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# CHURCH CHIMES

A MONTHLY RECORD OF CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN CANADA.

No. 8.

TORONTO, APRIL, + 1875.

Vol. 1.

## KALENDAR FOR APRIL.

8. *S. Richard*, Bishop and Confessor, A.D. 1253, was Bishop of Chichester, and was born at Wyche, now Droitwich, about four miles from Worcester, and studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna, and on his return to England was appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. He was elected Bishop of Chichester in 1245, in opposition to the unfit nominee of King Henry III., who was so incensed at his election that he seized on all the revenues of the See. *S. Richard* was thus reduced to the greatest straits, and obliged to depend upon the benevolence of others for the necessaries of life; he, however, firmly, though meekly, maintained his position, and went about his diocese to town and village discharging his Episcopal duties. The King restored his revenue after two years deprivation. He presided over his diocese five years after this, and died at Dover on this day in his fifty-seventh year. It is related of him, while at Oxford, that being seated one day at dinner, a message was brought him, that a youth was outside on a horse, who wanted to speak to him immediately. *S. Richard* rose from the table and crossed the hall to the door, and found no one; but at that instant a large stone fell from the wall exactly where he had been seated, and would undoubtedly have killed him but for the providential interposition which drew him from the spot at that moment. Also, that after his election to the Episcopate, he fell down with the Chalice in his hand, but the wine was miraculously preserved from being spilled.
4. *S. Ambrose*, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, A.D. 397, was the son of a Prefect of Gaul, and was born at Treves in the year 340. *Paulinus* relates that while an infant, as he one day lay asleep in his cradle, a swarm of bees alighted on his mouth, and after a little time flew away without injuring him. This was thought to boken his future eloquence. Though he was Prefect of Piedmont, and had never been baptised, he was unanimously chosen Bishop of Milan, and compelled to accept that dignity. He was the strenuous opposer of the Arian heresy. His works continue to be held in much respect, particularly the hymn *Te Deum*, which he is said to have composed when he baptized *S. Augustine*, his celebrated convert. He is said to have first introduced the practice of singing hymns in the Divine Office, and most of those which occur in the Ferial Office in the Latin Church seem to be his. *S. Ambrose* died about the midnight before Holy Saturday, April 4, A.D. 397. The common suffrage of all antiquity has ranked him among the four great Doctors of the Western Church. His remains lie in a vault under the High Altar of the Basilica *Saint Ambrogio Maggiore*, at Milan.
19. *S. Alphege*, Archbishop and Martyr, A.D. 1012. *S. Alphege*, or properly *Ælfheagh*,

- was an Englishman of noble family, who led a most holy and austere life, and was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury A.D. 1006. In the year 1012, the Danes spoiled and burned both the city and the Cathedral of Canterbury, putting the people to the sword, and after seven months imprisonment, stoned the good Archbishop, and finally despatched him with a battle axe, because he would not pay a large ransom for his life, at Greenwich, on the spot where the Parish Church now stands, and which is one of those named in his honour. As his soul was departing, he cried: "Jesu, receive me in peace, and forgive them!" This happened on April 19, A.D. 1012, within the Octave of Easter.
23. *S. George*, Martyr and Patron Saint of England, c. A.D. 285. *S. George* is honoured in the Church as one of the most illustrious martyrs for Christ, and is the Patron Saint of England. He was a native of Cappadocia, and passing thence into Palestine, he entered the army of Diocletian. Having complained to the Emperor Diocletian, himself, of his severity and bloody edicts, he was immediately cast into prison, and after many tortures beheaded. *Lactantius* says he was generally supposed to have been the person who pulled down the edicts against the Christians which Diocletian caused to be affixed to the Church doors. The legend of *S. George's* combat with the dragon is too well known to need repetition. His connection with England is derived from his having appeared at the head of a numerous army carrying a red cross banner, to help *Godfrey de Bouillon* against the Saracens at the siege of Antioch, since which time he has been regarded as the champion of Christendom, as well as of England—He was first acknowledged as the Patron Saint of England at the Synod of Oxford, in 1220, though there is ample proof that he was popular in that country, even in Anglo-Saxon times, and his combat with the dragon formed a favourite subject for sculpture in the tympanums of Norman doorways. Previous to that period, *S. Edward* the Confessor, was the Patron Saint of England. With the name of *S. George* is associated the memory of all that is glorious in the martial annals of Albion, when the war cry of "Seynt George for Merric England!" was the signal of victory on the fields of *Créci* and *Agincourt*. The cross of *S. George* is emblazoned on our Union-Jack, in combination with those of *S. Andrew* for Scotland, and *S. Patrick* for Ireland.
25. *S. Mark*, Evangelist, and Martyr, c. A. D. 68, was of Jewish extraction, and though not mentioned in the Gospels is traditionally said to have been the man bearing the pitcher of water, and in whose room the Last Supper was prepared. He was a disciple of *S. Peter*, and was sent by him from Rome to found other churches; and the large and flourishing church at Alexandria, seems upon undoubted authority to have been founded by him. Here at Easter-time, when the heathen Egyptians were worship-

