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Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

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

Vol. XVI.

DIGBY, N. S., SEPTEMBER, 1891.

No. 7

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

IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost
fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my
hair
Would smooth it down with tearful ten-
derness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-
night.

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind, with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had
wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside;
And so I should be loved and mourned
to-night.

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once
more to me,

Recalling other days remorsefully,
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way—

For who would war with dumb, uncon-
scious clay?

And I might rest forgiven of all to-night

O friends I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold
brow!

The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn;

Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I
plead—

When dreamless rest is mine I shall not
need

The tenderness for which I long to-night.

FREE AND OPEN CHURCH MOVE-
MENT.—The Bishop of Bedford re-
cently stated that it was becoming
increasingly difficult to get the pub-
lic to subscribe to church building,
except on the distinct assurance that
all seats were to be free and unap-
propriated. Yet many appeals are
constantly being circulated, with not
a word on the subject. We fancy a
great many which might otherwise
get attention go into the waste paper
basket on this ground alone.

Paper linen defies detection.

Mrs. Miller

April 90

POPULARITY OVER- RULED

"It is the voice of a god and not of a man!" cried the flatterers of Herod. All the worse for him, as the event proved.

"The christianos to the lions!" cried the the heathen multitude as they sat in the Coliseum at Rome.

"The voice of the people is the voice of God!" said their rulers. And the Goths and Vandals came and swept away their glory and their mythology.

Who can resist the matchless eloquence of this holy man, said the multitudinous followers of Arius. Do ye not see that the whole Church, archbishops, bishops, priests, deacons, laity and all are casting aside the superstitious dogma of the Trinity? Why incur unpopularity and mar thy prospects in life by resisting public opinion, O thou aspirant to success in the christian ministry? See how the whole of this great Church Council in our city of Nicea are ready to reject the fable of the Incarnation and the Atonement, and to estimate Jesus not as God but as holy man. O Athanasius, oppose not the voice of the Church!" "Athanasius against the world!" was the dauntless reply.

The enemy had come in like a flood, but the Spirit of God raised up a standard against him, and that holy deacon, seeking not self but truth, was the standard-bearer, carrying victory all along the line, to

the confusion of the enemy and the fulfilment of Christ's promise to His Church,—“The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.”

“Why resist the unity of Christendom?” say the multitude of the present day. “Away with your narrow and superstitious dogmas,—they are away behind the spirit of the age! We despise and trample under foot your pretended historic episcopate. One christian church is as good as another,—or if there be a difference, the latest is the best, as being most in touch with the superior wisdom of the 19th century.” “Hear! hear!” cries another. All but the superstitious Roman and Greek Churches, or the advanced Anglicans date their origin to the Reformation of the 16th Century. That was the birth-time of pure and liberal Christianity. Let us advance eloquent and popular men of this view to the highest places in the Church, and devote to the fury of the newspapers all who venture to oppose them. Down with your antiquated dogmas! We care for none of these things.” “Divines of the Broad School have as little objection to ritualistic improvements as to sectarian novelties,” says another. “They are the Gallios of the present age. Under these, as our bishops, we shall enjoy full toleration.”

“Let them alone,” says the surprised and delighted Romanist. “They now discredit their vaunted

'historic episcopate.' What have they to offer as a centre of unity to the sectarianism of the age? How shall they insist upon episcopal ordination, or the rite of Confirmation?"

The fearful, alarmed by these clamours, may be tempted into the cave of the last-named siren. The unbelieving may find an increasing impetus in the Down Grade. But the faithful discern in these apparently disastrous events in their Church the materials by which she shall be awakened from a perilous approach to the sirens of a dangerous coast. They see in them a warning against the Unitarian leaven in their ships' sea-stores. They turn a deaf ear to those faint-hearted and impatient voices which would tempt them to cast themselves into the Roman boat. They remain in the ship, and so at length all are brought safe to land.

But as God gave Saul of Tarsus to the Church, to be an Apostle and a converter of Jew and Gentile, notwithstanding the fears of some of the faithful who disliked his past record, so let us hope that a warm-hearted and generous man once enrolled amongst the bishops of the Church, may through God's help strengthen the episcopate which once he decried,—proving the truth of Christ's promise to His Church: "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

On the appointment of Dr. Perowne, last spring, to the bishopric

of Worcester, the *London Church Times*, referring to his former hazy views of the Historic Episcopate, said: "We believe that the practical exercise of the Bishop's office, the faithful determination to be a father-in-God to all the baptized in his diocese, whether they acknowledge or ignore his fatherhood to them, must unfold to its receiver a deeper insight into the reality of the Apostolical Succession and its powers than can ever be learned from words."

