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# Church Work.

*We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.*

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M.A., D.C.L.

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## HEAVEN.

"Oh! Heaven is nearer than mortals think,  
When they look with a trembling dread  
At the misty future that stretches on,  
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,  
No brilliant but distant shore,  
Where the lovely ones who are called away  
Must go to return no more.

No, Heaven is near us; the misty veil  
Of mortality blinds the eye,  
That we cannot see the angel bands  
On the shores of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
Will open the next in bliss;  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends  
To the arms of the loved and lost,  
And those smiling faces will greet us there  
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought  
To the thirsting soul is given

That power to pierce through the mist of sense  
To the beauteous scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,  
And sweetly its harpings fall;  
Till the soul is restless to soar away  
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,  
When the veil is rent away,  
Not long and dark shall the passage be  
To the realm of endless day."

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY CHURCHILL EASTIN.

When on the stormy waves I ride,  
Lord shew Thy face to me,  
And through the howling tempest guide  
My helpless barque to Thee.

Like Peter, when of old he saw  
Thy form come o'er the sea,  
Lord, I believe, and love thy law,  
O shew Thyself to me.

I know if Thou wilt speak the word,  
I in the flood may stand;  
Then help my sinking feet, O Lord,  
And hold my trembling hand.

When o'er my straining vessel's side  
The waters pour and fill,  
Do Thou within the hold abide,  
And bid the waves be still.

Disperse the clouds that hide the sky,  
And give the winds command;  
And in the twinkling of an eye,  
My ship shall be at land.

Miss Fuller  
Apr 90

*LIFE-SKETCHES IN CALIFORNIA.*

NO II.

Character owes much to outward circumstances,—perhaps almost as much to pressure from without as to principle within. We have seen people who were strong advocates of total abstinence or religious decorum in their native villages, who amongst strangers, and, as they thought, out of the way of observation, soon distinguished themselves by sins of appetite or profanity. California, so largely peopled as it is by strangers from far-off lands, suffers largely from this class, not only in morality of outward deportment, but by lack of inflexible religious principles.

We have often discovered in remote country villages, astonishing instances of unbelief, and even downright infidelity. But these cases are of comparatively rare occurrence, owing to the wholesome checks of surrounding morality and religious observances, and for this reason we are shocked by their occasional occurrence. Remove these checks, and God only knows how much concealed heathenism,—and worse,—is to be found in outwardly christian communities. Every observant traveller knows many proofs of this moral and religious deterioration amongst old-time acquaintances whom he has met in foreign lands, and for this reason could not have recognized, except by outward appearance.

Religion, thank God, is making good progress in California, but amongst the most difficult of its opponents are the class we have described, and others who by their evil example are led to look upon the profession of religion as mere hypocrisy. Still, even these are not entirely inaccessible.

Five years ago a missionary in California, commencing his work in a large village, discovered that even in the midst of evil surroundings some few were to be found dissatisfied with the evil teachings around them, and craving for something better for the soul of the prodigal than the husks from the swine of Satan. A young woman, the daughter of the leading infidel of the place said to the Missionary, "I wish you would make an effort to convert my father." "I met him yesterday," he replied, and he stood on the street in the presence of a crowd, and in a loud voice cursed me, and the Bible, and religion, and even God Himself." She answered, "At home, in the Eastern States, it was not so with him, but 'evil communications corrupt good manners.' I said to him this morning when he forbade me to go to hear you, that although he did this he had given me no satisfactory reason for it, and asked him in all fairness to go even once to your service and hear what you have to say. He promised to go to hear you tonight." Being informed by the daughter of the nature of her father's

arguments, the Missionary by the blessing of God was so far enabled to reason away those difficulties and to re-awaken long-forgotten truths, that he saw God's message affecting this, and many other such hearers, even to manifest emotion, and had the deep satisfaction within a short time of baptizing this former opponent at his own request, on profession of his sincere faith and repentance. This man is now most regular and devout in his attendance on his ministrations, and zealous in assisting in his work by lay co-operation.

This man like most others, owed his fall in to infidelity, to a lack of training in the great doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement of Christ. He, like many others in sectarian training, had believed that division amongst Christians was no sin, that one religion was as good as another, or as little to be followed as another, that every man with a Bible in his hand was free to form a religion for himself. That creeds were of no consequence, and Sacraments unnecessary. Public worship, as he understood it, did not consist mainly or even to any extent in the united prayers of a congregation, but in hearing preaching. So far as he understood the gospel, it nowhere taught that all Christians should be one, but the very reverse. He therefore fell amongst infidels without the safeguard which Christ's prayer for His followers shewed to be their only preservative against the denial of His

Incarnation and Atonement. "Father I pray that they all may be *one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.*"

No teacher of the gospel, be it clergyman, parent or any other, can fulfill the duty of training immortal souls to resist the Spirit of Antichrist if the very centre of his teaching be not the Incarnation and Atonement of Christ, begun in us by being engrafted with His Body by Holy Baptism, followed by the precious food of His Body and Blood, with the daily sanctification of the in-dwelling influence of His Holy Spirit.

