

Canadian Churchman

AND DOMINION CHURCHMAN.
A Church of England Weekly Family Newspaper.

Vol. 18.]

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[No. 2.]

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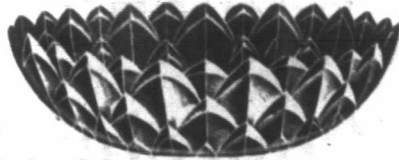
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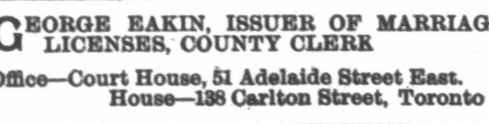
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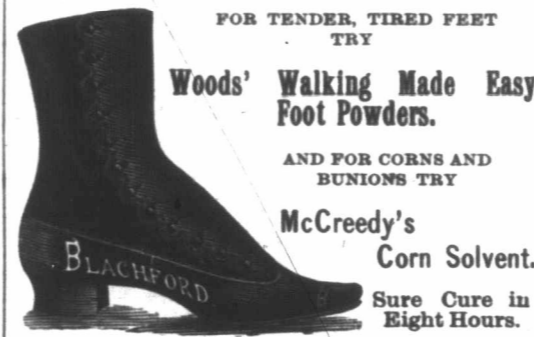
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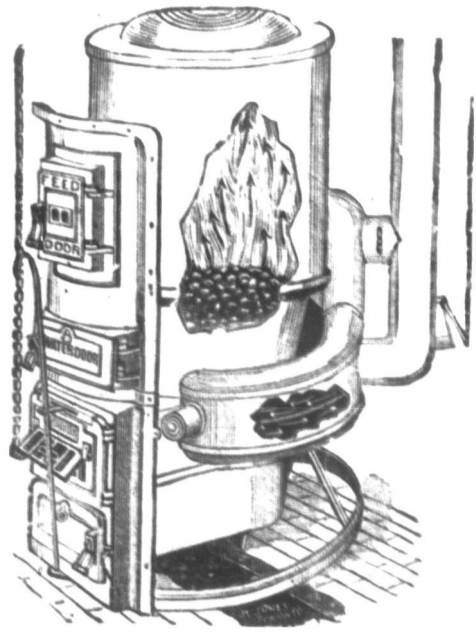
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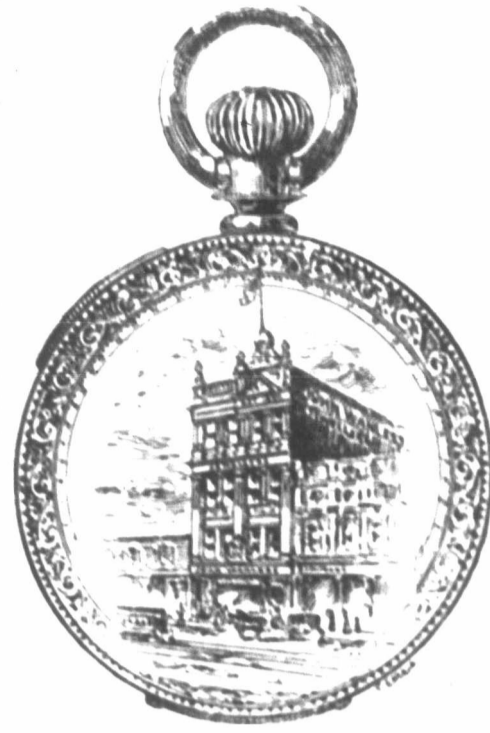
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A CANINE COLLECTOR was the famous English railway dog "Help," who wore a silver collar bearing a conspicuous announcement of his office as travelling agent for the orphans of railway men killed on duty. He was thus instrumental in procuring no less than £1,000 for the Orphanage of which he was an "official."

THE RELIGION OF ISLAM—Mohammedanism—has been receiving special attention at the Victoria Institute. An able lecture by Sir George Stokes traced the origin of it in corrupted Judaism, a mixture of Arabian and Persian superstition added thereto; and a practical divorce between the ideas of religion and morality.

THE TINNEVELLY BISHOPRIC has been provided with an endowment by the united contributions of the Christian Knowledge Society, Gospel Propagation Society and Colonial Bishoprics Fund, on the same general plan as the Chota-Nagpore scheme. The Church Missionary Society, judging by a note in the *Rock*, is not pleased with the scheme.