HABITS.

A writer describing a stalactite cave says: "Standing perfectly still in the cavernous hall I could hear the intense silence broken by first one drop of water and then another, say one drop in each half minute.

'The huge rock had been formed by the infinitesimal deposit of lime from these drops—deducting the amount washed away by the same water—for the drops were not only building, they were wasting at the same time.

'The increase was so minute that a year's growth could hardly be estimated.

'It is a powerful illustration of minute influences.

'A man might stand before it and say: "It is thus my habits have all been formed. My strong points and my weaknesses all come from influences as quiet, minute, and generally as secret as these water drops.'"

"Once I did ill, that I heard ever,
Twice I did well, that I heard never."

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

How many really and fully appreciate the Christian Year? Much has been written and preached, concerning it, in various aspects and from different standpoints. And yet it seems to the writer that there is a phase of this subject not sufficiently considered.

We often hear the question from our brethren of the various denominations: "Your church doesn't have any revivals, does it?" And we are wont to reply: "No! we don't believe in them." Is not this answer as lacking in wisdom as in politeness? Do we mean to say that we have no renewing or refreshing by the way? no "stirring up" of wills and affections? Let us see! Sluggish indeed must be the soul that fails to be roused to new life and energy by the Advent call. "Now, it is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed," when for four weeks our Mother calls upon her children to prepare to meet their Lord when he shall come "in glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead."

Oh, sublime comparison! His amazing love and condescension, and His glorious power and majesty. The thought is forced upon us at this time, that, prepared or not, we must meet Him Who has done so much for us. And surely none will disparage what all must feel in some measure: the love and gratitude to God and the good-will towards men, awakened in our hearts each year, as we think of the tender Babe rudely cradled at Bethlehem. To take our nature upon Him! How blessedly near this brings Him!

Can it fail to quicken our devotion, so that we pray with fresh fervor that we may daily be renewed by the Holy Spirit for His dear sake?

Then the Star in the East lights us on our way as we follow the blessed steps of his most holy Life, dwelling upon the prominent traits of that Life: His obedience, His tender and ready sympathy, His love and His power; learning lessons from that wonderful Life for the renewing of our own lives.

Now a shadow falls upon our joy, the shadow of the Cross. But may we not find it "the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." At its darkest, only the darkness where God is; not a destroying blight, but a needed check and discipline, to teach us that we find our highest blessedness in drawing near to our suffering Saviour, that His sorrowful Life and awful Death, for our sakes, may stir up in us that "godly sorrow" that worketh repentance. Those who lovingly heed the call, "Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile," will certainly find this true, as many can witness. "Ye shall reap if ye faint not."

How fully this promise is realized, those who have passed through the shadow into the marvellous light and joy of Easter, alone can know. But even on this "day of days" there is no idle rejoicing. Its theme is not merely "Christ hath arisen, death is no more;" but also, "if ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

Next follows another season of forty days, in which we also may be said to be taught "things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." For we are instructed in the Word which makes us "wise unto salvation."

Then the beautiful Ascension Day lifts up and thrills the heart with its wondrous story and its pleading prayer that "so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend and with Him continually dwell." Next the blessed Whitsuntide reminds us that though "our Saviour Christ" is gone before, and we cannot have His bodily presence among us, yet He has sent us "another Comforter to abide with us forever." "Ye are the temples of the living God." Are we fit temples? If thoughts like this will not rouse the indifferent, what will?

Trinity Sunday has for its one great object to keep us rooted and grounded in that central truth of the Christian Faith the Doctrine of the Trinity in Unity.

Through the Trinity season, lest we weary of the preaching and teaching of Christian duty, to which it is devoted, our thoughtful Mother has scattered several days that hold up the lives and characters of the Soldiers of the Cross. Prominent among those days is dear All Saints always reminding us that

Angels and living saints and dead;
But one Communion make,
All join in Christ their Living Head,
And of His Love partake.

This day must have uncommon power to lead the bereaved to their Saviour, showing as it does how in drawing near to Him they also draw near to their beloved dead.

