

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1876.

ARCHDEACON HESSEY'S PRIMARY CHARGE.

We incline to think that our business as journalists is not so much to find fault as to commend; and we are very strongly of opinion that the interests of the Church are better promoted by pointing out examples for imitation, and referring to principles for general adoption, rather than by cavilling at what may not quite agree with our notions. We wish to lead our people to love their Church, to admire her excellencies, and not to devote all their attention to any unseemly excrescences that may have attached themselves to her organization. In accordance with this principle, which we hope we shall always bear in mind, we would draw attention to the primary charge of Dr. Hessey, Archdeacon of Middlesex—recently delivered.

The chief business of an Archdeacon has usually been understood to be to deal with the temporalities of the Church; especially in large Dioceses, other duties more directly of a spiritual nature, and sometimes of a semi-episcopal character, would necessarily devolve upon them. And so it comes to pass that the charge or address, periodically delivered by an Archdeacon, is sometimes of a purely business nature, dealing entirely with temporalities; while at other times, when great questions are agitated, and there is an evident demand, or it may be, an opportunity for dilating on matters of more general interest, subjects not so entirely local receive their due share of attention.

The Archdeacon of Middlesex has given us some admirable sentiments in his charge lately delivered; but as they are evidently of no party character, they will perhaps be very generally overlooked.

In advocating toleration in things that may have had a great fuss and disturbance made about them, although in reality, they may involve no important principle, he remarks that no man was less worldly than St. Paul; and yet, he asks, what was his advice about circumcision, meats offered to idols, and the observance of Jewish holy days? These things might easily have been understood to involve principles of the most important and fundamental character, and forming the very essence of Christianity; and yet when not directly made to bear upon essential principles, he directs that they may be used or not, according to the inclination of the individual Christian; and he even practices circumcision himself on a very particular occasion. The Archdeacon illustrates his ideas of different modes of expressing the same truths, and of the various degrees of importance that may be attached to their several branches, by an incident which happened some time ago. He had an opportunity of visiting a school of art, where a number of pupils were

engaged copying the model of a cathedral. They were all good draughtsmen, and the professor testified to the correctness of their perspective; and yet no two of their drawings were alike. In one, the chancel or choir was most prominent; in another, the spire; in another, the nave concealed the chancel altogether; in another, the whole building was seen, although with deep shadows from the projections. The reason of this, of course, was because no two of them could, from their different places, nearer or farther off, in the front or on either side, on the floor or in a gallery against the walls of the room, obtain the same view. Each took the cathedral from his own position, and transferred his expression of that aspect of it to his own drawing. And yet there was similarity enough, in the most differing representations, to show that the object copied must have been the same in each case.

The Archdeacon, applying this incident to the various religious questions of the day, points out that one man may have a strong conviction of the greatness and importance of Baptismal grace; another may be impressed with a fear of indolently reposing on that grace; one may have a feeling of the importance of laying hold on Christ by faith; another with the necessity of evidencing his Christianity in his life; and so on. He then quotes a paragraph from "one of the ablest of the Evangelical school"; and as the sentiments it embodies are so valuable and are so remarkably and unusually moderate, we cannot refrain from giving it in his own words:—

"There is, I believe no surer way of promoting abuses than denying or ignoring the truths and excellencies that underlie them. Error, it must always be remembered, is almost always the exaggeration of some truth. Superstition itself, even in its grossest forms, is the excess of fear or zeal in matters of religion. The fault is not attention to religion, but attention to it in a wrong way. And the person who is most likely to arrive at a just conclusion is the one who has a mind large enough to discover where the gem of truth lies, and in what consists the error, which has grown as an incrustation around it. It is the opposite course which has frequently been productive of much harm. Men are easily driven from one extreme to another. There is a notable instance of this, in the fact that many of those who have of late adopted the practices of Rome were originally brought up in a totally different school of thought. They have been urged in this direction by many culpable neglects which they have observed; such as irreverence in worship, depreciation of the sacraments, and the undervaluing of due order and discipline. I do not deny that there may be a love of ornamental service where there is no true love of Christ, and that outward ceremonies may be mere mocking substitutes for spiritual realities; yet, on the other hand, a very

plain service may be an equally dead thing; and the man who plumes himself on being 'no Ritualist' may, nevertheless, be 'no worshipper.'"

Such wise and large-hearted sentiments form the very essence of the peace and prosperity of the Church; and, as a contemporary very justly remarks, if most churchmen would only act in this spirit, the most vexatious questions of the day would soon be disposed of; and although there will always be men given to extremes, yet they would create but little difficulty.

PASTORAL WORK.

We are under no little obligation to Canon Liddon for the letter he has written to the Rev. J. Ingle on the Union of Benefices Bill. The subject involves the question as to what is the main work of the ministers of the Gospel, and he says:—"Proposals like that before Parliament appear to ignore the serious truth, that the real work of the ministers of Christ lies in building up the Christian life in single souls; surely, under any circumstances, a very difficult work, and more easily to be carried out in a small parish than in a large one. Instead of this, the modern ideal is that of a very diluted 'influence for good,' of some kind, exerted, through public addresses and similar means, over large masses of people. This ideal is really, as I believe, a social rather than a properly religious one; but it is in harmony with the temper, and it satisfies the public conscience of our age. Surely a small city parish, into the work of which a clergyman throws his whole mind and heart, might become a focus of intense Christian life, from which it should radiate into surrounding and less favored districts! The destruction of such parishes involves a forfeiture of the opportunity of doing spiritual work in the most thorough way. It is a step in the direction towards which we have been, and are moving more quickly than those of us would wish who believe Christianity to be something more than a vague influence for social good."

It could hardly have been supposed that the announcement of the principle of the necessity of direct and individual intercourse between the clergyman and the members of his flock would be so necessary, and that our obligation to Canon Liddon in bringing it forward would be so great, were it not for the fact that the substance of his letter has been so much cavilled at and found fault with. Surely the most popular preacher of the whole Anglican Communion, and the best now living in the world, could very well afford to institute a comparison between the sudden transitory appeal to the feelings and the consciences of large masses, and the building up of the Christian life in single souls. In his case, he might have been expected to do anything rather than underrate the effect of the public

and more showy gifts of pulpit oratory. Public audiences have often been worked up to a pitch of fury and led to the performance of deeds of atrocity and fanaticism by the popular demagogue. Feelings and sentiments of patriotism too have, not unfrequently been instilled into large masses of people, as when the mighty orator, who wielded at will the fierce democracy of Athens, thundered out the words which led the vast assembly he had addressed to shout:—"Let us march against the foe." In this instance, as in the great majority of a similar kind, the effect for good of such sudden impulses is very much like the morning cloud and the early dew when it goeth away.

The position of Canon Liddon is not his alone; it is we believe that which is directed to be taken in the New Testament. It is especially the position of our own Church, and for the carrying out of which the parochial system was doubtless adopted. It has been that of all the most successful and most durable efforts of the Church in all ages; and we may add that it is the position more or less assumed by all the leaders of the denominational sects, when anything like permanency is aimed at. For not the production of a transient emotion or the building up of the reputation of a popular preacher is the object of that organized community we call the Christian Church, but the training up of individual souls in their most holy faith. Nor is it possible for the Christian minister to obey the apostolic injunction to "reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering," unless we have more or less opportunity to deal with each case according to its demands.

None can for a moment suppose that Canon Liddon would affix any slight whatever to sermons from the pulpit. He would scarcely have cultivated that species of oratory so successfully, if it did not rank very high in his estimation. Nor can his words be interpreted so to derogate in the least from the importance of the public prayers and praises of the sanctuary. He makes no reference to the priest as the leader of the devotions of the people, but to the minister as the watchman, the overseer, the pastor of his flock, aiming at the cultivation of the Christian life, and the production of Christian graces.

The allusion that has been made to the conversions on the day of Pentecost and to other similar effects produced by public addresses to large collections of people is nothing to the purpose; because, as we have just remarked, the Canon has nothing to say against the greatest indulgence in sermonizing; and also because these effects, astounding as they were, would no doubt have been just as transient as they were astounding, had not the machinery of the Church been brought to bear upon the converts, in watering the seed sown, in leading them on to the higher branches of Christianity, in training and educating them for further attainments in godliness, and in the production of precious and acceptable fruit, worthy of Him, to

whom they had now begun to dedicate themselves.

We regret to find that a contemporary, with whom we are most frequently in entire agreement, has, in an editorial, entitled, "Waste not, want not," criticized unfavorably the Canon's letter. And this, the writer of the article appears to do on two grounds. First, because greater economy may be the result of enlarging the sphere of the pastor's ministrations; and secondly, because he thinks Canon Liddon's remarks point too much to a "tendency to induce men to lean too much on their spiritual directors, and too little to their own prayerful and fervid exertions." But surely to talk of economising in the present state of the Church is out of place, for it would tend to repress all expansion; and an economy, such as that, would, we opine, be neither more nor less than a very unwise and impolitic parsimony; because we know of no part of the Lord's vineyard where the labourers are anything but "few," while the harvest, in comparison with the number of labourers, is everywhere "plenteous." And as for leaning too much on "spiritual directors," we would ask, how "the good shepherd can be on the alert to build up the wounded heart, to awaken the slumbering conscience, or soothe the troubled mind," without a personal contact with individual cases, as well as by addressing his people through other recognized channels, and when supported by the enthusiasm of numbers.

THE INFIDEL TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

The proneness of the human mind to extremes is no where more fully illustrated than in the tendency of the present age towards infidelity. While those parts of Christendom which embrace the Roman and some of the Oriental communions are engulfed in the vortex of superstition, only in part aroused from the slumber of ages by the occasional addition of another and a larger wave of the swelling flood, the other parts where the human mind has become emancipated from the thralldom in which it had been held, have been steadily advancing by the way of evolution theories and agnosticism towards, not a chilling Deism only, but the coldest and most heartless Atheism. And so it has happened that superstition and rationalism are the whirlpool and the rock towards which, for many centuries, large portions of the Christian world have been drifting.

On the continent of Europe, as well as among some bodies in England and America, Protestantism has almost everywhere rushed into the arms of Rationalism. It may be that men who are in love with empty names and who shut their eyes to events that are transpiring everywhere around them, may stigmatize this as an assertion of too sweeping a character. In support of it we would advert to some historical truths, were it not that those to whom we refer do not hesitate to ignore all his-

tory when it answers their purpose to do so. Facts as they exist however at the present moment are not so easily set aside; and among these it cannot be denied that in most of the localities where, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, the Institutes of Calvin and the dogmas of the Augusburg Confession, so extensively swayed the minds of the French and German speaking people, it is now a very uncommon thing to find a congregation that has not departed from the evangelical interpretation of those documents as standards of their faith. Neology has almost everywhere triumphed over theology. In Geneva, the memory of Rousseau is more honored than that of Calvin; and in Berlin the inspiration of Kant and Schelling is regarded as not differing materially from that of St. Peter and St. Paul.

Among the English races, scarcely any of the Protestant bodies have entirely escaped the tendency to depart from the old ways, by watering down or keeping out of sight the Evangelical teaching of the New Testament, and especially in regard to the presence of Christ with his Church.

