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"Ad profectum sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ."

THE BISHOP'S DEPARTURE.

WE give place this week to the valedictory address of the Bishop to the clergy and laity assembled in St. Luke's Cathedral on the 29th ult., to partake with him of the Holy Communion on the eve of his departure to attend the General Anglican Council, and "to wish him good luck in the name of the Lord."

In the early morning, seeing that the weather was beautifully fine, and the season a busy one, we expected that but a few would feel able to respond to the invitation of the Dean. But the first booming strokes of St. Luke's bell soon convinced us that where there is a will there is a way—where the desire is there will the bodily presence be. From all sides—in carriages and on foot—the congregation began to assemble, and soon a large number of worshippers occupied the ground-floor and galleries of the nave, whilst in the vestry, besides the Bishop, we noticed the Dean, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, Rev. Canons Hensley and Gilpin, the Rectors of Liverpool, Windsor, Rawdon and Bridgewater, the Chaplain of H. M. Forces, the Missionary at Falkland, and several other clergyman—in all fifteen—in surplices. Among the congregation and also at the Lord's Table, were the Rector and Curate of St. Paul's, the Curate of St. George's, (the Rector being out of town,) and the Missionaries stationed at Three Fathom Harbour and Lower Stewiacke. The service commenced at 8 o'clock, A. M., and was a very hearty one—the whole congregation joining in the responses, and in singing the hymns to the well-known tunes of Old Hundredth and St. Peter's, Oxford. The Communion service alone was used.

After the Ante-Communion, the Bishop ascended the pulpit, and with words of wisdom and charity addressed a most attentive congregation. His address will be found elsewhere under its proper head, as at the request of the clergy it appears in full, in this number of the Church Chronicle.

Then followed the administration of the Lord's Supper, of which about three hundred and sixty persons partook,—the officiating clergy being the Bishop, the Dean, the Archdeacon, and Canons Gilpin and Hensley.

The service being concluded, the Bishop received in the cathedral porch the address of the congregation of St. Luke's, headed by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor. To this feeling address, read by the Registrar of the Diocese, Henry Pryor, Esq., the Bishop made an appropriate reply, and then one after another of the congregation, beginning with the good Sir Fenwick, shook hands with their Bishop, and bade him God speed—the moist eye and the look of reverent affection showing that a bond stronger and closer than mere respect, attaches this chief pastor and people together, and draws on such an occasion the college dignitaries

and the country clergy from their daily duties, and their distant homes. Put at the Table of their Lord that morning knelt brethren who felt that it was good to be there, and in that solemn and crowning act of christian charity to lay aside whatever might hinder from godly union and concord. How good it was on that bright and happy morning to meet together in unity and separate, with the heart-felt blessing of our departing Bishop, in that peace of God which passeth all understanding!

The Bishop has been but a few years in this diocese, but his face and his frame give evidence that they have been years of toil and trial. But a largely increased staff of clergy, a college and divinity school endowed beyond fear of destruction, a partial endowment of the diocese, and many other works and labours of love show that at his first entrance upon the responsibilities of his high office, he lost no time in grappling with the difficulties of a Church fast losing all extraneous pecuniary assistance. By word and example he has striven to carry us safely over our pecuniary difficulties, and if he has erred in the matter of self-sacrifice, it has certainly been on the side of excess, and not defect. Last Thursday's gathering showed that at length his motives are beginning to be understood, and his labours appreciated.

May our Bishop's long voyage prove beneficial to himself and to the Church of God, and may he return to us in due time in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ?

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP, DELIVERED AT THE
CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST LUKE, ON THURSDAY, THE
29TH OF AUGUST.

HAVING understood that I am expected to address to you, my dear brethren, a few parting words this morning, I desire, in the first place, to express my satisfaction with the arrangement whereby I am enabled to unite with you in a most solemn act of worship immediately before my embarkation. My departure under ordinary circumstances for a visit to the Mother Country, would not have been an occasion for any such special notice; and I attribute the desire to give a marked character to the present occasion, to the feeling that I am going in my official capacity, as the representative of this portion of Christ's Church, and to the existence of a lively interest in the important assembly which I am summoned to attend. Such a gathering of Bishops of the Reformed Church has never before been attempted, and we cannot as yet judge of the probable results. There are many difficulties in the way, owing partly to the fact that the Church of England is there established, and is thus to some extent shackled when it endeavours to act beyond its well-defined limits. Moreover, as the Dioceses in the United States, in the Colonies, and in England, differ very much in their relation to the State, and in their circumstances generally, we shall be limited in the choice of subjects for discussion, and shall be restricted in a great measure to those higher matters in which the whole Church is equally interested. Of these there are enough and more than enough to occupy the time allotted for our Session; and although our decisions will not be binding upon any part of the Church, and will have no legal force, the judgment of such an assembly must carry with it great weight; and I trust that we shall all take part in the deliberations with a due sense of our responsibility, and with heartfelt prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. I have already publicly requested all the members of the Church to offer up continued

prayer on our behalf, and I trust that you will comply with this invitation, not merely as a form, but rather with the feeling that you are all as members of the one body, personally interested in the results of this conference

The Archbishop speaks of considering "many practical questions, the settlement of which would tend to the advancement of the Kingdom of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ." If we do not care about its advancement, we cannot be his faithful subjects; we must rather be of those who call him Lord, Lord, and do not the things which *He* saith.

These are days of intense energy and activity, events follow each other with marvellous rapidity, and when at the moment there may be nothing more than the little cloud like a man's hand, there may arise almost immediately a terrific storm. We cannot presume to affirm that any anticipated occurrence must still be very far distant because we do not as yet discern any tokens of its approach. The stone cut out without hands may as yet be far from filling the whole earth, and nevertheless in a very brief space that which has been foretold concerning it may be accomplished. We are to pray for the day when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." And while we pray we must labour; we are to examine the nature of the impediments, and of the methods by which they may most probably be overcome. We are to consider how to use to the best advantage the instruments within our reach, and the facilities offered in God's providence, by the peculiar character of the age in which we live. This is an enquiring age, and the Church ought to be prepared to satisfy the thirst for knowledge, to show that there can be no opposition between true science and religion, and to furnish satisfactory solutions of the difficulties by which honest minds may be perplexed; but it is also her duty to teach dogmatically upon certain subjects, and as a witness and keeper of Holy writ, to guard against any tampering with our standard, or any depreciation of its authority. On the other hand her mode of worship ought to be such as to satisfy the wants of man and nature as far as practicable in all respects, and room ought to be afforded to those who desire to dedicate to God the highest achievements of the most cultivated talents, since we cannot believe that He who of old was pleased to inspire artificers with wisdom and skill for the construction of the Tabernacle, and to sanction the magnificence of the temple, can approve of the reservation of all that is beautiful for our own dwellings while we are scrupulously economical and sparing of any superfluities in the buildings dedicated to Him, and the ornaments thereof. But, on this side also, some check is required, and individuals should not be left to indulge their own taste, and to introduce rites and ceremonies and modes of worship at their own pleasure. In short, generally, the church is bound to exercise discipline, and to purge itself from those who *will* persist in maintaining heresies, or in practices for which she affords no sanction. In this respect our Church at present appears to be deficient, and in order that she may perform her duty aright, some means must be devised for the restoration and exercise of her proper functions. It is a scandal and cause of reproach at the present moment that some of those who are still permitted to officiate, deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, and impugn the tradition which has been handed down from the first, while others are bent upon assimilating us to that Church whose corruptions and innovations upon the primitive systems rendered necessary the reformation and restoration of the original type. To the faithful members of the Church, this state of things is the cause of anxious fear and perplexity, and I presume that it will be seriously considered by the assembled Bishops, with a view to the removal of the scandal, and the security of the flocks over which the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers.

But since in these matters your influence, my brethren, must be exercised chiefly through your prayers, I will not detain you with further references to the Conference. Let me rather address a few words of affectionate exhortation to yourselves. We shall not meet again for several months, at the least, and He to whom all things are open, who ruleth over all, is alone cognizant of that which is in store for each of us. He alone knows whether I shall be permitted to return according to my intention, and whether if I come, I shall find that some of you have been removed from this earthly scene. My heart's desire and prayer for you is, in the first place, that you may be saved, and next, that you may "adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things." You, my brethren, resident in this city, enjoy great spiritual privileges in comparison with most of your brethren in the Province. Remember, to whom much is given, of him will much be required. To him that hath shall be given; "from him that hath not shall be taken, even that which he seemeth to have." He who knows what is in man, what our nature requires, has provided means of grace. See that ye improve them, that ye do not, relying upon yourselves, despise his merciful provision. You need not fear that attention to forms will make you formal, if you use them in a right spirit. Every good thing may be abused, and the misuse of the best may lead to the worst evils; but we are not to shun the risk by abandoning the use—that is weakness and timidity.

