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# Dominion Churchman.

THE ORGAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA.

Vol. 7.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

[No. 88.]

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  - From Mrs. Fannie D. B. Chase, President of the Pennsylvania State W. C. T. U.: "Allow me to congratulate you upon the value and success of your Sunday-school work. I am rejoiced that you are taking up temperance work, and believe that the cause will be greatly advanced by your energy and systematic work."
  - From James W. Webb, State Lecturer of the California I. O. G. T., Santa Barbara, Cal.: "My heart is thrilled to see the announcement that you are sending out. Surely the hour has come and the man, too. I shall enthusiastically speak of your plan publicly in every address, and privately to every lodge, minister and earnest worker, to our Grand Lodge State temperance paper, and all other papers that will put me an item in."
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  - From A. H. Bowen, Grand Worthy Recorder Nebraska Templars of Honor: "Shall be glad to be of any assistance in my power to help you in this branch of your work."
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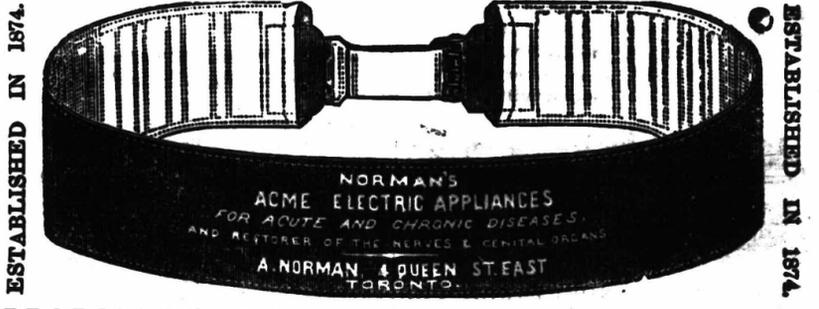


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Dear Sir,—Please send me a waist belt. Enclosed find price. Head band got for my wife has almost cured her of neuralgia. Yours truly, C. L. TILLY.  
Mr. Norman, Dalkeith, Ontario.  
Dear Sir,—I am pleased with the belt I got from you, and wish you would send circulars to the following addresses. Yours truly, N. M.  
Mr. A. Norman, Belgrave, Ontario.  
Dear Sir,—The belt I got from you last September did me lots of good. I was not able to work then, but I am now. Please send me another and a pair of knee-caps and two pair of insoles. Enclosed amount \$21. Please send them by mail. Yours truly, JAS. FRANK.  
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Frank Wootten, Editor, Proprietor, & Publisher, Address: P. O. Box 449. Office, No. 11 York Chambers, Toronto St., Toronto. Alex. S. Macrae, M.S.A., (of London, England) BUSINESS MANAGER.

MOON.		SUN.	
1 First Quarter, ...	8 45 a.m. ...	Rises 5 23, sets 6 26.	
7 Full Moon, ...	11 22 p.m. ...	.. 5 30, .. 6 25.	
15 Last Quarter, ...	2 44 a.m. ...	.. 5 39, .. 6 11.	
23 New Moon, ...	6 37 a.m. ...	.. 5 48, .. 5 56.	
30 First Quarter, ...	4 31 p.m. ...	.. 5 56, .. 5 42.	

### LESSONS for SUNDAYS and HOLY-DAYS.

Sept. 25... FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY:—  
 Morning... 2 Kings 18. Galatians 4, to v 21.  
 Evening... 2 Kings 19; or 23 to 31. St. Luke 2, to 21.  
 29... St. MICHAEL and ALL ANGELS:—  
 Morning... Genesis 32. Acts 12, v 5 to 18.  
 Evening... Daniel 10, v 4. Revelation 14, v 14.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

THE parish church of Micheldever, restored by the Earl of Northbrook, at a cost of £3,000, has been reopened. A fine old perpendicular arch in the tower has been brought to light.

Immense forests in Algiers are reported on fire. Some French soldiers have perished in the flames. A violent sirocco has been blowing, and on the 23rd the centigrade registered in the shade 52 deg. or about 125 degrees of Fahrenheit.

The Rev. Cyril Wych, rector of East London, has met with death by drowning, while attempting to cross the Chalumna river, in South Africa, during an exceptionally severe storm, which lasted three days. He was a man of great abilities, eloquence, and power. His death has created a void in the diocese not easily filled up.

The hundred and fifty-eighth festival of "The Three Choirs" began at Worcester on Tuesday, the 6th with full service in the cathedral. On Tuesday the "Elijah" was performed, and on Friday, the "Messiah." Two original works were written for the festival—"The Widow of Nain," by Mr. Caldecott, and "The Bride," by Mr. MacKenzie. Among the public singers were Madame Albani, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd.

The agricultural depression in England is rather on the increase than otherwise. While we in Canada have been suffering from prolonged drought, almost unprecedented, the rains in England have been so general and so great, that in almost every parish church in the country, prayers for fair weather are being offered up. August is there the harvest month, but August has come and gone with only a small proportion of the harvest gathered in. Some of the grain is rotting on the ground; a good deal is standing in the sodden fields, shattered by the storms, or sprouting out when it should be ripening.

It is stated that Father Beckz, Vicar General of the Jesuite order, eighty-seven years of age, lies dangerously ill.

The British Association has been celebrating its jubilee at York under the presidency of Sir John Lubbock. The proceedings were expected to have unusual interest.

Professor Monier Williams has been appointed by the Secretary of State for India, in Council, an honorary delegate to represent the Government of India at the International Congress of Orientalists about to meet at Berlin.

Chio and Tchesme were on the night of the 27th ultimo visited with an earthquake still more terrible than that of the 3rd of April. The destruction of property is considerable, and the inhabitants are in the greatest despair. At the time the shocks were felt at Chio and Tchesme, the earth at Zante suddenly gave out intense heat, accompanied by a strong wind from the east, which caused much alarm.

The message of peace to Ireland, in the shape of the Land Bill, seems to have had no effect on the general condition of the country, which is said to be even worse than ever—crimes against person and property being more brutal, or breaking out in new forms. Murders and other outrages take place with unaccustomed cruelty, and property is destroyed in unusual ways, such as trampling down a meadow by two or three thousand men, and rolling a field of wheat with a heavy stone roller.

The Church Review remarks that "the silly season is now on, and we read of two secessions to the Church of Rome." We believe one of them was originally a Nonconformist, and the other a so-called "Evangelical."

Our contemporary also remarks on the fact that those who exclaim against prelacy, sacerdotalism, and all the rest of that list of glaring abominations, are always fond of something in the shape of a title or dignitary. It is added:—

We remember the last black bishop (?) over here was much lionised. He doubtless was so pleased with his reception that he has induced others to follow his example and have a starring tour in Europe, for we are informed that three negro bishops of the "African Methodist Episcopal Church" in the United States of America have arrived in London to attend the forthcoming Methodist Ecumenical Conference. They are Bishop W. F. Dickerson, of South Carolina and Georgia; Bishop Shorer, of the Ohio Episcopal District; and Bishop Payne, of the Baltimore, Virginia, and North Carolina District. Other gentlemen of colour belonging to the same 'church' have also arrived. Nine of the 'episcopal' party proceed for a Continental tour!

We need hardly point out that the three darkies are no more bishops than the editor of this paper or Mr. Newman Hall or Bishop Gregg. We are amused to find that they determined to combine both business and pleasure, and like most of their Yankee friends intend to have a 'boss' time of it on the continent before settling down to preaching and revivals, and class meetings with the old folks at home. It is a pity Dean Stanley is deceased or they would have had a turn with Max Muller at the Abbey.

President Garfield died on Monday evening, at 10-35, after eighty days struggle for life. A clot in the heart is said to have been the immediate cause of death.

The Bishop of Chichester in delivering his Charge at Hastings, a few days ago, condemned the system of pew-rents. He also expressed his opinion that all Churchmen should unite in protesting against the action of the Liberation Society for disestablishing the Church.

The Victoria Cross has been conferred on the Rev. J. W. Adams, of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, for his bravery in Afghanistan. It appears that when under heavy fire, with the Afghans only a few yards from him, he employed himself in dragging the horses off from the soldiers lying under them, during the action at Killa-Kazi, December 11th, 1879. This is the first time the V. C. has been conferred on a clergyman.

Dr. Close has resigned the deanery of Carlisle, the patronage of which falls to the Premier. It is worth \$1,900 a year, but one-third is allowed as a retiring pension. By the elevation of Dr. Bradley as Dean of Westminster, a Worcester canonry, worth £750 falls vacant. Mr. Gladstone has appointed in succession to the Worcester canonries Dr. Mozley, Dr. Barry, Dr. Miller, the Rev. R. Seymour, the Rev. W. Butler, the Rev. D. Melville, and Dr. Bradley.

### FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

TRUST in God's Providential Care as the master principle of the soul in all our worldly occupations is still brought forward as the great subject for meditations, as the season for realizing the goodness of God in our temporal concerns passes on. And the subject is one which in the present day cannot be too much insisted on. The scientific guesses and the philosophic lucubrations of the age seem to be so much in the direction of supposing that if there is a Supreme Being at all, He is so much like the great Bramah of the Hindoos that He does not concern Himself about matters that take place in this sublunary sphere. We are now told that the picture of a Heavenly Father supplying food and clothing for His children belongs to the infancy of human thought. We are pompously informed that we now know that we live under a vast and complex system of invariable laws—of laws which govern the highest and the lowest forms of life, the spheres of matter and the spheres of mind. We are boastfully told that the reign of law is an established certainty, and in recognising the reign of law the mind of man has reached a conclusion which is fatal to the idea of a particular Providence exerted by God in favour of individual human beings. But, it may be asked, Why is the idea of law inconsistent with that of a father's government and care? Does a father govern any the less because he governs by rule? Christians who believe that order is a primary element of beauty, and that its source, as St. Augustine says, is in the Divine life itself,—we can have no difficulty is recognizing order in the Divine

government, or in seeing God's hand in a rule of universal law. If the Eternal Worker works always for the best, His action under like circumstances would most naturally repeat itself; nor would it be any the less His action because it does repeat itself. His hand is not less distinctly visible to His children when the sun rises and sets day by day in its appointed course, than when it stands still upon Gibeon. He cannot be in our eyes more certainly the Ruler of the spheres when at some future period, known only to Himself, the stars shall fall from heaven, than He is now when the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handy work; when one day telleth another, and one night certifieth another. Great catastrophes, from time to time, do recal man's earth-bound soul to a sense of the presence of that eternal Being before Whom we dwell; but in the ordinary processes of growth and decay, of disease and death—He worketh hitherto. As with the most remarkable saint of the Old Testament Scriptures, the prophet Elijah, His still small voice manifests His Presence amid the repose of order more readily than in the exceptional earthquake and the tremendous fire.