The tendency to mediævalism, shown by considerable numbers of the laity in our church and by a few of our clergy, has sometimes caused intense feeling. Perhaps this feeling would scarcely have existed at all, had it not been that the tendency we speak of has manifested itself in the use of external symbols, which either warmly attract, or furiously and bitterly repel the minds of the masses. But however this may be, the evil of cultivating mediævalism is not to be compared with the tendency in the opposite direction, already extensively seen in the Church, and abundantly developed in most of the non-conformist bodies of England and America.

It is but a branch of this terrible evil that is found in the failure to see a Divine authority and a Divine agency in the ordinances of the Christian Church. And it has been very cogently asked:—"Is not the overlooking of the truth that, the ordained ministers of Christ are his Ambassadors, and the sacraments important channels of grace, the chief cause of this fearful departure from evangelical truth?" When men doubt whether the Holy Ghost is in the Church; whether there is any authority or any influence connected with Holy Orders; and when they deny that the sacraments are anything more than signs and memorials; it is hardly going a step further to doubt whether there is any especial exercise of God's providence in his government of the world; whether He Himself has any power or any right to interfere with what we call the laws of nature; or whether the benefits of prayer are anything more than a reflex influence it exerts upon the human soul.

The infidelity of the day is abundantly fostered by the failure to realize the Divine presence in the Church. And this arises from rejecting the teaching of the Bible. Men talk largely about the Bible as the rule of Faith and the standard of Truth; but many are inclin-

ed to use its sublime statements and its lofty teaching for purely negative purposes; for pulling down and not for building up; for destruction and not for edification. When the Saviour left the world and ascended to His Kingdom above, He left His Church on earth, thoroughly organized. His was not a system of philosophical teaching, to be propagated by individual men according to their own fancies; but he provided an organized company, He commissioned them to carry on the mighty work He had founded, giving them directions for it, not only infallible but authoritative; and He furnished the constant guidance of the Holy Ghost, who is to abide in the Church for ever. Nor may we leave out of sight one of the most important arrangements He made—He left the word for the keeping of His Church, so that the Church may be, through all time, "the pillar and ground of the Truth."

Among all the professedly religious bodies which have sprung up during the last three hundred years, their rationalistic tendency, that is, their march towards absolute unbelief has progressed in an exact ratio with the loss of the realization of the Divine presence, not only in the ordinances of the Church, but also in her offices and appointments. "Wherever a people have lost sight of the ministry as a body of men divinely appointed and divinely guided, by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, abiding in the Church as a corporate body, as well as in the individual souls of that body, the bulwarks against a rationalistic and infidel tendency have been broken down, and the way has been fully prepared for substituting the opinions and intellectual convictions of men for the inspired and life-giving word" of Almighty God.

Men may cavil as they please at some few trifling arrangements about Divine worship, and spend their energies in retailing a list of hackneyed objections to a great work which God Himself has condescended to acknowledge and to bless, while the only system they tolerate is one not inaptly called a religion of phraseology. But in the meantime the enemy is laying siege to the foundations of the building, the first principles of our faith are being undermined, and the foe is already triumphantly boasting of soon being able to possess the entire structure. One of the most impressive and most instructive pages of history is to be found in the melancholy detail, given by the Jewish historian, of the ignorant and silly factions in all parts of the city, while the Roman battering rams were levelling the walls of Jerusalem with the ground.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

The management of the aborigines of this continent, deficient as it may have been in efforts to impart to them the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, has by the British people, including of course the Canadians, been such as to command a pretty general approval from others as well as a tolerable amount of

satisfaction among ourselves. The occasion of the recent massacre, by the Indians in the United States, of General Custer and more than 300 of his men, has been made use of to institute a comparison or rather a contrast between the treatment which the Indians, that is, the rightful owners of the soil, have received from the United States, and that which our aborigines have received from us. We are glad to find that many of our contemporaries on the other side the lakes are not backward in ascribing the sad disaster to the causes which we have no doubt were in operation to produce results of so dire a character. The policy hitherto pursued by the United States appears to have been one which must ultimately involve the extermination of the whole race of Indians within their territory. And in this particular instance, it would appear that treaties made with them have been utterly disregarded by the Federal Government, and the Indians driven from the retreats which, originally their own, have been sacredly guaranteed to them.

The policy of Penn is not unnaturally referred to, as being of so peaceable and honorable a character that there was never a disturbance between him and the Quakers. And the policy pursued by the English Government, close by the side of the United States, has been such that "the Canadian Indians have adopted civilization, and lived in harmony with the whites as good Christians and citizens." So that the inference generally adopted is that which agrees with the conclusions of the late George Catlin, under every variety of circumstance; which is that where the Indian has been well treated, he has always been friendly, peaceable, and honorable; and that in every instance of wrongdoing on the part of the Indian, the white man has been the aggressor.

Of course, a terrible vengeance will be taken on those who have slain Custer and his 300 soldiers; but who will take vengeance on those who have caused the massacre? or rather we would ask, what influence can be brought to bear on the United States Government which will lead to a better treatment of their Indian people?

CANTERBURY AND MISSIONS.

It will, we are sure, gratify a large number of our readers who must have taken an interest in the College of St. Augustin, Canterbury, to read the lecture on the subject, of which we give the first portion in our issue of this week. The lecture was given by the Rev. M. M. Fothergill, Rector of St. Peter's, Quebec, and Secretary of the Diocesan Synod. It was delivered at the monthly meeting of the Missionary Society and has been in our drawer for several weeks, but in consequence of great pressure upon our space we have been reluctantly compelled to defer its publication in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN till now. The subject is of a two-fold interest. The college is the principal, if not the only missionary institution of the kind in direct connection with our Church, and

has trained and sent out a goodly number of faithful messengers of the cross to all climates on the earth's surface. And then it is built on the very spot where the first missionary to the Anglo-Saxons proclaimed the word of life, in the ancient and venerable city of Canterbury, which then was the abode of heathenism, but which now owns a magnificent cathedral, one of the architectural glories of Christendom, besides fifteen or sixteen parish churches. We are persuaded the lecture will be read with much pleasure, and the interest in it will be increased from the fact that the writer derives his knowledge of the institution from personal observation and experience.

PLAIN LECTURES ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

BY DIAKONOS.

LECTURE No. IX.—The Creed *Continued*.—In my last lecture I endeavored to expand the meaning of that brief expression "I believe." Let us consider then "I believe in God." It is the existence of God that forms the first principle of a Christian's faith, therefore belief in God naturally commences the profession of that faith. The first thing understood is then, *I believe that God is*. Now we can give no perfect definition of God. Why? Because our finite nature cannot embrace that which is infinite. Yet we have a sense of his divinity which may be said to consist of three particulars. That He is a being of Himself and independent of all other beings, that upon such a Being all things depend, that such a Being must govern all things.

Now God is the great *first cause*. Everything that we perceive by any of our senses has certainly been made. Man moulds this desk out of wood—whence the wood? You will say the tree, whence the tree? You will say it is formed by growth, *i.e.*, the union of certain elements gathered from earth and air, first formed about a nucleus, the seed. You will thus go backwards to seed shed from a tree, which tree was again formed from a seed, but at last you must come to a stop, to something that was not made by anything else, something which was self-existent, that something difficult as it may be for us to grasp this idea, yet certainly must have been. That something is well termed the great first cause—God. Again, everything that you or I see or handle has had a beginning, but as you go back you at last arrive at something which never had a beginning, and that something must be the first cause—God. All the operations of nature, as we define the manifold and orderly working of all created things, are certainly directed by more than human wisdom. The stone when thrown in the air does not deliberate whether it shall return to earth, the wheat takes no counsel whether it shall grow; even men in their natural actions, do not, cannot deliberate. We do not advise how our heart shall beat, altho' without that pulse there can be no life. We provide nutriment to the

stomach, but it is no counsel of ours that determines how the good shall be there separated and apportioned to its several uses.

Now these natural agents work constantly for those ends which themselves cannot perceive; they must be directed by some high and over-ruling wisdom. Who can be their director but He who gave them being? Who could give them being but that great architect who works in all of them. If the maker of a watch were within it and invisible to us, we should say the watch grew into its perfect power. So the great invisible artificer of all things, He is not visible to our mortal eyes, and we therefore say His creations grow, but it must be *one Being* who thus rules the world, that steers the great ship—the law of this universal commonwealth, the general of all the hosts of heaven and earth. Thus we are driven to find an independent Being on whom everything depends, and by whom all things are governed, and this is our first notion when we say "I believe in God."

But further, all nations and peoples concur that there is a God. When the Roman standard floated over most parts of the known world, the bearers of the eagle met with *Atheism* nowhere, but rather by the miscellaneous collection of Deities which grew at Rome with Roman victories, it was shewn that no nation was without its god or gods. There has never yet been a country discovered, no matter how barbarous its people, where there was not retained some religious observance, and some divinity acknowledged. Therefore, so much of the Creed "I believe in God," hath been the general confession of the nations.

But *God* has revealed himself by prophecy. By whatsoever means we may be assured of prophecy, by the same we may be assured of Divinity. The wisest man can of his own wisdom only weigh probabilities, and thus conjecture things to come.

None but He who made all things and gave them power to be and to work, who ruleth all things, and directeth all operations to their ends, none but He upon whose will the actions of all things depend, can foresee accurately the ends dependent in future upon mere causes. Except then, all the annals of the world be forgeries, and all statements of history designed to put a cheat upon posterity, we can have no reason to suspect God's existence, having so ample testimonies of his influence.

Testimony by Miracles.—What says David in Psalm xlv. 1, "We have heard with our ears and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works thou didst in their days, and in the old times before them." "Blessed be the Lord God who only doeth wondrous works." That man must be possessed with a strange opinion of the utter weakness (imbecility were the better term) of our forefathers, who shall deny that ever any miracles had been wrought.

The testimony of the Conscience to God's existence is very powerful. Why do men's thoughts even accuse and excuse them? Why do they feel a comfort

from these virtuous actions which they have wrought, and the sting of remorse for vicious acts and impious designs. Nay more, those who strive most to deny a God and obliterate all sense of Divinity from the face of their own souls have not been the least sensible of the inward monitor, Conscience. *Caligula*, the impious emperor, professed himself an Atheist, and with that profession in his mouth, he runs under the bed when the thunder strikes his ears and the lightning flashes around him. Those terrible works of nature put him in mind of the power of God, and his own guilt in persecuting the Christians and in blasphemy puts him in mind of the justice of God. In his wilful opinion he denies God, in his involuntary action he strongly acknowledges Him.

It is necessary to believe in God, for without such a belief all faith is vain, all worship superfluous. As a matter of fact men ever have been, especially in past ages, more prone to idolatry than to Atheism, to multiply gods and to worship false gods, than to the denial of any God. Our belief is a protest both against Atheism and Polytheism—no god and many gods. "Unto thee it was shown" said Moses to Israel, "that thou mightest know that the Lord He is God, there is none other beside Him." And as the law so the gospel teaches us the same—1 Cor. viii. 14, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world and there is none other God but one."

"I believe in God the Father." He is our father, and we his sons, in many senses.

