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Wm. Miller

# 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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## RITUAL, BY CANON BRIGHT.

When to Thy beloved on Patmos,  
Through the open door in Heaven,  
Visions of the perfect worship,  
Saviour, by Thy love were given—  
Surely there was truth and spirit,  
Surely there a pattern shown,  
How Thy Church should do her service,  
When she comes before Thy Throne.

Oh the censer-bearing Elders  
Crowned with gold, and robed in white,  
Oh the living Creatures' anthem,  
Never resting day or night!  
And the thousand choirs of Angels  
With their voices like the sea,  
Singing praise, O God the Father,  
And Oh Victim Lamb, to Thee!

Lord, bring home the glorious lesson  
To their hearts, who strangely deem  
That an unmajestic worship  
Doth Thy Majesty besecm;  
Show them more of Thy dear Presence  
Let them—let them come to know  
That our King is throned among us,  
And His Church is Heaven below!

Then shall faith read off the meaning  
Of each stately-ordered Rite,  
Dull surprise and hard resistance  
Turn to awe and full delight.  
Men shall learn how sacred splendor  
Shadows forth the pomp above,  
How the glory of our Altars  
Is the homage of our love.

'Tis for Thee we bid the Frontal  
Its embroidered wealth unfold,  
'Tis for Thee we deck the Reredos  
With the colors and the gold;  
Thine the floral glow and fragrance,  
Thine the vestures' fair array,  
Thine the starry lights that glitter  
Where Thou dost Thy Light display.

'Tis to Thee the chant is lifted,  
'Tis to Thee the heads are bowed,  
Far less deep was Israel's rapture  
When the Glory filled the cloud.  
Oh our own true God Incarnate—  
What should Christians' Ritual be.  
But a voice to utter somewhat  
Of their joy, and pride in Thee!

What but this—yet since corruption  
Mars so oft our Holiest things,  
In the form preserve the Spirit,  
Give the worship Angel wings,  
Till we gain Thine own high Temple,  
Where no tainting breath may come,  
And whate'er is good and beautiful  
Finds with Thee a perfect home.

Do not wipe out other's blots with  
smeared fingers.

*HINDRANCES TO UNITY.*

IN these days when the christian world is becoming weary of sectarianism, and Christ's true followers everywhere are longing and praying for the fulfilment of Christ's own prayer, that all His may be one, Satan, who knows well that divisions begin with censoriousness and end with infidelity, is most careful to sow the seeds of censoriousness in the gospel field whilst men sleep, or in other words are unobservant of his work.

Now censoriousness is very nearly akin to spiritual pride, and as Satan's main design is to separate those who ought to be very friends, for example—those who are baptized members of God's Catholic Church—we cannot behold without sore misgivings the bitter spirit of censoriousness which, in these days of desired unity, is so remarkably busy in the christian world, and especially amongst the members of our own Church, which many Romanists and other Dissenters have admitted to be the nearest to the primitive pattern, with its historic episcopate, and freedom from modern accretions.

When we see, as lately in New York, that Baptists are now laying aside their exclusive claim to Christian baptism, so that they admit without reordination a minister ordained by the Congregationalists to the pastorate of one of their churches, whilst amongst us there are many

who would jeopardise the sacred cause of unity for the sake of forcing even their brethren, if possible, to forsake our ancient Church unless they will consent to pronounce exactly as they do some shibboleth as to the rubrics of our Prayer-book. We fear that the charity of the disciples of Christ is sleeping, whilst Satan is busily sowing the seeds of separation in the ancient fold. Here we find a sad sign of illiberality.

Yet, to change the figure, how careful is the infernal Angler to hide his hook with a tempting bait! This bait is false liberality,—a giving away that which is not ours to give.

Irreverence is one of the besetting sins of a waning faith, and a sure accompaniment of growing infidelity. In "Salvationism" or Boothism, we see frightful irreverence, bordering on and often mixed with blasphemy, condoning impurity of life in those who blatantly claim that they are "gloriously saved,"—that they are pure and sure to be admitted to the Beatific Vision. We see them ignoring Christ's two Sacraments, Baptism and the Holy Communion, and substituting therefor admission "under the flag," coupled with the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal. Here we see irreverence rejecting the grafting and feeding Sacraments of Christ as "empty forms."

Censoriousness is nearly akin to self-righteousness. Men are easily tempted to flout at ancient Christian

forms, whilst insisting on the superiority of forms of their own devising, —showing their liberality by giving away what does not belong to them. And false liberality is very popular in our day. Those who, amongst ourselves, are least anxious to preserve and make reverent use of the Holy Communion, are always the most ready to carp at “forms” ordered by Holy Scripture and the rubrics of our Prayer-book.

