Church of England.

6th. Making the sign of the cross in benediction of the congregation or when administering the sacred elements in the Eucharist. It was ordered that this be discontinued, as being unauthorized by the Church.

This judgment has been most favorably mentioned by the public press, on all sides, and is giving much satisfaction to all but a few extremists.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S JUDGMENT.

The London Guardian thus counsels moderation and salutary delay, and this on one side as well as on the other. "If six candles should not at once be reduced to two, so neither should unlighted candles be at once lighted. Nothing will do so much to secure ultimate acquies-

cence in the judgment as moderation and tact in obeying it." With the same wise caution and moderation, the president of the English Church Union, Viscount Halifax, writes to the branches of that powerful organization suggesting that at the next celebration of the Holy Communion every member make a special act of thanksgiving for the prospects of peace which the terms of the judgment seem to secure. The principles and tenor, he says, of the judgment, vindicating as they do the historic rights and continuity of the Church of England, are such as may well elicit, when they recall the history of the past, the thanks and gratitude of the Church of England. At the same time he earnestly deprecates any attempt to force unaccustomed ritual on unwilling clergy or congregations, or to insist upon a rigid uniformity, which he calls erroneous in theory and impossible in practice. Finally, he expresses the hope that in view of the very real and increasing desire on all sides to minimize differences, and to draw together in the common work against sin, infidelity, and misbelief "no attempt will be made in the future, on one side or the other, to interfere with long accustomed usage in the way of ritual, against the good will of the parishoners."

Such expressions as these from the principal organ of Church opinion on the one hand, and from one of the most distinguished leaders of the Church party on the other, are sufficient to show that our anticipations with regard to the general satisfaction with the judgment, have been justified by the event.—*Living Church*.

*SOME ANECDOTES OF
BISHOP SELWYN.*

Continued from January No.

Somebody one day asked a common sailor in the harbor of Auckland about the different vessels which sailed from that port, and about their captains, and which of them he had sailed with, and which of them he would rather sail with. To which he replied: "Well, I had as lief go with the Bishop as any man." So thorough a seaman and experienced a navigator had he become.

"It was a glorious sight," wrote an eye witness, "the day the new mission ship first left her moorings near the college. All the boys came on board, and Champion, her captain, was piloting her up to Auckland, the Bishop at the helm. 'Luff my Lord,' cried the pilot. 'Luff it is,' replied the Bishop." He knew where every store was in his missionary vessels, and every rope, says his biographer, and in those Episcopal voyages kept his watches with great regularity, and taught everybody his duty, from the oldest sailor to the youngest boy. And such services as he used to hold on deck, and such sermons as he used to preach as they bounded over the waves under the open sky!

Once, at a mission station, a native, armed with his tomahawk, came into a Confirmation service, and seeing the Bishop at the altar and his assistant at the reading desk, himself walked up to the altar and took possession of the vacant seat there, saying that "the Bishop was the great chief in the church, and he was the next." The assistant tried to induce the intruder to

retire, but all in vain. What did the Bishop do then but beckon to a couple of faithful men in the congregation who in a moment lifted the altar bodily over the rail, and shut the gate, leaving the old chief alone in his glory, very much disconcerted! The whole thing was very quickly and quietly done, and undoubtedly saved trouble

When, in the summer of 1855, the Bishop returned to New Zealand from his first visit home to England, his coming just at that time was not expected. A strange vessel was seen coming up the harbor, threading all its intricacies with perfect confidence and safety, and without firing a gun for the pilot. People on the lookout saw by the way the ship was handled that no novice was at the helm. Who could it be? Who so likely to be as the Bishop? And, sure enough, in half an hour more the Custom House officer came up to say that the Bishop was on board. For two or three nights, it appeared, he had been on deck piloting the vessel along the coast. It was on this occasion that one of the sailors said, "It is enough to make a man a Christian to see the Bishop handle a vessel."

Once, in the course of an island journey, the Bishop and his party, which included a Presbyter, a Deacon and six lay Maoris, came to a very bad and dangerous place in the road, and failing to induce the "abutters" to mend it, he turned to himself, with his party, and in a day and a half made it passable.