It is satisfactory that in at least this one Church, the daily sacrifice and praise is now offered, and that many honor God by constantly taking part in this service. Still I want to see larger congregations, or at least while at a distance to hear that the number of worshippers is increasing, and that the members of the Church are no longer generally content to worship by proxy, on six days of the week, so far at least as regards public worship. Again, you have here the privilege of being enabled to conform to the primitive practice of partaking of the Holy Communion on every Lord's day, at the least. In the days of darkness when love waxed cold, this practice of the early christians was discontinued, and even now in our own Church the Holy Communion is only celebrated three or four times in the year, in some Parishes, this being the minimum of the attendance which is enjoined upon every parishioner by the rubric; whereas the intention of the compilers of the Liturgy is manifest, in the requirement that in Cathedrals all the Priests and Deacons shall receive the Communion every Sunday *at the least*. In this again I am thankful that so many are found ready to avail themselves of their privilege. The greater love for this sacred feast, and the increase in the number of the communicants, is an encouraging feature, and gives reason to hope that there is more spiritual life and more love and faith in us than there was in time past, and should stimulate us to more earnest prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and that there may be a wide spread revival amongst us. Only let us beware of resting in the outward and visible sign, without partaking of the inward and spiritual grace. It will profit us nothing to eat of that bread unless we by faith discern the Lord's body; but if we draw near with the assured confidence that Christ will there give himself to us believing that the body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful, in the Lord's supper, we need not fear being sent empty away. Although we cannot understand the mode, (and we may well shrink from the presumption of attempting to explain it—presumption which has been the source of many grievous errors)—in which he gives himself to the faithful communicant, we are assured that he does so, we know that we being many, are one bread and one body; for we are all partakers of that one bread; that we dwell in Christ and Christ in us; we are one with Christ and Christ with us. May we all

at this time, while we unite in the celebration of this holy sacrament, feel truly that we are all members of that one body, and being so that we are members one of another. How is it that those who eat of the same bread, and drink of that same cup, are divided one from another in those things, in which most especially they ought to be united. Surely we do not rightly regard the force of the warning, that while there are among us envying and strife, and divisions, we must be carnal. My dear brethren, the contest in which we ought to be engaged with the powers of darkness, can only be successfully maintained by our united efforts. We pray that all who profess and call themselves christians, may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, as well as in righteousness of life. Are we all doing our part to bring about this desirable consummation? There are some persons who appear to consider that every one is entitled to the exercise of charity, except their own brethren, but surely that is beginning at the wrong end; charity *begins* at home, although it should not end there. We sometimes find this anomaly in social life; men who would not say a rude word, or do an unkind thing in general society, are sometimes unbearable in the domestic relation; but they are universally condemned by every person of right feeling. Let us who adhere to the same system, and who use the same formularies, and the same confession of faith, be first united among ourselves, and work heartily together, and then it will be our duty to endeavour, and we may hope to succeed in it, to extend this fellowship through constantly increasing circles. The opposite course is wrong in principle, and is sure to fail in practice. If owing to human infirmities, there must be differences of opinion, let each believe that another may be equally sincere with himself, and has an equal right to assume that his interpretations of Scripture are correct. If you will take the trouble to observe and examine, you will perceive that in reality the divisions and separations of men who stand aloof one from another are owing to the tacit assumption of the infallibility of individuals. We have two men equally appealing to Scripture, and desiring to be guided by it, but deducing very different conclusions in important points. If each assumes that his interpretation is infallible, they must regard each other as being in grievous error.

With a view to the promotion of unity, and to the maintenance of the truth in its integrity, I pray you, my dear brethren, to study and to adhere, as strictly as may be, to the teaching of the Church of which by God's providence you are members. If they should prove to be my last words of exhortation to you, I watching for your souls, as one who must give account, have no hesitation in repeating this advice. Amidst the manifold diverse and contradictory interpretations of the written word you require a reliable guide, and you can have nothing more satisfactory than the guidance of those who faithfully acted upon the avowed principle of endeavoring to discover, and being always guided by, the interpretations held by the universal Church in the days of, and immediately following the preaching of the Apostles. There were indeed errors and heresies very early, even during the lives of the Apostles; but he must be a bold man, and almost inconceivably credulous, who ventures to assert that while the actual Disciples of the Apostles still lived, or immediately after their departure, the whole Church went astray either in doctrine or in practice.

I must, however, conclude, for I have already much exceeded the limits which I had prescribed to myself for this morning, but it is hard to refrain at such time from expressing fully my thoughts respecting your duty and your highest interests.

In conclusion, then, I adopt the language of the Apostle. "If there be there-

fore, any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the spirit, if any bowels of mercy fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." My brethren, the time is short, whatever is to be done, should be done heartily, and without delay. Let us strive so to walk that all men may discern that we are Christ's, that we recognize Him as our Lord, that whether we live, we may live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we may die unto the Lord. This is after all the end and object of all sound teaching of the whole Church system, of all rites and ordinances to bring us nearer to him, to enable us weak and blind as we are, to discern and apprehend him, that He may dwell in our hearts by faith, that we being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God. Wherefore, beloved, building up yourselves in your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

Finally, brethren, farewell, may the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

ADDRESS TO THE BISHOP.

"The Bishop, with Mrs. Binney and family, embarked for England in the *Jara* on Thursday, 29th ult. His Lordship goes home to be present at the Anglican Synod at Lambeth next month. Previous to his embarkation, he attended a special service at the Cathedral, where he delivered to a large congregation his farewell discourse (which, by the request of those who heard it, he has left with the Dean to be published,) and administered the Holy Communion to 22 of the clergy, and to more than 300 of the laity. Immediately after the Benediction, the Bishop proceeded to the eastern entrance of the Cathedral, where he was met by the clergy in their surplices, by his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, the officers of the church, and the assembled people; when, after a few words from the Dean, stating that it contained the signatures of almost every member of the Cathedral congregation, he requested the Registrar of the Diocese, Henry Pryor, Esq., to read the Address, after which his Lordship made a feeling and eloquent reply. All the members of the church took an affectionate and individual farewell of the chief pastor as he left the building."—*Reporter*.

ADDRESS.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA, &c., &c.

We, the Clergy, Officers and Members of the Cathedral Church, having learned that your Lordship has been summoned by the Primate of all England to the Council of Bishops, cannot allow you to depart without expressing sorrow for the loss (although but for a season) of your sacred ministrations, and tendering to you the assurance of our "very high esteem and love for your works' sake." The result of that work is everywhere apparent throughout the Diocese, but in no place more evident and ac-

knowledge than in the Parish of St. Luke and the Cathedral Church, where we have had the great benefit of your sound teaching and exemplary life.

We have deeply sympathized with your Lordship in the many troubles and difficulties which have attended the discharge of your arduous and responsible duties, and the christian kindness and forbearance in which they have been endured and overcome have served more and more to deepen our affection and to strengthen our confidence in your administration of the Diocese.

We shall earnestly pray to Jesus Christ the Great and Good Shepherd, that by his Holy Spirit He will prosper your consultations for the welfare of His Church and the promotion of His Glory; and that, guarded by His special Providence, you may return in peace and safety to your Diocese, and to a loyal clergy and faithful laity, prepared to give you a cordial welcome and to hold up your hands.

REPLY.

TO THE CLERGY, OFFICERS, AND MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. LUKE.

May it please your Excellency:

My Rev. Brethren and Brethren of the Laity:

I thank you very sincerely for this affectionate Address, and for the assurance of your esteem and love, of which, however, no verbal declaration was needed, for deeds are more eloquent than words, and you have manifested a disposition to co-operate with me in my endeavors to promote the welfare of the Church of which we are members, and the glory of God.

It is not easy to collect one's thoughts amidst the hurry and bustle of preparations for a distant journey and a long absence from home so as to give an adequate reply to this Address, but you will doubtless kindly excuse me, especially as I have already this morning from the pulpit spoken upon some of the topics to which you allude.