The union of christendom is the great want of this day of Antichrist. The enemy is coming in like a flood, but the Lord is raising this standard against him, and blessed are they who in the spirit of faith and humility are beginning to throng to this standard.

The statement that the sun rises in the East," is not one jot more real and true than the statement of the Christ, "my sheep hear my voice." We raise the curtains and push apart the blinds in the early morning and see the sun rise and we are at rest about it as a *fact*. We may as actually open our hearts to the spiritual world, and *know* the voice of Jesus. There are conditions for either experience: these met, one becomes as much a matter of knowledge as the other.

It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one.

*SOME ANECDOTES OF  
BISHOP SELWYN.*

It is more than twelve years since the great first Bishop of New Zealand, afterward Bishop of Lichfield, died; and it is more than ten years since his memoir appeared; but there must be many yet in this country of ours to whom the man is only a name, and the memoir still a book unknown. It is not the object of this article to repeat the story of his life, or to epitomize the Rev. Mr. Tucker's fascinating account of it, but simply to glean, from a recent reading of the latter, a few of those anecdotes of its distinguished subject which so strikingly set him before us. In the way of biographical data, let it be sufficient to say at the outset, that George Augustus Selwyn was born in Hampstead, England, in 1809; that he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841; that at the beginning of 1868 he was translated to the English see of Lichfield; and that ten years later he died.

One of the stories told of his school days at Eton, where he was famous in athletics, particularly in boating, is that, in the long-boat in which he rowed, seven of the oars were not very good, and one was very bad indeed. When the boys were going out, they would make a rush for the boat-house, the seven first-comers getting the seven least poor oars, and the last comer getting the "punt-pole"; this luck was apt to make the last man sulky, the other seven would abuse him for not pulling even his own weight, and finally the whole crew would be thrown out of temper. So Selwyn, in time, fell into the habit of being himself the last comer. When the other fellows chaffed him

on this, he laughed, and characteristically replied: "Oh, it's worth my while taking that bad oar. I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humor." This way of taking the "laboring oar" he followed all through his life.

Selwyn was as great a pedestrian as he was oarsman, and performed some wonderful feats upon his legs, once walking from Cambridge to London, a distance of perhaps sixty miles, in thirteen hours, without stopping.

Once also he walked from Cambridge to Ely Cathedral to the morning service, and back again to "hall," that is, to lunch or dinner. His advice to young men at this time was summed up in two sentences: "'Be temperate in all things,' and '*incumbite remis.*'"

He was as much at home on horseback as on his legs or at the oar.

Once, in New Zealand, as he was riding up and down the beach on a horse which a chief had lent him, he was hailed by every Maori who met him with "Tena Korno Ko" ("There you go, you and back-jumper!"), and, on asking the meaning of this rather surprising salutation, was told that he was riding the worst "back-jumper" in the country.

At Eton he was president of a swimming society called the "Psychrolutic Club," a condition of membership in which was, to have bathed in the river five days in every week of one whole year.

But Selwyn was more than a sporting Etonian and an athletic Cambridgeian. He sailed for New Zealand, to enter upon his Missionary Episcopate, December 26th, 1841. On board ship was a Maori boy, Rupaia by name, returning to his native

land. So diligently did the young Bishop, now thirty-two years old, make use of this living grammar, lexicon and reading-book, upon the voyage, that on the fifth of June following, the first Sunday after his arrival in his new Diocese, in the Court-house at Auckland, he both said prayers and preached in the language of the islands, to the astonishment and delight of both missionaries and natives. To this acquisition of a difficult language is there any parallel under like conditions?

During the first ten years of his New Zealand episcopate certain misunderstandings of his motives and intentions made the Bishop unpopular at Wellington. Landing there one evening from a dinghey, he heard two men on the beach talking about his arrival, one of whom said to his companion, "What's that schooner that has come in this evening?" To which the other replied, "Oh, that old fool the Bishop's." At this moment, the dinghey grounding on the sands, out jumped the Bishop, rubbing his hands and chuckling, and saying, "Yes and here's the old fool himself."