1. *By Creation* in common with matter. "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?" by which Job would signify that there is no other cause for rain assignable but God working in the power of nature. But in the great mass of creatures some works of His creation more properly call him Father.

He is the creator of irrational beings, he is more properly the Father of rational creatures.

Hence He is called by St. Paul, "The father of spirits," and the blessed angels are spoken of as "His sons" "who when the world was made" says Job "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Hence Adam is called the son of God, St. Luke iii. 38. The prophet Malachi taught the Israelites to say, "Have we not all one Father, hath not God created us?"

2. *He is our Father by Redemption.* Well might Moses tell the children of Israel "Is not He thy Father that hath bought thee, hath He not made thee and established thee?" in the words of Isaiah. "Doubtless thou art our Father though Abraham be ignorant of us and Israel acknowledge us not; thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; from everlasting is Thy name."

3. *By Regeneration* or Re-birth and adoption. What did Christ say? He acknowledged the force of Nicodemus' saying that a man cannot enter a second time into his mother's womb, nor pass through the same door of nature into

life again, but He told us "Except a man (person is the better translation, the word being an indefinite pronoun; *tis—any one*,) be born of water and of the spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God." St. James speaks of God as "the Father of lights, who of his own will begat us with the word of truth." St. John in his Epistle: "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God" (but note, no man dare say he *believes* if he does not obey the commands of Jesus.) "Beloved," says St. John, writing to Christians throughout the world, "Beloved now are we, the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear, (or as a more exact translation would render it, it hath not yet been made manifest, *ephaneroths*, what we shall be, but we know that if he appear, we shall be like Him." St. Peter says, "[Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for us."—I St. Peter i. 3-4.

I believe in God the Father is necessary:—

1. *As a ground of filial duty.* "Whosoever" says Jesus "shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother." 2. *As a spur to Devotion.* Christ when he taught us how to pray, did not set forth the knowledge of God or the power of God, the omniscience or omnipotence, but taught us "When ye pray, say 'Our Father which art, &c.'" 3. *For our solace in affliction.* "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." 4. *A motive to imitate Him.* "Be ye therefore," says the Apostle, "followers (or rather, imitators) of God, as dear children. "Love your enemies, bless them that persecute you" says the Lord; "do good to them that hate you." And what reason doth the Lord give us "that ye may be the children of our Father which is in Heaven."

So then confession of Faith in God as our Father is necessary, for when I say "I believe in God the Father" I am assured that God is the Father of all things, especially of all men and angels, as far as the act of creation may be styled generation, that He is yet further and in a more peculiar manner the Father of all those whom He regenerateth by His Spirit, whom He adopteth as His Son, as heirs and co-heirs with Him, whom He crowneth with the reward of an eternal inheritance in Heaven.

Love and sorrow to our souls resemble the fire in some deep mines; it may for a long time be apparently smothered, we fancy that it is entirely extinguished, but some sudden draught, some ashes dropped, and the flames, wild and consuming, will break forth with redoubled fury.—*Bremer.*

CALENDAR.

- July 30th.—*Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*
 1 Chron. xxi; Acts xxviii. 17.
 " xxii. 1-21; St. Matt. xv. 21.
 " xxviii. 1-21; St. Matt. xv. 21.
 " 31st. Prov. xxv; Rom. i. xxvi. 1-21; St. Matt. xvi. 1-24.
 Aug. 1st.—*Lammas Day.*
 Prov. xxvii. 1-28; Rom. ii. 1-17.
 " xxviii. 1-15; St. Matt. xvi. 24-xvii. 14.
 " 2nd " xxx. 1-18; Rom. ii. 17. xxxi. 10; St. Matt. xvii. 14.
 " 3rd. " Eccles. 1; Rom. i. ii. 1-12; St. Matt. xviii. 1-21.
 " 4th. " iii; Rom. iv. iv; St. Matt. xviii. 21-xix. 8.
 " 5th. " v; Rom. v. vi.; St. Matt. xix. 8-27.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

On Trinity Sunday, Henry Dunfield, of "St. Augustine's," Canterbury, was admitted to the holy order of the Diaconate by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, Dr. Kelly, at Bay Roberts, Conception Bay. The Rural Dean, Rev. J. C. Harvey, of Port de Grave, preached on the occasion. The other clergy who were present, and assisted at the ordination were the Revs. W. Shears, (missionary at Bay Roberts), J. Noel, and R. Holland Taylor. The Rev. Henry Dunfield has since been sent to Trinity, in Trinity Bay, to take part of the mission of the Rev. B. Smith. The Rev. Mr. Heygate, (a son of the Rev. W. E. Heygate, the well-known and much respected writer) of Keble College, Oxford, who came into the country a few months ago with Mr. Dunfield, has been appointed to the Vice Principalship of the Theological College, St. John's. This post was vacated by the Rev. Wm. Pilot, about a year since, to enable him to accept that of Government inspector of the Church of England schools. Mr. Pilot, after a very short absence, returns from England this month.

The Rev. Frederick R. Murray, the zealous and very popular priest of Twillingate, has, we regret to say, been completely broken down by his indefatigable and manifold labors, and has gone to England, but only, we hope, to return with renewed health, and unabated, but more attempered energy. He has won for himself, and for God we hope, the affection of his flock, though his work has been carried on under other and more Scriptural and Catholic principles than has in most cases, of late years, been the case in this isolated and religiously stagnated Island, and therefore must to some extent arouse a certain amount of uneasiness if nothing worse.

On the death of the venerable and much lamented Bishop Field, Dr. Kelly (till then the coadjutor Bishop) became the Bishop of Newfoundland according to the act of the Synod, which in 1878 secured to him the right of succession. A special meeting of the Synod, to be holden on the 20th September next, has been announced by his Lordship, for the election of a Coadjutor Bishop. It is understood that the Rev. J. J. Curling will probably be chosen, and a better appointment could hardly be made. It will be remembered that this is the gentleman, who, when a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, gave himself and his ample means to the service of the Church in consequence of the first day of intercession for missions.

BRIGUS.—In proof of the zeal among Newfoundland Churchmen from the devoted labors of their Clergy, we may note the following incident at the poor Church Mission at Brigus. Two brothers, poor, unlearned fishermen, have conveyed to the Synod a piece of fish-ground for a new church. The inhabitants have spent days in the woods cutting down the framework for it, and over a hundred pieces of timber have been hauled a distance of nine miles by their free-will labor.—*Halifax Church Chronicle.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE Rev. C. E. Willets, formerly of Bishop's College, Quebec, has been appointed head master of the Collegiate School, Windsor.

DIGBY.—On the return of the Rector, accompanied by the Rev. G. W. Hodgson, from the Synod to this parish, notice was given at Evensong on Saturday, and also at the Sunday morning's service, that in the evening of Sunday, (9th inst.) an Address would be delivered in the parish church after evening prayer, on the last Session of the Diocesan Synod. Accordingly, on the Sunday evening a very large congregation assembled to hear the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, who gave in his address a summary of the work of the Synod.

The impression made by this address—we are assured—is most salutary, and we cannot but think that information conveyed in this way, at the close of each Session of the Synod, by addresses either on Sunday by the clergyman, or on a week day evening by the clergyman and lay delegates of each parish, would be well received by all persons desirous of such information, and would promote and extend an interest in our Church and her work at home and abroad such as has not yet been felt in our Diocese.

FREDERICTON.

THE second annual meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions was held in Trinity Church school room, St. John, July 8th, the Lord Bishop in the chair. There was a large attendance, the room being nearly full.

After the opening devotions, His Lordship said that they never met to consider the subject of missions without much encouragement and much discouragement; but this was the case with all spiritual life. None of us have ever been exposed to the degree of discouragement, humanly speaking, to which our Lord was exposed. His mental and bodily sufferings exceeded those of all who have come after him. Every missionary must expect to be subject to many discouragements—must even expect, in some cases, to labour long without procuring any fruits. The heathen are many, and the converts few. What immense discouragements the Apostles met with! And what immense successes they met with! The Gospel has made wonderful successes in our own time. We are to take God's Word as we find it, and go on and labour in his cause without regard to the discouragements met with by the way. After singing a hymn, His Lordship spoke of the recent adhesion of a body of people who do not speak the English language, to the Church of England. He referred to the Danes who have recently settled in New Brunswick. Without the labors of a Missionary who had been among them, they might not have been gathered into the Church of England, but might have been scattered among twenty different sects, or left without any religion at all. A teacher who was laboring among them had been received as a candidate for ordination, and had passed a most successful examina-

tion. He (the Bishop) had been to New Denmark (the name which the settlers preferred to Heller, on account of the manner in which the latter is usually pronounced by the English) and received the people in a body into the Church, and settled the newly ordained pastor over them. He could truly say that never in the whole course of his life had he seen a more apparently devout people. He had no doubt but these people would be a strength to the country and a comfort to the Church.

Rev. E. S. W. Pentreath followed with an address on "A Popular Objection to Foreign Missions." The objection was thus expressed, "Why do we go abroad to convert heathens when we have heathens at home needing conversion?" Where would Christianity have been if the Apostles had not made the places in which they chiefly labored merely the headquarters of wide-spread labors? Where would Christianity have been in this diocese, if a missionary feeling had not existed in England? What would become of a merchant's business if he sought to confine it to the street in which his shop is located? An old farmer who said, in reply to an application for a subscription to foreign missions, that he was willing to give to his neighbors, but not people in another part of the world, was asked how far down into the earth he owned. The farmer said, "To the centre of of the earth, I suppose." "Then," said the collector, "your land touches that of the Chinese, they are your neighbors; and you must give something for Chinese missions." The farmer contributed liberally. If we have any faith in our religion, if we think it necessary to salvation, can we hesitate about carrying it and sending it abroad to all the earth?

Rev. G. G. Roberts spoke next on "Our Missionary Diocese." He liked the term; it was in itself an inspiration. The work of our Foreign Missionaries is not so much unlike the work in many of our home missions. And yet this work appeals more powerfully to us as Christians and Churchmen. The Bishop of Algoma tells us that many come 100 miles to have their children baptized and to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The cause appeals to us in the name of the aborigines who have been displaced from our soil. People talk of the disappearance of the native races in the presence of our own as if the disappearance were a law of nature and not the result of the vices taught the aborigines by our boasted civilization. What can be given these people to compensate them for the loss of land and health? We must give them Christianity, and this is what our Church offers them. The Bishop of Algoma has many sons and daughters of the forest in training, and it is not too much to hope that many of these may become ordained bearers of Gospel truths to their brethren. The Algoma Mission is our missionary diocese, and appeals strongly to us for aid. We feel that we are bound in honor to support this mission. There had been a Church in this country a hundred years without a mission, but this disgrace attaches to us no longer. But if, through parsimony or indifference, we allow this mission to fail, how can we continue to cherish the hope that our Church may form the basis for the ultimate union of all Christians?

G. R. Parkin, Esq., A.M., spoke on "The highest life of the Church of England dependent upon its faithful support of both Home and Foreign Missions."

Rev. D. B. Parnter spoke on the "Church Missionary Society," and Rev. Mr. Carr, who was on the programme for an address on "Missionary Labours and Successes in India," declined to speak on account of the lateness of the hour.

QUEBEC.

