

Dominion Churchman.

Vol. 6.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880.

[No. 5.

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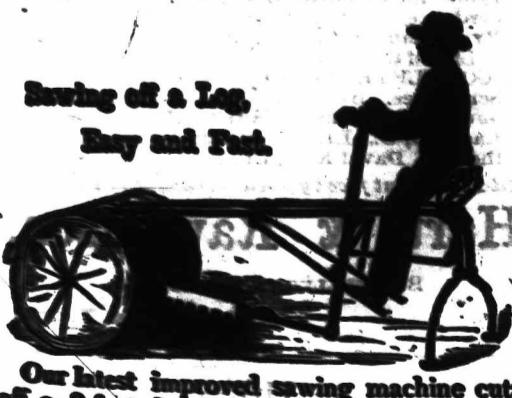
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FAMILY OUGHT TO

SUBSCRIBE FOR.

Dominion Churchman.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1880.

THE Liverpool Bishopric Fund progresses. The Additional Bishopric Committee have appropriated a further sum of one thousand pounds stg. for the purpose. A guarantee is also proposed of five thousand pounds, which would secure the immediate foundation of the Bishopric.

At the close of the year the Bishop of London consecrated the Church of St. Augustine, Stepney, erected at a cost of £7,500 stg.

On the occasion of the consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, a Pastoral staff was presented to the Bishop by the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese. The staff is of a simple and pure design, so as to harmonise with the early style of the Cathedral. Accompanying the staff was an address, engrossed in Gothic character.

The Bishop of Chester has appointed the Rev. W. E. B. Gunn, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Egremont, near Birkenhead. About three years ago, Mr. Gunn received £800 stg., as Minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Kirk, Liverpool. He has since joining the Church held an appointment worth £19 a year and no house.

As Holy Innocent's Day, 1879, fell on Sunday the annual services for children at Westminster Abbey, to commemorate the slaughter of the Jewish children by the order of Herod, was held on Saturday afternoon, St. John's Day, when a crowded congregation attended. Dean Stanley preached the sermon on 8 St. John, 3: 4.

A trilingual inscription has just been discovered in the ruins of an ancient church in Zebed, on the north-east of the Syrian desert. The first inscription is Greek; the second Arabic, in the most ancient ante-Mahammedan kind of writing; the third in an unknown character. It contains a dedication of the Church, and is probably of about the fourth century.

The Bishop of Manchester in a recent sermon in his Cathedral, remarked that in national and political affairs the past year was not marked by much of which as a nation we could be justly proud. He said the question must force itself on Englishmen, "What business had we with our armies either in Zululand or Afghanistan? Could it be pretended that either of them was just or necessary?" He added that "unless we were to abandon all pretence to justify a recourse to arms, he, as a Christian Bishop, must distinctly say, if he was to be faithful to his message, that as a nation we had misdoings to repent of for having been the first to draw the sword in those two wars." We fear there is some foundation for the Bishop's complaint.

A United States newspaper states that a certain physician gave to a sample of whiskey submitted for his examination the following "first-class" certificate:—"Gentlemen, I have tasted your whiskey, and having at different times tried various vermin-killers, I believe yours to be superior to them all. You are at liberty to make use of this."

At the monthly meeting of the Presbytery of Manchester, the Committee in Synod on lapsed Presbyterians recommended the Presbytery to hold a Conference at an early day to consider "how we are to prevent the enormous leakage that goes on from year to year from the Communion rolls, and the disappearance from our congregations of a very large number of our baptised youths and others."

CORRECTION.—In our issue of the 15th inst., page 29, col. 1, line 38 from the bottom, read "no mere"; col. 2, line 2, for "regulating" read "equalizing"; line 30, before "affected," read "not"; line 72, for "minority" read "seniority"; col. 3, line 72, for "passed" read "paved."

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

THE Exhortation in the Order for the Visitation of the sick forms an admirable collection of the chief lessons the Church brings before us today. They primarily allude to only one kind of the trials to which we are exposed in the course of our sojourning on earth; but the principle they inculcate are equally applicable to every mode and every form of adversity in which our Heavenly Father may see fit to test our attachment to him. These Exhortations are chiefly identical with those in use in the English Church for many ages; and as expanded into their present shape, they are most touching and impressive. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went, not up to joy, but first he suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So, truly, our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life it gladly to die with Christ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with him in everlasting life." And moreover, however painful and mysterious the discipline to which we are subjected in this life, it is all under the guidance of a wisdom and a goodness which are infinite. The tendency of all the sorrows and privations we can endure is to foster in our hearts the very dispositions—the fitness which must be cultivated for the Kingdom of God. St. Paul teaches us that Adversity not only tries, but produces virtue; not only ascertains our capacity for eternal happiness, but increases it. "Tribulation worketh patience." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." In fact, the whole argument for resignation under the painful and mysterious discipline which prepares and educates us for our heavenly inheritance, may be summed up in the words of the Author of the Epistle to the Hebrews:—"Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence, shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and love. For they, verily, for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure, but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness."

THE INCREASED USE OF OPIUM.

THE evils which more openly present themselves are apt to be more loudly decried than those which are silently and insidiously, but more effectively undermining all that is sacred

among men in religion and morals. We have in late years heard much of the outcry against the abuse of alcohol, until some extremists have decried the use of it in any shape or form. And to a very large extent the outcry has a great deal of very good reason for its exercise. The effects of the excessive use of alcohol are apparent and generally they are violently so. But it is worthy of consideration that in places where this stimulant is unattainable, or where the greatest possible obstructions are laid upon the use of it (some portions of the United States for instance), a stimulant has taken its place which is infinitely worse in every respect but one—and that is in the violence with which the alcoholic stimulant manifests itself, whereas the opium substitute is indulged in by those who are not suspected of using it, except by some who are well acquainted with its immediate effects. Alcoholism in its worst forms is generally a curable disease, as the thousands of asylums for chronic drunkards in Europe and America and the myriads of reformed drunkards testify. But in many places where the use of alcohol has been forbidden, especially in the United States, and in parts where the use of it has been frowned down by public opinion—in England, in the United States, and even in Canada—a far more deadly stimulant has taken its place; and that stimulant is opium. This is infinitely more dangerous and more destructive to body, soul, and spirit than any other known stimulant, and the use of it is rapidly increasing in several parts of England, in some of the United States, and also in Canada. This deadly narcotic, sometimes so serviceable as a medicine, when it is taken habitually obtains certain and entire control of the deluded victim; it ruins the body, and destroys all the powers of the mind. It is resorted to in secret, its immediate effects are only discernible to the practised observer; and the wretch who dares not in the face of public opinion take a spoonful of lager beer, secretly indulges in the most accursed of all known stimulants. We are told by the *Brooklyn Eagle* and elsewhere that in New England "the consumption of opium by all classes, by farmers, clergymen, and their families is growing at a fearful rate;" and that there, "the deadly mind-destroying drug..... threatens to become an ineradicable curse." "It begets a cunning like that of insanity; all moral obligations vanish in the face of the irresistible craving..... The moral nature is destroyed, and reformation, except under compulsory abstinence, cannot begin. The horrors of *delirium tremens*..... are but as a pleasant dream compared with the agonies, the unspeakable torments of the starving opium-eater..... Its victims are found in store and counting room, in the pulpit, on the stage, in the courts, in the public offices, in legislative halls and private drawing rooms. They belong to no class and comprise both sexes." We ourselves knew a "minister of the Gospel," a great "temperance" lecturer, who not only indulged in this seductive vice, but also recommended his people to do the same. The habit is increasing in this country, and must soon become a subject for legislative inquiry and action.

CLERICAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

IT does not require a great stretch of the imagination to suppose that clergymen are frequently

brought face to face with the utter impossibility of making an adequate, if any, provision for advanced age or dependent family. A few do receive an income from which it is possible to lay aside something from year to year, but unfortunately the ability to do this is the exception and not the rule. The Benevolent Funds of the Church fall far short of making up for the lack of ability to save on the part of the clergy generally. Nor is there any encouragement for the future as the smallness of the sums paid from these Funds must continue until some means are devised and put in operation that will increase them. It would not be difficult to show that this state of things is a great injustice to a class of men who possess talents and discharge an amount of actual work which, in ordinary worldly affairs, would yield a very much larger income, but such is not our present purpose. We have merely to accept the state of things which exists and consider what is best for the clergy under it. The vital question is, what can the Clergy do so that they may not be wholly dependent on the Benevolent Fund of the Church? The letter of the Rev. C. R. Bell, of Lakefield, published in our issue of the 8th instant, places the matter in a clear and sensible light and we fully agree with Mr. Bell in the view that the only way by which clergymen can supplement payments from the Widows' and Orphans' Funds, or any other Fund of the Church, is by Life Assurance. To do this, however, has been about as difficult as to lay aside out of the yearly income for future necessity. Life Assurance cannot be had for nothing and the payment of the premium has been the trouble. The demand for the necessaries of life by a clergyman's family forms a first claim upon his purse, and to satisfy that demand the contents have in most cases been exhausted. We are strongly of the opinion that it is the bounden duty of the Synods of the Church to give early and earnest heed to this matter and mature some plan by which the families of clergymen will have further protection by means of Life Assurance. A plan having this in view has been prepared by Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director of the Confederation Life Association, of the city of Toronto, the particulars of which have been communicated to the Clergy by means of a circular from that Company. This scheme has been highly approved of by the Bishop of Toronto in his circular of September last, referred to by Mr. Bell. We propose in our next issue to give an outline of the proposed scheme, as we consider it a real boon to the Clergy and will therefore be glad to give our views in regard to it. Meanwhile, as suggested in our last issue, we will be glad to receive correspondence on this question.

THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND IN 1879.

The year 1879 has not been a very memorable one in Church matters. A few years ago, indeed, the state of affairs at St. Alban's Holborn, would have created considerable excitement; but Mr. Mackonochie having been ten years before the courts, the public are so accustomed to his vagaries that his refusal to obey a particular sentence of Lord Penzance, or to admit the Bishop's nominee, hardly calls forth more than a passing remark. At St. Vast's Foster Lane, last Sunday, Mr. Dale, who has never celebrated the Holy Communion since he was forbidden to wear vestments, obeyed the Bishop's direction to resume celebrations, but wore the forbidden garments. The attempt on the part of Convocation to arrive at a concordat with the Ritualists has for a time failed. The important Bishopric of Durham was vacated by Dr. Baring by resignation (his lordship soon after died), and he was succeeded by Canon Lightfoot, whose appointment gave universal satisfaction. Another important event was the consecration (on S.

James' Day) of Dr. Walsham How as Bishop Suffragan of London (under the title of the Bishop of Bedford), and the good result of his appointment has already been abundantly shown. On the same day a new bishop for Jerusalem, one for China, and one for New Westminster were set apart in St. Paul's; and subsequently in Croydon Church another bishop for British Columbia was consecrated. The appointments of Lord A. Compton, the popular Deputy-Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation, to the deanery of Worcester; of the Master of the Temple to the deanery of Llandaff; and of Professor Stubbs to the canonry of St. Paul's, are noteworthy; while a new arch-deaconry of Southwark has been formed. The sad death of the Bishop of Guildford has left a void difficult to fill. Among other deaths we have to note are those of the Dean of Worcester, Professor Brewer, Canon Ashwell, and Prebendary Bullock, the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The consecration of Edinburgh Cathedral was of interest beyond the borders of the Scottish Episcopal Church; while in Colonial Church matters the death of the magnificent Bishop Tyrrell, of Newcastle (who never came home for thirty years, and endowed his see), and of the first Bishop of Colombo (Dr. Chapman), so beloved of Etonians, are to be noted. In Ceylon unfortunately the controversy between the present Bishop and the Church Missionary Society still continues, and has been referred for settlement to the Primates and the three senior home bishops. In South Africa there are ecclesiastical dissensions, not merely in Natal, where the arrival of a Mr. Colley has revived the Colenso controversy, but in Grahamstown, where the Bishop has excommunicated the Dean, who has taken the same attitude in a free as Mr. Mackonochie has done in an Established Church. What has been known as the Bordesley sacrilege, and the Carter case still under appeal, have been the chief events which have moved the High Church world; and among the extreme Evangelicals there has been some stir because Canons Ryle, Garbett, Hoare, and other moderate members of the party—dubbed by the ultras "Neo-Evangelicals"—have shown themselves willing to co-operate with other schools of Churchmen. The movement for a reform of the representation of the parochial clergy in the Lower Houses of the two Convocations has made considerable progress.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Diocesan Intelligence.

