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‘Hot Chestnuts.’

'Hot Chestnuts.'

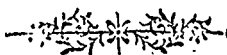
BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMOCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



THE antipathy of a cat to hot chestnuts is proverbial, and has furnished an apt illustration of the indisposition which most people feel to handle a matter of difficulty and delicacy. Though however man may be said metaphorically to share the instincts of 'Pussy,' with regard to 'hot chestnuts,' it can scarcely be said that he does so in the coarser and more material sense. If he did, we fear our readers would never have had the pleasure of looking at the very telling woodcut which precedes this paper. Especially in the bitter cold weather, the boys and girls of our London streets, and even the 'children of a larger growth,' cannot by any figure of speech be said to share the instincts of the feline tribe, with regard to the dainty in question. Regardless of a little possible burning, eager hands are stretched out to receive the hot chestnuts, and numberless stray halfpence find their way into the pocket of the ragged vendor of the same.

In the course of our wanderings through London streets, we have seen some picturesque sights, but although the 'Cats' meat man' and the 'Street Arab' may stand aloft in a dignity which belongs to them alone, there can be no question that the seller of chestnuts on a cold winter's day is no unwelcome or unsightly object. He is easily found, for the light of his tiny furnace at once proclaims his presence even in the very heart of a London fog. His 'plant' and stock-in-trade are of the simplest description. An old well-worn basket, surmounted by a plain deal board, usually forms the foundation on which his little furnace, very much resembling those used by menders of old glass and china, is supported. On the top of this, on a piece of perforated metal, the chestnuts steam and crackle, as if bidding for a customer. All through the long winter's day, and no inconsiderable portion of the winter's night, the seller of chestnuts plies his trade. He usually has a particular stand or 'pitch,' to which he claims a sort of prescriptive right, but he occasionally moves from one street-corner to another, and then he does with his establishment pretty much what the snail does with its house. Basket, board, furnace, and chestnuts, are placed upon the head, and present, on a winter's night, a gleaming grotesqueness amusing to men and alarming to horses. The business of selling chestnuts in the streets is mainly confined to old men, women, and boys. The work can scarcely be said to be hard, although it must sometimes test the seller's power of endurance, to stand for hours in the pinching of a London frost, or the rawness of a London fog.

Some one has cleverly called the chestnut stalls 'moveable feasts,' from the ease with which their proprietors carry them about from place to place. It is not a very lucrative trade, but the outlay connected with it is small, and both sellers and customers belong usually to the lowest class of street life.



Grey's Old Court.

CHAPTER V.

"PATIENCE!"

WHAT was it all about? All that sea of faces; that human bee-hive, in every unit of which Mattie saw a judge and an accuser? All eyes were turned upon her, a poor trembling child, for she looked little more, with cheeks so wan and death-like, and great wistful eyes which had a hunted expression in them, terrible to see. No friend was near her that day, so far as she knew. Once, indeed, she had felt a warm hand clasp her own, but the touch failed to rouse her. She yielded her own chilled fingers passively and without response. Sometimes she tried to wake up and think; a faint wonder even crossed her mind whether Richard Grey would be there or not, and what he would say. Would they find her guilty? And if so, should she be hung? There was little terror in the word for her just now. It was true that she was young, but then she had suffered so much. And it would be so terrible to go back to the old life with this stain upon her name, that it seemed to her death might perhaps be the best ending. Out of all the people who bore their testimony either for or against her, Mattie's dulled brain took in only the image of the housekeeper, as she stood forth in her gaunt ugliness to criminate, if possible, the girl who had never harmed her; all for the greed of gold. And Mattie's thoughts wandered strangely from the present back to that night when she awoke from a dream about Janet, in terror lest the woman should do her bodily harm. It seemed that there really was no one to suspect but the prisoner. The housekeeper certainly admitted that ten minutes or even a quarter of an hour *might* have elapsed before she fastened the door after the girl went away. But then she had been on the ground floor the whole time, and must surely have heard any strange footstep, since she had distinguished Mattie's which was light and quiet. She had warned her master that it was not safe to keep the bag of gold in the room, for she never much liked the look of that Mattie Grey. As for any suspicion resting upon Janet, that was impossible. She had kept her master's keys for years, and took what money she liked, for he knew that she wouldn't waste it like some folks. And if she had wanted a few pounds, she said scornfully, she needn't have troubled herself to get them in that way.

Presently Mattie was conscious of a little stir in the court; of stern gentlemen asking her questions which she answered mechanically, feeling at the same time as if it were not herself that spoke, but some strange voice far away in the distance. She was dimly aware of an incredulous movement when she spoke of the sovereign which the miser had given her; his character was too well known for that to seem probable. Of the canvas bag which had been found amongst the soiled linen she knew nothing; she had never opened the bundle, but supposed that it was put amongst the other things to be washed.

"Was she in the habit of washing such bags for Mr. Grey?"

"No; she had never done so."

Then followed more questions, till weary and confused, she was sinking into a dull apathy, when one question roused her, and she forgot time, place, everything, except the revolting horror of the thought.

"I strike him!" broke out Mattie, with sudden passionate agitation. "I strike an old man; and *that* old man! Why—he was good to me. He loved me!"

The piteous, indignant appeal that rang in these three last words produced a strange commotion amongst the hearers. Women were seen to weep, and even men looked at each other with a sort of hesitating pity and doubt in their faces. So young, so innocent-looking! Was it possible?

But that passionate outburst had exhausted all the strength of will that Mattie could bring to bear upon the subject. They must do as they would with her. She could make no more protests, and trouble herself with no more hopes and fears. She knew when it was all over; she had a vague idea that some voice in authority told her she left the court with no stain upon her character,—free; and she wondered if the speaker knew what a mockery such words seemed to her. She remembered afterwards that some one had drawn her hand within his arm; had put her into a cab; that peering eyes were at the door to stare at her as she passed; that curious people even stopped in the streets to look in at the cab windows, but she saw those only like faces in a fog; knowing nothing definitely until she stood once more in her own home and saw the widow, not strong yet, but better, trying to rise from the wicker chair to meet her.

Then Mattie sprang forward with a low cry, and knelt down with her head on her mother's lap, breaking into a fit of terrible, tearless sobbing.

"Oh mother, mother, they have let me off; but it's all the same. Some one did it; and who will believe me innocent? There wasn't enough proof, but no one will believe that I didn't do it."

The widow could only stroke the black hair, and sob a little too? There were tears for her, but none for Mattie, yet.

"Hush, hush, my dearie. Dost think *I* don't believe thee? There's One that knows. We must wait His time, and trust."

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

RICHARD GREY never bore witness to Mattie's guilt. A heavy hand was upon him, and he recovered from his bodily bruises only to ramble on in a childish sort of way, sometimes about the love of his youth; about the dead John Grey who had supplanted him; about "little Mattie," though it was doubtful whether he then meant mother or daughter; and oftener still about his money. The doctor who attended him held it possible that some sudden shock might still restore him to reason, since he was not so very old; not old enough for senile childishness; but the housekeeper scouted such a notion as simply absurd.

And Mattie's life dragged on wearily. She was right when she said that no one would believe in her innocence, in spite of her acquittal. When she passed up the court slatternly women turned their heads away, and young girls, whose giddy ways and bad

language had made her hold aloof from them, snatched up their tattered skirts, for fear in passing she might touch them. Sometimes her eyes would be lifted with a pitiful despairing look in them to these faces which knew no pity; but oftener they fell heavily as she walked with hands clasping each other, and lips pressed tight together to press down the choking in her throat and keep back the unruly tears.

One day she found a visitor in the widow's cottage, and would have shrunk away as usual, but the stranger rose, calling to her by name, and then she knew that it was the doctor who had cured her mother, and who was now attending Richard Grey.