One night in October 1849, at midnight the Bishop landed at Auckland, on his return from a voyage of 2,000 miles in his little missionary schooner, the "Undine," to certain islands to the northward, searching for boys to bring from those distant and savage shores to be educated at his New Zealand schools, and then to be returned as seed-bearers to their homes. In the clear light of the full moon he walked from his landing place to the college. He was not expected, but the doors had been left unbolted, and he made his entry into his own house, rubbing his

hands, and waking his wife by exclaiming, "I've got them!" It was as if he had been gone about ten minutes, and had found his five little savages just around the corner.

One of the most dramatic stories of Bishop Selwyn relates to an adventure he had in the suspicious-looking island of Malicolo, where he had landed with a party in search of water. The party, headed by the Bishop, had found the water and filled their casks, and were returning to their boats, when they observed threatening movements on the part of the islanders, who had begun to assemble to the number of about 200. Soon the stones and arrows were flying toward them, but rather wildly, and did no harm. The Bishop kept his party well together, and enjoined them not to run, or to show any signs of fear, but to go ahead with the casks, paying no attention to the situation. On coming in sight of the place where the boats had been left, they found that one of the boats had put off toward the vessel, while the boy who had been left with the other, Nelson Hector, was surrounded by natives, who were brandishing their clubs and making all sorts of savage gestures at him, in the midst of which he sat calmly, with great presence of mind, confining his attention to keeping possession of his oars. The Bishop and his water-bearers pushed steadily forward, entered the water, reached the boat, and deposited their casks, the natives making way for them, and then rowed in safety back to the vessel. It was a remarkable illustration of the Bishop's courage, composure, and discretion; a different course might have cost him his life. The people on the vessel

watched the proceedings through a telescope with anxious hearts, and their relief can readily be imagined when, in answer to the question whether he could see them, the mate answered: "Yes, they are all there—and his lordship steers the first boat."

To be Continued.

### THE HISTORIC EPISCO- PATE.

From the Los Angeles Churchman.

[Articles by twenty representative men, viz: Prof. Chas. A. Briggs, D. D., Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, D. D., Rev. Edward T. Horn, D. D., Rev. Robert J. MacArthur, D. D., Prof. William J. Mann., D. D. Prof. F. J. Wolff, D. D., Rev. Wm. V. Kelly, D. D., Prof. George R. Crookes, D. D., Rev. Henry J. VanDyke, D. D., Rev. Thomas Arimatage, D. D., Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D. D., Rev. Joseph McCook, D. D., L. L. D., Rev. John Hall, D. D. L. L. D., Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D. Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., L. L. D., Rev. Thos. S. Hastings, D. D., L. L. D., Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D., Rev. Edward B. Coe, D. D.—*Church Review*, April 1890.]

The foregoing represent six leading denominations—Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist and Dutch Reformed—who, in response to a request from the Rev. Henry Mason Baum, the conductor of the *Church Review*, contribute their statements as to, "how far (speaking of course only as individuals) they are willing to accept the basis for Christian reunion proposed by the House of Bishops in 1886, and re-affirmed with slight

modifications by the Lambeth Conference of 1888."

Christian reunion is now a living issue. The basis of union proposed by the House of Bishops in 1886, has touched the heart and awakened the hope of all earnest minded men in Christendom. Mr. Baum has done good service in catching the thought of these men, and spreading it before the Church, not only to keep the subject alive, but to show the trend of opinion.

Whatever views they or their Church may have upon theories of Episcopal prerogative or power, the fact of the necessity of some sort of ecclesiastical headship, within a given territory to secure unity, and harmony of organization, and promote economy and effectiveness in administration, is admitted. This admission is a great gain, and the temperate and patient discussion of what can, and what cannot, be given up by the various Christian bodies to bring about substantial unity in things essential cannot but be productive of good for our children's welfare, if not our own. The various Christian bodies do not understand one another, or the church, and they have inherited prejudices, based oftentimes on the personal feuds of past ages, and are hampered by formularies, or confessions, which express only individual opinion of men of other days, who, could they have but foreseen the result of their views, would have been the readiest to retract. The great fundamental truths of divine Revelation as written in the New Testament, and the unalterable relations of Christian men in their common associations in the same community are asserting themselves

in the thought and conscience of all sincere and devout Christians of whatever name. When men build the foundations of their faith and practice securely on that rock, God's providence will sweep away the useless and accumulated debris of centuries, and the people of the Lord will once more find themselves to be men "of one mind in an house."

We quote from some of the writers mentioned above, and wish we had room for more.

Prof. Chas. A. Briggs, D.D. (Presbyterian), Union Theol. Sem., N. Y., says :

"The Historic Episcopate is made the great question of difficulty by the fourth article of the proposition of the House of Bishops and the Lambeth Conference.