Punctuality was one of his business-like virtues. As illustrating this, it is related that he once laid

out a visitation journey of 1000 miles, and appointed to meet one of his Archdeacons at the end of it, six months from the time of making the appointment, on a given day. A week before the day fixed, the Archdeacon received a letter from him saying that he would be at a spot twenty miles from the place appointed on the day appointed, at 1 p. m. The Archdeacon went to meet him; and as his watch pointed to the hour of one, he "looked up and saw the Bishop emerging from a bush, looking well, wiry and frisky." During the three months immediately preceding, he had walked 550 miles, ridden 450, and examined and confirmed 1,500 people. He was alone nearly all the way.

Bishop Selwyn did not, his biographer observes, make his missionary landings on the islands of the Pacific like St. Augustine at Ramsgate, bearing a cross and chanting a litany. If a less spectacular, he chose a more sensible and equally manly method of approach. He would leave his boat ten or twenty yards out from the point on the shore where, perhaps, a hundred natives were gathered to receive him, and plunge into the water with a load of presents on his back, which he had previously held up before the eyes of the islanders. Swimming or wading ashore, he would call out the name of the chief, which, in some way or other, he had previously got hold of; the chief would step forward; the Bishop would give the chief his tomahawk, and the chief would give the Bishop his bow and arrows; the chief would send the tomahawk to the rear, and the Bishop would pat the children on the head, and begin to distribute

his fish hooks and red tape. Next the Bishop would bring forward some black boy, whom he had brought with him, belonging to some other island, and now clothed and in a Christian mind, as a sample of the work he would like to do on some of the wild boys before him. Meantime he would be jottig down in his note-book as many words and proper names as he could get hold of, and with a further barter of calico for yams or cocoanuts, would end the visit for this time, and swim back to his boat, having established "friendly relations."

The next year he would come again, with enough knowledge of their language to tell the people what he had come for, and this time he would get some boys to carry back to New Zealand—not to slavery, but to spend a term at his schools, thus making captives for Christ.

So well known did this wise and heroic Bishop of New Zealand become, in the course of a few years, throughout the length and breadth of his great maritime diocese—for such it was at first—that an outlaw, who lay dying in a harbor of the New Hebrides, said: "Take my boy to Bishop Selwyn, and tell him to bring him up not to be so big a scamp as his father."

One of the Bishop's missionary vessels, the "Southern Cross," once ran aground while passing up the lagoon at New Caledonia. After much labor and delay she was gotten off; but the question was, how much was she injured, and would she safely make the return voyage to New Zealand? To answer this question was a problem, for no dock, no slip, no hard beach even, was at

hand, and no divers were to be obtained. But the Bishop—he was now forty-eight years of age—proved equal even to this emergency. Causing the ship to be heeled over as far as was safe, and having laid off all his clothing except his tweed trousers and jersey, in the presence of the officers of a French man-of-war lying in the harbor, he made a series of dives under the bow of the vessel, in the course of which he felt carefully over her keel and fore-foot, where she had grounded, and satisfied himself as to the exact nature of her injuries. No wonder that, after dining the next day on the French man-of-war, the gallant Bishop was sent away with a salute of eleven guns!

THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE.

Continued from January No.

Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, D.D. (Congregationalist), Professor in Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., says:

"For myself I am free to say that many years of study of the history of the Church leaves little doubt in my mind that a distinction of office, or function, between bishops and presbyters, has its root in the Apostolic Age, and appears in the history of the Church of Jerusalem almost from the beginning, and elsewhere so close upon the same formative period as to imply a beginning within it. The institution of the Episcopate, moreover, is not only thus venerable, but it is the distinctive mark of a type of policy which can claim beyond all others steadfastness, continuity, power of survival and of adaptation. Other forms, whatever their special excellences, are com-

paratively untried and provincial. I cannot but think there is good in such an institution for the Church Universal."