We are led into this train of thought by a paragraph in one of our Church of England periodicals of a recent date, published in western Canada, on the subject of prayer. In these days, when we find sectarian bodies not kneeling or even standing in public prayer or praise, but sitting —(a position never known either in the ancient Jewish or the primitive Christian Church), our brother, a Churchman, we suppose, thus expresses the feelings of his soul to his brethren :

“The first duty of the worshipper is personal prayer. It is not necessary that he should kneel to pray. Even the bowed head may be a poor substitute for the bowed and waiting heart. All forms fail; nothing but the personal outreaching of the mind and heart after God will meet the deep want.”

This strong assumption that the outward form of devotion and humility is a dangerous thing, and liable to be suspected of not being accompanied by the “personal outreaching of the mind and heart,” is

—to say the least—not unlikely to be accepted as a *solutium* by those whom we too often see lolling or even half lying in their pews, whilst others are humbly kneeling at prayer, or standing whilst the praises of God are sung in His holy temple. Who are the most likely to believe in God’s immediate presence in public worship,—those who “worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker,” or those who sit, or lazily recline, in the Divine Presence, whilst with self-satisfaction they suspect of insincerity and mere formalism their brethren who assume the more reverent attitude?

What would have been thought in aftertimes of the three wise men from the east, if instead of kneeling in the presence of the Holy Child in the stable at Bethlehem, they had seated themselves perhaps on a log at hand?

What would we have thought of their wisdom if instead of kneeling when offering their gifts, they had—like too many in our day—presented them, whilst sitting, by the hands of others?

Whatever men may think, Satan well knows that true religion has its foundation in humility, and God is the author of forms in religion, without which its spirituality may soon evaporate amid the deadly miasma of infidelity.

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Disregard or excuse your small fault, and you commit a great fault.

*EASTER.*

Lent has gone, with its many opportunities and proffered helps towards the knowledge of ourselves and the deepening of the spiritual life.

When our Lord shall come at the Last Day to judge every man as his work shall be, there will be no immediate warning for special preparation. Mankind will be found exactly in their habitual condition, when our Judge shall say,—“He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.”

Knowing this, those who are Christ's, and therefore for the love of God, and of their own souls, and the souls of others, are careful to avail themselves, whilst they can, of all the helps which God and His Church have provided to enable them to know their own weakness and their constant need of Christ's righteousness. By them the season of Lent is dearly prized, with its rules and opportunities for retirement and self-denial. On Good Friday they mourn with Christ who died for our sins; on Easter Sunday they rejoice with Him who rose again for our justification. And thus, year after year finds them spiritually progressing, for every season in the Christian year is welcomed, and wrought into their spiritual life,—and death—when it comes—finds them ready to say “Even so, come Lord Jesus!”

The object of Lent is the subduing of selfishness. One excellent form of unselfishness is denying ourselves that we may give to him that

needeth. The poor we have always with us, and when we will we may do them good. But there is another class of poor—a very large class—who are not with but far removed from us,—some in the more distant parts of our own Dominion, and some in heathen lands far beyond. In giving of our Lenten and other savings towards extending the blessings of the gospel amongst such as these, we are casting our bread upon the waters, and shall not see it until after many days, even until the Judgment Day.

It is comparatively easy, and even self-satisfying, to give to objects close at hand, for even a selfish love of popularity may prompt such givings, more than the love of God. Or some may give with a selfish desire to rule, or force the acceptance of their own shibboleths. But gifts to far-off missions are comparatively pure from these impure notions, and are therefore acceptable in the sight of God.

We Canadian Churchmen have at length begun to appreciate and practice this kind of giving, as is shewn by the Report for last year of our Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions. It is to be hoped that some of our Lenten savings this year may have gone to the same good object, and thus swell the amount to be recorded in the Year's Report.

We want to serve God, according to our own will, not according to His. We must not choose for ourselves. We must will what God wills, and if He would have me serve Him in one thing, I must not prefer to serve Him in something else instead. What God wills is obedience.

A BAPTIST CHALLENGE AND THE RESPONSE.—Rev. Richard Johnson's communication under the above heading in our last No. on the subject of baptism for the dead, was we think, written under a misapprehension of the meanings of St. Paul in 1st Cor : xv, 29. Bishop Wordsworth on that passage rejects as groundless the idea that it refers to baptism of a dead person by proxy. He says first that those who deny the resurrection of the Body, reduce themselves to an absurdity, since (if that doctrine be not true) what shall they do who are baptized in behalf of the dead, as all Christians are, and as even those Corinthians themselves are, if they are Christians. Why are they then baptized in behalf of the dead?

He then goes on to say that it cannot mean to be baptized as proxies in the place of those who have died without baptism, adding "As far as we know, there was no such usage then practised at Corinth, or any where else in the Church at that age," adding many strong arguments in refutation of the idea, for which, because of want of space, we refer our readers to Wordsworth's Greek Test *in loco*.—[Ed. CH. WORK.