MONTREAL.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The Mission Fund.—This week ends the missionary meetings for the present. On the whole they have been a decided success, and have been marked by a unanimity that augurs well for the future. Truly our Bishop did not spare himself—he presided at each meeting, and at each meeting made just the right kind of address. Mr. Brydges was again present at some of the meetings as was also Mr. Thomas White, M.P. At the meeting in St. Jude's the Bishop spoke in high terms of the zeal and patience displayed by the pastor and people of that young and rising congregation, and complimented them on their work of faith and labour of love. His Lordship's remarks were well deserved. Mr. Dixon and his people have overcome obstacles that, to many, would have seemed insuperable. The meetings at Trinity, St. Mary's, and Longueil were fairly attended notwithstanding the very inclement weather. The attention at Trinity was the smallest of all the meetings.

Canon Thompson.—This was once a very familiar name in the Diocese of Montreal. The Rev. J. H. Thompson, Vicar of Datchet, near Windsor, England, was for some years Canon of Christ's Church Cathedral in this city, and Professor of Theology in Bishop's College, Lennoxville. His wife, who departed this life on 28th ult., was sister to Mrs. Williams, wife of the Lord Bishop of Quebec. Mr. Thompson has the sympathy of many of his old Eastern Township friends in this his hour of sorrow.

WAKEFIELD.—When the Parsonage was burned last summer the Incumbent lost all his furniture, clothing, and almost all his books. Out of quite a respectable little library he managed to save the following

volumes only, viz.:—Trench on Miracles, Horne's Introduction, 3 volumes out of 4; Trench on Parables, Paley's Works, 3 volumes out of 5; Brown on the Articles, Burnet on the Articles, Pearson on the Creed, Massingberd's English Reformation, Priccaux's Connection, Sadler's Second Adam, Greek Testament, Vulgate, Shakespeare, Shelley, Longfellow, Bible and Classical Atlas, and some Latin and Greek authors; altogether about two dozen works out of the whole collection. Rural Dean Robinson and Rev. Mr. Longhurst have jointly issued a circular inviting the co-operation of the clergy of the Diocese in an endeavor to replace for Mr. Fuller, at least a portion of the books he has lost. Won't some of the generous readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, lay and clerical, in the other Dioceses, help in this matter? Money or books (other than those already mentioned) will be gladly received and acknowledged by Rural Dean Robinson, of Aylmer, P. Q., or Rev. Mr. Longhurst, of Eardley. Let us all give a helping hand to a member of our Church, especially a missionary in distress; those who perhaps cannot spare the money can spare a couple of volumes.

STANSTED PLAIN.—This point lies so close to our Diocese that it almost seems a parish of our own; it is, however, in the Diocese of Quebec. The pastor is Mr. Thorlue. The minister and people are making an effort to raise some money for the Parsonage Fund, and social meetings are held for the purpose nearly every week—the last being held at the house of Mr. C. A. Richardson, the popular Registrar for the District. The sum of 25 cents is charged to each person at each meeting and quite a respectable amount is being rolled up.

MANSONVILLE.—We hear some talk of a new church in connection with this parish and hope it may take definite shape before long. The present church is, *forte* *principis*, the worst-looking Church of England building in the Diocese. It was originally built for a Baptist meeting-house and was used by the Baptists as such for many years when it fell into our hands by purchase. Successive Incumbents of the Church have talked of putting up a new and more respectable edifice but so far the old one stands, a monument to the uselessness of words when not followed up by deeds. During the last two or three years the Roman Catholic Church and the Methodist Society have each erected very pretty little places of worship;—surely Church of England people who are the wealthy, and the intellectual of the District, can afford to do something in this direction for the glory of God. Mr. Ker says he is opposed to building churches "on credit;" we think he is right, but there is quite enough wealth in his congregation to render "credit" unnecessary.

ORMSTOWN.—It is somewhat late in the day to chronicle Xmas doings, and we regret the account of the proceedings on 30th ult., did not come to hand earlier. The Rev. A. D. Lockhart and his people spent a very happy time together—around the Xmas tree. Miss Lockhart, the organist, was presented with a china, glass, and toilet set by the congregation. After the "Free" supper was served at the parsonage the evening was spent in games and music and with innocent sport in which the good missionary and his family heartily joined. There are but few places in the Diocese in which the Church is doing a greater work than in Ormstown.

LACOLLE.—Miss Featherston, the organist of the Saviour's Church, has been presented by the congregation with a beautiful writing desk. Rev. Mr. Wood is still in charge.

LEST.—It is usual in this Diocese during the season of Lent for the various clergymen to exchange pulpits with each other. Without going into the question as to whether the custom is profitable either for the clergy or people, it may not be out of place to suggest that the old party considerations which used to cause so much sorrow and vexation in days gone by, should not influence the clergy in extending invitations to their brethren. We have no time to waste upon such folly; the Church in this city and Diocese is loaded down with the burden of real, blessed, missionary work, and this work can only be successfully performed by unity and love, and brotherly toleration, along our whole line. Out upon the man who, in the face of so much to be done, revives the old time issues between high and low, Evangelical and Ritualist! The Church needs all—the high as well as the low, the Evangelical as well as the Ritualist. If sinners are only brought to Christ, it makes but a scant difference whether the Evangelical or the Ritualist is made the instrument of conversion. We are sure that Canon Baldwin's real eloquence and piety would do good, and would be welcomed now and again in the pulpit of St. John the Evangelist, and we are equally sure that the unaffected goodness of the Rev. Edmund Wood—his devotion

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to his work, his zeal and self-sacrifice, his single eye to God's glory, and his simple plainness of speech would command respect and do good in the pulpit of Christ's Church cathedral. Let us bear in mind that the Catholic Church is not a little sect confined to one single phase of belief and practice; but a large, world-embracing community, many sided in its aspects.—Divine in its construction! The very basis of our Protestantism is toleration, and he who does violence to toleration does violence to Protestantism.

MONTREAL.—St. James the Apostle.—On Tuesday evening last, another very successful concert took place in the school room,—proceeds in aid of Parochial Missions. The Misses Hannaford and Maltby, together with Messrs. King, Marler, McDonnell, and Horne were the principal performers. Doctor Norman presided. There will be one more concert before Lent.

CONFERENCE.—A Temperance conference in connection with the Dominion Alliance will be held in Zion place (Congregational) on 30th inst., at 9.30 a. m. In the evening a mass meeting will be held in the Methodist house on Great St. James' St., at which Bishop Bond will preside. Addresses will be delivered by Sir L. Tilley, Sir A. T. Galt, Canon Baldwin, and others. Reduced fares have been arranged for on all the lines of Railway.

ONTARIO.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PICTON.—A meeting was held at St. John's Church, opposite Waupoose, on the evening of the 13th inst., the deputation consisting of the Rural Dean, the Rev. Mr. Godden and the Rev. Mr. Forneri. After the evening services by the Incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Smith, he set forth the object of the meeting, and the necessity of the co-operation of the members and well-wishers of the Church to sustain them in their efforts, if the Church was to prosper and spread her borders. Rev. Mr. Forneri made strong appeals in behalf of their efforts to extend to the remote and destitute the glad tidings of a Saviour being born, and His will and glorious design for the future of the human race. The Rev. Mr. Godden then showed what the Church was in its infancy, and how it had grown, not only in England and in many parts of the Old World, but also in the United States and our Dominion of Canada as well, and showed plainly that those who loved their Church must put their shoulder to the wheel if they wished to perpetuate it and extend its efforts.

An illustration of the change taking place in some parts occurred a little while ago. A vessel had been wrecked upon a cannibal coast and by great exertion two of the crew had reached the shore. They felt for a moment they were safe, but after reflecting where they were they feared they were only saved for a worse fate. They repaired to a mountain top thinking to screen themselves from the eye of those who were surrounding them, and perchance to catch a glimpse of some passing ship that might relieve them from their perilous position. They lay there waiting in dread the hour when day should dawn upon them and expose them to their enemy. When the sun began to peep over the hills, after casting their eyes over the sea, and gazing in vain for a chance of escape, they turned their eyes over the surrounding country when one of them caught the glitter of a church spire in the distance. He cried out to his companion in ecstasy, "John, we are safe, there is a Church spire; our Church missionaries are here." They repaired to the spot and it would be hard to describe their feelings when they clasped the hand of the Church Missionary they found there. The Rural Dean referred to that branch of our Church in our neighboring republic and said that he, although an Englishman by birth, had received his ordination there. He spoke of the great missionary efforts put forth by them, and their success. He thought the Church there had done as much as England according to the position of both. It is true that they have some endowments in the United States. When America was a British Colony our noble Queen Anne, who had always an eye upon our beloved Church, endowed "Trinity Church," of New York, with lands there surrounding it, now bringing large sums into the funds of the Church. Most of the churches throughout the Eastern States have been built from funds arising from that endowment, and some Western churches as well. The tawny sons of the forest attracted her attention also. The Mohawk tribe at that time was settled on the river now bearing their name, the Mohawk River; the Queen, anxious for their future, built them a church, sent them a missionary educated in their own tongue and paid him for his services, and at the time gave it small endowment. Their Queen had made them a present of a silver communion service as well as to build them a church, and when they found in the revolutionary war the rebels were likely to overthrow British

supremacy they consulted together to know what they should do with their church property, what should be done with their communion service, when those who were British to the core said, "We will bury it; no traitor's hand shall pollute it." They did so and after the war was ended they repaired to the spot, dug it up and brought it to the wild woods of Canada and placed it in their wigwags, and are bound ever to keep it as a memento of their noble mother, Queen Anne, whose inscription was upon it when presented. And that same service can now be seen in the church where the worthy Dean is the Incumbent.

The deputation congratulated the people on having so fine a church to worship in, and were proud to hear that every vestige of the debt of the church had been wiped out. The people regretted the collection was so small, but bad roads, a thin house, poor crops and small prices must suffice as the apology for it, and not their unwillingness to do more, as they had full hearts, but empty hands.

AMHERST ISLAND.—In spite of hard times and nearly impassable roads here on Xmas Day, the offertories given to the clergyman were good; in St. James' Church, \$22.48, and Christ Church, \$29.10. Total, \$51.58. Offerings in kind swelled the amount to over \$60.

TORONTO.

ORILLIA.—On Sunday, the 18th inst., the Right Rev. the Bishop held a confirmation in St. James' Church at the morning service, when thirty-two candidates presented themselves. In the evening His Lordship preached an excellent mission sermon. The collection, which was very creditable, is to be devoted to the funds of Home Missions. On both occasions every available seat was occupied and many had to go away. On the previous Saturday His Lordship held a reception at the parsonage where despite the wet state of the weather upwards of 200 of the members of the congregation were presented. One pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of an address, to which his Lordship gave a suitable reply.

