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THE DIOCESAN AND PARISH MAGAZINE

Victoria, B. C.

Vol. IV.

DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 6

Calendar.

Dec.		
10	S	
11	S	3rd Sunday in Advent.
12	M	C. E. T. S. Meeting in Cathedral schools.
13	T	
14	W	
15	Th	
16	F	
17	S	
18	S	4th Sunday in Advent.
19	M	
20	T	Sale of Work in Cedar Hill schoolroom.
21	W	Social and Sale of Work South Saanich.
22	Th	
23	F	
24	S	
25	S	Christmas Day.
26	M	St. Stephen, M.
27	T	St John A. and E.
28	W	Holy Innocents' Day.
29	Th	
30	F	
31	S	
1888		
Jan.		
1	S	Sunday after Christmas. Feast of the Circumcision.
2	M	
3	T	
4	W	
5	Th	
6	F	Epiphany of Our Lord.
7	S	
8	S	1st Sunday after Epiphany.
9	M	
10	T	

This Magazine is published in Victoria on the 10th of each month and may be obtained from the Editor, the Rev. Geo. W. Taylor, or from any of the Clergy. Subscription \$1 per annum, payable in advance.

PANANGLICAN CONFERENCE.

The Conference of Bishops of the Anglican Communion will be held at Lambeth Palace, on Tuesday, July 3rd, 1888. After four days' session there will be an adjournment, in order that the various Committees may deliberate. The Conference will re-assemble July 23rd, and conclude July 27th.

The following subjects are definitely selected for discussion:—

- I. The Church's practical work in relation to
 - A., Intemperence;
 - B., Purity;
 - C., Care of Emigrants;
 - D., Socialism.

- II. Definite teaching of the Faith to various classes, and the means thereto.

- III. The Anglican Communion in relation to the Eastern Churches; to the Scandinavian and other Reformed Churches; to the Old Catholics and others.

- IV. Polygamy of heathen Converts. Divorce.

- V. Authoritative Standards of Doctrine and Worship.

- VI: Mutual relations of Dioceses and branches of the Anglican Communion.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON THE CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF COLUMBIA.

The Bishop of Rochester, England (Dr. Thorold) who paid a visit to this Province last summer, wrote on his return a very interesting letter to "Church Bells," giving his impression of the Church's work in the countries through which he travelled. We quote below the parts of his letter referring to our own Diocese.

"Victoria is English to its heart core. Bishop Hills, the first Bishop, still administers it, and he has many attached friends

Vancouver Island is 300 miles long. There are many Indians there, and 2,000 Chinese. For the latter, unfortunately, the Church makes no effort; the Methodists to their credit make one, though it may be feeble. Evening classes were once started for the Chinese to teach them to read, but while they were eagerly attended by them with the object of learning the language, they showed no intention whatever of going on to learn the faith of Jesus Christ. So it was given up. Natural, but hardly magnanimous. God might have used this humble way of bringing them to Himself. Nothing is too hard for Him; nothing should be too desperate for us.

Churchfolk here are greatly exercised about S. P. G. In 1872 the Society reduced their grant of £2000., given in 1868, to £1200. In 1882 all help was withdrawn. The consequence was, that the Indian mission at Victoria has been suspended. The mission to the Tah Kahts on the West Coast, an extensive field of usefulness untouched by any other religious body, was also suspended; and the Romans came in and have carried it on ever since. The mission at Carriboo, a mining district, was also suspended. In the year when help to the Island was finally withdrawn, an additional grant of £500 was made to the Madagascar mission. No doubt the action of the Committee was carefully weighed, and the claim of the heathen in the Indian Ocean seemed more pressing than those of the heathen on the Pacific. Their case is not before me, and I pass no judgment on it. But, beyond dispute, S. P. G. is a Colonial even before it is a missionary Society. At any rate the Church has always been apt so to regard it, and this is constantly urged as a plea for its claim to exceptional support.

There is an important Cathedral in Victoria, magnificently commanding the city and harbour; two other Churches well served and attended; there is also a flourishing Church at Esquimalt. Comox and Nanaimo have both of them Churches. I myself visited a pretty Church and parsonage and schools at Cedar Hill; and for a total population of 22,000, widely scattered, there are twelve clergymen. Certainly Victoria would open her eyes if she were described as pauperised; and it is possible that she ought to do more than she is prepared to do for her local needs, out of such resources as she possesses. She has a great future, and if God is to prosper her, let her honour Him with her substance in the way He loves best. Be this as it may, the Gospel Propagation Society, in its well-intentioned zeal to be a missionary society to the heathen, must not forget the less romantic, but more paramount, duty of ministering to her own English heathen and the tribes dependent on them, if any. 'This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.'—A. W. R.—*Church Bells.*

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

SALE OF WORK.—On Wednesday Nov. 16th the Bishops-close Ladies' working party had a sale of useful articles for the benefit of the Mission Fund. The proceeds handed to the Diocese Treasurer were \$225. The following Ladies presided at the tables. Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Hills, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. R. Ward, Mrs. Blaiklock, Mrs. E. Johnson, Mrs. Scriven, Miss Drake and Miss Rose. Jenms.

ORDINATION.

On St. Andrew's Day, Mr. Henry Kingham, Student of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, who had only arrived in Victoria on the previous Sunday evening from England, was ordained deacon by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The following clergy were present and took part in the service. The Archdeacon, Revs. A. Beanlands J. H. Davies, G. W. Taylor, J. B. Good and J. A. Leakey, the sermon being preached by the last named. It is to be regretted that a larger number of church people were not at the service to witness the setting apart of their brother for the Sacred Ministry of the Church.

Mr. Kingham is appointed to the charge of Chemainus and Salt Spring Island, and entered upon his duties the following Sunday, December 4. The Archdeacon accompanied him to Chemainus, and introduced him to members of his flock. In spite of unfavorable weather services were held at the Bridge Church in the morning, and in the dining-room attached to Mr. Croft's mill in the evening. The latter service was well attended, several members of the congregation coming long distances. Mr. Croft has kindly given to the church 6 town-lots in an excellent position, and it is hoped that ere long a Church and Parsonage will be built. Mr. Kingham will hold services on alternate Sundays on Salt Spring Island.

C. E. T. S.

CATHEDRAL BRANCH.

One of the largest and most successful meetings yet held in connection with this Society took place on Monday 14th of November. Rev. J. H. Davis presided, and gave a short Temperance address. The entertainment provided by the Ladies of the Entertainment Committee was of the usual excellence, and included the novel and interesting feature of a lecture on Phrenology, ably given by Mr. W. J. Sutton, which afforded both instruction and amusement to the listeners.

ST. JAMES.

The repairs to the exterior of this church are now finished and have greatly improved the appearance of the building. We hope to be able to report, in the next issue of the Magazine, the mounting of a new bell; and the substitution of a new Reredos for the present temporary one.

PARISH OF ESQUIMALT.

“All Seats Free” Such is the rule in this parish both at St. Paul’s and St. Mary’s, and we should have thought it a point on which all parishioners were agreed, but we have had more than one grumble made on this score and so take the opportunity and the medium of the Parish Magazine to give our reasons for holding fast to “Free Seats”

The old pew system is bad in itself, bad for the congregation and bad for the clergy. It is sure to bring about the exclusion of our poorer brethren; the discouragement of strangers, and the income arising from it is to a large extent a ‘forced’ income arising from desire of respectability and position. In the congregation it leads to much irreverence, heartburnings, temper, altogether unsuited for the House of God as is so constantly shown when poor man B or stranger C is shown into or enters the pew of Mr. A—as also it leads to undue ease. We come together to “worship” and “worship” if properly gone through is work and should have no thought of extra comforts. In the clergy the old system has too often proved its tendency to promote indolence and indifference.