"I want you," he said to her. "Mr. Grey is constantly repeating your name; I think it might do him good to see you."

The poor girl began to tremble all over, and the desperate, hunted look came into her eyes.

"Oh sir, I can't. The housekeeper—Janet."

"Don't be frightened. I shall be with you."

The doctor put his hand on her head, as a father might have done; he looked down full into the appealing face that never shrank from his gaze, and his voice was very gentle.

"Keep a good heart," he said, unconsciously echoing the little dressmaker's words. "There's some mystery at the bottom of it, but be patient, my child; it will all come right."

Mattie's heart gave a quick throb at this unexpected kindness and belief in her innocence; and by an uncontrollable impulse she took the doctor's hand from her head and kissed it.

"Thank you, sir. I'm ready."

Up the familiar staircase, with a shudder, which the doctor noticed, and at which he drew her hand within his arm, into the old room with its wormeaten chairs and table, its ragged curtains and its earthy smell. Janet was there. Janet darted forwards with a scowl, to be quietly repulsed by the doctor; and then Mattie stood beside the bed where the old man lay babbling to himself and laughing at times with a painful laughter.

"I have brought Mattie to see you, Mr. Grey."

He started, and a wild look passed over his face.

"Take her away; she belongs to John, not to me. Take her away, I tell you. She never cared for me; she told me so."

"You mistake. This is little Mattie who comes every Friday you know. Look at her."

The old man's eyes wandered over Mattie's face absently, and then a faint light of recognition dawned in them.

"Is it? So it is. Little Mattie; always a good child to me. I—
—I'm fond of little Mattie."

Instinctively the doctor raised his eyes to meet Janet's, fixed upon him. She laughed, a disagreeable laugh.

"How should he know, doctor? The blow was struck from behind."

"Is she better, Mattie?" went on the old man. "Janet keeps me very close, you know, but it's all right. She thinks she'll have it all some day." Here the miser sat up in bed with a sudden eagerness in his tone.

"Mattie, where's my bag of gold? My canvas bag? You saw it; you can swear"——

He sank back again exhausted, and Mattie would have spoken, but the doctor put her back behind the curtain, and motioned for silence. Presently the old man began to mutter again.

"The only one! Oh my beautiful, bright sovereigns; they were all new, and I kept them bright. Yes, my Lord, but he's very young; forgive him. He was a baby once, on his mother's knee; think of that, gentlemen."

Again the doctor's glance sought Janet's, and she answered it.

"An old story, doctor, out of the past; that's all."

Mattie, looking up at the doctor, was struck with the strange expression of his face as he beckoned to her.

"Go home now," he said, softly. "You can do no good. And remember, keep up your spirits."

How easy it sounded! Mattie went through the drying-ground and into the court. Some children were playing as usual in the gutter, and as she passed up to the widow's cottage one of these said in a hissing whisper, "Thief!" The others joined aloud in the cry, and a handful of mud fell on Mattie's clean dress as she entered her own door.

"You are pale," said the widow, anxiously. "What's the matter?"

Mattie tried hard to keep down the choking lump that rose in her throat, but it would not do.

"Oh, mother, mother, let us go away; somewhere, anywhere, away from this place!"

Mrs. Grey put her arms round the girl and made her sit down.

"Patience, Mattie. Time heals over the sorest hurts."

"But your customers have fallen away because of me, mother; everybody shrinks from me. I can see them stare at me and whisper when I take home the things; and I know that they are saying, 'Tried for robbery and attempted murder. Acquitted, but everybody thinks she did it.' And we are poorer than we used to be. Somewhere else we might begin again, and no one would know."

The widow shook her head.

"My customers, as you call them, are coming back to me, Mattie. They say that no one does for them so well as I do; what clouds your young life is a trifle which they can forget if it is convenient to do so. And, Mattie, I am getting old; the thought of more wandering makes me sick at heart. If you could be brave and bear it, my child—but if not——"

"Mother! Anything and everything for you sake. I'll try not to be selfish any more."

"And then I have a lodger coming; the little dressmaker who was so good to me. She pays well, you know. Mattie," added the widow; "there's some things to go to Overdale. You used to like that walk, because of the bit of country; and it tires me. It looks like rain, but you won't mind that. 'Take my cloak.'"

"Thank you, mother dear, for thinking of it;" and Mattie set out, though it must be owned with a weary step and a heavy heart.

Rules of Life.



THE following interesting document, written during his residence at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was found among the papers of the late Rev. William Law, M.A. The name of William Law was entered as a Sizar of Emmanuel College on 7th June, 1705. He was admitted to the degree of B.A. in 1708, elected a Fellow of his college in 1711, and created M.A. in 1712. In the year 1716 he vacated his Fellowship and left the University:—

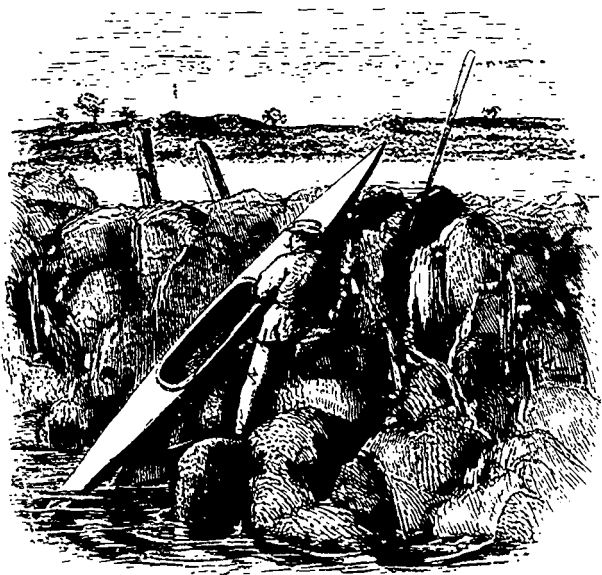
RULES FOR MY FUTURE CONDUCT.

- 1.—To fix it deep in my mind that I have but one business upon my hands, to seek for eternal happiness, by doing the will of God.
- 2.—To examine every thing that relates to me in this view, as it serves or obstructs this only end of life.
- 3.—To think nothing great or desirable because the world thinks it so; but to form all my judgments of things from the infallible word of God, and to direct my life according to it.
- 4.—To avoid all concerns with the world, or the ways of it, but where religion and charity oblige me to act.
- 5.—To remember frequently, and impress it on my mind deeply, that no condition of this life is for enjoyment, but for trial; and that every power, ability, or advantage we have, are all so many talents to be accounted for, to the Judge of all the world.
- 6.—That the greatness of human nature consists in nothing else but in imitating the Divine Nature. That therefore all the greatness of this world, which is not in good actions, is perfectly beside the point.
- 7.—To remember, often and seriously, how much of time is inevitably thrown away, from which I can expect nothing but the charge of guilt; and how little time there may be to come on which an eternity depends.
- 8.—To avoid all excess in eating and drinking.
- 9.—To spend as little time as I possibly can among such persons as can receive no benefit from me, nor I from them.
- 10.—To be always fearful of letting my time slip away without some fruit.
- 11.—To avoid all idleness.
- 12.—To call to mind the presence of God, whenever I find myself under any temptation to sin, and to have immediate recourse to prayer.
- 13.—To think humbly of myself, and with great charity of all others.
- 14.—To forbear from all evil-speaking.
- 15.—To think often of the life of Christ, and propose it as a pattern to myself.
- 16.—To pray, privately, thrice a day, besides my morning and evening prayers.
- 17.—To keep from public houses as much as I can, without offence.
- 18.—To spend some time in giving an account of the day, previous to evening prayer: How have I spent this day? What sin have I committed? What temptations have I withstood? Have I performed all my duty?—*Memorials of W. Law, by C. Walton.*