WOODBIDGE.—The annual missionary service in connection with Christ Church was held on Monday evening, Jan. 19th, in the Orange Hall. The choir was under the leadership of Mr. C. W. Edwards. The speakers were Rev'ds O. P. Ford, B.A., Chairman; Rev. E. H. Mussen, M.A., and Mr. C. J. Agar. The meeting was opened by the singing of a hymn and united prayer and after this Mr. Ford read the report submitted by the Mission board at the last meeting of the Synod. Several hymns were sung during the evening and the meeting closed with prayer. There was a good attendance and the collection was in excess of—at least—the two preceding years.

APSLEY.—On January 1st a deputation from St. Stephen's, Chandos, waited on Mr. Harding and asked his acceptance of a sleigh-load of grain, vegetables and pork, with the promise of a load of hay, which has since been delivered. Mr. Robt. Hawkes presented the following address:

REV. SIR,—The members of St. Stephen's congregation wish you and your family a happy new year. We also beg of you to accept the accompanying small tokens of our regard for you and your family, hoping that our Heavenly Father may long spare your health and continue your valuable services among us! We remain your loving servants in Christ,
Signed on behalf of the congregation,
GEORGE SHARP, } Churchwardens.
JAS. TANNER, }
ROBT. HAWKES, Vestry Clerk.

Mr. Harding, by whom this was wholly unexpected, expressed his earnest wish that the good feeling, the friendship and the earnestness which had existed amongst them from the beginning might continue for many years.

Some time after, Mr. Wm. Wilson, one of the town councillors, representing the congregation worshipping in Chandos East, presented Mr. Harding with a considerable sum of money as an acknowledgment of his services. This was very acceptable, but the kindly feeling which prompted the collection made it doubly so.

SYNOD OFFICE.—Collections, &c., received during the week ending January 24th, 1880.
MISSION FUND.—January Collections.—Port Perry, \$8.00; Cobourg, \$40.00; St. Philip's, Unionville, \$1; Markham, Grace Church, \$4; Christ Church, Stouffville, \$8; Holland Landing, \$4.47; Sharon, \$1.25; Trinity College School Chapel, Port Hope, \$28; Orillia, \$25.49; Mulmur West, Whitfield, \$2.75; Elba, \$2.50; North Orillia and Medonte; St. Luke's, \$13.50; St. George's, \$3.32; York Mills, \$4.08; Carleton Place, \$2; St. Anne's, Toronto, \$11. Parochial Collections.—Holy Trinity, Toronto, additional \$32.40. Mission

ary Meeting.—Trinity East, East, Toronto, \$10.
WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND.—October Collections.—Church of the Ascension, Toronto, in full of Assessment, \$77.70.

NEWMARKET.—On the 12th inst., the Lord Bishop made his first official visit to this parish and held a Confirmation in St. Paul's Church, on which occasion thirteen candidates of various ages received the Apostolic Rite. In the afternoon the Church workers and Lay Delegates, with other members of the congregation called upon the Bishop, whose cordiality and urbanity made a pleasing impression upon his visitors. In the evening an entertainment was held in the Mechanics' Hall in honor of the Bishop's visit, at which between 3,000 and 4,000 persons were present. The origination of the entertainment was due to Mrs. Edward Morgan, who was most cordially supported by a large staff of co-labourers.

It is a matter for deep thankfulness to see the entire accord with which all are uniting their efforts for the cause of the Church in this parish.

An address was presented to his Lordship, to which a suitable reply was made.

NIAGARA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

HAMILTON.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Niagara and Mrs. Geddes have left for New York whence they sail for England by the steamer Celtic. There were a large number of the clergy and parishioners at the station to bid them farewell and to wish them *un bon voyage*. Among the former were Rev. Canon Read, Grimsby; Revs. Carmichael, Curran, Thomson and others. The parting was a most affecting one, all present being moved at saying good-bye to one who had been among them for a period of nearly forty-five years. As the train moved out of the station hats were taken off and handkerchiefs waved till the train was out of sight. Both the Dean and Mrs. Geddes were deeply moved and the rev. gentleman almost broke down on taking leave. Dean Geddes goes to England to take charge of a parish in Surrey. We in company with his numerous friends wish him and Mrs. Geddes long life and happiness. A copy of most affectionate verses was presented to the Dean previous to his departure, which we regret we have not room to insert.

GUELPH.—The Bishop of Algoma paid a visit here and addressed the congregation of St. George's Church on Sunday morning, 2nd after Epiphany, on the mission work in his immense Diocese, which has a coast line of 800 miles along the Great Lakes. When he first entered on the duties of his office, the whole population was between 12,000 and 13,000. Two years since it had increased to about 80,000 and now it was estimated at 100,000. His address was listened to with profound attention by the large congregation. At the close of the service there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, for which 140 remained. In the afternoon the Bishop again addressed the Sunday School, giving an account of the noble work done at the Shingwauk Home, in educating Indian children, under Mr. Wilson, (grandson of the late Metropolitan of India) who had devoted his life to this good work. In the evening the Bishop preached a very impressive practical sermon to a large congregation. The offering for Algoma Diocese, including \$14 from the Sunday School, for Shingwauk, amounted to \$66. His Lordship's various addresses deeply impressed all who had the privilege of hearing him, with the vast importance of the work in the wide-spread mission field over which he is the chief pastor.

ST. CATHARINES.—The Bishop of Niagara officiated twice in the Church of St. Thomas, taking the whole duty on each occasion, on Sunday, the 11th.

The eccentric gentleman who finds himself unable to conform to the rules and doctrines of the Church, and has therefore very properly withdrawn, held forth in the Baptist place of worship a Sunday or two ago.

BELLEVILLE.—The annual Diocesan Missionary Meeting was held in St. John's Church, Friday evening the 23rd inst. The Incumbent, Rev. R. G. Forneri, said prayers. The Rev. B. B. Smith of Milford, delivered the first speech. It was a plain and forcible address, upon the results of Missionary work in general. He refuted the common objection of worldly men that Christian missions were barren of good results. He instanced the marvellous success of English Church missions in various quarters of the world, especially during the last half century. The Rev. I. W. Burke, Convener, followed. His address was very short. He congratulated the congregation on the success of St. John's Church so far, in spite of difficulties, and trusted that they would go on prospering. The Rural Dean spoke next. In an eloquent and stirring address he described the missionary outlook in the Diocese. Within a given circle the ground was

fairly covered by our missionaries, but beyond that there was a blank. In N. Hastings alone there were 18 Townships whose numerous settlers hardly ever saw the face of a Church clergyman. He had proposed to the several congregations throughout his Deanery, that they should assess themselves in aid of the Mission Fund to the amount which they had reached in their most prosperous years. This proposition had everywhere been well received, and he anticipated by this plan an increase of \$500 on last year's contributions in his Deanery. The Rural Dean's speech was listened to by the congregation with the utmost attention and interest. The meeting throughout was most animated. The singing good. The collection amounted to \$18.88.

ALGOMA.

The Rev. W. Crompton, travelling clergyman, gratefully desires to acknowledge the receipt of a large box from the Church Women's Aid Society, Toronto, per Mrs. W. T. O'Reilly, containing presents for the scholars of his Sunday Schools, and various gifts to himself and family. Mr. C. would at the same time ask his numerous correspondents to excuse an immediate reply to any of their letters, as he does not expect to be at home more than four days during the next six weeks. Aspdin P. O., Stisted, January 17th, 1880.

HURON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRANTFORD: Grace Church was very handsomely decorated for Xmas, no amount of labour was spared by willing and loving hearts and hands to beautify the temple in honor of its Incarnate God. The offering was upwards of \$102. Church matters seem to be working quietly and prosperously in both Grace and St. Jude's—without a single discontented or "aggrieved" parishioner, as far as is known.—"Laus Deo."

WOODSTOCK.—The readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN will doubtless remember the laying of the corner stone of the Church in Woodstock in October 1877, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop. After little more than two years he has had the happiness to consecrate the building, and the Bishop of Toronto, formerly Rector of Woodstock, preached the sermon on Timothy 2: 15, at its consecration. The church was crowded. There were also present the Very Rev. Dean Boomer, Ven. Archdeacon Nelles, Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, Rev. Canon Innes, Rev'ds E. E. Newman, A. Brown, J. B. Richardson, A. Darnell, J. Gemley, J. Edmonds and other clergymen. The choir of St. Paul's, London, were in attendance, and, after an introductory overture by the organist, Mr. Sippi, the 258th hymn (Bickersteth's collection) was sung, the hymn having been given out by the Rector, Rev. J. J. Hill. The first part of the morning service was said by the Ven. Dean Boomer; the Psalms were chanted by the choir; the first lesson was read by the Ven. Archdeacon Nelles; the second lesson by Rev. E. E. Newman; and the Creed was said by the Rev. Canon Innes. The Bishop of Huron said the Litany, and the Rector, Rev. J. J. Hill, read the declaration of conformity to the liturgy and doctrines of the Church. The sermon followed. The usual dedicatory service was read and the Church declared open for public worship. During the offertory Mr. Sippi played one of his brilliant voluntaries on the organ acquired for the new Church. The Church in its position and architecture is considered one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in this Diocese. It is of purely Gothic architecture: the walls of red brick, with heavy Ohio stone caps, and relieved with black bands. The roof is of black slate with coloured bands. On the north-west corner is a magnificent tower, 134 feet in height with a circular turret containing a winding staircase leading to the belfry. The extreme length of the Church is 180 feet and the width 84 feet. The extreme inside length is 102 feet and the width 64 feet. In this length the chancel is included. The roof is supported on 12 Gothic columns of elegant design and workmanship. There are 8 side windows of coloured glass each 21x7 feet. The chancel is semi-circular in shape. It is lighted by 7 handsome windows, the centre one having a life-size representation of our Saviour with a lamb in his arms with this inscription: "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, and gather the lambs with His arm." The stained glass is by R. Lewis, of London, Ontario. The ceiling is of grained oak wood, elaborately ribbed and boldly moulded, and is filled in with chamfered boarding, oiled and varnished. The pews also are oiled and varnished, corresponding with the grained roof, with sittings for 800 people.

ALMSTON.—The parishioners of St. John's Church met in the Music Hall on Thursday, 15th inst., in order to give a public welcome to the Rev. E. Softley,

R. D., on his taking charge of the Mission. Tea was served, and several gentlemen and ladies gave selections of vocal and instrumental music of a very appreciable character, and with good effect. The following address was presented to the Incumbent, and the occasion was, we trust, both pleasant and profitable.

To the Rev. E. Softley, B. D. :—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We, your parishioners are assembled here to-night, not through any conventional spirit, but that we may pay our respects to you, our Pastor, and welcome you in a becoming manner to this Parish. We have also met together that mutual benefits may be derived: first, that you may be made known to us; and second, that we may be made known to you;—and we trust the bonds of friendship sealed to-night may be permanent and real, such as time will hallow and make venerable. We fully know the diffidence consequent upon strange associations, but we wish you to consider yourself at home with us; for although we are "not in goodness and in powers pre-eminent," yet we assure you that we are sincere in this our welcome. And to Mrs. Softley and your family we extend the hand of true fellowship, trusting that they and we may see many happy and prosperous days together. Lastly, may God, the Giver of all good gifts pour down upon you the continual dew of His blessings, and assist you in the discharge of those duties upon which you have entered in this your new field of labour. And, finally, "when the fever called living is conquered at last," may we all, pastor and people, be gathered home to be with him "who loved us and gave Himself for us." Signed on behalf of the congregation by ALEX. LUCAS and JAS. C. G. LAMONT, Wardens.

Mr. Softley, in reply, said he felt cheered by his reception, and confidently anticipated great results from Christian co-operation of so cordial a character.

