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CHAPTER VII, (Continued).—THE ANGEL A MESSENGER.

No he had not. For more than a month—a whole long month—he had kept away from the Red Grange; and there had been no sign from him that he knew of her existence. The tremulous gladness of his voice, which he sought to hide but could not, took nothing from the questioning and doubt in her face as she answered him—

“I have not a moment to lose. I must go.”

“Go! go where?”

“There is trouble at home. Mr. Seltarne.”

But Ralph did not move. Trouble at home seemed but a distant, indefinite idea. What had it to do with him that it should cheat him out of this brief moment which belonged to him? Surely it ought to belong to him—one little moment after a whole month of starved, beaten down longing. It was the last time; he would never see her again.

“What trouble? Will you trust me with it, as you would if I were your brother in reality? Will you let me help you if I can?”

He stood there waiting for the answer, with a vague chill beginning to settle over his burst of sunshine. Richard Dundley was ill—one of his old seizures—she was going for the doctor.

“And such a night—no late—was there no one to send but you?”

Hester shrank a little from the vehemence of his manner, so unlike his usual calmness.

“The boys are at school. No, Mr. Seltarne, there was no one to send but me.”

He moved out of the path, but not to say good-bye and let her pass on yet.

“Let me go, Hester. Let me do as much as that for—your father.”

Hester's face brightened with a palpable expression of relief. She would be able to turn back at once, and he would be quicker over the errand than she should be.

“But you!” said Ralph. “Those bleak, lonely fields, and the quarry!”

A smile answered him. She had not crossed them so often to begin fearing now.

“I am going Hester.” He bent down with a desperate effort after calmness. He wanted to tell her they two must meet no more; but he could not. “I had something to say to you—a miserable thing to tell you—but this is not the time; I cannot do it. Good-bye, Hester. God bless you, and help me!”

Out of all the troubled whirl of his thoughts, as the lamps flew past him on his errand, that one idea of help was the only thing to cling to. He

had no longer any faith in himself or in his strength. His firm will, his stoicism, his consciousness of individual power to do or to resist—all were gone; and it was with a wretched sense of failure and degradation that he shut himself at last in the room at Laura Place.

How had he been so weak, so utterly blind, as to go on nursing this folly until it had become a part of himself? He tried to reason about it—to think it over dispassionately. Novow of celibacy had ever passed his lips or been registered in his heart; he had taken it too much as a matter of course to need vows. He had prided himself on his strength. He would rise superior to that weakness of human love, which, as he thought, fettered so many of his brother clergy, and cramped their efforts. He would go about his labours with no divided heart. Alas! what had he been doing these many months, unacknowledged and unchecked? Was not his heart divided? If not, indeed, was it not all given to the one, ideal and real together, who had come to be identified with all his efforts, his study, his preaching, his parish work? His parish work! What had that been, too, when he came to think of it? Let him look around and see what he had done, and how.

There had been no pity in his heart for his poorer brothers, no tenderness for their failings or misfortunes, till *she* came and put gentler thoughts into his mind. Even in its torture, his heart went forth towards them now with a new compassion. He had never troubled himself to inquire into their wants, to comfort the sorrowful or soothe the murmurer. He had been the supercilious layer down of the law, not the minister of consolation.

Was it his own fault that the spirit of tenderness was wanting within him? He alone could answer that question. He had held such a spirit a pitiful human weakness, below the requirements of a great intellect. He had smiled at the most beautiful gift of the God of all beauty as a contemptible weakness; at the symbolical mystery of the indissoluble bond, as a fetter upon high aspirations such as his. Worse than all, he had not scrupled to assert boldly that he was superior to all such weakness. What would those who had heard his vaunt say to him now?

If he had never set himself so high above all men; if he had not begun with self-exaltation—self-denial it was not, since one great element of self-denial is a care for the happiness of others—he might not so suddenly have fallen; for it *was* a fall. To one of Ralph's calibre it was a degradation, a breaking faith with himself. The big pedestal on which he had climbed to look down upon and reprove all weakness of mortal men, was gone from under him, and what had he to rest upon?

He did not spare himself in his reflections. In all his improvements, right and good as they undoubtedly were, he had been—he said to himself bravely—hasty, arrogant, overbearing, careless of the feelings of others. He had not been “all things to all men, that by any means he might save some.”

Where in his dealings had been the meekness and temperance of the Christian priest? Amongst all these thoughts there was one which stood out by itself, a single ray of light.

Who had shown him all this? Was it not his one listener and her shadowy influence that first roused in him a misgiving that he *might* do better? Was it not his dawning love for her, unperceived in itself, which brought that spasmodic longing to comfort the widow in her affliction?

By the light of his fall he saw all this; for, better and closer than his broken pedestal, his high aspirations of genius, and the work, which was to have furnished all the contentment a reasoning man required, he loved Hester Dudley; and all the fiery Italian blood of his mother rose up in rebellion against the thought that he must see her no more.

And this night of misery and perplexity was his preparation for the next day's services. How was he ever to get through them?

CHAPTER VIII.—POPULARITY OF ILLNESS.

HE did get through them, feeling as if every eye were upon him, every tongue ready to talk about him. He forced himself to refrain from looking towards the dim corner; he hoped that to-day she would not be there; that he might be spared only this once. And yet, when his self-restraint gave away, and he did look, a sharp pang of disappointment came over him to see that she was really absent. He could not keep his thoughts fixed on that sermon; they wandered off into interminable conjectures and forebodings. Why was not she there? What was happening at the Red Grange? What would she have to suffer; and above all, why was he debarred from knowing her trouble and helping her to bear it?

The service was over at last, and the congregation swam into a confused mass before his eyes, as they left the church. He was dizzy and faint; he caught the handrail to save himself from falling; and a terrible fancy that he was not himself, that his ideas were growing confused, and he would be no longer master of his words or actions, took hold of him.