Since this has been constituted the Cathedral Church, I have recognized you as peculiarly my charge, and I have endeavored from time to time, by God's help, to give you wholesome instruction, such as appeared to be most beneficial for you; and I trust that the words which I have been enabled to speak to you in the name of the Lord have not been altogether in vain. It is my hearty desire and prayer that this church and people may be a bright example and a centre whence light may radiate and life and earnestness may be diffused throughout the Diocese.

The belief that through all the troubles and difficulties to which you refer you sympathized with me has been a source of comfort and support. It is to me extremely painful to have any impediment to free intercourse and communion between myself and any of those over whom I am appointed overseer, for it is my earnest desire to labour heartily with and for them all. We must, however, expect trials, remembering that the servant is not greater than his Lord. Let us pray that God will overrule all to His own glory, and that when the clouds have passed away our prospects may be brighter and more satisfactory than before.

I thank you for the assurance that you will do your part towards the success of the Conference which I am preparing to attend, by earnest prayer on our behalf, and that I shall have a place in your supplications. If the Good Shepherd has more work for me to do in this Diocese—if I may be an instrument in His hands for furthering His purposes of mercy—He will bring me back in safety; and I beseech you to pray that, if I thus return unto you, I may come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Although I hope to derive much benefit from my visit to our mother country, and from my intercourse with many able and pious members of the Church of England, I shall anxiously expect tidings of my own flock by every mail, and shall very cheerfully return, if it be the Lord's will, when the period for which I must necessarily for various reasons be absent from you shall have elapsed.

Leaves from the Book of Nature.

No. 5.

THE MOSQUITO. (*Culex*.)

There can be but few persons living in our Dominion, who are unacquainted with this noxious little insect, for with a natural rudeness, akin to that possessed by some members of the human family, it invariably thrusts itself into society, and becomes so painfully familiar, that any one possessed of the slightest feeling is obliged to retire from its presence in disgust. It is, however, a happy circumstance that this two-winged intruder is possessed of a very short life, and that a few weeks at most are generally sufficient to put an end to its existence, for assuredly if allowed to try our tempers all the year round, it would require more than ordinary efforts to subdue the passion engendered by inflammation, which is unhappily the usual result of its dreaded attack.

The mosquito loves moisture. Born in some stagnant pond, it seems to imbibe a natural inclination for dampness; and on warm rainy evenings in summer, the forest, especially in the neighbourhood of swamps, is absolutely filled with them. It is at such a time that both men and cattle hurry away to the clearings, for no living creature possessed with a pierceable skin, could possibly withstand the attacks of these venomous insects for any length of time. And it is not alone in our own country that the mosquito exists, but in almost all parts of the world; the silent shores of the Arctic Sea, having their representative mosquitos as well as the dense forests of the torrid zone. There are many different species of musquitos also; those of the tropics and southern hemisphere being dissimilar either in form or size to those of the northern regions. Nova Scotia herself possesses two known species, *Culex stimulans* and *C. provocans*, made known to the entomological world years ago through the indefatigable labours of Lieut. Redman. Our Acadian mosquitos exceed in size almost all known insects of the genus in collections, although we have heard by report that the mosquitos of Labrador are much larger; a fact, however, not satisfactorily proved. As we have said before, it is impossible for any one to remain in our forests during the warm days and nights of summer with any degree of comfort, owing to the perpetual annoyance occurring from the onslaught of hundreds, nay thousands of these blood-thirsty creatures. But what are such attacks compared with those made in other climes upon unfortunate travellers. In Lapland, their numbers are so prodigious as to be compared to a snow storm when the flakes fall thickest, or the dust of the earth. The natives cannot take a mouthful of food, or lie down to sleep in their cabins unless they be fumigated almost to suffocation. In the air you cannot draw your breath without having your mouth and nostrils filled with them; and unguents of tar, fish grease, or nets steeped in fetid birch oil, are scarcely sufficient to protect even the case-hardened cuticle of the Laplander from their bite. In certain districts of France, the accurate Reaumur states that he has seen people whose arms and legs have become quite monstrous from wounds inflicted by mosquitos, and in some cases in such a state as to render it doubtful whether amputation would not be necessary. In the neighbourhood of the Crimea, the Russian soldiers are obliged to sleep in sacks to defend themselves from the mosquitos; and even this is not a sufficient security, for several of them die in consequence of mortification produced by the bite of these furious bloodsuckers. This fact is related by Dr. Clarke, and to its

probability his own painful experience enabled him to speak. He informs us that the bodies of himself and his companions in spite of gloves, cloths and handkerchiefs, were rendered one entire wound, and the consequent irritation and swelling excited a considerable degree of fever. In a most sultry night, when not a breath of air was stirring, exhausted by fatigue, pain, and heat, he sought shelter in his carriage; and though almost suffocated, could not venture to open a window for fear of the mosquitos. Swarms, nevertheless, found their way into his hiding place and in spite of the handkerchiefs with which he bound up his head, filled his mouth nostrils, and ears. In the midst of his torment he succeeded in lighting a lamp which was extinguished in a moment by such a prodigious number of these insects that their carcasses actually filled the glass chimney and formed a large conical heap over the burner. In the East at Batavia, Dr. Arnold, a most attentive and accurate observer, relates that their bite is the most venomous he ever felt, occasioning a most intolerable itching which lasts several days. The sight or sound of a single one either prevented him from going to bed for a whole night or obliged him to rise many times, Capt. Steadman also in Surinam, as a proof of the dreadful state to which he and his soldiers were reduced by them, mentions that they were forced to sleep with their heads thrust into holes made in the earth with their bayonets, and their necks wrapped round with their hammocks.

Such are some of the accounts given by travellers of these troublesome insects, and inserted in that most charming of works upon insects "Kirby and Spence's Introduction to Entomology;" a book we would heartily recommend to every one who desires to become familiar with insect life, and above all we recommend it to parents who wish to train the minds of their children to study the habits of this wonderful portion of the animal world; for apart from its pleasing style, and scientific accuracy there is not a chapter that does not draw the reader's attention to a far higher subject—the wisdom and goodness of the Great Author of all things.

In Nova Scotia, at least in the neighbourhood of Halifax, the mosquito generally makes its appearance about the middle of May, a few days after the black fly (*Simulium*); but its abundance, or scarcity, appears to be regulated by the weather. Should a very cold and backward spring occur, the mosquito is late in its appearance and not so numerous during the ensuing summer as it would be if the month of May was an open one with mild and gentle weather. We have seen the mosquito flying about even in mid-winter. It was during the mild weather in February 1864, when a warm foggy atmosphere produced, no doubt, by the unusual proximity of the Gulf Stream during that memorable season, caused this stray member of the *Culex* family to appear before its time. They disappear about the middle of September, and are rarely troublesome to the sportsmen in the forest after that time, a happy circumstance for him who having pitched his lonely camp beside some well known lake or stream in June, in earnest hope of a good catch, has to wind up his line in haste and rush into the almost suffocating fumes of smoke blown from the welcome camp fire to escape from them. But, although we residents of Nova Scotia are put to some little inconvenience in respect of these troublesome insects, what is it when compared with that experienced by the people of other climes who live in continued fear and dread of earthquake, attacks from savage wild beasts, or the deadly bite of poisonous reptiles? Should we not rather instead of murmuring at our small misfortune, be thankful to the All wise creator for placing us in a land where so little occurs to mar the pleasant routine of daily life, or detract from the round of perpetual happiness we almost invariably enjoy?

J. M. J.

PET WORDS.

There are few persons, who have not noticed in themselves and their associates a tendency to employ certain words and phrases, which are often inappropriate to the subject of conversation; or if applicable, the frequency of their repetition becomes amusing or tiresome. We are acquainted with a young man who describes all events as "portentous," although they have no ominous character, and who even applies this high sounding adjective with equal impartiality to articles of dress or works of art. Another friend invariably declares indifference by "not caring a sou;" and still another interlard his sentences with the perfectly meaningless word "there." The contagion generally spreads rapidly, so that we know of a family who have all adopted the word "mention." They "mention" occurrences to their friends, and they "mention" what is necessary for their guidance. We have all observed the "awful" nature of the emotions and adventures of many persons, as well as the frequent and startling brilliancy of the remark about having "*more light on the subject.*" "You know," is an assertion, made constantly by those who are furnishing their auditors with perfectly novel information.