A church is the house belonging to God and not to man, it is therefore utterly incongruous that man should possess a vested interest in such. But there is higher ground yet, we are told that “God is no respecter of persons” and “If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin.” (Read carefully St. James ii. 2-9). It is right that rich and poor, all classes of society should meet in God’s House on equal ground, with equal rights and privileges as to seats and everything else. God’s House is not the place where class distinctions, and selfishness and pride of heart should show themselves. It is the place where being all brethren we come together to offer a common worship to one Lord of all. Perfectly in accord with this system of free seats, however is the recognition by the congregation of certain seats to certain persons, secured to them by the regularity of their attendance at the Sanctuary, none knowingly think of taking up such, but the party cannot complain who comes in when the service has commenced. Strangers should never be moved from a seat taken by them, we should only be too glad to welcome such among us, to move them is a direct insult since the seat does not belong to oneself. We will return to this question another time, meantime we wish it to be understood that we are not the judges of other men’s consciences or actions. We believe what we have said most thoroughly and can only act up to our own light.

The season of Advent is with us bringing its four solemn thoughts to mind, Death; Judgment; Heaven; Hell.

The way to a Happy Christmas is by a well spent Advent and a well spent Advent can only be brought about by "deep searching of heart," relative to the above great subjects.

We believe in "asking" and in so asking as to make it evident that we are very much in earnest. The unknown giver of the white Veil and Burse has completed a noble offering to our altar by presenting St. Paul's with Burses and Veils of Violet and Red. The book markers, rich gifts of another friend, came to hand in time for this season

We propose having an indoor Sunday School treat about New Year's day with gifts for those scholars who have attended with regularity and good conduct.

A watch night service will be held on Saturday the 31st, commencing at 11 p. m. It will consist of some collects and hymns, with some short addresses and opportunity for private meditation.

The conversion of St. Paul (January 25th) is the dedication of our Church. We shall endeavor to make it memorable, and the arrangements for that day will appear in the next number of the magazine.

Bad weather seriously effects St. Mary's in congregation, but not in zeal and earnest reverence. It is always a pleasure to minister to such. One word we must say, and we do not purpose expanding our thoughts upon it, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." We ask attention to this word from God.

ST. PAUL'S NANAIMO.

The Rector sends the following brief notes of a very successful gathering in aid of the Church Funds. At the Institute Hall Nanaimo December 2nd, in behalf of St Paul's Church Funds:—

The Fairy Dances: 12 Fairies with Queen Titania (Miss L. Bate) under management of Mrs. L. S. Davis.

A laughable Quaker's Courtship—Master M. Berkley, and Miss Cooper. The Popular Comic Tragedy "Bombastes Furioso" under management of Mrs. Berkley.

CHARACTERS:

King Artaxaminoris.....	Master Vincent W. Good
Bombastes.....	Master M. Berkley
Fusbos.....	Gusey Bate
Destaffina.....	Miss Ethel Good

Soldiers attendants :

Masters Reg. Cooper, Ross Chunes, Cecil Berkley
and others.

The Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Hall. The dresses, acting and music excited the enthusiastic admiration of all present. The National Anthem concluded the most successful performance ever given in this town.

COWICHAN.

THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, SOMENOS.

The congregation of the Church at Somenos are to be congratulated on the Spirit they have manifested in providing themselves with an organ. It had for some time past been thought that the little harmonium which had done such good service in its day was no longer suitable to lead the singing of the Church.

The Somenos people, consequently, went to work with a will, and the result has been the purchase of a very handsome Bell Organ. The cost of the Instrument was \$175.00

The Organ which was opened a few Sundays since possesses a very fine tone and gives great satisfaction to all who have heard it.

There is still a payment to be made on the purchase, and we believe it is intended to hold a social and concert somewhere about Christmas to help this. We hope it may be a great success. Meanwhile any persons desirous to subscribe to the Organ Fund are asked to send their donations either to Mrs. Tait or Mrs. Johnson, Somenos.

HOLY TRINITY, NORTH SAANICH.

It is proposed to hold a sale of work to be followed by a "Social" in the Agricultural Hall at South Saanich on Dec. 21st.

The proceeds are to be devoted to the Fund for the purchase of a bell for Holy Trinity Church.

ST. LUKE'S CEDAR HILL.

The Ladies of the St. Luke's working party have arranged to hold a sale of work in the Cedar Hill schoolroom, on Tuesday, December 20th, from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. The proceeds are to be devoted to the re-building fund. Useful and fancy articles for sale would be gratefully received by the incumbent or members of the working party.

EMIGRATION.

We are requested by the Rev. Mr. Ditcham of New Westminster who is acting as a Local Correspondent for the Emigration department of the S. P. C. K. to insert the following extract from a letter from the secretary Rev. John Bridger.

My Dear Mr. Ditcham.

Let me know what openings you will have, in the Spring, for any emigrants, as you kindly did this year. If any of your friends would send money I might bring out domestic servants, but they cannot afford to pay their own fares all the way to British Columbia.

Yours Faithfully.

J. Bridger.

Mr Ditcham suggests that any persons in this Diocese who may be in need of female servants and who may be prepared to pay a portion of their passages out, should communicate with him. But he adds that all money must be forwarded direct to Rev. John Bridger, St Nicholas Church, Liverpool.

BAPTISMS.

"By one spirit we are all baptised into one Body."

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

November Alice Gertrude, daughter of Edith Mary and George Washington Dillon.

ST. PETER'S QUAMICHAN.

October 14th, Ernestine Doris Mason.

" 23rd, Edith Charlotte Mainguy.

ST. ANDREW'S, COMOX.

November 7th, Bessie, daughter of George and Dolena McDonald.

" " Jessie, daughter of George and Dolena McDonald.

DENMAN ISLAND.

October 30th, Laura Mathilda Ella, daughter of Thomas and Mary Isabella Kenan.

" " Mahala, daughter of John Henry and Diana Picket,

HORNBY ISLAND.

November 1st, William Ernest, son of George and Annie Mathilda Heatherbell.

ST. PAUL'S, NANAIMO.

October 16th, Eleanor, daughter of William and Elizabeth Hughes.

" " Margaret Ann, daughter of William and Elizabeth Hughes.

" " George, son of Charles and Hannah McGorgle,

" 21st, Hannah, daughter of Aaron and Sarah Jane Barnes.

November 12th Elizabeth, daughter of John and Anna Wimber.

" 10th Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Thomas and Mary Eva.

" 27th James Henry, son of James and Emma Richards.

December 3rd John Pawson, son of John Ellen and Mary Ann Jenkins.

" " Gertrude Louise, daughter of Paul and Louise Gairon.

" " William Henry White, son of William Henry and Alice White Stephenson.

MARRIAGES.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

October 5th John Ayres Hatfield and Caroline Baker Stevens.

“ 10th Robert Winter Gurd and Eliza Hawloy.

ST PAUL'S NANAIMO.

October 15th Ernest Bevilockway and Celia Preece.

“ 27th Thomas Patterson and Rosamond A. V. Scales.

“ 22th William James McKeon and Fanny A. R. D. H. Westwood.

BURIALS.

“Make them to be numbered with thy Saints.”

VICTORIA.

October 10th. Frederick Mills.

November 9th Robert Galbraith.

December 2nd Benjamin Willmott Gabriell aged 5 months.

SAANICH.

November 10th Frederick Reynolds aged 58.

“ 18th James Bryden aged 62.

NANAIMO.

October 18th John James Pragally.

“ 23rd Hannah, daughter of Aaron and Sarah Jane Barnes.

December 3rd Mary Ann, wife of John. E. Jenkins.



'The ferocious lions were let loose, and, rushing at him, they tore him in pieces.'

IGNATIUS IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.



'I HAVE FOUGHT WITH BEASTS AT EPHESUS.'

THE above well-known words from the New Testament refer to a horrible custom, long happily disused, viz., the fighting of malefactors with wild beasts, for the diversion of the multitude. There can be no doubt that the Romans did condemn their criminals to this punishment. Armed with a sword, and sometimes, but not always, with a shield, the unhappy man found himself confronted by a savage lion, and he was obliged to sell his life as dearly as he could. Around him, tier above tier, was a sea of eager faces, staring at him with eyes in which there was no pity. Who can wonder that the Roman empire, reared by so much valour and sound policy, was tottering to its decline and fall when Roman ladies, who in better days were not allowed to witness the doings in the amphitheatre, were now unsexed by its horrors?