ping Serapis their god, the holy Evangelist's denunciations of their idolatry so incensed them that they seized him, bound him with cords, and dragged him through the streets till he died. His body was then burnt, and the Christians then gathered up his remains, which were afterwards translated to Venice, where a magnificent church was erected over them, and of which city *S. Mark* has ever since been considered the Patron Saint. His emblem is a winged lion.

## Our Terms.

"CHURCH CHIMES" is on sale at all the principal booksellers in Toronto. Price five cents per copy. Yearly subscription fifty cents, which should be sent to the Editors, P. O. box 1372, Toronto. We have circulated a great many copies gratuitously, and trust our Catholic readers will do all in their power to increase our subscription list. We hope soon to be able to enlarge the paper, having received so much encouragement from both clergy and laity.

## CHURCH CHIMES.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1875.

## Legends of the Saints.

No part of *CHURCH CHIMES* has excited the anger of a Protestant public more than the publication in our Kalendar of a carefully selected series of legends respecting the Saints commemorated by the Church of England, and notably selected for such commemoration by the Reformers themselves, against whom, and not against our humble efforts to illustrate their teaching, gentlemen on whom the mention of a Saint has much the same effect that holy water is said to have on a certain fallen angel, should really direct their indignation. But as we in Canada are less interested by arguments based on authority and historical precedent than by those which appeal to the present interests of society we shall say a few words as to these Saint-Legend.

They fall, as the readers of our Kalendar may have observed, into three distinct groups. The first are those which have presumably certain historical evidence. The martyrdoms of *S. Cyprian*, or *S. Laurence*, or that of *S. Margaret*, for instance, are quite as certain events in Christian history as the death of Bishop *Patterson*, or that of *Arthur West* the other day at his post in the East African Mission. Again there have grown up around these certain other stories, the exact truth of which cannot be tested, which are consistent with, and illustrative of, the events and persons in church history with which

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we find them associated. Historical criticism, which has gone about among the stories which made history pleasant to our childhood, lopping off one after another like King Tarquin with the poppies, would have little respect, for instance, for the legend of the dream of S. Margaret or that of S. Perpetua, in which they trampled on the dragon the night before their agony. We do not care to reason the matter, since such legends are addressed to the loving instincts of Faith; not to the modern infidel, whose first course is to reject everything that savours of miracle. Faith receives a doctrine or a story, not indeed *without* evidence, but on a *different kind of evidence* from that demanded by reason; just as we are ready with regard to those we love, to believe on little evidence what seems to harmonize with our conception of them. Faith is far from rejecting miracles merely on human argument, and it is quite impossible to press such argument, which is the only conceivable one (the King of Timbuctoo's non-experience against those who said that water can freeze,) against all primitive or mediæval miracles, and to retain a living faith in the miracles with which Christianity is identified.

We believe that miracles did not cease with the completion of the New Testament Canon. We see no reason for doubting that supernatural courage, strength, consolation, was a matter of fact, given to those who, like S. Laurence and S. Margaret, suffered a death of dreadful torment rather than deny Christ.