Another day prominent among the saints' days, though unlike the rest in all that it commemorates a doctrine, not a life, is St. Michael and All Angels. How touchingly it reminds us of our Heavenly Father's loving care, Who gives His Angel charge concerning us! So in this blessed round of seasons, of

feast and fast, which we call the Christian Year, we are "revived," "stirred up," "quickened anew," to repentance, first, as the Advent season brings to mind the solemn warning: "Prepare to meet thy God." Then to faith, love, humility and charity. Repentance again, and a deeper contrition, as we hear of the terrible agony which our sins brought upon the Sinless, Who loved us and washed us from our sins in His Own Blood. Next to amendment of life and a fuller consecration thereof to God; to gratitude for many gifts to help us on our way; for the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit; for the hope of Eternal Life; for examples of holy living and the Father's loving care,—this gratitude which must beget zeal and devotion, a desire to do something for him who has done so much for us. What more can we need?

Let us all strive more earnestly to get the most good possible from each holy season as it passes. Let the shepherds remember that "the Good Shepherd" has called them to feed His flocks, and so be not easily discouraged by their indifference. And let the people do their part and duty faithfully, by attending as regularly as possible all services, Holy Day and Sunday alike, to which their Pastor calls them.

ENTIRELY INNOCENT. — Sunday-school Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?" No reply. Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little boy, badly frightened: "It wasn't me. I—I just moved here last week."

HOW TO USE AN OPEN CHURCH.

It is a mistake to lock up the House of God and only open it for Service. How much better that, at any time, we should be able to go into it for a quiet prayer, or a few minutes' thought on holy things, to rest and refresh ourselves, turning aside out of the dusty weary ways of toiling life. Yes, we all agree that is the right thing to have our churches open as much as possible; but we English are terribly slow, it seems to me, in *taking advantage of this great privilege*. It is very different abroad. There you find on the door-steps of a church baskets and parcels, left there by those who have gone inside for a few moments; and if you pass through the open doors you are sure to find, kneeling here and there, absorbed in prayer, women and children, rich and poor alike, and although their devotions may be tainted with superstition, and more frequently addressed to the Saints than to God, yet we cannot but admire their simple piety, and wish that our own people were equally disposed to use an open church as it is meant to be used.

For the object of having an open church is *private prayer and meditation*.

The first thing that we ought to do, when we enter a church, is *to realise God's presence* in His Holy House; and if we do so, we shall at once kneel down for a few moments to offer Him the honour due to His Holy Name. *Then* having done that, we can quietly inspect, with reverent demeanour and hushed voice, whatever we are desirous of seeing.

HAVE COURAGE TO COMMENCE!

But, after all, churches are not left open merely *to be seen*. There are many people who really have no quiet place at home, where they can say their prayers or meditate on holy things. For these the open church is an untold blessing, and for those who have no difficulty in obtaining quiet and privacy at home, a few minutes spent in the still church, with all its sacred associations, is a wonderful help to spiritual-mindedness. Many persons, I am convinced, feel this, but have not the courage to commence the practice of going into a church as they are passing to pray and meditate. They are afraid that any should see them, and remark that they are setting up to be more religious than their neighbours. This miserable cowardice must be got over; it is quite unworthy of anyone called, in Baptism, to be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant," and "not ashamed to confess the faith" of Our Blessed Lord. Let us remember too, that everyone who has the courage to enter on this practice of using an open church, makes it easier for others, more timid, to do so, for the commoner the practice grows the less attention it will attract. It is also a great help to the clergy and churchwardens the open church should be much used; if the inner swing-doors of our churches were opening and closing as often as those of a Free Library, no dishonest person would have much chance of committing robbery and sacrilege, and all trouble and expense about "watchers" or "caretakers" would be at an end.

PRAYER.

And first, as to Prayer. You want to know what you shall pray about,

in the silence of the church. Well, first of all, realize that you are in the Presence of God, in a place dedicated to His worship. Perhaps a notice catches your eye in the porch, inviting you to pray for the clergy and worshippers of the Parish. Pray then, first, for these; then you can go on to your own wants; tell them simply and trustfully to God; pray as you would at your own bedside. Speak to him of the occupations you have just left, of the people you are on your way to see. Consecrate solemnly to Him the rest of the day through which you are passing. Offer a prayer for those who are living in indifference or open sin. And of course you will not forget a reverent thoughtful repetition of The Lord's Prayer.

MEDITATION.

You are kneel down before God, and you lift your eyes, and there is the Altar. And, at the sight of its simple calm dignity, what thoughts do not crowd into your mind, of blessed Communion? Or if, alas! you are not a regular Communicant, with what a reproach it seems to appeal to you, entreating you no longer to despise the Invitation of your Lord. Or, again, there are the Chancel steps—the place of Confirmation and of Marriage—what sacred associations these have! Or the Font, with its echoes of the Baptismal Privileges and Responsibilities; or the Lectern with the Holy Book on it; or the Pulpit, the place of Teaching; does not the very sight of these sacred places melt your heart, and cause you to bow your head in penitence, gratitude, resolve? And then, it may be, there are stained windows or illuminated texts, speaking to you silently of holy things.