"MODERN SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION."—The sermon preached on the above subject by the Rev. Isaac Brock, at the visitation of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, has been published at the request of the Clergy of the Diocese of Quebec: and can be had on application to the publisher, *T. J. Tuck, Sherbrooke, P.Q.*, for 20 cts., including postage. The first part of the Sermon is on the Modern Theory of Forces, the second on the Theory of Evolution, and the third on the Theory of Forces, and the Theory of Evolution, in connexion with Faith in a living and ever-present God.

ONTARIO.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PRESCOTT, ORGAN FUND STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL, July 7, passed off very satisfactorily, both to the managers and their visitors. Nothing similar to the entertainment was ever given before in Prescott, and scores of absentees regret that they were not present. Six tents were erected on the ground, 200 handsome Chinese lanterns were distributed among the trees and other parts; the Prescott Band and a harp and violin band kept up an uninterrupted flow of sweet sounds; each tent had its costumed waitresses to distribute the good things, and every one present seemed delighted and happy. The amount realized, after paying expenses, was \$120. It is understood that the Committee have already been requested to repeat the entertainment by a large number of people, and they have the matter now under consideration, and if repeated it will come off during the peach harvest.

NIAGARA.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

YOUR correspondent having to pay a business visit to St. Catharines on a Saturday, thought he would stop over Sunday and see how church affairs are going on, in this town. I must first begin by saying a few words about the town itself. The first thing the stranger notices on entering (St. C.) are the steep hills, of which there are many. The Canal also runs along at the foot of the town, and some parts look as broad as a bay, and the scenery along its banks are very pretty and must afford a pleasant row for the young men who reside in this pretty place. On going through the town, both about the business houses, shops and private houses, there is a look far superior to many larger towns from their being so extremely neat and solid, and there were some shops there larger than any in Hamilton. But now we will return to church work at a quarter to ten on Sunday morning. The bell of St. George's Church sounded over hill and dale, and your correspondent proceeded thither. On entering the Church you could see it was one of the old churches from its long galleries all around and its small chancel, which, however, has been made as neat as possible, and I must not omit the stained window above the altar, which is a very handsome one, with that dark rich color in it. It represents the Last Supper, and our Lord is blessing the bread, when He said, "This is my body which is given for you." At eleven o'clock sharp the organ struck up a voluntary and the Clergy of the Church entered, viz.:—Rev. Rural Dean Holland, B.A., the rector, and Rev. Mr. Holmes, lately from Montreal circuit. Both the clergy were vested in cassock, surplice and stole. The Curate read the prayers, lessons and Epistle, and the Rector read the ante-communion service and Gospel, after which he preached a most forcible and eloquent sermon. The offertory was in aid of the missions of the Diocese of Niagara.

The Communion service was then proceeded with, the Rector being the celebrant. I cannot omit saying how pleased I was with the singing. The organist and choir deserve all praise for the nice style in which they sing; none of that drawling, which is so common in some churches.—At four o'clock I attended the Chapel of St. Barnabas, an extremely pretty and well planned little church; I should think it would hold three hundred when full. The altar is well raised and is covered with the proper cloth for the season. The service here is very simple, so all can join, which is so nice. The Rector, Mr. Holland, monotoned the service, and then catechised the children from the chancelstep. After this the Nunc Dimittis was sung by the Surpliced Choir, and the alms were taken up and put in a decent basin, as the prayer book expresses it, but which so few churches have out here, and with a hymn from A. and M. this instructive service closed, just half an hour long—not long enough to weary the children of the school, and time enough to get them into the service of the Church. I was so pleased with the little church that I attended at evensong again. I found the service perfectly simple. Mr. Holland monotoned the prayers and preached a good practical sermon. The congregation was not as large, I understand, as usual, owing to the extreme warmth of the weather. The organist played well and never allowed those awkward pauses, so common in our churches, but filled in these with pieces of music, which gave a nice effect. The Surpliced Choir sang well, and they behaved with a reverence so seldom seen in mixed choirs in an organ loft. "Ye shall reverence my sanctuary," is a text which should be in every church. I must finish this hurried letter with this: that if any church friends go to St. Catharines, go by all means to see the Chapel of St. Barnabas, where you will get no Ritualistic excesses, but a service which all can join in, and yet with that decency and order which should mark our churches all over the world, and as the seats are free there you can get a good seat and enjoy a good service, and which will improve as years roll on, and St. Catharines gets larger.

TORONTO.

On Sunday morning, July 9th, His Lordship opened the new church at Ashburnham, assisted by the Incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Bradshaw; and in the evening confirmed forty-six persons in St. John's Church, Peterboro, the Rector, the Rev. W. R. Beck, and the assistant the Rev. Wm. Allen, officiating in the service on the occasion. On Monday, July 10th, the same rite was administered in St. John's church, Lakefield, to seven candidates. Morning prayer being said by the new Incumbent, the Rev. Horace Musson assisted in the lessons by the Rev. Dr. Smithett. The Preface was read by the Rev. Mr. Beck. The Rev. Percy Smith, of the Diocese of Litchfield, was also present. Proceeding northward by steamboat "Chippewa" sixteen miles to Stony Lake, and thence by the Burleigh road sixteen miles to Apsley, on the following morning, July 11th, His Lordship consecrated St. George's church, and the burial ground attached thereto, in the presence of a large and interested congregation. The request to consecrate was read by Jas. Golborne, Esq., Reeve of Burleigh, &c., in the name of the parishioners, the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Rural Dean Smithett, who also said morning prayer, the Rev. Mr. Smith reading the appointed lessons. The rite of confirmation was then administered to nine persons, and after the sermon Holy Com-

munion was administered by the Bishop, assisted by the Rural Dean. Seven baptisms were also administered at this visitation. Since St. George's Church was opened a year ago last Christmas a tower and bell have been added to the edifice, and for the first time the bell calling to prayer rang out its sweet tones through that primeval settlement. Without being invidious we must not forget to record the interest manifested, and the labor generously bestowed by Messrs. Golborne, Wright, and Mr. Philip Harding, the licensed lay reader, in consummating this desirable work for the church among the scattered population of this district. Again pushing forward through intense heat and over rugged roads of the roughest kind for twenty-two miles, the residence of Mr. Joseph Gandor, the Society's catechist, was reached at nightfall, where welcome rest and refreshment awaited His Lordship. On the following morning, July 12th, in a rude but comfortable (and commodious pavilion, erected by the roadside at the junction of the Burleigh and Monk roads for the occasion, the school house and other buildings in the neighborhood not affording sufficient accommodation for the large assembly, divine service was celebrated by the Rev. Dr. Smithett, and His Lordship administered the laying on of hands to twenty-four persons, administered the Holy Communion, and addressed the deeply interested congregation gathered for the first visit of an Anglican bishop from the wild woods of Cardiff, Chandos and Monmouth. Here also seven children were admitted into the fold of Jesus Christ by the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, by the Rural Dean, who assisted the Bishop in all the services. Returning again that afternoon to Apsley, His Lordship after a very exciting journey, proceeded the next day by carriage and boat to Lakefield, reaching that village safely after the four days' labor and travelling, almost without a parallel in the Diocese of Toronto, and yet well satisfied with the prospects of encouragement and success which promised quickly and abundantly to repay the sacrifices made and the hardship endured in compassing it. To the liberal and whole-hearted hospitality of Messrs. Golborne and Gandor, and the self-denying and courteous attentions on the road from these gentlemen, and from Mr. Philip Harding, the best thanks of the Bishop and the whole mission are due.

HURON.

(FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.)

THE Church news of this Diocese may be summed up in a few lines. The ordinary parochial work presents very little to record, though that work is replete with important results for time and for eternity. The vacation season is no doubt very pleasant to those who can go to recruit the over-wrought mind and body, to some place where the cares of duty may be laid aside for a season. But brief and few must be the vacations of a parish minister. One instance that I know of the vacation time let me mention. Dr. G—, the Rector of St. Paul's, in a Southern city, had found it absolutely necessary to take a few holidays—a bright breathing spell. He had enjoyed the fragrance of the pine woods, and the comparative coolness from the lake but a few days, when a telegraphic despatch was received informing him that the clergyman who had kindly undertaken the duty of St. Paul's during his holidays was stricken down with that terrible scourge of the South, yellow fever, stricken down at his post, and his remains were already in Cyprus Grove Cemetery. How soon might he who now read of a brother soldier's death, were he to return in his feeble state, be another victim. But

he hesitated not. The next day he was at the post of duty. For months his place was at the bedside of the sick and dying. Day and night were alike to him. No dread of infection held him back when duty called. Fatigue and debility were forgotten; he was upheld by his Master through all, while hundreds fled the smitten city, and thousands fell. What a holiday was that of my friend!

His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese is expected home by the first of September from his visit to England. Archdeacon Sweatman will assume the duties of assistant minister of Woodstock at that time; when also, the Colleges will be opened after the long vacation, Rev. Mr. Darnell, being Principal of both Ladies' and Boy's Helmutth Colleges.

FESTIVALS.—We are in the height of the season of Church and Sunday school festivals, and right heartily do our people of the Forest City enjoy them. Last week we had three open air festal meetings. First, on Tuesday evening the Petersville congregation had a garden party, in a grove in the city, in aid of the building fund of the new church, the youngest of the scions of St. Paul's in the city and suburbs. It was an exceedingly pleasant affair. The military tents pitched on the ground, the British flag overhead, and the music from the band of the 7th Battalion, all gave the meeting a military appearance, while the ladies with their friends dispensed the hospitality of the evening, as became our sisters of the church. Same week the members of the Memorial Church had a garden party in the same place, and the members of St. James, Westminster, had another garden party.

APPOINTMENT.—The Mission Parish of Dresden has been vacant since the death of Rev. Mr. Hughes, who had ministered in it for nearly eighteen years. The Rev. Dr. Beaumont some time of Mitchell, has been appointed by His Lordship the Bishop to the vacant Mission, and has, we believe entered on its duties. The Rev. Dr. is not unknown in the field of letters, having written some theological treatises.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE.

The Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—You will receive from a blbler pen than mine, an account of the proceedings yesterday, at Trinity College School, Port Hope; but as a visitor and comparative stranger from another Diocese, I think, perhaps, the impression made on me may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. It was my first visit to Port Hope, and the beautiful situation and arrangement of that thriving town cannot fail to attract the admiring attention of a visitor. The school to which, of course, I went at once, and in which most of the day was spent, is an edifice of which I am sure it is not too much to say, that it is a credit to the whole Province. It stands on a noble site, overlooking Lake Ontario, and a noble tract of country along the lake shore, from the summit of a hill of considerable elevation.

I arrived in time for morning service in the chapel, but missed the early celebration of the Holy Communion, which was at 7.30 a.m. The service was bright and hearty, and the sermon, by Archdeacon Wilson, from Prov. iv. 18, practical and excellent.