Rev. Edward T. Horn, D.D. (Lutheran), President of the United Synod of the South, Charleston, S. C., says:

"The divisions of the Church are a hindrance and a scandal. To separate from our fellow Christians without warrant of Holy Scripture is a crime. And in this country especially, in proportion as a new nationality is being evolved out of all the elements of our commonwealth, the hope of unity is growing. Some one had to take the first step; and the House of Bishops in taking it have shown a worthy conception of their office. And they are right in proposing that there must first of all be an agreement concerning the doctrine of the Gospel and the administration of the sacraments. If such agreement can be secured, we may let the rest take care of itself."

Prof. Wm. J. Mann, D.D. (Lutheran), Phil., says:

"Certainly, all Christians feel that the *disunited condition of Christendom*, as we witness it, does not correspond with that conception of the "communion of saints" which was in the mind of the Divine Author, but is in glaring contradiction to the fundamental ideas of Christianity as a system of religious and ethical principles, and to a large extent prevents Christianity from executing its mission, and from conveying to mankind its intended blessings."

"The question of the Episcopate will ultimately be settled on the principle of expediency, as it originally grew out of it, whereby is excluded its absolute and unlimited

necessity. It is with a view to this point that I do not wish to be understood as admitting the claims of the Episcopate as a condition *sine qua non* for the existence of the true Church; while on the other hand, I do not wish to be misunderstood as ignoring the historic basis and the venerable character of the Episcopate and the Church on this basis. I for one would give the preference to the Historic Episcopate before all other forms of Church government, and would, with proper limitations of its privileges and rights, to which the Committee of the Lambeth Conference alludes in its final observation, and with due regard for the local conditions and traditions, advocate its adoption where it can be introduced without danger to equally or more important interests."

Prof. E. J. Wolf, D.D., Prof. Theol. Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa., says :

"A grave responsibility for the perpetuation of schism must rest upon those who in the face of the great multitude of Christians disturb the harmony of public worship by inserting a sectarian shibboleth into the common prayer and the common creed of believers, and upon those also who, when charged to select uniform lessons for the Sunday Schools of the world, put out from year to year a scheme which prevents the children from uniting in the universal triumph of Christendom on Easter morning. It is undeniable that as long as denominations are thus occupied with straining out gnats and puerilities that represent not a grain of principle, the weightier matter of a United Church must content itself with an occasional protest. If we are to keep on stickling for set phrases, for

prejudices begotten of ecclesiastical or civil strife, for opinions and traditions that have no significance except that they have been in vogue; if nothing is to be laid upon the altar; if the cause of Church union is not worth a single sacrifice, and its realization is expected without a Calvary,—then we may as well face the issue, and give up the contest as chimerical and hopeless."

"It becomes us, (indeed), to be in accord with our Master's prayer,—to have in this, as in all things, the same mind which dwelt in Him. The first duty and the first sign of promise for ultimate union in the Church is the cultivation of sympathy, charity, and concord one with another. It devolves on us indeed to pray as He prayed, to keep on repeating his prayer. And our conduct must be consistent with our praying, 'endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace;' but we must distinguish between what is God's province and what is ours, between that which He alone can accomplish and that which is clearly made our duty."

To be Continued.

DO YOU PRAY?—"If there be any duty which our Lord Jesus Christ seems to have considered as indispensably necessary towards the formation of a true Christian, it is that of prayer. He has taken every opportunity of impressing on our minds the absolute need in which we stand of the Divine assistance, both to persist in the paths of righteousness, and to fly from the allurements of a fascinating but dangerous life; and He has directed us to the only means of obtaining that assistance, in constant and habitual appeals to the Throne of Grace."

THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

BY REV. GEO. R. VAN DE WATER, D.D.

"I saw a great white Throne."—Rev. xx:11

No ordinary magistrate is to preside at this great throne, he will be a king, a heavenly king, a divine king. The tribunal will be the highest before which man can be brought. Before that tribunal there will be a thorough hearing, and it will be a tribunal of last resort and there will be no reversal of its decree. It is not only a judgment, but a *last* judgment, never to be succeeded by any other. Eternity may give endless repetition, but it can never pronounce its reversal. The last judgment is the final judgment. The throne is called great because it is presided over by a great King, and is instituted for a great purpose. Thousands of angels will attend its session; the rich and the poor and the high and the low will be there for judgment.