#### A PRAYER FOR ALL SEASONS.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, grant us, we beseech Thee, Thy grace; that we, who reverently make a remembrance of the Incarnation, Nativity, Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension of the Lord Jesus Christ, and also of the Coming of the Holy Ghost; may, by the grace of the same Holy Ghost, lead a new life here, and live with Thee for ever.

#### TWO GOOD CHURCHWOMEN.

BURIED in "God's acre" at Marshalltown, Digby Co., N. S., on the 27th of January, aged 83 years,—in the joyful hope of a glorious immortality, Eunice, relict of the late Robert Jones, of Brighton, Digby Co., N. S.

A life-long member of the Church of England, Mrs. Jones in her whole walk and conversation, was a bright example of the Church's teaching. Gentle and amiable, faithful in the discharge of every duty, the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and her children arise and call her blessed. Nor were her loving offices selfishly confined to her house, for the sorrowful, the sick and the suffering knew well the value of her kindly ministrations.

Thus daily walking with God humbly and trustfully, her daily life was a preparation for the better land, and her call, when it came, found her in joyful acceptance of God's will.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

Another holy woman, Phebe, relict of the late Hon. E. B. Chandler, of Dorchester, N. B., has lately been called to her rest in a ripe and honored old age. Deeply respecting her, as did all who knew her manifold excellencies, we subjoin an extract from the very touching and eloquent sermon preached on the occasion of her death by her pastor, Rev. J. Roy Campbell, Rector of Dorchester, N. B., from the very

appropriate text, Romans xvi, 1, 2: "I commend unto you Phebe our sister," etc.:

Born in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, confirmed upwards of seventy years ago,—from which time she has been a consistent communicant,—she was a mother in the church. Blessed with uncommon strength of body, strength of will, and depth of conviction, she was never when in good health, absent from the Table of the Lord; so we commend unto you the example of "Phœbe our sister."

Married early in life, and very soon afterwards surrounded by all the cares attendant upon the bringing up of a large family, and upon the due discharge of the duties of a prominent and responsible position in life, she carried into all the duties in connection therewith, as we have always heard and understood, all those qualities of zeal, earnestness, honesty of purpose, and untiring industry that characterized her; for with her, idleness was little short of a crime. For over half a century, seconded and supported by her husband—of whose comfort and assistance she was deprived in 1880,—she adorned her station in life after the manner of the excellent woman in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; and in that passage you will find the portrait of our departed friend.

Whenever on Sunday or Saturday,—for *all* days were the Lord's days to *her*,—the church doors were open, and she in good health, whatever the state of the weather, she was glad when they said: "We will go into the house of the Lord." No mere Sunday nor fair weather christian she,—“We commend unto you Phœbe our sister.”

Nor was it once, or twice on the Lord's Day—if there were more occasions than two—but *always* there. She did not judge it proper to support her body with two meals on the Lord's Day, and her soul with only one. She was always there, because her heart was there. And, when she was in the Lord's house, she was the embodiment of reverence. The great weight of her years, and the infirmities incident thereto, stood not in her way to hinder her from kneeling whenever and wherever required by the service so to do; and no one ever knew her to sit when the service implied that she should stand. We "commend unto you Phœbe our sister."

It was a joy to her to see the church prosper; it was a grief if any evil threat-

ened or befell it. Taking a deep and an earnest interest in all that concerned the welfare of the church, though always in earnest, she was never heady, self-willed, or determined to have her own way; always glad, even if not in her own way, if only it was well with the church. I do earnestly commend to you in this particular, Phœbe our sister.

Her liberality was such that, as long as I have known her, the claims of the church were always acknowledged to be a first charge upon her purse, as they were also admitted to be a first charge upon her time; a claim that she never questioned, never hesitated about and never refused. No Diocesan or Parochial object was overlooked; the education of the ministry,—King's College,—the provision for incapacitated clergy,—the needs of the parish,—were all duly respected and considered. So conscientious was she that she had a fixed sum upon principle for the offertory; and if by chance she were absent, she never rested till the offertory in arrear was paid. "We commend unto you Phœbe our sister, for she hath been a succourer of many."

### NO HOME.

A "City Rector" tells this story: "Once upon a time a gentleman met a ragged little boy in the street. Half-starved and half-clad, he looked in very deed as if he was 'Nobody's child.' 'My little fellow,' said the gentleman, speaking kindly to him, 'Where is your home?' 'Home! I don't know what you mean.' 'I mean,' said he, 'where do you live?' 'I don't live nowhere,' was the response. 'Where do your mother and father live, then?' 'I never had a mother and father as I know on,' was the boy's strange reply."

And too many of us are as ignorant of the Home above, of the Father everywhere, of the Motherly care of the Church of God.

Small faults, not mended in their beginning, become great faults in their end.