We do not wonder that the profane Church Association persecutors of the faith, laugh at the sufferings of the martyrs, but with regard to several other writers who have lately commented with some cleverness and with a good-humoured intention on the CHURCH CHIMES Kalendar, we really think if these gentlemen would seriously consider who the Christian Saints and Martyrs were, they would agree with us that the torments they were called to endure cannot be a legitimate subject for fun.

There is a third class of legends—those which convey a moral, and enlist the devout affections in honouring the memories of the servants of God. These stories are not told as literal facts, of a great many of them we are quite well aware that they are the luxuriant growth of the Christian imagination incessantly wearing a dress of fictitious, and even fanciful form, if you will, but still a dress for the objects of its love. These were the romances and novels of an age to which God, and Heaven, and Hell were realities. An age whose wildest and most grotesque fancies were still concerned with religion, with the Church and the Saints; which loved to think of the heroes and heroines of Christianity just as the present age loves to build "castles in the air" for the *dramatis personæ* of the world and the flesh.

We are of opinion that the study of these legends, whether historically certain, probable only, or purely mythical, is calculated to give interest to the contemplation of Christian history, and to aid in the formation of Christian character. Children who read of the Saints of

the New Testament, miss the attraction of models of manhood and womanhood other than those of a race and civilization so far removed from their own. As a matter of common sense, therefore, it is a good to make use of the material which the Reformers (as above mentioned) were so thoughtful as to leave in the Prayer Book for the edification of the faithful.

### A Few Results.

If the several schools of religious thought of the present day are tested by the great Napoleon's question, "What has he done?" very little indeed can be said for the Low Church and Evangelical Party. What has the movement which began with the efforts of those English clergymen who were influenced by John Wesley, done during a century to enrich the literature of Christianity? What new weapon has it hung up in the armoury of the Faith, what new region of thought has it made its own and ours? The chapter that treated of the snakes in Iceland commenced with the words, "In Iceland there are no snakes". And in the Evangelical Party there is no literature, no leading theologian or thinker, no movement of mind. After a hundred years of popularity its result is *nil*, cypher, zero. The Evangelical leaders of the last century were not learned men, and their writings are dry as the bones beheld by the prophet Ezekiel, but they had earnestness, and a cause which had yet to become popular. Their successors, the Evangelicals of the present day, present a dead level of spiritual flatness, their stronghold is in the rank of the British and Canadian Philistines, the well-to-do and vulgar *bourgeoisie*, whose religion consists of their patronage of a clergyman and proprietorship of a pew, whose selfishness rebels against asceticism, whose stolid materialistic prejudices revolt against the supernatural, whose purse-proud self-will rejects all improvement as "something we have not been accustomed to," and whose innate vulgarity is safe to declare war against Gregorian chants and reverent worship. There is no question about it, no need even to listen to a sermon by Dean Grassett to illustrate the fact, Evangelicalism is at this day the party of stupidity.

Broad Churchism in Canada can not certainly boast of much intellectual force, though it is probably on the increase quietly as what pathologists call a degeneration of the older Evangelicalism. Nor does Canadian Broad Churchism take the form of pronounced infidelity of which Dean Stanley of Westminster scandal notoriety is the type in England. With us the "broad" man preaches sermons that are not only broad but flat—common-places refined to truisms, and truisms expanded to platitudes. With a stock-in-trade of popular formulas and an exceedingly good opinion of his own ability, your "broad" clergyman is very likely to be popular, especially in towns, where the would-be intellectual class among the laity are attracted by views that claim "breadth", and by preaching that flatters the most darling delusions of the modern

mind, as it teaches, or at least insinuates, that for all purposes of salvation, false doctrine equals true.

For the High Church or Ritual movement there is undeniably something to be said if we test it by results. It is generally hated, denounced and persecuted; it has the ill word of the world and the opposition of the flesh. But it is not a trivial movement done in a corner, for its influence is epidemic throughout the world at the present moment. The effort to crush it by compulsory legislation occupied the Imperial Legislature for all last session. It is feared and opposed by Roman Catholic controversialists, witness Monsignor Capel's last onslaught; it is hated by infidels like Colenso, as the bulwark of the worship of Christ.