A WORLD-CONGRESS OF THE CHURCH is one of the features proposed for the great and peculiar "Columbia Exposition" at Chicago in 1893. Our enterprising neighbours are bound to make their "Great Exhibition" the most remarkable thing of the kind since the London Exhibition of 1851—and hard to beat thereafter! They will succeed.

"NATALIS INVICTI SOLIS," we are reminded by "Peter Lombard" in the *Church Times*, was the title given to the period after the winter solstice, or "shortest day," among the ancient Romans. The name of the festival has a greater significance

when transferred, at our corresponding feast of Christmas, to the Nativity of the conquering "Sun of Righteousness."

EXTEMPORE PRAYERS.—A correspondent of the *Baptist Examiner* has indicated a natural evil in extempore prayers, that very often a "good homely talk" is incorporated and delivered—in a very awkward and unseemly fashion—to God. Preachers are apt to express sentiments about people in praying which they are afraid to put *point blank* in their sermons.

FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM on a French railway, is one of the luxuries of modern travel in Palestine. Think of the brakemen calling out "Ramleh," "Lydda," "Naane," etc., as we "wisk" up an inclined plane of 2,650 feet in a run of sixty-one miles. This sort of thing seems scarcely reverent, but the world "do move" in that as well as other localities.

GORE'S BAMPTON LECTURES have been greeted with a cordiality very different from *Lux Mundi*. This treatise on the Incarnation of our Lord is a practical correction of the painful impression produced by the former book, and a worthy sequel to the famous lectures on our Lord's Divinity delivered by Canon Liddon under the same auspices twenty-five years ago.

BENEFIT OF "HARD LINES."—One M. Soufflot, a bachelor of ninety-nine years, and director of the Messageries Maritimes, accounts for his longevity by the fact that his youth, inherited from hardy and healthy parents, was characterized by the absence of those luxuries which enervate and masculate too many youths. He had to be sober and regular—therefore, hardy and healthy.

EUROPE UPSIDE DOWN.—So must a good many tourists and invalids think when they find the thermometer at 34° in Biarritz on the same day that it is reported as high as 40° at Bodo in Norway (north of the Arctic circle), or 25° in Paris, when they had it as high as 46° at Christiansund, away north. Even in London it was at 38°, while Munich had to be content at 19°!

CHURCH SCHOOLS VERSUS BOARD SCHOOLS is a war by no means ended in England. The Board schools seem to be getting the worst of it. The Church candidates are carrying the elections as trustees, in order to save the country from a wild and useless expenditure of funds, with results not half as good or solid as were formerly received when the Church managed all education.

ANURADHAPURA, the once mighty capital of Ceylon in the Singalese days over 2,000 years ago, is one of the most massive and cyclopean structures remaining in substantial integrity so long. According to Sir Emerson Tennant's calculations, quoted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it contains enough material to build a wall from London to Edinburgh one foot thick and ten feet high!

A KNEELING PERSUASIVE CHURCH SEAT has been devised by the Vicar of St. Botolph, Aldgate. The peculiarity of the patent is that a man who tries to simulate a kneeling posture while balancing on the edge of his seat has an uncomfortable time of it. This is a worthy successor to the mediæval monastic seat which bounced (in a back summer-sault) any monk who tried to lounge during service

CHURCH, OR AUDITORIUM.—The tendency of Protestantism, divorced from the Catholic Church, is to allow the idea of public worship proper to slip out of sight and degenerate into mere listening ("hearers"!) to the speeches and songs of preacher and choir. "Church vagrancy," says the *Baptist Examiner*, "is a legitimate outcome of this Sunday Lyceum view." They go round to hear things.

TEMPERANCE REFORM IN NORWAY forms the subject of an interesting paper in *Nineteenth Century* by the Earl of Meath. The writer attributes the diminution of drunkenness in that country to the rigid regulation of the drink traffic by direct Government management of the details. It is a purely business affair, with uniformed waiters like policemen—no gin-palace glitter to magnetize the unwary.