We see the same propensity developed in editors, authors, and public speakers. Within the last few years, how many times have we met the word "demoralized" in our newspapers; and still more thoroughly have we been surfeited with "persistent,"—referring to anything of a lasting nature. It rains, snows and freezes "persistently;" policemen "persistently" follow the track of pickpockets, and the cholera is "persistent" in its ravages in certain localities. "*Let us not be misunderstood,*" was the depreciating remark frequently introduced into the editorials of one of our daily papers. The enormous prices of various goods are constantly quoted as "fabulous" when in fact purchasers find the exorbitant rates only too true.

Some quotations might surely be released from duty after long and arduous service. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad;" "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;" as well as "The man who hath not music in his soul," are examples of a much abused class. Lord Macaulay remarked that the proverb about early rising was proved true by the enormous fortunes acquired by chimney-sweeps and chamber-maids. And the unconquerable nature of truth is shown in an equally convincing manner by the triumphant establishment of the principles of the Reformation in Spain at this present time. That "revolutions never go backwards" is also demonstrated by the delightfully democratic condition of France.

The writers of tales who wish to generalize whatever is connected with their hero or heroine are fond of the expression, "surroundings." The "pitiless" nature of the looks, words and deeds of the hero of a popular novel excites pity for the author, whose stock of synonyms is so limited. Lord Eldon's favourite phrase was "regard being had;" Lord Macaulay often alludes to the impropriety of "a judge assuming the duties of an advocate;" Mrs. Browning uses "undefiled" and "adown" very frequently, while Tennyson's oft-recurring "wold" is probably familiar to our reader.

Who ever listened to a missionary address without hearing the "Macedonian cry," and of "the fields white to the harvest." "Open up" is a mode of expression which deserves indignant remonstrances. We always query mentally why the aperture should necessarily be "up" rather than downwards or sideways. "Our Zion," and "in our midst" might with great advantage be allowed a re-

spite from speeches of a religious character, as well as the offensive phrase, "feel to take" and "grant to give." A late eminent prelate was in the habit of exhorting his hearers to "see to it" that they practiced certain duties, or believed certain truths, and it was amusing to hear the same appeal from many of the young clergymen of his diocese. A popular minister uses the phrase, "it seems to me" so regularly that one of his congregation counted how often the words occurred in one sermon, and enumerated thirteen. Another divine almost invariably concluded his arguments and statements with the triumphant question, "If not, why not?"

The simplest statements acquire undue value, and become current, when dressed in a foreign garb. So that "multum in parvo," "in medio tutissimus ibis," and numerous words from the Latin and French are used "ad nauseum," when there is no occasion for banishing the good English terms. Some young ladies have their hair "coiffé" instead of being dressed; they speak of a pamphlet as a "brochure," and of a rumor as a "canard," and of all entertainments as being "recherche" in their character. Was there ever a college commencement without poor "alma mater" being dragged into the valedictory, if not forced into the speeches; and it is done, too, with an air of startling novelty. What student has not been saluted by visitors entering his library with some remark about his "sanctum sanctorum," with apparent unconsciousness of the irreverence of thus applying the words.

Our list of examples might be indefinitely extended, but enough has been said to call attention to the much abused class of favourite phrases, and also we hope to effect a release for some of the over tasked members.—*N. Y. Episcopalian.*

THE TWO BAPTISMS.

THE bright sun had shone all day in its glory upon the little fishing village of Whitford, heralding the pleasant month of May. Now it sank to rest leaving a curtain of purple and gold above the western hills, in promise that when morning dawned it would rise again in the same unclouded beauty. The soft warm glow fell upon the sparkling ocean and the pebbly beach, and rested lingeringly upon the village church and the quiet little churchyard. Here it was that sea and land met together, fit resting place for the sailor and the fisherman, for the old walls were washed by the ever advancing and receding waves, the murmur of the flowing and ebbing tide seeming to chant a soft lullaby for those who had there been laid to rest.

They were simple unostentatious graves, those graves in Whitford churchyard. No cumbrous monuments, no tall wide headstones blazoned out the titles and the virtues of those who slept beneath the hallowed sod. Crosses of pure white marble, of stone, and in more cases of rude wood, told that those Whitford christians in their deaths had no other hope than in the Cross of Him, who by His most precious death had made it to be thenceforward the sign and seal of man's redemption.

The deep-toned bell was pealing out, the summons to Evensong and the commemoration of the two holy Apostles, St. Philip and St. James. Priest and people were coming to glorify God in Saints, and to pray for grace to follow their good example. This festival, moreover, had been fixed upon for the special thanksgiving service to be held in grateful acknowledgement of God's

mercy in the safe return of the Whitford fishermen after a storm in which many boats had been lost. There they were; the May Queen and her attendant maidens with their garlands, happy fathers leading their little ones by the hand, glad mothers thanking God that their children still had a father on earth, old men and women whose race was nearly run, trooped up the hill which lead to the church, hushing their voices reverently as they passed the lich-gate. They remembered that the place whereon they stood was holy ground, that around them lay the bodies of the christian departed. As the bell was sounding its last notes a handsome carriage drawn by a pair of horses drove up to the gate, at which a small party of well-dressed persons had arrived but a few minutes previously, and remained waiting. A footman in livery threw open the door, and two ladies got out, followed by a nurse bearing in her arms an infant who was that evening to be admitted into the congregation of Christ's flock.

In another part of the churchyard, walking with two rough sea-faring men and an old village dame, was a pale sad-looking young mother, clad in deep mourning. She too was holding in her arms a little infant, upon whose tiny face she gazed tenderly and sadly.

"Well, Mrs.; have you made up your mind about the poor little man's name?" asked one of the men, stooping with a kind of rough tenderness to catch a glimpse of the baby's face.

"Yes," replied the poor mother in a faltering voice, "it must be William, for his father's sake, and I'll call him James on account of the day. 'Tis a Saints' day, you know, Mr. Hardy, St. Philip and St. James."

"A bright thought," answered Hardy, "it may make the youngster think of his Baptism as each May day comes round. The lady at the Manor must have had some such thought, for the housekeeper tells me her baby's to be christened Lionel Philip Fitz-Herbert; a long string of names, poor little chap."

"Why poor?" asked the other man.

"Havn't you heard?" replied Hardy; "the London doctors have been down, and they say there's no hope for my lady. She won't die yet, may be, not perhaps for weeks or months, but she'll never be well again."

As the bell ceased all, rich and poor, took their places in the church. The service proceeded; the Holy Sacrament of Baptism made those two infants, the young heir of many thousands, and the poor widow's little son, joint heirs of one glorious inheritance. The priest spoke a few words to the assembled congregation on the lessons to be learnt from the festival. Especially he addressed himself to those who a few short weeks before had been rescued from a watery grave. He told them of the indecision of the apostle St. Philip, of his request, "Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us," which drew forth that gentle rebuke, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?" He reminded them that their Lord had ever been with them though unseen, that He had shewn them, all through their lives, the various evidences of His love and his power. "He has been with you; yes, brethren, and you have been with Him," said the preacher; "with Him in the crowd, with Him when no one else was near. He has spoken to you by His ministers, in His Word, and in His Sacraments; especially has he spoken to you in the danger from which you have been so lately delivered by His power and mercy. And now let this day be the turning point in your lives. Pray to God that He may make you unfeignedly thankful for your past mercies, and

decided in your future course, that you may serve Him truly all the days of your life, and that at last you may see Him face to face, in the place which He has prepared for them that love Him."

The service ended and the congregation separated. In the porch the lady of the Manor waited for the poor fisherman's widow, and the two mothers stood side by side.

Lady Hayes bent tenderly over the fatherless child, and a tear fell on the baby's brow, where the baptismal waters still sparkled. She was thinking of her own dear boy who would so soon be motherless. "You must bring your little one to the Manor," she said in her soft sweet voice, and then her husband went up to her anxiously, and wrapped a shawl round her, and took her to the luxurious carriage, while the poor young widow wended her way on foot to her desolate home with her little christian child.