He fought against it bravely till the evening; he got through the second service with no very distinct recollection of anything except his own desperate efforts to maintain his composure; to look like other people, to walk and speak steadily—something like the efforts of a drunken man, which result in a superhuman gravity.

That evening, the rich churchwarden had a hard struggle with himself, which ended in his taking his hat and walking off resolutely towards the curate's lodgings. He was not on good terms with Ralph any more than were the rest of his parishioners; but he couldn't see him look like that, and ask no questions.

"We have all been against him," thought the warden, "every one. And it's uphill work for a spirited young fellow. I shan't let him kill himself, anyhow."

But Ralph alone in his prison, heard the good-natured warden's voice, and all his terror started up afresh at the idea of having to speak to a stranger. He could see no one; he was ill, tired, and worn out. He meant to get some one to take the duty for him for a few Sundays, and go away; he wanted change.

"The very best thing he could do," said Mr. Smith, "rather cold yet for going out, but rest and change would effect wonders."

Rest! What mockery to use the word! What rest could there be for Ralph in his unceasing struggle after the right, that he might do it at any cost?

Did Hester care for him? Had his false mask of friendliness imposed upon her? It was impossible.

He looked upon his whole career as a failure. The parish had lain before him like a chess-board, whose pieces he was to move at will. In every way he had failed, and now he was incapable of work; incapable of reasoning or seeing clearly. He must go away and try what time and rest, or at any rate freedom from work would do for him. A few days more and the room in Laura Place was vacant.

(TO BE CONCLUDED).

THE BISHOP'S VETO.

There is in the minds of some persons a vague idea that what is called the "veto power" in the hands of the Bishop sitting in the Diocesan Synod will probably be exercised in such a way as to interfere with free discussion and liberty of action on the part of the clergy and laity. And, unfortunately, this erroneous impression has been encouraged, and it is to be feared deepened, by what has elsewhere been said and written upon the subject. With a view of putting before the members of the Church in

a proper light, we have extracted the following reasons from a small pamphlet published a few years ago at Montreal, and understood to be written by Archdeacon Lowery, who at that time was residing in Canada. There was at first a good deal of opposition there to conceding this power to the Bishop; but after awhile better counsels prevailed, and the result is that not only in the diocese of Montreal, but in *all* the British North American dioceses, where Synods have been established, the power of checking hasty legislation has been reserved to the Bishop by an almost unanimous vote. We commend the following reasons to the careful consideration of our readers, feeling sure that they must have great weight with thoughtful men --

" 1. The power the Bishop would exercise in the Synod could be only of a negative, and not of a positive character. He could do nothing in the Synod against the will of the clergy, or against the will of the laity. He could only withhold his consent to a measure which he conscientiously believes to be not for the good of the diocese.

" 2. It must always be remembered that the Bishop's care is over the whole diocese, that of a clergyman over only his own parish or mission; and a layman's interest is chiefly confined to his own neighbourhood. How can we, of the clergy or laity, with smaller responsibility, wish to force upon a whole diocese that which he who is bound to care for all cannot approve?

" 3. A Bishop, whose concurrence in the doings of a Synod is not thought essential, will sometimes be placed in the position of one compelled to act in his own diocese under regulations made contrary to his expressed judgment. In that case he is not a Bishop, but the mere instrument of those over whom he is placed, and for the oversight of whom he must give account.

4. It is of the essence of a Bishop's office to rule and to administer the discipline of the Church. At the most solemn moment of his life—his consecration—he was reminded that he was about to be "admitted to the government of the Church of Christ, which He purchased with no less price than the effusion of His own blood," and most solemnly the promise was demanded of him, before he could receive the Bishop's office, that he would administer the discipline of the Church "according to such authority as he has by God's word, and as to him should be committed." How can we expect a Bishop to surrender an authority which God has bestowed upon him? How could we afterwards respect one who had relinquished a sacred right, bound upon his office and person by sanctions so awful?

5. The clergy were asked at their ordination, "will you reverently obey your ordinary and other chief ministers, unto whom is committed the charge and government over you, submitting yourselves to their godly judgment?" And they answered "I will so do." And yet if this negative power is withheld from the Bishop, they will frequently find themselves in the position of forcing on a measure against the "judgment," perhaps to the grief and vexation of the Bishop, to the certain peril of violating their ordination vows.

6. If we deprive the Bishop of this power we reduce our Church to a Presbytery; one of the main distinctions between the Presbyterians and the Church being that the chief authority lies, with the former in the Presbytery, with the latter in the Bishop. Our regimen is not Presbyterian but Episcopal.

7. If we deprive the Bishop of this power, a faithful Churchman may often be placed in this dilemma, viz: that he must either abide by a regulation passed contrary to the judgment and desire of his Bishop, or sympathise with the Bishop, and reject a regulation imposed by the Synod. Can this be agreeable to the ordinance of God, who is the author not of confusion but of order?

8. If we deprive the Bishop of this power, then the regulations of the

Synod will incur the danger of never being enforced, and of falling into contempt. Ought a Bishop to be placed in such a position that he must enforce a discipline which in his conscience, he believes will be pernicious to his diocese.

9. If the Bishop be not deprived of his controlling power, then a free expression of opinion may be expected in the Synod, and not otherwise. A Bishop would be tempted to induce a clergyman, or layman, to think as he does on any proposed regulation. Are there not many, both of clergy and laity, who, having privately learned the Bishop's opinion and wishes from his own mouth, would hesitate afterwards publicly to oppose him in the Synod? Some might hold their peace from fear, or from some other unworthy motive; others only from natural deference to one placed over them by God; but in either case free expression of opinion is endangered. But if the Bishop's own concurrence be needed, he has no inducement to silence discussion, or to bring his influence to bear on either clergy or laity in any secret ways. All the acts passing with his concurrence, he can have no temptation, to resent the opposition offered by either clergy or laity.