BISHOP FORBES ON FASTING COMMUNION.—Those who long to be as reverend as possible to the Blessed Sacrament and respectful to Catholic tradition—but sometimes find it hard—will be pleased to know that the famous Scotch Bishop once said:—"We can do very little fasting in this climate . . . besides, we are to do no murder, we are not justified in deliberately injuring our health."

EDUCATION AND CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES.—Dean Hart, of Denver, adduces some startling facts. In 1850 there was one criminal in 4,001 of population; in 1880, it had become one in 1,254. Meantime the number of children being educated had tripled, and the cost of education more than doubled! This is only one straw showing the natural effects of irreligious education—namely, degardation!

SUPPORT OF THE ROMAN CLERGY.—The Dean of Chester has lately well said:—"The money that the priests in Ireland receive was not voluntary offering. . . . They had large incomes, but from what did their incomes arise? Not from the freewill offerings of the people, but from payments made to them on the distinct understanding that their prayers were releasing the souls" of friends from Purgatory!

A BISHOP OF PRONOUNCED VIEWS.—Speaking of the new Bishop of Truro—Dr. Gott—a Congregational minister has said:—"Speaking as a non-conformist, he might say they were glad Dr. Gott was a Bishop of such pronounced opinions as a Churchman. He (the speaker) thought it always better for those who differed from a person to find that person holding decided views. They then knew where they were."

"CAROL, BROTHERS, CAROL!"—Our enterprising contemporary, the *Living Church*, treats its readers to an autograph copy of Dr. Muhlenberg's famous Christmas carol. The work is a photogravure of a paper sent by Dr. Muhlenberg himself, in 1842, to Bishop Kerfoot, at that time rector of St. James' Hall, Maryland. The students sang it then, and have done so ever since, while engaged in decorating their chapel at Christmas.

MODERN MARTYRS.—We are forcibly reminded from time to time that the work of missionaries among heathen nations—while it has much that is exciting and adventurous and full of lively interest—is open to the same perils and dangers as

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1800 years ago. Insult, injury, persecution, outrage, death—such have been the experience of many missionaries recently in Africa and Asia, especially China and the Soudan.

"FAST TIME" IN THE SERVICE.—We find in the *Church Eclectic* for January, the following trenchant observation:—"We have been in a church where the Confession in the Divine Liturgy is said *under such a pressure* that to all intents and purposes a machine might have been made to do the form, as for one to keep up and try to express the supplications with proper thought. It was worse than mumbling."

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW," we are reminded by *The Arrow* (parish paper of St. Mary the Virgin, New York) and not "St. Andrew's Brotherhood," is the proper reading of the title of the now famous new Church organization. The use of the slightly longer and more deliberate expression may serve better to distinguish the Church guild from a secular society of nearly the same name, St. Andrew's Society.

SENSATIONAL SERVICES seem to be gotten up in various quarters for the transparent purpose of keeping the young people from gravitating towards the ornate and dignified services of the Church. But they overdo the rivalry and make themselves ridiculous by means of a heterogeneous mass of music heaped together regardless of the religious "fitness of things." The "service" of God becomes an *entertainment* of men.

"FROM GALILEE TO GIBEON," is the way *The Christian-at-Work* describes the course (?) of subjects in the "International System of Sunday School Lessons." A protest is made against ignoring the great festival of Easter and desecrating it with "a temperance hotch-potch, than which Pharaoh's lean kine were not more desiccated and juiceless." People are getting tired of confusion, and fond of the "Church Year."

THE GARDEN OF EDEN has been located by the celebrated African traveller, Glaser, as having been in Central Arabia. He has discovered 1,000 inscriptions about 3,500 years old in that country; and from these and other data he identifies Havilah, Pison, Gihon, Cush, and other biblical names. His conclusions go far to *verify* the details in Genesis, which sceptics had looked upon as mere fables, before these discoveries were made.

THE FRENCH CHURCH gets an annual grant of £1,712,000 for clerical stipends from the State, which reserves the right since 1801 of appointing the bishops. The scale of remuneration, however, is rather meagre: £600 for an Archbishop, £400 for a Bishop, £18 to £60 for a Vicar-General, Canon or Cure, and £36 to £52 for an assistant clergyman. Relations just now are so strained that the concordat may be broken ere long.