A Canoe Voyage through Europe.*



LARGE portion of mankind have a fancy for rattling over the world in railway carriages, others prefer steam vessels, some coaches or chaise, a few the backs of horses or their own stout active legs; but, till Mr. Macgregor showed us how it was to be done, we never thought of an educated gentleman traversing civilised Europe from one end to the other in his own private canoe, paddled by his own arms, and guided by an amount of intelligence and nerve which many a man would be glad to possess. The *Rob Roy* Canoe, in which Mr. Macgregor performed his solitary journey of one thousand miles, is built of oak, and covered fore and aft with cedar. She is made just short enough to go into the German railway waggons—that is to say, fifteen feet in length, twenty-eight inches broad, nine inches deep, weighs eighty pounds, and draws three inches of water with an inch keel. A paddle seven feet long with a blade at each end,



and a lug sail and jib, are the means of propulsion; and a pretty blue silk Union Jack is the only ornament. The canoe is decked completely over, except that an elliptic hole is left in which the paddler sits. A mackintosh cover fastened round this opening, could be buttoned high up on his breast, so that he could pass through the breaking waters of a rapid or the surf on the sea-shore with little danger. His baggage in a small waterproof black bag was stowed between his knees, and could be fastened in so that in case of a capsize it could not tumble out.

With high health and spirits our intrepid voyager started one fine

* "A THOUSAND MILES IN THE ROB ROY CANOE," on Rivers and Lakes of Europe, by J. S. Macgregor, Esq. Published by S. LOW, SON AND MARSTON, by whom the illustrations have kindly been lent. The Author's profits on the work will be given to the National Life Boat Institution, and the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. We have thus a double motive for making known an amusing and readable book, written just in the spirit in which travels should be written.

A Canoe Voyage through Europe.

autumn morning of 1865 down the Thames, visiting the Reformatory School-ship, moored off Purfleet, on his way; and the following day stood boldly out to the Nore bound for Shoeburyness. Here he gave his canoe a trial in a heavy sea, and found her wonderfully



buoyant and manageable. Taking the canoe by the rail to Dover she was conveyed across channel on board a steamer to Ostend; thence by rail he went by Brussels to Namur, where he launched the canoe on the Sambre, and thence smoothly glided down the stream to the Meuse.

Now see him fairly embarked on the river part of his voyage

free to stop and chat with any one on the banks; to land and view a town; to tuck his canoe, with the help of another man, under his arm and to carry her up to an inn that she might be stowed safely in a coach-house or stable; to drag her across a grass field to avoid a rapid, or to lower her over a dam, or to drag her up a water fall, or to put her on an ox-cart and convey her over a mountain, or, in fact, to go in any direction where three inches of water was to be found to float. We used the term solitary voyage; but, in truth, he had no solitude to complain of. Except when gliding down the stream or crossing some Swiss lake, he had at all times companions, and there can be no doubt that he made himself welcome. At Liege, where gun-barrels innumerable are manufactured, he met the Earl of Aberdeen, also bent on a canoe voyage. Together they paddled away on the river, now side by side, now talking across it as one canoe man went to one side and one to the other. Paddling along, they met a large herd of kine crossing the Meuse, and went right in among them, but they took no notice of the strangers. They had enough to do just then to cross the stream.

Having parted from Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Macgregor pushed on after several pleasant days on the Rhine, by steamer, rail, and cart, to a lake, Titisee by name, in the centre of the Black Forest, 3,000 feet above the sea, and four miles long. He paddled it in spite of the fears expressed by the drivers of his cart, that an evil spirit—no less an one than Pontius Pilate—would drag him to the bottom if he made the attempt. At the end, again carting the canoe, he reached Donau-eschingen, on the very source of the Danube, where, as the river was at least three inches deep, the canoe could float comfortably. Thence he goes down the mighty stream, at first only a few yards wide, expanding gradually. Soon the hills on either side have houses and old castles, and then wood and lastly rock; and with these mingling, the bold, the wild, and the sylvan, there begins a grand panorama of river beauties to be unrolled for days and days. Few rivers equal the upper Danube. The wood is so thick, the rocks so quaint and high, and so varied, the water so clear, and the grass so green, winding here and twining there, now rushing fast down the reach, now drifting slowly along, so that eye and hand must ever be on the watch, or the canoe will bump on a bank, crash on a rock, or plunge into a tree full of gnats and spiders. Decision of character is promoted in this kind of voyaging. Five channels appear ahead. It is necessary to choose one—three perhaps are safe—hesitation for an instant brings the canoe on a bank. The descent of the Danube as far as Ulm is very rapid, say 300 feet in each of five days' voyage—not a style of navigation suited to a nervous man.

The magnificent scenery culminated at Beuron, where a convent on a rich mount of grass is nearly surrounded by the Danube, amid a spacious amphitheatre of cliffs, clad with splendid woods. The prince who founded the monastery is himself a monk. Near it is an excellent hotel, to which her captain conveyed the *Rob Roy* and himself. Now and then, when he came to a waterfall too high to shoot, he used to walk straight into the hay-fields, pushing

the boat point foremost through a hedge, or dragging her steadily over the wet newly-mown grass, in literal imitation of the American craft which could go "wherever there was a heavy dew." On such occasions the amazement of the country folk, beholding suddenly such an apparition, was beyond all description. Some even ran away. Very often children cried outright, and when he looked gravely on the ground as he marched on, dragging the boat, and then suddenly stopped in their midst with a hearty laugh and an address in English, the whole proceeding must have appeared to them wondrously strange.

Frequently our voyager got benighted, and had no little difficulty in finding a lodging, but he very seldom had to sleep out, though he could at a pinch make himself comfortable inside his canoe.

When landing at a town he found a sign-language very useful. A crowd of course collected as soon as the canoe was on shore. Having sponged out the water he would address the bystanders calmly in English, carrying on his action all the time. "Well, now, I think, as you have looked on enough, and have seen all you want, it's about time to go to an hotel, a *gasthaus*. Here! you—yes—you! just take that end of the boat up, so—gently—*langsam!* *langsam!*—all right—yes, under your arm, like this—now—march off to the best hotel, *gasthaus*." Then the procession naturally formed itself. Boys were, of course, most numerous; and they danced round and under the canoe. Women only came near and waited modestly till the throng had passed. The seniors of the place kept on the outskirts of the movement, where dignity of gait might comport with close observation.

It is impossible to follow our voyager through all his meanderings; the Lakes of Constance, Lucerne, Zurich, and Zug, were sailed over. Great is the pleasure of sailing amid the lovely scenery of those lakes. When the wind is light you need not always sit, as must be done for paddling. Wafted by the breeze you can recline, lie down, put your legs anyhow and anywhere, in the water if you like, the peak of the sail is a shade between the sun and your eyes, while the ripples seem to tinkle cheerfully against the bow, and the wavelets seethe by smoothly from the stern.

However, it was not always smooth sailing. When descending the Reuss on his return, the fierce rapids of Bremgarten, which he had not time to avoid, appeared before him. After gliding and bumping over rocks, amid broken water right in front, and in the middle of the stream, he saw the well-known wave raised where a main stream converges as it rushes down a narrow neck. This was fully six feet high, very thin and sharp-featured, and always stationary, though the water composing it was going at a tremendous pace. After this wave there was another smaller one. The question was, what was beyond? It was impossible for the canoe to rise to the wave. She *must* go through it. As the boat plunged headlong into the shining mound of water, he clenched his teeth and clutched his paddle. Her sharp bows were deeply buried—his eyes shut involuntarily—and before she could rise, the mass of water struck him with a heavy blow full on the breast, closing round his neck as if cold hands gripped him, quite taking

away his breath. Vivid thoughts coursed through his brain at this exciting moment, but another slap from the lesser wave, and a whirl round in the eddy below, told that the battle was soon over, and the little boat rose slowly from under a load of water,



and then trembling as if stunned by the heavy shock, she staggered to the shore. Very little water had, however, got inside the waterproof covering, and though everything in front was drenched, the back of the captain's coat was scarcely wet.