*PRAYERS AND PRAYING.*

IF it be worth while to pray at all, it is worth while to pray aright. It is foolish to waste time in doing anything in a way that can be of no use. It is mad to go through what is, in itself, an act of religion, so as to make it a sin. To say prayers is not to pray. To kneel is not to worship. There may be much love in the words used, but none in the heart of him who uses them. There may be a lowly manner which tells of no bowing down or drawing near of the proud cold heart.

Failure in prayer saddens many. They wish to pray; but every time they try, they seem to lose heart more, or else get into an easy, careless way of not minding. People forget that worship is hard, real work, as well as a great privilege and consolation. Thought, feeling, and will should be roused, before coming to God's mercy seat: and when the prayer is said, there should be a new aim set before the soul, with a new assurance of added strength. No one ought to dare to begin to speak to God without thinking over what he means to say,— what he has to thank God for, to confess before Him, to seek from Him. And in every prayer there is an acknowledgment of duty and a profession of will to do it. So, in the psalms, prayers are often called "vows." The meaning is that it is only as those who are bound to serve God, and are ready to serve Him, that we have a right to pray to Him. And, moreover, we undertake to use for God all gifts with which He trusts us, and to work with Him in the strength He gives, to do our part in bringing about what we ask Him to do.

Time spent in getting ready to pray will help us to pray as we ought. If we put before us the meaning of prayer—who God is and what we are—and try to gather up the whole force of our being for the earnest work of worship, we shall not find our thoughts so quick to wander. And when we rise to go forth to the other works of life, we shall feel that we take up our burden as those who have prayed, and have sought to be fellow-workers with God in furthering the good ends of His will. Those who rush into God's presence while their heads are full of the world's thoughts, and hurry through a set of words, and then put God and their prayers out of their heads, have no right to wonder that their prayers seem vain, without comfort, and without blessing.

Those who lounge against their beds and bury their faces in the clothes when they say their prayers, must not wonder if the weariness of body to which they give way is matched by sloth of soul; and if their souls are not awake, their bodies are in a fair way to fall asleep. The body, as well as the spirit, should be braced to the utmost, and God's help should be laid firm hold on, or else we cannot hope to keep true, in spite of all that tries to loosen the hold on God which right prayer gives.

If we use a form of prayer to help us as a guide to thought and words, it is well to have our book and look hard at. If we have to remember and to pray, taxing memory and devotion at the same time, we are very apt to give the mere headwork most of our strength. Far better to be quite free to press upon God that



which we try to feel and mean with all our hearts.

A prayer helps the life, so the life must help the prayer. God teaches us that He looks at both, and sees how far we live as we pray, and show by what we do that we mean the words we speak to Him. Each time of prayer should send us forth, with a firmer will and better hope, to do God's will. Each time of trial and toil should send us back, with fresh trust, to find cheer and strength. Always we can speak to One who is always near. This habit of looking up at all times will help to make our life earnest and godly, and will make us ready to open our hearts to God when we "say our prayers."

Religion is a practical thing and prayer is a very practical part of it. We must not let the practical common sense which we use in other matters fail us in that which has so solemnly to do with our state before God now and for ever.

A Wesleyan minister (Mr. A. Taylor), speaking at a municipal dinner at Southmolton, extolled the beauty of the liturgy of the Church of England, which he used to read every Sunday when he was a missionary on the West Coast of Africa, and he should be glad to find that clergy and ministers, as well as people, could see a little more good than they did in each other's attempts to to serve the Lord in their own way. May these healing words do much to take away "hatred and prejudice and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly union and concord."

Converse with those that will do you good, or to whom you may do good.

### TOO POLITE.

One day I went to a friend's house. The family were going to an evening service. The Church was near. The pew was a large one, near the pulpit. A fashionable congregation had assembled.

The people were, in one sense, too good. I mean they erred in politeness and good feeling. Handshaking and other signs of friendship are quite right out of Church. But in Church they are quite out of place. I do not see how people can be reverent, and attend to their prayers, while smiles and salutations are being exchanged all round them. "A time for everything."

There is in religion a body and a soul. The religion of the body is but the body of religion, the religion of the soul is the soul of religion. And as the separation of the body and the soul is the death of man, so the divorcing asunder the form and soul of godliness is the death of godliness. As it is injury to macerate and destroy the body to cure and save the soul, so it is a crime to damn and lose the soul to please and pamper the body. Even so it is injurious to destroy the body and outside of religion, to preserve and advance the soul and inside of religion; but it is heinous to lose and break the heart of the inside and vitals of religion, to pamper and adorn the exterior thereof. It is well if, while we quarrel about a bended knee, we do not lose a broken heart. Is the folly of the Quakers criminal for killing religion in her body? how sinful, then is formality that slays religion in her soul!"—*Rev. R. Steel.*

Charity is the way of man to God.