Surely you must feel that the Church is the place of all places in which to meditate on the things eternal. Another help to leading the mind away from earthly things at such a time is to be found in saying over a hymn solemnly on your knees. There are many favourite ones which seem almost more suitable for such *personal* use than to be sung congregationally. But, whatever form our meditation takes, let us make sure of this, that it does not begin and end in mere idle dreaming. Before we leave the church, let us always make at least one solemn *resolution* in the presence of God.

We have spoken chiefly of short periods, say five or ten minutes, spent in church, on our way to and from business or pleasure. But there are seasons when we shall do well to endeavour to spend more time in church, and to occupy it more systematically. For example, before Lent begins, or at Passion-tide, or before our Communion at the Greater Festivals, much solemn confession and preparation is desirable, and where can we find a better, quieter place for it than in church?

God is everywhere. He will hear our cry, in our home, at our work, in the field; but He is *especially present* in the Temples which men have consecrated to His honour, and he loves to meet us there, and give us His blessing.—*Rev. W C Baillie (Dawn of Day)*.

The first locomotive was built by Richard Trevithick in 1804, but the first locomotive after the modern idea was built by George Stephenson in 1829; the idea of the construction of a locomotive was given to the world by James Watt in 1769, and patented by him in 1784.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

At such a time it is to pray. A sort of praying, not the best sort, comes naturally to us in our affliction.

All in the ship with Jonah began to pray, when they found themselves in danger. And each man prayed to his own god.

This was only natural. Each man felt that the god to whom he prayed at other times would help him now, if help was to come at all.

The strange thing about the prayers of many men and women now, is that they do not pray to their god whom they have served. In time of tribulation, they flee to the God, the one true God, whom they have *not* served before.

Think of this. Be consistent. And, if you think that Almighty God can help you in time of trouble; then let him be your God now, and you can go to your God for help when you need it.

ACCOMMODATION.

Some people think that the Lord Jesus Christ, when He was on earth, humored the Jews by letting their errors and superstitions pass, or even by using them as starting-points in His teachings of truth.

To begin, let me ask all teachers to avoid this sort of teaching—if it is needful to give such advice. Yet surely, it is not needful in the case of teachers who have a moderate share of common-sense. We all know how bad a thing it is to mix up truth and falsehood, and how specially dangerous it is to try to prove or illustrate truth by means of false or imperfect arguments. In matters of religion this would be without excuse. No one would

think of doing it, if he considered seriously what he was doing. Only thoughtlessness could make us take so unwise a plan.

As a matter of course, then, we see that our Lord could not have used such arguments; and the more we think of the matter, the more we are confirmed in this judgment. Think of His special mission to the Jews, His countrymen, the chosen nation, the people whom He desired to save from the ruin their sins were bringing upon them. He would not say *anything* to deceive them or to sanction any of their errors.

And the same comfort we can take to ourselves now. The things and the sayings recorded for our learning are everyone of them true, and there is no occasion of stumbling in them.

WHY WE SUFFER PAIN.

Nobody knows, and nobody can find out. A good many comforting things may be said and are said, but the comforts man can give are unsatisfying. Pain gives us notice of danger that we might otherwise not be able to escape. Pain strengthens and deepens character. Pain gives endless opportunities for doing good to those who suffer. In a word, pain makes saints of those who suffer and those that send relief.

All this is good; and there are many more things said on the subject. One writer discourses on the "Moral uses of Dark Things," and shows that the light and shade of the world make up a beauty and perfection that could not be without both.

Still, the wonder is that we are not convinced by these wise and

good words. Pain is pain, after all said and done. And we still ask, Why does God permit the pain to torture us?

There is only one answer that silences our objections, if it does not take away the sting of our pains. The answer is "Jesus Christ." All His pains and trials from the day He came into the world till the day He was taken up—all these things show that God is in earnest in curing our pains, and that therefore He does not willingly let us be afflicted.

The same answer explains all the troubles and agonies of the inferior animals. "The whole creation groaneth." Yes; but the Lord Jesus "groaned in spirit," and He promises a "restitution of all things." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain."