Along the Mouse he found his way through France to Paris, and so back by Calais and Dover to London, where once more the *Rob Roy* floated safely on the Thames, her owner believing, and we agree with him, that few people had more thoroughly enjoyed their summer tour than he had done, a very faint notion of which has been given in the above sketch.



St. James the Less.

St. James the Less.



ST. JAMES THE LESS was either a son of Mary, sister of the Blessed Virgin, or more probably a son of Joseph (afterwards reputed father of our Lord), by a former wife. This latter supposition was received by most of the ancient fathers, and seems best to agree with the language of the evangelists. 'Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethren James and Joses, and Simon, and Jude? and His sisters, are they not all with us? Whence, then, hath this man these things?' By which it appears plain that the Jews understood these persons not to be Christ's kinsmen only, but His brothers, the same carpenter's sons, having the same relation to him that Christ was reputed to have. On this account, too, the Virgin Mary is sometimes called 'the mother of James and Joses,' as for instance in the record of those who were at the Crucifixion, where we find three named, Mary Magdalene, Mary, mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children. Plainly 'the mother of James and Joses' must mean the Blessed Virgin, for she was certainly present; and St. John, reckoning up the same persons, expressly mentions her, calling her 'the mother of Jesus.'

St. James is sometimes described as the son of Alphæus, which appears to make against the above supposition; but it probably only means that Joseph was also called Alphæus, it being common for the Jews to have more than one name; or else it may mean that St. James belonged to some sect or synagogue among the Jews called Alphæans.

This apostle is supposed to be styled *the Less* because less in stature or in age than St. James the Great. For the admirable holiness of his life he was also named *the Just*.

No distinct account of him is given during our Saviour's ministry, until after His resurrection, when St. James was honoured with a special appearance of Jesus to himself alone, which, though passed over in silence by the evangelists, is recorded by St. Paul: after manifesting Himself to the five hundred brethren at once, Jesus '*was seen of James*' (1 Cor. xv. 7).

After Christ's ascension, though the exact date is not known, St. James was chosen Bishop of Jerusalem. It was to St. James that St. Paul made his address after his conversion, and received from him the right hand of fellowship; and it was to him that St. Peter sent the news of his miraculous deliverance out of prison. '*Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren*' (Acts xii. 17).

About fourteen years afterwards, St. James presided at the apostolic council at Jerusalem, on the great controversy about Mosaic rites, and he gave his judgment that the Gentile converts were not to be troubled with the bondage of the Jewish yoke.

Shortly before his martyrdom he wrote the Epistle to the Jewish converts, preserved in the Holy Scriptures, in which he sharply reproved such as pretended to have faith without good works.

About A.D. 63, when Festus, Roman Governor of Jerusalem, was dead, and before Albinus had arrived to succeed him, the Jews, enraged at the spread of the Gospel, conspired to kill St. James. Annanus, son of Annas, it is said, ordered the apostolic bishop to ascend one of the galleries of the Temple, and inform


the people that they ought not to believe Jesus of Nazareth to be the Messiah. But St. James went up and cried with a loud voice that Jesus was the Son of God, and would quickly come again in the clouds of heaven to judge the world. Many of the people below glorified God and believed, but the Scribes and Pharisees were enraged and threw him over the battlements. He was sorely bruised by the fall, but not killed, and tradition says, that he recovered so much strength as to get on his knees and pray for his murderers. But the unbelieving Jews began to bury him under a shower of stones, till one more mercifully cruel than the rest beat out his brains with a fuller's club.

In England, about *three hundred and fifty* churches are dedicated to the name of St. James, some of which may be in honour of this saint, though they are generally thought to refer to St. James the Great. St. James the Less is always meant when the dedication occurs in conjunction with St. Philip, who is also united with him in the anniversary festival, and the service for it in our Prayer Book.

St James the Less is generally represented with a club of peculiar shape, which was believed to have been the instrument of his martyrdom. According to an early tradition, he so nearly resembled our Lord, in person and features, that it was difficult to distinguish them, and a legend says that this rendered necessary the kiss of the traitor Judas, in order to point out his victim to the soldiers.

Plain Words about the Communion Service.

BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.

OLLECTS have been spoken of before in their general characteristics. It is the collect which forms what was termed by Liturgical writers 'the proper' or special portion of the Communion Office. The rest of the service is unvarying, but the collect, which gives a colouring to the rest, changes with the different ecclesiastical seasons. When the Priest says the collect, we should regard it as the Church's special prayer for that particular day or season, and endeavour to throw ourselves fervently into its spirit, and make its petitions our own.

The collect is succeeded by the reading of two portions of Holy Scripture, known as the Epistle and Gospel, and each of them generally bearing on the fact or doctrine brought to our mind by the Church.

The Epistle, which was sometimes called 'the Apostle' in old times, is generally taken from the apostolic writings, and for the most part from those portions of them which convey moral instruction. On particular occasions, however, the Epistle is selected from the writings of the prophets of the Old Testament, and on three or four Holydays from the Acts of the Apostles. It has been thought by some that the Epistle is introduced into the Communion Office as the representation of the Law, for it delivers the precept, while the Gospel furnishes the example. A careful

study of the Epistle appointed for each Sunday and Holyday will show the manifold care with which they have been selected, and the singular appropriateness with which they usually bring before us the truth at the time most prominently before the Church's mind.

'The Holy Gospel,' as its name purports, is an extract from the evangelical narrative. The reading of the Gospel has always been attended with special lessons in the Christian Church. The First Prayer Book of Edward VI. contained the following rubric after the reading of the Epistle:—'*Immediately after the Epistle ended. the Priest, or one appointed to read the Gospel, shall say, "The Holy Gospel written in the — Chapter of —." The Clerks and people shall answer, "Glory be to Thee, O Lord." The Priest or Deacon shall then read the Gospel.*' Although this rubric was omitted in the Second Book, and never actually restored, yet a religious instinct has almost universally supplied this omission, and also in accordance with a rubric of the Scotch Liturgy, has made an ascription of thanksgiving to God for His glad tidings at the close of the Gospel.*

Another act of reverence is observed in connection with the reading of the Gospel—the whole congregation stand. It is said that anciently Holy Scripture was always listened to by the people standing. As, however, the Lessons were often of considerable length, licence was after a time given to those who heard to sit down. One exception, however, was made. When the Gospel was read, all were ordered to stand. 'While the Holy Gospel is reading,' says S. Chrysostom,† 'we do not attend in a careless posture, but standing up with much gravity, we so receive the message of Christ: yea, the greatest potentate on earth stands up also with awful reverence, takes not the liberty to cover his head with his imperial diadem, but in all submissive manner behaves himself in the presence of God, who speaks in those sacred Gospels.' In some liturgies it was the custom to kiss the Book of the Gospels, and though this is no longer common, yet, we may say, with Bishop Sparrow,‡ 'This book, by reason of its rich contents, deserves a better regard than it too often finds. It should in this respect be used so as others may see or prefer it before all other books.'