10. If the Bishop be deprived of this power, we shall be acting unlike the Church of Christ in all ages, and in defiance of all precedents? Who ever heard in Church History of a Bishop's voice being accounted nothing in his own Synod?

11. When a Diocesan Synod is established, the Church authority can only be exhibited in such Synod and its acts; if, therefore, the Bishop have not authority in the Synod, he has authority nowhere.

12. In passing a resolution in Synod in opposition to the Bishop, we, of the clergy and laity, should be resisting an authority given him by God. This consideration might well settle the whole matter.

13. If we deprive the Bishop of this power, we shall be taking the side of those who in former days were always the enemies of our Church and of her form of Government, and opposing ourselves to expressed opinion of the best, the most learned, and the most moderate, of the great divines of our Reformed Church. We must not expose ourselves to the censure nor make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes, of the other branches of that now widely spread communion, the Anglican Church.

To the above may be added the following extracts from the Constitutions of the Synods of the different North American dioceses:—

"No act or resolution of the Synod shall be valid unless it shall receive the concurrence of the Bishop, and of the majority of the clergy and laity present and voting at the meeting." *Article 1 of the Quebec Constitution.*

"No act or resolution of the Synod shall be valid without the concurrence of the Bishop, and of the majority both of the clergy and of the laity present." *Article 9 of the Toronto Constitution.*

"No act or resolution of the Diocesan Assembly shall be valid which shall not have received the concurrent assent of the Bishop, clergy, and the laity." *Article 9 of the Nova Scotia Constitution.*

"No rule shall be binding on the members of the Church in this diocese at large, which has not received the concurrent assent of the Bishop, the clergy, and the laity." *Article 11 of the Montreal Constitution.*

"No act or resolution of the Synod shall be valid without the concurrence of the Bishop, and of the majority of the clergy and of the laity present."—*Article 13 of the Ontario Constitution.*

"No act or resolution shall become law without the concurrence of the Bishop, and a majority of the clergy and of the laity present."—*Article 14 of the Huron Constitution.*

(For the CHURCH MAGAZINE).

MISSIONARY RECOLLECTIONS.

The history of George Parsons has long been considered worthy of a record by the present writer. The manner in which the two persons alluded to became acquainted with each other was somewhat peculiar. It

occurred nearly forty years ago and the party whose history the other is revealing has been dead thirty years at least.

THE SCENE.

Forty years ago it was not difficult for a young clergyman to find an entirely new field for his enterprise. The mission selected by the present writer was in the then vast diocese of Nova Scotia: and it happened to be at one of the far ends of it, viz., in the northern part of Newfoundland. The old inhabitants of the place had one and all come from Dorsetshire in England. The population of the district was about eighteen hundred; and except in the case of a few hired men every soul belonged to the Church of England. Hence it may be inferred that none there had been baptized but those who had emigrated from Dorsetshire; and therefore immediate arrangements had to be made for the administration of that sacrament on an unusual scale. The Missionary's plan was readily agreed too, that except in some urgent cases the baptisms to the amount of some hundreds should be postponed until the Easter Sunday in the following year. In the interim preparation was to be made by catechizing the young each Sunday afternoon in the presence of the congregation, and by occasional lectures.

INTRODUCTION OF GEORGE PARSONS.

After a tap at the study door, and the usual "come in," a very grey head was thrust in, and from the lips under the grey hairs the following words proceeded.

"Parson, may I ask you why you do not call me up to say my catechism?"

Missionary.—Let me first ask your name, and then I will tell you; for I have begun to feel a liking for you already." The name given, the Missionary observed that he felt reluctant to call up so old a man because it frequently occurred that the memory of old people was impaired, so that what a man might know well, he could not suddenly call to mind. "Just try me, parson." And putting his arms strait down he went through the catechism without one single halt, some of the words not in common use, probably having been pronounced as they had rarely (if ever) been pronounced before. Of course, the Missionary felt astonishment; and on seeking information the explanation given was as follows. His parents lived in a parish near Poole, and the good Rector had not neglected the godly custom of catechizing the children on Sunday afternoons. George Parsons had learned to read as well as to say his catechism. But one day while he was at a wrestling match a press-gang made a successful descent upon the party, and several were at once marched off to a man-of-war. On his way the party was met by a merchant of Poole, who having some knowledge of him stopped to speak to him. The merchant had a vessel waiting for hands to sail for Newfoundland: and while a press-gang was in the neighbourhood it was almost impossible to man a merchant vessel. By this merchant Parsons sent a message to his friends; and was told to look out sharp for an opportunity to escape that should be put in his way. The same evening a bumb-boat woman came alongside, and put into his hands a basket to hand up, which contained under some cabbages a gown and a bonnet. Those articles were soon put on, and the gown and bonnet with what they contained were passed down into the boat, and the boat put off—not, however to the shore, but to the vessel that wanted a hand, of which the anchor was soon up, and the voyage begun. In due time he arrived in Newfoundland, and was sent off far away up one of the bays with another man to conduct a salmon fishery. Neither of them possessed a book, and Parsons soon forgot his reading. But as he had said his catechism every Sunday in England, he resolved to continue the practise, as the only religious service he had it in his power to perform. In time he picked up a wife, and took her to that retired spot. Still continuing his peculiar Sunday services, his wife thus learned the catechism—several children also acquired it exactly as the patriarch taught it, and the whole

family could say it from end to end without a stutter. We thus see Parsons doing his best to train his family to love and fear God.

Is it not to be wished that the same could be said of thousands more? for to whatever privations a man may be subjected, if he but use well the means at his command, the blessing of heaven will surely attend him; and when most needed, either an angel shall guide him to it, or a fountain of living water shall break forth for him even in his desert.