We may rest assured therefore that in reference at least to each individual Christian, it may be said in the language of a living writer whose name is a household word throughout Christendom:—"God beholds thee individually, whoever thou art. He calls thee by thy name. He sees thee and understands thee, as He made thee. He knows what is in thee, all thy peculiar feelings and thoughts, thy disposition and likings, thy strength and thy weakness. He views thee in thy day of rejoicing and in thy day of sorrow. He sympathizes in thy hopes and thy temptations. He interests Himself in all thy anxieties and remembrances, all the rising and falling of thy spirit. He has numbered the very hairs of thy head, and the cubits of thy stature. He compasses thee round and bears thee in His arms; He takes thee up and sets thee down. He notes thy very countenance, whether smiling or in tears, whether healthful or sickly. He looks tenderly on thy hands and thy feet; He hears thy voice, the beating of thy heart, and thy very breathing. Thou dost not love thyself better than He loves thee. Thou canst not shrink from pain more than He dislikes thy bearing it; and if He puts it on thee, it is as thou wilt put it on thyself, if thou art wise, for a greater good afterwards. Thou art not only His creature (though for the very sparrows He has a care, and He pitied the much cattle of Nimveh), thou art man redeemed and sanctified, His adopted son, favoured with a portion of that glory and blessedness which flows from Him everlastingly unto the Only-begotten. Thou art chosen to be His, even above thy fellows, who dwell in the East and South. Thou wast one of those for whom Christ offered up His last prayer, and sealed it with His precious blood. . . . Let us then endeavour, by His grace, rightly to understand where we stand, and what He is towards us; most tender and pitiful, yet, for all His pity, not passing by the breadth of a single hair the eternal lines of truth, holiness, and justice."

#### THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

REV. GEO. GRANVILLE BRADLEY, LL.D. who has recently been appointed Dean of Westminster, is a son of the late Rev. Charles Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecon, and incumbent of St. James's, Clapham, Surrey. He was,

as we have already observed, educated by Dr. Arnold. That Mr. Gladstone should have been instrumental in his appointment to this high position is surely a sufficient proof that those clergymen and other strong churchmen who went in for the Gladstone party at the last election have been just as much "sold" in a Church point of view as those innocents were who supported the same gentleman as a Conservative representing the University of Oxford.

Mr. Bradley entered University College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree as a first class in "literis humanioribus;" he was for some time fellow of his college. Dr. Tate ordained him deacon in the year 1858, and in the same year he was ordained priest by Dr. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury.

Previous to his ordination he had been assistant master in Rugby school for about twelve years. He was head master of Marlborough College from 1858 to 1870, when he became master of University College, Oxford. He was appointed examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1874. He was select preacher at the University of Oxford in 1874, and honorary chaplain to the Queen in the same year, and in 1876 was appointed chaplain in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

A great deal of curiosity has been experienced by the public generally to know the name of Dean Stanley's successor; and now the name is made public, the curiosity is scarcely abated in regard to the course he is likely to pursue; for although he belongs to the same broad school of thought, which may be said to have been led by Dr. Arnold, yet Mr. Bradley has not given indication of being likely to pursue the same erratic course which marked every step in the life of his predecessor. He has not as yet made for him a name either as a religious leader or as the occupant of a niche in the temple consecrated to modern literature. He is generally recognized however as having fully justified each successive step of promotion which has been awarded him. He was eminently successful at Marlborough in training his assistant masters, as well as in teaching his boys; and his success at Oxford is believed to have been no less than his success at Marlborough.

#### THE DIOCESE OF RUPERT'S LAND.

WE desire to call attention to the advertisement on another page, which states that the Mission Board of Rupert's Land offers positions to seven clergymen for the various parts therein mentioned of that diocese. The necessity for entering upon these new fields of labour as soon as possible hardly need be insisted on. The Church has suffered enough in the older settlements of Canada from neglecting openings as they presented themselves that it is to be hoped the great North-west will profit by our past experience. We take a warm interest in this diocese, as its population is increasing so rapidly, and the tide of emigration from the old world as well as from other parts of the Dominion, has evidently set in in that direction. The interesting communications from our able and indefatigable correspondent, we are glad to find, are extensively copied into the Church papers in the mother country, as well as in these of the United States; and we trust that the valuable information there disseminated will urge to larger contributions to the mission cause in the Church in Rupert's Land.

We are glad to find that in the diocese of Rupert's Land, the Church is in a position to lengthen

her cords and strengthen her stakes to the extent announced in the advertisement. We have no doubt the openings will soon be occupied—probably before this advertisement has run out. Compared with what was the case in the older settlements of Canada there is no actual self-sacrifice in labouring in the Diocese of Rupert's Land, as the country is filling up so fast, and that with well-to-do people, so that it will soon be one of the best settled portions of the Dominion.

#### RECONCILIATION TO THE CHURCH.

The following account of the reconciliation of a schismatic to the Church, which recently occurred, prior to the reading of his *si quis*, may be interesting and possibly even helpful on some like occasion.

Immediately after the Nicene Creed the priest said:—

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Q.—Have you been received into communion with the Church of England?

A.—I have.

Q.—Do you unfeignedly believe the doctrines of the Church as set forth in the Nicene Creed?

A.—I unfeignedly believe all the doctrines of the Nicene Creed.

Q.—Bearing in mind these words of that creed "I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins," are you sensible of the grievous error of your own submission to rebaptism?

A.—I acknowledge my error in having submitted to rebaptism.

Q.—Do you here in the presence of God and of this congregation renounce all other errors and schisms, in which you did sometime live?

A.—I renounce them all.

Turning to the altar the priest said:

*Let us pray.*

O God, Who by Thine only-begotten Son didst restore man made in Thine image, when deceived by the craft of the serpent, mercifully look upon Thy servant who desires to come out of the darkness of error into the light of Thy truth; that whatever in him hath been decayed through the malice and fraud of the devil, may be restored by Thy lovingkindness; through the same Thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE TIMES AND OTHER POEMS. By J. R. NEWELL, Alvinston, Ontario. Published by Hunter, Rose, and Company, Toronto. 1881.

The advice usually given to the compilers of periodicals, and one of the general principles they find it very necessary to act upon, is—"Avoid original poetry." The work before us is a decided exception to the general rule; and we have no hesitation in saying that there are large portions of the writings of those who are esteemed the first-class poets of the day that we should feel much less pleasure in perusing than we have experienced in reading a number of the pieces in the volume now before us. Less poetry is read in the present day than trashy novels; but those who care to read poetry at all will never regret purchasing "The Times and other Poems."

We have not the pleasure of knowing the writer, although we have with much satisfaction published from time to time some of his contributions; but the poems give great promise of future success. One of the most remarkable features of the volume is the small amount of pretentiousness compared with the merit of the poetry. Mature age will give mellowness, richness, and depth. As it is, we should be glad to receive further contributions of "original poetry" like that now before us.

CATHOLIC CATECHISM.

No. IV.

Q. Did the Church of Rome excommunicate the Church of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth?

The Church of Rome could only excommunicate the members of her own communion, and the members of the Church of England never owed, and did not then pay, allegiance to the Bishop of Rome.

Q. Why do many people say that the Church of England is a schism from the Church of Rome?

Because they are ignorant, wilfully or otherwise, of the facts of history.

Q. What then are the relative positions of the Churches of England and Rome in England?

The Romanist body in England is a schism from the Church of England perpetrated in the year A.D. 1570.

Q. Does it matter whether a man be a communicant of the true Church, so long as he live a good moral life?

If Christ founded and His apostles and their successors organized a visible church, Christians undoubtedly ought to belong to that church.

Q. Is the Church of England a Protestant church? The word protestant does not occur in her Prayer Book.

Q. What is she therein called? Catholic and Apostolic.

Q. How then is she Protestant? She protests against all doctrine that is not catholic.

Q. What is Catholic doctrine? Teaching (from *doceo* I teach) that has been accepted and become dogmatic (settled beliefs), by the universal church, "always, everywhere and by all."

Q. How can we thus test Catholic doctrine? By reference to those early church councils to which reference has already been made: where bishops and representatives met together from every church in christendom.

Q. Does the Church of England protest against the Church of Rome? She does not protest against the Church of Rome but against those doctrines which were not received by or known to the general councils or Catholic church, but which have since been invented by the Church of Rome.

Q. Does the Church of England protest against anything else than the new dogmata of the Church of Rome?

Yes, she protests against all additions to and subtractions from the Faith of the Primitive Church, and against all men-made churches.

Q. How does she protest? By adhering to and preaching the doctrines of Christianity, in accordance with Holy Scripture, and as accepted by the undivided church in her oecumenical councils.

Q. What is her rule of faith? The Holy Bible.

Q. Possessing the Scriptures why need she refer to the primitive church?

For judgment as to the right interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.

Q. Why does she require a court of appeal?

Because now as always men and sects are continually wrangling over diverse interpretations of Holy Scripture; and the undivided church, as represented in her councils, is the very best court of appeal to which we may refer those who interpret diversely the word of God.

There is no important truth that is not ancient, and whatsoever is truly new is certainly false.

In the Old Testament the New is enfolded: in the New the Old is unfolded.

Against death we cannot fortify ourselves, against the suddenness of death we may.

Diocesan Intelligence.

ONTARIO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

OTTAWA: Christ Church.—The Ven. Archdeacon Lauder, commissary of the lord Bishop during his lordship's absence in England, is still far from well since his short vacation at the sea-side; he is visiting Kingston and Port Hope. The Rev. Mr. Spencer, clerical secretary, did duty for the Archdeacon on Sunday last.

St. John's Church.—The rector, the Rev. H. Pollard, is still absent in England, whither he went on account of the dangerous state of his wife's health. During his absence the Church services are conducted by the Rev. Mr. Beaven.

St. Alban's.—The new incumbent, Rev. Mr. Bogart, appears to have won the hearty goodwill of his people, and the congregation has notably increased. On Sunday last Mr. Bogart held divine service for the military camp, of this district, on their camp grounds, and preached an able and very eloquent sermon most appropriate for the occasion, which, from being delivered without manuscript, had the greater effect.

St. Bartholomew's.—This church, near the viceregal residence in the village of New Edinburgh, appears to have lost but little by the defection of several families a few months ago, more unanimity appears to prevail now than heretofore, and the Rev. Mr. Hanington is to be congratulated on having retained the hearty support and love of so many of his parishioners, notwithstanding the unfair opposition that has been raised against him.