THE "WEEK OF PRAYER"—the first in January—under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, seems to be creating objections and murmurs "not loud but deep"—as we infer from an article in the *New York Observer*—and tending to mar its usefulness very largely. After all, of course, it is only one of those tinkering efforts to mend the Christendom which has been torn to pieces by sects and schisms, temporizing against reunion.

BISHOP BROOKS AND THE UNITARIANS.—*Apropos* of the blame attached to Father Hall's endorsement of Phillips Brooks as bishop, a correspondent of the *Guardian* reminds us that the admission of

Unitarian ministers to Communion took place at the consecration of Trinity Church, Boston, fifteen years ago, and that the Bishop of the diocese then assumed the responsibility, and pleaded *inadvertence*, not intention—exonerating all concerned.

THE CHURCH ARMY ENDORSED BY THE POOR.—A correspondent of the *Church Times* animadvert on the fact that out of the £20,000 per annum expended by the Church Army in certain pious works, only £6,000 came from the richer people, while no less than £14,000 are derived from "the pence of the poor." No better testimony could be given to the thoroughness of the work—it reaches where it is wanted. The poor *feel* the good of it.

EVOLUTION AND DETERMINISM.—The science of Evolution is robbed of its sting (accidentalism) and reduced to reasonable limitations and uses by Dr. Croll in his "Philosophical Basis of Evolution," which we find carefully reviewed in the *Guardian*. The treatise goes to show the folly of those disciples of Darwin—questionably—who think to theorize God out of His universe, as if their theory, "survival of the fittest," could do everything needed without God.

THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD has been nearly killed out by the modern improvement of railways in that locality, and has had to appeal to the Italian Government for an annual subsidy. They have been entertaining annually from 15,000 to 20,000 guests (chiefly railway employes) of late years, their "returns" for the same period only being enough to pay the hotel bills of about 1,000 guests! The margin of hospitality has to be made up somehow, or the benefit cease.

BISHOP GOODWIN ON THE PEW SYSTEM.—The "Free and Open Church Association" of England has recently reproduced certain strong words by the late Bishop of Carlisle at the opening of St. Philip's, Clerkenwell—the "pioneer" free church—in 1859. He pronounced the pew system to be "the greatest possible hindrance to the diffusion of the Gospel, and in times past proved a lamentable cause of alienating the affections of multitudes from the Church." The Church is well rid of it.

CHURCH CLERGY "GO TO STAY."—An eminent Methodist Divine says, as a result of his observations in the Western States, that "the Episcopalians possessed an advantage over everyone else, in that they send chosen men as bishops, who go to stay and *grow up with the country*. While other ministers are 'here to-day and away to-morrow,' the bishops of the Episcopalian Church identify themselves with the life of the people, and their interests." Hence the permanence of their influence, and solidity of Church growth.

Do not fail to renew your subscription for 1892, also get some neighbour or friend to subscribe and send Fifty cents extra for one of our beautiful tinted Engravings.

MISSIONS—HOME AND FOREIGN.

It has become the custom—and a very beautiful and appropriate custom it is—that the bishops of the ecclesiastical province from Halifax to Huron should issue their annual Epiphany appeal for foreign missions. The one for this year is well worthy of perusal and meditation, setting forth as it does the immense need which exists for extraordinary efforts at the present time in order

to make an adequate impression on the *Thousand Millions* of human souls in heathendom. To do this we have half the number in Christendom—one Christian soul for every two heathens. It does not seem, at first blush, a very heavy task for each of the 500 millions of Christians so to act as to secure the conversion of two heathens to Christianity. There are, however, many very serious practical difficulties in the way chiefly, the want of the necessary amount of unselfishness among professing followers of Christ. It is not without reason that the Epiphany appeal closes with a significant warning derived from the African province of the Primitive Church, which has been vanquished by the heathenism it did not convert.