The former fell to the lot of George Parsons. With a family grown up, he left the salmon fishing, and came to reside close to the Missionary.

It need not be said how regularly his seat in the church was occupied; nor how regularly he brought his sons and daughters to the Sunday services, or week-day lectures until the Easter Sunday came. That was a happy day for him, because his children were then to pass the first gate to the kingdom of heaven. If the administrator's memory fail not, George Parsons' children were the first of a host who on that day received the sacrament of baptism. A very neat marble font had opportunely just arrived from Italy—a most reasonable present from a merchant in the mission. And from that font on that day upwards of two hundred were baptized. By the repetition of the baptismal form two hundred times the Missionary's strength was quite exhausted, although nearly a hundred remained for baptism on the succeeding Sunday. Shortly after that memorable day in the life of George Parsons, it pleased God that he should be visited with a disease in his legs which confined him to his bed, and of course the Missionary was called in. The legs were dreadfully swollen and ulcerated, and after a few visits he revealed the following tale. "Parson," he said, "when I was a boy, our chief amusements in Dorsetshire were wrestling and kickshins; and my endurance made me a proficient in the latter game. Inn-keepers in those parts used to offer a prize, which induced the champions to come forward, and attracted a crowd of spectators who amply rewarded them by the beer which was consumed. I have had my legs as large as your body, and had them wrapped in cabbage leaves for a fortnight together. And if I had not been captured by that press gang, I should in all probability have become a drunken beast. I see it now, although I have always gloried in my prowess hitherto. Now, I see my sin. God be merciful to me!"

For some months he suffered greatly, but the Missionary believes his life was protracted until by penitence and faith in the atonement of a gracious Saviour all his sins were blotted out. May it not be well for all members of the Church of England to read the rubric before the baptismal service in the Prayer-book? By obeying the order there given, ministers, you see, have trained the young to cleave unto God (in cases when no other means were available). And no parent can calculate the blessing which a knowledge of the catechism may prove to his offspring.

C.

THE NEW YEAR.

But from its loss." "We take no note of time

Youse.

How true are these words of the poet as regards the mass of mankind! In respect to the daily duties of life, the time passing is nearly all that concerns them. The clock strikes—another portion of time, measured off by the ingenuity of man, is numbered "with the years beyond the Flood"—and what effect does the striking of the clock produce upon the busy world? The merchant has a number of letters to write in a given time—it (the striking of the clock) presses on his thoughts, shortens his sentences, drives on his pen more swiftly. The traveller must reach the railway station, or the end of his journey, by a fixed hour—it impels his desires onward, he

walks more quickly, or runs, or drives his horse at an increased speed. The farmer has certain labours to be done ere nightfall—it quickens the energies of his mind, which produces greater rapidity in his movements, and more pressing urgency in hastening on his cattle and his servants to complete the labours fixed on. Like effects are produced upon all classes by the striking of the clock, since they are thus reminded that the hours of the day are swiftly passing away.

Is it right—is it safe—that “we” should “take no note of time but from its loss?” Hardly, for as the hour is but a small part of the day—as the day is but a small part of the year—as the year is but a small part of the average duration of man’s temporal life—so man’s temporal life is but a very minute part of man’s immortal life; we say man’s immortal life, because, although we only *know* man as a living being while his body is animated by the soul, yet we love to think, and we believe in the revealed truth, that the soul never dies, and, therefore, that man’s real life is not subject to death. Hence it is neither right nor safe to think of time only as past, or passing. We must take note of time to come. The thought of another year gone should produce on your inner life—the life of your soul—the like effect as that which the striking of the clock produces upon your daily outer life in the world. It tells you of another portion of your life cut off by “Father Time:” it puts you in mind that the end of time to you is one year nearer than it was when the last year came in, and it bids you look forward, day by day, to coming seasons of the new year, seasons which will come and pass away; and to carry on your thoughts to that hour when you will cease to deal with time; when you shall quit this state of life, and pass onward into that state of existence which is never ending; for (to the soul)

“There is no death! What seems so is transition;

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,

Whose portals we call death.”—LONGFELLOW.

So then, may your thoughts be continually led to the coming time; may you striving to “forget that which is behind,” “reach forth unto those things which are before,” that you may “press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,” and being made “faithful” in your warfare “as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” even “unto death,” you may, when time shall cease, “receive a crown of life.”
—*Household Almanack.*

SOME REASONS WHY I VALUE DAILY SERVICE.

“*Day by Day we magnify Thee.*”

1. Because I am glad to be called, at least once every day to come out from the common world to stay for a quiet time before my God, in the place that is called by His name.

2. Because I highly value the custom that provides that some members of the Church of God in every place shall meet, day by day, in the Sanctuary of God to pray for the busy world—(see Job 1. 5).—to offer prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men’. (1 Tim. ii. 1).

3. Because I like to think that the doors of the House of God, in the place where I dwell, are open, day by day, continually,—something after the likeness of a Greater Temple, of which it is said, that *its gates are never shut* (Isaiah lxii., and Rev. xxi. 25).

4. Because it is a good and godly custom that the ministers of God should be bound, other things permitting, to be found daily ‘waiting upon God’ in His temple and that the people should be sure to find them there, and able to join with them when they have the opportunity.

5. Because when there are many present it is a pleasure and a help, and draws us nearer to one another in God.

6. Because when there are but few—only one or two—we learn to remember that God's presence does not depend upon numbers, that He is there nevertheless; and to us who are there the place is holy even '*none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven, because he meets us there, and his angels may be there too.*' (see 1 Cor. xi. 10).