ARCHVILLE: Trinity Church.—The incumbent of this church is now on one year's leave of absence in the United States. For the present the parish is in charge of the incumbent of Gloucester, to whose mission it is in contemplation to permanently attach it, and the services are conducted by Mr. Forster Bliss, under license of the Bishop, and authorized by his Lordship's Commissary, the Ven. Archdeacon Lauder.

GLOUCESTER.—Church work in this mission has been most indefatigably performed by the Rev. Mr. Patton, and one of the most substantial results of his unwearied zeal is the beautiful little church at Billing Bridge, (the end of the mission) which has been erected and all but completed and paid for within the past four or five years. There are two out-stations attached to this mission, and it is in contemplation to attach a third, Trinity church, Archville, till recently under the charge of the Rev. T. D. Phillipps, who is now on leave in the United States. Mr. Patton is assisted in his work by a licensed lay-reader, Mr. Forster Bliss, who, we believe, is to be ordained to the permanent diaconate at an early date.

GLOUCESTER: St. George's.—On Tuesday evening last a deputation representing the Sunday school and choir of this church, presented Mrs. Forster Bliss with an address and a very handsome China tea set, and parlour lamp. The address was as follows:

"DEAR MRS. BLISS,—We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Sunday school of St. George's church, Gloucester, and on behalf of a few of your many friends among the congregation, desire to be allowed the privilege of approaching you on this occasion, with an assurance of the very high esteem and regard in which you are held by us. We would further hereby beg to convey to you some slight expression of that deep sense of gratitude entertained by us for your many kind offices at all times so cheerfully rendered in the Sunday school, while conducting the musical portion of divine worship, and at all other times. May we, dear Mrs. Bliss, in conclusion, beg your kind acceptance of the accompanying China tea-set and lamp as a very small token of the sincerity in which we have uttered these few words, all too feeble to express our feelings. Trusting that, in company with your estimable husband, you may long live in our parish, and that God's choicest blessings may ever abundantly rest on you and yours, we would remain with all due respect, your grateful and attached friends: Salena Johnston and Lizzie A. Tomkins on behalf of the contributors.

The committee were, the Misses Tomkins, Johnson, Jennie Johnson, Maggie Moore, Elizabeth Moore, Minnie Norton, and Mr. Richard Moore, jr. Rev. Mr. Patton was also present. Mrs. Bliss was completely taken by surprise and was utterly unprepared for such a manifestation of the appreciation of those amongst whom she had worked, and was visibly affected by the token of goodwill and christian sympathy. Mr. Bliss, in a few appropriate words, thanked the repre-

sentatives of the Sunday school and choir, on behalf of his wife, and expressed the hope that the exertions made in the past to render the services more hearty, and the school more successful, would continue to be appreciated by the people. After a most enjoyable evening the young people separated, Rev. Mr. Patton having said prayers and pronounced the benediction.

The Synod of this Diocese has been summoned to meet on the 6th December, by which time it is expected the Bishop will be home.

The committee were in session last week, in Kingston, and a good deal of business was done. At the meeting of the Mission Board the gratifying fact was disclosed, that the income of the Board from voluntary sources, considerably exceeded that of last year.

It appears there is once more a scarcity of labourers, and the authorities, in consequence, are unable to fill all the existing vacancies, four or five in number. A six hundred dollar grant, made in May last, for a travelling missionary in the line of railway above Pembroke, has not been used, no suitable person having applied for the position.

The clerical changes not yet chronicled are, that of the Rev. G. J. Low, from Merrickville to Carleton Place, *vice* the Rev. Rural-dean Grout, M.A., who has been made rector of Lyn; and that of the Rev. R. L. M. Houston, M.A., from Lansdown Front to Merrickville. On the 1st October Roslyn and Pittsburg will be occupied—the former by the Rev. Mr. Gardner, now of Colborne, diocese of Toronto; and the latter by the Rev. J. H. Nimmo, M.A., whom we are happy to welcome back from the diocese of Albany.

The new rector of Smith's Falls, Rural-dean Nesbitt, has signaled his entrance upon the work of the Church there by erecting a handsome and commodious parsonage near the church, and will have it ready for occupation before the advent of cold weather. It is to cost \$3,500.

The offerings of the diocese for the benefit of the late Rural-dean Carroll's orphan children now amount, it is pleasing to state, to upwards of \$1,000.

TORONTO.

The new Provost of Trinity College came over in the "Sarmatian," and has arrived in Toronto. He will be the guest of the Lord Bishop for a few days, until certain repairs in his own house have been completed.

Holy Trinity.—A vestry meeting was held in the vestry-room on the 18th inst., on the requisition of six members of the vestry. About a hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. In the absence of the clergy, Mr. Brown took the chair. The object of the meeting was to obtain some compromise, if possible, with reference to the services. A long letter from Mr. Pearson, which we have not room to insert, was read explaining the reasons why he wished to reduce the ritual in the services. After discussion a resolution was passed appointing a deputation to wait upon Mr. Pearson "with a view of ascertaining if some course cannot be adopted by which his conscientious convictions and the opinions of the congregation, as to ritual, should be respected."

RURI-DECANAL CHAPTER OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—The next meeting of the Chapter will be held at Peterboro' on Tuesday, the 4th of October, at 7.30 p.m., when the Rev. Richard Harris will be the preacher. Subject for discussion: Hebrews i., the Greek text. VINCENT CLEMENTI, B.A., Secretary-treasurer, Peterboro', Sept. 19th, 1881.

ASHBURNHAM: St. Luke's.—The fourth confirmation held in this parish since its formation, took place on Sunday the 11th of September, at 7 p.m. Forty-three persons received "the laying on of hands," of whom twenty were males. The candidates marched in procession from the school-room, preceded by the clergy, and took their places orderly near the chancel, while a hymn was sung by the choir and congregation. The building was crowded in every part, and many were forced to turn away. Evening prayer to the third collect was said by the Rev. V. Clementi. The incumbent then read the preface to the Confirmation service, after which the Bishop delivered an admirable address full of fatherly counsel and encouragement. The total number of the confirmed here since 1st July 1876, is now 165. On the last occasion, some two years ago, fifty-one persons received this apostolic rite. Up to the present more than one half of the confirmed are regular communicants.

**OTONABEE: St. Mark's.**—This church, although erected about the year 1863, was not consecrated until Sunday the 11th inst. The Bishop was met at the door of the church at 3 o'clock, p.m., on that day, when the petition for consecration was read by the incumbent, the Rev. W. C. Bradshaw. The service was then proceeded with, the Bishop delivering an address explaining the meaning of consecration, and showing its proper use. He congratulated the parishioners on the event of the day, and felt gratified that they had taken occasion to improve and beautify the building previous to his visit. The walls and ceiling are calcasined, floors and woodwork cleaned, and needed improvements made in other respects. In addition to this, a handsome stained glass window admirably executed by Messrs. McCausland & Son, Toronto, was placed in its position in the chancel only the day before. This is a gift by Mrs. Fawcett, and it adds greatly to the appearance of the church.

### HURON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**LISTOWEL.**—Rev. G. B. Taylor, of Wallaceburg, has been appointed by the Bishop to the incumbency of Christ Church. The appointment has been made in compliance with the wish of the congregation, the vestry having unanimously requested his Lordship to do so. Mr. Taylor was ordained here last June, and has since his ordination officiated as incumbent of Wallaceburg. He is, we believe, an Irish Churchman. He was to enter upon his duties on the 11th instant.

**GORRIE.**—A picnic of the churches of Gorrie, Fordwick, and Wroxeter, was held on the 25th, ult., and was very successful. There were about six hundred people present. The schools met at St. Stephen's church, and after a brief service and addresses from the clergy who were present, they spent the day happily in picnic style, and having enjoyed themselves with various amusements, returned home at a late hour well pleased with their festival.

**GODERICH.**—The picnic of St. George's Sunday-school was held on the 26th ult.; and, notwithstanding the postponement, was, as our Sunday-school picnics generally are, "up to the mark A. no. 1." Messrs. Lewis and Deacon managed the games and sports for the children.

**LONDON WEST.**—The annual picnic of St. George's Sunday-school was held on Beecher's Island, a beautiful private ground well shaded, and in every way suitable. One hundred members of the School enjoyed the choice things provided for them by the ladies of the congregation. Fully two hundred, members of the school and friends, spent a very delightful afternoon in this pretty islet of our Canadian Thames.

**WINDSOR.**—We regret to learn that the Rev. Canon Osulfield, rector of this parish, is still dangerously ill, and that there are no hopes of his recovery, though he may linger long before he be called home. The Rev. D. Deacon has temporary charge of the parish.

**LONDON.**—The Executive committee of the Huron diocesan Synod are to meet in the committee rooms, Chapter house, on the 29th inst.

**St. Paul's.**—The Rev. Alfred Brown, assistant clergyman of this church, has returned from his vacation trip to Portland.

**EUPHRASIA MISSION.**—The new stone church at Walter's Falls, was dedicated to the worship of God, in connection with a harvest home festival, on the 18th inst. The church was tastefully decorated with tokens of the bountiful harvest with which God has been pleased to bless the labours of our agricultural men. At 8 p.m., a large congregation assembled. Evensong was said by the incumbent, the Rev. S. G. Edelstein, and the Rev. Canon Mullholland, of Owen Sound, read the lessons and preached an appropriate and instructive sermon from Haggai i. 8. Hearty responses, good music, and marked attention to the discourse gave the service an impressive and solemn character. Service over, refreshments were served on the green sward near the church, by the ladies of the congregation, whose zeal and interest in the Church were manifested by the great variety of good things they prepared. In the evening the congregation reassembled to listen to a sacred concert, consisting of sacred songs and praises to the Giver of every good gift for His great mercies. The service and entertainment were both successful in every respect. The weather was delightful, and all who were present went home with the impression that they had

greatly enjoyed themselves. Two or three years ago the people of Walter's Falls were without the services of the Church, the neighbourhood being filled up with dissenting bodies. Considering these facts, our people have great reason to thank God, and to congratulate themselves that they have now regular services, and a new house of prayer, which is an ornament to the place.

The following gentlemen have subscribed toward the Western University funds: B. Cronyn, Esq., \$1,000 and an annual subscription for five years of \$50, John Labatt, Esq., \$1,000, and \$50 annually for five years; and George Harris, Esq., \$800

**MUNCETOWN AND ONEIDA.**—The Rev. H. Pahsaquong, incumbent of the mission parish of Muncy town and Oneida, and hereditary chief of the Ojibway tribe of Indians, has returned home from an extended trip to England.