And look at its intellectual and spiritual results, being such as it is impossible for any fair minded and intelligent outsider to shut his eye to. Evangelicalism has certainly never produced a poet—it found poor Cowper writing "John Gilpin" and it left him a hopeless lunatic. We should like any outsider reading this article, to do it the further justice to buy one little book of poetry, the *Christian Year* by John Keble, a copy of which may be had for a few cents. Let him read for himself a few pages, taken anywhere. What is this new spirit breathing in every thought of that vigorous and fervid strain? It is exactly the spirit, the teaching, the tone, which by men of the calibre of the Executive Committee of the Church Association is cursed and hated as "Ritualism". Or let him take up Liddon's Bampton Lectures, or University Sermons, and notice the only real attempt made by modern theology to cope with the atheism of the age on its own ground. Who is this learned and fearless champion of the cross, whose eulogium and belief in his cause, so wins you? A Bishop? A Dean? No: a "notorious Ritualist".

We are very far from asserting that a great movement like Ritualism carries no fools and no marauders among the refuse of its camp-followers. Certain silly tracts published in this country are cases in point. But we do maintain, that viewed as a whole, the High Church or Ritualistic school comprehends the ability, the learning, the faith, the mental and spiritual force of the present generation of the Church of England.

### The Rev. J. Ambery leaves Trinity.

ALTHOUGH the lithographed series of letters relating to the Rev. Professor of Classics is meant for private circulation, still we cannot allow Mr. Ambery's departure from the College where his scholarship and energy have for years supplied the chief motive power, to pass without a word of indignant regret. The history of Trinity College, Toronto, we are sorry to say, repeats itself, and those who remember how the great ability and high character of the late Rev. Mr. Irving was lost to Trinity in consequence of personal misunderstanding, although his resignation was ostensibly made because the in-

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ome promised him could not be paid, will grieve to see the same personal jealousy, discourtesy, and cliquism drive away, under similar circumstances, one to whom the College is equally indebted.

Mr. Ambery is a classical scholar of high standing, one who thoroughly loves and has for years made a life study of classical literature and philology, he is one of those seldom now to be met with, who unite the old fashion of classical scholarship which consisted in thorough and accurate culture of the extensive range of Greek and Latin authors, with the more modern scholarship whose subject matter is the structure and evolution of grammar.

Mr. Ambery was *au courant* with every remarkable edition of a classical author. Such as Ellis' wonderful "Catullus," which he was the only man in America who possessed, within the year of its publication; he also read every book on philology as it came out, and hence his lectures were those of a mind thoroughly master of its subject. These are qualities which may possibly be lightly esteemed by a corporation, none of whom are men who set any value on classical culture, which they look on much as George II. did on "boets and bainters," and the influence of such a Professor may not have been over welcome to a College Don, who could

"Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne."

Our little paper is the organ of an unpopular and persecuted cause. Mr. Ambery is by no means a "Ritualist," and it is on no party ground that we protest against the treatment he has received as one of the meanest and most cowardly of many acts of that description which the safe-at-any-price people are guilty whenever they get frightened. CHURCH CHIMES has a very high respect for classical scholarship, and a love for fair play, and therefore little as its good word may be worth, offers this expression of regret for his departure and of indignation at the treatment he has had—to the REV. EREND JOHN AMBERY.

## Mottoes for Notabilities.

For the Bishop of Western New York.

"Κόξ ὀμπάξ."

For the Dean of Montreal.

"—The iays have been

That when the brains were out, the man would die."

MACBETH.

For the Chief Justice—Court of Error and Appeal.

"—a Draper he

Of credit and renown—"

COWPER, (*John Gilpin*).

For the Bishop elect of Niagara.

"Volo Episcopari."

For the Incumbent of Finch, Ont.

"Tis I my Lord the EARLY village cock."