The judgment throne is also white; it will be of dazzling brightness, because a throne of the purest justice. The Judge is the Saviour of the world, Jesus Christ, of whom Christian creeds declare, from heaven He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. The Son is to be the judge. Since He made the world by His Son, and governed it through His Son, it is fitting from a divine standpoint that He should judge the world by His Son. It is fitting also from this standpoint. God the Father could not judge as well as the Son. Our Lord will not judge in His divine character, but being incarnate He will judge man as man. The judge must be di-

vine in order to be qualified to judge. When He will appear on the throne He will appear as man. When men look upon Christ they will look upon their Elder Brother who was born in a manger: Who walked upon this earth and knows man through and through, and therefore is qualified to judge man; He knows his infirmities and abilities and is in full sympathy with him. The judgment throne is white, glistening, and pure, because it cannot abide anything in its presence but that which is holy and pure. All else will be cast aside as worthless. It will therefore seem from the word-picture given in the Scriptures, that the presence of Christ on that throne will be so real that anything not strictly pure will not be able to abide in it. Like the direct rays of sunlight, the glance of His eye will consume whatever is wicked. the dissolution of the material world is but an accessory of judgment, and the dissolution of whatever is worldly in man, or earthly, is a fact of which the dissolution of the material world is but a figure. The object of judgment is to see who are fit to dwell forever in the immediate presence of God. If everybody were to be saved, there would be no occasion for judgment. The revelation of judgment is a revelation of partial salvation. Before the great white throne all distinction shall have ceased. Nothing but character can avail a man in that hour—not the character hoped for but the character possessed.

Let us look at the process of this judgment. First, its judgment is impartial, equitable, and merciful. More than this no man can ask. Secondly, when judgment is passed

there will be none to dispute its equity. All condemned by it will find themselves speechless. There will be nothing said because there will be nothing to say. Judgment will be exact; no mistakes will be made because the books will be opened and the record of life revealed. Daniel tells us this three hundred and twenty years before Christ came to reveal it. St. John tells us this in Revelations.

These are the books that will be opened: the book of nature, which tells a man what is right and wrong, and gives him dictates of conscience. Another book will be opened—the book of conscience: conscience will be there as here, to review the events of a lifetime and accuse us freshly. Thank God, another book will be opened there—that is God's Book of Life, real life, not my life or your life, but Christ's life, eternal life. There will be mercy in the judgment because Christ is the Judge: grace in the judgement because our Elder Brother is to judge us. If we can only have our names in that Book of Life, while it will not make our black marks white, it will place red marks against those black marks. If I turn to nature's book I find no comfort. If I turn to the book of conscience I am accused, but if I turn to that other great book I realize that it is possible to attain everlasting life, and that I shall not come into utter condemnation. If our names are written in that Book of Life, the Son of Man will not be ashamed to confess us before His Father and His holy angels. Salvation is promised to all who believe on Him. He who lived for us is going to save us unless we determine not to be saved.

Therefore, let thoughts of judgment make you sober, serious, anxious if you please, but have no fear, save godly fear. Is your name written in the Book of Life? If so, dispel all fears of judgment. Once written in that Book, nothing but wilful sin continued can ever blot it out.

◆
BEYOND THE HILLS.
◆

BY WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

Our hopes are like the autumn leaves
All of a flame in morning's glow,
But with the nearing winds and storms
So easily laid low!

Thus e'en the viols of the feast
Their strain of pathos bear,
And 'mid the clash of cymbals hark
The carking note of care.

Thus doth the Lent of toil and sin
Blend with the festal song,
As if on sea half opaline,
Half black, we sailed along.

Beside the white of festivals
The violet so grave;
And e'en a sombre band of black
May flutter in the nave.

Thus o'er the very June of years
May come November's night;
And o'er the vintage redness creep
The still yet fatal blight.