But it is really a no more difficult question than the Historic Presbyter. I apprehend that before the reunion is accomplished each one of these offices must pass through the fire. I am not sure that it makes any great difference where we begin. Possibly it may be as well that the Episcopal Churches should settle the question of the Historic Episcopate, and that the Presbyterian Churches should determine the question of the Historic Presbyter."

"The breaking up of the Church of Churches into a number of different organizations in the same city, even if these be in the same ecclesiastical organization was not dreamed of in the second century."

"The fight against Episcopal usurpation and tyranny has been fought to an end; and the Church of England and her daughters are now among the freest and most tolerant Churches in Christendom. There is much more of tyranny in modern

Presbyterian, and even in modern Congregationalism, than there is in the Historic Episcopate, as it is now known in Great Britain and America."

Upon the advantages of the Historic Episcopate, Dr. Briggs goes on to say :

"1. The Historic Episcopate was a Historical Evolution in Church Government. Although there were no other bishops in New Testament times than presbyters, yet it was a legitimate and inevitable result of a bench or body of presbyters that one should have the management of affairs, be the executive head, and preside over the government of the local Church. The presiding bishop therefore sprang up in the latter part of the first century. At first this bishop was a parochial bishop. There was but one Church organization in the city, with missions in the suburban villages."

"The Historic Episcopate is a historic evolution. It has a vast variety of form in history. At what stage in the development shall we take it as a basis of union? The Roman Church presents us the system in its highest form in the Pope. The Greek and Oriental Churches give us an earlier stage in the patriarch. The Church of England presents us the still earlier stage in the archbishop. The American Episcopal Church does not rise higher than the Diocesan bishop. The Presbyterian Church goes farther back to the parochial bishop. What church is there that goes back to the earlier form of government as it appears in the New Testament, with a bench of parochial presbyter-bishops under Apostolic oversight? Not one. They all have made the mistake of plead



ing a jure divino, while they all represent a later stage of jure humano development. At what stage, then, shall we take our stand for Church unit? What is the essence of the Historic Episcopate in which all can agree?

"History speaks very strongly for the Historic Episcopate. My historic sense not only gives me great respect and veneration for the office, but also leads me to the opinion that the church guided by the Divine Spirit, did not err in its Episcopal government through all these centuries. The abandonment of the Episcopate was not a natural result of the Reformation. It was not a part of the Lutheran movement. The national Lutheran Churches of Denmark and Sweden have retained bishops until the present day."

"Presbyterians might be willing to recognize all sorts of theories of the Episcopate and tolerate all kinds of human weakness and follies in bishops; they could not unite on any of the theories of the Historic Episcopate, but they might unite on the Historic Episcopate itself."

"It is no time for Presbyterians to increase their demands. We should vie with our Episcopal brethren in generosity and self sacrifice. I believe that Presbyterians will rise to the situation so soon as they understand it. I believe that ere long Presbyterians will accept the Proposals of the House of Bishops, and thus show that they have the spirit of accommodation and desire for the unity of Christ's Church that their fathers showed in the Proposals of 1661. We are thankful that after more than three centuries a House of Bishops has accepted all that our fathers proposed."

To be Continued.

### A HOMILETICAL DRIFT.

REV. H. D. JENKINS, D.D.

\* \* \* There is a difference between the simple and the crude and one does not need to become bizarre in ceasing to be courtly. A noticeable change strikes us in the use of the personal pronoun "I." It can hardly be doubted that the dropping of the impersonal "we" from our pulpit addresses is a gain in strength. The Church owes more to Henry Ward Beecher for this casting out of the silly "*pluralis majestatis*" than to any one man. But here also the middle ground is the safest. The man who insists upon the back seat is often as vain as the one who claims the front chair. Egotism has no mask; and of all sins against good taste it is most offensive in the pulpit. Nevertheless, one would rather have Dr. Hamilton's formal sinking of his personality, than his successor's introduction of "this wreck, McNeill," in the middle of his discourse.

And we must be permitted to protest also, that the truth has not gained in effectiveness, by a change in style which passes from Hamilton's "ivy leaf and laurel" to McNeill's "wretched little patch of lentils." Can we reach the masses by accepting in the pulpit the language of the tap-room? If the Bible pictures of his predecessor were overwrought, and the description of Solomon "as he sate aloft on his lion-guarded throne \* \* \* arrayed in white and silver, and crowned with a golden coronet" is a bit too ornate, what shall we say of Mr. McNeill's Shammah, who "pulled himself together" before he smote the Philistines with his rude weapon?