The missionary meetings will be held in the City of London during the first week in February as follows: Christ's Church, Monday, Feb. 2; Chapter House, Tuesday, Feb. 3; St. Paul's Church, Wednesday, Feb. 4; Cronyn Memorial Church, Thursday, Feb. 5; St. James' Westminster, Friday, Feb. 6. The meetings in the Thamesford Parish will be held during the succeeding week beginning at Dreaney's Hall, on Monday, the 9th of February at 2.30 p.m.

MISSION NOTES.

The Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Ascension Church, Buffalo, invites all the members of his congregation to meet monthly at the parsonage, where they have a Church Social, and conclude by paying up their dues to the Church. We know several places in Canada where this arrangement might be made with advantage.

SCHOOLS IN MADAGASCAR: *Tychildren who belong to a mission army or a Sunday School.* By Miss LAWRENCE.

In most of the Schools that I have visited this year, I have seen a Mission box on the table, and boys and girls bringing their pennies to drop into it instead of buying nice sweet things for themselves. Last winter, I saw a little girl belonging to a Sunday School in London, stay behind her class to look for her half-penny which she had dropped, and on finding it she looked so pleased and brought it to me saying, I was to take it for the children in Madagascar.

About fifteen years ago, the S. P. G. sent a Missionary to teach the people at the large seaport of Tamatave, on the coast of Madagascar, and if you were to go into the beautiful little Church that has been built there, you would see on the walls of the baptistry a brass Cross, with Mr. Hay's name on it, telling how he laboured there. The natives often say, "Mr. Hay was my father, he taught me and baptized me." Two other Missionaries have since died at that station.

About five years ago, a Bishop went to take care of Church in Madagascar, and the Ladies' Association of S. P. G. at the same time sent out teachers for the women and girls. There is a Girls' school house at Tamatave, the money for its erection was given by some ladies in London, who raised the sum by their needlework, and so gave proof of their love and zeal. The lady who had charge of the school died about a year ago, and since that time the scholars have been dispersed. You will, perhaps, be glad to know that the Ladies' Association are about sending out another teacher to take charge of them, and fortunately she is not a stranger to the people, for she has already worked in the school at the capital of Madagascar, so has become acquainted with their language, and knows something of their manners and customs. She has been staying in England for a year to get rested and well, and hopes soon to be at work again. Tamatave is, perhaps, the most difficult place in all Madagascar for the carrying on of Mission work, because of the habit of spirit drinking, which has almost

ruined the district. In passing through the narrow streets, I have seen a large rum barrel in nearly every house; this rum is bought by Creole traders from Mauritius, and exchanged for bullocks; there is no duty to be paid for selling it, so every one is allowed to have as much as he likes; I have seen mothers give babies this dreadful drink.

As you may suppose, the people there are not nearly so anxious to learn as they are in other parts of Madagascar, where this drinking is not practised, and so it is necessary to make the school bright and pleasant in order to bring them in. The school house is not large enough to meet the requirements of the place, and it will be necessary to make upstairs sleeping rooms, otherwise in a marshy district like Tamatave, the English teacher will be often laid up with coast fever. The present house consists of three small rooms on the ground floor, i. e., school room, general room, and one bed room. What we wish to do is to raise the roof and make the rooms above, and then two of the down stairs rooms can be thrown into one, to form the school. Two ladies have already promised a sum of money towards making the necessary alterations, and I know that others, when they see the need, will come forward and help us as they have done so many times before. You know how nice it is to have a pleasant, airy, school room in England, where the weather does not render it unhealthy even to sit closely together.

The school will be opened in the early morning for the Malagasy women and girls, who will be taught lessons from the Holy Scriptures, as well as reading, writing, and other useful things. In the afternoon sewing classes will be held for women and the elder girls; we shall try also to get the French Creoles, of whom there are many living there, to join this afternoon class, and hope to give them lessons in French reading, as well as sewing. The Bible Society have kindly supplied us with some French Bibles for this purpose. If our friends will permit, we should like to have a wide verandah built round the school-house, as native women prefer sitting on a mat under a verandah to being shut up in a hot school room. Both the Malagasy and French Creole women are very fond of sewing, and they will generally come to learn whenever a School is opened. Schools are few and far apart in Madagascar, and especially schools for girls, and this is because there are so few teachers. You know it would not be possible for a child living in London to go all the way daily to York to school. Many of the Malagasy children are farther removed from any school even than that. In the neighbourhood of Tamatave there are a few small schools, taught by native catechists, but as yet there are no native women capable of taking charge of schools. As soon as the school at Tamatave is in work, we hope to establish the plan we followed at capital, and assemble all the native teachers round about for two or three days every month, that they may see the working of the central school, and receive instructions from the Missionary in charge. The married men are always invited to bring their wives with them. As soon as they can do plain work well, they are encouraged to open sewing classes in their husband's schools for women and girls, and supplied with needles, cottons, and patchwork. The English teacher goes from time to time to visit them, and gives the more advanced scholars a change of work; knitting and crochet they learn readily, but it is very difficult to get enough needles, cottons, and patchwork to keep so many fingers going.

As you yourselves go to school, I know you will like to hear about the dark brown children "on the other side of the great water" (as they would say). The people at first are often very shy of coming to school, but if the teacher knows anything about binding up, wound or nursing sick children, the Malagasy women will come early in the morning, before the sun gets too fierce, and bring the sick child to the teacher, who will give some simple medicine or bind up the sore, and tell the mother what to do. When the sick person gets better, the family generally comes with the one who has been sick to bring a thankoffering, sometimes a chicken, or a few eggs, or vegetables, and after that they usually come to school, as they think that is the best way of showing their gratitude, and the teacher thinks so too; so by degrees mothers, children, and slaves will come and learn together. I dare say you would think it strange if your mothers were to go to school and sit down in the class to learn with you, but then you must remember your mothers had schools to go to when they were young, but the Malagasy women had not. However, we prefer having classes expressly for them and the big girls, so as to be able to talk to them whilst they do their sewing, about their children and the best way of taking care of them, and the necessity of keeping them clean, as some of these people, though living in such a hot country,

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DEAR Church DOMINION &c., in the Mi at least altar o or "C ingly, Holy V rubric Militia many (nished so man above i wa, an incorre trifling, see to. In thes tolic in in orde

DEAR Fornere fer that Notitia expensi miserat permitt "We commu at least tion wo

are almost afraid of water, and they think it is quiet enough to comb their hair once a week. Then again, the women in Madagascar have not so many things to do as your mothers have. Only those who are well off have tables and chairs in their houses, and there are no floors to scrub, as the earth alone forms the floor of the hut; a nice rush mat is spread over it. They have only two meals a day, and the breakfast hour is at eleven o'clock, so the morning school begins early and closes about 10.30 a. m. Saturday is the usual washing day, when the people go to the streams outside the town to wash their clothes, which are then spread out on the grass, and soon dried and aired in the scorching sun. So you see that even washing day is not such a trouble to them as it is to your mothers, and this leaves them plenty of time to come to school.

Dear children, I think by this time you have found out that I am not writing so much what I think, as what I have seen. And, perhaps, there may be some amongst those who may read this who will be stirred up to offer themselves for this work of the Church abroad. For it requires just as much earnest labour and training to enable one to carry it on from day to day, as is required for a school in London. And there may be others who would willingly offer themselves if their home duties did not prevent them. Yet they have the power of doing much even at home, for how can Missionaries labour amongst the heathen unless they are sent? And even children may, by their loving offerings, help to send out teachers to those who, perhaps, even up to this time have been brought up to believe that a lie is as good as the truth, and that to steal is no sin. And, perhaps, readers of a more advanced age may be led to see the importance of the work carried on by the Ladies' Association, and help the Society by forming Branch Associations in parishes where, as yet, they do not exist, and so strengthen the hands of the Society, and enable it to send forth qualified women to help the Missionaries labouring in different parts of the world, that by their ministry women, and therefore whole households, may learn of Him Who has said, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also must I bring." Dear children, may it be your joy and mine to help to bring those wanderers in. *Net.*

Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full.

CHURCH ORDER.

DEAR SIR,—It is always delightful to learn of the Church's progress everywhere. The account, in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN of 1st January, of the Services, &c., in the Mission of Apsley leads one to believe that the Mission is alive and at work. There is one thing, at least, which is remarkable in the description of the altar of St. Stephen's Church, viz.: the Holy Vessels, or "Communion Service," being on the Altar, seemingly, before the proper time. The time, to place the Holy Vessels on the Table, is distinctly named in the rubric immediately preceding the Prayer for the Church Militant. The absence of the credence table in too many of our (city as well as country) imperfectly furnished churches very possibly has been the cause of so many of the City Clergy as well being guilty of the above irregularity. In most of the parishes in Ottawa, and perhaps in Toronto, the present practice is incorrect. The cost of a credence table may be very trifling. It is part of the work of the Archdeacon to see to church fabrics, church furniture, tables, &c. In these matters they ought to carry out the Apostolic injunction that "all things be done decently and in order."

Faithfully yours,

A. C. NESBITT.

EVENING COMMUNIONS.

DEAR SIR,—For an exhaustive answer to Mr. Forneret's letter in your last impression, I would refer that gentleman to the Rev. W. E. Scudamore's *Notitia Eucharistica*, from which, as the book is an expensive one, and perhaps not accessible to our miserably underpaid missionaries, I will, with your permission, make a few extracts:

"We might infer from the order that a desire to communicate should be notified to the Curate, at least some time the day before, that the celebration would take place in the earlier part of the day.

This was secured by the order of Grindall that there should be no pause between the services. There is no express law on the subject in our Rubrics or later Canons, simply because the need of prohibiting afternoon or evening celebrations could not have occurred to those who framed them. It was the universal rule and practice derived from primitive times, to celebrate in the morning only (except at certain seasons specified by authority), and I am not aware that before the present age any Priest of our Church ever desired to break through a rule so venerable from its antiquity and so wholesome in its effects." "The Holy Eucharist was instituted after the Paschal Supper, and it was in imitation of this that at first the celebration took place in the evening, after a common supper of the rich and poor—the *love-feast* of St. Jude." The author then refers to the abuse that crept in in consequence, alluded to by St. Paul, and which was the celebration being held before the Feast: quoting also from the well-known letter of Pliny to the Emperor Trojan, which affords secular testimony to the fact that early celebrations were the rule and not, as now, the exception; although St. Augustine acknowledges that "it is perfectly clear that when the Disciples first received the Body and Blood of the Lord, they did not receive it fasting." Your correspondent is, of course, aware that Christmas Eve is the only occasion upon which a midnight celebration is lawful.

VINCENT CLEMENTI.

Peterboro, Jan. 23, 1880.

FROM THE WILDS OF ONTARIO.

SIR,—Absence from home has prevented me from noticing sooner the Rev. Mr. Poole's letter in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN of the 1st inst.