*REDEEMING THE TIME.*

“Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.”

— *Eph. v. 16.*

Time, that one precious talent entrusted by God to each one of us, is too often thought lightly of, or acknowledged only in a kind of grumbling way as an excuse for non-performance of many obvious duties. “I ought to do so and so, but I really have not the time.” “I will do so and so, if I can find time.” “There is so much to do, and time flies so quickly.” These are remarks frequently heard, and the latter especially is only too true; for truly there is a vast amount to be done, and by far the most important work is that for which there is, alas! too often found—“no time.”

There are some things for which we sometimes say, “I will make time for that. We should, perhaps, more appropriately say, “I will make the opportunity,” as it is not in our power to lengthen one moment of time any more than we can add one of time any more than we can add one cubic to our stature, but by a simple readjustment and division of our time we can frequently make opportunities for carrying out any plans on which we have set our minds.

It should be our aim, then, to understand fully what the things are for which we should make time and opportunity. God has given our life as it is with its varied needs and requirements, and, in His wonderful and perfect economy, has provided the times and seasons which we may legitimately use for the full satisfaction of those needs. Solomon says, “there is a time for everything under the sun,” and, after enumerating the various acts and conditions

of men for which it is granted, he is struck with wonder and admiration at the perfect arrangements of the Creator and exclaims, “He hath made everything beautiful in His time.

Now although Solomon says “there is a time for everything,” it does not follow that one individual has time to do everything he wishes to; too often we make mistakes, and undertake duties we should not, to the exclusion of others which we might do better and which would be more in accordance with our time and circumstances. We should first of all understand thoroughly what are the duties God demands of us, and then set ourselves resolutely to redeem every moment for our work. And surely our first duty is to our Maker—our Master—our first duty as Christians—Morning Prayer. Invidious as it may appear, the question will arise, will obtrude itself, Is morning prayer a joyful, blessed privilege, or is the time from it unredeemed from sleep, from business, from household cares? Will the excuse, “I was so late,” “I was in such a hurry,” be accepted by our Master? He has the prior claim to our best, our first. What would a merchant or tradesman think of an employe who deliberately went about his own business or pleasure in the morning, and towards evening made his appearance at his master's office or workshop? Yet how often do we Christians serve thus our Master, Christ the Lord? What else is the meaning of our empty churches on Sunday mornings? Oh! to think of church after church in our large towns being allowed to remain—not half filled! the bright, fresh morning hours of the Lord's day unredeemed for His service!

Again the empty or half-filled, altar-rail—those few most precious moments of our time left unredeemed by the non-use of our opportunity. Every Sunday should be as a red-letter day in Time's calendar, each one redeemed from waste and sloth, from self and earthliness.

O! for a more thorough appreciation of the value of time in our efforts at work for our Master! Men of business understand it, earnest students of earthly love grasp it, but do Christian workers realise its preciousness? We need to grasp the knowledge that times and seasons are slipping away, silently, surely, rapidly, and one moment lost or misused can never be recovered. Our dear Master never wasted a minute. How great was His anxiety to work while it was day, because the night cometh when no man can work; and even then, after His well-used days, He continued his work in a loving intercession with His Father on the mountain-tops. Even when His presence graced some festive board He never lost an opportunity of doing good—now a word of warning or of tenderness, now a stern rebuke, but ever and always was the consciousness of His life's work and the shortness of the time allotted.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." There are many noble souls who are ever seeking "to do thee good because of the house of the Lord our God," but there are still many who neglect the apostle's injunction. Perhaps they never have thought of it. We are so prone to selfishness in even our most holy things, and are so busy with ourselves, thinking of what we

need from our pastors and teachers, and how much good we can get from their life and work, that we are apt to forget how we in turn should use every opportunity to help on some weaker one, or cheer some sorrowful one, leaving them brighter and stronger by contact with us, they in their turn passing on in some degree the influence to others,—thus redeeming the time for our Master.

Sunday-school work: what golden opportunities every week—one hour at least generally devoted to the best of all work—drawing little ones to the Saviour. Let us see to it that not one moment of that precious time pass unredeemed. Let every moment be utilised with one or another of the little flock, remembering they are the blessed of the Lord: and if He was much displeased with those who tried to keep the children away from Him, surely those teachers whose sole aim is to win them to Him now will be very dear to His heart.

Visiting the poor and afflicted: here again the time is so short in which to speak for the Master, that to redeem it fully even looks and words need be studied, and a loving interest pervade one's whole being, that those whose hearts have not yet been given to Christ may at least not be repulsed by any mannerisms in those who seek to do them good.