"Oh! Willie," she murmured, "if you could but have lived to see this day!" Poor thing, a year ago none had been so bright or so happy as she, but her joy had been short lived. She had married the handsomest young man in all Whiteford, ay and the best too. She loved to think of that now. Just one month ago her husband had gone out in a fishing boat with five others. A fearful storm arose. There had been weeping in many a village home, for during three weeks the boat had never been heard of; until one short week before that bright May day, five of the sailors returned to tell a tale of a miraculous escape. One of them had risked his life to save his fellows, risked it and lost it, and that one was William Hudson. The week after he left his home and his young wife, a little babe came into the world, who was never to know an earthly father's love or care.

"You're to be sure to come up this evening; my lady wants to see you partic'lar; and you're to mind and bring the baby with you," said Sir John Hayes' smart footman to Mary Hudson, some three weeks after the christening. So the young widow dressed her darling with great care, and took him to the great house.

Sir John met them at the door. His good natured honest face was clouded with grief. "Go up, my good woman," he said; "but dont let her talk much, she's very weak." The usual bluff hearty tones were strangely low and faltering. A servant led the way, and Mary followed over noiseless carpets into Lady Hayes' boudoir.

There she lay on her sofa. What a change a few short weeks had wrought in her appearance! Surely not even the idolizing husband could have wished to keep her from the joy to which she was so fast hastening. You saw it in her face at once, the bright expectation, the longing for rest, the unutterable peace. Mary Hudson started at the sight of the lovely vision.

"Mary," said the dying lady, "I have sent for you to bid you good bye. I am going home."

"Oh, my lady, don't say that."

She did not seem to heed the interruption, and continued; "I want to know if you will come and live at the Manor, and nurse my little one with yours."

"Thank you, my lady, I will do my best."

"I am sure you will," continued Lady Hayes, with a sweet smile on her pale face; "for the sake of your baby's father, you will be kind to mine when he has no mother, and in memory of the great blessing, the unspeakable gift, they received together, they must be friends always."

Poor Mary could not speak. She could only murmur her broken confused thanks, and after making arrangements to be at the Manor early the next morning, she took her departure. She saw the lady last lying back exhausted on her pillow with an expression on her gentle face which was almost too holy for earth, while her eyes were fixed upon the illuminated text which hung on the opposite wall, "At evening time it shall be light."

In the morning Mary Hudson and her baby went up to the Manor. But the gentle voice which would have spoken its kindly words of welcome was hushed for ever, and the wail of the motherless babe echoed dismally through the long passages of the old mansion.

Years passed away, and still nurse Hudson lived on at the Manor, a pale quiet woman, never coming out of herself or warming into cheerfulness except when she was alone with her two boys, the young heir, and her own little James. A bright beautiful boy was young Lionel Hayes, daring, impetuous, and affectionate, bidding fair to be spoiled by all with whom he came in contact. He was his father's idol; bluff hearty Sir John was tender as a woman with his motherless boy. They said a tear would come from his eye whenever the distant prospect of Lionel's school days was alluded to. "Pooh," he said, "the lad needn't go to school for many a long day. You must teach him, nurse, the things his mother would have had him know."

And so poor Mary tried to instruct Lionel in all that had made his mother so happy in her death.

Sometimes he would listen; but oftener he was gazing longingly out of the window as if he wished to be chasing the butterflies across the lawn, or swimming his boat in the pond, while James would stand drinking in the words which fell from his mother's lips, and begging for stories of the holy men and women of old. He was a pale, sickly-looking, most people said a plain, child; but there were depths of earnestness in the dark grey eyes, telling that the mind was full of grave thoughts which every one could not fathom.

He was the best boy in the village school, the master said; the most steady and truth-telling, the most attentive to the vicar's lessons, and the best behaved in church.

The good vicar often wished that his pupil, the young squire, who went to the vicarage every morning for two hours' instruction in Latin and history, was half as attentive as his little foster brother.

Perhaps the different characters of the two boys may be best understood by the following incident of their early days.

One evening, as they were playing together, some childish dispute arose. Lionel, in his hasty temper, struck his companion a sharp blow. Poor James's eyes filled with tears; the colour rushed to his pale cheek, and his eye flashed fire. His mother entering the room that instant perceived the state of affairs, and asked the cause of the quarrel. Neither answered; and Master Lionel stalked out, saying that he would not submit to be bullied by a woman and a beggar's brat, and he would tell his father. James trembled. "Oh, mother, what will Sir John say to me?"

"Dont be afraid of what Sir John will say, my boy; ask God to forgive children who grieve His Holy Spirit by saying hard unkind words to each other." The child did not answer, although truth to tell he had been wholly in the right at the beginning of the quarrel. He too went out of the room, and then kneeling by the side of his little bed, he asked for help to rule his emper that he might not provoke his dear Master Lionel.

A violent thumping at the door caused him to start up and open it.

Lionel's sunny face appeared, his hands laden with apples and oranges.

"Look here, old fellow; I say, let's be friends, it was all my fault. So I've brought you these, and we'll make it up by eating them together."

James had sundry misgivings on the subject of the housekeeper's wrath when she should discover the depredations which her young master had committed on her cupboard, but Lionel speedily assured him that it was all right. "I went to my father and told him I had bullied you awfully, and I asked if I might have these things which Hunt had put upon the sideboard ready for desert, and he said 'yes.' So it's all right. Only won't Hunt just be astonished when he sees the empty dishes! Come, look sharp, and peg away, for I'm to be ready for a walk with the governor in ten minutes."

"He's kinder than any one in the whole world," said James to himself, "except my mother," and he sucked his orange vigorously. "I'll never provoke you again if I can help it, and I'll follow you to the end of the world." There was a fixed purpose in the boy's eye as he made this resolution in his heart; and any one looking into his face might have read his thoughts, and knew that he had bound himself to his young master's service with all the strength of his own determined nature.

It was the dreariest time in all young James's life when Lionel really went to Eton. Every day, as he came back from school, he cut a notch in his stick in token that one more lonely day was really gone. He had little spirit left for his lessons, though he worked honestly at them, and none at all for his play. But the weeks rolled on, and holiday time came at last. Lionel at Eton could not have been more eager than James at the Manor. The carriage had scarcely started to meet the train before James was running off at full speed to the entrance of the park. There he would stand an hour or more, careless of heat or cold, wind or rain, waiting impatiently for the first glimpse of his friend that he might open the gates for him to their fullest width, welcome him with his loudest hurrah, and by waving his handkerchief announce his approach to the expectant household. Of course every one at the Manor, from Sir John to the under-housemaid, agreed that Lionel was, at each succeeding vacation, taller, handsomer, and cleverer than ever. Sir John had sometimes to say, "that must not be, my dear boy;" and the old housekeeper would exclaim, in her turn, "'a done now, do Master Lionel." But after all the lad got his own way a great deal, far more than was good for him, from his father as well as from the servants. "He had such a way with him," they said, "they were certain sure he took after his blessed mother." As for James he carried out to the utmost the resolution formed over the orange, and made himself a most obedient and willing slave. It was a great misfortune that they all wilfully blinded themselves to the domineering will, the unrestrained violence of temper, which occasionally betrayed itself. Nurse Hudson had some idea of it, but the Eton boy was now quite beyond her authority, almost beyond her influence. Sometimes, however, he would sit down by her, and have a chat about old days, and listen to her description of his mother. For if his temper was hasty, his heart was full of warm affection. At such times he would bear her words of remonstrance, and even owned she was right when she warned him of the danger and sin of his violence, and of the necessity of self-control. Another thing she could do for him,—pray; and that she did in earnestness, for she was a pious woman, and believed that what she asked in faith for the motherless boy would be granted her.—*Monthly Series of Church Stories.*—[To be continued.]

FOR THE CHURCH CHRONICLE.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Permit me to bring to your notice, for insertion in the *Church Chronicle*, the following striking and valuable leading article from the *Church Journal* of the 14th inst., published in New York. The concluding paragraph of that article does indeed seem to indicate "light from the darkest quarter."

I remain,

Your faithful servant,

R. W. LOWRY.

LIGHT FROM THE DARKEST QUARTER.

In contemplating the reunion of the three great divisions of Christendom, the Oriental, the Roman, and the Anglican, the prospect of success always looks the darkest from the Roman quarter. Rome has the decided majority of all Christendom as to numbers. Rome, by her arrogance, her tyranny, her corruptions doctrinal and practical, has been the great and original author of the existing divisions. By her alliances with secular governments she has gained a peculiar power, which has been strengthened by her secular sovereignty. By her practical developments she has gone on, making the logical necessity of division broader and deeper with the lapse of time. By her assumed infallibility she contrives to shoulder all the burden of the past, as well as the increasing load of the present. By her professed principles, she is pledged to resist all reunion, except on terms of unconditional surrender to her absolute despotism. She will not even permit her people to unite with us in the private use of an entirely unobjectionable prayer for such peace and unity as are agreeable to Our Lord Christ. This, at least, is her official and ostensible position, according to the past and present temper of the Court of Rome.