I am glad indeed that Mr. Poole finds very many steadfast members of the Church from Rockingham to La Mab. Mr. Poole has travelled over the full extent of country a number of times during the past four years, and therefore, must be well informed on the subject. Of Rockingham I know little but from report. Of L'Aimable, York River, and neighbourhood, I ought not to be ignorant, as I lived there twelve years, and now frequently hear of what is going on. The Methodists and Presbyterians rule, and send their emissaries to Cardiff and farther. Some three years ago I paid a visit to old friends, and was asked by two or three families among the working farmers to go again to baptize their children. I promised to give them a Sunday as soon as they could insure me the use of one of their school houses, as I do not baptize in private houses except in severe sickness. Before this occurred, I heard with much pleasure that the Rev. the Rector of Belleville had visited the neighbourhood, and had ministered to the people the ordinances of the Church. As to Maynooth or Doyle's Corners, there must have been a great change of residents. At one time I knew three out of four living there, and on counting over, with others better acquainted, we found that the majority were protestant—not Church people—but certainly the Romanists were not the majority. There is without doubt, a difference of opinion as to what constitutes a steadfast member of the Church; but when Church people have their children baptized by dissenters, when they accept what those bodies give as a substitute for the Blessed Sacrament of Thanksgiving, when they are married by them and intermarry with them, when they "go out and come in" with them, it appears to me that their church principles are very highly attenuated. The Church is not a sect, and must not be confounded with the sects. A Churchman properly grounded and settled in the faith, attending to the Bible and the Prayer Book cannot fall into the sin of schism. But as Mr. Poole has been so fortunate, or shall I say zealous? as to find very many steadfast members of the church, it is the more imperative on the diocese to supply them with the blessed, the holy, the life-giving means of grace in which the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church is so rich. Mr. Poole prefers the name "La Mab," perhaps he is not aware that that is the local corruption of "L'Aimable," the name of an Indian whose hunting ground lay around the large lake in the neighbourhood which bears his name. The post office is also called after him: it is not "La Mab."

Yours faithfully,

P. HARDING.

Nothing can be more painful to the feelings of a minister when he comes to water his flock than to find that many of them are not at the well.

Men or women who turn to Christ must bear in mind that they are breaking with their old master and enlisting under a new leader. Conversion is a revolutionary process.

It is easy to believe in special providence when an unexpected bit of good fortune happens to you, but when it happens to your neighbor you are more inclined to believe it a simple coincidence.

ACCESSIONS TO THE CHURCH FROM THE LAITY.

DEAR SIR,—The subject of accessions to the Church cannot be said to be complete unless some reference is made to the action of the laity in the matter: I propose therefore, in this letter to point out to your readers that the movement is not confined to the clergy, but that it is a hundredfold greater on the part of the laity. I do this because of a slanderous article which appeared in the *Weekly Globe* of the 9th inst., in which it is stated on Roman Catholic authority, that 2000 persons per annum drift from the Church to the Church of Rome through the means of Ritualistic Churches in London alone. I think I am sufficiently known in the Diocese not to require one to say that I have not the slightest sympathy with ultra-ritualism, and that I look upon extremes in ritual as a mere mimicry of Popery: while I think, however, that through these extremes some weak-minded persons may be led astray from the faith of their fathers, I am confident that to say this is done at the rate of 2000 a year is simply ridiculous. I require something stronger in the way of proof than the assertions of the R. C. Register, even when backed by the approbation of the *Globe*; in fact, I look upon Popery and Puritanism, of which these papers are organs, as twins, born, as far as England and her Church are concerned, at the same time, i. e., in the year 1571. They are indeed *pari nobilitate fraterum*; though as much opposed to each other as darkness and light, yet they throw aside their differences for the time, and write against the Church, as Pontius Pilate and Herod did against her Founder; the one is bound by the Jesuitic principle to lie if the interest of the R. C. Church is served by it, aye, and to confirm it by an oath if necessary; while the other looks at every thing connected with the Church by means of a jaundiced eye, and sees it in a false light on account of its own disordered vision: but even on the supposition that the *Globe* and R. C. Register are correct in their statement, the loss is abundantly counterbalanced by gains from other quarter: Look at Mexico; many thousands have there thrown off their allegiance to Rome, and united themselves with the Church the Cathedral of the city of Mexico and other churches have been handed over to her; several clergymen are labouring with great effect among the people; twenty-two persons are being prepared for the ministry of the Church; one Bishop has been already consecrated for her by American Bishops, and two Bishops elected are awaiting consecration from the same source. Look at the United States; to go in this matter through every State would be impossible, but *ex uno disce omnes*, in the State of Connecticut, as acknowledged by a Non Conformist authority, the Church is progressing with astonishing rapidity. I quote the following from the N.Y. *Churchman* of the 24th inst. The last published minutes of the Congregational Conference and Association of Connecticut contain "carefully compiled estimates exhibiting the relative increase in Connecticut of Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the 20 years preceding 1870." "The relative increase is as follows: Congregationalists 20 per cent., Methodists 34 per cent., Baptists 18 per cent., Protestant Episcopal Church 69 per cent.;" or a greater increase than all the other denominations put together. Look at England; the temporizing policy of successive governments there during the period of census-taking has placed them so much under Non-Conformist influence that they will not accede to the wish of the Church for an exact religious census, and

therefore we are unable to give an accurate statement of her real increase, but we can judge of it by the perpetual demand for increased Church accommodation that is going on there; every Church paper gives an account of the enlargement of Churches, the renovating of Churches, and the erection of Churches; while the subscriptions for Church purposes of various kinds are literally enormous, and annually increasing; if the statement of the *Globe* and its confrere was true that an annual 2,000 is drained from the Church in London alone, the sting of the innuendo in that word alone being that the same drain is going on in the provinces, as well as in London, those contributions should annually decrease, while those of the Romish Church would show a proportionate increase; but facts are opposed to inferences, and while these subscriptions are thus increasing, those for Romish purposes are in comparison nil. We can judge further of this increase by the acknowledgement of the decrease of other religious bodies, e. g., the Methodists, who, during last year, appointed a day of humiliation, one of the reasons assigned for keeping it being the decrease of its membership within the year; and finally look at *Ireland*; our minds are so taken up with the thought of the poverty and want under which the people there are suffering, and with the political agitations that are continually rending that unfortunate country that we do not direct our attention as much as we should to its religious and ecclesiastical position. The following extracts from a late number of the *London Guardian* will show that in all that poverty and want the cause of true religion as maintained by the Church is spreading with wonderful rapidity:—

"The Bishop of Tuam, having completed the tour of his Diocese, has published a narrative of the same, giving the following imposing results. In all, 1,294 persons were confirmed, being 457 original Protestants, and 837 converts. These converts, added to the numbers originally confirmed upon the two occasions within the last three years, making 2,411 converts confirmed. Three new Churches have been consecrated, and one enlarged. Five new Churches are in process of completion. The first stones were laid of three more, and two more were contracted for, making in all fourteen new Churches, which will afford sittings for 3,210 persons. Six new licensed houses for Divine worship have been provided, accommodating 2,800 worshippers, which, added to the former numbers, will afford accommodation for 7,510 persons. Besides this accommodation, afforded in twenty localities where none existed before, there are five other places in West Galway, not included in the above tour, in each of which there is a school-room where Divine Service is performed on the Lord's day, and in which accommodation is provided for 1,840 worshippers. This number, added to the 7,510 already stated, makes a total of 8,860 sittings now newly provided."

"At a meeting held in London, Dec. 15, in aid of the Irish Missions to Roman Catholics, Rev. Mr. Bickersteth made the following statements: 'Between thirty and forty thousand people have within these four years abandoned the idolatry of Romanism, and made an open confession of their conversion to the truth of the Gospel, and who are now living to the praise and glory of God. In one district in the West of Ireland alone, in a union where this movement commenced, and where, between four and five years ago, there were not more than five or six hundred converts,

there are now between five and six thousand. In the Society's schools there are between five and six thousand children regularly attending and receiving instruction in Protestant truth."

"The spread of Protestantism in the West of Ireland is now confirmed by the Roman Catholics. The *Nation* says that systematic proselytism has had 'immense success in Connaught and Kerry. The altars of the Catholic Church have been deserted by thousands born and baptized in the ancient faith of Ireland."

Comment on the above is I think needless.

I am yours truly,

JOHN FLETCHER.

Unionville, Jan. 26, 1880.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DIED 1586. AGED 32.

This ingenious writer, and accomplished officer and statesman, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the son of Sir Henry Sidney, of Penshurst, in Kent.

This great man being sent with English troops to assist the Dutch against the Spaniards, received a wound in the thigh from a bullet at the battle of Zutphen, of which he died. "As he was retiring," says his biographer, "from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty, with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought, and had no sooner approached his lips, than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice, saying, 'This man's necessity is still greater than mine.'"

Sir Philip Sidney was an illustrious patriot, and pious Christian. A soldier dying a Christian death, is a noble and animating spectacle. The military character is then really great, when it is exalted by the genuine virtues of a Christian. Sir Philip retained a calm and undisturbed spirit, and made a public confession of his faith to the holy ministers of religion who encircled his bed, to men eminent for their goodness and edifying piety. This confession is said to have been such as no book but the heart could truly and feelingly deliver. They afterwards accompanied him, at his own earnest request, in a devout prayer, dictated by himself, and uttered with much energy and affection, the free and fervent effusion of a heart deeply penetrated with a true sense of sin. "His sins," he said, "were best known to himself, and out of that true sense he was more perfectly instructed to apply the eternal sacrifice of our Saviour's passion and merits to himself."

In the course of his illness he introduced a topic of conversation, the most serious and sublime that can engage the attention of a man, the immortality of the soul. The day on which he died, he called for music to compose his disordered frame. His mind was soothed and tranquillized, anticipating, as it were, those delightful strains of celestial melody, with which the angelic choir encompass the throne of God. With a patient submission to the Divine will, he bade adieu to his most afflicted brother, in words which deserve to be engraven in letters of gold. "Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faithfulness to me may insure you that they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affection by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all its vanities." He died in the arms of his dear friend, Mr. William Temple.

If we often thought seriously and practically on the immortality of the soul, our vain desires, worldly pleasures, and sinful courses would be checked, and our attention directed to that fixed state of being, in which an eternity of pain or happiness must be our portion for ever. May the Holy Spirit direct us in our choice, and guide our feet into the paths of peace.

THE ANCIENT BRITISH CHURCH.

Austin the Monk did not plant the gospel in Britain. When he arrived there to convert the nation, and preach the gospel among the Britians, he did not find the place in heathen darkness, as the Church of Rome pretends. To assert he did, is against all faith and truth of history, (minimise as much as we will), which assures us that Christianity was planted there among the Britians several ages before, and perhaps sooner than even at Rome itself. And not only so, but had got considerable footing among the Saxons before Austin the Monk ever set foot in Britain: when Austin the Monk arrived there, the two great points of his Christianity were to bring the Britians to a conformity with the Church of Rome in the time of Easter and in the tonsure and shaving of the priests, after the manner of St. Peter, as they pretended, upon the crown of the head, and not of St. Paul, which was by shaving or cutting close the hair

of the whole head, as from some vain and foolish tradition he pretended to have learned. The promoting of these customs was his great errand and business, and the zeal of his preaching was spent upon these two fundamental points, in which, after very barbarous and bloody doings, he at last prevailed. And this is the conversion of England, so much boasted of by the Church of Rome, and for which Austin is magnified for so great a saint; when it is very evident from the history of those times, that he was a proud, ignorant, turbulent and cruel man, who instead of first converting the nation to the faith of Christ, confounded the purity—and simplicity of the Christian Religion which had been planted and established in Britain long before.—*Archbishop Tillotson.*

WHAT IS TROUBLE?

A company of Southern ladies were one day assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose lustreless eye and dejected air showed that she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice:—

"Not one of you know what trouble is."

"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will, if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom knew an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sunlight never fell on a lovelier one, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those black storms came on, which are so common to our Southern clime. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, and still the elements raged. The whole savanna seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more—but that was not trouble."

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape, with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them close nearer to each other as their little island grew smaller and smaller."

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me and then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and yet—that was not trouble."

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an All-powerful Hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble."

"My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil, and at last, when heated by wine one night, he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own on the scaffold. My Heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before, now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope his mercy will save you from ever experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

Ask your friends to subscribe for this paper.

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Family Reading.

THE CURATE OF ST. MATTHEW'S.