And the sufferings of innocent Christians (intensified by ignominy) surely helped to fill the cup of God's wrath to overflowing. For, consider:—No man was condemned to be a *bestiarius*, that is, a fighter with wild beasts, unless he were convicted of a capital crime. Sometimes, indeed, men were hired to display their powers of fence at a great cost—and men sometimes volunteered to fight with beasts to show their courage; but the ordinary *bestiarius* was a criminal. Then, as to the peril of it:—It appears the lion usually got the better of the man, and of many men, from a passage in Cicero, which seems almost beyond belief, namely, '*Unus leo ducenti bestiarii*;' implying that 200 men were sometimes killed by the same lion. And if the man chanced to disable or slay his opponent, a fresh beast, lion or leopard, was brought out of his den, and the struggle began afresh. From all this it appears, how hopeless the conflict of a Christian would be with a wild beast; unless, indeed, a miracle was wrought on his behalf!

It is generally supposed, though perhaps on insufficient grounds, that St. Paul, when he said, 'If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus,' did not mean real wild beasts, but beast-like men. It is thought by some, that he, as a free-born Roman citizen, would be spared so great an indignity. But we have to consider, on the other hand, that his being a free-born Roman citizen did not save him from being beaten at Philippi without a trial; and, therefore, it might not have saved him from acting, on one occasion, as a *bestiarius* at Ephesus. Leaving this in the domain of uncertainty, we know that it was the custom of the ignorant and excited multitude to cry out, 'The Christians to the lions!' The saints of God were accused of many hateful crimes,—among others of murdering infants and feasting on their flesh; and these unjust suspicions and charges made the people think them fit and proper subjects for lions and bears to mangle, especially as it was to be done for their own amusement.

Ignatius, the Bishop of Antioch, a disciple of St. John, and a truly apostolic man, having maintained the Christian faith in the presence of the Emperor Trajan, was sentenced to be exposed to wild beasts in the amphitheatre at Rome. The examination of the good Bishop by the Emperor is preserved in the *Acts of Ignatius*. The last question put by Trajan was this:—‘Dost thou then carry Him who was crucified within thee?’ ‘I do,’ replied Ignatius; ‘for it is written, I dwell in them, and walk in them.’ Then the Emperor pronounced this sentence, ‘Since Ignatius confesses that he carries within himself Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried by soldiers to great Rome, there to be thrown to the wild beasts, for the entertainment of the people.’

Surely Trajan had, when he thus spoke, a beast’s heart himself. And yet, on his appointment, he had written this noble sentiment to the Senate, ‘An honest man shall never be condemned to death by my order.’

Ignatius stood in the midst of the vast amphitheatre, and exclaimed, ‘Men and Romans! know ye that it is not for any crime that I am placed here, but for the glory of that God whom I adore!’ Scarcely had he uttered the words than two ferocious lions were let loose, and, rushing at him, they tore him to pieces.

Nothing was left of Ignatius but a few bones, which were gathered, carefully preserved, and buried at Antioch. G. S. O.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

WHEN I was a wee-bit country lass, and running home from school,
I used to pass by the old farm-house, with its porch so deep and cool;
Where the honey-bees droned, and the shadows danced, and the painted
butterflies
Went fluttering, fluttering, here and there, like blossoms blown from the
skies.

Ah, me! it was bonny—bonny and sweet! the dear familiar place.
I mind me when Ralph, the farmer’s boy, ran out with his laughing face
To tell me the wonderful news, that the beautiful scented hay
Was all to be tossed and gathered, and then to be carted away.

Oh, how happy, how bright, how fresh, was that sunshiny day in June!
All laughing we tossed the fragrant hay, from morning till burning noon:
Then up on the top of the loaded cart, as it lumbered on its way,
We rested our hot and weary limbs on that beautiful summer day.

But, ah! that was long ago! And now I sit at the farm-house door,
While my children’s children laugh and shout, just as Granny did before,
In the auld lang syne, when her eyes were bright, as on that summer day,
When the farmer’s boy with the sunny smile came to tell her about the hay.

The farmer’s boy! Oh, my own old man! He sits in the porch just now;
He still has the cheery smile, though the hair is silvered on his brow.
The little ones love their old Grandad, for as kindly is his tongue
As it was nigh sixty years ago, when Ralph and I were young.

Oh! why should the heart grow old because the back is bent with years,
And the once bright eye is somewhat dim with life’s so frequent tears?
Why sadden the childish hearts, o’er whom life’s shadows are not yet flung?
Far better to keep the cheerful trust that we had when we were young.

D. B. MCKEAN.

WILLIAM PALEY.

BORN AT PETERBOROUGH, JULY 1743 ; DIED AT MONKWEARMOUTH, MAY 1805.



HAD it not been for the 'faithful wounds of a friend'—had it not been for the smiting of a righteous tongue, which is 'an excellent oil that does not break the head'—the eminent man whose portrait is here presented to our readers might have been the reverse of eminent. He might have hidden the bright candle of his surpassing genius under a bushel or a bed ; and the world would have been the poorer by several glorious books. For, as William Paley lay sleeping in his bed at Christ's College there came to his room one morning, at a very early hour, a friend indeed ; and that friend said, very solemnly, 'Paley, you are a fool to waste your time as you do ; and if you do not alter your ways I shall renounce your company.' Here was the smiting of a righteous tongue—here was the faithful wound of a friend.

Nobody likes to be called a fool—the name does smite one and make one sore—and it is a sword not lightly to be wielded. In Paley's case the name was justly deserved then, and his after-conduct showed he felt the tongue which branded him with so opprobrious a name was a righteous tongue, in that respect at least. For William Paley had utterly wasted two precious years out of the three allotted to him at Cambridge, and he was bent on recklessly throwing away the third as he had done the others ; and he would have done so, most likely, had not the friendship of a true friend stood, as we have seen, between him and the self-destruction of his name and fame. The morn that friend came to his bedside, and testified roughly but effectually against his folly, was a morn to be remembered. Would that all friends could be brave and true enough to do likewise ! It might not, perhaps, always succeed, for 'a reproof entereth more into a wise man than a hundred stripes into a fool ;' but it would often be attended with the happiest results, as it was in Paley's case. That night was the last of his career of reckless pleasure, and the first step in that path of self-denying toil which led him up the arduous steep to the proud position he occupies, and will most likely occupy for ages.

The reproof entered into him, proving he was no fool after all, and worked a perfect cure. He spent many hours by himself that day, lamenting the wasted past and resolving to spend the future in a better fashion. And so earnestly did the youthful student 'redeem the time,' that when the day of supreme trial came he was foremost of all competitors for the crown, and glorified his happy old College in the eyes of the world.

Nor did the evil genius of indolence and self-pleasing return. His mind, having tasted the exquisite triumphs of honest exertion, was never afterwards content with the trifling vanities of the idler.

Whether as a College lecturer, a country parson, or a voluminous writer of learned and useful books, he did what his hand found to do with all his might. His chief relaxation (and all men need one) was angling in some sweet northern brook, to the banks of which his fortune had led him ; but that pastime, which to some is mere idleness, was doubtless to him what it was to old Izaak Walton, 'the contemplative man's recreation.' And when his portrait was taken he chose to be represented with his fishing-rod in his hand.

William Paley.

Preferment after preferment came to him. He sought them not, but they sought him; and when he died, too young as it seems to us, for he was but sixty two, he was Sub-dean of Lincoln and Rector of the important living of Monkwearmouth.



WILLIAM PALEY.

No eventful life was William Paley's, and therefore there is not much more to be said. It is one of the happy features of his life that his worthy old father, who had prophesied his greatness, lived to see it.

'My son,' said he one day, 'will be a great man; he has the clearest head by far I ever knew.'

But yet that clear head failed for a time to see the dangers of delay, and had it not been for the faithfulness of a College friend Paley's career might have had an inglorious ending.

Among other preferments which he held may be mentioned those of Archdeacon and Chancellor of Carlisle. He died on the 25th of May, 1805, and lies buried under a humble memorial by the side of his first wife in the Cathedral of that city.

G. S. O.

SIDELIGHTS ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

THE EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

BY WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLESEAM.