But there are symptoms that this monstrous overgrowth of assumption is beginning to break down of its own weight. There is a strong and fearful probability that when it breaks it will produce—as Dr. Pusey so sadly forecasts in his *Eirenicon*—a fearful flood of unbelief, so as to be one chief means of the bringing in of the reign of Antichrist. And the infidelity and blasphemy which are to, so great an extent mingled with the present movement against the Papacy in Italy, together with the terrible prevalence of those evils in France and Germany also, point but too surely to the bitter fruits that are ripening in that direction. Yet there is, at the same time, an entirely different set of symptoms, looking towards the return of a large portion of those who are now under the Roman obedience, towards a more truly ancient and catholic position, both as to doctrine and discipline.

The school of the theologians to which the late Abbé Laborde belonged in France, and the Abbé Guettée (until he became an Oriental), and Prompsault, and d' Erlanger, and the author of *Le Maudit*, and many others, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head (in sympathy), their organs being the *Observateur Catholique* and the *Union Chrétienne*, is a school of steadily increasing importance. In Italy, the party among the ecclesiastics who are looking to a genuine Reform upon the ancient basis, is gaining in strength from day to day. In Germany, the party was represented by the late Hirscher, and its living head is Dollinger—by general consent the profoundest and most learned theologian on the Continent. In Teutonic Europe, indeed, real Ultramontanism is scarcely to be found.

But it is in England that we find the most promising signs, because under the most unpromising circumstances. Romanists being there but a small minority of the population, the constant and urgent struggle for existence and growth would

naturally compel the sharp discipline of actual war, and render the suppression of internal dissensions a simple necessity. The fact, too, that so large a part of the prominent Romanists of England are proselytes from the Church of England, is against the prospect of moderation; for the general experience of mankind shows that converts are more zealous than others in pushing the salient points of their new faith, and in denouncing those of the faith which they have abandoned. It is no surprise, but rather the natural thing, to see Manning try to outstrip the Ultramontanists of Rome itself in fulsome adulation of the Pope; and only the more so because, from his position in free England, the actual pressure of Papal interference with *him* would be less than the weight of the "little finger," while on the Continent it would be like that of the "lions" in comparison. All these considerations then would tend to make us expect to find the Romanists of England a solid phalanx of Ultramontanists.

But far from this, the truly Catholic party there seems to be larger in proportion, more thoroughly organized, and more fearlessly outspoken, than anywhere else. The Old English families that have adhered to the Pope ever since the Reformation, belong almost wholly to the moderates. Dr. Newman belongs to it, as is palpable from the tone of his *Apologia* as well as of his letter to Dr. Pusey on the *Eirenicon*. H. N. Oxenham, the able translator of Dollinger, is another; and in his dedication of Dollinger's *First Age of Christianity* to Newman, he addresses Newman as one "whose illustrious name is alone a passport to the hearts and a secure claim on the intellectual respect of his countrymen both within and without the [R. C.] Church," and speaks of Dollinger as "the great Catholic Divine of the Continent," the dedication to Newman being moreover by Dollinger's permission. Yet the Ultramontanism of Rome has not known what to do with Newman this twenty-three years. It could not trust him to revise the Douay version of the Bible. It cannot trust him to superintend a mission at Oxford. And in response to the distrust of Rome, hundreds of the most respectable of the English Romanists lately united in a public testimonial of confidence and regard for him. More than once the party has started its own organ, and Roman influence has done all in its power to stop it. Twelve hundred Romanists were members of the Association for Promoting the Unity of Christendom, when the Pope commanded them to quit it: and only 200 obeyed. Father Ryder has lately come out openly and sharply against Dr. Ward (of *Ward's Ideal*), who of course is an Ultramontane, and grinds him to powder with a freedom that means even more than it says.

But the most remarkable works, by far, in this direction are those of Mr. Edmund S. Ffoulkes, who went over about twenty years ago. It was his "Confessions of a 'vert'" that first gave publicity to the fact that the larger portion of the able men who had gone over to the Church of Rome after being trained in the Church of England, had not become Ultramontanians by any means, and were less likely to become so now than ever. They were *honest* in the step they had taken:—more or less deluded both as to what they were leaving and what they were gaining, but under such a morbid state of feeling at the time that all things appeared to them through a more or less distorted medium. Not a few of them have since come back to the Church of England. Some have become Ultramontanians, like Manning and Ward. But the great body of them, with a remarkable amount of learning, perseverance, zeal, and power, remain to fight Ultramontanism from within the bosom of the Roman communion itself. Mr. Ffoulkes has now sent forth two volumes, or *Parts*, of his history of *Christendom's Divisions*. And re-

markable books they are. The first,—comparatively a small volume,—boldly ridiculed the idea that the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century was groundless: but took the much more logical and correct position that by the tremendous magnitude and power of that movement might be correctly measured the tremendous amount of Papal corruptions by which it had been, not only provoked, but made *necessary*. His second volume is devoted to the “Greek and Latins, being a full and connected history of their dissensions and overtures for peace down to the Reformation.” It is the greatest service yet rendered to Reunion by a Romanist. He here states and *proves* that the Greeks were pretty much right from the first, and the Latins wrong all along. We could quote page after page with the sincerest delight: but take this as a specimen, where he is dealing with the work of the Council of Florence, and the answer made to the positions of the Orientals:—

Too often, it must be confessed, they were sought to be answered or evaded by assertions which *were not fact*, and authorities that *were not genuine*. Thus we are brought to a phase in the controversy which no Western, it is to be hoped, in modern times, will ever look up to without unfeigned *regret and shame*. The two great questions on which the controversy between the East and West turned were, the Procession of the Holy Ghost and the Papacy. On both, the West has been *convicted by modern criticism* of having sought to establish the positions on which it insisted, *by means of such volumes of forged or spurious evidence as would damn any cause forever irrecoverably, Christian or Pagan*, could it also be proved to have been used knowingly, that it was what it has since turned out to be. It would be difficult, in short, to name any secular controversy where *so much utterly worthless testimony had been adduced* in favor of the points sought to be proved.

And again, speaking of the Decretals:—

In short, the Latin Church was generally committed to *a tissue of falsehoods* through their instrumentality resulting in *so much injustice to the Greeks*, that it would be difficult to conceive *any honest man now* in communion with Rome, reading through merely the Acts of the last Council held on the Greek question, and testing the genuineness of the authorities adduced on the Latin side as he went on, *without feeling his cheeks tingle*. It is some relief no doubt to reflect that, among the detectors of the forgeries which were then in vogue, learned men of the Roman Catholic Church, Jesuits and Benedictines principally, let it be said to their credit,—occupy the foremost rank: still, when has there been *any public acknowledgment* made to the Greeks since, that *almost all the principal authorities urged against them* at the Council, which they have been so much abused for repudiating, *have turned out spurious*? Having appealed to them officially, *the Latin Church must disown them officially*, or remain open to the imputation of upholding what, having once been proved fictions, *can only be upheld as lies*.