CHAPTER II.

Never did a parson's death cause such a stir in a parish as poor Mr. Selwyn's did in this. A lively commotion set in. People flew about to one another's houses like chips in a gale of wind. Not only was the sorrow to himself to be discussed, but the uncertainty as to what would happen now. Some six months previously a church not far off, St. Peter's, which had rejoiced in three energetic curates, and as many daily services, suddenly changed its incumbent; the new one proved to be an elderly man with wife and children, who did all the duty himself, and cut off the curates and the week-day prayers. What if the like calamity should happen to St. Matthew's!

I was away most of the following day with Mr. Brandon, so was not in the thick of it, but the loss was made up for in the evening.

"Of course it is impossible to say who will get the living," cried Mrs. Jonas, one of the two widows already mentioned, who had been dining with Miss Deveen. "I know who ought to—and that is our dear Mr. Lake."

"Oughts don't go for much in this world," growled Dr. Galliard, a sterling man, in spite of his gruffness. He had recently brought Cattledon out of a bilious attack, and ran in this evening to see whether the cure lasted. "They go for nothing in the matter of Church patronage," continued he. "If Lake had his deserts, he'd be made incumbent of this living to-morrow: but he is as likely to get it as I am to get the lord chancellor's seals."

"Who would have done as Mr. Lake has done—give himself up solely and wholly to the duties of the church and the poor, for more years than I can count?" contended Mrs. Jonas, who was rich and positive, and wore this evening a black game dress, set off with purple grapes, and a spray of purple grapes in her black hair. "I say the living is due to him, and the lord chancellor ought to present him with it."

Dr. Galliard gave a short laugh. He was a widower, and immensely popular, nearly as much so as Mr. Lake. "Did you ever know a curate succeed to a living under the circumstances?" he demanded. "The lord chancellor has enough friends of his own, waiting to snap up anything that falls; be sure of that, Mrs. Jonas."

"Some Dean will get it, I shouldn't wonder," cried Cattledon. For at this time we were in the prime old days when a church dignitary might hold half a dozen snug things, if he could drop in to them.

"Just so; a dean or some other luminary," nodded the doctor. "It is the province of great divines to shine like lights in the world, and of curates to toil on in obscurity. Well—God sees all things: and what is wrong in this world may be set right in the next."

"You speak of the lord chancellor," quietly put in Miss Deveen: "the living is not in his gift."

"Never said it was—was speaking generally," returned the doctor. "The patron of the living is some other great man, nobleman, or what not, living down in the country."

"In Staffordshire, I think," said Miss Deveen, with hesitation, not being sure of her memory. "He is a baronet, I believe; but I forgot his name."

"All the same, ma'am: there's no more chance for poor Lake with him than with the lord chancellor," returned Dr. Galliard. "Private patrons are worse beset, when a piece of preferment falls in, than even public ones."

"Suppose the parish were to get up a petition, setting forth Mr. Lake's merits and claims, and present it to the patron?" suggested Mrs. Jonas. "Not,

I dare say, that it would be of much use."

"Not the slightest use; you may rely upon that," spoke the doctor, in his decisive way. "Lake's best chance is to get taken on by the new man, and stand out for a higher salary."

Certainly it seemed to be his best and only chance of getting any good out of the matter. But it was just as likely he would be turned adrift.

The next day we met Mrs. Jonas in the King's Road. She had rather a down look as she accosted Miss Deveen.

"Nobody seems willing to bestir themselves about a petition; they say it is so very hopeless. And there's a rumour abroad that the living is already given away."

"To whom is it given?" asked Miss Deveen.

"Well, not to a Very Reverend Dean, as Miss Cattledon suggested last night, but to somebody as bad—or good: one of the canons of St. Paul's. I daresay it's true. How hard it is on Mr. Lake! How hard it must seem to him!"

"He must stay here as curate, then."

"Never you expect that," contended Mrs. Jonas, her face reddening with zeal. "These cathedral luminaries have invariably lots of their own circle to provide for."

"Do you not think it will seem hard on Mr. Lake?" I said to Miss Deveen, as we left the little widow, and walked on.

"I do, Johnny Ludlow. I do think he ought to have it; that in right and justice no one has so great a claim to it as he," she impressively answered.

"But, as Mr. Galliard says, 'oughts' go for nothing in Church patronage. William Lake is a good, earnest, intellectual man; he has grown grey in the service of the parish, and yet, now that the living is vacant, he has no more chance of it than that silly young Chisholm has—not half as much, I daresay, if the young fellow were but in priest's orders. It is but a common case: scores of curates who have to work on, neglected, to their lives' end could testify to it. Here we are, Johnny. This is Mrs. Topcroft's."

Knocking at the house-door—a small house standing ever so far back from the road—we were shown by a young servant into a pleasant parlor. Emma Topcroft, a merry, bright, laughing girl, of eighteen or nineteen, sat there at work with silks and black velvet. If I had the choice given me between her and Miss Cattledon, thought I, as Mr. Lake seems to have, I know which of the two I should choose.

"Mamma is making a rice pudding in the kitchen," she said, spreading her work out on the table for Miss Deveen to see.

"You are doing it very nicely, Emma. And I have brought you the fresh silks. I could not get them before: they had to send the patterns into town. Is the other screen begun?"

"Oh, yes; and half done," answered Emma, briskly, as she opened the drawer of a work-table, and began unfolding another square of velvet from its tissue paper. "I do the sober colours in both screens first, and leave the bright ones till last. Here's the mother."

Mrs. Topcroft came in, turning down her sleeves at the wrist; a little woman, quite elderly. I liked her the moment I saw her. She was homely and motherly, with the voice and manners of a lady.

"I came to bring Emma the silks, and to see how the work was getting on," said Miss Deveen as she shook hands. "And, what a grievous thing this is about Mr. Selwyn!"

Mrs. Topcroft lifted her hands pityingly. "It has made Mr. Lake quite ill," she answered. "I can see it. And"—dropping her voice—"they say there will be little, or nothing, for Mrs. Selwyn and the children."

"Yes there will; though perhaps not much," corrected Miss Deveen. "Mrs. Selwyn has two hundred a year of her own. I happen to know it."

"I am very thankful to hear that:

we were fearing the worst. I wonder," added Mrs. Topcroft. "if this will take Mr. Lake from us?"

"Probably. We cannot tell yet. People are saying he ought to have the living if it went by merit: but there's not any hope of that."

"Not any," acquiesced Mrs. Topcroft, shaking her head. "It does seem unjust: that a clergyman should wear out all his best days toiling for a church, and be passed over at last as not worth a consideration."

"It is the way of the world."

"Nobody knows his worth," went on Mrs. Topcroft. "So patient, so good, so self-denying; and so anxious for the poor and sick, and for all the ill-doers who seem to be going wrong. I don't believe there are many men in the world so good as he. All he can scrape and save out of his narrow income he gives away, denying himself necessities to be able to do it: Mr. Selwyn, you know, has given nothing. It has been said he grudged even the communion money."

That was Mrs. Topcroft's report of Mr. Lake; and she ought to know. He had boarded with her long enough. He had the bedroom over the best parlour; and the little den of a back parlour was given over to his own use, in which he saw his parishioners and wrote his sermons.

"They come from the same village in the west of England," said Miss Deveen to me as we walked homewards. "Mr. Lake's father was curate of the place, and Mrs. Topcroft's people are the doctors: her brothers are in practice now. When she was left a widow upon a very slender income, and settled down in this little house, Mr. Lake came to board with her. He pays a guinea a week only; but Mrs. Topcroft has told me that it pays her amply and she could not have got along without it. The housekeeping is, of necessity, economical: and that suits the pocket on both sides."

"I like Mrs. Topcroft. And she seems quite a lady, though she is poor."

"She is quite a lady, Johnny. Her husband was a civil engineer, very clever; but for his early death he might have become as renowned as his master, Sir John Rennie. The son, he is several years older than Emma, is in the same profession, steady and diligent, and he gains a fair salary now, which of course helps his mother. He is at home night and morning."

"Do you suppose that Mr. Lake thinks of Emma?"

Miss Deveen laughed—as if the matter were a standing joke in her mind. "I do not suppose it, Johnny. I never saw the smallest cause to lead me to suppose it: she is too much of a child. Such a thing never would have been thought of but for the jealous suspicions of the parish—I mean, of course, our young ladies in it. Because Emma Topcroft is a nice-looking and attractive girl, and because Mr. Lake lives in her companionship, these young women must needs get up the notion. And they despise the Topcrofts accordingly, and turn the cold shoulder on them."

It had struck me that Emma Topcroft must be doing those screens for Miss Deveen. I asked her.

"She is doing them for me in one sense, Johnny," was the answer. "Being an individual of note, you see"—and Miss Deveen laughed again—"that is, my income being known to be a good one, and being magnified by the public into something fabulous, I have to pay the penalty of greatness. Hardly a week passes but I am solicited to become the patroness of some bazaar, not to speak of other charities, or at least to contribute articles for sale. So I buy materials and get Emma Topcroft to convert them into nicknacks. Working flowers upon velvet for banner screens, as she is doing now; or painting flowers upon cardboard for baskets or boxes, which she does nicely, and such like various things. Two ends are thus served, Emma makes a pretty little income, nearly enough for her clothes, and

the bazaars get the work when it is finished, and sell it for their own benefit."

"It is very good of you, Miss Deveen."

"Good! Nay, don't say that, Johnny," she continued, in a reproving tone. "Those whom Heaven has blessed with ample means must remember that they will have to render an account of their stewardship. Trifles, such as these, are but odds and ends, not to be thought of, beside what I ought to do—and try to do."

The same evening Mr. Lake came in, unexpectedly. He called to say that the funeral was fixed for Saturday, and that a portion of the burial service would be read in the church here, before starting for the cemetery: Mrs. Selwyn wished it so.

"I hear that the parish began to indulge a hope that you would be allowed to succeed Mr. Selwyn," Miss Deveen observed to him as he was leaving: "but—"

"I!" he exclaimed, interrupting her in genuine surprise, a transient flush rising to his face. "What, succeed to the living! How could any one think of such a thing for a moment? Why, Miss Deveen, I do not possess any interest: not the slightest in the world. I do not even know Sir Robert Tenby. It is not likely he has ever heard my name."

"Sir Robert Tenby!" I cried, pricking up my ears. "Is Sir Robert Tenby the patron?"

"Yes. His country-seat is in Worcestershire?"

"Do you know him, Johnny?" asked Miss Deveen.

"A little; not much. Bellwood is near Crabb Cot. I used often to see his wife when she was Ann Lewis: we were great friends. She was a very nice girl."

"A girl, Johnny! Is she younger than he is?"

"Young enough to be his daughter."

"But I was about to say," added Miss Deveen to the curate, "that I fear there can be no chance for you, if this report, that the living is already given away, be correct. I wish it had been otherwise."

"There could be no chance for me in any case, dear Miss Deveen; there's no chance for any one so unknown and obscure as I am," he returned, suppressing a sigh as he shook her hand. "Thank you all the same for your kind wishes."

How long I lay awake that night I don't care to recall. An extraordinary idea had taken possession of me. If somebody would but tell Sir Robert Tenby of the merits of this good man, he might be so impressed as to give him the living. We were not sure about the canon of St. Paul's: he might be a myth, as far as our church went.

Yes, these ideas were all very well; but who would presume to do it? The nice, you know, wanted to bell the cat, but none of them could be got to undertake the task.

Down I went in the morning to Mr. Brandon as soon as breakfast was over. I found him in his sitting-room at his breakfast: dry toast, and tea without milk; a yellow silk handkerchief thrown corner-wise over his head, and his face looking green. He had a bilious attack coming on, he said, and thought he had taken a slight cold.