When the pastor of Regent Square introduces into his published discourses the "aside"—"If they had laid their heads together then, what a lot of wood there would have been in one place!" what is there left for the ambitious youth just out of the seminary to say, when he, too, would produce a sensation in his own congregation? If the most conspicuous preacher in London takes his hearers into his personal confidence so far as to tell them in the midst of his exposition of Scripture, "That is what my wife said to me this morning," one may shudder to think what household privacies his bungling disciple may thrust upon astonished listeners who have come to God's house to hear the good news of a far country. The Sermon on the Mount does not lack impressiveness, although in it no one is "sent spinning into hell;" and Paul's great cry to be "delivered from the body of this death" has, perhaps, as positive a homiletic value as the prayer to be "picked from the devil's fingers." If such be the language needed in Regent Square, what is left the Salvation Army wherewith to "catch the ears of the groundlings."

As it is, Aaron no longer wears a sacred vestment. A sack coat or a shooting jacket answers every purpose. But is there to be no such thing to-morrow as a "sacred rhetoric?" With Hamilton, and Hitchcock, and Storrs, will the pulpit orator cease, and the class-leader have full possession of the desk? If one cannot admire a sunset of Turner, there ought surely to be something for him in an Inferno of Dore. The truth is that many of our sermons today are but the unbeaten oil of

the sluggish priest. Step by step the ministry has been descending from homiletical heights to hortatory depths. It is easier to acquire the patois of the peasant, or the slang of the slums, than the rhetoric of the schools; and the temptation is to believe it more effective. For ourselves, we doubt it. We can but fear that, however sweet in the mouth of today, the pulpit "gag" may be, the end of it will prove, as the slow digestion of the little book in the Apocalypse, "exceeding bitter."—*The Interior.*

#### HOW THE CLERGY LIVE.

It is an undeniable fact that, whereas in all other professions, and in most trades, the general tendency is to increase of remuneration for services rendered, the public show impatience at any effort to increase the domestic comforts of the clergy. How the Israelites managed to get along in the wilderness was a mystery to the nations who opposed their march through the deserts.

How the clergy live as gentlemen, keep their families decently clothed, and practice the grace of hospitality, as they do, many of them on the wages of a day laborer, is often a mystery even to themselves; how much more must it be so to the free and easy livers who wonder, but seldom inquire, how the parson manages to make ends meet on the narrow income which is provided for him by those who save their conscience and their purse with the reflection that they pay their dues, or as much as others pay, and the pious ejaculations, "the Lord knows" and "the Lord will provide." Some suppose that clergymen can multiply the cruse of oil and the handful of

meal by some sort of pious incantations; if not, then how can a man live who has nothing, or next to nothing, to live on, and when there is such a strange and bewildering uncertainty as to when he is to receive it? We do not propose at this time to tell the secrets of the parsonage, or explain the mystery of clerical financiering. One thing we will say, however, and that is, that it costs one gentleman as much to live respectably as it costs another, and the inference is very plain that if the endowment, or the stipend, does not furnish the clergyman a decent living, then he must somehow give more for the support of the parish than other contributors, or else he practices some sort of self denial, to understand the nature of which would afford no gratification or pleasure to his comfortable parishioners. It would not be amiss if the parishioners would sometimes, in the right spirit, ask the question: "How does the parson live?" and another: "What is to become of him when he is old, and we turn him out, seeing the Church has no pension fund for its veterans?"—*The Family Churchman.*

#### CANON LIDDON.

When Dr. Liddon expressed his opinion on any topic of the day both the Church and the world listened with respectful attention, and it is well to reproduce some of his words of wisdom now that they so forcibly arrest men's thoughts. Speaking on the vexed subject of recreation, the deceased Canon said: "It would appear to me that a young man does well in joining in recreation within limits. The value and justification of recreation is that it supplies, or

should supply, that renewal of health and strength which is necessary to work. A man who is consecrating, or trying to consecrate, his life to God's service will consecrate his recreation as well as his words or his prayers. This will lead him to keep three rules especially in view: 1. The recreation must be of a kind that leads him to do his work better. 2. It must be of a kind that does not involve temptations to sin, whether against honesty, or purity, or charity. 3. It must not involve an expenditure, whether of time or money, which he cannot afford.