But we cannot even glance at the masterly manner in which (though heavy reading now and then) Mr. Ffoulkes has completely *rewritten* the history of this whole eventful question, claiming nothing more for Rome than was due her under the old Catholic Canons before the Schism; showing that the Schism did not take place nearly as early as is commonly supposed, but was consummated only by the intolerable and innumerable iniquities of the Latins during the Crusades; that its real basis was political and not religious; that the Emperor Charlemagne was really the author of the *Filioque* policy, which was *forced* on the Pope against his will; that the donation of Charlemagne,—the *temporalities*,—had been the bait or bribe by which the Pope had gradually been seduced from his Catholic and true, to his Latin and false position; and that in negotiations for renewal of communion with the East, the Pope has never twice offered the same terms, “a fresh statement of the doctrine of the Procession” being “demanded of the Greeks about once every

fifty years"; while the Greeks—notwithstanding their faults—"have been martyrs to Catholic and eternal Truth"; and he asks indignantly:—"How long will Europe take to be dispossessed of the *demon* of old Rome?" The advice given to the Pope, to cure the evils of the past (now that the total spoliation of his temporalities is impending) is as follows:—

The Pope has one way left him of anticipating this the second crime of his children. He may with his own hands restore their gifts, bid adieu to their temporal interests, be quit of their politics, wash his hands of their diplomatic notes and Concordats. Laying aside his crown and court, he may shake of the trammels of party with the ties of earth, and be all in all to the whole Church once more. As successor of S. Peter, *though as plain Bishop of Rome*, he may publish to the world that the Greeks have been alienated from his communion by the malice of ignorance of party, *upon false pretences*,—their country lost to Christendom by a *fearful crime*; and he may call upon us all, high and low, to join him in humbling ourselves for the past, in *shaking off this accursed spirit*—this *demon of old Rome* as it may fitly be called—that *has possessed us all for so long*; and in making a public act of reparation to our oppressed brethren, for the *infamous treatment* that they have received at our hands: to humanity, for the ruin and barbarism that we have been for so many centuries entailing upon all that was, till then, the centre of civilization, and is by nature still one of the noblest and most favored zones of the earth. If his holiness would be pleased to do this, he might be doing humanity perhaps the greatest service that he had ever yet done; at all events he would be taking away the reproach of his predecessors. For that the Greeks have been *atrociously treated* must have been by this time made plain enough,—*enough to damn all our boasted civilization for ever*, unless we bestir ourselves without delay to *make amends for the past*.

The position maintained by Mr. Ffoulkes is, that all the Councils held since the Schism should go for nothing, and that the Greeks should be recognized as an integral part of the Church, quite as much so as the Romans, and much more faithful to the truth. His scathing exposures of the wickedness of the Latins, and his glowing eulogium of Greek ecclesiastics, especially that brave old hero Mark of Ephesus, are wonderful to read. And special notice is due to the explanation given by him of the famous Pope Joan story. Cardinal Mai, he tells us, has proved "irrefragably that the fable of Pope Joan must have been a contemporary fiction, originating in the hatred of the Latin party for the memory of Pope John VIII., *not* because his theology was defective, or his life immoral, or his rule arbitrary, but solely because he had the courage, the *manliness*, to appreciate the abilities and desire to cultivate the friendship of the great Patriarch of Constantinople (Photius) his brother."

We must stop, though we hardly know how. Before closing, however, we cannot but acknowledge that we are beginning to suspect that the Church of England, in losing such men as Mr. Ffoulkes to the Church of Rome, in reality took the greatest step that has been taken towards the solution of the hardest problem connected with the Reunion of Christendom: and that is, How to get *Rome* to think as she ought to think, both of her past and her present. Books such as these, *from Romanists*, must tell, sooner or later.

A HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER.—Going up hill, whip me not; coming down hill, hurry me not; on level road, spare me not; loose in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed, deprive me not; tired or hot, wash me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not.

Church News.

ENGLAND.—In consideration, that so important an event to our Church as the assembling of the General Anglican Council on the 24th of September, "ought not to pass unnoticed outside of the Synod," it is proposed that a special celebration of the Holy Communion "in all, or many of our churches on that day might strengthen the bond of unity and faith which we hope will be more firmly knit together by that august assembly."

Attention is being drawn to the Lottery system, which is much used in Britain by the Roman Catholics, for the purpose of raising funds for building and endowing churches and schools. Tickets are sent everywhere in large quantities for sale to Protestants, as well as Romanists. In these days of expiring shams, this system of gambling under the garb of charity, will likely receive its death blow.

Dr. Pusey lately doubted the Orders and perfect orthodoxy of the Scandinavian Communion. A brisk controversy is the result, in which much light is likely to be thrown on the matter.

The Bill for the increase of the Episcopate has met with much obstruction in Parliament. "Poor children may be destitute of opportunities for Confirmation, flocks may be left to careless pastors, useful diocesan institutions may languish or decay," and whilst the enemies of the Church within and without her pale, are banded together to keep this state of things undisturbed, the true friends of the Church make little or no attempt at organization for the promotion of a better system. But they are waking up, and it begins to be perceived that the wonderfully democratic spirit of the day may, by shutting the Bishops out of Parliament, materially reduce their expenses, so that the episcopal income of the present sees, may provide for a large increase in the number of the Bishops. The present Bishops are likely, however, to see the importance of some equitable plan for an increase in their number, and to assist in its proper development.

S. G. O. and his friends having lately held a meeting at Salisbury for the purpose of condemning the theological views of their Bishop, great sympathy has since been publicly expressed for his lordship by many influential churchmen of the diocese. Among others, some persons had assisted at S. G. O.'s meeting, styling themselves delegates from the parish of Alderbury. The churchwardens of that parish disclaiming those "delegates," say:—"We do not consider ourselves competent to sit in judgment on the Bishop's charge. We are quite satisfied with the way the services are conducted in our own church, and we do not think it is any part of our duty as churchwardens at Alderbury to meddle with what may be done in other parishes."

The Bishop of Peterborough has commenced a most excellent system, which is likely to be extensively imitated. He goes unattended to the houses of the Rural Deans and Incumbents of Parishes, preaching and confirming, and assembling the clergy and parishioners for conference on matters of spiritual and temporal benefit to the Church. Such a system will go far to promote unity, and enlarge the usefulness of Convocations and Diocesan Synods.

The Church Rate Bill has been rejected in the House of Lords by an overwhelming majority.

The Bill for the increase of the Episcopate, has passed in a very mutilated condition, but still so as to make it possible to consecrate three additional Bishops, viz: for Cornwall, Nottingham and Herts. An improvement in the Bill is confidently looked for at another session.

The Bishop of Capetown has arrived in England. The Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak has also arrived there. "Twenty years ago he went out the first Christian Missionary to Sarawak, where the Anglican Church has now 1,000 members, (English, Dyaks and Chinese) under eight European clergyman, and one Chinese, with eight native Catechists; and possesses five consecrated churches." [*Col. Ch. Chronicle.*]

Attention is being drawn in England to the remarkable fact that parishes most noted for the large attendance of the children at the Sunday Schools are equally conspicuous for the small numbers of adults attending Church services. It is now suspected to be a mistake, to take the religious training of children so much out of the hands of the parents. Catechising in church is not liable to this objection, but rather stimulates parental instruction, and guides it.

The Colonial Church Chronicle devotes an article to the importance of the movement now on foot, for supplying the organization and services of the Church to the numerous Welsh speaking emigrants in South America, settled between the La Plata and Chupat rivers. Over 100,000 adherents of the collapsed Confederation of the Southern States of America, have also removed to South America, and are looking for the ministrations of our Church. A large and effectual door is thus opened to us in a country in which vast numbers of Roman Catholics are becoming desirous of a reformation in their own communion.

From indications in the Greek, the Roman and the Scandinavian Communions, from remarkable manifestations among Christians of all persuasions in the old world, as well as the new, the evangelical truth, as well as the apostolic order of the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic, are drawing the attention of thoughtful men of all persuasions to its superior claims as the centre of that catholic unity for which so many of Christ's faithful people are now earnestly seeking. To attract the reforming Romanist, the Church of Unity must be Protestant; to satisfy the returning dissenter it must be Episcopal; to be one with the Church of the Redeemer and to claim His protection, it must be Catholic.

CAPETOWN.—Mr. Edwards, the minister of the Wesleyans at Swellendam, in the diocese of Capetown, has joined the Church, and has been accepted by the Bishop as a catechist and candidate for Holy Orders. Mr. Edwards has brought over his congregation with him.—*Church News.*

The Bishop of Capetown is taking measures for the sub-division of his diocese. He proposes that the parishes which now constitute the Archdeaconry of George, shall be erected into a separate see.

HONOLULU.—The prospects of this important Mission were never so good as at present. The Bishop has an efficient staff of clergy—English and American—and the pledged assistance of seven Bishops and a large number of influential members of the Church, clerical and lay, in the United States. Some English ladies, sisters of Mercy, have rendered great assistance in the work of education and attending the sick. In the family of one of the American Missionaries is a young Indian girl from the wilds of Minnesota, who has proved a very efficient teacher of the Hawaiian children.

UNITED STATES.—The Moravians have lately approved the use of the English version of the Liturgy for the Lord's Supper, and have directed their ministers to wear the surplice at this Sacrament.