The chapel is itself a most important feature of a church school, and here the bright and cheerful air, combined with the reverence and heartiness of the services, are well calculated by God's blessing to imprint such ideas of the "beauty of Holi-

ness," on the young minds of those habitually worshipping there, as may have a hal- lowing influence in many a scene of their after life. The distribution of the prizes was, of course, the event of the day. The Bishop of Toronto presided, and the reports of the different examinations formed a fitting prelude to the actual delivery of the rewards to the successful candidates. As I am more anxious to give my impressions as those of an impartial visitor, than a mere record of the proceedings, I will remark here, that the undersigned truthfulness of the reports of the examiners (who were principally gentlemen from a distance) gave a credit to their statements, which is not always accorded to such reports. It did not seem to be their object to praise everybody and avoid plain speaking, in the desire to give indiscriminate approval; but, on the contrary, the honest expression of defects which presented themselves to the examiners, not only gave useful hints to those concerned, but gave more weight to the acceptable praise and approval, which they felt it their pleasing duty to bestow where it was deserved. The hearty applause which greeted the recipients of the prizes showed also the generous feeling of the boys, proud and happy that their fellows were honored, even when they had failed to secure like distinction for themselves. The prizes seemed valuable in character, as well as attractive from their dress, and in addition to those which the annual grant of \$120 from Trinity College enables the authorities of the School to bestow, a large number were from individuals, showing in some cases, a lively interest in the School by persons comparatively unconnected with it; and, in others, a grateful sense of the benefits which the dioceses, in past years, had themselves derived from the instruction they had received in it. A few speeches were made by gentlemen present, and the proceedings concluded, leaving, I will venture to say, a most pleasing impression on the minds of all who were present, and making some or all of the grave and learned gentlemen who presided, wish they were boys again. The manly yet respectable demeanour and good conduct of the pupils, formed one of the most pleasing features of the School. An affectionate confidence seemed to exist between pupils and teachers, and the self-respect, which leads to respect of others, seemed to have been carefully cultivated. Indeed, the "minor morals" of good manners were most pleasingly prominent, and seemed indeed to be the habit of the place.

The presence of former pupils now engaged in the studies of College, or in the various professional pursuits of life, showed that they had not forgotten the source of their education, and came to prove by their presence, the existence of a continued affection for their school. It is no small praise to be able to say with truth that no single instance of bad conduct on the part of any boy marred the pleasures of the day, while absence of constraint and any straining after effect, indicated that the normal condition of the school was all that could be desired in this respect. From a very plain house in which the school was first held, on its removal to Port Hope, progress has been gradually made in the erection of suitable buildings, until now a goodly pile testifies to the unremitting energy of the managers of the Institution and the success of their labors. The dining-hall and dormitories are in keeping with the external beauty of the edifice, and prove that comfort and convenience have not been sacrificed to mere show and display. The kind hospitality with which the visitors were entertained added of course greatly to the pleasures of the visit, and I think the impression which one would wish to give

utterance to, as a farewell thought is, a hearty wish not only for the increasing success of an Institution which combines sound religious instruction with a superior secular education, but an earnest desire that the blessings and benefits it confers should be more extensively known and visibly appreciated by the members of our Church. A visit would, I think, do much to cause such an intelligent appreciation as I have referred to, and in these times, when foolish and malicious fanatics seem to take a pleasure in retarding the Church's progress and work, an opportunity is afforded to all who really love our Church and desire to advance the best interests of her children to help on this noble work of the Trinity College School. In difficulties it has proved itself successful, and now, when God's blessing seems to be leading it on to greater advancement, let all who love the Church and the Church of the Lord help heartily in this noble work.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,
ONE WHO WAS THERE.

July 21st, 1876.

ENGLAND.

THE annual meeting of the Association of Lay Helpers for the Diocese of London, was held on Monday evening, June 19th, at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of London. The report, after dwelling upon the various works of usefulness in which the members of the Association were engaged, referred to the services, classes, and meetings which had been held for their benefit during the past season, and pointed out the value of the Association to the Diocese as a central organization for the development of lay help, and for the promotion of increased union and efficiency amongst lay helpers. There were now about 2,500 members. The Bishop expressed his great satisfaction at being present at the meeting, and bore witness to the reality of the work which the Association was accomplishing. The meeting was addressed by General Wilbraham, the Revs. G. P. Rownall, G. A. M. How, W. Boyd Carpenter, and others. The Bishop having distributed the prizes gained by the members of the class recently held by the Rev. H. W. Watkins, censor of King's College, in connection with the Association, dismissed the meeting with the benediction. On Thursday morning, June 22nd, the annual celebration of Holy Communion took place at St. Paul's Cathedral; and in the evening there was service in Westminster Abbey, the preacher being the Rev. Prebendary Moorhouse, Bishop designate of Melbourne.

READING.—On Sunday evening, the 25th ult., an interesting service was held in the parish church of the Holy Trinity, in this town. Its principal feature was the public appointment of a parishioner, Mr. H. B. Gishy, to the office of reader for the parish, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese (Oxford). Evening prayer was intoned by the Vicar, the Rev. J. C. Grainger. The first lesson was read by the Rev. G. Hulme, lately patron of the living, who also bore the pastoral staff, the second by the Rev. O. C. Mackarness, one of the Bishop's chaplains. His Lordship delivered an earnest address from 2 Timothy iii. 17, to an overflowing congregation, whereof not less than three-fourths were of the working class. The music, including an anthem, "How beautiful are the feet," (Mendelssohn), was appropriate and well rendered, and did credit to the choir and organist.

THE late Lord Amberley's exceedingly pretentious and silly book, "An Analysis of

Religious Belief," is severely handled by a reviewer in the *Times*, who characterizes it as "a museum of antiquities, relics, and curiosities," and suggests that its author was never anything more than "a highly educated child." It would be amusing were it not painful, to observe the easy assurance with which he settles problems that have taxed the subtlest intellects, and dismisses the religion of Christ as if it were a copy of Latin verses!

CANTERBURY :

THE SCENE IN OLDEN TIMES, AND THE NURSERY IN MODERN TIMES OF MISSIONARY WORK.

Lecture by the Rev. M. M. Fothergill, Rector of St. Peter's, Quebec, and Secretary of the Diocesan Synod, delivered at the monthly meeting of the Church Missionary Union.

I am afraid that my feeble attempts to pourtray Missionary Life at Canterbury, will fall far short of the expectation raised by the grand sounding title which my friend Mr. Hamilton, our acting secretary, has been pleased to give to my paper. Perhaps, however, this title may lead you to study the ancient and modern doings of the missionary centre of England.

I think I need not refer to the sending of St. Augustin to the shores of Kent by Bishop Gregory of Rome, as the tale of the Angles put up for sale in the slave market is sure to be well known to all of you. On the arrival of St. Augustin with his companions, in the Isle of Thanet, in 597—he at once despatched a messenger to King Ethelbert, at Canterbury, to inform him of his arrival. Ethelbert replied, that they were not to proceed any further into the country until he himself had seen the strangers. A meeting was therefore arranged in the open air—Ethelbert according to the superstitions of those times, thought that magic arts were the less likely to take effect in the open air.

A beautiful piece of sculpture now forming a mural tablet in the crypt under the present chapel of St. Augustin, describes accurately the scene of this meeting. A group of Monks were formed in semi-circle, one bore a silver cross, another a picture of our Lord, while a solemn Litany was being chanted, and thus they entered into the King's presence. The Bretwalda listened for some time to the earnest preaching of the prior, who disdained all magic arts and all other objects other than to guide the King and all his people to everlasting joys above.

"Fair words and promises," Ethelbert replied, but still new and uncertain."

"I cannot relinquish for them what my countrymen have long and universally professed. Your distant Pilgrimage, however, and charitable purpose of offering a boon, so highly valued by yourselves, justly claim our hospitality. I shall therefore provide you with a residence, and means of living. Nor do I restrain you from endeavours to spread your opinions among my people."

He accordingly gave them a residence in the city of Canterbury, and thither they repaired in the same order that they had met the King in Thanet. The success of Augustin was marvellous. No doubt the fact of Queen Bertha, Ethelbert's wife, herself a Christian and daughter of the Christian King of France, materially aided the efforts of the zealous missionaries. A small ancient Roman Temple, outside the city walls had been set apart for Queen Bertha and the few Christians of the Court for worship. On the spot now stands the ancient church of St. Martin, in which after his conversion Ethelbert was baptized on the 2nd June, 597. The font is still the

same, of very large dimensions. The church, however, has undergone very many changes.

On Christmas day of the same year 10,000 Saxons were baptized into the faith. At that time an old Pagan Temple between St. Martin's and the city was given to Augustin, which he consecrated to the service of God, under the name of St. Pancras.

The present Dean of Westminster, who was for some time Canon of Canterbury, says: "The spot where the Church of St. Pancras stood is still indicated by a ruined arch and by the fragment of a wall, still showing the mark where the old Demon, (who according to the belief at that time, had hitherto reigned supreme,) laid his claws to shake down the building in which he first heard the celebration of Christian worship and felt that his rule was over." When sufficiently established and attended by a considerable congregation in the ancient Church of St. Martin, Augustin felt that his time had come for venturing upon a far more extended field. He thereupon crossed into Gaul and advised with Etherius, Archbishop of Arles upon a public appearance as Metropolitan of the English nation.

On his return his views were directed to the consolidation and extension of his authority. Therefore he pressed on to the confines of Wales, and sought an interview with the native prelate of Britain. The meeting seems to have taken place in the County of Worcester. The object of the meeting was asserted to be none other than to secure British co-operation in the great work of converting the Saxons.

In doctrine, the two churches appear to have been identical, and this should have been sufficient for hearty co-operation, but Augustin desired complete uniformity of usages; this the Britons rejected. The meeting broke up without any good results. Another assemblage was arranged, in which Augustin asked but three concessions. His manner was, however, so arrogant, that the Britons replied, "We shall agree to no one of your propositions, much less can we admit as our Archbishop him who will not even rise to salute us." He hastily replied, "If you will not have peace with Britain, you shall have war with enemies,—if you will not show your neighbors the way of life, their swords shall avenge the wrong, putting you to death."

I will not further refer to the feuds between the followers of the Roman see and the Ancient British Church. It is a sad tale—one ray of comfort, however, comes to us from it, and that is, that from it we learn that the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ, the creed of the Apostles, was taught in Britain for nigh 500 years before Augustin landed in Kent. The new monastery of Bangor, numbered some 1500 monks,—but they lacked missionary zeal in not penetrating amongst the Angles—they left that for another, and that other proved in the end to be their subjugator.

Soon after the unfortunate meeting with the British Prelates, Augustin died, not before he had converted Mellitus to the new See of London.

King Ethelbert founded and endowed the Abbey of St. Augustin, in 608, on the land adjoining the Church of St. Pancras.

The Ancient Monastery was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and was under the Benedictine Rule.—The Monastery appears to have been a place of Royal sepulture. King Ethelbert and St. Augustin were interred there, and many of their successors. By royal favour and by the special patronage of the Papal See, it grew in power and wealth. Canute the famous Danish Monarch was one of the contributors to its grandeur, and nearly every Sovereign, down to the reign of Edward the Confessor.