AN proposes, God disposes.' So it was with St. Paul when he set his mind on visiting Rome on his way to Spain and the regions beyond. He could not have foreseen how his wish would be granted. He went there indeed, but as a prisoner under appeal to Cæsar, and reached it only after a long and disastrous voyage. Yet God's Hand was in it all, for his stay there was wonderfully overruled to His glory and the advancement of His kingdom. He was allowed to dwell in his own hired house with a soldier that guarded him, and he enjoyed enough liberty to preach and teach the truth to all that came to hear him. During the two years of this his first imprisonment, four of his Epistles, the precious heritage of the Church of God for all time, were composed. These are addressed to the Ephesians, the Philippians, the Colossians, and Philemon, and have been called 'the Epistles of the Captivity.'

Turning now to the first of these, we observe that in two of the oldest manuscripts, but only in these, the words 'at Ephesus' are wanting. It is therefore not unlikely that, while the letter was specially addressed to the Ephesian Church, it was also intended as a circular letter for the Churches near Ephesus and connected with it. This would agree with the position of Ephesus as the capital of the province of Asia, and the chief city in Asia Minor. It was thus one of the most important centres for missionary work in the world. Its harbour was one of the finest and most sheltered in the Mediterranean. Its air was salubrious, and its situation, partly on a well-watered plain and chiefly on the slopes of wooded mountains, was unrivalled. Its markets were supplied from all parts of the Levant. It was as famous as it was wealthy. Greek poetry, philosophy, arts, and history, had there their home. About two hundred years before St. Paul's time it had come under the rule of Rome. We read of it afterwards as the first of the Seven Churches of Asia, the residence of St. John, and the scene of the third General Council. Its temple to Diana was then one of the wonders of the world. It had been burnt down on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great, and rebuilt with such magnificence that it gleamed afar with star-like radiance. The famous image of the goddess, said to have fallen from Heaven, was nothing but a hideous idol, like those still worshipped in India and China. Under its shadow every form of superstition was rampant, and sorcerers, exorcists, and the like, found a congenial home, as we may see in Acts, xix.

In this most trying soil St. Paul continued for three years, sowing the good seed of the kingdom. Nor did he labour in vain, for he could write thence to the Corinthians that 'a great door and effectual is open to me, and there are many adversaries' (1 Cor. xvi. 9). The tumult in the theatre, which he narrowly escaped with his life, hastened his departure. He seems not to have returned to Ephesus until after his imprisonment, although he previously met the elders of the Church at Miletus. From his most touching farewell address there we learn that his labours in the capital had been marked by many tears, carried on with patient faithfulness from house to house, as well as publicly, in the face of severe trials and persecutions. It

was, then, to Christians thus gathered into the Fold of Christ out of this stronghold of idolatry and vice, that three or four years later he sent this letter from Rome by the hand of Tychicus. It is deeply interesting to read it in the light of these circumstances, and to note how exactly it corresponds with them.

It has been almost universally admired by those who would appreciate noble sentiments, eloquently expressed, even apart from their inspiration. Coleridge pronounced it the divinest composition of men. Grotius said that 'St. Paul here equals the sublimity of his thoughts with words the most sublime that human tongue has ever uttered.' Its wisdom, however, we must not forget, is from above. It needs a spiritual mind to grasp the deep truths which it contains. The clearer our spiritual vision, the more shall we discover in it. The Apostle's main object was, as it was well stated by Dean Alford, 'to set forth the ground, the course, the aim and end of the Church of the Faithful in Christ.' To illustrate this, he uses a comparison that would be well understood by the Ephesians, that of a temple, such as that magnificent fane of which they were so proud. The glory of the Heavenly Temple did not, like Diana's, consist in outward, material splendour, but was far more real and enduring, 'being built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-stone,' and it was composed of believers, who are 'being builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit' (ii. 20-22).

Another feature in the Epistle is equally worthy of notice. It is the special prominence given in it to the work of the Holy Spirit. This is the more remarkable when we remember that at his second visit to Ephesus St. Paul found twelve disciples, who had received only the preparatory Baptism of John, and had not heard of the Holy Spirit, or at any rate of His descent at Pentecost (see Acts. xix. 2, 3). Here he can write to them, as well as to the rest of the Christians there, as having been 'sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance' (i. 13, 14).

There is again a striking agreement between the Apostle's farewell address at Miletus and his letter to the same people. He then commended them to God and the word of His grace, and this is above all others the epistle of grace. While he was with them he had not shrunk from declaring 'all the counsel of God;' and here he dwells with more than usual distinctness on the loving, though secret, 'purpose of Him Who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will' (i. 11). At Miletus he charged the elders to 'feel the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own Blood.' In like manner he writes of the redemption of the purchased possession. In fact, his later teaching was an enlargement of the great doctrines which he had so constantly urged upon them by word of mouth. He did not preach one thing to-day and write another thing to-morrow. The truths which he proclaimed by both methods had come to him from the same Divine source, and were perfectly harmonious. The letter was the sweet and lovely blossom that had been wrapt up in the bud of his oral instruction.

We will conclude by briefly noticing one phrase peculiar to this Epistle, and almost the key-note of the whole. Five times here, and

nowhere else, do we read of 'the heavenly places.' Believers are said to be 'blessed with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places' (i. 3, R. V.). Christ has been made to sit at the right hand of the Father in the heavenly places (i. 20). They that have been quickened together with Christ have been already 'made to sit with Him in the heavenly places' (ii. 6). To the principalities and powers in the heavenly places is to be made known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God (iii. 10). Even the conflict of the Christian soldier is waged in the heavenly places (vi. 12). How great must have been the power of the Gospel and the strength of faith which enabled St. Paul to dictate such words as these amidst the depressing atmosphere of his lodging at Rome, and with the chain clanking at his side that bound him to the soldier who kept him! His body was enthralled, but his spirit was free as the air, and could range at will through all the wonders of God's kingdom. Though a prisoner on earth, he was already seated in heavenly places. United to a living and ascended Saviour, he had risen and ascended in heart and spirit with Him. Absent in the flesh from his beloved brethren in distant lands, he was one with them in soul, pleading for them at the mercy-seat, sympathising in their joys and sorrows, and anticipating the day when they and he should rejoice together in the heavenly inheritance.

THE HERMIT.

By THOMAS PARNELL, an Irish Poet. Born A.D. 1679. Died 1717.

[With some slight omissions.]

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This raised some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the rising sun a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way.
Then near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And 'Hail, my son,' the reverend sire replied:
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk of various kind beguiled the road.

The Hermit.

Now sank the sun ; the closing hour of day
Came onwards, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose ;
When near the road a stately mansion rose.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home :
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, save the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanished ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
So seemed the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert here.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest).
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls ;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude :
And why should such, within himself he cried,
Lack the lost wealth a thousand need beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought,
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

The Hermit.

When night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers need a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies,—

' Without, I trust, at all a grudging heart
To Him Who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, though not costly cheer.'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then pleasing talk succeeds till time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part the younger crept,
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck : the landlord's little pride,
(O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How looked the hermit when the deed was done ?

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way :
A river crossed the path ; the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the foot-way glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes ;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
' Detested wretch ! '—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man :
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
And silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke),
' For thee, commissioned, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Know thou the truth of government divine,
Let doubts and scruples be no longer thine.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The great, vain man, who fared on sumptuous food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost—
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God ;
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
And that false servant sped in safety back ;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'

On white spread pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.

The bending hermit now a prayer begun,
'Lord, as in Heaven, on earth Thy will be done !'
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And lived a life of piety and peace.

ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF NEWSPAPERS.

FIRST, let me speak of the word *news*. You will all remember what we are told of the Athenians, that they spent their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing. These Athenians were a very clever people ; the cleverest people, perhaps, that has ever been upon this earth. They were at one time a very great people. They loved their soil, they honoured the tombs of their fathers, they sent forth ships, they planted colonies, they raised noble buildings, they wrote worthy books, they resisted and put down oppressors. It was not so at the time St. Luke speaks of. They had become a poor, frivolous, slavish people, just because they had become a newsmongering people. The passion for novelty had eaten up all other and better passions in them, all reverence, all faith, all freedom. It is a very awful lesson. We Englishmen are not one half so clever as the Athenians were. But men have lived among us, and deeds have been done among us, nobler than any they could boast of. We have been a more practical people than they were, less prone to speculation, but more successful in hard, tough business. Depend upon it, all these qualities are in the greatest danger of perishing ; depend upon it, we shall become petty and frivolous, and stupid withal, if we learn to spend our time as the Athenians spent theirs. There are men among us who do. We call them 'Quidnuncs' or 'What-nows.' They go about from club to club, and house to house, and street to street, saying 'What now ? What is the last, the very last, newest thing ? Who can tell us ? That which was heard two or three days or two or three hours ago is

stale. We must have something fresh. That is what we are hunting for.'