All these customs, whether in use now or not, tend to prove one thing, viz., the great reverence with which devout Christians have ever regarded the Gospels as being to them the very voice of Jesus. Thus 'it was of old ordained that the lauds and praises should be said, not after the Epistle, but immediately after the Gospel, for the glory of Christ, which is preached in the Gospel.' It is to be noted, too, that though the reader says, '*Here endeth the Epistle,*' there is no such direction given about the Gospel. Is it fanciful to suppose here some reference in thought to the 'everlasting Gospel'? The time will surely come when precepts shall be no longer needed, when the warnings of prophets

* *At the end of the Gospel the Presbyter shall say—'So endeth the holy Gospel.' And the people shall answer, 'Thanks be to Thee, O Lord.* -Rubric in Scotch Communion Office.

† Quoted by L'Estrange in his *Alliance of Divine Offices.*

‡ Bishop Sparrow's *Rationale*, p. 214.

and the admonitions of apostles shall no longer sound in our ears, but the Gospel, which tells of the love of the Incarnate Son, will be the delight and joy of heaven itself, and the sweet meditation of the redeemed for ever. It may be that the omission is accidental, or it is possible that there is another reason for it, as we shall see hereafter, but it is certainly suggestive. Let all these things teach us to receive this portion of God's Word 'with reverence and godly fear.' Let us pray, in the beautiful words of a venerable Eastern Liturgy, 'The Lord bless and strengthen us, and make us to be hearers of His holy Gospel,'* or make our own the still fuller prayer found in the office ascribed to S. Chrysostom, the great preacher of ancient times: 'O Lord and lover of men, cause the pure light of Thy Divine knowledge to shine forth in our hearts, and open the eyes of our understanding, that we may comprehend the precepts of Thy Gospel.†'

Godly Laymen of the English Church.

BY G. W. BENCE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL.

JOHN EVELYN, BORN 1620, DIED 1706, AGED 86.



HERE is scarcely a book within the whole range of our English literature which affords so many graceful pictures of public and domestic life, as it existed two hundred years ago, as that which bears the familiar name of "*The Diary of John Evelyn*." Born to wealth and station, and living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, the accomplished author, while describing what he heard and saw in the city and in the country, in the courts of kings and in foreign travels, unobtrusively commends to our admiration a beautiful example of personal holiness—an example which his excellent parents had given him—and which, through a long and useful career, he never ceased to cultivate. Evelyn's life, like that of Sir Philip Sidney, presents a genuine portrait of a loyal English subject, and a Christian gentleman. He was eminently a lover of good men. He delighted to listen to the glowing eloquence of the saintly Ken, and to number Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and the pious Robert Boyle, among his intimate and congenial friends. Few, indeed, had such opportunities of knowing the world, or of mingling with all ranks and degrees of society, as Evelyn, and we may receive the testimony of his experience with a more lively interest, and fain wish that it were not only inscribed upon his monument at Wotton, but written everywhere in letters of gold—

"ALL IS VANITY WHICH IS NOT HONEST, AND THERE IS NO SOLID WISDOM BUT IN REAL PIETY."

John Evelyn was born at Wotton in Surrey. By his marriage with the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, he became possessed of Sayes Court, a manor in Kent, where he led a retired life till the Restoration. He devoted himself to literature and study, and wrote many considerable works, besides his diary already referred

* Liturgy of S. Martin.

† Liturgy of S. Chrysostom.

to. In 1662 appeared his "*Sculptura, or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper,*" a curious and valuable book, which has since been reprinted. In 1661 came out his "*Sylva, or a Discourse on Forest Trees,*" which has gone through many editions, and is a repository of all that in the author's time was known of the forest trees of Great Britain. In 1697 appeared his "*Numismata, or a Discourse of Medals.*" He wrote also other works alike imbued with the spirit of the scholar and the Christian.

Sorrows and bereavements of no ordinary kind helped much to sanctify a disposition already affectionate and devout, and on no occasion does the beauty of his religion shine with such an attractive lustre as when he is mourning over the loved ones lost. At the age of sixteen, John Evelyn's mother was taken from him, "who endured," he says, "the sharpest conflicts of her sickness with admirable patience, and most Christian resignation, retaining her intellect and ardent affections to the very hour of her departure. When near her dissolution, she laid her hand on every one of her children, and taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God."

We turn over the pages of his *Diary*, and, after an interval of twenty-two years, we find a touching account of his son's early death.

1658. 27th January. "After six fits of ague, with which it pleased God to visit him, died my dear son Richard, to our inexpressible grief and affliction, aged five years and three days only, but at that tender age a prodigy of wit and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. The day before he died he called me, and in a more serious manner than usual told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things to his brother Jack. What shall I say of his frequent pathetic ejaculations uttered of himself? Sweet Jesus save me; deliver me, pardon my sins; let thine angels receive me! So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for Himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the fruits of this incomparable, hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw; for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus, that Lamb of God, in a white robe whithersoever He goeth;—even so, Lord Jesus, Thy will be done!"

We again pass over another period of nearly thirty years, and a similar though sadder tale is repeated of a beloved daughter, who died at the age of nineteen. Our readers will observe how happily religious culture was blended in those days with intellectual attainments.

1685. 10th March. "She received the blessed Sacrament, after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She had been singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian; she had an excellent voice. No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read so she wrote, not only most correct orthography, with such maturity of judgment, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me. But all these are vain trifles to the virtues which adorned her soul. She was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem. She was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh, sweet and desirable child! How shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow! Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled, nor was thy return to her less conspicuous!

Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! Let God be glorified by our submission, and may He give us grace to bless Him for the graces He implanted in thee, thy virtuous life, pious and holy death, which is indeed the only comfort of our souls, hastening through the infinite love and mercy of the Lord Jesus, to be shortly with thee, dear child, and with thee and those blessed saints like thee, to glorify the Redeemer of the world to all eternity. Amen."

This invaluable *Diary*, from which we gather a few further extracts, embraces many historical events of the deepest interest, beginning with the reign of Charles I., and extending through the Commonwealth, and the times of Charles II. and James II. We shall do well to group the most notable occurrences, to many of which Evelyn was himself an eye witness, in the following order:—

REIGN OF CHARLES I., 1637. "Upon the 2nd of July, being the first Sunday of the month, I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the College Chapel (Oxford), and at this time was the Church of England in her greatest splendour, all things being decent, and becoming the peace, and the persons that governed."

1640. *April 11th.* "I went to London to see the solemnity of his Majesty riding through the City in state, to 'the Short Parliament,' which began the 15th following; a very glorious and magnificent sight, the King circled with his royal diadem, and the affections of his people."

1641. "On the 12th of May I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognizance of no human law or statute, a new one was made. With what reluctancy the King signed the execution he has sufficiently expressed, to which he imputes his own unjust suffering."

1649. "The murder of our excellent King, on the 30th of January, struck me with such horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, receiving the sad account of it from my brother George, and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and revealed all the circumstance."

THE COMMONWEALTH, 1652. *March 14th.* "I went to Lewisham, where I heard an honest sermon, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return from the continent, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit."

10th May. "Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning, who had murdered her husband."

1654 *October 11th.* "My son was born, being my second child; he was christened by Mr Owen in my library. I, always making use of him on these occasions, because the parish minister durst not have officiated, according to the form and usage of the Church of England, to which I always adhered."

1654. *Christmas Day.* "No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrained to celebrate it at home."

1655. *Christmas Day.* "There was no more notice taken of Christmas Day in churches. I went to London, where Dr. Wild preached the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day, after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach, or administer the Sacraments, teach in schools, on pain of imprisonment or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had seen, or the Church of England herself, since the Reformation, to the great rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyterian. So pathetic was Dr. Wild's discourse, that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family, received the Communion. God make me thankful, who hath hitherto provided for us the food of our souls as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity our distressed Church, and bring back the captives of Zion!"

1659. *11th October.* "The army now turned out the Parliament. We had now no government in the nation; all in confusion; no magistrate owned or pretended but the soldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy upon us, and settle us!"