Indeed, so great was its influence that though from its foundation to the Norman conquest, it acknowledged the rule of the Mother Church,—in after years it refused to do so,—and in the end so far established its independence that the Archbishop's benediction on the Abbots was conferred within the Abbey Church, and without any profession of obedience being exacted. In the midst of its pride, however, the famous Monastery suffered many reverses, and was at length reduced to the same degraded condition as all the other religious establishments of the kind in this country. It was frequently sacked by the Danes; in 1168 it was nearly consumed by fire, and in 1271, an inundation did great injury to a large part of the structure. After a reign of 69 Abbots the final overthrow of its power took place in the reign of Henry VIII, by whom it was seized as a Royal Palace, and the domains turned into a deer park and chase. In the two and three years of Philip and Mary, the Queen granted the estate to Cardinal Archbishop Pole, for life. Queen Elizabeth, in 1578 kept Court there in her Royal Progress, and both Charles I and II lodged there, the former on his marriage with Princess Henrietta; and the latter passing through Canterbury on his restoration. Queen Elizabeth granted it to Henry, Lord Cobham, who was attainted, when it again lapsed to the Crown. The Queen then gave it to Lord Estendon, Viscount Cranbourne, Lord Salisbury, but it afterwards fell into the hands of Edward, Lord Wotton of Marley, from whom it descended to Thomas, Lord Wotton, and remained in that family to the great rebellion, when it was plundered. Sir Edward Hales, who married one of Lord Wotton's daughter's, subsequently obtained possession, and from him it descended to Sir Edward Hales of St. Stephen's. At this time so little veneration was paid to the ruins of the once sacred place, that the apartments adjoining the gateway were used as an ale house, the gateway was converted into a beer house, the court into a bowling green, the chapel into a 5's court and the room over the gate into a large brewing vat, or perhaps worse, a cock-pit. Yes, such was the state of the once glorious Abbey, when in 1844, by the good providence of God, it fell into the hands of that warm hearted and distinguished churchman, Mr. Beresford Hope, who bought it at public auction, and at once placed the whole property at the disposal of the Archbishop of Canterbury for a Missionary College, undertaking also to build a chapel suitable for such an institution.

(To be continued.)

DURATION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

I shall soon be in my grave. Such is the fate of great men. So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And, I too, am forgotten; and the Marengo conqueror and emperor is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment over me. I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth and become food for worms. Behold the destiny now at hand for him who has been called the Great Napoleon! What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and whose kingdom is extending over the whole earth.—*Napoleon.*

God loves you; let this thought equalize all states. Let him do with us as with the waves of the sea, and whether he takes us to his bosom, or casts us upon the sand, that is leaves us to our own barrenness, all is well.—*Guyon.*

FUTURE OF THE JEWS.

In George Elliot's Daniel Deronda, Book VI., in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, Mordecai, the Hebrew enthusiast, thus expresses his conception of the character and destiny of his race:

"Where else is there a nation of whom it may be as truly said that their religion and law and moral life mingled as the stream of blood in the heart and made one growth—where else a people who kept and enlarged their spiritual store at the very time when they were hunted with a hatred as fierce as the forest fires that chase the wild beast from his covert? There is a fable of the Roman that, swimming to save his life, he held the roll of his writings between his teeth and saved them from the waters. But how much more than that is true of our race? They struggled to keep their places among the nations like heroes—yea, when the hand was hacked off, they clung with the teeth; but when the plow and the harrow had passed over the last visible signs of their national covenant, and the fruitfulness of their land was stifled with the blood of the sowers and planters, they said, 'The spirit is alive, let us make it a lasting habitation—lasting because movable—so that it may be carried from generation to generation, and our sons unborn may be rich in the things that have been, and possess a hope built on an unchangeable foundation.' They said it and they wrought it, though often breathing with scant life, as in a coffin, or as lying wounded amidst a heap of slain. Hooted and scared like the unowned dog, the Hebrew made himself envied for his wealth and wisdom, and was bled of them to fill the bath of Gentile luxury; he absorbed knowledge, he diffused it; his dispersed race was a new Phœnicia working in the mines of Greece and carrying their products to the world. The native spirit of our tradition was not to stand still, but to use records as a seed, and draw out the compressed virtues of law and prophecy; and while the Gentiles, who had said, 'What is yours is ours, and no longer yours,' was reading the letter of our law as a dark inscription, or was turning its parchments into shoe soles for an army rabid with lust and cruelty, our Masters were still enlarging and illuminating with fresh-fed interpretation. But the dispersion was wide, the yoke of oppression was a spiked torture as well as a load; the exile was forced afar from brutish people, where the consciousness of his race was no clearer to him than the light of the sun to our fathers in the Roman persecution, who had their hiding-place in a cave, and knew not that it was day save by the dimmer burning of their candles. What wonder that multitudes of our people are ignorant, narrow, superstitious? What wonder? * * * The night is unto them, that they have no vision; in their darkness they are unable to divine; the sun is gone down over the prophets, and the day is dark above them; their observances are as nameless relics. But which among the chief of the Gentile nations has not an ignorant multitude? They scorn our people's ignorant observance; but the most accursed ignorance is that which has no observance—sunk to the cunning greed of the fox, to which all law is more than a trap or the cry of the worrying hound. There is a degradation deep down below the memory that has withered into superstition. In the multitudes of the ignorant on three continents who observe our rites and make the confession of the divine Unity, the soul of Judaism is not dead. Revive the organic centre: let the unity of Israel which has made the growth and form of its religion be an outward reality. Looking toward a land and a polity, our dispersed people in all the ends of the earth may share the dignity of a national

life which has a voice among the people of the East and the West—which will plaut the wisdom and skill of our race so that it may be, as of old, a medium of transmission and undertaking. Let that come to pass, and the living warmth will spread to the weak extremities of Israel, and superstition will vanish, not in the lawlessness of the renegade, but in the illumination of great facts which widen feeling, and make all knowledge alive as the young offspring of beloved memories.

* * * Our national life was a growing light. Let the central fire be kindled again, and the light will reach afar. The degraded and scorned of our race will learn to think of their sacred land not as a place for saintly beggary to await death in loathsome idleness, but as a republic where the Jewish spirit manifests itself in a new order founded on the old; purified and enriched by the experience our greatest sons have gathered from the life of the ages. How long is it?—only two centuries since a vessel carried over the ocean the beginning of the great North American nation. The people grew like meeting waters: they were various in habit and sect. There came a time, a century ago, when they needed a polity, and there were heroes of peace among them. What had they to form a polity with but memories of Europe, corrected by the vision of a better? Let our wise and wealthy show themselves heroes. They have the memories of the East and the West, and they have the full vision of a better. A new Persia with a purified religion magnified itself in art and wisdom. So with a new Judea, poised between East and West—a covenant of reconciliation. Will any say the prophetic vision of your race has been hopelessly mixed with folly and bigotry; the angel of progress has no message for Judaism—it is a half-buried city for the paid workers to lay open—the waters are rushing by it as a forsaken field? I say that the strongest principle of growth lies in human choice. The sons of Judah have to choose that God may again choose them. The Messianic time is the time when Israel shall will the planting of the national ensign."

THE PYRAMID OF GHIZEH.

We find in a recent number of the New York Tribune a communication from Prof. H. L. Smith, of Hobart College, with reference to the supposed discovery, by M. Chabas, a distinguished French scholar, of the date of the Pyramid of Mycerinus. This is the small pyramid at Ghizeh, known as the third pyramid, and its construction is attributed to King Mycerinus, on the strength of the inscription upon a mummy case, which was found in it. The syllables of the inscription would seem to have been shaken together, and when they came out, they were supposed to correspond with a title which an eminent Greek astronomer gave to Mycerinus; it is hence concluded that the pyramid was built by the fourth king of the fourth Memphite dynasty. The proof that Mycerinus ever built the pyramid does not strike us as overwhelming. It seems that M. Chabas has discovered an old astronomical table in this pyramid where the mummy case was found. And we believe that the fragments of a human being have been discovered in one of the sepulchral chambers of this same pyramid, supposed by some to be portions of King Mycerinus himself, but thought by others to be only the remains of a common Arab, because the right knee joint showed a case of ankylosis. We never knew before that the kings of Egypt were exempt from having stiff knee joints. But M. Chabas thinks that he has found out from his old astronomical table

that the ninth year of Mycerinus falls between the years 3,000 and 3,010 B.C. There is an exactness about this date which is refreshing in the field of Egyptian chronology. According to the received systems of Bible chronology, Mycerinus must have built this pyramid soon after the Flood, and as there are pyramids that are claimed to be older than the pyramids at Ghizeh, they must have been built before the Flood. Manifestly there must be a mistake somewhere. The Tribune suspects that the report is slightly inaccurate in one respect, and Prof. Smith writes that he is very far from believing the accuracy or authenticity of such a discovery. He says that even supposing M. Chabas be right in the facts from which he draws his inference, it can be as readily inferred from his facts that the date was somewhere between 1768 and 1766 B.C., as that it was between 3007 and 3010 B.C. And further, that the particular star that M. Chabas has to deal with in his calculations is a very uncertain star. It would seem that a good deal of the reasoning about the pyramids is of a piece with the argument that a mummy with a stiff knee joint could not have been a king of Egypt. Prof. Smith writes still further, that the fact can scarcely be disputed that if we reject the astronomical date, say 2170 B.C., obtained for the date of the Great Pyramid, upon the principal laid down by Sir John Herschell, Egyptian chronology is utterly at sea, and dates for the epochs of the earlier dynasties may be assumed, according to each individual theory or fancy.—Standard of the Cross.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SICKNESS.

Severe illness is a great teacher. It comes unbidden and unwelcome. Its stay is often prolonged, as if it were not an unsolicited visitor. At first we feel impatient, and submit with a very bad grace to the enforced confinement; we think that business cannot be neglected; that people must be seen; that not one of the numerous things can go on well without us. But this original impression soon wears away. We perceive that the great machinery of the world moves steadily on without our help, and even without so much as noting our absence. Our anxiety about many matters steadily diminishes, until, after a while, we wonder at the intensity of the interest which we once felt in subjects which we have come to regard as of very little importance. We grow philosophical. The days seem longer, because we have attained a calm, patient, reflective mood; but they also have become pleasanter. Pain, if we suffer it, we have become accustomed to; and maybe we feel a new veneration for science on account of the relief which medical knowledge has afforded us. If the morning lowers, we confine our thoughts within doors, where all is cheerful. It is the sunshine which, on a bright afternoon, streams into the windows of the still sick chamber, which awakens the greatest flood of reflections. We go back to our childhood and school-days. We think of those whom, perchance, we have not thought of for years before. But how fresh and distinct is our remembrance of them now! When we proceed to reflect what has become of them, and where they are now, our thoughts wander over many lands, but they rest mostly upon the churchyards. It is to those that one after another—it seems, as we summon them in memory, as if it were nearly all—of our youthful companions are gone. And yet it seems but yesterday that we were playmates together. We become sensible that, in reality, human life is indeed but a mere span.

THE BRIDGE BETWEEN.

CHAPTER XI.—DOROTHY ASKS A RIDDLE.