**CHATHAM.**—The young ladies of Christ Church gave an afternoon excursion on board the steamer Shen-hoff to the Lake and back for the benefit of the Christ Church Sunday school, which was a very enjoyable affair. The steamer stopped at the lighthouse at the mouth of the river to let those that wished it get off for an hour or so, while the rest went to the lake, but owing to a heavy wind blowing at the time, the steamer turned and made for the lighthouse to take on board the parties that got off. After taking refreshments, so liberally provided for by the ladies, and amusing themselves for a couple of hours or so, all arrived safe at the Rankin dock at half past nine in the evening, and went to their homes highly pleased with their short trip.

**PARKHILL.**—It is of very rare occurrence that the inhabitants of a country town, such as Parkhill, are favoured with a concert of such high character as was given under the patronage of the Church in Parkhill, on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. The Hall is very well suited for such purposes: it is comfortably seated with three hundred chairs, it is well lighted, and eligibly situated in the village. The concert was opened with an instrumental duet by Miss McAlpine and Miss Maddocks. Mr. C. Jones, of London, sang "The Joy." A duet by Misses Raymond and Maddocks was next given, followed by Miss Clench, of St. Mary's, on the violin, accompanied by her sister on the piano. Being encored, she sang the "Cardinal of Venice." Miss Raymond sang the "Blue Alsatian Mountains." Miss McTavish gave a piece entitled "The face." The Misses Maddocks and Rogers, and Messrs. Gower and Dickson sang the "Clond capped Tower;" and Mrs. Clench gave a selection from De Beriot.

**MOORETOWN.**—When the delightful festival of Harvest Home was introduced into our diocese, the organ of the "Evangelical party" waxed furious in its denunciation of the revival of a remnant of superstition as it desired to have the time-honoured festival designated, ignoring the fact that the rejoicing for the safe ingathering of the harvest was especially required of God's chosen people, and that it has been commemorated in like manner by the Church of England ere Low-churchism had its birth. The good old custom has gained a footing in Huron. The Harvest home in connection with Trinity church was duly commemorated on Thursday the 1st inst. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits, mosses, grain, grasses, &c., so tastefully arranged as to reflect great credit on the ladies of Trinity church. The service commenced at 11 o'clock a.m., and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, incumbent, the Rev. Mr. Flower, Maine city, Michigan; Revs. G. B. Taylor, Wallaceburg, and W. Hind, Petrolia. Mr. Hind was the preacher. A shower nearly spoiled the out-door part of the proceedings; it did not, however, last long, and although it prevented the attendance of some, yet the number present it was estimated was two thousand, and they enjoyed the pleasures of the Harvest home to their hearts' content. The steamer Eclipse visited the place three times during the day, and at each trip brought a large number of passengers to Abernethy's Grove, the place where the feast awaited the many guests. Boating, racing, sports, and games were indulged in by many of the younger participants of the rejoicing of the festival. All were happy: nothing marred the pleasures of the day.

**HAYESVILLE.**—The congregation of St. James's, Wilmot, Christ Church, Hayesville, and St. George's New Hamburg, of which parishes the Rev. Freeman Harding is the incumbent, held their second annual harvest festival on Tuesday Sept. 6th, at Hayesville. The village was gaily decorated with flags, etc. Morning service began at 10.30, the officiating clergy were, the Rev. F. Harding, Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, Grace church Brantford, Rev. Mr. Curran, of Strat-

ford, and the Rev. Mr. Caswell, of Millbank. The sermon was preached by the Rev. G. C. Mackenzie, who took for his text Genesis viii. 22—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." After morning service the Holy Communion was celebrated.

The church was decorated with grain, roots, fruits and flowers, and banners and shields, with texts and emblems, were displayed with great taste. At the chancel end, in white letters on handsome scarlet scroll, was the text "Honour the Lord with thy substance and the firstfruits of all thine increase." The holy table was chastely decorated with miniature sheaves of wheat, choice fruit and flowers. The musical portions of the service were carefully rendered by the choir, composed of members of the three churches. The harvest home dinner, which was provided by the parishioners, took place in the village-hall from one to three o'clock. Tea was also served in the same place between five and seven o'clock. In the afternoon there were games in the meadows near the village, also a cricket match between Hayesville and Hamburg, resulting in favour of Hamburg. The Hamburg band played during the afternoon on the ground. Service was again held in the church at seven o'clock. After prayers addresses were delivered by the visiting clergy, who congratulated the parish on the progress made during the past year by the addition of a chancel and other improvements to St. James's church, at a cost of some \$800, and the nearly completed and handsome parsonage at Hayesville, valued at some \$3,000. The incumbent, the Rev. F. Harding, in a few closing remarks expressed himself as pleased with the way in which his people had entered into the idea of setting apart a day for a harvest festival, and hoped that the object of these gatherings might be fully realized by cultivating a thankful spirit, without which this and similar gatherings would be utter failures. The offertories and sale of tickets amounted to \$164, which will be applied to pay off a small debt on the improvements at St. James's, and to the building fund of St. George's, New Hamburg.

**PORT ROWAN.**—On Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., the Rev. E. Stewart-Jones, incumbent of St. John's church, returned home after a three month's absence in England. His congregation and friends gave him a hearty reception at the parsonage. Before the close they presented him with a written address, accompanied by a well filled purse, to all which the reverend gentleman responded in a few well chosen words.

### CHURCH WORK IN CHICAGO.

From Our Own Correspondent.

It has occurred to me, a recent emigrant from Canada, that a brief sketch illustrative of church work here might interest some of your readers. So many Canadians know something of Chicago, either by personal experience or through the descriptions of others, that, fortunately I may safely excuse myself from the task of endeavouring to chronicle the secular progress of the city: which partakes of the nature of the mushroom by reason of the astonishing rapidity of its growth, but which is also gigantic, whether viewed in the light of its amazing solidity or of the vastness of the area covered by its huge body and far-reaching members. Perhaps the most fitting introduction would be a recital of what came under my own observation on my first Sunday in Chicago. Let me premise then that the Cathedral Church, situated on the corner of Washington and Peoria streets, while externally a somewhat unpretending structure is internally a perfect gem in its way: reminding one strongly of many an ornate parish church in England. The stained windows shew exactly the "dim religious light" which refine taste admits to be conducive to that subdued frame of mind attendant upon the earnest worshipper. The colouring of the walls and ceiling, the numerous texts around the windows and on the walls, the neatly cushioned but open pews, the properly placed organ and cloisters stalls, the solid throne and sedilia, the marble altar, beautiful stone reredos simple brass altar cross, elegant credence table (not a mere shelf) and other ornaments of the well proportioned apsidal chancel. All these things are but surest indications of the presiding genius of an ecclesiologist who would have his people "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." At the south side of the church, (with sitting capacity about 650) and connected with it, is a neat chapel seating 150, indeed by throwing down a few panels this chapel is converted on occasions into a transept. Further on is the spacious choir room, between this again and the church chancel, therefore east of the chapel, are the vestry room and the bishop's robing room. This brief description will make subsequent allusions intelligible. And now for the services.

The early celebration at 7.30 a.m. was attended by some 25 communicants. Two departures from the

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practice to which one has been accustomed were observ-  
able. 1st. No offertory was taken up, but, instead,  
the plate was so placed that any communicating might  
make an offering if they wished. 2nd. The celebrant  
delivered the bread to each with only these words,  
"The body . . . everlasting life" adding once for all  
"take . . . with thanksgiving," when he had gone down  
the whole row. Morning Prayer is at 10.30 a.m. But  
let me draw your attention to the unusual gathering  
in the vestry. First there was the Bishop of Illinois,  
the Right Reverend W. E. McLaren, S. T. D., (an ac-  
cession from Presbyterianism) who succeeded Bishop  
Whitehouse in 1874, next, Canon I. H. Knowles, a  
genial Irishman, next Reverend A. Maun, a deaf-mute  
in deacon's orders, then the following Presbyters:  
an American, a Frenchman, a young Englishman visit-  
ing the country, and an Anglo-Canadian. The choir  
in surplices, numbering 23 (exclusive of clerics) were  
preceded during the singing of the processional hymn  
by the *crucifer*, bearing aloft the christian symbol.  
The service (choral) was said by the canon, the lessons  
being read by the Canadian. A few points may be  
noticed, at all the *glorias*, the choir turn eastward.  
In the *Te Deum* no one could fail to notice how the  
version "Thine *adorable* true and only Son" is at once  
more sonorous and more full of meaning than "Thine  
*honourable* true and only Son," which is retained in  
the Church of England Prayer Book. The Litany is  
said at the *faed-stool*. After a hymn follows the  
sermon, there being of course no ante-communion as  
there is to be no second celebration. The preacher  
was the Bishop, who read for his text the Gospel for  
the day—13th Sunday after Trinity. To attempt an  
abstract of the sermon would be to spoil it: to criti-  
cize it would be presumption. But I cannot for-  
bear saying that though written, it was delivered  
with a fluency which gathered force from the dig-  
nified appearance of the deliverer, while as to matter  
it is hard to say whether one was most struck by the  
scholarly tone of its language, by the catholicity of  
its sentiment, or by the emphasis of its earnest ap-  
peal to the attentive listeners to pass through life  
with love to God and in charity with man. At the  
conclusion of his sermon the Bishop, without leaving  
the pulpit, in a few well-timed sentences, commended  
to the congregation the cathedral grammar school  
to be opened the following morning. This ended, the  
officiating minister gave out an anthem and a hymn,  
during the singing of the former by the choir, the  
congregation remain seated. This Americanism seems  
harsh to those who are not accustomed to it.  
Meanwhile four sidesmen take up the collection, going  
from east to west and standing when done, one at the  
west end of each of the two side aisles, and the  
other two at the end of the centre aisle, till the an-  
them is finished, without further notice the con-  
gregation rise and all sing the hymn; the collectors  
advancing in order, but abreast at the chancel, and  
emptying the offerings into the spacious alms-bason  
held by the minister, one of the two choir-boys who  
have been standing at his side putting the choir-bag  
on the bason, the other placing over it a comely  
covering. When the alms-dish has been reverently  
deposited on the altar, the collectors retire, and the  
service is brought to a close with two short prayers  
and the benediction. At the termination of the re-  
cessional hymn all disperse quietly. It is lamentable  
to think there are people so peculiarly constituted  
that they fail to discern in all this careful formality,  
an earnest desire to "let all things be done decently  
and in order."

At the Sunday-school (3 p.m.) a general and a  
specific pleasure awaited me. In the first place, a  
goodly proportion of the teachers were young men.  
Secondly, I recognized among them one of my own  
ex-pupils, of whose departure from Canada I was not  
previously aware; and who was that day taking a  
class for the first time, and within a fortnight of his  
reaching the city.