THE RESTORATION.—CHARLES II.—1660. *29th May.* "This day his Majesty Charles II. came to London, after a long exile and calamitous suffering, both of the King and Church, for seventeen years. I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God."

1661. *April 23rd.* "Was the Coronation of his Majesty in the Abbey Church of Westminster, at which ceremony I was present. When his Majesty was entered, the Dean and Prebendaries brought all the regalia, and delivered them to several noblemen. Then came the peers in their robes, and coronets in their hands, till his Majesty was placed on a throne elevated above the altar. Afterwards, the Bishop of London (the Archbishop of Canterbury being sick) went to every side of the throne to present the King to the people, asking if they would have him for their King, and do him homage. At this, they shouted four times—'God save King Charles the Second'!"



[WESTMINSTER ABBEY.]

1665. *THE PLAGUE.* On the last day of the year he poured out the gratitude of his heart in the following terms:—"Now blessed be God for His extraordinary mercies, when thousands and tens of thousands perished and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish this year four hundred and six of the pestilence! Blessed be God for His infinite mercy in preserving us!"

1666. *2nd September. THE FIRE OF LONDON.* "I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor will be outdone till the universal conflagration of it. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light was seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame. The noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. It forcibly called to mind that passage—'We have here no abiding city,' the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. Thus I returned."

Evelyn was one of the commissioners for rebuilding St. Paul's, and after the Revolution he was treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. He was one of the first Englishmen who improved horticulture, and introduced exotics into this country at his curious gardens at Sayes Court.

In 1702, he was elected a member of the society then lately incorporated for the *Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. "I subscribed," he says, "£10 per annum towards the carrying it on. We sent a young divine to New York."

31st October. "Arrived now to the eighty-second year of my age, I render solemn thanks to the Lord, imploring the pardon of my past sins, and the assistance of His grace; making new resolutions, and imploring that He will continue His assistance, and prepare me for the blessed Saviour's coming, that I may obtain a comfortable departure, after so long a term has been hitherto indulged me."

Evclyn died on the 27th of February in this year (1706), aged eighty-six, and was buried at Wotton, having written in his Diary the following beautiful words:—

"Though much indisposed, and in so advanced a stage, I went to our chapel in London to give God public thanks, beseeching Almighty God to assist me and my family the ensuing year, if He should yet continue my pilgrimage here, and bring me at last to a better life with Him in His heavenly kingdom."

If I give my Word, I'll 'bide by it.

WELL, James, where were you last night? I did not see you at the night school." So spoke Mr. Calton, a Sunday teacher in a country parish, to James Davis, a youth of sixteen, with a bright open countenance.

The lad coloured, and hesitated a moment, then spoke stoutly. "I'll tell you the plain truth, Sir; I was at the 'Fox and Crown.' My mates bothered me to go with them, and I said I would; and soon after I was that sorry, I would have given a day's wages to get off. But *if I give my word, I'll 'bide by it*, so I went. A fellow treated us all round, and we made noise enough, talking and singing. I was as bad as any, but I felt downright ashamed inwardly all the time."

"Then you think it wrong to break a promise, James?" said Mr. Calton.

"Of course I do, Sir. I should be a cowardly, mean-spirited fellow, if I thought of doing such a thing. Every one in the village will tell you my word is to be trusted."

"Suppose you promised one person not to do a certain thing, and afterwards you promised another you would do it, what then?" asked Mr. Calton.

"I'd never do that," cried James; "leastways, unless I forgot. Then I'd go straight to the second person, and say, I cannot keep my word to you, for I was not free to give it; I was bound first to another man. And I'd be precious careful another time, for it's a mean shame to go back from your word."

"And what did you promise and vow, by your sponsors, in your baptism, James?" asked Mr. Calton, gravely, though kindly.

The lad hung down his head, and with some hesitation repeated the answer from the Catechism.

"Very well, my lad. And do you really think you are bound to believe and to do all they promised for you? How often you have replied, '*Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will.*' Did you mean it, James? And last autumn, when the Bishop asked you, 'Do you here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your baptism; ratifying and confirming the same in your own person, and acknowledging yourself bound to believe and to do all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then under-

took for you?' and you answered, 'I do.' Did you mean *this*, James?"

"Yes, Sir; indeed I did," said James, in a husky tone. "I am very sorry."

"Then, James, remember in the time of temptation you are not *free* to yield. You have promised some one else. You are *bound* to fight manfully against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; so pray, watch, and struggle, my good lad; and then that determination of yours—'If I give my word, I'll 'bide by it,' made, trusting in God's help, will be a noble one, and worthy of a Christian man."

E. D.

The Collect for Ash Wednesday.

Almighty and eternal Go^d of love,
Who hatest nothing that Thy power hast made,
But dost in mercy, from Thy throne above,
Forgive the penitent, whose heart has laid
Its sins before Thee, and for mercy prayed.
Make in us new and contrite hearts, O Lord,
That all our guilt confessing, we may be
Brought to adore the glory of Thy Word,
And find redemption and remission free,
And perfect pardon, gracious Lord, through Thee.

Short Sermon.

Ash Wednesday.

BY THE VENERABLE WILLIAM BASIL JONES, M.A.,
ARCHDEACON OF YORK.

1 Cor. xvi. 22.—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema: Maran-atha."



THIS day derives its name from certain outward ceremonies which were formerly in use, by which men were intended to express their sorrow for and hatred of sin. By the time of the Reformation these ceremonies had quite outlived their use, and had become idle and superstitious. And so our Reformers, in drawing up our Prayer Book, thought good to put in the place of them the peculiar service appointed to be used on the first day of Lent. They directed that God's anger against certain deadly sins should be publicly declared, and that all the people, by saying Amen to each declaration, should signify their belief that God's anger was due to such sins. For this purpose they chose certain passages out of Deuteronomy xxvii., where, as you will recollect, half the Levites stood upon Mount Ebal and pronounced God's curses against sin, and all the people answered "Amen." Our Reformers, however, made one difference. They taught us to say, not "Cursed be he," as in Deuteronomy, but "Cursed is he:" remembering that vengeance is the Lord's, and that He will repay. All that we dare

say is, that the curse of God does rest upon unrepented sin, and that it is right and just that it should do so.

Now, in the words of our text, the Apostle sums up the curses of Mount Ebal in one:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha," or (as the words really mean) "let him be accursed, the Lord will come." Thus the curses denounced against sin of various kinds in the Law are reduced by the Gospel to one—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ." Let us briefly inquire why this is so.

It is because all sin is the breaking of God's law, and love is the fulfilling of the law; and, therefore, every sin is what it is, as being a violation of the one single law of love—love of God, and love of the brethren springing out of it—and particularly love of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the "express image" and representative of God. Well, then, observe this—just as the commandments of God are briefly comprehended in these sayings, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" so are all the curses of the law summed up and comprehended under the Gospel in one:—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha."

And now, during this solemn penitential season of Lent, which is especially set apart as a time for self-examination, for self-humiliation, for that godly sorrow which "worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of," we may take this text of St. Paul as our leading thought—"If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema." We may consider this—that the curse of God which rests upon sin, and upon impenitent sinners, is not so much the penalty of particular acts or kinds of sin, as of the sinful principle out of which they spring; that that sinful principle is the want of the love of God; that the absence of the love of God is shewn in a want of love towards our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us also bear this in mind, in any time which we are able to give up to self-examination—*Christ* should be present to our thoughts throughout. Do not let us merely ask ourselves—Have I done right? Have I done wrong? Is this or that action as it ought to be? Have I kept or have I broken this or that commandment? But let us ask—Is this like Christ? Is this worthy of one who claims to be a servant and follower of Christ? Should I have done this if I had reflected that I was in Christ's presence, and that His eye was upon me? Should I have acted as I have if I had been going to and fro with the blessed Jesus in the days of His flesh? And then let us go a little deeper in our examination and ask—Is Christ's name, is His person, dear to me, an object of reverence and love? Do I love Him both for what he is and for what He has done?—for what He is as being perfectly good, nay, very Goodness itself, made manifest in a visible form—for what He has done, as having for my sake taken upon Himself "the form of a servant, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross."