HOME NEEDS

appeal, however, very keenly to the minds of most people. It is a curious commentary on the Epiphany appeal for Foreign Missions, that it has been followed up (at least in one remarkable instance) by what may be described as a fervent expostulation from the diocesan authorities, deprecating the alienation of funds to foreign uses which are needed very sorely at home. We are forcibly reminded that our own missions should rightly have the first claim, but have been comparatively neglected, while "a greatly increased interest has been manifested in outside mission work." This ought not so to be. Most certainly we should see that the reasonable needs in and about our own homes really are fairly, if not fully met, before we allow anything to go abroad. We cannot, however, suppose that the deprecated neglect of home duty has arisen from any intentional slight, but simply from an injudicious subordination, for the time being, of the home duty to the other, more from inadvertence than any more serious cause. The fact is, this is a question of

MANAGEMENT

very largely. The ideal might be realized, in the way of performance of our full duty as regards *proportion* in this matter, if the arrangement of funds were in the hands of the same central authorities, who, handling all the funds contributed, might say, for instance, "we shall assign one-tenth of the whole sum to Foreign Missions." Something like that might be realized with a better system of management by centralization; and it could be done easily enough if people generally would only repose sufficient confidence in the good judgment of the "authorities" in such matters. It would require one to waive that right so dear to many people of "private judgment" in the distribution of his gifts for religious and charitable purposes. The people who take an absorbing and most enthusiastic interest in "missions to the heathen," often show little or no practical interest in home religion—they often do not even avail themselves to any appreciable extent, personally, of the privileges of Church membership—are seen very rarely at public worship or sacrament.

SOMETHING MORE IS NEEDED.

In fact, the whole scale of giving is abnormally low. It is no wonder that there is not enough, or nearly enough, for either Home or Foreign Missions. Probably, people have sunk so low generally in the matter of zeal for the spread of Christianity that they do not—take them all together—contribute one per cent., much less ten per cent., for all religious purposes. When the scale is so incommensurate with the work to be done and the power of doing it, it is no wonder that so little is accomplished—that progress is so painfully slow. Religion at home is literally *starved* in the person

of its official propagators and ministers. How, then, can there be anything to spare for others elsewhere? Nay, is it not absolutely inevitable that the moment any attempt is made to help foreign parts, home interests *must* suffer. There is no margin to work upon! Something like a crusade is needed to bring people generally up to a sense of their duty in regard to the support of Christianity both at home and abroad.

THE EFFECT OF "SUNG OR SAID" UPON THE TEXT OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

BY REV. DR. GAMMACK, ST. SAVIOUR'S, EAST TORONTO.

There is very much of genuine interest in the study of our Book of Common Prayer, and we are apt to neglect it through a little careless reading. Probably we are so familiar with handling it that it fails to tell us half that it should and would. And we are in such a hurry that we have no time to question it and await an answer. Not one in a hundred will ever look at the prefaces to the Prayer Book; and as for the calendars, they remind us too much of the daily price-lists for ordinary people to have any interest in them. Yet a goodly volume, and an interesting one, could be written with regard to the history and use of these calendars, and their guiding the willing mind away far into the future by a path as sure as the sunrise. There is a wonderful fascination in the application of these hard, dry tables for finding Easter, and yet there are few Church people in Toronto who will tell us off-hand how and why, by statute, 1900 will be without parallel for other two centuries. With our Prayer Book in hand we require no other calendar for thousands of years to come. And it yields a strange vividness to history to see in the English Prayer Book the English forces coming up the cause of Stirling to meet the Scotch at Bannockburn on a lovely Monday morning in June, five hundred and seventy-seven years ago. Bruce no doubt employed a large part of the Sunday afternoon to give a last touch to his masked pits and prepare for the English cavalry, but we go to a strange place to find our information.

Now, however, we select a more peaceful topic, and ask how the Scriptures are presented in the Prayer Book. Attention has often been drawn to the amount of Scripture that is directly incorporated in all our services: they are filled with it in lesson and psalms, and in almost every form it can appear. But it will be of some interest that we try to see how it is used, not for doctrine, but for providing a language of worship to the faithful. Issued in 1549, it has undergone four revisions, and each has left its mark upon the book, and yet there is less change upon the Scripture language than might have been expected. Our authorised version came out from King James' translators in 1611, half a century before the last revision, and some of it was taken to replace the previous translation, but the revisers were evidently working upon a well-understood plan, and thus beforehand we may expect to find here the old, and there the new. From their first compilation the services of the Prayer Book were intended for being sung or said; this idea has been retained in all the revisions, and gives a marked tone to all the book. In the parts then, such as lessons, epistles and gospels, that are to be read for the instruction of the people, the translation of 1611 was adopted by the revisers of 1661; or, in point of fact, no special version or translation has ever been authoritatively prescribed for the lessons. But in all the parts