O heart, in yon blest mansions seek
Thy heritage and home;
Thou ne'er shalt find the boon thou crav'st
However thou may'st roam.

Beyond the western hills of life,
Beyond the sunset glow,
Beyond the agony and strife,
Thy palms and roses grow.

Ye: in the seeming ceaseless round
Of toil, and hope, and care,
Thou seem'st to see thy only goal,
Thy only guerdon there.

◆

Verily one-half of Christendom, in forgetting to be *Protestant*, is remembering to be *Evangelical*, and in this is the great hope for final Union once more.

*THE PRAYER BOOK A
SAFEGUARD.*

The services of the Church are so arranged that every prominent event in the Saviour's life, every cardinal doctrine of the Gospel, are regularly brought to the attention of the congregation throughout the year, so that, if the people are not thoroughly instructed in every part of the Gospel system of salvation, it is their own fault. The church is too good a mother to her children, to intrust so vital a matter to the faithfulness of her individual ministers. A minister may be false to his charge—he may swerve from the faith, but however unsound he may be in the pulpit, he is compelled to be *orthodox* in the reading desk; and when the Desk and the Pulpit begin to contradict each other, the people will soon discover that something is out of joint, and will take measures to have the unsound member reduced or cut off.

"The Church of Christ is the pillar and ground of truth;" as such it is, and ever is to be, the great Conservator of the Truth.

It is the divinely ordained Guardian of the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." The most effectual instrumentality of doing this office is by means of a Liturgy. It is, under God, the great safeguard of the people. The devil never shows his marvellous skill more effectually than when he seeks to undermine the faith of Christians. He rarely, if ever, begins with the laity. He would make but slow headway if he did; for if he succeeded in making an apostate, he would only count one. But if he can poison the mind of a minister, and make a heretic of

him, he has seized hold of the long end of the lever, with which he may tip a whole congregation out of the Ark of Salvation. A minister who is not tied to a Liturgy will do as much mischief in praying heresy, as we will in preaching it. By skilfully conforming his prayers to his preaching, he conceals the change until it has become so great, that it can no longer be disguised, and then it is too late to avert the consequences.

The whereabouts of the dominions of the Queen of Sheba have been for ages a puzzle to the curious. All that we know of this royal lady is the name of her territories and that they were hers—only that and nothing more; the rest is darkness. The Archbishop of Tours, M. Meignan, has just been endeavoring by a thoughtful guess to throw some light upon the mystery, and has located Sheba in Arabia. Others have anticipated his discovery, but there have been many opinions on the subject. Josephus, for instance, thought that the Queen was an Ethiopian and the Ethiopians have traditions which confirm this view. The Archbishop accounts for these legends by a theory that a son of the Queen migrated with some of his race to Ethiopia, taking all the family traditions with him. There is a theory that Sheba might have been in South Africa, and there are some remarkable traces of a highly civilised extinct race in that part of the world which are used to support this view. After all, the question is not one of much moment to the happiness of mankind.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

AIMING HIGH.

Now is the time for prospectuses, and we must write one—so here goes: *The Interior* has secured a great variety of interesting subjects for editorials next year—to say nothing of the editorial paragraphs. These editorials will be profound as the sea, elevated as the stars, brilliant as bolides, far reaching as the Lick telescope, transparent in style as Italian air, spicular as a sand storm, poetic—poetry is no name for it! *The Interior* has a metaphoric pole with an estatic revolving light at the top, worked by gearing to a suppositious crank on *terra infirma*. This light will sweep all lands and all seas, and cast beams of cimmerian darkness upon all obscure and recondite things that are afloat or ashore. *The Interior* has at immense metaphorical expense and with utopian enterprise woven for its own use a vast ideal seine.