Writing to the *Times*, Sir Spencer Wells notes that in a sermon on the Resurrection, Dr. Liddon quoted the following sentence from Max Muller's biographical essays: "I often regret that the Jews buried and did not burn their dead, for in that case the Christian idea of the resurrection would have remained far more spiritual," and commented upon it as follows: "Cremation had it taken place, could have made no difference, except in the sphere of the imagination. The resurrection of a body from its ashes is not a greater miracle than the raising of an unburned body; each must be purely miraculous."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* continues to publish touching reminiscences of the great Canon from those who knew him best. Mr. Green, the senior verger of St. Paul's, whose floral cross, with that of the Marchioness of Salisbury, was alone permitted to be placed on Dr. Liddon's coffin, records that he received special instructions from the great preacher to provide good seats for Nonconformist ministers when they came to the cathedral. But more

numerous than all other testimonials are those which refer to Dr. Liddon's unswerving loyalty to his Lord. One who knew him well says: "Liddon's whole life was an illustration of the Apostle's principle that consistency must not be sacrificed to expediency. Men are tempted to do this in our times in two ways—to give up distinctive features of Churchmanship to conciliate Christians who are not Churchmen, and to put away distinctive parts of the Christian faith to meet half-believers and skeptics. Against either of these Liddon's life and preaching were a protest to the very end, and such an example we can ill afford, in these latitudinarian peace-at-any-price days, to lose. Preaching power may be easily overvalued. The conviction, reality, consistency behind the eloquence, are the true loss."

#### CLERGYMEN'S WIVES.

A clergyman's wife may be either a true help-meet or a great hindrance to the spiritual work of her husband.

That keen satirist, Mrs. Lynn Linton, who generally derides with extra-severity the follies and foibles of her own sex, can find nothing but good to say of "The Rector's Ladies," of whom she treats in an interesting and slightly idealized sketch, this week. The poor parson himself may be woefully incompetent, but his ladies, at any rate, are never idle. To them belongs the organization of the mother's meetings, the shoe clubs, the coal clubs and the penny societies. They have to look after the "baby's basket," which goes the round of all the hard pressed or improvident women who bring children into the world

with but scanty provision for their welcome. They have working-parties where the only *sine qua non* is the knowledge of "cutting out," together with the various mysteries included in the arts of hemming and felling, guaging, gathering and setting on. The Sunday school owes much of its vitality to the clergyman's family, and in the villages, without the rector's ladies it would fall to the ground, like a withered apple, perished for want of sun and rain. In the church they play the harmonium and lead the choir. They have to teach the choir, also, and attend the bi-weekly practices. In these exercises they have responsibility and no power. The men and boys and girls who come to the singing, come of their own free will and stay away when it pleases them. If remonstrated with, they resign. It is as much as they will bear to be set right in time or tune, and the rector's lady who takes them in hand walks on egg-shells during the lesson. When the rector's ladies go to the houses of the sick they bring with them a certain personal charm denied to the rector himself. The rector brings the comfort of his spiritual assuagement and priestly assurance, as well as the vitality which is part of his fine, breezy, manly presence. But his wife and daughter add the more human element that is so often associated with poetry; and the poor, if dumb in expression, have often a wide strain of poetry in thought and feeling.

There is, it is confessed, sometimes a reverse to this picture, but, on the whole, it is a fair representation of a band of silent heroines, whose price is above rubies.

*A NONCONFORMIST'S  
TESTIMONY.*

The September number of the *Methodist Times*, edited by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, contains an article on the 'Holiness of Beauty' and its alleged feeble presentment in the Nonconformist places of worship, which must be held to mark another step in the 'forward movements,' which the spirited conductor of the West End mission has been the means of inaugurating in Methodist circles. He constitutes an appeal for reverence and refinement in public worship, the lack of which, the writer avers, is causing the younger people especially, to forsake chapel for church by scores and hundreds. 'The contrast between the beautiful and refined worship of the Anglican Church and what the Angelican apologists delight to describe and accentuate as the slovenliness of Dissent is painfully conspicuous.' The things especially condemned are:—Sitting during prayer, late coming in and failure to join in the hymns and Lord's prayer. The cause of these is held to be the idea prevalent in the pew and fostered in the pulpit, that prayer, singing and lessons, are merely preliminaries' to the sermon. Hence people ask each other whom they are going to 'hear,' instead of where they are going to 'worship'; while preachers too frequently rush through the first part of the service in order to have more time and scope for their sermon. Finally the writer pleads for refinement and beauty in the sanctuary, as well as reverence. He believes that a true sense of the 'beauty of holiness' must lead to a deeper sense of the

'holiness of beauty,' and says that an age that has heard Ruskin with rapture, cannot exclude beauty from its conception of religion. The Rev. H. P. Hughes is a Welshman, and was born in 1847. He was educated at Richmond Theological College, and graduated M.A. at London University. He has held ministerial appointments in several circuits, and has been Temperance Secretary, and is a member of the "Legal Hundred." It is, however, in his aggressive unattached work in London that he is best known.