Such men are the most miserable creatures almost that this earth brings forth. The past is nothing to them, nor the future. They live in the moment that is passing. Their life is absorbed into that. And do not let any of us say that we are not in danger of becoming such men as these. We are all in danger of it; men of all parties and professions, men whose language sounds most serious, as well as those who never speak of any world but this. Our chatter and gossip may take different forms, may find different excuses. But if we let the newspapers of one kind or another, however high their intellectual, or moral, or spiritual pretensions may be, rule over us, gossips and chattering we shall become—*that* and nothing else. I would especially beseech my friends of the working class to beware of this tendency in themselves, and to help us in correcting it. We fall into it through idleness. Everything in their position and circumstances warns them that idleness is their curse, that labour is their blessing. In their manual tasks they must be earnest if they would do anything. Let them bring the same earnestness into the little time that they can give to reading, into the words they speak when they are talking with each other, into the thoughts they think when they are walking alone. If they study ever so little they may be honest students, and five minutes of honest study is worth days and weeks of flimsy news mongering study: just as five minutes of honest work is worth all that produces the flimsy trumpery which looks fine to-day and is worn out to-morrow. If the newspapers supply us with the materials for thinking, they will do us good; if we use them as substitutes for thinking, they will destroy both our characters and our intellects.—MAURICE: *Extracts from the 'Friendship of Books.'*

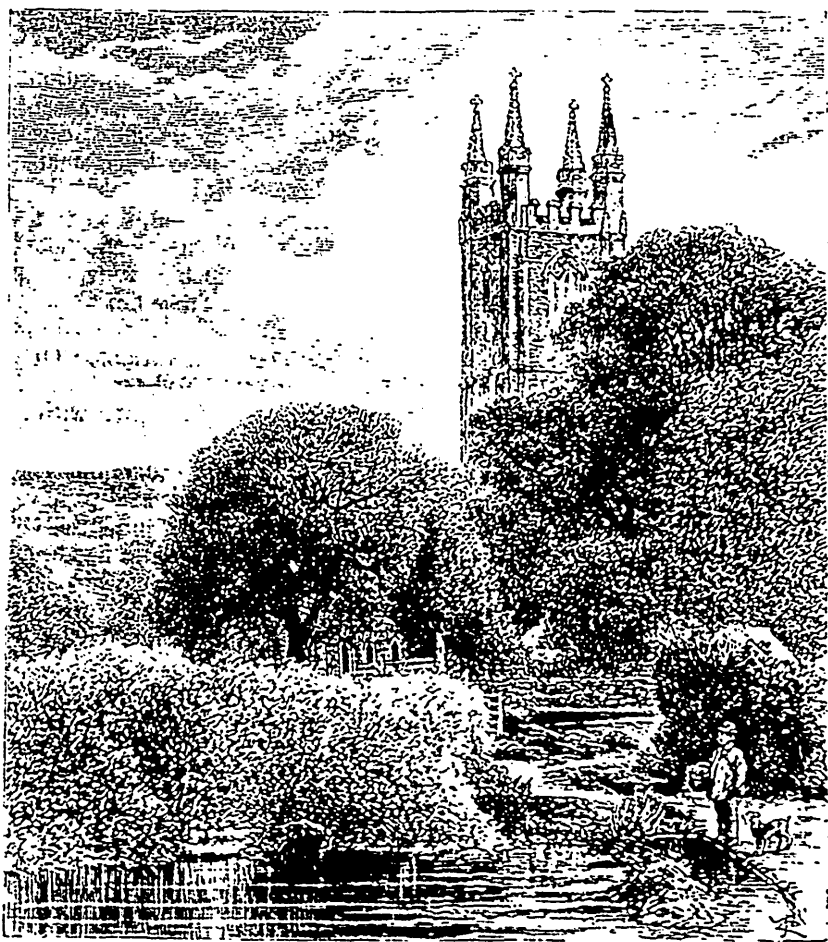
THE CATHEDRAL OF THE MOORS.

THE great plain of Thibet has been called the 'roof of the world,' and Dartmoor may be called the roof of Devonshire. The downstairs of that fair county is a land of gently-rolling green hills, and Dartmoor looks upon the lower tract with an austere and lofty countenance. Its relics of a vague antiquity, its morasses, its wild rock-pinnacles, its swift streams, all these have power to stir the imagination. The mists brood over Dartmoor when lower Devon is in sunlight; the wind is ever whirring amidst its bents; the wisps of Atlantic cloud scethe in its hollows and are whirled through its passes. Under certain skies it looms with a greatness not measurable by feet, and gleams as of other-world light kindle and die upon its dun buttresses.

Within the borders of this wild upland lies Widecombe-in-the-Moor, a place which from its isolation, and perhaps from the traditions of its famous storm, has acquired an odd reputation. 'What do you know of your ghostly enemy?' asked the mistress of a Devonshire school. 'If you please, ma'am, he lives to (at) Widecombe!' When I sought Widecombe I approached it from the eastern side of the

The Cathedral of the Moors.

moor, passing through lanes whose granite walls were gay with the spires of pennywort and by wayside streams that fretted under arcades of ferns, until at last I stood upon the open moor. From the summit of one of the twin rock-masses of Heytor the prospect in the direction of Widecombe was of a desolate, billowy expanse, its crests accentuated here and there by the fantastic masonry of the



'tors.' A few miles further and I looked into a deep 'combe,' and upon the little cluster of houses from which the tower of the Cathedral of the Moors rises so boldly. It was a long and rough downhill to the green trees of the moorland oasis and to Webburn, flowing with a summer margin of mossed stones. The houses of the hamlet are of a rude solidity that harmonises with their surroundings, and on this occasion their lichened grey was enlivened by an unwonted touch of scarlet.

Opposite to the inn and close by the lich-gate of the church stands the church-house, a fine old moorstone building, in which,

until the days of the new Poor Laws, the parochial paupers were lodged. This, for the most part, seemed to be dismantled internally, but it had at least one tenant, who gave me the big church key, and left me to explore the church of St. Pancras by myself. To a visitor but little skilled in architecture or archaeology the most attractive points in the interior are the cradle-roofs of nave, chancel, and transepts, and the remains of the painted wooden rood screen, whose lower panels still contain figures of saints, bishops, and doctors, and of a king and queen. Mr. James Hine, from whose paper on this church I have drawn several particulars, mentions the moulded oaken arches below the intersection of the transept and aisle-roof as 'unique features which should be most carefully preserved.' Parts of the roof have been restored, but many of the ancient bosses remain, and one of these, with its alchemical symbol of the three rabbits (whose ears form a triangle), tells a tale of the close connexion of the church with the tin-miners of the moor. Peeping through a doorway in the north chantry aisle I came upon several stone crosses at the foot of a stairway. These crosses and the stairway itself (an ascent to the rood-loft) were discovered, it seems, a few years ago, during the progress of alterations. One fragment found at that time was evidently a part of the octagonal shaft of the churchyard cross; the base of which, crowned with a yew-tree, is still intact.

The body of the church dates from the fifteenth century, but the tower, its greatest glory, was erected subsequently, and is said to have been a thank-offering from a company of successful tin-miners. Of this tower Mr. Hine says, that 'for beauty of proportion' it has been compared to the Magdalen tower, Oxford, and that for 'sharpness and finish of detail it probably may rank first amongst the granite towers of the West.' From this lofty tower six bells ring out their music to the hills around.