HENRY IV. Pt. 1.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors decline being held responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.

In S. S. G<sup>n</sup>. et G<sup>n</sup>. Brown.

HERESIS SCOTICÆ propagatores,  
Fidei Christianæ oppugnatores,  
Rixarum Ecclesiasticarum arbitros  
Impudenter—ultra—fedæ se obtrudentes.

Saints in early days I ween  
Were all holy tho' unclean,  
Brothers Brown in after ages  
Point a moral in our pages.  
In this point they differ solely,  
All unclean and all unholy.

Q.

## Holy Trinity Sunday School.

### CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

ON Easter Day a children's service was held at Holy Trinity at 3.30. P.M. The church was well filled, as in addition to the Sunday Scholars, many of their friends and relatives were present. The following was the order of the proceedings:

Processional, "Brightly gleams our Banner."	Hymn 384 A. & M.
	"Our Father."
Psalm viii. ....	7th Tone
	Lesson.
Magnificat	5th Tone.
	Apostles' Creed, &c.
Hymn	107
	Address by the Bishop of Algoma.
Hymn	108
Offertory Hymn	370
	Collects and Benediction.
Retrocessional, "Pilgrims of the Night."	Hymn 325

The procession started from the Vestry and marched round the church, down the south aisle and up the nave to the sanctuary. In front of the Clergy was carried the Banner of the Guild of S. Agnes, and the Priests wore white stoles,—banner and stoles having been kindly lent by the Guild of S. Laurence the Martyr.

The Bishop of Algoma's address was very interesting and seemed to be appreciated. He has an excellent delivery, and his powerful voice was heard in every part of the church. One of the most pleasing features of the service, was the presentation of their offerings by delegates from every class in the Sunday School. The money was attached to bouquets of flowers, and the large alms-basin of the church was taxed to its utmost capacity, one of the Priests laying the bouquets carefully on while another held the basin. I hear that many of the classes are named after the Saints such as S. Mary, S. Joseph, &c., &c.

After the service the Sunday scholars marched in order to the Vestry, followed by Choir and Banner, Priests and Bishop. The parish authorities are to be congratulated on the success of the service, and also for the advanced and improved ritual. Why not do something to improve the Eucharistic services?

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

## Ritual Inaccuracies.

ON the Festival of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, I attended Evensong at Holy Trinity Chapel. The Feast occurred this year during Holy week, on Maunday Thursday. The Altar was vested with violet frontal, and on the re-table were two vases of flowers. The Collect for the Annunciation was used. I am puzzled to know what day or feast it was intended to celebrate or commemorate. If the Feast of Our Lady, it should have been transferred until after Easter and then the colour of the day would be white. The rubric in the Salisbury Missal, which is the national use of England, says,

"If this feast (i. e. The Annunciation) occur on Maunday Thursday, and from then till the Octave of Easter, let it be transferred to the first vacant day after the same."

If it were intended to keep Maunday Thursday, then the Altar should have been vested with red frontal, and the proper Collect for the day used, the flowers being out of place in any case during Holy Week.

I did not expect to see such mistakes made at a church having the reputation of Holy Trinity. The use of a sequence of colours means something, and that meaning should be brought out, or else why not stick to the inevitable crimson so loved by Evangelicals or Church Associationists. The violet frontal might possibly pass muster as that commonly in use during Lent, but Salisbury use provides red for Ash Wednesday, Good Friday and Easter Eve, as well as Maunday Thursday. I had almost forgotten to say that black stoles were worn by the Clergy,—another piece of inconsistency. When shall we see the little details of ritual correctly carried out?

"RITUALIST."

Toronto, Easter Week, 1875.

## The Guild of S. Laurence.

To the Editor of "CHURCH CHIMES."