The evening service, at 7.30, had this distinctive  
feature—there was no sermon. Is not this arrange-  
ment calculated to serve a double end? Firstly, it  
relieves the man-worked parochial clergyman of one  
sermon. An important consideration in view of the  
absence in our branch of the Catholic Church of an  
order of regular preachers. Secondly, it puts the  
coming to Church in its true light, as being for the  
purpose of worship, and of *offering* something i.e.  
prayer, praise, thanksgiving and sacrifice; rather  
than of *getting* something; which something is too  
often the evanescent satisfaction of a sensational dis-  
course. The music I should add was quite in keeping  
with the harmony of the place; a result, due to the  
painstaking accuracy of the Canon; who himself  
trains the choir-boys from 7.30 p.m. to 9 every Mon-  
day, and the men from 9 to 10 p.m.; and who like-  
wise devotes all Friday evening to a full rehearsal for  
the whole choir. I had almost forgotten to state  
that simultaneously with the morning service in the  
cathedral, one for deaf mutes is held in the adjoining  
chapel. There is daily prayer at 9 a.m. and 4  
p.m.; these being the hours of opening and closing  
the grammar-school; the boys of which attend both.  
This sketch of work in the cathedral parish would

not be complete did I not state that I was privileged  
to be present on Monday morning's service in the  
cathedral, the bishop addressed the congregation, in  
language singularly felicitous and appropriate, on the  
importance of the work they were then inaugurating.  
After showing the importance of the religious train-  
ing of the young, and drawing attention to the yearning  
for it being evinced by Catholics and Protestants  
alike, he commended this new enterprise to their  
prayerful and careful consideration. Prayers on be-  
half of teacher and pupils succeeded; and the service  
was concluded and the work of the school initiated.  
The principal is Rev. E. Cleveland, a graduate of the  
neighbouring Rabiae College; which owes so much to  
the devotion of the late Dr. DeKoven.

At 11 a.m. I attended by invitation the usual Mon-  
day morning meeting of the city clergy at the Tre-  
mont house; finding there the bishop and several  
others, including a French and a coloured Presbyterian.  
The latter's congregation I addressed on the Wednes-  
day evening following. The former is to commence  
on Sunday the 18th, an afternoon service at the  
cathedral, in French, for the French Canadians; who  
are a numerous body here. Somewhat later on you  
may expect a short account of the Church's Missions  
to the French, to the Negros, and to the Scandina-  
vians to this city.

## Correspondence.

All Letters will appear with the names of the writers in full  
and we do not hold ourselves responsible for their  
opinions.

### PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING.

SIR,—It is due to those who have by their most  
generous help enabled us to begin the work of recon-  
struction here, to inform them that the parsonage is  
already in the way of being rebuilt, and that we hope  
to be able to occupy it this winter. The contract  
price is \$1,467.00. In addition to subscriptions from  
local Church members and sympathizers, we have re-  
ceived, in response to appeal and personal canvass,  
about \$400. I append a list of the contributors:  
Revs. H. Holland \$7.80, G. W. White \$2.00, T. Kemp  
\$1.00, J. Empson \$2.00, R. Wilson \$2.00, E. F. Wil-  
son \$5.00, C. Mockridge \$2.00, J. D. Cayley \$20.00,  
J. J. Bogart \$5.00, H. B. Patton \$1.00; the Bishop  
of Algoma \$8.50, a Friend \$20.00, Mrs. H. J. Evans  
\$1.00, a Friend \$2.00, a Friend \$1.00, Elizabeth  
Wood \$2.00, Mr. McGill \$5.00, Mrs. Girdleston \$5.00,  
Sunderland, per the Rev. B. Bryan, \$2.50; Fitzroy  
Harbor, per the Rev. J. W. Weatherdon \$2.17; Wood-  
stock, per the Rev. J. J. Hill \$17.66; Ingersoll, per  
S. W. Ray, \$22.00; St. George's, Toronto, per the  
Rev. J. D. Cayley, \$45.00; Eganville, per the Rev. R.  
D. Mills, \$10.00; Almonte and Clayton \$44.40; T. R.  
White \$1.00, J. Turner \$1.00, J. Wallace \$1.00, J.  
Jamieson \$1.00, T. G. Hayes \$5.00, J. Elliott \$1.00,  
F. McIntyr \$1.00, R. Pollock 50 cents, Carlton Place  
\$11.00, J. Brunton \$1.00, W. Moulton \$1.00, Miss  
Graham \$1.00, Mrs. Cockburn 50 cents, Mrs. E. P.  
Crawford \$5.00, J. D. Buell \$1.00, J. Crawford \$1.00,  
Bell's Corners &c. \$42.90, George May \$2.00, G. A.  
Wicksteed \$5.00, H. Wicksteed \$5.00, W. Cousins  
\$2.00, F. Clemow \$2.00, H. J. Borbridge \$1.00, W.  
H. Rowley \$5.00, A. V. Spencer \$1.00, G. C. Acres  
\$1.00, R. L. Hornridge \$1.00, T. M. Blaisdell \$1.00,  
B. N. A. \$1.00, Dr. H. P. Wright \$1.00, R. Bishop 50  
cents, A. J. Cambie 2.00, T. Bate 50 cents, A. Jones  
1.00, W. Allen 1.00, Dr. Horsey 1.00, Jas. Roaf 5.00,  
John Cotto 5.00, W. Ince and J.W. Young 5.00, B.  
Jones 5.00, H. O'Brien 5.00, H. Hutchinson 2.00, H.  
Rowell 20.00.

May I take the liberty of reminding those who  
have promised to aid us, and others, that the amount  
due to the contractor must be paid two months hence,  
and that without a fulfilment of the obligations they  
have so kindly undertaken, as well as additional help  
from such as have been as yet unable to respond to  
our call, the restoration of the church must be post-  
poned indefinitely. That would, of course, have been  
our first thought had not a great degree of uncer-  
tainty been felt as to the most desirable site for the  
building. The locality decided upon by the Syndi-  
cate, for the Lake Superior terminus of the C. P. R.,  
has not yet been made known to us; and around  
that point the town or village of the future will prob-  
ably be formed. In this matter, therefore, the wis-  
est thinkers have counselled a little delay.

Yours, &c.

J. KER McMorine.

Prince Arthur's Landing,  
Algoma, Sept. 6th, 1881.

### FALSE ACCUSATIONS.

SIR,—Allow me to direct the attention of the read-  
ers and subscribers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN to

the following statement. On the 28th July last the  
editor of the *Evangelical Churchman* said, in a leading  
article referring to the diocese of Fredericton and the  
Bishop coadjutor, "those who urged the canon on, in  
hope evidently of securing an extreme sacerdotalist  
are the only disappointed ones, and they are grievously  
disappointed." I immediately wrote over my  
own name to the editor and challenged him to pro-  
duce proof that any one person "urged the canon on  
in hope of securing an extreme sacerdotalist," or that  
any one person who "urged the canon on" has since  
then expressed the slightest disappointment. This  
challenge of mine was sent August 11th. From  
that day to this not one particle of proof has the edi-  
tor been able to offer in support of these two state-  
ments, nor has he had the honesty to admit that they  
are not true. Having been an advocate of the canon,  
and a member of Synod when it was passed, I do not  
hesitate to say plainly that both these accusations are  
false, and that the editor of that paper cannot meet  
the challenge I have thrown down. I am sure that  
my fellow Churchmen in this diocese who subscribe  
to that paper, will join in condemning such an unfair  
and unmanly attempt to stir up strife among those  
who should work together as brethren. Whatever  
differences we have with one another in the diocese  
of Fredericton, a spirit of fairness has always been  
shown, to which the editor of that paper is an utter  
stranger. I believe this spirit still prevails, and if  
the editor of that paper persists in misrepresenting us  
by statements which he cannot prove and which he  
has not the manliness to withdraw, he will find him-  
self without a single subscriber here in a very little  
while. He is mistaken if he supposes that Church-  
men of any school of thought in the Maritime Provin-  
ces, will support a paper that shows such a want of  
Christian principle.

Yours,

St. John, N. B.  
Sept. 14th, 1881.

Geo. A. Schofield.

## Family Reading.

### HYMN.

WHEN the seventh trump hath uttered  
That last summons from on high;  
Where the thunder voice hath muttered  
Through the depths of earth and sky;

Jesus, I shall see Thee coming,  
Armed with terrors, clad in light;  
While ten thousand worlds consuming  
Seek unfathomable night;

Midst that mighty devastation,  
Lord, may I rely on Thee,  
Trusting to that great salvation,  
Freely offered e'en to me.

T. R. Newell.

### THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE SORTIE.

It has often been boasted that the English charac-  
ter is less cruel and ferocious than that of other na-  
tions, and that in the great rebellion the contest was  
carried on between the King and Parliament with  
less of sanguinary violence and dishonourable perfidy  
than might have been expected from the length of the  
civil war, and the general equality of the contending  
parties. The civil war, it is imagined, was a good  
stand-up fight between the two parties; and those  
who were not actually engaged in it suffered compar-  
atively little disturbance.

There may be some show of truth in these asser-  
tions. The English, at the time of the breaking out  
of the rebellion, had long enjoyed the blessings of  
peace. Never, perhaps, was a country on the whole  
more happy and prosperous than England under the  
gentle sway of James the First, and the earlier years  
of the reign of Charles. The policy of James discour-  
aged the resort of the nobles and gentry to the me-  
tropolis; who, being thus saved from the temptation  
to squander their wealth in the vices and idle ostenta-  
tions of a town-life, employed their means, and ex-  
erted their taste, in building spacious mansions on  
their paternal lands, improving their estates and  
neighbourhood, and exercising a princely hospitality;  
and so they acquired that taste for a country-life, with

its accompaniments of manly sports, and local duties and attachments, which distinguishes the English aristocracy from that of most other nations. Meanwhile, the arts of peace and civilisation were making rapid progress, and the English character was marked by that civility and humanity which long prosperity is wont to engender. Hence when civil war broke out, though parties were much exasperated against each other, yet there was little of that blood-thirsty ferocity which too generally marks the struggles of rival factions. And even the continuance of the war did not quite obliterate the natural humanity of the combatants; though, it must be confessed, it went nigh to do so. We do not often read, however, of the wanton butchery of prisoners, or the application of torture to any great extent. The cruelty of the English soldiers did not go, in general, beyond turning whole families out of doors naked in the middle of the night; beating some of them so that they died of it; burning their fingers with lighted matches, in order to make them confess where they had concealed their property; chaining prisoners two by two, and placing them by fifty in small rooms, or under the hatches of ships, and keeping them there till many died from filth and suffocation. These things were of common occurrence; but, in general, not beyond these. To be sure, when towns or castles were taken by storm, it sometimes happened that men, women, and children were put to indiscriminate slaughter; but these were occasions of mad excitement, when it could scarcely be expected that the officers of either party should be able to exercise any control over their troops; and such things as these will always happen in every war. Generally speaking, the English did not become by their civil war absolute *fiends*, but only *savages*. And the cruelties which they exercised were not beyond what might have been expected on the occasion. When poor Roger would not give up his master's horses, they did not cut his throat, or blow his brains out, or put him to the torture, as they might have done in France or Spain, but contented themselves with knocking him on the head with the butt end of their muskets, and leaving him for dead. On the whole, it must be admitted, that in peaceable times the English are a human people, constitutionally averse to the shedding of blood; and when they were plunged into the sin of rebellion, the deeds of violence committed were in some degree modified by the national character, though, it is to be feared, they were not very far less atrocious than in other countries. May God preserve this nation from future scenes of evil strife, in order that if we have any character for superior humanity, we may keep it! When evil passions are once roused, it is hard to say to what lengths of atrocity the spirit of man may be urged. If the times of which we are writing were indeed marked by somewhat less atrocity than the rebellions of France, or other countries, it must be considered that the nation was in an absolutely demoralised state when the civil war began; and we can form no judgment, from those times, of the excesses to which the same nation might be carried, if civil strife were to rage amongst a dense and irreligious population.