7. Because even the very regularity, sameness, monotony of the service has a meaning; it is pleasant, * amidst the ceaseless changes of an ever changing world, to be helped to feel that the worship of God in earth and heaven change not; that God Himself changes not; that '*He sitteth between the Cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet.*'

8. Because I value the custom which compels me to a regular and solemn reading of the word of God in His house and presence: and which puts into my hands 'David's harp of solemn sound,' and bids me try to use it in singing to the praise of God, and in pouring out my own griefs and joys, hopes and fears in the great battle of life, and those of the whole Church, to God in heaven, day by day, through all my life.

9. Because however few may be those present at any service, still they represent to my soul thousands, and hundreds of thousands, not present in the body, but yet present in spirit; and the devout souls, and dutiful Churchmen worshipping in other churches, † some in distant lands beyond the seas: some in this our favoured home; many, very many in Paradise itself, whose prayers are going up with ours, it may be at the same hour, certainly on the same day, to the Eternal Throne, the Mercy-seat in Heaven. These few dutiful souls whom I see with me in church are representatives of '*this great multitude which no man can number, of all people and nations and tongues.*'

10. Because I value every act which reminds me that I belong to the Church and not to the world—to that great Catholic or Universal society in all lands, of which Christ my Lord, is the Head and King, and all Saints and Martyrs are the Princes, and the glories of which will outlast all kingdoms of this world, and 'against which,' it is written 'the gates of Hell shall never prevail.'

11. Because in time of trouble and disquiet, when 'without are fightings, within are fears.' I can hardly be wrong in feeling sure that there especially in God's Sanctuary, and in the place where men are gathered together in Christ's name will be fulfilled the promise that He '*will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Him;*' that there He will hide them privily by His own Presence from the provoking of all men; He will keep them secretly in His tabernacle from the strife of tongues.' Isaiah xxiv. 3; Psalm xxxi. 22).

12. Because the place itself is full of blessed memories. Has not our blessed Lord here, full often 'made our hearts to burn within us,' as we have heard his voice speaking to our souls, through His written word, through the prayers of His Church, through His 'still small voice' in our hearts? Has He not above all, here, 'been known of us in the breaking of bread?' Is not the place full also of the blessed memories of those who have 'departed hence in the Lord,' but with whom we verily believe we are still united, more closely than we know, in the Communion of Saints? Therefore, though to others the Church may seem but as a common 'Lus', to us it is a very 'Bethel' a 'House of God,' a 'Gate of Heaven,' (See Gen. xxviii. 19).

* The author of these 'Reasons,' (the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton), has written "Two sermons on the Duty and Joy of Frequent Public Worship" in which he follows out these thoughts. They are published by Bell and Daldy, 186 Fleet Street, London. Price 4d.

† From the Guide to Divine Service in Great Britain and Ireland, (J. Masters, 1866), it appears that there are now 969 churches in which there is Daily Service.

13. Because I value, I revere, I pray that I may be ever loyal to all the ancient and venerable customs of the Church Universal, in which Saints and Martyrs from 'the beginning of the Gospel' have joined, by which their souls have been fed, and their hearts warmed, and their spirits drawn nearer to God. Others may think they know better, or they may be unable to enter into these customs and means of grace; but I had rather submit myself to the judgment of men so far holier than myself, and try to think as they thought, to feel as they felt, in these high matters.

14. Because day by day, continually in the ancient Temple in Jerusalem—the type of all churches of God in all time—'the daily sacrifice' used to be offered as long as it stood, and I find that my Lord Himself used to attend it. 'He was daily in the Temple; and His apostles after Him used 'to go up into the Temple at the hour of prayer;' and I wish to do as they did. (St. Luke xxii. 53; Acts iii. 1).

(For the Church Magazine).

FESTIVAL HYMN.

Tune—"Monkland."

(No. 221.—HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN).

Thee, O God, we bless and praise
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounties rich by Thee supplied
Compass us on every side.

Fruitful earth and teeming sea
Offer homage, Lord, to Thee:
Beasts of earth and fowls of air,
Fish in the deep Thy praise declare.

Thou Who to man dominion gave,
O'er all that moves beneath the wave,
Let grateful songs go up to Thee
For all the treasures of the sea.

Thou Who didst Thy kingdom build,
On Fishers with Thy spirit filled;
Let not Thy spirit be away
From those who seek Thee here to day,

May the truths Thy Word imparts
Be received in willing hearts;
May we accept Thee as our guide,
And leaving all, with Thee abide.

May those who fish for souls have grace
To cast their nets in every place,

With tears to wash, with care to mend,
With diligence to watch and tend.

Thou who standing on the shore
Did'st bid Thine own to cast once more,
And plentiful draught didst give to those
Who all night long sought no repose,—

Now in this, the night of sin,
Grant us souls to gather in;
And in the morning may it be
Our joy to bring those souls to Thee.

Then when the time of toil is o'er,
And seated on the heavenly shore,
The Angels with their vessels set
Shall eunt the fish from out the net,—

Let us, and those we love, dear Lord,
Be within Thy vessels stored;
Let not our souls be cast away
In that great separation day,

Lord, by every heart and tongue
May Thy praise be loudly sung:
Thine be the glory, Thine the love,
From all below and all above.

THE LATE CANON COSTER.