This seine is made of cords of silver, with sinkers of gold, and floaters of Gondolier balloons. When we work it, half of it will be submerged ten thousand fathoms in the sea, and the other half rise measurless miles in the air. The lower half will bring in the great whales of theological literature; and the upper half will catch the larks of imagination and fancy. There will be spouting below and singing above. The four and twenty black-birds will have no dietic attraction to the reader, and ordinary peaches and cream no taste. *The Interior* will paint Aurora's cheeks in new vermillions and pearls, and drown Stella Polaris in floods of boreal light. *The Interior* will—well we will wait to see if any other religious

journal can get out a prospectus with a broader base and taller spire than this, before flinging out a banner of celestial light from the top of our own!—*The Interior* (Presbyterian).

THE RESURRECTION.

An African missionary was one day preaching on the resurrection, when Macaba, a chief notorious for his wickedness, called out, 'What are those words about the dead? The dead arise!' 'Yes,' said the missionary, 'all the dead shall arise.'

'Will my father arise?'

'Yes.'

'Will all the slain in battle arise?'

'Yes.'

'Will all that have been killed and eaten by lions and crocodiles arise?'

'Yes, and come to judgment.'

'Hark!' shouted the chief, turning to the warriors. 'Ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange news as this?' turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe.

'Never!' said the old man.

Then turning to the missionary the chief went on to say: 'Father, I love you much, but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again. The dead cannot rise—the dead *shall not* rise!'

'Tell me, why not?' said the missionary.

'I have slain my thousands; shall they arise?' was the only answer.

Ah! if the hopes of those who have done wickedly were prophecies, then, indeed, were there no resurrection; no judgment; but in spite of the wilful and determined doubts of many, every step they take is an advance towards that which they resolve not to believe.

GEN. BOOTH'S SCHEME.

The support, the extraordinary ready and substantial and widespread support, which General Booth's scheme is receiving, will, no doubt, surprise many of us. We think how many established and proved agencies of social amelioration are in our midst, hampered or languishing for want of funds, which will not flow in to any appeal or undeniable evidence of good work done. Then comes along Mr. Booth, writes a book, propounds a plan, says "Give me the money to carry it out, and give it to me at once;" and lo! it is given, without hesitation, without delay, without stint. The Prince of Wales gives the thing his blessing, the Duke of Fife gives it a check for 100l., Canon Farrar throws his heart and soul into it, and Mr. Bancroft makes offer of a thousand pounds.

We do not here discuss Mr. Booth's scheme. If it is a good scheme we have no sort of jealousy because it did not originate in the English Church, nor do we grudge one penny of the funds which keep pouring in to support it. But it is extremely interesting and instructive to note how the world is still led and governed by individuals; how a powerful personality asserts itself irresistibly upon us, and makes us dance to its tune. If Mr. Booth's scheme had come upon the world from some unknown person, or even from some corporate body, it would not have won its way so immediately. And this is so, not merely because Mr. Booth has shown his genius for organization in the Salvation Army, it is because it is a single, living individual. Few of us have wit

enough to judge a thing on its merits. Somebody charms us, and we yield ourselves unresisting to the spell, only too glad amid life's confusions to have found a visible head, to whom we are ready to intrust everything.

We have noticed a statement in a South Wales Liberal newspaper which is noteworthy. It is to the effect that a Nonconformist minister in Swansea, whose name is given, has sent in his resignation of the pastorate of the chapel of which he is in charge, his reasons for this step being that he has come to the conclusion, as the result of an historical investigation of the question of the Sacraments, that as a general rule Nonconformists pay less attention to, and exhibit less reverence for, the rites of religion than they ought. The gentleman to whom we are referring is young, but he has nevertheless gained a reputation for the quality of his addresses, and is esteemed a well-read and cultured man. By itself the incident would not, perhaps, count for much—it is too purely personal, and might be regarded as an idiosyncrasy—but, in conjunction with other things, it is not too much to say that it, at least, indicates a tendency of the thoughtful and well read men among the Nonconformists.

When Herbert was dying, and a friend was reminding him of his many acts of well-doing, the holy man answered: They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

"Of all poverty-stricken contradictions a Christian with little faith is the worst."