The parish of Widcombe-in-the-Moor has an area of no less than 10,614 acres, but its population, which has been stationary for some time, is only about 900, and exhibits a curious preponderance of males. Previously to 1816 the parochial area was 16,000 acres, and included a part of the Forest of Dartmoor, which was then annexed to Ledford. On a rugged slope above Dartmeet is the Coffin-stone, consisting of two contiguous masses of granite, whose upper surfaces are scored with crosses and initials. Upon these it was customary that the bearers should rest the coffins of those brought for burial from the remoter portion of the parish, beyond the East and West Dart, and should cut the initials of the dead. The Parish Registers go back to 1560, and show that epidemics scourged even this high moorland valley; as in 1711, when 'the small pock rain'd very much.' The churchwardens' accounts have many curious entries connected with the relief of the poor, such as an *£* paid to Dr. Ball, 'for curing of Dorothy French's legg, and keeping the same sound from any more costs and charges;' and a payment, in 1750, to 'Twelve travellers that were taken prisoners by the Turks and redeemed again.' Amongst the receipts, John Nosworthy is set down for 1*l.* 2*s.*, which was distributed to the poor. This was the penalty for 'swearing of Eleven Oaths.' For this, and a great deal

more information, I am indebted to a pleasant little book on *Widcombe-in-the-Moor*, edited by Robert Dymond, Esq., F.S.A.

It will not do to leave Widcombe, however, without some notice of the great storm that has its record both in the fabric of the tower and in the verses upon a wooden tablet within the church. I append an account gathered from a tract in the Harleian Miscellany, following its words so far as is possible :—

‘On Sunday, the 21st October, 1628, there fell, in the parish church of Wydecombe, in time of Divine Service, a strange darkness, increasing more and more, so that the people there assembled could not see to read in any book; and suddenly a mighty thundering was heard and terrible strang-lightning therewith, the darkness increasing yet more so that they could not see one another. The whole church was presently filled with fire and smoke, and with a loathsome smell, and some said they saw at first a great fiery ball come in at the window and pass through the church. The affrighted congregation fell down, for the most part, into their seats, some upon their knees, some on their faces, and some one upon another, with a great cry of burning and scalding, they all giving themselves up for dead. The minister of the parish, Master George Lyde, being in the pulpit, was not hurt, but his wife was burnt in a very pitiful manner. A woman, adventuring to run out of the church, was both burnt and torn. Another woman was so hurt that she died of her injuries the same night. Master Hill, a gentleman of good account, had his head suddenly smitten against the wall and was killed, as was the warrener of Sir Richard Reynolds. Fifty or sixty others were injured, and several of these died afterwards. Some had their clothes burnt, but their bodies had no hurt; others had their bodies burnt whilst their clothes were not touched. The seats where men and women sat were rent up and turned upside down, and they that sat in them had no harm. Several persons found themselves in seats three or four higher up when they came to themselves. Eight boys, who sat about the rails of the Communion Table, were thrown all on heaps within the rails, and not one of them was hurt, although one had his hat cut and burnt half way. A man, going out at the chancel door, a dog running out before him was whirled about towards the door, and fell down stark dead; at sight whereof the man stepped back within the door and was preserved alive. The church itself was much torn and defaced; a beam fell down between the minister and clerk and hurt neither; a weighty great stone was torn out and removed, and the steeple was much rent: yet where the church was most rent there was least harm done to the people, and no one was hurt with wood or stone but a maid of Manaton, who had come thither to see some friends and was killed. The terrible lightning being past, by-and-by one Master Rowse, vintner in the town, stood up and said, “Neighbours, in the name of God, shall we venture out of the church?” To which Mr. Lyde answering, said, “It is best to make an end of prayers, for it were better to die here than in another place.” But they, looking about them, and seeing the church so terribly rent and torn, durst not proceed in their public devotions, but went forth of the church.’

I conclude with a most pathetic passage of the narration :—

‘Then, awhile after, before night, they ventured into the church to bring out the dead bodies, and a woman, upon sight of these, remembered that she brought her child to church with her; they then, going to seek for it, found her child going hand-in-hand with another little child, being met coming down one of the aisles and had no hurt nor seemed to be anything frightened by their countenances; neither were there any children in the church hurt at all, but the other child’s mother was gone home, never remembering that she had a child until it was brought to her.’

THE 'TE DEUM.'

AT Milan's font the son of Monica
Partook at Ambrose' hands the Holy Rite
Baptismal—leaving thenceforth deeds of night
To live as do the children of the Day.
While yet the two beside that laver's brim
Stood, in the wondering Church, 'tis said how they
Alternate sang aloud this glorious hymn,
As though into their souls God did inspire
A Cherub's knowledge and a Seraph's fire.
And ever since the Church has loved to try
These strains of Eucharistic melody,
These echoes of the Faith once given to Saints,
These tender, trustful, and pathetic plaints,
Couched in such words as lift the heart on high!

G. S. O.

AN HEIRESS AGAINST HER WILL.

HELEN.

HIT was with a heavy heart that Rupert Ingaville took his last look at Hinton Court as the dog-cart drove quickly through the park. It was the home of his ancestors, the place where he had spent so much of his happy youth, and which he had always looked upon as inseparably connected with his family. He had not, perhaps, often thought of himself as master there, for his cousin had been exactly his own age, and he had certainly not looked forward to her death. Still this had been a possible event, and in any case, as years passed on and Miss Ingaville had not married, he had felt that the old place must one day revert to his branch of the family, and that his son Rupert would be the heir of everything.

It had indeed been a rude and terrible shock to him to find that his cousin Charlotte had so far forgotten all the traditions of her race, all her own pride of birth and position, as to leave the ancient estate of the Ingavilles away to a perfect stranger, a young girl said to have been picked up in the street out of charity. All the way to the station the road went through the property, now skirting the woods, then passing between the rich meadows, near the prosperous farm-houses, by the picturesque cottages; all was Hinton Ingaville as far as the eye could see.

And to think that all this should have been his was almost more than Rupert Ingaville could bear. Unbidden images rose up before him of a peaceful happy life in that dear old home, free from the sordid cares and narrow economies which had been his portion for so many years. What a gracious mistress his Helen would have made, with Hinton Court thrown open for the princely hospitality of olden times! How the old walls would have echoed with the merry sound of their children's voices! What an ideal country gentleman Rupert, the eldest, would have been! Alas, poor boy! It was the only career for which he seemed really fitted. It was very hard to be driven out of paradise. But with a stern effort the disinherited man brought his thoughts back to the reality before him.

An Heiress against her Will.

He was now in the train, speeding rapidly to London, and in a few hours' time he would have to tell his story of bitter disappointment. Deeply as he longed for sympathy he felt that he must put a brave face on the matter—try to make light of it—for his wife's sake. Poor Helen! How would she take it? Was it possible that she, who



had always been his comfort and stay in all the many troubles of their married life, would break down now? Would this last blow be too much even for her courage? He tried to think of other things, read the newspaper through from beginning to end without understanding a single word of it, and at last settled himself down to wait. Never had two hours seemed to him so long before, and yet they came to an end too soon when he found himself at the close of his journey.

It is always the unexpected which happens, and amongst the scenes which he had pictured to himself he had certainly never expected that his wife would come to meet him, and that he should tell his story in all the bustle and confusion of a railway-station. Yet so

it was, and when he saw her bright face, and was greeted with her glad smile of welcome, he felt that his task was more difficult than he had expected. What, then, was his amazement at his wife's first words.

'Well, Rupert dear, has the inheritance melted away? Have you some home empty-handed?'

'Who can have told you, Helen? How did you know?' he cried. In the first surprise of the moment, until, noticing the sudden change in her face, and remembering that it could only have been a guess on her part, he felt that he had betrayed himself.

Why did Mrs. Ingaville ask that strange question? She could not have told herself. Perhaps it was suggested by the sadness of her husband's expression, which she wished to disperse by a light jest. The worst she ever dreamt of was, that he had met with some trifling disappointment; perhaps the house was out of repair, or the furniture had been bequeathed to some one else, or there was some mortgage on the property or—it might be anything. But the terrible extent of the disaster which had befallen them had never entered her wildest fancy. She turned away her face, for she knew that it was growing white and haggard; her heart throbbed desperately, and her limbs trembled beneath her. Yet, with an effort little short of heroic, she steadied herself and gained strength to answer in a calm voice, 'I have heard nothing; tell me, Rupert.'

There was no help for it; the bad news was not to be broken gently to her—if such a thing is really possible; it had to be told abruptly and at once. In those first moments of bitter disappointment, Helen was thankful for the darkness and for the noise of the streets as they drove homewards, as she was in less danger of betraying her utter despair. Every tone of her husband's voice showed how much he felt it; and she knew that she should need all her courage to cheer and support him.