*ORDER OF MISSION  
PREACHERS.*

Canon Gregory, writing on the proposed order of preachers, says: "If we could find men endowed with the requisite gifts of eloquence and learning, willing to devote their lives to preaching the great central truths of christianity wherever they were invited to do so, they might be a great power for good. The difficulty is too find such men." The worthy Canon also discerns perils in the future as certain to attend the establishment of this new order. He especially names the difficulty of defining their position, without which there would be ceaseless irritation between them and the clergy into whose parishes they intruded, so that the rivalries and jealousies which existed between the preaching friars and parish priests in pre-Reformation times would re-appear in an aggravated form. And not impossibly, these itinerant preachers might become founders of new sects and parties.

*The Daily Telegraph* prints a long letter on this subject, urging the immediate setting apart of a band of

travelling preachers. The writer asserts that with the large majority of our clergy it is too plain that among the qualifications required by the Bishop who ordained them that of ability to expound the truths of religion—he does not say eloquently. for eloquence is a rare gift—in a clear, forcible, earnest and impressive manner, was not included. In by far too many cases they possess neither the vigor of intelligence required to hold the attention of an educated man, nor the emotional and sympathetic quality which would enable them to touch the hearts of the rude and simple. To him it seemed passing strange that the national Church should neglect that instrument of appeal to the popular heart which not only Roman Catholicism but Potestant Nonconformity has always perceived the importance of maintaining at the highest possible standard of efficiency. He believes that whatever other result the ministration suggested might produce, if men distinguished for eloquence were selected, they would bring together many thousands of hearers who have too long regarded attendance at the average sermon of the average incompetent preacher as a trial of temper and a waste of time.

The Bible speaks of 'an evil heart of unbelief,' meaning thereby a heart that lacks confidence in God. One great difficulty with men is that they are not willing to trust God. If they had confidence in God, as they should have, they would obey him, and be happy in his existence and attributes, making him to their hearts the 'God of all comfort.'

Forbearance is attended with profit.

### WHAT IS IT TO BE A HIGH CHURCHMAN?

1. To have a high view of Holy Scriptures as the written Word of God, inspired by Him to be true and containing all things necessary to salvation.

2. To have a high view of the sacraments as being more than mere symbols or pledges, and really effective means to our salvation; as ordained by Christ Himself to be means of grace, channels for the conveyance to us of His life and holiness.

3. To have a high view of the ministry as established, authorized, and empowered by Christ Himself, to be His ambassadors and the stewards of His mysteries.

4. To have a high view of the Church as "bought by the Blood of Christ;" as "being so loved by Christ that He gave Himself for it;" as being no mere human institution of recent origin and temporary character, but "founded upon the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone," and to be eternal in the heavens, having been presented by Christ without spot or blemish to the Father of all.

Is it very dreadful to be a High Churchman?—*Diocese of Indiana.*

A devout Arab woman was asked in her last illness how she endured such suffering? Her reply was, "They who look upon God's face do not feel His hand." How true it is that a sense of God's love and mercy may be so great and all absorbing that we shall hardly feel or even know our sufferings.

Silver tipped—the waiter.

*CURIOUS INCIDENT IN ST.  
JAMES'S TORONTO.*

It was in the old days, before St. James was called a cathedral, or a Bishop of Toronto was thought of, and while the original frame church was still in existence. Dr. Baldwin, the father of the late Hon. Robt. Baldwin, had taken his seat, with his family, in the family pew, just before morning service. In the pew just across the passage or aisle was seated a man respectable looking enough, but evidently very poor and a stranger. The service began, and after it began, the owner of the pew walked up the aisle to enjoy the privileges of the Gospel and worship God in his pew. But on reaching it he discovers that it is already occupied; and of course he cannot allow his worship to be disturbed by the presence of a person whom nobody knows. So opening the door of his pew he points down the aisle to the man's proper place—the seats for the poor—and stands at the door till the intruder rises and beats a retreat. On seeing the stranger leaving the pew Dr. Baldwin rises, with Christian indignation, and opens *his* door; and taking the stranger by the arm is about to bring him in to share his pew. Mr. ——— cannot suppose for a moment that Dr. Baldwin is going to take the fellow to a seat beside himself, and naturally takes the other supposition that he too is indignant at his intrusion, and intends merely to escort him to the door. Of course Mr. ———'s courtesy will not allow this. He insists upon *his* right, as the owner of the pew whose sanctity had been invaded, to expel the intruder, unassisted, and so he grasps

the man's other arm and pulls him away from Dr. Baldwin. The Dr.'s spirit rouses, and he resolves that the man *shall not* be driven away, as if God's house belonged only to those who pay pew rents; he takes common ground with the man, as a brother Christian, and he pulls vigorously towards his pew. The more the Dr. pulls one way the more Mr. ——— pulls the other. And so they tug away at the unfortunate man. Pull away! Down to your proper place, sir! Down here near the door—says the pull on one side. Come to my seat, sir! There is room for you with me, says the other pull. And so the struggle goes on, until a clever jerk rescues the stranger from the indignant pew-owner, and lands him safely among the Dr.'s cushions.