Then as to social duties: without any defection from their claims, might not a little time be redeemed from them? A few moments saved from each call would give time for a short visit to some one who, perhaps, may not be on our visiting list, but to whom, nevertheless, a few minutes' cheerful conversation would be

a real pleasure; or to some hospital ward, where a fresh, bright face and pretty dress would relieve the day's tedious monotony. How the time of those devoted to pleasure is filled up. No moments there left unredeemed; night turned into day for the gratification of the gay and wealthy; every energy called forth to crowd in the various engagements, forgetting that "the days are evil."

Again, there is the awful thought that sceptics and unbelievers are not idle. Too much time alas! is redeemed by them in disseminating their fearful works and words. Oh! let Christians see to it to be more zealous in effort, more zealous of the fleeting moments. If it were possible for those who dwell in the light of Christ's presence to be sad, surely the thought of misspent or misused opportunities here would cause that sadness. Even here to look back upon our past and to think what we might have done and did not. Even the cups of cold water only, might they not have been multiplied and our one precious talent so rightly, so ungrudgingly used, that when the day comes to render our account, we might hear with a deeper, fuller joy our Master's loving welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?"—*E. Morley*.

The soul that would be "always" with God must depend on Him alone for everything—it must renounce all self-chosen ways and will, accepting whatever God may appoint; yes, it is this voluntary subjection that leads to being "always with God," and sometimes He is in truth nearest when the soul fancies Him afar off.

### ACCEPTABLE FASTS.

It has been truly said that fasting, in its highest sense, reaches far beyond abstinence from bodily food. Christ's word is, "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself." Fasting is only one form of self-denial. There are many other things which we may give up for God in token of our penitential sorrow. We may forego bodily comfort, ease, opportunities of display, the praise of men, pre-eminence among our fellows. Any one who for Christ's sake will be severe with himself, who will take the lowest place, or the hardest place, or the hardest place, from its deep conviction that such a place is that which is most suitable for him, will most assuredly offer to God an acceptable fast. This great truth cannot be better expressed than in the words of St. Bernard: "If the appetite alone has sinned, let that alone fast; but if other members, let them also fast; the eye from curious sights and wandering glances, from looking with pleasure at any glass which reflects self: the ear from rumors, praise of self, slanders, gossip, controversy; the tongue from detraction, murmuring, fault-finding, talking of self and of our own troubles; the hand from needless work which hinders prayer; but, more than all, the soul from vices and self-will."

A GOOD WISH.—It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom may be taught to read the Bible.—*King George III.*

By not grasping at all within your reach, learn to bear the loss of what is out of your reach.

*THINGS WE OUGHT TO  
KNOW ABOUT THE  
CHURCH.*

EPOCHS.

All of us have epochs in our lives. There is birth ; the day we first went to work ; the time when we gave ourselves to God ; marriage ; whilst the solemn epoch of death still lies before us.

This Church of ours has her epochs too.

Let us glance through her history and notice some of them.

Of course, her foundation, about the year 62, comes first.

Those were wild times, and the young church had to struggle on as best she could through wars and robbery and bloodshed. In 596 she was strengthened in an unexpected way, for a band of missionaries arrived from Rome, headed by S. Augustine. With this help she made great progress, and before many years had passed she had won her way over all England.

So the landing of the missionaries is a second epoch.

Nearly a thousand years go by before we come to our third epoch—the Reformation.

Now a thousand years is a long time, and we find the Church in a very different position. Nearly all the Cathedrals and Abbeys were built during those ten centuries—and what wonderful settings for beauty and thoroughness they are, any good workmen who examines them can tell. Hosts of Parish Churches too had risen all over the land, and colleges and monasteries besides. Along with all this noble activity for God, serious errors had grown up, and perhaps the one that

caused the most mischief was the vast power a foreign bishop had been allowed to gain in England. This was the Bishop of Rome ; and he claimed to be supreme, not only over the clergy, but also over the king and people.

When the Duke of Normandy came to conquer England in 1066, the Bishop of Rome (or the Pope) had helped him, and from that time the Popes did all they could to increase their power. whilst every now and then the English would try to throw off the yoke.

At last, in the reign of Henry VIII, a decided step was taken for independence. The Church (through Convocation) and the State (through Parliament) refused allegiance to the Pope ; and the taxes he had levied were forbidden to be paid him any longer. Many other changes were made, and the King and great nobles in the general confusion, seized on much Church property, and there was both injustice and cruelty : yet many abuses were got rid of, and, while there were outward losses, in spiritual things, the Church remained the same.

And now we come to the Revival of 1830—an epoch almost in our own times.

At the beginning of this century, from various causes, the Church had sunk to a very low level of life and work.

About 1830 a little band of clergymen at Oxford banded themselves to try to bring about a better state of things. They wrote, preached, taught ; and the pith of all was this—the church was no human institution ; she was the Bride of Christ and must rise to her high calling.

It is sixty years since this Gospel

was sounded in the ears of England—and what extraordinary results we see!