When they reached the little house at Kensington, and the children came rushing forward to meet them with eager inquiries and joyful greetings, she needed all her power of self-control to put them gently aside, to explain that father was tired with his long journey and wanted to be quiet a little, and, in short, to put off the inevitable explanation until next morning. The children were very good, and were quite willing to wait, as they knew they should hear all about it, for there were never any secrets kept from them. The poor mother sighed as she wished there had been on this occasion, for she remembered that some question of little Steenie's had brought forth the answer that father was the next heir to Hinton Court. Alas! they too had woven their dreams for the future, and would have their share in the bitter disappointment.

Helen had resolved to ask no more till the first flush of passionate resentment had passed from her mind; but she found that Rupert could talk of nothing else; and when the children had left them they sat up half through the night going over all the sad story again. She keenly resented the insult to her husband implied in the strange legacy.

'It was a cruel revenge!' she cried indignantly. 'And fancy her cherishing such feelings all these many years! Could she not forgive you, at the last moment, on her deathbed?'

'She had nothing to forgive!' he exclaimed. 'I never gave her any reason to believe that I cared for her. You are the only woman——'

'Oh, Rupert!' she interrupted him. 'It is all my fault. If you had only married your cousin Charlotte, think how different it would all have been! You would have had your rights—you would have been master of Hinton Court.'

'I shall never forgive you if you talk such nonsense,' he sternly interposed, and was so angry that to change the subject she asked,

'What is the girl like, this Miss Vincent?'

'She is a quiet little creature, not at all the artful, designing person you might imagine. I really believe that she knew nothing about it herself till the will was read, and she actually offered to give all the property back to me, straight off.'

'Could not some arrangement be made?' asked Helen, thoughtfully.

'I have no legal claim whatever, and you would not have me lower myself to beg a pittance from a stranger? The deed is irrevocable.'

There was no more to be said; but poor Mrs. Ingaville found that the subject was not to be so readily dismissed from her thoughts. It haunted her night and day with a terrible sense of loss. She looked back upon the long years of privation and self-denial since their marriage; the struggle to keep up appearances and wear a smiling face before the world, and look like a lady of cultivated leisure, when, in reality, no poor woman in a cottage ever worked so hard as nurse, cook, dressmaker, governess, maid-of-all-work. And there was to be no escape from this drudgery, from these sordid cares, for the rest of their lives.

She thought of her husband's high hopes of success in his profession; but time passed on, and scarcely any practice came to him at the bar; it was the 'hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.' Still the weary conflict became worse; for as the children grew older their education was a never-ceasing anxiety and expense. The poor mother did her best; but she felt that the boys could not have that early and costly training which would place them on equal terms with others in the race of life, and she knew that she was too worn out with the slavery of domestic duties to teach and influence her daughters as she would have done. The precious seed-time was passing by, which no after years could ever recall.

Helen Ingaville was no weak, selfish woman to sit down and lament for herself that wealth and luxury had not come to her. She did not crave for fine clothes, and delicate living, and many servants, and worldly esteem; but she did lament over this lost inheritance with a bitter pang of anguish, as she thought of all that it might have done for her husband and children. Rupert had been a saddened, disappointed man. His wife had borne herself bravely, and shielded him from the more intimate knowledge of their poverty; but still all the narrow economies and constant denials of these many years had eaten into his very soul.

What would not a free, dignified, pleasant life, such as he had been brought up to expect, have been for him? It would have given him new life, and vigour, and energy; the sunshine of prosperity would have brought out all his nobler nature.

And the children? She could not bear to think of them. There was Rupert, the eldest boy, whom she had always fondly looked upon as the heir to Hinton Court. She had hoped against hope, these many years, that Miss Ingaville would recognise him as such, and do something to prepare him for the position which he was one day to hold. He would be twenty-one that very year, and the loving mother had still cherished the fancy, deep in her own heart, that his coming of age would be the time chosen by the lady of Hinton Court to acknowledge him as the future squire. The lad was so fond of an outdoor life, and of all manly sports; and of such a bright, sunny nature, too, that, though the disappointment would touch him most nearly, she knew that he would bear it better than any of them. What was to become of Rupert now? He had no prospect of entering any profession; the only chance for him would be to go to the Colonies.

Then she thought of the others. There was George, the second boy, who was just about to leave the great London day school where he had distinguished himself. He was full of talent and ambition, and longed to go to College; but that would now be impossible, when all future prospects were cut off; he must find a clerkship in some office. Rosalind came next, her pride and greatest comfort. A sweet girl of sixteen who taught the little ones, cared for them like a mother, was always at the beck and call of every one, and alas! in that narrow household, had no time for any tastes or pursuits of her own. If she could only be spared to go to school, or could have masters, or any of those advantages which only wealth could buy!

So it was that, with an aching heart, the poor mother went through the roll-call of her darlings. There was Walter, with his high spirits which kept the house alive; and pretty Mabel; and delicate little Steenie, who was never well excepting in the country, and always seemed to pine away in the air of London; and last and dearest of all was baby Helen. For all of these wealth would mean health and training; the means of usefulness, the pursuits of happiness.

Helen Ingaville led a double life at that time. All day long she wore a smiling mask of patience and contentment; but when night came she could lay it aside, and through the long watches of darkness she could picture to herself what might have been, and drink to the very dregs the bitter cup of disappointment and hopeless longing. To her sad spirit it seemed like passing through the shadow of death. But to one of Helen's faith this could not last. It was not possible that any earthly trouble should long hide from her the face of Heaven. Through, as it were, mortal conflict she was taught to win at length peace and submission. She learnt to trust her children's fate and future to Him Who knew and loved them best, yielding up her own will in faith and humility.

'Thus souls by nature pitched too high,
By sufferings plunged too low,
Meet in the Church's middle sky,
Half way 'twixt joy and woe.

To practise there the soothing lay
That sorrow best relieves:
Thankful for all God takes away,
Humbled by all He gives.'

THE BEAUTEOUS LAND.

WHERE is no peace on the earth!
 I cried,
 'There is no rest in the world for me!
 All hope has flown from my breast, and
 died,
 And life henceforth must a burden
 be!
 The hearts I loved to a distant shore
 Have gone, and left me alone, alone!
 Yet as I sighed, in my anguish sore,
 I heard a voice that was not my own:—
 'O Child of earth, weep not,' it said,
 'Though hope from thee awhile has
 fled;
 All those now mourned in glory
 stand,
 Waiting thee in the Beauteous
 Land!'

In vain I sought whence the accents
 flowed.
 Like music sweet in that troublous
 hour;
 They died away, but they still abode
 Within my soul by a mystic power.
 I knew they came from the angel band
 Who carry balm to the hearts in pain,
 I knew that only from *one* bright land
 Could come the words of that sweet
 refrain:—
 'O child of earth, weep not,' it said,
 'Though hope from thee awhile has
 fled;
 All those now mourned in glory
 stand,
 Waiting thee in the Beauteous
 Land!'

EDWARD OXENFORD.

WARNING TO SERVANTS.

1. In applying for situations at Registry Offices, make quite sure of the character of the office at which you apply.

2. Do not complete your engagement with any employer without making inquiry as to the character of the household for which your services are required.

3. Do not be beguiled by advertisements that you see in newspapers, whether in London or the country, promising high wages and very little work. In most cases these situations do not exist at all. The advertisements are put in by people who wish to draw you to their office, and who, when you arrive there, assure you that that particular situation is already filled, but that they will soon find you another. Their promises may lead you into making very undesirable engagements.

4. If you live in the country, be most careful in answering advertisements by letter to get some proof of the respectability of the advertiser. Many an innocent girl has been drawn up to London to her ruin by making engagements by letter with an advertiser of whom she knows nothing. Better by far stay in the country all your life than run any such risks.

5. Be on your guard against entering any Home connected with a Registry Office unless you have taken pains to know its character. Many a girl has gone with her box into such a house in the hope of very soon being provided with a situation. Day after day has gone on, a heavy bill has been run up which she has not enough money to pay, and she is turned out—often late at night—to shift for herself, without money, as best she can, her box being detained by the people of the house. There are many highly respectable offices in London, and also some temporary Homes for Servants, which may be entirely trusted. If you have no means of finding out for yourselves which these are, information will be given to you on the subject at the Office of the National Vigilance Association, 36 Strand, Charing Cross; where also any cases of fraud or deception by Registry Offices will be carefully considered, or inquiries will be made (on writing to the Secretary) as to the character of any place advertised in London.