The two years were over, the early summer had come, and Adrian Fuller was due in England, and Dorothy Woodward was waiting for him. She was not impatient; the dream castle she had been building all these months was so pleasant to behold that she hardly dared to enter it now that its door was almost creaking on its hinges. She wished, sometimes, that she knew precisely when he was coming; she should like to meet him under the sycamore-tree, she thought; to be sitting reading there with the boys and Sally about, and her father and mother in the study; to hear a step, and look up and see him and greet him quietly and composedly as if his absence had been all a delusion, and in reality he had only left them yesterday. "How we have altered in the two years," she thought, looking at her brothers and Sally, "and I most of all, especially lately." George Blakesley's talk in the firelight had been a sort of revelation to her which she understood well enough now. She was getting more thoughtful, too, and fonder than ever of reading and day-dreaming, and climbed great heights, and journeyed into far countries in imagination, as many of us do, for we should achieve mighty things and be great travellers, indeed, if we could tack our hands and feet on to our fancies.

"Dolly," said Tom, one morning. "I shall get away from the office at three to-day. If you like to meet me I'll take you for a long pull upon the river." Tom had fifty pounds a-year now, had enjoyed that magnificent income for the last three months, and out of it kept a boat, and had invested in a tent, and occasionally camped out.

"Netta is coming to spend the day. She says it's so dull now that grandpapa is ill, and she cannot have visitors."

"Well, you don't want to see her."

"No, I would rather come with you."

"What have you done to scare away your valiant knight of the sickly visage?" asked the Beauty that same day, while Dorothy was preparing to go forth and meet her brother.

"Nothing," she answered guiltily.

"But he never comes now; and he used to be so wonderfully sweet. I thought he was number two on your list of slain."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dorothy, colouring up.

"Don't you really?" she laughed.

"Take my advice, dear," she went on, "and get married as soon as you can, and as well as you can; I shall. We have no money and no position. I am sure I don't know what would become of me if grandpapa died, unless he left me some money."

"I wouldn't have any one for the sake of money," said her sister. "One ought to be in love in order to get married."

"Nonsense. Love is all very well to dream about, but we have to live the best part of our lives wide awake. If you can catch your recreant knight take my advice and do. If Sir George Finch proposes, I shall have him, and I'm sure I am not in love."

"I think it's wicked," said Dolly to herself, an hour later, as Tom pulled away at the oars; "and I am very glad that Mr. Fuller is poor." In thought she always bound up their two lives together. "Tom," she asked, shyly, "do you know why Mr. Blakesley has not been lately?" for though meeting had been awkward, he had not altogether ceased his visits after her refusal.

"No," he answered; "but he seems to have cut Hampstead. Don't know why, I am sure, unless it's because he's getting

to be a swell. I have not seen him for ages. Fact is," he added, carelessly, "he thought proper to say that in his opinion I'd no business to keep a boat, but should keep myself, or help my father, or some such bosh; just as if the governor couldn't afford to give us all a home. So I told him I meant to spend what I got on myself."

"Tom, that's selfish."

"Don't be a stupid, Doll, it's nothing of the sort; every fellow does it. He said the governor's paper, too, was doing badly, but that's all nonsense."

"Tom, do you think people ought to work?"

"Men ought, of course," and he loosened his collar a little more (for the June sun was warm) with a consequential air which showed that he was speaking of himself among others. "Idleness is a disgrace; I told that young snob Barker so only yesterday. He was grumbling because he couldn't get into anything, and that his father had not been able to bring him up to a profession, and said that it was his misfortune that he had been born the son of a gentleman, and so could not go behind a counter. So I said yes, it is a misfortune, but why don't you sweep a crossing, that doesn't want much talent, and brooms are cheap; that showed him what I thought of his upstart speech."

"Yes, you were quite right, Tom," she answered, admiringly, watching the ripples on the water. "There is no disgrace in work of any kind."

"Of course there isn't," he said.

Then poor Dorothy sat and wondered what was the use of working to spend the money on one's own pleasure when, too, she could be just as happy—as she could for instance, with her books and trees—without spending anything at all; it was no use to work to pay for pleasure which could be obtained in another form, and as pleasant a one, for nothing.

"I don't understand it a bit," she sighed, and then she said aloud, "Tom, I wonder, what we live for?"

"To eat, drink, sleep, wear out our clothes, and hang about; and we die to fill coffins."

"But what is the good of that?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. You had better write and ask Blakesley."

CHAPTER XII.—THE FATE OF THE ROSE.

"I am so tired," thought Dolly, wearily, as she toiled along by the beach. She had left Tom behind to put up his boat, and had come home alone. There was a little aching in her heart, as if she had been seeking for something and failed to find it—perhaps it was only that she was waiting for Mr. Fuller. She used to think it would be all right when he came. It was such a lovely evening, and the cloud mountains were clearly defined in the sky. She watched them for a minute or two, and in fancy, climbed them over and over, and up and up, and into heaven.

"I wonder if it is such a very lovely place," she thought, abstractedly, not feeling much interest in the matter; she had no occasion to do so for many a long year yet, not till she was old, and tired of the beautiful earth. She came in sight of her home at last. It was a dear old house, she thought—a dirty-white coloured house, with straggling creepers twining over it, and a careless happy look about the open windows as the lace curtains awayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze. "I wonder if Netta is there still," she said to herself as she entered. There was an odd look on Jane's face as she opened the door, but Dorothy did not notice it, and went straight through into the study. No one was there, and she looked out of the window, as, long ago, Netta had looked out and watched her

brothers and sisters burying Venus. She started, with a cry that was almost pain. Will and Sally were together, reading, in the summer-house, and going towards them, as if to speak, were Mr. and Mrs. Woodward; and under the sycamore-tree was Netta—Netta, with the last rays of the setting sun glinting through the leaves above to light up her golden hair; with a flowing robe of white about her, and a rose in her bosom, a wonderfully lovely dress it seemed to her sister, though it was merely a simple muslin one—and she was looking up at some one who was watching her face, and seemed to be lost in admiration of it, and that some one was Adrian Fuller. She stood staring at them for a moment, then went out to seek a domestic.

"When did Mr. Fuller arrive?" she asked.

"This afternoon, Miss Dorothy; just a little while before your papa came home, Master Will and Miss Sally were at school, and your mamma was up-stairs. He walked straight in when I opened the door, and into the study, and looked out at Miss Netta, who was reading under the sycamore tree, and then he went right away to her. I believe he expected it was you, miss."

She went slowly back to the study, and sat down in the twilight, without making any effort to meet her old friend. Netta had done that in the very place and manner in which, in her day-dreams, she had hoped she should meet him on his return, and since that was so, he should enter the house now before he saw her, just as two years before he had entered it to meet the Beauty. So she sat and waited, her heart beating, and her pulses throbbing beneath her self-imposed penance; but it was so long before they came, and she could hear their voices in the garden, and imagine how happy they were without her, and how he was talking to Netta while the stars came out. It was too bad; they might have guessed that she was home, and have come to see. But no, they were quite content, and so at last, unable to bear it longer, she rose, and, going into the sitting-room, which was next to the study, opened the piano and began to play. Then, directly she had touched the notes she was afraid of her own foolishness, and yet more ashamed now to go into the garden and tell them how long she had been in the house. Then they, hearing perhaps the sound of the piano through the open windows, came in, and Dorothy rose, and stood in the middle of the room, while Netta entered, with a white shawl twisted round her slender shoulders, and Adrian Fuller by her side. He started forward in a moment.

"Dolly!" he exclaimed, forgetting the more dignified name by which he had said he should call her. "Well, I declare, here is my little dolly at last; and grown into a woman, too, as I feared she would!"

She was so happy.

"But I am just the same," she said; "I don't feel a bit different;" yet while she spoke the song came ringing in her ears—

"The same, the same, yet not the same,
Oh never, never more."

"And I am so glad you have come home, Mr. Fuller,"—and she raised her eyes to his just as the Dolly of old would have done—

"I have missed you so,"

"That is a nice confession for a young lady to make," laughed Netta. "Her voice made Dorothy start and colour, and brought her back with a bound from her old self to her new one."

"I did not mean—" she began.

"Never mind what you meant," he said. "I am very glad to see you again. We shall resume our old footing now, oh?"

"And what is to become of your faithful

knight of the house of Blakesley?" asked Netta, almost mockingly. "My little sister is a sad coquette," and she looked up innocently at the returned hero. He was so very handsome, that she did not relish resigning him into the hands of her sister, especially as all that afternoon he had seemed lost in admiration of her lovely self. Poor Dolly, Netta seemed like a female Mephistopheles that evening.

"You know I have not seen him for months," Dorothy retorted, and she turned her brown eyes upon her sister with a flash. "Haven't you, dear," answered the Beauty, and going to the piano she ran her fingers over the keys. "I think I shall come home and practice two or three times a week," she said; "grandpapa does not like the sound of a piano now that he is ill."

"Why don't you sing something, Netta dear?" Mrs. Woodward said, eager to show off her daughter—she was so proud of her.

"No," she said, hesitatingly, looking across at Adrian Fuller and Dorothy talking together in the window-seat. What could they have to say to each other? she wondered. It so annoyed her to see any one else getting attention which she considered she had a right to monopolize. He had heard Mrs. Woodward's request, however, and came towards her.

"Oh, do sing, Miss Woodward!" he said, and so she suffered herself to be persuaded, and sat down, and sang "Joek o' Hazel-dean" as hardly any one, perhaps, but Netta Woodward could sing it, for she had a voice such as but few women possess—wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, and so carefully modulated, it thrilled and enchanted her listeners.

Adrian Fuller went to her side, and hung upon her tones, and forgot poor Dorothy altogether.

"Oh, do go on!" he said, entreatingly, when she stopped; and so she began again, and sang song after song to them as they sat listening in the twilight, till, almost unnoticed, the night had come, and the brougham was at the door to take the Beauty back to grandfather's.

"One more," pleaded Adrian Fuller, but she rose from the piano with a laugh.

"No, I have finished. Dolly!" she called, looking towards the corner where her sister was crouching in the dark, forgetting the singer in her delight at the music. "Come and sing something, dear." Netta was always very affectionate to her sister before people.

"I!" said Dorothy, in surprise. "Why you know I can't."

"Yes you can," she answered, sweetly; "come and try."

"But you know I can't," she said, in amazement.

"Of course she does," said Tom, who would not learn to be polite, "that's why she asks you."

"How can you be such a bear, Tom?" laughed Netta, unruffled as ever, wrapping her delicate shawl around her, and as she passed him she stroked Tom's hair with her fingers, and subdued him. "Why didn't you get yourself up?" she whispered, as she passed Dorothy, "you had plenty of time, and I never saw you look such a guy."

"I never even thought of such a thing," she answered.

"You won't forget your promise," Adrian Fuller said, as she gave him her hand to say good-bye.

"Was it a promise?" she said. "I did not know that, but I never break one. Mr. Fuller wants me to sit to him, Dorothy, dear, and mamma does not object. Do you know he was foolish enough to draw my face from memory, he says; he saw me,

you know, the evening he left, when in my vanity I came to show myself."

"I lost the book, unfortunately, the next day—a pocket sketch-book I carried about with me," he said.

"Why, that was the book in which you put Dolly's rose," said Tom; "did you lose that too?"

"No," he answered, "I took care of that," and so the Beauty was not altogether triumphant, and as she drove away she saw that Adrian Fuller, with the privilege of an old friend, had drawn Dorothy's hand through his arm.