SIR—On Easter Day, solemn Evensong was sung at the Guild Chapel. The processional was "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," which was sung round the chapel. The processional Cross and Banner of S. Laurence were carried. The retrocessional was "Brightly gleams our Banner." The twelve Vesper lights were lighted, the Altar was vested in white and on the re-table was four beautiful bouquets of flowers. Round the choir were hung several excellent banners and texts. The music was exceedingly well rendered, and the choir in their cassocks and snow-white surplices (the brethren wearing the Guild badge and collar) presented a wonderfully creditable appearance. That our dear Lord may prosper the work of the Guild, which includes two branches, one for boys and one for girls, as also the entire charge and maintenance of an orphan boy, is the sincere prayer of their well wisher.

"CATHOLICUS."

## Church Chimes.

### Hymns of the Canadian Church.

EASTER, 1875.

I.

GREET we Christ in triumph now  
 GOD and King with thorn-crowned brow,  
 The long night of Winter done  
 Comes the Spring with MARY'S SON.

II.

Cold and dim our Easter-Day  
 In the North Land far away—  
 Poor the shrines to which we bring  
 Not a blossom of the Spring—

III.

Scarce a sign of Easter mirth  
 On the face of flowerless earth,  
 Save the silvered woods that show  
 Stole and Chasuble of snow!

IV.

Sad our hearts this Easter-Day,  
 From the home-land far away,  
 Where the Church's chaunted prayer  
 Peals upon the incensed air,

V.

Where with Cross and Banner go  
 Guild and Choir in goodly show,  
 As the vested Priest they guide  
 To the Altar's Northern side.

VI.

Where once more Love's threefold cord  
 Mercy's Sisters have restored,  
 Who by vowed devotion pure  
 Preach the Gospel to the poor.

VII.

Here, the Church of wealth and sway  
 Stripped by robbers on the way,  
 Scorned by Schism's apostate pride—  
 Faints upon the wild wayside.

VIII.

Now, nor will she shows nor power  
 To confront the threatening hour—  
 Shall her hands in sleep but fold?  
 Sleep so death-like in the cold—

IX.

Yet to Him in hope we plead,  
 For His own we intercede,  
 He can bid the maid arise,  
 Lift the light up of her eyes.

X.

He can bid the storm be still.  
 Ice and Snow His word fulfil—  
 Hope of brighter days begun,  
 Comes the SPRING with MARY'S SON.

### S. George, Patron Saint of England.

+ 330.

April 23.

SONG.

SAINT George is the pride of England's throne,  
 From East to West he holds his own;  
 And none may dare in their pride to say,  
 That Saint George's Cross has seen its day:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

When battle clouds at evening frown,  
 And the sun of peace in shade goes down,  
 The meteor flag shall its radiance cast  
 Lit up by the light of the gorgeous Past:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

When armies muster front to front,  
 That cross must face the battle-brunt;  
 For the heart of the Briton beats more warm  
 When he sees that beacon amid the storm:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Through England's fleet the watchword ran,  
 "SHE CLAIMS HIS DUTY OF EVERY MAN,"  
 And forth the standard of battle flew,  
 And what it signalled each man knew:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

He knew that England's mandate says,—  
 When life and duty point two ways  
 The whole world shortly witness can  
 There's but one choice for the Englishman.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Beneath that Cross he stood at bay  
 On the Belgian plain, through the livelong day,  
 That Europe's lords might the mettle try  
 Of Saint George's blood-red infantry.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

The sun sank low on the pride of France  
 As our Captain said, "Brave Flag, advance!"  
 And she quailed as she saw the last rays shine  
 On the triumph step of that thin red line:  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Saint George's Cross bars the gates of Day  
 Where the snow ne'er melts on the Himalah:  
 That bannered Cross shall wave o'er them  
 While Japhet dwells in the tents of Shem.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Blazed high the Cross of the sea-girt isle,  
 When the death-reek rolled o'er the waves of  
 Nile;  
 By sea, by land, it peerless is,  
 For no cheer comes home to the heart like this—  
*Saint George for merry England.*

No plain of Europe lies so far  
 But has hailed that Cross in the van of war:  
 But the fairest motto that flag can claim—  
 "I fight for honour and not for fame."  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Old England loves her GOD too well  
 For Glory's gold her soul to sell,  
 And when she arms her for the fight  
 She arms, FOR GOD AND FOR HER RIGHT.  
*Saint George for merry England.*

Unfurl, brave flag! as thou hast unfurled  
 Through a thousand years of the changing world,  
 And be thy Cross as pure from stain  
 When the thousand years come round again.  
*Saint George for merry England.* G. M.