Now I don't want to disparage Mr. Brandon's merits. In some things he was as good as gold. But when he fell into these fanciful attacks he was not practically worth a rush. It was hardly a propitious moment for the scheme I had in my head; but, unfortunately, there was no time to lose: I must speak then or not at all. Down I sat, and told my tale. Old Brandon, sipping his tea by spoonfuls, listened, and stared at me with his little eyes.

"And you have been getting up in your brain the Utopian scheme that Sir Robert Tenby would put this curate into the living! and want me to propose it to him! Is that what you mean, young man?"

"Yes, sir. Sir Robert would listen to you. You are friendly with him, and he is in town. Won't you, please, do it?"

"Not if I know it, Johnny Ludlow. Solicitor Robert Tenby to give the living to a man I never heard of: a man I know nothing about! What notions you pick up!"

"Mr. Lake is so good and so painstaking," I urged. "He has been working all these years—"

"You have said all that before," interrupted old Brandon shifting the silk handkerchief on his head more to one side. "I can't answer for it, you know. And if I could, I should not consider myself justified in troubling Sir Robert."

"What I thought was this, sir: that, if he got to know all Mr. Lake is, he might be glad to give him the living: glad of an opportunity to do a good and kind act. I did not think of your asking him to give the living; only to tell him of Mr. Lake, and what he has done and been. He lives only in Upper Brook Street. It would not be far for you to go, sir."

"I should not go if he lived here at the next door, Johnny Ludlow: should not be justified in going on such an errand. Go yourself."

"I don't like to, sir."

"He'd not eat you; he'd only laugh at you. Robert Tenby would excuse in a silly lad what he might deem an impertinence from me. There, Johnny, let it end."

And there it had to end. When old Brandon took up an idea he was hard as adamant.

I stood at the hotel door wishing I could screw up courage to call at Sir Robert's, but shrinking from it terribly. Then I thought of poor Mr. Lake, and that there was nobody else to tell about him; and at last I started for Upper Brook Street.

"Is lady Tenby at home?" I asked, when I got to the door.

"Yes, sir." And the man showed me into a room where lady Tenby sat, teaching her little boy to walk.

She was just the same kind and simple-mannered woman that she had been as Annie Lewis. Putting both her hands into mine, she said how glad she was to see me in London, and held out her child to be kissed. I explained my errand, and my unwillingness to come; saying I could venture to tell her all about it better than I could tell Sir Robert.

She laughed merrily. "He is not any more formidable than I am, Johnny; he is not the least bit so in the world. You shall see whether he is"—opening the door of the next room. "Robert," she called out in glee, "Johnny Ludlow is here, and is saying you are an ogre. He wants to tell you something, and can't pluck up courage to do it."

Sir Robert Tenby came in, the Times in his hand, and a smile on his face; the same kind, rugged, homely face that I knew well. He shook hands with me, asking if I wanted his interest to be made prime minister.

And somehow, what with their kindness and their thorough, cordial homeliness, I lost my fears. In two minutes I had plunged into the tale, Sir Robert sitting near me with his elbow on the table, and Annie beside him, her quiet baby on her knee.

"I thought it so great a pity, sir, that you should not hear about Mr. Lake: how hard he has worked for years, and what a good and self-denying man he is," I concluded at last, after telling what Miss Deveen thought of him, and what Mrs. Toperoff said. "Not, of course, that I could presume to suggest such a thing, sir, as that you should bestow upon him the living—only to let you know there was a man so deserving, if—if it was not given already. It is said in the parish that the living is given."

"In this Mr. Lake a good preacher?" asked Sir Robert, when I paused.

"They say he is one of the best and most earnest of preachers, sir. I have not heard him; Mr. Selwyn generally

preached."

"Does he know of your application to me?"

"Why, no, Sir Robert, of course not! I could not have had the face to tell anybody I as much as wished to make it. Except Mr. Brandon. I spoke to him because I wanted him to come instead of me."

Sir Robert smiled. "And he would not come, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no: he asked me whether I thought we lived in Utopia. He said I might come if I chose—that what would be only laughed at in a silly boy like me, might be deemed impertinence in him."

The interview came to an end. Annie said she hoped I would dine with them while I was in town—and Mr. Brandon also, Sir Robert added; and with that I came out. Came out just as wise as I had gone in; for never a word of hope did Sir Robert give. For all he intimated to the contrary, the living might be already in the hands of the canon of St. Paul's.

Two events happened the next day, Saturday. The funeral of the rector, and the departure of Miss Cattledon for Chelmsford, in Essex. An aunt of her's who lived there was taken dangerously ill, and sent for her by telegram. Mr. Brandon came up to dine with us in the evening—but that's neither here nor there.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTIAN PRAYERS.

Perhaps one of the hardest things to realize in the Christian life, is the idea of progress. We feel that having given ourselves to the Lord, having answered the call, "My son, give me thine heart," we have started aright, and now must only see to it that we do not fall back into carelessness and sin. But what do we read in our precious guide? St. Paul, speaking by the Spirit, says, "But we all, with open glass beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." This text should be our watchword—"from glory to glory," not stopping when we begin to see Christ, not standing still when we have gotten near to Him, but pressing on to higher levels, no more knowledge of that blessed Master, who is our example, our Guide, our Saviour. How are we to attain unto this ever-increasing knowledge and glory? Not, surely, in our own strength, else ere we had striven to take the first step forward, we should stumble and fall. Let us look again: "even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Emmanuel, the God-man, the lamb slain for the sins of the whole world, has gone up on high, but he has not left her comfortless. Into our longing hearts comes gently the blessed Spirit, to show us the way; to respond to our every sigh for better, higher things: to take us on, as we are able, from height to height of the knowledge of the Lord; to "take of the things of Christ and show them unto the world." How can we live near to Christ without gaining something of the Christ-like nature; how is it possible for us to behold His glory without some of it being reflected in our lives? Very feeble may be that reflection, yet some slight image of the Master must be in us, else we are not living near to Him; we are not recreated in His "own image." Are we gentle, and meek, and merciful, pure in heart, full of charity? If we are without these blessed signs of the Spirit's presence in our hearts, let us look to it, and see whether we are Christ's in deed and in truth, as well as in name. Let us look carefully into our hearts, judging ourselves, that we may not be judged. So striving earnestly, by God's help, may we indeed be blessed with such nearness to Christ that we cannot but go on from glory to glory, until at last, when we hear the Master calling us to come up higher, we may be ready to answer—"Yea, Lord, I come, I come."

CHARLIE'S KITTEN.

Charlie's kitten was a little tabby fellow, so plump and round, that the moment Charlie first set eyes upon him he christened him "Chubby," and as Chubby he was known from that time forward.

Now, Master Chubby was as wayward a little puss as ever mewed, and gave Charlie no end of trouble to keep him from being lost. Sometimes he would scamper off into the street and down somebody else's area or into somebody else's garden, and Charlie would have to go from house to house seeking for him. At other times he would hide away for hours, no one knew where, and just as he was about being given up for lost would walk in as quietly as though nothing had happened.

But one evening it was thought that Master Chubby never would be found again.

He had disappeared in a mysterious manner early in the day, and had never been seen since. Charlie had hunted for him everywhere, and at last was obliged to go to bed with the sad feeling that Chubby would never be seen again. He was so distressed that he could not sleep, but lay awake hour after hour thinking of his loss.

The night was very dark, with gusts of rain and wind, and Charlie was an exceedingly timid child, always afraid of the dark; and as he lay there listening to the rain as it beat against his window, and the wind as it moaned in the chimney, he felt very dull and lonely.

By-and-by he thought that, mingling with the sound of the wind and the rain, he heard a faint mewing. He strained his ears to listen; he even jumped up in the bed, dark as it was. Yes, he was certain of it—it was Chubby's voice. The silly creature ought to be let in; but how could he go down the dark stairs to the garden door? He shrank from the thought. He would call his mother, and tell her that his kitten was there. But then he reflected that baby was poorly and cross, and that if she were awakened mother would perhaps get no more sleep that night. He hesitated; Chubby mewed louder than ever; he determined to brave the darkness and go down himself. So he fumbled about for something to throw around him, and crept down the dark stairs, trembling with fear at every step. He let in the troublesome little truant, all soaked and dripping, shut him up in the kitchen, and crept upstairs to bed again, wondering at his own bravery.

And he was brave. He thought he ought to go down, and he went. And he who fears danger and yet faces it because duty calls him, is the bravest of the brave.

Every accepted prayer is not immediately answered prayer.

If you want to make sure of getting to heaven the best way is to make an early start.

As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence.

Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

He who makes the fullest use of God's gifts is their real owner, for property does not become possession until the proprietor becomes the master.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS

Not Exceeding Four Lines. Twenty-Five Cents.

DEATHS.

TURKINGTON.—December 29th, at 69 Mountjoy Square, Dublin, Mrs. Anne Turkington, for more than forty-five years the faithful nurse and beloved friend in the family of Archdeacon Palmer.

A VIOLENT TEMPER.

What did I hear you say? that you had a quick temper, but were soon over it, and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as you got over your passion?

Ah, my boy, I'm afraid that was the way with Cain. It has been the way with many a murderer ever since. People almost seem to pride themselves on having quick tempers, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against, and prayed over with bitter tears. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; that "Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city," and that "anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

A man who carries a quick temper about with him is much like a man who rides a horse which has the trick of running away. You would not care to own a runaway horse, would you? Yet it is worth a great deal more, yet me tell you, than a runaway temper.

Children's Department.

THE OLD NURSE.

STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CHAPTER IV.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, To the last syllable of recorded time."

"Remember, Alice," said Mrs. Forster, as she turned round at the door, about eleven o'clock on the following morning, "that letter to Mrs. Maynard must be written to-day, or Ellen Hope will lose all chance of the place; and the vases in the drawing-room want fresh filling; it is a long drive to Hel-sington, and I dare say we shall not be back till just dinner-time, so that you must see that everything is right before our guests arrive."

"Yes, mamma," replied Alice, briskly, "I will not forget."

And before the carriage had turned out of the lodge gates, Alice was already in her own room, preparing to look for Ellen Hope's direction.

And had not failed to put her sister's drawing things out in the most inviting order; and as soon as Alice caught sight of them she felt a strong inclination to finish her pencil outline at once, and get in a few preliminary shades of colour, as far as she could, in the house. The post did not go out till four o'clock, so she thought there was no hurry about the letter; and she might as well draw whilst the lights were good, as she could go to Nurse Amy at any time. So she set herself to her drawing—but one mistake in the perspective of the arch had thrown the whole wrong; and she had to rub out nearly all she had done, before she could get it to look right. The one o'clock bell rang just as she had had finished as far as she could go without returning to the church.

Alice's hasty luncheon was soon taken, and she proceeded to ransack her bureau in search of Ellen Hope's direction; but, alas, it was nowhere to be found! Alice was in despair. She remembered that her mother had told her, some days before, she should expect her to write this letter, and reproached herself for her own folly in driving it off to the very last day in which it could be of any avail. Her writing-desk and her letter-drawers were rummaged over with a frantic haste, which would make many hours' labour necessary to set all to rights again; but no direction could she find.