relating to praise, and such as will naturally fall to a choir, there has been little change from 1549 to the present day. The psalms were then taken from Cranmer's *Great Bible*, which had been the authorised version of Scripture from 1541, and pointed as now, to suit a musical service. These two co-ordinating ideas, God's praise and man's instruction, appear everywhere as the revisers' motive, and perhaps explain some little changes where the ideas get somewhat mixed, but all great changes are subordinated to these two. The laity were always intended to take their share in the Church's services, which again were intended to be more or less "magnificent." Even the "parson and clerk" duet was a remnant or witness. But if God's praise is a large object in our heart's devotion, and should receive the attention of every worshipper, the Church is no less careful that the minds of the faithful be filled with God's word, and that all which is intended for their profit be presented in the most intelligible form.

The opening sentences of morning and evening prayer are from the A.V., and the canticles from the Great Bible of 1541. Throughout the Prayer Book the Lord's Prayer uniformly follows one text, except that it takes the doxology once in the morning and once in the evening prayer; and again in the "The churching of women;" we do not speak of "debts," but "trespasses." In the communion office the commandments are now as when they first appeared in Edward's 2nd Book (except for a few unimportant changes in the second), and the reason for this adherence to the old translation it is not quite easy to give; these could scarcely have been sung at any time, as the creeds were. The offertory sentences naturally follow the old text, as the primary idea connected with them is that they be sung. There are some curious variations from our ordinary New Testament readings, as in the 2nd, "rust and moth" for "moth and rust"; in the 8th, "live of the sacrifice" for "live of the things of the temple"; in the 9th, "little" and "plenteously" for "sparingly" and "bountifully"; in the 10th, "minister" for "communicate," &c. But the most noticeable is the last sentence which is carried on from Edward's First Book, "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy," while the P. B. psalm has "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy," and A.V. has "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." The first of the comfortable words is Edwardine, "Come unto me all that travail, and are (be) heavy laden, and I will (shall) refresh you"; and the second gives peculiarly *telic* force to the Greek participle "to the end that."

The occasional services present few subjects for remark, until we reach the Burial of the Dead, where the opening services are taken from the A. V. The cento, "Man that is born," and the following meditation, "In the midst of life," are from the First Book. The part that "shall be said or sung" has undergone several changes in its form. Ps. 90 in the Burial Service has been adapted in the "O teach us." Edward I. Book has "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me; Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; that they may rest from their labours." The Second Book makes a slight alteration; "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me: Write from henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labours." It now reads, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest

from their labours." But the A.V. and the R. V. give a different object to the writing: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours." It would be an interesting speculation for us to enquire why the closing clause of the verse has been so uniformly left out, while yet it seems to be so appropriate; "and their works do follow them (or with them)."

In the Churching of Women there is the evident adaptation in one of the psalms: "I found trouble and heaviness, and I called upon the name of the Lord;" where the psalter has the future. And, finally, in the Communion Service there is the rather curious reading in the 51st Psalm: "Turn thy face *away* from my sins." This is not met with in any other of our texts or services of Communion, but curiously enough it is met with under a slightly adapted form, as the third opening sentence of the morning service in Edward's Second Book: "Turn Thy face away from our sins (O Lord), and blot out all our offences." In all these changes there is clearly one directing Spirit, and he is the true Churchman who can have his soul saturated with it. The Book has been in the Church's hand for three centuries and a half, and under the Bible there is no other book that at the present day is so effective in moulding the destinies of the human race. We may be pardoned for at times counting over our jewels.

REVIEWS.

THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL ALMANAC AND PAROCHIAL LIST, 1893. Pp. 296. Price 25c. New York: T. Whitteker.