Observe this. We this day pronounce and give assent to the curse which rests upon every one that continueth not in the words of the law to do them. But, to us Christians, Christ is the law of

God. Why? Because He is God's goodness, God's righteousness, God's love, made visible: and therefore those who love Christ love God, and love the law of God; and those who love the law of God, do the law of God.

O let us earnestly pray our heavenly Father to fill our hearts with that spirit of love towards Himself, and towards our Lord Jesus Christ, which will keep us in the path of righteousness more effectually than any commandment, than any threatened terrors of the Lord. The terrible denunciations of God's wrath, to which we have listened to-day, will have no fears for us, if we indeed love Him. "Love," says St. Paul, "willeth no ill to his neighbour, therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." This is a piece of plain common sense, as regards our duty to our neighbour. Does it not follow that as regards our duty to God also, love is the fulfilling of the law? Let us, therefore, I repeat, earnestly beg God to pour into our hearts such love towards Him, that we, loving Him above all things, may be enabled in all things to fulfil His blessed will.

But then there is one further point which I wish to bring before your notice. God's anathema is pronounced against those who do not love our Lord Jesus Christ. To escape that anathema, we must love Christ. But then, in order to love Christ we must *know* Christ. This seems plain enough. How are we to love Him (I do not say whom we have not seen, but) whom we do not in any sense know? Let us now ask how we are to know Christ; how to become acquainted with Him; to think of Him as of a friend whom we know well? Here He is, in the Gospels. Here is His picture. Nay, rather, here is Christ Himself. It is by constantly hearing, and diligently reading, God's holy Word; and, above all, that part of it which describes the blessed life of Christ upon earth, that we learn to know Him—we become intimate with Him—we all but see Him. But stay, this is not quite enough. You do not get to know a man by merely seeing him. You may know some public man by sight, and yet never become acquainted with him. To become acquainted with him, you must speak to him. Now, how can we speak to Christ, as well as see Him? In prayer. Thus it is then—we see Christ in the Bible, and we speak to Him in prayer; and, therefore, both prayer and reading God's Word are necessary to us, that we may know Him and love Him.

In conclusion, I will make a practical suggestion. There is now a period of some six weeks before us, which is marked out by the services of the Church of England as a time for self-examination and repentance. It ought to be, as we have just seen, a time for increased prayer, for additional reading of the Bible. Can we not manage, each for himself, to set apart some fixed time for these purposes? Are we so busy that we cannot save for God a little time every day, or if not, on some fixed day in the week, in order that we may draw near to Him from time to time? To perform this duty well, it should be performed regularly, and at the same hour. Let us try, even though it be but for a few minutes, to withdraw from the world into God's presence, and there pour out our souls before Him, and open our ears and hearts to His teaching.

MISCELLANEOUS.

(Selected for the Church Magazine).

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.

Partisan writers of the present day are fond of attributing the introduction of Christianity into Britain to the preaching of Augustine, or Austin, as he is often called, who came over from Rome in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, at the instigation of Pope Gregory I. But the fact is, Christianity was planted in Britain almost as early as in Rome itself; and there are the strongest reasons for believing that St. Paul was the messenger by whom it was introduced. In the 15th chapter of his epistle to the Romans, he mentions his intended journey into Spain; and as, according to the testimony of all the fathers, he passed the interval of eight years between his first imprisonment at Rome and his second arrest and martyrdom "in going up and down *through* and preaching *in* the western parts," it would be difficult to suppose that such journey was not taken.

Theodoret, an eminent writer and accurate Church historian of the fifth century, assures us that St. Paul did visit Spain; and, calling at "*the islands that lie in the ocean*," * he "*persuaded even the Britons to receive the laws of the crucified Lord*."

Gildas, a native of Britain, who flourished in the sixth century, writing of the wars between the Romans and the native British Sovereigns, states that in the interval between the defeat of King Caractacus, in the year 51, and that of Queen Boadicea, ten years after, "*the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness had shone upon this frozen isle*."

Venantius, who was Bishop of Poitiers in the fifth century, states that "Paul crossed the ocean, and preached in the countries which the Britons inhabit." Eusebius, who wrote at the close of the third, and during the early part of the fourth century, and whose accuracy as an ecclesiastical historian is universally admitted, enumerates the *British Isles* as among the countries where the Gospel had been preached by the Apostles; and Jerome, the most learned of the Latin fathers, translator of the version of the Bible, called the *Fulgata*, avers that "St. Paul preached the Gospel in the *western parts*, and took his course from ocean to ocean."

In the ancient records called the "*British Triads*" it is related that Bran, the father of Caractacus, having, with other members of his family, been taken to Rome as hostages for his son, while there embraced Christianity, and returning home after, "seven years captivity, brought the gospel to the *Cumbrians*." Now, when it is remembered that the discharge of St. Paul from prison happened nearly at the same time with that of Bran and his family: taking into consideration the great probability that the new converts would be most anxious for the Apostle to visit their benighted country, and that he was induced to do so at their earnest solicitation, we have in the absence of other testimony, fair grounds for assuming that, not only was the Gospel promulgated in Britain previous to the year 51, but also that its promulgator was St. Paul himself. There is however, (as has already been shewn), no lack of other authorities on the subject, and the testimony which may surely be regarded as placing the matter beyond doubt, is that of Clement, the personal friend and fellow-labourer of the apostle, referred to in the Epistle to the Philippians.

* The ancients knew nothing of any country west of the British Isles, hence it was their practice to speak of them as "*the Isles of the ocean*", "*the Isles of the west*"; "*the utmost bounds of the west*", "*the utmost Britons*," &c. &c.

who asserts that St. Paul received the rich rewards of faith after he had "taught righteousness to the whole world, and gone to the utmost bounds of the west."

In the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles, we find a host of writers bearing witness to the fact that the Gospel had taken deep root among the Britons; and Tertullian, after remarking that districts inaccessible to Roman arms had been subdued by Christ, adds that the fame of their Christianity had extended to Africa and the east. Between the years 170 and 176, King Lucius, the grandson of Caractacus, having embraced the Christian faith, caused an increased number of bishops to be consecrated, in order to make the diffusion of the Gospel co-extensive with his dominions. This was the first bowing of a crowned head to the sovereignty of the Cross, so that besides the honour of having given to Rome her first Christian Bishop, (for Linus, the first occupant of that See, who was consecrated in the year 67, was the son of Caractacus), and at a later period her greatest monarch and first Christian Emperor, (for Constantine the Great was born in Britain, and his mother Helena, was a British lady); England claims the yet higher honour of having been the first nation in the world that was governed by a Christian King, and the foremost to fulfil the prophecy which predicts of the Church of Christ, that "Kings shall be her nursing fathers." To the days of Lucius, then, may be referred the origin of the union of Church and State.

C

COLONIAL ANGLICANISM.

[From the *Toronto Globe*].