The *Scots Magazine* contains an interesting paper on the Church in Scotland by 'An Angus Presbyter,' which concludes as follows:—"It appears to me," he says, "that there is—apart from the fixity imposed by the State connexion—an adherent transitoriness in Presbyterianism as a form of government, historically created, in all probability, by a compromise between Episcopacy and congregationalism. I maintain that the United Presbyterian and Free Churches are already really Congregational bodies, and that the doctrinal tendencies of such bodies, are either towards Socinianism or Salvationism. The future of the christianity of the country will never be entrusted to such corporations. It will be committed to the Church that has positive doctrine to impart a noble service, and a system of orderly government and loving superintendence. It will be a Church

whose clergy will not be mere popular lecturers on religion, but men invested with the authority of the Church to perform holy offices that can never rightly be usurped by any but ministers of Christ. 1. What are the great weaknesses at present of the Church of Scotland? They are the want of a Book of Common Prayer, insufficient recognition of the value of the ministerial *status* and functions, and defective superintendence of the clergy. 2. In what Scottish Church do we see the most effective effort made to meet these weaknesses? Most assuredly in the Scottish Episcopal Church. If the far-seeing men amongst us would only lift up their voices, they would publicly say what they often say in private—that, after disestablishment, the preservation of all that is nobly distinctive in the Established Church and the extension of her living influence over all classes of Scotsmen would be best secured by an incorporating union, under such conditions as an enlightened charity might assuredly discover, with the Episcopal Church. It appears to the writer that towards this consummation the National Church is moving, but moving far too slowly."

A Scotch minister was once preaching to quite a small congregation, when he observed they were all asleep but one man, and he was a partial idiot. The minister remarked: "It is too bad that all of my congregation are asleep, except a poor simpleton like you, Sammy." "Yes," said Sammy, "and I would be asleep too, if I was not a fool."

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.—*Fuller*.

A GOSPEL OF POWER.

The Gospel of the Cross for an evil conscience, is often considered nearly all that is necessary nowadays. Multitudes of believers are resting in the thought that they are free from the penalty of sin. They have life, but not the more abundant life which Jesus came to bring. They do not know the power of His Resurrection. That is the great need of the Church to-day. We want fellowship with the risen Christ to raise us to a higher plane, if we would be of use to anybody. We must be on higher ground if we would lift others up.

The Apostles emphasized the fact that they preached in the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. That is what we want to-day—power, not words—to wake up our slumbering Christians, to put life into our dead churches. You may preach a perfectly orthodox sermon, full of truth, but it will not disturb the most worldly man present. It cannot put life into dry bones, it can only rattle them, until the spirit breathes into them the breath of life. The difference between apostolic preaching, and that of the present day has been defined by the remark, that while one sermon on the day of Pentecost converted three thousand souls, it now takes three thousand sermons to convert one soul. Thousands of eloquent sermons are preached annually and never reach a single heart, lacking power. They are sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

Clouds that hang in the heavens do no good; they may be very full of rain, but they need to be pierced by an electric shock before the rain

can fall. There is not force enough in New York City to pull a blade of grass out of the earth, or a flower out of the seed. That requires a divine power; and in preaching the Gospel the power must come from on high. The trouble is, we do not understand the difference between the Paraclete or Comforter, and power for service. He dwells in all believers in a measure, else they could not be converted; but power for service is to be sought as a special gift, and should be sought until received. We must be emptied of all self-sufficiency, for if we rely on natural attainments, education, position, influence, or anything else, we will not get it, or if we seek power for anything but the glory of God, like Simon Magus.

And, last, of all, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul;" separation from the world—from pleasures, worldly ambition, and anything that makes our communion with Christ less real. When the telegraph wire touches the earth it ceases to be insulated and the electric current cannot flow along the line. So when our separation is not complete, the connection between earth and Heaven is interrupted, and there is no power.

Energy is not power, though we sometimes think so; nor personal earnestness, though we often mistake it for power. It is possible to have enthusiasm, and fire, and power over the emotional nature of men so as to sway them at will, but that is not the power of God, and may be utterly barren and fruitless in its effects.—*Exchange.*

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good, wherever it may exist.

*TESTIMONY OF A PRESBY-
TERIAN TO THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND.*

"I am not an Englishman nor an Episcopalian, yet no loyal son of the Church of England could look up to it with more tender reverence than I. I honor it for all that it is at this hour. The oldest of the Protestant Churches, it has the dignity of history to make it venerable. And not only is it one of the oldest Churches in the world, but one of the purest, which could not be struck from existence without a shock to all Christendom. Its faith is the faith of the Reformation, the faith of the early ages of Christianity. 'Whatever corruptions' may have gathered upon it, like moss upon the old cathedral wall, yet in the Apostles' Creed and other symbols of the faith it has the primitive faith with beautiful simplicity, divested of all 'philosophy,' and has held it not only with singular purity, but with steadfastness from generation to generation.