Surely, never was there a time of greater energy, devotion, and hard work!

The Bride is indeed putting on her beautiful gaments to go forth to meet the Bridegroom.—*Banner of Faith.*

#### COMMERCIAL RELIGION.

At the Conference of Episcopal clergymen and laymen, held at New York, a letter was read from the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York, in which this passage attracted wide attention:

“The commercial tendency of the age is obvious in the pew renting system. The rich occupy the choice places, while the poor must sit in the obscure, out of the way corners. The church becomes a club house, and this amounts to an exclusion of the poor. If the church was to be merely a means of providing comfortable incomes for Sunday orators, and cosy seats for wealthy listeners, the pew renting system might be a success. But as the church is for a common salvation of rich and poor alike, no system that shuts out the poor or puts the rich in a fashionable house with a saint's name at one end of the town, and the poor into a bare chapel by themselves at the other end, can ever be a system that God will prosper. There is all that class of persons who in this generation are servants and labourers, but whose children in the next generation will be lords and ladies of the land, all of whom under the pew system, are just as completely and effectually excluded from the house of God as though it were written upon the door ‘No

admittance for servants and labourers here.’ The system virtually cuts off from the Gospel and from all heavenly helps of the Church a portion of every population. It is well nigh impossible, with the commercial influence to the front, with property as the controlling element, that the spiritual interest should not suffer. The question how costly a pew or how high a tax the parishioner can afford will obscure very often those merits of a meek and lowly heart. If it could be known openly in how many parishes at this moment some influential and managing men are secretly discussing the question of how they shall contrive to get rid of the minister they have, because he is not paying well in pew rents, or how they shall find one that will do that an appeal of alarm would arise to the ear of God.—*Southern Churchman.*

From a statement of the receipts of the Hospital Sunday in London, it appears that out of a total of £37,325 the Church of England contributed £29,669. Next come the Congregationalists with £1,892, the Wesleyans with £1,066, the Baptists with £990, the Jews with £901, the Presbyterians with £894, and the Roman Catholics with £528. The receipts from congregations are the largest by over £800 since the fund was established. St. Jude's, South Kensington, heads the list of single congregations, by the contribution of £1,164; St. Michael's, Chester Square, comes next with £1,002.

If some one says ill of you, do not ask who it was; so you can mend yourself and not be tempted to commit a new fault.

APPRECIATIONS FROM  
CORRESPONDENTS.

From a well known clergyman in  
Pomona, California .

SHROVE TUESDAY.

*My Dear Brother,*—The old familiar and much beloved CHURCH WORK for February has just reached me in this far away land, and its excellent make up and admirable contents lead me to break a long silence to say how much I appreciate the faithful labors which you from month to month expend upon it, and how valuable its contents are to both clergy and laity. You were good enough to say long years ago when it first appeared under the fostering care of your unworthy servant, that CHURCH WORK was as good as a Curate in a Parish, and in all candor and with sincere appreciation let me supplement the statement by adding that years of good work have made the Curate more and more useful and indispensable.

I am, as ever, faithfully yours,

JOHN D. H. BROWNE.

From a subscriber for 100 in Toronto: "I received a parcel of CHURCH WORK (86). This will carry me over this month, although I must confess your little work is so much appreciated that some will miss it. I regret very much the first consignment going astray. It must be very annoying to you."

From a subscriber in Windsor, N. S.: "I value your little CHURCH WORK highly, and enjoy its monthly visits very much."

From a clergyman in Toronto, formerly in Nova Scotia: "The magazine CHURCH WORK, is—I see—as good as ever, and a great help in Church work."

From a lady in Ontario: "I have seen one or two copies of your little paper, and find it so interesting that I should like to be a subscriber. I enclose 30 cts. for one year."

From another lady in Ontario: "I take a great deal of pleasure out of your little paper, and would not be without it."

A well-known Scotch bishop never married. While he held a certain see he was of course a subject of considerable interest to the celibate ladies of the neighborhood. One day he received a visit from one of them who had reached the age of desperation. Her manner was solemn, yet somewhat embarrassed; it was evident from the first that there was something very particular upon her mind. The good bishop spoke with his usual kindness, and encouraged her to be communicative. By-and-by he drew from her that she had had a very strange dream, or rather, as she thought, a revelation from heaven. On further questioning she confessed that it had been intimated to her that she was to be united in marriage to the Bishop. One may imagine what a start this gave to the quiet scholar, who had long before married his books and never thought of any other bride. He recovered, however, and, addressing her very gently, said that doubtless these imitations were not to be despised. As yet, however, the designs of heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would wait to see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and when it happened, he would be sure to let her know.

Of little meddling comes much rest.