Common justice, to say nothing of a higher and better feeling, will not allow us to pass over in silence the memory of a pastor of so much ability and worth as the late Canon Coster. In the sphere of duty in which he was placed he continued, for forty years, to discharge the ordinary duties of a clergyman, with small amount of sympathy from many from whom it might have been expected. His great work consisted in organizing and establishing, in conjunction with his brother the late Archdeacon, the Diocesan Church Society. In its first beginnings, it was small, feebly supported, and most foolishly and narrowly opposed. It has lived to prove itself the mainstay of the Church in this diocese. Much of the work of the Society, and of its hard work, too, devolved on Canon Coster. Diligently he attended all its meetings; without fee or reward he performed all the duties connected with his office as Secre-

On Bowing at the Name of Jesus.

tary for thirteen years; and he was only ejected from his post by the mistaken zeal of those who had never done a tithe of his labour. When he was no longer Secretary, unlike many men, who will be all or nothing, he continued to labour as diligently, to give advice when it was asked, and to promote all the objects of the Society, as if he had held the first post in its ranks. Canon Coster was distinguished for his musical taste. His methodical and punctual habits assisted in forming an excellent choir in Carleton; and, at one time, his was the only church in the city, where any thorough attention was paid to this one of the great objects of Divine Worship—the worthy celebration of the praises of God. He was always one of the first to welcome any real improvement in Church music: he was ready to adapt it to the needs of his own church, and he was zealously seconded by a well-trained and efficient choir. He took the most active part in the choral services lately held in St. John, and in Fredericton; and a vast quantity of the music necessary for the singers was copied by his own hand. At the age of sixty-nine, his enthusiasm was equal to that of the youngest member of the choir, and he walked long distances in inclement weather, when every step he took was painful to him. Always prompt, always on hand, always to be depended on in what he undertook to do, he will be missed when we require the quick eye, and the ready skill, to do the work of the Church. That he had faults, is to say no more than he was man; but let not those who live in glass houses throw stones at a brother, who never betrayed the interest of the Church, nor weakly surrendered what he deemed it his duty to defend.

Peace be with him—may he rest in peace!

NIL.

ON BOWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS.

BY THE LATE BISHOP MOUNTAIN.

Prompt at the bidding of the soul,
The obedient body bends and prays:
Unseen, unheard, unfelt control
Which every spring and engine sways.

Unconscious of the power we ply,
Unskilled by deepest search to find
On senseless matter how and why
Can act this magic force of mind.

We rest, we move; we sit, we rise;
We guide the pen, we touch the lute,
We feed the mouth, we turn the eyes,
We lift the flail, we drive the brute.

Nor thus alone; for gestures mark
The movements of the soul within,
Paint thought or purpose bright or dark,
Impulse to seize, or prayer to win.

We raise the brow, we wave the hand,
We bow the head, we bend the knee,
The bosom press, the arms expand,—
'Tis language read by all who see.

'Tis this to forms and signs prepared
In social life has led the way:
The palm is grasped, the hand is bared,
Good will to speak or reverence pay.

Ah! if the flexion of the frame
What stirs the inmost soul can shew,
How gladly at Thy glorious Name,
My Saviour, will I bow me low!

My Lord, my God, my life, my hope,
In darkness and in sin I lay,—
With foes from hell unfit to cope,
And but for Thee their certain prey.

O did'st Thou look on one like me
King as Thou art of saints above,
And wert Thou lifted on a tree,
To draw me by Thy boundless love?

I vield me then—my heart is Thine,
(Would it were less a heart of stone!)
And still by each appointed sign
Thy sovereign claim I joy to win.

I thank the Church who early stamped
Her holy token on my brow:
Oh, never be the memory damped
Of that my sacramental vow!

Taught by the Church, I duly kneel
To pour my prostrate soul in prayer;
I rise when rising thoughts I feel,
And in the song of glory share.

I stand, with champions of the Cross,
Erect, aloud with one accord
To speak our faith; 'twere little loss
To lose our lives for Christ the Lord.

Thine is my soul, my body Thine,
My own I am not, would not be;
I serve in all a Lord Divine,
I mark in all a homage free.

OPINIONS OF RITUALISTIC PRACTICES.

Four eminent Counsel, including Lord Justice Cairns, the late Attorney-General, and Mr. Mellish, were consulted, some six months ago, on behalf of several Archbishops and Bishops as to the legality of certain vestments, of incense, altar-lights, and some other disputed points of ecclesiastical ritual. Of all these the four eminent Counsel pronounced a sweeping condemnation. We ventured at the time, with the respect due to such distinguished and excellent lawyers, to express a doubt whether the construction on which they relied of the Rubric respecting Ornaments, whether true or not, was conformable to the ordinary principles of legal interpretation; and we afterwards took the liberty to question whether the Archbishop of York was justified in assuming that the opinion was a conclusive explanation of the law. The English Church Union, entertaining the same doubts, have proceeded to arm themselves with the opinions of nine eminent Counsel, including the Chief Baron and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Queen's Advocate, Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. W. M. James. The nine Counsel, with remarkable unanimity, reject that construction of the Rubric which was adopted by the four Counsel, and agree in holding that the use of vestments mentioned in the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. is now lawful. As to altar-lights, wafer-bread, the mixed chalice, and the use of Anthems, Hymns, or Introits before and after the Communion Service, they are not agreed; Sir W. Bovil and Mr. Coleridge holding all these things unlawful, the rest allowing some, and differing among themselves as to others. Hymns during the Communion Service, and Incense, are disallowed by all. Sir F. Kelly, it must be added, answers the first question only, being one upon which he had expressed his opinion in consultation before he was raised to the Bench. Of the soundness of these various views we shall say nothing, remarking only that the conflict deprives the first Opinion of any claim to be considered authoritative or final. Incense is virtually put aside; but the capital question of the vestments is thrown entirely open.

It therefore appears that all the Opinions are in favour of the legality of vestments. Six are in favour and two against the legality of the two lights. All more or less against incense. Three believe the mixed chalice lawful; three unlawful; and two not authorised. Four in favour of wafer-bread; one, Mr. James, makes it dependent on size and quality; three inclined to consider it illegal. All consider Hymns, &c. not lawful during the Communion service; but six consider them lawful at the beginning and the end. These Opinions are classified in an appendix to the Case; and the Opinions of the Lord Chancellor (then Sir F. Thesiger) and Dr. Deane, set out as given in 1857, in favour of vestments and the two lights.—*Guardian*.