"What a power is a Creed and a service which thus links us with the past! As we listen to the *Te Deum* or the Litany, we are carried back, not only to the middle ages, but to the days of persecution, when 'the noble army of martyrs' was not a name, when the Church worshipped in crypts and catacombs. Perhaps we of the other communions do not consider enough the influence of a Church which has a long history, and whose every service seems to unite the living and the dead—the worship on earth with the worship in Heaven. For my part I am very sensitive to those influences, and never do I hear a choir 'chanting

the liturgies of remote generations,' that it does not bring me nearer to the first worshippers and to Him whom they worshipped."

*VATICANISM DOES NOT
PAY.*

Says the *Canadian Churchman*: "This fact has received illustration from Prussia, where previous to the Roman decree of Infallibility, the Protestants had been joining the Roman Catholic Communion in alarming numbers. Now it appears that 20,000 and 30,000 persons have left the Roman Catholic Communion in Eastern Prussia and joined the Lutherans. Very apposite is the remark of our cotemporary (*Church Times*) "It is not so much the attraction of Protestantism as the repulsiveness of Vaticanism which has transferred such numbers amongst a population detesting changes and innovation from the Pope's fold to Luther's." The same principle, "choosing the best of a bad bargain," may account for Roman Catholic losses in other countries. If the Church of England would only rise to the full dignity and force of her Catholic heritage and position, the opposing forces of Romanism would crumble much more quickly to decay.

Bishop Huntington thinks the evil of intemperance can be greatly lessened by establishing "institutions for the restraint and guardianship of inebriates, supported by sufficiently heavy taxation on the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. This would assail the gigantic iniquity and work steadily and healthily against it, from before and behind."

WHAT SANCTIFICATION IS NOT.

It is not the same as regeneration. That is the beginning of the divine life in the soul. This is its completing. That is a great and blessed fact and secures salvation. But this is a much greater work; and brings victory over sin and constant indwelling of God in the soul and conformity to the will of God in the life.

2. It is not the work of Death. Death would be a grim savior, and a dying hour a poor time to make a clear and satisfactory consecration. Sin does not reside in the body, and the laying of it aside does not take it away.

2. It is not our own work. We cannot make one hair white or black, or add to our stature one cubit by taking thought, nor can we cleanse our hearts any more than we can convert them. We can yield them to Him. That we must do. But He alone can purify.

4. It is not the building up of personal character. It is not an attainment, but an obtainment; not a growth, but a gift. We grow after we get it, but we cannot grow into it.

5. It is not our own self-perfection. It is not a personal state which we become inherently, and which crystallizes and remains fixed like the figure cut in stone, so that we are incapable of temptation or sin. God will let no creature be perfect apart from Himself. It is accompanied with an increasing sense of helplessness and nothingness, and a more absolute dependence every moment upon Christ alone; so that the most sanctified soul can say more truly than others: "In me, that is

in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." "I am not able even to think anything as of myself." "He must increase; I must decrease." "I am less than the least of all saints."

What, then, is sanctification?

WORSE THAN THE DEVIL

"Devils also came out of many, crying out and saying, Thou art Christ, the Son of God.---S. Luke iv. 41.

The devils did not believe that Christ was the Son of God, although by some conjectures they suspected it. They thought that divine and admirable virtue came from Him, and thence suspected that He was the Messiah.

There are also even now many men who in their works are like their father the devil; for they say many evil things against their neighbours, and affirm a thing for the only reason that they suspect it. In truth the world is full of people who say of their neighbours not what they know, but what they themselves of their own malice suspect; who truly are led rather by their own imagination than by the truth itself. There are many of such depraved condition, that, whatever they see in their neighbors, they always put a bad construction upon, according to their own malice; and not content with this, as they are evil in their thoughts, so have they a worse tongue for destroying the honour and reputation of their neighbours, not telling the truth about them, but what they untruly suspect.

And they certainly are worse than the devil; for he, even if he said what he suspected and not what he knew for certain, yet said nothing bad, but rather praised Christ and said that He was the Son

of God. But these people imitate the devil, saying what they suspect, and they are worse than he is, for they put forth about their neighbors not good but false and lying things; hence it comes to pass that they are worse than the devil.—*From the Latin*, A. D. 1593.

THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND.

"When in Madeira," writes a traveller, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and anon, saying: 'Press on, master—press on—there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was light and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me and glistening to the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens."

Oh, ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadows, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—there's light beyond.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find one sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

DON'T BELIEVERS.

To be an infidel—a don't-believer—is to occupy, to say the least, a very lonely position. It is, as it were, to sit perched upon the top of a floating iceberg. It is like trying to fold a fog to one's bosom; there is nothing to seize; it is all a cold, vague, empty negation. One *must*, however, believe something—he must, at any rate, believe that he disbelieves, and so he is saved from his utter negativeness by one of the laws of his own mind and nature. Yet, as this is little company and less comfort, he is still left solitary and peculiar upon the apex of his floating-island home of doubt, distrust and don't believingness, a spectacle sad to angels and to men.—*Rev. R. W. Lowrie, D. D.*

WHAT SANCTIFICATION IS.

It is the receiving of Jesus Christ personally in His perfect life and fullness to reign and live in our heart and life. It is to exchange our imperfection for his perfection; to cease from our struggles and take His strength; to become so united to Him and so dependent upon Him every moment that He shall literally "dwell in us and walk in us," and live again His incarnate life in our flesh as truly as He did in ancient Galilee and Jerusalem. This is the mystery of mysteries, the secret hid from ages and generations; it is "Christ in you, the hope of glory."—*Selected.*

Ruskin says that all true science begins in the love, not the dissection of your fellow-creature; and it ends in the love, not in the analysis of God.

*THE HABIT OF JUDGING
ONE ANOTHER.*

No habit is more common. Christians as well as others indulge in it. Nearly every one thinks it is not only right, but in some sense a duty to form and express judgments of others, and more particularly if these judgments are unfavorable and calculated to injure them. There is an element in human nature which prompts very many to find flaws and defects in the lives and characters of others, and, when found, to make them known to the world.

Now at this miserable habit our Lord levels His unqualified condemnation. In His great Sermon on the Mount He says to one and all, "Judge not that ye be not judged." To give solemn emphasis to the injunction He adds, "For with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged. And with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

What an admonition is this ! With what energy it warns us against this dreadful habit ! Let us lend a listening ear lest we fall under this fearful condemnation.

Rev. R. Bruce Dickson moved the following resolution at the Oxford Conference : "That it is the duty of the clergy to advocate, and of every Christian to practice, systematic almsgiving." Canon Paget referred to a matter which the clergy should take notice of. He said that many would be more willing to practice loyalty and generously systematic almsgiving if there were always systematic publication with full accounts of all that was done with the amounts received.

*EARLY PRAYER—EARLY
COMMUNION.*

I will now say confidently, that you can as soon invert a process of nature ; you can as soon transpose the dew and sunshine ; you can as soon give to sultry noon the softness and fragrance of early dawn, as you can make it to be the same thing, whether you carry to the throne of the Most High, the first-fruits of your day, or not the first. I feel that I am arguing here on that which is not the ground of argument. They who know the Christian life, know what I say. They will not contradict me, when I aver, that there is a freshness, a power about that prayer which is sent up to God, when it is our first work of heart and mind in the day, which is not found when it is not the first.—
S. P. C. K. *Tract on "Early Prayer."*

THE TEACHING OF PROPORTIONATE GIVING.—I have been here nearly (writes a country clergyman) two years. I found an open church, free seats, free-will offerings ; but the latter were unsatisfactory. In my parish papers I have dealt with the subject of Proportionate and Regular liberality. Once or twice I have just announced from my stall that the claim for the ensuing offertory was a pressing one ; but I have never preached, or allowed, a charity sermon. On the other hand, I frequently speak of the matter in my parish visitation, and twice I have taken an ordinary "Church Expenses" Sunday for a "straight talk" upon the subject in its full scriptural and moral bearing upon a well governed Christian life.

Charity is the way of man to God.

Children's Department.

EPICETUS THE SLAVE PHILOSOPHER.

Epictetus was a white slave, who lived about seventeen hundred years ago, and his name, which signifies "bought or acquired," itself shows that he was a slave.

He was lame and he was poor; yet in spite of his drawbacks he was a wonderful man, and I will try to tell you just a little about him.