The Episcopal Church in the Colonies has been declared to have no more connection with the Crown than any other Church. The Queen is not, out of England, in any sense, the head of any Church. The Colonial Church is, consequently, not trammelled in its action as the English branch from its connection with the State must be. Such being the case, why should it not, so far as it is free, regulate its own concerns in doctrine and discipline like other Churches? We can see no reason why, and why especially should not some effort be made to have a recognized system of doctrine held and taught by all the clergymen within its pale? Its present position is in the last degree anomalous. Apparently a man may believe everything or nothing, and still be a clergyman in good standing. The *London Times* objects to such proposals as paving the way for clerical tyranny, but there is no reason for its complaints. A voluntary association as every Church independent of State support is, can make its own terms of membership, if these do not conflict with the law of the land; and if they do, the association itself would be unlawful. Nobody is forced to join such a society, or to continue in it. What hardship is there in any one who does, promising to conform to its regulations or go out of it. The Colenso scandal is sufficiently notable to induce every one who wishes well to the Anglican Church to seek some way by which it might be removed. * * * To complete the Pan-Anglican idea, as shadowed forth in the reports referred to—all which seems necessary is to agitate for all the severance of the connection with the State in England and Ireland, and the absolute surrender of all endowments from public funds. Let the bishops and their friends do that and succeed; and then, notwithstanding all the "thunders" of the *Times*, every lover of fair play and freedom would be glad to see them managing their own Church in their own way, and having as many Courts of Appeal, or as few as they choose. These are matters with which outsiders would then have nothing to do.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

The Churchmen of this City and Portland have recently enjoyed a brief visit from their Chief Pastor. His Lordship arrived here on Thursday the 20th ult, and preached two admirable sermons on the following Sunday in Trinity, and St Paul's (Valley) Church. During the week he went as far as Sussex Vale, and spent a few days with his son, the earnest and faithful missionary in that Parish. While there he availed himself of the opportunity, afforded by the Ash Wednesday and Thursday evening services, of preaching, to the assembled parishioners. Returning to the City by the Tuesday evening train he was just in time to deliver a most interesting and impressive address at St. Paul's (Valley) on ver 10 and 11, of Psalm 51. Having no engagement for Sunday morning His Lordship assisted the Rector of St. Paul's in celebrating the Holy Eucharist, and in the afternoon followed up the subject of his Friday evening address, taking for his text the 12th and 13th ver, of the 51st Psalm. At the 6 o'clock service St. Luke's Church was filled with an attentive congregation, to whom the Bishop preached with his usual power, "warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom," as he was one entrusted with the weighty office of a Chief Pastor of Christ's flock. Having attended the quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Diocesan Church Society on Wednesday, his Lordship returned to Fredericton for the purpose of conferring Priest's orders on a gentleman, who has been serving the church as a Deacon in the mission of Petersville.

Mackeson's *Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs*, for 1868, contains particulars of 617 churches, situated within a radius of twelve miles from the General Post-office, but with reference to 72 no information has been received on the under-mentioned heads, and the number is reduced to 545. Of these there is a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion at 129, daily celebration at 11, choral celebration at 28, evening celebration at 47, early morning celebration at 125: services on saints' days 178, daily service at 99, full choral service at 103, and partly choral services at 79, giving a proportion of one third where the services are musically rendered; surpliced choirs at 98, paid choirs at 59, one sixth; Gregorian music (for the Psalms and Canticles) at 59, the weekly Offertory at 104, free seats throughout at 124, in 48 of which they are also unappropriated, the vestments are worn at 11, and incense is used at 7.

In a letter to the *Times* a very near relative of Mr. Machonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, gives the following brief statement of the mode of life of the clergy of that church:—

There are six clergymen connected with St. Alban's. The usual hour for rising, even at this season, is 6 a. m. From this hour till 11 or 12 p. m. the clergy are constantly engaged in the work of their calling. A portion of time (say from three to four hours) is occupied in the service, the remainder is given to visiting the sick and other works of charity. The mode of living is of the plainest and simplest kind. Wine as an article of ordinary use is unknown in the Clergy house, but at 6 p. m. every evening in the year there is a distribution of wine, brandy, beef tea, &c., to those who are recommended as special objects of charity. This work is carried on in the midst of a district the filth and misery of which cannot be conceived by those who live in more prosperous circumstances. For this work the stipend is £150 to the incumbent. None of the other clergy receive more than £100, and some of them labour without any stipend at all.

The Dean of York has taken in hand the restoration of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York the stipend of which is only £85 a year, and the population is very poor.

York Convocation has adopted a motion in favor of the creation of three new Sees and of the appointment of Suffragans to assist over-worked Bishops. The Bishop of Carlisle voted against the motion, while the other Prelates present took no part in the decision. The Dean of Ripon brought forward a motion declaring that Convocation, while lamenting "the scandal occasioned by Dr. Colenso's retention of the bishopric of Natal," and desiring that steps should be taken for his legal removal from it, believe it to be "unwise and inexpedient that another Bishop should be consecrated for that diocese until the See becomes legally vacant." The motion was not pressed to a vote, but its introduction afforded the Archbishop an opportunity of defending the course he has taken in protesting against the consecration of Mr. Macrorie. A discussion took place

on Thursday week which will no doubt, excite much attention. Archdeacon Hamilton moved the appointment of a committee to open negotiations with the Wesleyan Conference on the possibility of a thorough re-union between the Wesleyan community and the Church of England. This proposition was supported by the Archdeacon of Carlisle and Canon Hornby, but it was opposed by the Bishops of Carlisle and Ripon, Archdeacon Pollock, and Chancellor Thurlow. Eventually the motion was withdrawn, and an amendment, moved by the Bishop of Ripon, was adopted, with only one dissentient. The effect of the amendment is that Convocation would cordially welcome any practical attempt to effect a brotherly reconciliation between the Church and the Wesleyans.

The Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada was the preacher at St. Paul's, lately, when the cathedral was so thronged that hundreds of persons were unable to gain admittance.

The account of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for the year 1867 are closed, and shew a large increase over preceding years. The income was for general fund, £85,055; for appropriated funds, £9271, and for special funds, £20,219; making a total of 114,546. The greatest increase has been in special funds, which are not administered by the Society, but transmitted direct to the persons named by the donors. Owing to the exhaustion of the India appropriated fund, the general fund has had a burden placed upon it which at present it cannot bear, and unless fresh subscriptions are forthcoming some of the most promising Missions in our important Indian possessions must be abandoned.—*English Paper.*

The parish church of Nidd having fallen into decay, has been rebuilt by Miss Rawson of Nidd Hall, from the designs of Messrs. Healey, architects, and was consecrated on Tuesday se'night by the Bishop of Ripon, who was the preacher. The original font has been retained, and a peal of five bells, by Mears added. The benches are of oak.

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Barrington, has given a fine organ, of 367 pipes, to Westbury Parish church, Bucks. The Bishop of Oxford presided at its opening.

It has been determined to erect a memorial in honour of the late Dr. John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield, in Derby, which forms part of the diocese over which he so long presided.


The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have appointed a committee consisting of Mr. Hubbard, M. P., the Rev. Prebendary Martineau, Mr. Casenove, Mr. Erskine Knollys, and other gentlemen, for the purpose of collecting funds for the endowment of a bishopric for the north of Germany, especially for the northern part of Europe, with Heligoland for its See.

Mr. F. S. Powell, M. P., presided, on Thursday week, at the opening of new Schools connected with all Saints' Church, Little Horton Green, Bradford, a beautiful edifice, which has been erected solely by his liberality. The Hon. member in the course of a brief speech, spoke strongly in favour of secular education being accompanied by religious instruction.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

RECEIVED.—*Rev. W. L. B. McK.*—Thanks for your note. You are right in your surmise; the subscription has not been paid.

J S—Back numbers have been forwarded to you,—some of them gratuitously.

 We are sorry to say that owing to a mistake on the part of the publishers in England who supply us with the illustrated pages of this Magazine only half the required number came for this and the last month.

The deficiency will be made good as soon as possible, and all our subscribers will receive their copies for February and March.