The introduction of the Cathedral system, and the subdivision of dioceses, is the order of the day. Life, energy and rapid increase are visible on every hand.

The Bishop of Illinois, though reluctant to return so soon to England, has

yielded to the request urged upon him from all sides, and will attend the General Anglican Council. He is to preach the opening sermon of the Council. About twelve Bishops from the United States are expected to be present.

Latest by "China,"—"Our congratulations last week on the anticipated passing of the maimed measure for increasing the Episcopate, were premature. The Premier and the Prelates refused to sanction new Bishops without incomes partially provided by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and without succession by rotation in the House of Peers. Sir Roundell Palmer has, therefore, withdrawn the Bill."—*Guardian*.

"The Ritual Commission has agreed on its first report, which is to be submitted to the Queen, and then, with Her Majesty's permission, published. It is supposed to be unfavorable to the expediency, if not the legality, of vestments, incense, &c.; but if we may guess anything from the exhibition of temper displayed by Lord Shaftesbury on Monday night, it is probably couched in terms of moderation like to the report of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury. The noble Lord was gently rebuked by the Primate and the Bishop of London for his intemperate speech. It is not improbable that there may be more than one report, as it is no secret that the members of the Commission were on some points divided, and some were not always present."—*Guardian*.

A PLEA FOR OPEN CHURCHES

The annexed plea, from one of our most gifted female authors, for an open church, where those who have no real home, and no place or chance for retirement, may go, each day or any day, for a moment's rest or worship—is very suggestive. The first difficulty to be overcome is the want of *free* churches, our Protestant system giving each place of religious worship the character of a private establishment, designed chiefly, if not solely, for the few who have contributed to build and embellish it, or who pay an annual rent for its privileges. There is ample food for reflection in this outcry of one who writes from a heart experience of what she utters:—

NEW YORK, March 8, 1867.

Editors of the Journal of Commerce :

We are all apt to think and feel that our country, in most particulars, is better than any other. But we must admit that there are, in other lands, some points of excellence superior to some in ours. The habit of keeping open the churches, which is common in many countries, is, most certainly, far better than our habit of keeping them fast shut, at all times except when they are needed for public worship, or other meetings. This cannot be a *right* custom. It is not in accordance with the needs of the people. The Temple of God's "peculiar people" was never closed to them. Week-days as well as Sabbaths they continually resorted there, and although they *did* at last profane its holy courts by *brokers' offices*, this would have been a poor argument, and one not regarded, for the closing of its gates against those who loved to frequent it for better purposes. No wonder that David, and Simeon, and Anna, and all devout Jews, so loved the "Courts of Zion;" no wonder that they thought "a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand;" they were the very children of the temple. It was a mother, a consoling mother to them. Into it they could run as to a refuge when the world oppressed or distressed them; it was to

them literally as well as spiritually "for a shadow in the day-time from the heat; for a place of refuge, and for a cover from the storm and the rain." *Why* are not *our* churches like the temple of the Jews, and like the cathedrals in other lands, left always open? Would it spoil the carpets? Then take them away. Would the pulpit furniture and the hymn books be stolen? Then chain the furniture to the floor and lock up the books. Something ought to be done at once so that churches may be left always open. It would be comfort and balm to many a wounded spirit to hide away even for an hour, in some silent corner of the silent church, to meditate and pray—perhaps to weep. There are multitudes who have, and can have, at home, not a moment of seclusion, who yet long for it, as hungry men do for food. To all these the open church would be as a covert, a refuge, and *they ought to have it*. The poor and crowded together inhabitants of other countries may, *at any time* flee to the sanctuary, to hide grief; to pour out sorrow and penitence away from the notice of man. They may rest there if weary; they may slumber there if faint—and this is well. Catholics are in this thing, *much more truly Christians than are Protestants*. Thus their churches are more a *home* to their people. "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth," we know, but few indeed are the souls that need no outward help to reach Him. Few are the persons who can easily and comfortably commune with him without retirement. One may easily learn by the trial of it, what pleasant and comforting thoughts come to the weary soul in the silent church. Its cool, dim light soothes the feelings; its quiet is delicious as balm. And many, many are the religious souls who would be made stronger, better and happier by being allowed free access all the week to churches. It is all wrong, and *of wrong* to keep them closed. What comfort do the poor, the wronged, the desolate of Catholic countries take in praying in the churches? *Why* should such as these be denied in our midst the same refreshment? One of the first things Christ would say, were he to come and walk through these towns and cities, would be, "Open your churches." Never will the writer forget the healing influence upon *one* torn and overborne spirit, of an hour spent all alone in a church, which, by some unusual cause, was left open. Ever since that day there has been, in *that* mind, a desire for liberty often to repeat the sweet experience, and to see it placed within the reach of all.

May the time come *soon* when those who rule in the matter will think more of what would be for the good of the people, than of how to keep the inside of church buildings in trim and dustless order? Trustees, consult with Christ.

A TOUCHING PICTURE.—In a pamphlet printed by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal-green, with a view of showing the extent of the destitution which prevails in his district he alludes to 'children's trades,' which, he says, 'Among these trades the foremost perhaps is the manufacture of lucifer boxes. For this work the payment is twopence farthing per gross, or 32 boxes for one half-penny' out of which sum the little labourers have to find their own paste. The other day I took upon my knees a little girl who is employed in this manner. She told me she was four years old. Her mother said the child had earned her own living ever since she was three years of age. This infant now makes several hundred boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits.

The poor little woman, as might be expected, is grave and sad beyond her years. She has none of a child's vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means. Her whole thoughts are centered in the eternal round of lucifer box making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the street in which she was born. She has never so much as seen a tree or a daisy, or a blade of grass. A poor sickly little thing, and yet a sweet obedient child, the deadly pallor of her face proclaiming unmistakably that she will soon be mercifully taken away to a better world, where, at last, the little weary fingers shall be at rest. And this is only one case out of scores and hundreds."

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.—Rev. W. S. Gray, 10; Rev. J. T. Moody, 15; Rev. T. Richey, Rev. H. Hamilton, J. C. Dauphiney, Peter Eisenhauz, James Morash, Edmund Publicover, Mrs. B. Smith, Mrs. Stokes, Miss H. J. Withrow.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBERS TO THE FUND FOR REBUILDING THE HUBBARD'S COVE PARISH CHURCH.—Albert Freeman, \$6; Francis Schwartz, \$12; Caleb Johnson, \$4; Mrs. Caleb Johnson, \$2; Martin Johnson, \$4; Widow Johnson, \$1; Edward Conred, \$8; Mrs. Edward Conred, \$4; William Dorey, senr., \$5; James Winaught, \$12; Mrs. James Winaught, \$4; George Winaught, \$12; Mrs. George Winaught, \$4; Ephraim Dauphnee, \$4; Jacob Conred, \$8; Mrs. Jacob Conred, \$4; William Conred, \$8; Mrs. William Conred, \$4; George Schnare, \$8; Mrs. George Schnare, \$4; Valentine Bugley, \$4; Michael Sims, \$8; Mrs. Michael Sims, 4; Martin Miller, \$4; Jacob Miller, \$4; George Bugley, \$6; Mrs. George Bugley, \$2.

REV. HENRY STAMER.

Hon'y Secretary and Treasurer.

Hubbard's Cove, August 15th, 1867.

CHURCHES IN HALIFAX.

As a guide to Churchmen visiting the city, we insert the ordinary time of services in all our churches:—

THE CATHEDRAL.—On the Lord's Day: Celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.30 A. M. Full Service at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., 7 P. M. On every third Sunday in the month the Holy Communion is administered at the 11 o'clock service. Daily Morning Prayer at 9 o'clock. Thursday Evening at 4 o'clock.

ST. PAUL'S.—On the Lord's Day: Full Service at 11, 3, and 7. Holy Communion on every first Sunday of the month. Prayers with Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays throughout the year.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Full Service on the Lord's Day at 11, and 7.

ST. MARK'S.—Full Service on the Lord's Day at 11, and 7.

TRINITY (Free) CHURCH.—Full Service on the Lord's Day at 11, and 7. Celebration of the Lord's Supper on every second Sunday of the month.

GARRISON CHAPEL.—On the Lord's Day, Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 o'clock. Full Service at 11, and 7. Prayers and Lectures on Wednesdays.* On every fourth Sunday the Blessed Sacrament is administered at the 11 o'clock Service.

* And all the Festivals at 7 P. M.

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