His master was a learned man. His name was Epaphroditus, and he was a freedman and courtier, some say the teacher of the Emperor Nero. Like Nero, Epaphroditus was hard and cruel. In those days if a slave should chance even to sneeze or cough at the wrong time, drop a dish, spoil any food in cooking, or do any other simple thing which they should not do, their masters could torture, behead or kill them in any way they choose. Many a time this was done, so that I have no doubt Epictetus, like other slaves, had a hard time of it.

I said that Epictetus was lame. Some say it was because his master broke his leg as a punishment for some slight offence; others that it was from disease. However it happened, at any rate, he was very lame and small and weak, and not good for work with hands or body, nor pleasant to look at when beside strong men, excepting for his bright mind.

Because he had such a sharp mind and was unfit for anything else he was sent by his master to the brightest teacher of that day and taught all the knowledge of the Ancients. One of his masters was

called Musonius Rufus, a great Stoical teacher. Of course Epictetus was taught thus carefully because in those days men who were stupid or lazy to learn themselves depended upon their slaves for information and even for written discourses, for which also of course, the masters get all the credit.

In the latter part of his life Epictetus was a free man but how he obtained his liberty we do not know. When the Emperor Domitian ruled in Rome Epictetus was recognized as a clever professor of philosophy and when the Emperor commanded all philosophy to leave the city, Epictetus withdrew into the provinces. Then he settled at Nicopolis near the place where the great battle of Actium was fought and there for several years he lived and taught his doctrines as men did then by conversation and lectures. He was never married, nor did he compose any work, but one of his pupils, Havius Arrianus, who wrote the life of Alexander the Great, took special care to preserve his sayings and in this way they are now extant. He was an earnest, practical man, who sometimes was a most pathetic preacher of righteousness.

Epictetus, in fact, spent his life in teaching men to live well, to think wisely, to be good and brave and make the best of all things. He lived in poverty. One writer who knew him well, says all the furniture in his house was a bed, a cooking vessel and an earthen lamp. For this lamp after his death an enthusiastic relic hunter, Lucian says, gave 3000 drachmas.

Each man, Epictetus said, had a guardian spirit within him which never sleeps. The body, he argued,

was not, strictly speaking, ours, but a poor dead thing which belongs to the things outside of us. It is the duty of the philosopher to grow into the mind of God and to make the will of nature our own.

His chief maxim was : Make the best of what is in your power, take the best as it occurs, and remember everything happens as it pleases God.

On this he acted. People always found him cheerful and happy and ready to help others all he could, so that every one who knew him loved him. Some say he lived until the time of Adrian and here is the epitaph a friend wrote for his tomb :

"I was Epictetus, a slave, maimed in body and a beggar for poverty ; yet dear to the immortals."

This surely was an honor worth all the trials and hardships of his life and shows us how we can learn something from this once poor maimed slave, yet clever thinker and reasoner.

CAN'T AND TRY.

Can't do it sticks in the mud, but Try soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said "Try !" and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bees said "Try !" and turned flowers into honey in abundance. The squirrel said "Try !" and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snow-drow said "Try !" and bloomed in the cold snows of winter. The sun said "Try !" and spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said "Try !" and he found to his surprise that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said "Try !" and ploughed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for Try to climb,

no clay too stiff for Try to plough, no field too wet for Try to drain, no hole too big for Try to mend—in short, no task too great for Try to do, and no trial too great for Try to meet and overcome. Let no one say therefore "I can't. Here are some lines to impress this lesson better on the minds of our youthful readers :

MR. "I CAN'T."

There's a surly old tramp who's prowling
about,
He is seen ev'rywhere, so you'd better look
out !

His face is all wrinkles from forehead to
chin,
His lips stick right out, and his eyes go
right in.

He hates all the children, and chuckles
with joy
To hear people say, "That's a bad girl or
boy !"

And if he can make you a drone or a dunce,
He'll sneak in and claim your acquaintance
at once.

He steals in the school-room and stands at
your back,
Too glad if the teacher should give you a
"whack ;"

And when the hard words you would spell,
he will try
To make you forget, or to snivel and cry.

When doing examples that puzzle the brain,
He'll jog you and whisper, "There, don't
try again !

Just mix it all up, and then rub it all out,
And don't say a word, but look sulky and
pout."

Beneath the piano he'll hide out of sight,
To tease you when there, is his greatest de-
light ;

He'll catch hold your fingers and blindfold
your eyes,
And turn all the notes into great dragon
flies.

Beware of this tramp who creeps in like a
mouse,

And stealthily wanders all over the house ;
He's lazy and shiftless, unlike the wise ant,
His name you must know ; it is Mr.
"I Cant."