“Ob what denomination are de chile? asked an old colored preacher down South,” who had brought to him an infant for Baptism. “Sah?” said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word denomination.” “I asked you ob what denomination de chile war,” repeated the minister, a little severely. The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: “I doesn't know what you mean by 'denomination,' sah.” “Houh, you don't?” replied the preacher scornfully. “Well, den, I'll simplify it, 'cordin to yo' ig'nance so yo' kin understand it. Are de chile a boy or gal chile?”

The weariness of Jesus is a marvel full of pathos; and to tired souls and fatigue in these days is the normal state of Christian souls—it is full also of consolation.—*Faber.*

Children's Department.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Looking upward all the way,  
Sunshine on our faces;  
Pressing onward every day  
Toward the heavenly place.

Growing every day in awe,  
For Thy name is Holy;  
Learning every day to love  
With a love more lowly.

Walking every day more close  
For our Elder Brother;  
Growing every day more true  
Unto one another.

Leaving every day behind  
Something which might hinder;  
Running swifter every day,  
Growing purer, kinder.

Lord, so pray we every day,  
Hear us in Thy pity,  
That we enter in at last  
To the Holy City.

KATE'S MOTTO.

"Tomorrow will be the first day of 1891!"

Aunt Jémima laughed, for Kate's tone was dismal in the extreme.

"The fact does not seem to give you much pleasure," she said.

"No," Kate answered, "it does not. To tell the truth Aunt Jemima, I have no hope of making this New Year any better than the last and it has been a dismal failure."

"I think you are mistaken there," said her aunt quietly. I can see a great improvement on former years in the one that has passed. You are more of a home comfort, Katie, at the present time than you have ever been before."

"I planned so many things last New Year's Day," the girl went on, as though she had hardly heard the

the encouraging words. "So many studies, so much to make others happy, to improve things about us and to be truer and nobler myself and here I am to day just about the same as ever, with almost nothing done of all I had planned."

"Life is made up of little things, my child," answered her aunt. "I think your sense of failure arises from your desire to do and perhaps to be something great. You do not realize that you fulfil your mission by doing the will of God, and that when His will appoints you a daily service of little things you can only please Him by doing these very little things as well as possible. He does not ask you to do anything else, you must be willing to let Him choose for you. Let it be your part to be ready both in body and soul cheerfully to accomplish these things which He commandeth.' That is one of the most beautiful collects in the prayer book."

"But aunt, am I never to do anything for Him but just those home duties and little trifling things of which you speak?"

"Yes, it all depends upon yourself my child. If you learn to do these well the Master will promote you to other services. But in His eyes perhaps these trifling things are as important as service that may seem to you on a much higher level. It is the spirit that He requires not the act. Throw your whole heart into whatever you have to do, and yours will be an acceptable service."

"I believe you are right, Aunt Jemima, as you always are. I have just been dissatisfied with my place and wanting a service that God has not given me—knows in fact I am not fit for. "I will study to be quiet



and to do my own business after this, and leave other people to do theirs.

"I will give you a favorite verse of mine for your motto, it is such a help to me." And Aunt Jemima repeated slowly these words of the Master that have thrown a beautiful light over many a lowly life and service: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

"Carry this thought my child, into everything you do and you will find that there is nothing trifling or insignificant in life. There is a beautiful saying of Sir Francis de Sales "that to attain perfection it is not necessary to do singular things, but it is necessary to do common things singularly well."

"Oh, I like that! It is capital!" Kate said emphatically, springing up in answer to an impatient call from the nursery, the idea of "attaining perfection" by holding the baby "singularly well." But I will try by God's grace this year to give the text and the motto a careful trial.

And so they separated to take up life's duties with lightened hearts and to find them by the light of the Word of God light, easy and good.

#### TOM'S GOLD DUST

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold dust," said Tom's uncle to himself, and sometimes aloud. Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly, that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold dust."

"Gold dust!" Where did Tom get gold dust? He was a poor boy.

He had not been to California. He never was a miner. There were no minerals in the district where he resided. Where did he get his gold dust? Ah, he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold dust of time—specks and particles of time which boys, girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold; and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold dust boys during this year on which you have now entered. Try to say in truth, "I at least" redeem the time because the days are evil."

Speaking at the meeting of the Congregational Union, held in Leicester, Eng., the Rev. J. Simon, Congregationalist minister, deliberately gave it as his opinion that the Church of England was making greater progress in Leicester than *all* the Nonconformist Churches put together.

In all thy prayers rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart.

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others  
—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

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