The conduct of the rebels in their attack upon Lichfield Close, on the day which was now about to dawn, was certainly very contrary to that spirit of manliness and generosity, to which in general, perhaps, with justice, the English people may lay claim. The garrison was under arms before daybreak, and every preparation had been made to resist the attack of the enemy. As the anticipated, the assault was made from two quarters. A battery had been raised during the night on the north side; and under cover of their guns, the assailants advanced with planks and scaling-ladders to raise against the wall. This, as Henry had learned, was intended as a feint, and with a view to draw off the troops of the garrison from the opposite quarter: but the numbers of the enemy were quite sufficient to convert it into a real attack, if the besieged were slack in their defence. The royalists, however, stood bravely to their post, returning the fire of their opponents with interest, and rendering all hope of scaling the walls abortive. About an hour after this attempt had commenced, a movement was seen on the opposite side of the Close; large bodies of the enemy appeared on Bishop Langton's causeway, which was commanded by the guns and musketry from the bastions of the west gate and the adjoining buildings. In order to protect themselves from the fire of the garrison, the Parliamentary leaders had the baseness to place between each file of soldiers the wives, daughters, servants, apprentices, and friends of the royalists, who had been left behind in the town; so that it was impossible for those within the Close to fire upon the assailants who advanced along the causeway, without endangering the lives of their friends and relations. In this manner the enemy's troops poured in numbers from the town, bringing with them a mixed multitude of defenceless persons. Amongst the poor townspeople who were thus forced along by the soldiers, there was one who attracted more notice than the rest by his lamentable appearance. This was poor Mr. Froggat of Frog Lane, who was seen marching in the

crowd sorely against his will, being urged on by a soldier's pike from behind, and making the most ridiculous gestures, together with piteous entreaties to the garrison not to fire upon him.

Not a shot was fired; the royalists groaned with indignation and defiance when they saw the advantage gained by this base manoeuvre of the assailants. The rebels having crossed the causeway in considerable bodies, now advanced to the western entrance, which was a "strong double gate, with portcullis of great strength and majesty." The drawbridge had been raised by the garrison; but the assailants were provided with planks and beams of wood, with which they speedily made a temporary bridge across the moat. As soon as this was finished, they brought large quantities of "pitch, rosin, tar, hurds of hemp or flax, together with faggots and torches, in order to destroy the gate with fire." But here their former expedient no longer availed them. The bridge which they had thrown across the moat admitted of the advance of but a few men at a time; and those who crossed it were now exposed to the fire of the royalists. No sooner had the rebels advanced to the gate, than a galling fire was opened upon them from the adjoining gardens and marsh, where, by the advice of Archbold, a number of the best marksmen had been posted. Every shrub, bush, and tree, was lined by sharpshooters. Planks had been laid on the boggy land on which they might stand, protected by the old willow stumps. Dyott, posted here with his culverin placed on a rest, poured in grape-shot with murderous precision; and the other marksmen were able to pick out their men; while, at the same time, heavy stones were thrown down upon the enemy from the bastion. The assailants thus taken by surprise, and many of their number being slain, fell back in confusion, unable to accomplish their purpose. Thrice did they return with renewed courage to the attack, and thrice were they repulsed by the steady fire of the royalists; which being concentrated on one spot did fearful execution, while they themselves were comparatively unexposed to the annoyance of the assailants.

The rebels, seeing their intention frustrated, were evidently much disconcerted, and at a loss how to proceed.

At this moment, the portcullis of the western gate was suddenly raised, and a number of the besieged, headed by Archbold and Glasier, sallied forth sword in hand, and charged the Parliamentarians with such impetuosity, that being disheartened by their failure, and having lost some of their bravest men, they were unable to resist the shock. And now the rebels were taken in their own device; for, the causeway being thronged by the prisoners whom they had forced over it, and who in the confusion were endeavouring to escape back to the town, the soldiers were thus cut off and intercepted from retiring by the way they came, and reinforcements were prevented joining them from the town. Driven to despair, some laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners; but the main body made a stand, and rallied at the Woman's Hospital in the Barbican street; and their numbers were still superior to those of the royalists.

Archbold now looked up, and saw the red flag floating on the Tantany spire. Keeping his men together, he waited in anxious expectation of the result, and in a short time he heard to his satisfaction the sound of horses galloping, and the expected reinforcement from Rushall charged in the rear of his opponents. The enemy, thus attacked unexpectedly, gave way in all directions; some were cut down by the troopers, others fled until they joined the party which had been engaged in the assault on the north side. The victors, inspired by success, charged them here also, and forced them to take to flight. The panic communicated itself to the assailants on the north side, who abandoned their works, and fled with precipitation.

Never was a victory more complete, or more cheaply won. The Parliamentarians had been forced from every position, and completely foiled in their attack. Archbold had not enough men to venture to pursue the fugitives, and so contented himself with spiking their battery in Gay Lane, destroying their preparations for assault, and then drew his forces off leisurely into the Close, bringing with them the ladders and iron works, and other materials, which had been prepared by the enemy for their assault.

As Henry crossed the bridge to the west gate, he heard his name uttered in a doleful cry, by some one in the moat below him, which in that part was full of water; and looking down he discerned the head of a man covered with mud and duck-weed, whom he recognised to be poor Mr. Froggat. This gentleman had been thrust in the *melee* over the causeway, and had managed to keep himself from drowning by clinging to the pier of the bridge.

"For goodness' sake, Master Archbold, prithee pull me out—pull me out, or I shall be drowned!" cried he, in a most lamentable voice.

Archbold seized a pike from one of the soldiers, and lowering it down to the unfortunate man, directed him to grasp it. But poor Mr. Froggat was so

weak and benumbed with cold, that when Archbold had drawn him up a short way, down he went over head and ears into the water, and with difficulty rose again to the surface, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Archbold seeing the poor man likely to be drowned, himself climbed down by the pier, holding by the pike with one hand, the other end being supported by two stout men above; and laying hold of the arm of poor Froggat, he succeeded in drawing him up in safety, amidst the laughter of the passers-by.

The miserable man thus saved from destruction looked round him in perplexity, uncertain whether he should cross the causeway or return to his home, or take refuge in the Close; but his doubts were terminated by the crowd, which, pressing on, bore him with them, whether he would or no, into the garrison.

(To be continued.)

#### THE COLLECT.

KEEP, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy Church with thy perpetual mercy: and, because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

WHENEVER we offer up a prayer for the Church, we may be considered as appealing to the honour and majesty of God, that for his own sake He would keep us in safety. The Church is founded upon *his* authority, sanctioned by *his* Spirit, called by *his* name; and is the outward means whereby on earth his worship is preseed, his glory acknowledged, and his name held in honour. Hence the Apostle's exhortation, "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together," (Heb. x. 25) lest we lose the favour with which the Lord blesseth the congregation. An habitual neglect, or even a temporary disregard of those observances, which mark a congregation of Christians, gradually weakens our regard for *Him*, who is the proper object of all worship, and renders us either unfaithful or lukewarm. We therefore pray that He, whom we worship, would bless the assembled multitudes which constitute his Church; and grant, that as with one accord they make their common supplications unto *Him*, their strength and safety may be secured, for his honour and his glory's sake.

Not that we can for a moment doubt the care of God for his Church, or his knowledge of its necessities, before we ask; but prayer is the appointed mode of expressing our entire dependence upon *Him*, to protect both the whole body of the Church, and each individual member of the same. What if the Church of Christ be, like "a strong tower of defence," founded upon a rock; surely we must be aware, that the superstructure can no otherwise stand secure, than as it is supported by the continued presence of *his* power, who laid its foundations. "Perpetual mercy" is required, because *perpetual danger* threatens. Our liturgy well teaches us to consider "the whole state of Christ's Church" as "being militant here on earth,"—engaged in a perpetual warfare with the devil and his angels, and the wicked men who work his will. We learn, moreover, from the page of history, that she hath from age to age maintained a succession of struggles against the enemies of her peace.

But outward foes assail the Church in vain, if all be faithful within. Hence our collect leads us to consider the frailty of each individual as the danger most to be dreaded, and accordingly directs us to pray against it, lest it bring us to nought. Indeed, the petition is a most comprehensive one, which under all circumstances we shall do well to offer, particularly when we call to mind our character as members of Christ. Who, except the Lord, can "keep us ever by his help, from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation?" Nor can we take too much heed, lest any harm or dishonour accrue to the Church, through our individual frailty. Exact recompense to each individual is reserved for future judgment; but nations and Churches often experience in *this* world either the wrath or the favour of God, as they either honour or dishonour *Him*. Thus saith the Lord, "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." (1 Sam. ii. 39). This declaration has been strikingly fulfilled, in the fate of the seven Churches of Asia. For where is now the honour of those Churches? It is as though it had never been. All which they boasted as glorious in fame and great in power—brought low, even to the dust! Their palaces in ruins, their temples desolate. The scattered fragments of greatness do but show from what a height pride is fallen! The robber now finds a lurking-place, and the wild

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beast of the desert his lair, where once the hymn of praise was raised to Jehovah, and the families of Christ did dwell in honour and in peace. But whilst we mourn their fall, and reflect with amazement and awe, how low the mighty lie; take we heed to ourselves: they fell because of unbelief—practical unbelief—wickedness; worldliness; lukewarmness. We stand—if we stand at all—by faith: by a living, a practical faith, showing itself alive unto God by a holy life—engaged in every good word and work; not slothful in the business of Christian duty, but fervent in spirit; serving Him who will require that we be found either labouring or watching; and will recompense to every man according as his work shall be.