Short Sermon.

BY GEORGE S. OUTRAM, RECTOR OF REDMILE.

THE POWER OF IMPORTUNITY.

St. Luke, xi. 8.—*'Because of his importunity.'*



THE possession of power, with all its opportunities for good or evil, has ever been, and ever will be, a very desirable thing. This is one reason why men wish to be rich, because they know that money is a great power in the world. The same may be said of rank, preferment, skill, wisdom, and other things, which are held to give power to their possessors. Yet there is one power different from all these, and far better than all, which can be obtained by any one who is the happy possessor of three things. The first is, an unswerving obedience to the law of God; the second is, faith in God; the third is, importunity in prayer to God. The possession of these three things will make the poor and needy man richer and mightier than an emperor, and infinitely more happy.

I propose to speak mainly on the third of these things, importunity; and the rather, because the lack of it often leaves the two others uncrowned by the success which they so well deserve. The holy life may be there, and the precious faith may be there, but if the importunity in prayer is not there the man will not be a power for good to himself or to other men. He is one who is content to hide his candle under a bushel. He has not what he might have, solely for the want of audacity. He does not come boldly to the throne of grace. He is tied and bound by a deep-rooted dread of failure; or, it may be, he lacks tenacity of purpose. This, as well as the other, arises from over-timidty. He may, and, we will suppose, he often does, ask for what he sorely needs; but he does not pursue the coveted object day after day, and hour after hour, with strong crying and tears, and with a resolution that no delay can impair, no silence chill. He forgets, in fact, or, perhaps, has never yet known, the unequalled importance of the mighty words, which are traced in the living rock of Holy Writ with a pen of iron—*'because of his importunity.'*

Had we no such inspired words as these on which to found our great principle—or were they words lightly spoken, or hazarded at a venture, as words that might by some possibility be true—we should, perhaps, have scouted the idea of wearying God out of His apparent inattention by ceaseless plaints; of dimming our selfish wants into His ears, so as to, as it were, tire Him into a compliance with our wishes. We should probably have held up such seemingly graceless conduct as being far more likely to rouse His anger than open His royal hand and heart.

For just consider how we should relish the continual, never-ceasing supplication of a miserable beggar, who was always knocking at our door for help, yea, and who sought every opportunity to waylay us, and thrust his dirty and tattered petition in our face. We should feel mortified, angry, annoyed by it. But yet, let us ask, should we not give the poor man what he wanted, if only that we might be freed from his importunity and see his face no more?

Well, this is the very point insisted on by our Blessed Lord in the two parables which He spake for the purpose of enforcing on

us the value of importunity. You will remember them, no doubt. One of the importunate persons was a widow. She had an adversary who had wronged her. As she had no natural guardian of her rights, some insolent man had taken undue advantage of her lonely condition, and had, in some way unknown to us, invaded her legal position, and wrought her mischief. Stung by her unkind neighbour's unrighteous deeds, the widow had appealed to the law. Day after day she presented herself in the court of justice with her one suit on her lips, 'Avenge me of my adversary.' Day after day she only did so to meet a contemptuous rebuff. The adversary was perhaps some man of importance, who thought his wealth and position had raised him above, and would screen him from, the reach of the law. He may have been well known to the judge, as a man whom it was dangerous to meddle with—a violent, overbearing person, who would not scruple, if offended, to hire a cut-throat for the purpose of avenging his own quarrels. And therefore, or for some other reason of his own, the judge would not interfere, and the widow went home after each session still smarting, as before, under the sense of a wrong for which she could find no remedy. But she had a spirit of the right sort within her—a spirit that would take no denial—a stubborn patience and perseverance which rose superior to every failure. Every time she was foiled by the judge her resolution only grew the more fixed, and she declared to herself that she would continue to make her complaint in court until she had wrung from the unjust judge a verdict in her own favour. And her dogged persistence had, at length, its reward. The judge, though a sorry example of what a judge ought to be, though a time-serving, timid, selfish, and partial administrator of the law, was driven, by the sheer force of the widow's persistent clamour, to do the right thing, in spite of himself. He was fairly wearied out of his indifference and inaction, and one day, after seeing and hearing the plaintiff, he gave orders that she was to be righted. She had, therefore, gained her cause, not because the judge was honest, not because he pitied her forlorn condition, not because he felt one flash of indignation at the ill-treatment she had suffered from her powerful neighbour, but solely and simply because she had been importunate.

The other parable is highly interesting (as, indeed, both are), from its giving us incidentally an insight into some of the circumstances of those who dwelt in the Holy Land at the period of our Lord's sojourn upon the earth. We have been into an Eastern court of justice, and have seen the judge dispensing his tardy and grudging judgment. We next are taken to a house, whose inmates are buried in the deep sleep which falls upon men at midnight, and prepares them by its blessed oblivion for a manful struggle with the cares and labours of the morrow.

There ever have been belated travellers; men who, from some cause or other, have miscalculated their power, or lost their way under the misleading shades of night. Such a one is represented by our Lord as coming at the hour of midnight to an intimate friend's house. Let us imagine the wayfarer as weary, dust-covered, and almost fainting from hunger. He knocks at the door, and is admitted: and, after a few words of explanation, he asks for something to eat. But

there is no food in the house. What is to be done? A resource occurs to his distracted host. He will go at once to a neighbour's house, and borrow some bread. It is the midnight hour as he steals out into the darkened street, and, crossing the way, knocks loudly at his neighbour's door. 'Who is there, and what do you want?' are the questions which answer his knock. The story of the famishing traveller is briefly told, but for a time without success. 'Trouble me not,' is the reply which comes from within. 'The door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.' But the man in the street will take no denial. He will stand at that door till daybreak, sooner than go back empty-handed. There is bread, he knows, on the other side of that bolted door, and there is a hand within the house that can stretch it out. The man knows that his neighbour can supply his need if he will, and that will he resolves to make pliant by his importunity. It is importunity, not friendship; importunity and nothing else which draws at length the reluctant neighbour out of his bed, makes him light a candle, brings him downstairs, and leads him to the cupboard, whence he takes the three loaves and delivers them to his friend in the street. As he opens the door and feels the sharp night air, and hears the hurried and sincere thanks of his neighbour, he has learned, if anything can teach him, our lesson on the power of importunity.

Now, bearing in mind these two parables, each of which has one main point, and only one, namely, the power of importunity, let all who read these words resolve to lay hold of the Arm of Omnipotence with the grip of a dying man, with a grasp that nothing shall relax. As surely as the day dawns, so surely let our constant cry go up to God. Let not the noontide slip away without His hearing our voice. Let the lengthening shadows remind us that time is on the wing, and, though the Lord waits to be gracious, He is to be found only 'while He may be found.' And, though He has set bounds to His forbearance, He is no subject of time. Its changes affect Him not. He knows no night, nor does He ever sleep; He fears no tyrant; no evildoer can browbeat Him; no golden bribe can warp His sense of justice; no widow's thin and faded robe offends His all-pitying eyes; no rude, unlettered speech grates on His ever-open ears. No; given a poor and contrite heart, which trembles at His word; given a simple faith in the ever-blessed and glorious Trinity; in the Father who made, in the Son who redeemed, and in the Holy Spirit who sanctifies; given these (and who may not have them for the asking?), where is the child of earth that cannot say, and truly, 'All things are mine, so I be importunate with the Giver of all? He loves my importunity; my constant face before His great white throne, my reiterating voice, my earnest pleadings, my persevering prayers, all, all, are dear, very dear to Him. They manifest my faith; they stamp reality on my trust: and trust, tested by long waiting and repeated denials and failures, is a rare and a precious thing, in which my heavenly Father delights; a thing to which He opens His arms and His heart; a thing He welcomes with a kiss of love, and rewards with all the riches and joy of His house. To me, the child of need and importunity, methinks I hear Him say, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. All, my son, that I, thy God and Father, am able to grant, be thine!'