Colonial and Foreign Church News.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.—The decoration of St. Paul's (Valley) is in several respects more elaborate and effective than at any former season, and the church has well maintained its character of being the most beautifully ornamented of all in the diocese. In the body of the church the new feature, this time, are the illuminated texts between the windows, which are covered with glass to preserve them from being soiled by dust, and enclosed in neat frames of evergreen, in rustic shape. The pillars are twined as usual, and three borders run around the gallery, in the panels of which are various emblems in evergreen, such as the Maltese cross, quatrefoil shield, the circle containing the triangle, and so on. A large wreath surrounds the lofty chancel arch, over which, following the line of the arch, is the text in green letters, "Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord." The very effective rood screen which formed so conspicuous a part of the decorations in other years has been again erected,

and covered with evergreen with even more than usual care. The lectern and pulpit are ornamented in simple style. On a white ground, covering the whole front panel of the latter there is an exquisitely designed and painted cross, around which a scroll is twined, bearing these words: "Behold I bring you glad tidings." The East window, as well as the other windows, is bordered with evergreen; and gracefully scrolled around it in green letters, with illuminated capitals (gold on red shields) is the text: "When the fullness of time was come God sent forth His Son born of a woman." But the chief feature in the whole church is the reredos in three divisions of gothic framework of dark butternut color, extending several feet upwards on the window. The frame work rests upon a ledge about six inches wide, on a level with the altar, (which has in consequence been moved out that much from the wall) and is of the width of the window. The terminations are sharply pointed, and ornamented on the outer edges, while between each arch is an upright pillar reaching to the height of the outside arches, and of proportionate width, with the same ornamented top. The centre arch is higher than the others and is differently designed with regard to the shaping of the arches below the outside one. This arch is surmounted by a well proportioned gilded cross. Beneath it, enclosed by the sides of the arch, is the quatrefoil circle; and in the corresponding places in the other arches are the trefoil circles. The space between the bottom of the window and the ledge, is of a deep blue color. In the right compartment is a large white pointed shield, with a red border and a blue circle, within which is the crown of thorns, in appropriate colors. In the left compartment is a shield of the same color and design, with a finely colored chalice in the centre. The middle division contains a large flower cross, with the arms gilded, and a triangle (the emblem of the Holy Trinity) in the centre of silver, on a red ground, enclosing the sacred monogram in gold. On each side of the reredos is an illuminated text in corresponding style to those between the windows in the body of the church. On one side are the words "I am the Bread of Life," and on the other "I am the True Vine." The appearance of the whole is very pleasing, and satisfactory.

We may add that the services on Christmas Day were of the most hearty description. The singing and chanting were full, smooth, and spirited; and of the large congregation present, very many remained to partake of the Holy Sacrament.

Trinity, St. James's, and St. Mark's churches are decorated in much the same style as usual, and call for no particular description.

At the nine o'clock Military service at St. James's, on Christmas Day, the singing by the combined choirs of the Royal Artillery and the 15th Regiment is said to have been remarkably good. The chanting especially, we hear, was very able and spirited; and had the clergyman's part been intoned, nothing would have been wanting to render the whole one of the best musical services that has ever been celebrated in the diocese.

We have hitherto omitted to notice the formation of a Church Sewing Society among the ladies of the congregation of St. Paul's (Valley) Church. May it prosper to the fullest extent!

We understand that the Rev. Canon Gray after a good deal of trouble has at last succeeded in organizing a very efficient choir in Trinity Church.

The funeral of the late Canon Coster was one of the most solemn and impressive that has ever occurred in the diocese. The church was draped in mourning. The choir who were dressed in mourning appeared very much affected, and could hardly manage to sing the opening hymn. The services were performed by the curate, the Rev. W. Walker, Jr., who with his father headed the funeral procession, vested in their surplices, to the Burial ground. The procession was a very large one; and the prayers at the grave were most solemnly and impressively read by the venerable rector of Hampton, who was, we believe, an intimate friend of the deceased.

The Rev. Mr. Pearsen, Sub-Dean of the Cathedral, Fredericton, was presented the other day, by the congregation, with a purse of \$37.50

NOVA SCOTIA.—The following extract is taken from a letter by the correspondent of the *Morning News*, in Halifax :—

An attempt has been made in certain quarters to fasten a charge of "Ritualism," as understood and practised by a few clergymen in England, upon the Bishop of this diocese. The press has been teeming with correspondence, and several pamphlets have been published, on the subject. The vindication of the Bishop has been most complete. When the statements of his adversaries came to be investigated, they were found entirely baseless and futile. The Bishop says that he has not ordered the discontinuance of the black gown, but having informed the clergy and laity what he believes is right, leaves it to their own discretion, good sense, and regard for order to guide them aright. It certainly looks ridiculous to see a clergyman march up the aisle, at a certain part of the Church services, for the mere purpose of changing his gown. A white gown, simply as an emblem of purity, seems preferable. It is not, however, surprising to find the Bishop attacked as he has been. St. Paul's congregation have, ever since he entered the diocese, attempted to thwart him whenever they could. It is satisfactory, however, to all true Churchmen to find that the members of the Church generally, in this diocese, hold the Bishop in the highest esteem.

CANADA.—The 30th of November last was observed throughout the Diocese of Ontario as a day of Thanksgiving "for the blessings that have been conferred on the people of the Province during the past year."

At the recent meeting of the Synod of Ontario, there was a debate on Ritualism, and a motion was unanimously passed, that the Synod of the diocese had no sympathy with "extreme and unauthorized Ritualism."

It was shown in the course of the discussion that the black gown was an innovation and was also illegal. It was asserted, without contradiction, that "they break the law of the Church who wear a black gown in the pulpit."