Children's Department.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

The days are short and the nights are long,
 And the wind is nipping cold ;
 The tasks are hard, and the sums are wrong,
 And the teachers often scold,
 But Johnny McCree,
 O what cares he
 As he whistles along the way ?
 It will come all right
 By to-morrow night
 Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
 The shoes are out at the toe ;
 For money they look in the purse in vain
 It was all spent long ago.
 But Johnny McCree
 O what cares he
 As he whistles along the street ?
 Would you have the blues
 For a pair of shoes
 While you have a pair of feet.

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
 But the little arm is strong,
 And work is play, if you'll only take
 Your work with a bit of a song.
 And Johnny McCree
 O what cares he
 As he whistles along the road ?
 He will do his best
 And will leave the rest
 To the care of his Father—God.

The mother's face it is often sad—
 She scarce knows what to do ;
 But at Johnny's kiss, she is bright and glad,
 She loves him and wouldn't you ?
 For Johnny McCree
 O what cares he
 As he whistles along life's way !
 The trouble will go
 And I told you so
 Our brave little John will say.

A GOOD SOLDIER.

"A soldier can't do what he has a mind, he does not belong to himself ; he belongs to his commander. He must go and come, do or not do things, just as his general bids him and ask no questions, for he has

nothing to do with the reason of things. All he has to do is his duty. The reason is his general's duty to look after. A soldier, even under a good general, is often ordered to do hard things. "Thou, therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

But after all a good soldier does not find it hard to obey orders. He can't know very often what an order is given for. He cannot judge. He does not know what his general means to accomplish. All he has to do is to obey orders, and if every soldier does that, all is right. A soldier ought to be ready for orders. He must not choose. He does not know when the service will call for him ; he knows his captain does know.

Children remember you are to prove yourselves good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Under his banner you must fight against the world, the flesh and the devil till life's latest close. And His standing command to you all is "Love one another."

PITCHER-PLANTS.

In some hot countries are plants which have a little green pitcher, or long cup, growing out from the end of each leaf. Each pitcher will hold about a pint of water, and is furnished with a lid which keeps out dirt and rubbish. The lid grows so that it is fastened to one edge of the pitcher, like the lid to a cream-pitcher.

When the pitcher is empty, the lid rises, leaving it uncovered ; but, as soon as the pitcher is filled with dew or rain, the lid falls back. This strange plant is sometimes called the monkey-cup, because the monkeys drink the water from the cups. The

tired traveller is often glad to find the pitcher plant, and quench his thirst.

A curious plaet grows in the bogs in some parts of this country, called the side saddle flower. Its leaves form an open cup about its stem which will hold about a half-pint of water. The cup is often found half filled with water; but it has no lid, and insects get in and are drowned.

A SURPRISE.

A certain Dutch poet, who rose to great fame, was as a boy so idle in ordinary affairs as to give great anxiety to his parents. One day his father came to him newspaper in hand, and read an advertisement from a Society at Leyden, decreeing a valuable prize to the writer of a poem signed "An Author eighteen years old."

"You ought to blush," said his father, "here is a lad only your age, who by his industry although so young, must be the cause of great joy to his parents, whilst you—"

"Father," said the lad, "It is I!"

Henceforth the son was allowed to follow the bent of his genius, and became an ornament in his own country as well as the joy of his parents.

THE NEW KEY.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word. Guess what!" But aunt was no guesser.

"It is please," said the child "If I ask one of the great girls in school,

'Please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'O yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'Please do this for me,' she will take her hands out of the suds and do it. If I ask uncle 'Please,' he says, 'Yes, Puss, if I can.' And then if I say 'Please aunt—'"

"What does aunt do?" said aunt herself.

"O, you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Gold can be beaten 1,200 times thinner than printing paper. One ounce will cover 146 square feet. A cubic inch, at \$18 per ounce, is worth \$210.

The people are the roots of the State; if the roots are flourishing the State will endure. — *Sturdy Oak.*

ERRATA.—I. Dec. No. in "Life Sketches," from California, 1st col. p. 149, and in 2d col. p. 150, for *obscure* read *obscene*, also, on p. 150, 2d col. 2d paragraph for *then* read *thus*, and on p. 151 for Church Work read Church work.

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others —All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

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