#### THOUGHTS OF MANY HEARTS.

Do not hide the righteousness of God in your heart lest you make a tomb of your heart and bury it there. Go forward, and act out naturally, testify freely, live openly the grace that is in you.

It would not even do for us to be uniformly successful in our best meant and holiest works, our prayers, our acts of sacrifice, our sacred employments; for we should very soon fall back into the subtle power of our self-will, and begin to imagine, in our vanity, that we are doing something ourselves. Even here we need to be defeated and baffled, now and then.

There is not one thing that doth on all hands choke the seed of religion so much as thorny debates and differences about itself.

Three-quarters of the ill-nature of the world is caused by the fact, that the soul without God, is empty, and so out of rest. We charge it, more often than justice requires, to some fault of temperament, but there is no temperament that would not be quieted and evened by the fulness of God.

Let us understand ourselves in this: that we are not what we talk, or stand for with our words, but what we do and become.

As the sun cannot show distinctly what is in the bottom of a muddy pool, so God can never be distinctly revealed in the depths of a foul and earthly mind.

Practically, much is known about God and His ways, all that we need know; but speculatively, or by the mere understanding, almost nothing, save that we cannot know.

Knowledge puffeth up, charity buildeth up. One makes a balloon of us, the other a temple. And as one, lighter than the wind, is driven loose on its aerial voyage, to be frozen in the airy heights of speculation, or drifted into the sea to be drowned in the waters of ignorance, which it risked, without ability to swim; so the other, grounded on a rock, rises into solid majesty, proportionate, enduring, and strong.

God will so dispense the talents as regularly to increase the gifts of the faithful, and regularly diminish or gradually extirpate the gifts of those who will not use them.

The still voice of the Holy Spirit within the heart persuades more than all loud crying without; as he that is within the house, though he speak low, is better heard and understood than he that shouts without doors.

They that think they are bound for heaven in the ways of sin, have either found a new way untrodden by all that have gone thither, or will find themselves deceived in the end.

There are various kinds of grace according to our various needs, as the same sea receives different names from the different parts of the shore it beats upon.

#### LOVE AND HATRED.

"Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good."

We are bound to hate sin; and yet many sinful things are pleasant. We are bound to love that which is good; and yet duty often costs much self-denial and pain. Honest souls are sorely tried, at times, by what seems a claim which they cannot meet. They find themselves loving and longing after what is forbidden. They have to force themselves to do what is right and according to God's Will. They do not indeed take the sinful pleasure, or neglect the call of conscience; but they are full of shame and sadness at the way in which their hearts turn towards what is evil, and are cold and slow in doing what is right.

Sometimes this proves that old long-standing habits of sin cannot at once or quickly be thrown off: that powers weakened by disuse will not be strong and ready as soon as the awakened soul wishes to employ him; that new ways of life are not learned without pain and trouble. Those who change their path and begin to serve God, must look for strangeness and difficulty, and must not wonder or lose heart if the roots of evil are sunk deeply, and the humbling signs of the past are but slowly cleansed away.

But it is not only beginners in the Christian life who know this grief. Those who have borne the yoke long find it often gall them, and they tremble as they feel a slothful wish to cast it off. Those who have carried the cross for years mourn as they confess that it is painful still, and that what Christ bids them forsake has attractions for them that are hard to resist.

There is no cause for discouragement, while his will holds fast to God's will, and grasps the power of divine grace. There would be no strength in temptation, were the snares of sin not made tempting. There would be no need of grace, were well-doing always easy. What could men offer as a sacrifice, if well-doing cost them nothing? There are pleasures in sin; there is self-denial in obedience to God. Levi, the publican, loved his money, but he left it when a stronger love drew him away. Abraham's devotion and obedience to God were not lessened by the love with which he clung to his child. There is a higher example still: Christ Jesus, as a man, loved rest and all that can make the world bright; He would not have been perfect man, had he not done so. He shrank from pain as really as we do. There was true agony in the cry that the cup might pass. But He had a stronger desire than this natural wish. He longed and determined, with firm will, to do his Father's will at all cost. While He let His request be made known, He prayed that His will as a man to whom suffering was painful, should not have its way, but that His will to finish His work according to God's plan should be done.

A man sins when he is led away of his own lusts, in spite of the will and grace of God. His lower nature has these desires; but the will of God teaches how far they can be rightly indulged, and the grace of God enables to keep them in order, so as not to sin. Man's will is not destroyed by God's will; it is made obedient to it, and by degrees becomes one with it. The desires of the lower nature are not taken away by grace; they are ruled and purified. What tempts and attracts the lower nature may be hated by a man because it is sinful in itself, or because it cannot be had without sin. It will be hated more because of its strong attraction; for the danger of it is felt, and it seems a humiliation to have to fight so long and so hard against it. What the lower nature shrinks from, such as pain, self-sacrifice, toil, death, may be joy to the man who knows the will of God and is strong in the grace of God, and loves God, and makes it the great aim of his life to please God. He who does right at all cost of self-denial finds more true joy in the feeling of God's favour and of growing strength, than all the pleasures and gains of sin could give.

#### THE KING AND THE FARMER.

KING Frederick of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was plowing his field and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this land belong to you on which you so industriously labour?"

"No, sir," replied the old man, who of course had no idea that he was speaking to the king; "I am not so rich as that. I plow for wages."

"How much do you earn a day?" asked the king. "Eight groshen," returned the man. (That would be about twenty-five cents of our money.)

"That is very little," said the king. "Can you get along with it?"

"Get along! yes, indeed, and have something left."

"How do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groshen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts, two I lend, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I can not solve," said the king.

"Then I must solve it for you," replied the farmer. "I have too old parents at home, who kept me when I was young and weak and needed care. Now that they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it cost me two groshen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groshen I support my two sisters, who cannot work for themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the Lord's sake."

"Well done, old man," cried the king as he finished. "Now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likeness."

"This is a riddle which I cannot guess," said the farmer.

"Then I will solve it for you," returned the king, and with that he put his hand into his pocket, and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the king, "for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am his pay-master. I bid you good-bye."

And he rode off, leaving the good old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight.

#### SPEAK PLEASANTLY.

THE habit of speaking in pleasant tones to the sensitive hearts within our care, is of the utmost importance. If we would have them learn to speak gently and kindly to all, we must teach by precept and example in their early years, while their minds are so elastic as to be led to pattern after the influence which surrounds them.

I will relate a little incident of my own experience. I was unusually busy one morning preparing for company to dinner. My little son of four years was amusing himself with his playthings about the room. He, too, seemed hard at work, building bridges, block houses and churches. He was continually coming to me asking questions, and requiring assistance. After a little time I noticed he had left his play, and was back against the wall under the table sobbing as though his heart would break.

I said, "Georgie, dear, what is the matter?"

No reply. When I had repeated the question, the answer came between broken sobs, "You didn't speak pleasant to me."

"Well," said I, "don't cry; come and tell me about it."

So he came to me; I took him upon my lap and asked him to tell me just what I had said. Years have passed since then and I have forgotten all but the impression it made. A few pleasant words, the tears kissed away, and he was comforted and happy, and soon at play again, but I had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

He is now grown up, and I would no more think of speaking unpleasantly or unkindly to him than I would to company who might be visiting me. On the other hand, a rude, selfish, or unkind word passes his lips. His attention towards me are always most respectful, kind and loving. If we would gain respects and esteem from our children, we must also speak to them in a kind and courteous manner. As we teach so they will learn.

#### Children's Department.

##### LINES BY A CHILD.

BEAUTIFUL ground on which we tread,  
Beautiful heavens above our head,  
Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,  
Beautiful land and beautiful seas,  
Beautiful sun that shines so bright,  
Beautiful stars with glittering light,  
Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,  
Beautiful birds that merrily sing,  
Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,  
Beautiful night and beautiful day,  
Beautiful lily and beautiful roses,  
Beautiful every flower that grows.

##### THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

A HEATHEN woman came with throbbing breast,  
And knelt at Jesu's feet with troubled mien,  
Beseeching Him to give her daughter rest,  
And cast a spirit out that was unclean;  
But He, apparently rebuking, said  
'It is not meet to take the children's bread

And cast it to the dogs.' Then, with the sweet  
Humility of faith, she answered  
The seeming taunt, "And yet the dogs may eat  
The crumbs that fall from those who have the bread."  
He marvelled—for (O bitter shame to tell!)  
He had not found such faith in Israel.

And as she prayed, so was her wish fulfilled;  
Her faith was great, and greater her reward;  
The healing power went forth from the All-skilled;  
The heathen found acceptance with her Lord;  
And she who came His succour to implore,  
Not for herself, herself was blessed the more.

Thou Giver of all good, Thy children now  
Crave not, like her of old, the smallest crumb;  
They even scorn the bread, and marvel how  
They lie like dogs before Thee—dogs and dumb.  
Oh, make us hunger that we may be fed:  
Cast not to thankless dogs the children's bread.

#### CHARLEY BROWN-EYES.

"WELL, I'm blest!" He certainly did not look it. The speaker was a very dirty, a very ragged, and a very knowing-looking boy. His name was Noll Bags. The Christian name was legendary. As to the surname, I do not suppose there was ever a Mr. or Mrs. Bags. Perhaps he may have earned it by reason of skill in the heart of "bagging," early developed.

The boy he addressed was smaller, but similarly encased in dirt and rags. His name was Charley Jones. Both were waifs in the great city, and knew no other home than this muddy East-end thoroughfare, or the twopenny lodging-house, or "doss-house," where, if they were in luck, they spent the night. But Noll had never known any parents, while Charley possessed the doubtful advantage of remembering a drunken mother, who had disappeared, and left him to fend for himself.

"Well, I'm blest!" said Noll, with an accent of scornful amaze, "you're never a-goin' to cave in!"

As he spoke he gave his companion's shoulder a pretty vigorous shake. Charley, leaning up against the wall with his head on his arm, feebly resisted the attack, and muttered—

"Leave me be, Bags; I've got the pain across my chest."

Bags gave a soft whistle, and turned the boy's face round forcibly. It showed white, notwithstanding the grime. His eyes were heavy, and his breath came in pants.

"Why, what's up with the little chap? He's as white as chalk, and his skin's like a hot pertater. How much have yer got? Not a farden? So I reckoned. Well, I'll stand the doss, and there's tuppence left for a supper. What do yer fancy? baked taters?"

"I couldn't eat nothin', thank you," said Charley, and a tear washed a clean line down his face.

He had not met with much kindness during his eight years of life, and the rough protection of Noll Bags was too much for him. His brown eyes, with this new softness in them, lost the furtive wildness with which they had at first looked round. They became pathetic for a moment.