UNITED STATES.—The Rev. W. E. Armitage, of Detroit, was consecrated Assistant Bishop of Wisconsin, on Thursday, December 6th. Twelve bishops and seventy clergy men were present, and the services were of the most imposing character.

CONVERSIONS TO THE CHURCH.—The American Church Review for October gives the following list of ministers of "other denominations" who have recently turned their faces towards the ministry of the Church.

Mr. J. Wright, Jr., formerly a Congregational minister, has become a Candidate for Orders in Delaware. Mr. T. C. McKee, formerly a Baptist Minister, has become a Candidate for Orders in Tennessee. Mr. Henderson Judd, for ten years a Congregational Minister, has become a Candidate for Orders in Ohio. Mr. C. C. Tiffany, lately ordained Deacon in Rhode Island, was formerly a Congregational Minister. Rev. Robert O. Hinsdale, lately ordained Deacon by Bishop Kemper, was formerly an Old School Presbyterian Minister. Rev. Mr. Perry, lately a Baptist Minister in Barwell, S. C., has become a Candidate for Holy Orders in that Diocese.

An interesting account has lately appeared of the conversion to our Church of a young American Baptist while travelling in the Holy Land nearly two years ago. Among his travelling companions was a Bishop of the American Church; and the gentleman, a Mr. Wethered, who has recently made the circumstance known to the world, was himself among the little band of Christians who were present and witnessed the baptism by the Bishop on the banks of the river Jordan.

On Friday, Oct. 26th, a Jewish lady of great intelligence who had been long engaged in the investigation of the Prophecies, was admitted by baptism into the Christian Church at All Saints', Kensington Park, by the Rev. John Light, M. A., incumbent, and on All Saints' Day, a Roman Catholic gentleman—a pervert of six years standing—was received by the same reverend gentleman into the Communion of the Church of England.—*Standard*

In the closing address at a series of conferences of clergy and laity in the diocese of Rochester, the Bishop observed—

It was a striking fact that many who had left the Church wished to come back to her ministry. And in most cases he endeavoured to meet their wishes after a time of probation, for they were most of them very worthy men; but he was not always able to do so. The ministry of the Church had risen wonderfully in regard to the love and respect that were felt towards it by all classes.

Good Churchmen and true are speaking as opportunity offers against the ultra-Ritualists in the mother country. A distinguished member of parliament—Mr. Hubbard—said on a recent occasion—

We have on the one hand a spirit of scepticism, arising from that amount of learning which makes men presumptuous, but does not make them wise. On the other hand, we are endangered by the efforts of a few injudicious and ardent minds, animated by what is in itself a most desirable quality, a love for Christian unity, and a reverence for Christian antiquity, but who, in their desire to revive and restore that which has once been the practice of the Church, acting upon their own unguided impulse, and without the sanction of authority, have, in many instances, alarmed and alienated their friends, and provoked a reaction of feeling calculated not to extend the beautiful and decent ceremonial of the Church, but to retard its progress, and lead to disastrous results.

Mr. Betesford Hope in a recent speech observed that—

Things up to a late period had been most hopeful. The true doctrines of the Church, the doctrines of the Prayer-book and the Catechism were taking deeper and deeper hold of the popular mind, and alongside of this growth of Church principles, a general appreciation of art was also growing up.

Only let our rulers have the moral courage to let the present excitement run its course, and this so-called Ritualism will, in due time, find its level, and its excesses will die away, while its indirect influence will have tended to raise the general level of external religion.

The *John Bull* says that at the last monthly meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a resolution was passed pledging the Society to repay the Bishop of Capetown for any expenses incurred in carrying out the visitation of the diocese of Natal in accordance with the resolution passed at the meeting in May. It was also agreed that a special appeal for £1,000 a year be put forth (subject to the approval of the president) to provide additional clergy for the diocese of Natal.

On the 30th Nov., the ceremony of dedicating the new Convalescent Hospital at Clewer, near Windsor, took place. The clergy present included the Bishops of Oxford and Newfoundland, the Dean of Windsor, the Provost of Eton College, the Rev. T. T. Carter, rector of Clewer, &c. On each side of the spacious hall leading from the porch to the staircase were arranged forty Sisters of Mercy, who are to have charge of the patients, all clad in their black dresses, and wearing white crimped caps or hoods, and white collars. Large jet crosses decorated their breasts, while at their head was Mrs. Mousell, the lady-superior. The procession walked up stairs to the entrance of the women's ward, which was temporarily fitted up as an oratory, the choir, led by the Rev. S. Hawtrey, chanting "Except the Lord build the house," &c. At the conclusion of the services the Holy Communion was celebrated. After which a procession was formed, headed by the choir; it proceeded down the stairs chanting, to the lower apartment, when the Bishop gave the benediction, holding his pastoral staff in his left hand.

A girl was locked up in Goosnargh church, Preston, England, one Sunday evening a few months ago, having fallen asleep during the service. She was but eight years old, but managed to get out of the church by breaking through the stained glass over the altar.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

Churchmen should not be hard on those of the clergy who were a short time since the intimate friends of the late pervert to the Baptist faith. Still, one and all of them may be taught by this case to realize more completely the earnestness with which they should pray in the words of the Litany to be delivered "from all heresy and schism." Mr. McNut has left the communion of the Church, to be sure, but it does not follow that the few clergy in the diocese who hold the same views that he held while in the Church will follow his example. Rather, let us hope that they will in the future endeavour to believe and to teach *all* the doctrines of our Church.

We shall be pleased to receive brief descriptions of the Christmas decorations in the different churches throughout the diocese.

RECEIVED IN DECEMBER.—Fredericton, per S. R. M., \$22.96, C. G. C. do., \$1; P. W. L., Montreal, \$1; Dr. T., Parrsboro, 60 c.; J. S., Canada West, 60 c.; W. H. T., Queensbury, \$1.50; W. H., Truro, \$1.20.

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