### Clerical Pronunciation.

We clip the following from a late English paper:

SIR—I read in your last issue a charge against Messrs. Moody and Sankey, *in re* the Prophet Daniel. The charge was: "They treat the holy man very badly. They put his eye out, and make him rhyme with flannel." I don't write at all to defend these gentlemen, but I would remind the writer of your article that the "educated ministry," whose services he professes to prefer, often are guilty of similar crimes. A clergyman of the Established Church (presumably educated) was reading one Sunday, as the second lesson, I. Cor. xvi., and twice mispronounced the word Stephanas. Next morning he found the following poetical epistle on his breakfast table:

"Last night you said ye knew Stephanas:  
 This misconception, sir, doth pain us.  
 Stephanas is the man we know,  
 And we would have you call him so."

We think such rebukes are both deserved and needed. We have tried our hand upon the revivalists, and as we cannot give them poetry, they must be satisfied with doggerel. Be it known, then, unto you, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, that—

"We must a jury soon empanel,  
 If you go on to talk of Daniel;  
 A *Seer* must have at least one eye,  
 To give him that we hope you'll try."

### Poems of the Period, No. 8.

#### JINKS' HOOD—A SONG OF DEGREES.

I.

The Reverend Jinks in his pulpit see  
 With the bogus hood of a sham degree!  
 What others in College are forced to seek  
 With some little stock of Latin and Greek—  
 But Jinks no college need never go,  
 But Jinks no Latin nor Greek need know—  
 And learning to Jinks were as little worth  
 As brains, or breeding, or gentle birth.

II.

The pious Jinks in his glory see  
 With an Oxford hood, but no Oxford degree,  
 Flaunting before the astonished sun  
 The badge of honors he never won—  
 Over his surplice proudly thrown,  
 The Oxford hood he pretends to own  
 Like a servant-man who will wear no less,  
 Than his master's best "go-to-meeting" dress.

III.

In that hood, representing a sham degree,  
 The very moral of Jinks you see;  
 The vulgar soul's self-asserting claim,  
 The stolid impudence safe from shame.  
 The mind—half vanity, half pretence,  
 With talk for eloquence, cunning for sense,  
 Pretending to learning it never learned,  
 And sporting a hood it never earned.

#### Rhymes for Church Chimes.

I.

ALL round my neck I wear a black stole stove-  
 pipe-wise,  
 And I wear it for a year and for a day,  
 And if anybody asks me the reason of my wear-  
 ing it,  
 It is because the Rural Dean says that's the  
 proper way.

II.

The "Catholic Laymen's Guild" asked me  
 "How many Catholic laymen are we?"  
 I answered with plain appeal to facts—  
 "How many noodles write Ottawa tracts"!

III.

Mother, may I be a "Laymen's Guild"!  
 Yes, nothing can be neater,  
 But don't print tracts with nonsense filled,  
 And keep from doggerel metre.

#### DEDICATED TO THE TWENTY-SIX.

Church Association is vexation,  
 Revision is as bad,  
 Ontario's See doth puzzle me,  
 And Vestments drive me mad!

#### Ontario Church News.

Rev. K. JONES has been offered the new parish of West Brockville.

Rev. C. P. EMERY is promoted from Pakenham to Smith's Falls. We are glad to hear of this faithful Priest's advance.

Rev. S. TIGHE has left the parishes of Huntley and Hazledan after eleven months tenure.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

O. W. L.—The following is the syllogism to which you refer.

"Qui bene bibit bene dormit; qui dormit non peccat; qui non peccat salvatus erit?"

A WORKING MAN.—The "Guide to Heaven," edited by Rev. T. T. Carter, will suit you admirably. We believe it may be bought in Toronto, price 30 cents. For your children get the "Path of Holiness," by the same compiler.