"Pluck up heart," cried Bags sturdily, proceeding to haul him along by the shoulder. "A snooze under a blanket's what yer want. There ain't nothin' like it for settin' a feller on his legs again."

So along they trudged on the greasy pavements, with the gaslights flaring in the east wind—two atoms among the crowd of hustling passengers. Bags had a boot much too large on one foot, and a shoe much too small on the other. Charley pattered along on naked red toes, his little bent figure shoved on by the vigorous Bags. But their progress was cut short. A fit of coughing seized Charley, which threatened to tear his frame to pieces. When it was over he gasped—

"I can't go no farder, I can't. I'll stop here, under the arch. I can't go no farder till the mornin'."

"'T ain't much mornin' you'll see, little 'un,' if this 'ere wind's got the run of yer all night. 'Ere get on my back. Blest if you wouldn't make a helephant stagger. Sixteen stun, I should reckon about your figger, eh, bag o' bones?"

With which irony the two started off again, this time with Charley's thin legs comfortably tucked under Noll's arms, and his hands clasping Noll's neck. Their progress was now hailed by derisive remarks. "How much 'il you take for them old clo'?" "You've bagged somethin' pretty heavy this time: 'ope it's as valleyable as it looks," and such like, to all which Bags returned as good as he got.

At last he dived with his burden down a dark entry into Blinders Court. Blinders Court was so close that it could't be cold, even on such a bitter night as this—at least, the east wind could not rake it as it did the main thoroughfare, where it searched every cranny and keyhole, and made the housed folk hug their fires and shiver. The external aspect of Blinders Court did not proclaim it to be the haunt of crime and poverty. The houses were of decent size, and in good repair, and there was nothing outward to betray the fact that every room was swarming with its own set of filthy degraded men and women.

It is early yet, and the place is quiet. By-and-by there will be shouts and oaths, and drunken laughter, and men and women will come in reeling from the gin-palace at the corner. Noll carries his burden up a flight of dark stairs to a room where the floor is covered with coarse beds, each with its coarse rug-

blanket. Charley crawls under one of these like a dog into his kennel, but the "snooze" does not come with the blanket. Coughs come in plenty, and cold perspirations to his forehead, and he draws his breath like knives. A man with a red face and bleared eyes comes and stands over him, and says—

"I'm much mistaken if this 'ere kid 'll be alive in the mornin'!"

But there is a pale young man, looking half-starved, who regards him pityingly, and says—

"Haven't you never a mother, my boy?" And as the weary hours drag on, this young man comes now and again and holds a mug of water to his feverish lips.

Noll Bags is soon snoring under his blanket. This room is luxury to him—luxury only to be indulged in, if he has the means, on cold nights; he aspires no higher than a railway arch in warm weather. And Charley at one time would have desired nothing better than to curl up and fall asleep in the warmth. He feebly wonders what it all means, and what it would feel like "not to be alive in the morning." Will he still feel this burning heat when he pulls the blanket over him, this shivering cold when he throws it off, this racking pain whatever he does? He does not heed the man who wakes up at the sound of his cough, and hurls terrible oaths at him. He has been too much used to that sort of thing. The wretched dirty room, the wicked coarse men all around him, these do not trouble him; he has known nothing else. His little brain, confused with pain and weakness, dimly wonders what is going to happen to him, but is not much interested, even in that, he is so very ill.

Charley knows no prayer to pray. He has never been told that there was Somebody ruling all his little life, and watching him with pitying eyes, and to whom he might speak if he would. Yet who dare say that the Good Shepheard did not watch by His little lamb that night, and that from His hand came not that gentle sleep under which, as the dim morning broke, the aching eyelids fell, and the lines of pain on the childish face softened into rest?

But long ere Bags thrust out his towlsed head from the blanket. Charley's eyes were open again.

"Halloa, Blinkers!" cried that youth, as he faced a new day, and with it the big solemn eyes of his little friend. "Here we are again! All right yer are, I s'pose? We've had a jolly good snooze, ain't we?"

Charley shook his head. "Hin't slep' a wink," he said, in perfect good faith. "I've 'ad the pain across my chest, I have, so bad."

Bags whistled, sprang to his feet, and performed his toilet, which consisted in twisting a very dirty scarf round his very dirty neck, and running his fingers carefully through his hair. Then he inspected Charley critically.

"Here's a jolly go!" he remarked thoughtfully; "what's goin' to be done with yer now? I'm beat. I'd a' sworn a blanket 'ud a' put yer straight. But yer looks pretty bad. Get up and let's see how yer are on yer feet."

Charley meekly obeyed, but staggered and fell back. "T ain't no use tryin'; I can't get up." Charley delivered the simple words with so piteous a tone, and with such an evident struggle to keep back tears, that Bags was moved to say with much kindness, "Poor chap!" He scratched his head and regarded the boy doubtfully. Then struck by a sudden thought, he exclaimed, "Jemima! I've hit it," and smacked his legs triumphantly. "I know a place where they takes boys and gals in and does for 'em. I on'y see the houtside, but by all I 'ear the inside's reg'lar nobby. If cheek 'il sarve, I lay I get yer in. On to my back, young shaver. Ketch 'old tight."

It was a raw foggy morning. The outside air struck chill to Charley's little feverish thinly clad frame. But he held on tightly, and the friendly contract cherished him.

"I'm bound to do the best I can for yer, poor little feller," Bags observed, after meditation, "but I'm blowed if I see my way. There's one thing enough to provoke anybody. There ain't a lie as 'il sarve my turn on this 'ere lay. The fac's 'il fetch the folks best. It's drefful contrary. All I can think on is for yer to cough as often as convenient."

Bags, with his burden, at last reaches a great door, and rings a bell which goes echoing down into far-off regions. But Bags is not the boy to feel nervous tremors. And Charley is too ill to feel them now. A maid-servant opens the door. Seeing two ragged figures, "Oh, you've come to the wrong door," she says promptly. "You must go to the out-patients' entrance round the corner. But it's no good going till ten o'clock; the doctors ain't there yet. Have you got a ticket?"

"No fear, lady," says Bags, confidently. "Praps you'd let us wait hinside. It's a bitter cold mornin'," giving a hoist to his burden as a signal for a cough.

"Oh, you'd much best run off with him home, for there's two hours yet. It's only just gone eight," and the maid-servant shut the door smartly, feeling considerable suspicion of the glib-tongued young vaga-

bond. But the doorstep was wide, and held two sheltered corners, into which the boys crouched, Bags considerably putting himself to the windward. But snug as it was, Charley shivered, and presently said—

"Oh, Bags! ain't it ten o'clock? Will they give me doctor's stuff to make me well? I've got the pain so bad, I have." To which Bags vouchsafed comfort—

"Lor bless yer, yes, they 'll make you all right in a jiffey. Why, they'd take yer arm off in there as soon as look at yer. I'm doin' the werry best thing by yer. But I'm done about that there ticket. I b'lieve I 'll up and tell 'em as I 'll fetch it, and cut, and they wouldn't 'ave the 'eart to turn yer out."

But Charley pleaded: "Oh, don't cut and leave me, Bags. That 'ud be worsen nor anything."

By-and-by a carriage rolled up, and a gentleman alighted—a gentleman with gray hair, and a stoop, and grey keen eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he asked the boys.

"I done no 'arm yer honour," said Bags, touching his ragged cap. "This 'ere's my little brother as is waiting to see the doctors. We ain't got no father, and mother's 'orspittle." Bags' opinion of the usefulness of lying fell through, it will be observed, under the pressure of habit.

The doctor looked at the little boy's ashen face and shivering limbs. He put his fingers on his pulse, and asked, "What is your name?"

"Noll Bags, yer honour, and him's Charley Jones."

"I thought you said you were brothers?"

"Lor, so I did, but I'm blowed if I went for to do it. I wont tell another lie to yer honour."

"Where did you come from?"

"We slep' last night at the doss-house in Blinders Court, but we ain't neither on us yer no home. He ain't got no friend but me—'ave you, young un?"

signing to Charley with a wink that it would be appropriate to cough at this point.

"He gave me a bed last night, and carried me all the way when I got the pain across my chest, he did," said Charley, emboldened by the desire to give testimony to the worth of his one friend, and also by something in the pressure of the gentleman's hand upon his shoulder. This time, when the door was opened, it was not shut in Charley's face. Bags departed, after an encouraging farewell, chuckling to himself.

"Lor, what a clever blade I am! There ain't another chap in London as 'ud a done that there thing so well. He never ast me for no ticket, not he. I know a thing or two, I do."

Meanwhile a kind hand led the little sick boy up a flight of carpeted stairs to a door which seemed to open into paradise. Round the room were ranged bright cots, covered with white counterpanes, and in them were little patient, sometimes smiling, children. A great red fire glowed in the fire-place, and the nurses were dressing some of the boys and girls who were well enough to be up. The matron, holding Charley by the hand, led him up to a nurse who was standing by a baby's crib, and rocking it gently to and fro. She was so intent on smiling at the dull impassive face of the tiny creature that she did not notice the approach of the new-comers, and the matron, catching sight of it too, forgot Charley for a moment.

Oh, the pitifulness of the little baby form! Two years old! one might have thought it two weeks till one saw its finger-thick arms, and wizened hands, and that on its peaked white face sat premature old age.

"How is your baby, nurse?" asked the matron cheerfully, and the nurse turned a bright face.

"Getting on nicely, thank you. The three weeks have done wonders." These women had not tears to give the starved baby, but they had cooing words, and smiles and patient care.

"See here, I've brought you another little one, and very poorly he seems. Put him to bed and make him comfortable before the doctors come." With a friendly nod the matron left. Nurse Amy lifted the boy in her strong arms and carried him to the fire. She had a pretty young smiling face, and curly hair. Another nurse came to help her. A warm bath was soon prepared, Charley's rags were slipped off and carried away, and a little night-shirt was aired on the big guard that surrounded the fire. An empty cot close to the fire was got ready. Can any of us imagine the little sick boy's sensations, as, warmed and comforted, he slipped in between the soft sheets, and for the first time in his life knew what it was to be tucked up in bed? Can this pretty clean tidy boy be really the same as the dirty forlorn little vagabond of a few minutes ago? His brown eyes shine from his pale face. Happy Charley! He will never know the muddy-streets, the bitter wind, the hungry days and homeless nights again.

That grave kind doctor who took him in knows that well, and Charley is to have a brief bright ending to his little life.

(To be continued.)



**MRS. MILLAR and MISS PITT** beg to announce to the parents and guardians of Montreal and vicinity that they will **REOPEN** the **BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL** heretofore conducted by Miss Pitt,

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Trinity College, August, 1881.

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