Children's Department.THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,  
 Go while it is called to-day :  
 For the years go out and the years come in,  
 Regardless of those who may lose or win ;  
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
 To the army gone before ;  
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet  
 Going down to the river where two world's  
 meet :  
 They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my  
 boy,  
 And duty, too, assigned,  
 Step into the front with a cheerful face,  
 Be quick, or another may take your place,  
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my  
 boy,  
 That you never can tread again—  
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—  
 Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—  
 Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,  
 Temptations without and within :  
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair  
 As those which the angels in heaven might  
 wear,  
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,  
 In the beautiful days of youth :  
 Put on the helmet, and breast-plate, and  
 shield,  
 And the sword the feeblest hand may wield  
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,  
 With the peace of the gospel shod,  
 And before high heaven do the best you can  
 For the great reward and the good of man,  
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

SAVED BY A CAT.

During the time when England  
 was rent and torn by civil strife be-  
 tween the two factions represented  
 by the red and white roses, Sir Hen-  
 ry Wyatt, a brave noble soldier, wore

the red rose, and after brilliant vic-  
 tory won by his enemies, was cap-  
 tured and imprisoned—so the re-  
 cord tells us—"in a cold and dark  
 tower." Here he was allowed to  
 languish, unsupplied with sufficient  
 food to keep the wheel of life mov-  
 ing on. In vain he begged his gaol-  
 er to increase his allowance, but  
 fearing to disobey those who ruled  
 over him, the man refused. One  
 day Sir Henry discovered that a  
 visitor had made her way into his  
 dark and narrow cell. She purred  
 and rubbed against him, and soon  
 the knight and the new comer were  
 fast friends.

Every day she came for a while  
 through a narrow aperture in the  
 wall and day by day the attachment  
 grew. Whether in the course of  
 their interviews Sir Henry told his  
 new friend how hungry he was he  
 do not know. Perhaps it was only  
 puss's desire to show her affection for  
 him, but one day she came lugging  
 something in her mouth, and soon  
 she laid a fine fat pigeon at the  
 knight's feet. Here was fowl, and  
 just in time to save his life. The  
 gaoler was not heartless, and though  
 he dared not buy food for his pris-  
 oner, he did not refuse to cook what  
 the knight supplied.

In the course of a little while puss  
 brought another bird. Then one  
 came every day. Sir Henry began  
 to recover and grew strong. Final-  
 ly, his enemies, learning how mira-  
 culously his life had been preserved,  
 granted him a pardon. You can  
 imagine, after this, how grateful the  
 knight was to puss. To show his  
 feeling towards her, the old chroni-  
 cle says, "Perhaps you will not find  
 his picture anywhere without a cat  
 beside him."



*ONLY A LEAF.*

I have often heard children say, "Only a leaf," or, "Only a straw;" but do you know what a leaf really does? It pumps water from the ground through the thousand of tiny tubes in the stem of the tree, and sends it into the atmosphere in the form of unseen vapor, and this mingles with the vast quantities of vapor already in the air and forms clouds, which, later, fall as rain.

Of course the same water that is pumped by the leaves would in the course, of time find its way to the sky as vapor without the help of the leaves, but it would require much more time. The water would have to sink into the earth and find its way to brooks and rivers through under ground channels and thence into the sea, and there wait its turn to be evaporated by the heat of the sun.

It has been estimated that every square inch of leaf lifts 0.035 of an ounce of water every twenty-four hours. Now if all the leaves of a large forest tree were spread out upon the ground, they would cover about 5 acres, or 6,272,650 sq. inches. Multiplying this by 0.035 (the quantity pumped by every inch), gives us 2,252 ounces, or about eight barrels. So much for the work of one tree in twenty-four hours. Now take a large forest, and see what a quantity of water can be pumped by its leaves. Surely they are not to be despised. The trees on an acre would give several hundred barrels, and an acre of grass or grain would yield about the same results.

But a leaf or blade of grass also works for the good of man in another direction. They carry great quanti-

ties of electricity from the air to the earth, and from the earth to the air, and a single grass blade carries more electricity during a thunder shower than do the lightning rods on the house. The ends of the leaves and blades are all delicately pointed, you have noticed, and these points are just fitted to receive the electricity from the air and give it off again. Sometimes it happens that there is more electricity in the air at a particular place than the leaves and trunk of the tree can safely carry off, and then the tree gets overloaded and is shattered, or "struck with lightning," as we say.

*CHURCH DOORS SHOULD STILL STAND OPEN*

## A SONNET.

Church doors should still stand open, night  
and day,  
Open to all who come for praise or prayer,  
Laden with gift of love or load of care,  
Nimbused with gold or flaked with locks of  
grey,  
Miser or snow-white bride, or pallid clay,  
The blithe, the sad, the uncomely as the  
fair,  
Each on his sacred errand wending there,  
Nor even the mighty and strong be turned  
away.

—*Alfred Austin.*

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others  
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