CHAPTER XIII.—ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.

"No, Dorothy, you foolish little maid, I never forget you," he said, "though it was a long time before I wrote;" and they walked on through the summer fields.

They were such happy days for her, those in which, for a little while, she lived within her dream-castle. She had forgotten her disappointment in not meeting him first, her half-unconscious jealousy of Netta, and her longings for beauty—forgotten everything save that Adrian Fuller had come home, and that he was her friend and companion again, just as in the happy days of old.

He was a handsome man, tall and fair, and well made, with all the tone and color which George Blakesley had lacked. Yes, decidedly a handsome man, an artist by profession, and full of vague ideas and indolent dreams. A man who was capable, and felt his capability, and so was satisfied. He could not rouse himself to do more than feel this; he so delighted in the summer and the long days of sunshine, and the evenings of shadow and twilight, and it was so pleasant to stroll about with Dorothy leaning on his arm, ready to talk or be silent, to walk long miles through the tall grass and flowery green lanes, or to sit under a tree, or linger about in the picturesque old garden, dreamily talking of books (poets and love stories usually) and trees, and all that appealed to his artist nature and the girl's love of beauty.

She never forgot those first days of his return, the days in which her father was at the office all day, for he was worried about matters there, and had little time for home; and Mrs. Woodward was away, for Colonel Wade was very ill, dangerously so, and had sent for her daughter at last; and Netta was a close prisoner to her grandfather's house. Tom went to his work, and Will and Sally to their lessons, so Dorothy had it all her own way. Adrian Fuller had finished his two years' work, and wanted a rest, he said, and was glad to return to his old haunt at Hampstead, and spend his days with his former playmate. No one interfered or considered for a single moment how dangerous it was for this girl, who could hardly be called a woman yet, to pass hour after hour with a handsome fascinating man, who found time hang upon his hands. The end of all, or that there would be anything to end, was a thing no one troubled about. Dorothy was always hanging about, reading books or sitting under trees, her mother said, and she saw no harm whatever in her doing so when in company with Adrian Fuller; they had known each other for years, and he was like one of the family; besides, she was hardly aware, much less concerned, about the state of things, for she was at her father's house. As for Mr. Woodward, he was only too glad that there was some one who could talk to his daughter and direct her reading, and be there to discuss the affairs of the nation with him when he returned home of an evening.

"I thought you had forgotten me," she said, and added, half laughingly, for her

jealousy had half vanished, "you know I am not pretty like Netta, and you never drew my portrait."

"But I shall some day, when I want a womanly little face and a broad low brow like Dorothy's," he answered, looking into the clear brown eyes.

She was so happy as she walked beside him, swinging her hat, upon his arm, along the lonely picturesque paths that may even yet be found beyond Hampstead, that the expression upon her face made it one that might almost be called beautiful. He wondered at it, little realizing how much he had to do with it.

"And if I did draw Netta's portrait, I have lost it, remember, but I took care of the rose. I, too, never let any one take Dorothy's place, remember, and she let Blakesley, or whatever his name was, take my place."

"Oh, I never did!" she answered, and her eyes filled with tears; "I never, never did, indeed, Mr. Fuller!" She had never called him by his Christian name in her whole life.

He sat lazily down under a tree, and motioned her to do the same, laughing the while at her vehemence. "I was only teasing you," he said. "Now sit here and tell me about him."

"No, not now," she pleaded; "let us read a little while."

He threw off his cap, and opened his book, and she hers, and so they sat silent, but contented and happy in the way they liked. He, because he was enjoying the summer and the sun and the freedom from work, which he had not known for two years past; yes, and he liked being with his old friends again, and to tease Dorothy—he was fond of Dorothy in his way, she was such a nice child, he thought, and such a pleasant companion, and he was so thoroughly at home with her. She was happy because Adrian Fuller was there; and the summer, and the sun, and the trees she loved, and the books she read, and all else that appealed to her were simply as the setting of a jewel, or the frame of a picture, or the land marks of a garden in which those sweet June days were passed.

"Now tell me what the hero Blakesley was like," he said. This was in the evening time, when they were in the garden. Mr. Woodward was still at the office, but Tom was home, and sat trying to remember how many locks there were on the river between Oxford and London. Will and Sally were together, the former learning his lessons, the latter drawing grotesque figures, as usual.

"First, what did he look like?"

"Washed out," said Tom, looking up.

"He didn't!" said Dorothy, indignantly.

She had a feeling of gratitude towards her old admirer; for had he not been the one person in the world who had told her in spoken words that he loved her?

"Yes, he did," persisted Tom, who had never cared about the interloper, in spite of what he had done for him. "He had a faded-looking beard, dull yellow hair, and a washed-out complexion."

"He was very clever, though," began Dorothy.

"That's right, Dorothy, stand up for him!" laughed Adam Fuller, amused at the scene, but she moved away offended, and going to the end of the garden, stood looking over the fence at the hazy distance, as she had one night long ago. He soon followed her. "I like you for standing up for him, you silly child," he said; "you needn't get angry. Now tell me about him yourself."

"He was very clever."

"More so than I am?" he said.

"Oh, no," she said, looking up quickly;

"and he was very fond of work. Are you, Mr. Fuller?"

"No, I detest work. I like to dream my time away; and though I can conceive a dozen wonderful pictures and delight in beholding studies for them and in planning them, yet I hate the labour involved in painting them."

"I hate work too," she said, almost thankful to be able to express her views; "and I cannot always see the use of it."

"No, nor I," he answered. "If I had two hundred a year I would never do a stroke. I have no patience with men who go on earning money to supply themselves with luxuries. I'm thankful that I have simple tastes; and in the country, or by the sea, the common inheritance of all human beings, and a luxury for which none have to pay, I should be quite happy to read, and dream, and stroll, and so pass my life."

"Oh, so should I!" she said, feeling all her sympathies go out to him; for he had so described the life she would have thought blissful beyond all other in this world. Poor, thoughtless little Dorothy!

"I think sometimes I shall work hard for a few years, in order to put by just enough to do this. Then I shall take a cottage somewhere, and live like Robinson Crusoe."

"Till Man Friday comes," she said, turning her face away; for this plan of his included no other human being, she thought.

"You shall be the Man Friday," he said, without for a single moment thinking of the light in which his words would be taken. Her head dropped a little lower as she bent over the fence, that was all. It seemed so natural that he should say this, and she did not dream of taking it in any other sense but one. It was what she had been waiting for since the morning that Venus was buried, the thing which she had felt would be, and which her mother and Netta had thought impossible. "You shall be the Man Friday, Dorothy," he repeated.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Unless Blakesley cuts me out again," he laughed, little thinking that he was talking to a child and being listened to by a woman. "But I don't believe he will," he added, carelessly.

"No," she said. He went in soon afterwards; for Mr. Woodward came home, but Dorothy stayed there still, till looking round, she saw the sycamore-tree, and made her way to the ricketty seat beneath it, then she put her hands over her eyes, and swayed to and fro in the twilight. "Oh, I am so happy!" she said, softly and gravely, to herself; "I am so very happy!"

(To be Continued.)

A THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.

There are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are most wanted are—

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. Honest. | 6. Obedient. |
| 2. Pure. | 7. Steady. |
| 3. Intelligent. | 8. Obliging. |
| 4. Active. | 9. Polite. |
| 5. Industrious. | 10. Neat. |

One thousand first-rate places are open for a thousand boys who come up to this standard.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

One is an office where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He

likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in all his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and the places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skilful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank.

Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have these points.

Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

We have named ten points that go toward making up the character of a successful boy so that they can be very easily remembered. You can imagine one on each finger, and so keep them in mind; they will be worth more than diamond rings, and you will then never be ashamed to "show your hand."

A WORD TO THOUGHTLESS GIRLS.

In a late number of *Fors Clavigera* Mr. Ruskin advises his girl readers as follows: "Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you, and in the best materials—that is to say, in those which wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long (in moderation), as the public wish you; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense, and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average English women by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, as if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with the utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person living in the country—not a rich person living in a large house in London. Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time, and use a part of the every-day needle work, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right and graceful, and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see you never try to dress above yours, they will not try to dress above theirs."

THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.

Three fair young girls were seated on a mossy bank by the borders of a rippling stream which flowed in silver beauty at their feet. It was a beautiful picture. The sun was gilding all things with a golden brightness, and lighting up the features of the young and mirthful damsels who were merrily engaged in wreathing garlands of wild flowers, and decking each other with the garlands twined by their own fairy fingers. By-and-by they began to compare the size and beauty of their hands, and each disputed with the other that hers were the loveliest of all. One washed her hands in the limpid stream; another plucked the wild strawberries and stained her finger-tips a ruddy pink; the third gathered sweet violets until her hands were redolent with their fragrance. An aged and haggard woman, clad in the garb of meanest poverty, drew near, saying "Give me of your charity; I am very poor." All three denied her, but a fourth girl who sat close by, unwashed in the brook, unstained with fruit, unadorned with flowers, gave the poor woman a little gift and received her grateful thanks. The daughter of poverty asked them the subject of their dispute, and they told her, lifting the while their beautiful hands. "Beautiful indeed!" said she. But when they asked her which was the most beautiful, she said, "It is not the hand that was washed in the stream, it is not the hand that is tipped with red, it is not the hand with the fragrant flowers, but it is the hand that gives to the poor which is the most beautiful." As she said these words her wrinkles fled, her staff was thrown away, and a beautiful angel stood before them. "The loving heart and the kindly hand," said she, "are always beautiful, and where these are not, there is no beauty left," and straightway she vanished out of their sight.

"Right," said Uncle Charlie, "beauty is but skin deep, and I would rather have the rough brown fist and iron hook of kind-hearted Sailor Jack, than the fairest hand that ever wore diamonds, with a proud unfeeling heart behind it. The Good Book tells us of One whose hands were pierced with nails, and whose 'visage was more marred than any man's;' and yet He was the 'fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely,' and the more we are like Him, however plain in feature, rude in form, or coarse in raiment, the more truly beautiful we are."

STATE NICKNAMES.

Queer are the nicknames of people of the different States: The inhabitants of Alabama are called Lizards; of Arkansas, Toothpicks; of California, Gold Hunters; of Colorado, Rovers; of Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; of Delaware, Muakrats; of Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; of Georgia, Buzzards; of Illinois, Suckers; of Indiana, Hoosiers; of Iowa, Hawkeyes; of Kansas, Jayhawkers; of Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of Louisiana, Creoles; of Maine, Foxes; of Maryland, Craw Thumpers; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Minnesota, Gophers; of Mississippi, Tadpoles; of Missouri, Pukes; of Nebraska, Bug Eaters; of Nevada, Sage Hens; of New Hampshire, Granite Boys; of New Jersey, Blues, or Clam Catchers; of New York, Knickerbockers; of North Carolina, Tar-boilers and Tuekoes; of Ohio, Buckeyes; of Oregon, Webfeet and Hard Cases; of Pennsylvania, Penances and Leatherheads; of Rhode Island, Gun Flints; of South Carolina, Weasels; of Tennessee, Whelps; of Texas, Beef Heads; of Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; of Virginia, Beadles; of Wisconsin, Badgers.—*Record of the Year.*