There is scarcely a point of interest that is connected with the American Church but may be found in this almanac, and even the advertising sheets at the beginning and end are closely connected with the Church and her wants. There are full clergy lists for the dioceses in the States and in Canada, and also a large amount of other useful information, as regarding the development of the episcopate, the General Convention and its committees, the General Institutions of the American Church, &c. To enhance the value of the small volume there are portraits, which are evidently photographs, of six bishops and nineteen other prominent ecclesiastics. In 1784 the first bishop went to Scotland for consecration, and now there are 75 bishops, who last year held 266 ordinations. The grand total of contributions for 1890 was \$18,418,053 34. That genuine work is being done is evident in this that, while in 1890 there was one communicant in 416 of the population, there was in 1890 one in 122, or to put it another way, there are 1½ times more communicants to-day in the one State of New York than there were in the whole United States in 1850. There is but one small fly in the ointment (p. 294): Europe would naturally give *earlier* time than New York, and Mexico *later*.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW IN CANADA.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN TORONTO ON FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY, THE 12TH, 13TH AND 14TH OF FEBRUARY, 1892.

The following circular has been issued by the Council:

Members of the Brotherhood in Canada and fellow-Churchmen generally.

The Council again brings before your notice the Annual Convention of the Brotherhood in Canada. The growth of the Brotherhood since our last Convention justifies us, we think, in devoting three full days to the Convention. No little time and trouble has been spent in preparing a programme which will, we feel sure, prove not only interesting but of the utmost assistance to all those who are able to be present, and through them to the whole Brotherhood and the Church at large.

The names of the speakers who have already accepted are such as to ensure the different subjects

being handled in a masterly manner, but the success of the Convention will depend even more largely upon the number of delegates who are actually able to be present. Nothing impressed those who were fortunate enough to be at the St. Louis Convention more forcibly than the feeling that that large body of men had travelled, in the majority of instances, from 300 to 4,000 miles to take part in it. We expect and want a large attendance, and earnestly hope that every chapter in Canada will be represented, both by official delegates and by as many other members as can possibly attend. Not only will all members of the Brotherhood be welcome, but all other authenticated visitors representing any parish or Church organization are earnestly invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

Hospitality will be afforded to all. In order to assist the Hospitality Committee in their labours it is particularly requested that the names of all delegates and visitors should be in the hands of the chairman of this committee, Mr. L. H. Baldwin, Manning Arcade, Toronto, by the 1st of February, if possible. If hospitality is not required, this should be expressly stated. Railroad rates one and one-third fare.

Make your arrangements to be present at the whole of the sessions, from the opening service to the farewell meeting. Do not be deterred by the expense, for in most cases the greater the trouble and expense the greater the benefit received. Do not hesitate to appeal to loyal Church members for financial assistance in sending delegates to the Convention.

Study the programme and be prepared to take an intelligent part in the discussions. Short, crisp speeches, dealing with experience or suggestion, will be welcomed on every point.

The following is the programme, so far as it has been possible to complete it. Where the names of the speakers are blank they will be filled up with the strongest men obtainable. Changes may be necessary, and special conferences can be arranged if desired.

Friday Morning, February 12th, 10.30 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion, with Charge to the Brotherhood, at St. James' Cathedral, King street east. (It is earnestly requested that all Brotherhood men should be present at this service.)

12 a.m.—Organization meeting in St. James' Cathedral school-house, corner of Church and Adelaide streets. Report of Council, Election of Committees, General Business.

1 to 2.15 p.m.—Lunch.

2.15 to 3 p.m.—"The Bible Class as a feature of Brotherhood Work," led by Mr. James Houghteling, of Chicago, Pr sident of the Brotherhood in U.S.A.

3 to 3.45 p.m.—General business.

3.45 to 4.45 p.m.—Conference—Chairman, Rev. J. C. Davidson, M.A., Rector of Peterborough—Subject, "What practical work the Brotherhood can accomplish" in (A) "City," Mr. W. G. Mather, of Cleveland, 2nd Vice-President of the Brotherhood in U.S.A.; (B) "Town," Mr. T. W. Saunders, of Guelph; (C) "Country," followed by general discussion in three minute speeches.

8 p.m.—Public service in St. James' Cathedral; preacher, the Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, of Ohio.

Saturday, 7 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in churches to be arranged.

9.30 to 10.45 a.m.—Business.

10.45 to 11.45.—Chapter meeting by Chapter No. 6, St. John's, Peterboro', with general discussion upon Chapter meetings.

11.55 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Question box opened with discussion upon Brotherhood matters in general.

1 to 2.15 p.m.—Lunch.