All at once it occurred to her that Ellen Hope's sister, who lived with a Mrs. Melcroft, about a mile and a half from Avonhurst, could give the direction, and if Alice could reach the house in time, she might still contrive to despatch her letter by the post; so she wrote her note in a blank cover, and then prepared herself for a walk. It was a "day of misfortunes" with Alice, like Rosamond's in the old-story-book;

she had ing-shce to men that om her best covered garden. At las but Ell Alice w of impar come, when th letter se began to of the had ma to delay to "try began to She n village a pass b church reached old nurs tomed "Oh, N we have Alice's for her t paleness trance h rose to d cheerful but I sh self aga be going hone to fail." "Ay d pressing things I since we though I old wom which w and was ing day. The d tered the party w to their lected th garden in vases, an guests an quicknes she had boughs of the thorr scratched she at last the corner. The dr empty; and Mrs. blushing were of t ter," whi her torn could har the neces "Oh, retired to ing I ha grave all seriously really cou and Mrs. thought n "What asked An sister's lo you woul mamma l "As ye Alice, with sad habit my head mamma w getting m getting wo

she had broken the sandal of her walking-since the day before, and forgotten to mend it; and when she had repaired that omission, she had a long hunt for her best gloves, which were at last discovered by Dash, under a tree near her garden.

At last she reached Mrs. Melcroft's, but Ellen Hope's sister was out, and Alice waited full half an hour in agonies of impatience for her return. She did come, however, after some time, and when the direction was written, and the letter sent off by the post, Alice's fears began to subside; and I am afraid some of the very energetic resolutions she had made as she walked along, "never to delay anything she had to do," and to "try and get as tidy as dear Ann," began to fade from her memory also.

She made a long circuit through the village as she returned, that she might pass by her nurse's cottage. The church clock struck five just as she reached the door; and as she kissed her old nurse, who was sitting in her accustomed place, she exclaimed hastily, "Oh, Nurse, I must not stay a moment, we have company to dinner."

Alice's visit was too short and hurried for her to perceive her nurse's increased paleness. The flush caused by her entrance had not passed away when she rose to depart; and it was with renewed cheerfulness that she said, "I must go, but I shall tell Ann you are quite yourself again to-day, dear Nurse; I shall be going a long drive to-morrow, but I hope to be with you next day without fail."

"Ay do, my child," said Nurse Amy, pressing her hand; "there are many things I want to say to you; it is long since we had a good chat together, though I am sure you never forget the old woman," she added, with a smile, which went straight to Alice's heart, and was remembered by her to her dying day.

The dressing-bell rang as Alice entered the house. Mrs. Forester and her party were just returned, and gone up to their rooms to dress; but Alice recollected the flowers, and flew into the garden in hopes of being able to fill both vases, and get ready before the expected guests arrived to dinner. Even Alice's quickness, however, failed to do this; she had forgotten her scissors,—the boughs of the rose-tree were tough, and the thorns were sharp; her hands were scratched, and her lace cuffs torn, when she at last entered the drawing-room with the corner of her shawl full of flowers.

The drawing-room, however, was not empty; all the expected were arrived; and Mrs. Forester had to present the blushing Alice to some strangers who were of the party as "my second daughter," while the trembling culprit, with her torn garments and heated face, could hardly summon courage to make the necessary apologies.

"Oh, Ann!" said Alice, when they retired to bed, "what a wretched evening I have had!—Mamma looked so grave all the time, I am sure she was seriously displeased with me, and I really could not venture to look at Mr. and Mrs. Harwood; they must have thought me so excessively strange."

"What could make you so late?" asked Ann, as she gently undid her sister's long braids of black; "I thought you would be sure to do the things mamma left you to do, the first thing."

"As you would do, Ann," replied Alice, with a sigh; "but I have got a sad habit of doing just what comes into my head,—a 'want of method,' as mamma would call it; and it is always getting me into scrapes."

"And how was nurse?" inquired Ann, anxiously; "did she talk much to-day? Did you read to her?"

"No," said Alice, rather confusedly, "I did not read to her, for I was in a great hurry, but I promised to go again the day after to-morrow; and indeed I think she is looking as well as she has done for a long time."

"I hope I am wrong, then," said Ann, "in thinking she has been gradually getting worse this last fortnight; I cer-



tainly did think her very feeble yesterday; but like most people of her age, she often varies."

"Well, I should like to go with you, then," said Alice. "Let us to-morrow."

"I thought you were all to drive to the Priory to-morrow. Henry said you were to take a sketch there."

"Very true, so we are!" exclaimed Alice; "and every spare moment I must give to my sketch of Sir Mowbray,—you know I have but two days after. How has yours got on?"

"I have worked at it every morning before breakfast," replied Ann; "but there is a great deal to be done yet."

"To-morrow," however, as it often does, disappointed all the schemes that were laid for it. It poured so unceasingly and in such torrents that even the visit to old Nurse was given up; and the whole party were compelled to make themselves as agreeable to each other in the house as circumstances would admit.

(To be continued.)

A BAD DUET.

Nothing is more lovely in boys and girls than quiet, sweet tempers. Some days ago two young friends of ours went into the parlor to practice a duet on the piano. They were brother and sister. For a time the music came in jerks, then stopped altogether. Opening the door, another duet was heard. "You did not." "I did." "I say you were too fast." "But I know I wasn't." This is what we heard—a very sad duet, in which there was no music. An unhappy temper often spoils our sweetest enjoyments.

It is as bad to be with a grumbler as to be out on a rainy day. The one dampens our clothing, the other our spirits. But a bright, sunny faced man or woman cheers us like a ray of sunlight coming into a dark room.

Fretting is hateful and tiresome. Cheerfulness, lovely and winsome.

"We all have our trials and troubles; why should we impose them upon others? There is virtue in suffering patiently and cheerfully. When troubles come, shut your mouth firmly, look up, take in a long breath, and go forward."

SKATING.

Most of our young readers probably know more about skates and skating than we can tell them; and in a country like Canada it is not surprising that the amusement should be generally indulged in; but even in this country where the winters are so long and the ice generally so abundant, there are still some who cannot skate, and a few who know nothing about it. For the information of such, we may mention that skates are blades of steel placed under the soles of the feet for the purpose of enabling the wearer to glide along the surface of the ice. They were usually fitted to pieces of wood, carved into something of a boat-like form, to which straps of leather are fastened, in order to enable the skater to attach them the more fitting to his feet. In some skates lately made, the wood has given way to metallic fittings, which are neater, and in some respects preferable; except that they are liable to rust and more easily injured than the others. In Great Britain as well as in America, skating is a favorite pastime in winter; and it is claimed for the skaters in England and Scotland that they excel the natives of other countries in the skilful manoeuvres which they are able to practice. They study the most graceful curves, and the most possible balancing the body when going at great speed. In the northern parts of Europe, skating is used merely as a necessary means of getting from one place to another among the labouring classes, so that its more ornamental modes are not often practiced. It has to be learned at an early age, and requires considerable practice and attention, otherwise large amount of success can no more be realized than in any other pursuit. Skating clubs are numerous, both in England and America; and in some of the towns artificial skating rinks are becoming very numerous.

The cut we, this week, give our readers represents some young folks enjoying themselves in this delightful way, and we know of no amusement that can be indulged in by boys and girls, whether young or old, during the long winter months in this country. We have also known instances in this country in which the accomplishment has been serviceable in moving from place to place. A good skater can travel many miles in a day with the greatest ease.

AN EXAMPLE FOR CHURCH GOERS.

Yesterday, in church, a very little girl sat in the seat next me; a pretty, chubby thing she was, with big gray eyes. She was so very little that she had not been to church often enough to learn the manners of the place; in fact, she talked right out loud whenever she had anything to say.

Now, do not call her a naughty child, for I shall show you how she was a model to all church goers, old and young. 1. Before she left home she had remembered that a collection was to be taken up. So many people forget that, and leave their purses at home. 2. She not only thought of the collection, but she put a piece of money for it in her pocket. What fine collections we should take up if everybody did that! 3. She was watching to see the boxes passed around, anxious not to miss them. I have seen people so busy looking at their books that they did not see these boxes. Other people wait in breathless hope that they will be passed by, and so be able to carry the money that ought to go in the box. Not so with our little girl. She looked eagerly for the box, and as soon as it began to go around she thrust her little fat hand in her tiny left pocket for that money. Her father, not knowing this, offered her a cent. She cried out "clearly," "Don't want your penny!" I have seen big folks willing enough to give other people's money. Her father put his cent into her wee kid gloved hand. She dropped it decidedly into his hat, and her voice rang out, "Dot my own penny!" Thus (4) she was an example of giving her own to God. Her father failing, as fathers sometimes do, to comprehend the ways of little girls, still passed the little cent up the seat, but the little girl, after much tagging, brought forth her own treasure, a great round, old style copper, which she admired for its huge size. Her mother whispered, "Put this cent in." But clearly ringing out came the little voice, "No, no; I'm doin' to give my big penny." She thought money valuable in proportion to its size, and a cent meant to give a big penny, the biggest she had. Now, how many church goers that day did as well as that, and give to God their largest money, taking a pride and pleasure in giving of there very best? So this is the fifth way in which this little girl can serve as an example. Who will go and do likewise?

Church Directory.

ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.—Corner King East and Church Streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m., 3.30 and 7 p. m. Rev. Dean Grassett, B. D., Rector. Rev. R. Rainford and Rev. R. H. E. Greens, Assistants.

ST. PAUL'S.—Bloor street East. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Canon Given, Rector, Rev. T. C. Desbarres, Incumbent.

TRINITY.—Corner King East street and Erin street. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Alexander Sisson, Incumbent.

ST. GEORGE'S.—John street, north of Queen. Sunday services, at 8 a. m. (except on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month) and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Evensong daily at 5.30 p. m. Rev. J. D. Gayley, M. A., Rector. Rev. C. H. Mockridge, E. D., Assistant.

HOLY TRINITY.—Trinity square, Yonge street. Sunday services, 8 and 11 a. m., and 7 p. m. Daily services, 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. Rev. W. S. Darling, M. A., Rector. Rev. John Pearson, Rector Assistant.

ST. JOHN'S.—Corner Portland and Stewart streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Alexander Williams, M. A., Incumbent.

ST. STEPHEN'S.—Corner College street and Bellevue Avenue. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. A. J. Broughall, M. A., Rector.

ST. PETER'S.—Corner Carleton and Bleeker streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. S. J. Boddy, M. A., Rector.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.—Bloor street West. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A., Rector.

ST. ANNE'S.—Dundas and Dundas streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. McLean, M. A., Incumbent.

ST. LUKE'S.—Corner Broadbalt and St. Vincent streets. Sunday services, 8 and 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. Langry, M. A., Incumbent.

CHRIST CHURCH.—Yonge street. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. T. W. Patterson, M. A., Incumbent.

ALL SAINTS.—Corner Sherbourne and Beech streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. A. H. Baldwin, B. A., Rector.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—River St. Feed of Wilton Avenue. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. A. H. Baldwin, B. A., Rector.

ST. MATTHEW.—East of Don Bridge. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. G. I. Taylor, M. A., Incumbent.

ST. MATTHIAS.—Strachan St., Queen West. Sunday services, 11 and 12 a. m., and 4 and 7 p. m. Daily services, 6.30 and 9 a. m., (Holy Communion after Matins), and 3 and 6 p. m. Rev. R. Harrison, M. A., Incumbent, 38 Lamley street.

ST. THOMAS.—Bayview St., north of Bloor. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. H. McCollum, M. A., Incumbent.

GRACE CHURCH.—Mim. street, near Price's Lane. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. P. Lewis, Incumbent.

ST. PAUL'S.—Corner Spadina and St. Patrick streets. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. W. Stone, Incumbent.

CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.—Richmond St. West, near Park street. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

ST. MARK'S.—Cowan Ave., Parkdale. Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. L. Inglis, Incumbent.

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL.—Sunday services, 11 a. m. and 3.30 p. m. Ven. Archdeacon Whitaker, M. A., Provost. Rev. Professor Jones, M. A.; Rev. Professor Boyd, M. A.

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