2.15 to 4.15 p.m.—Conference—Chairman, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Niagara—Subject, "Christian Manhood" in (A) "Home," —; (B) "State," Mr. Wm. Aikman, Jr., of Detroit; (C) "Church," Mr. Chas. Jenkins, of Petrolia, representing the Huron Lay Workers' Association.

4.15 to 5.30 p.m.—Business.

8 p.m.—Mass meeting in Association Hall, Yonge street, corner of McGill. Subject, "The Everlasting Fatherhood of God—the Universal Brotherhood of Man." Chairman, —; addresses by the Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Mr. James L. Houghteling, and Mr. G. Harry Davis, Attorney-at-Law, of Philadelphia.

Sunday, 8 a.m.—Celebration of the Holy Communion in churches to be arranged.

11 a.m.—Special service and Anniversary Sermon by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Algoma.

3.30 p.m.—Special services, with addresses by prominent visiting laymen and clergymen in churches to be arranged.

7.00 p.m.—Special service in St. James' Cathedral, preacher the Right Rev. Bishop Leonard.

Farewell meeting in St. James' School-house.

The collections will be applied towards the expenses of the Convention.

In the words of the invitation to the American Convention, "If you are strong come and help your

weaker Brothers with words of counsel and cheer if you are weak come and get help; if you are luke warm come and be aroused; come in order that the Brotherhood idea may be a glorious reality to every Brother, and that all may be stirred up, to live as Sons of One Father Citizens of one Kingdom—Brothers one of another."

NOTE.—The Hospitality Committee request that those willing to entertain one or more delegates during the Convention should as soon as possible communicate with Mr. L. H. Baldwin, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—On New Year's Eve St. George's and St. Stephen's churches held a midnight service beginning at eleven o'clock. Dean Carmichael, Archdeacon Evans and the Rev. John Ker taking part. There was a good congregation.

St. Martin's Church.—Rev. G. Osborne Troop, M.A., Rector. New Year's Eve special midnight service, beginning at 11 p.m. The watchword for 1892 selected by the Rector, is from I. Cor. xvi. 13: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

RESPONSE.

"O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things. . . . Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us; Make it appear that Thou art our Saviour and Mighty Deliverer, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Book of Common Prayer. The above is printed in dark blue with neat red border on convenient cards.

St. Mary's Church.—Not the least impressive among the opening services of this new church edifice was the midnight service on New Year's Eve, conducted by the rector, Rev. A. Bareham. May "the glory of this latter house be greater than of the former."—Haggai ii. 9.

St. Jude's Church.—The New Year's Eve midnight service at St. Jude's was largely attended, there being many strangers present as well as the usual large congregation. The church was tastefully decorated with its Christmas evergreens. One device over the choir steps had on "Farewell 1891," which, at midnight, almost imperceptibly was changed to "Welcome 1892." After a short service, addresses were given by the rector (the Rev. J. H. Dixon), Mr. George Hagne and others, while the musical portion of the service was very hearty and interspersed with many appropriate hymns. To the strains of the concluding voluntary on the organ, all adjourned to the lecture hall of the church, and, whilst partaking of cake and coffee, exchanged the season's greeting, with wishes for a bright and happy New Year.

WATCHWORD 1892.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. i. 23.

St. Thomas' Church.—The Gospel Temperance meeting last Sunday afternoon was a great means of encouragement to the temperance workers in the East End. The lecture room was filled to the door, and the best of order prevailed throughout. The Rev. Mr. Renaud gave a short earnest address, followed by Mr. J. H. Carson, the speaker of the day. Mr. Carson said that while sitting on the platform he had counted over one hundred young men, and he expressed his surprise at the number present, and the great pleasure he felt that the work was speeding so well in the East End. "It is the best meeting, so far as the numbers of young men are concerned, that I have ever addressed," said he, "and I am proud of the success attending your efforts down here." The speaker confined his remarks principally to the young men, and his words of warning and counsel will not soon be forgotten. After a few words from Mr. J. H. Spicer, the meeting adjourned.

Christ Church Cathedral.—The annual tea and Christmas entertainment in connection with Christ Church Cathedral Band of Hope took place in the Synod Hall. The attendance was large, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. There was a nice tea for the young people, after the discussion of which there was an entertainment consisting of songs, carols, recitations, etc. The sing-

ing was ably conducted by Miss Edwards. The management of the whole entertainment was in the charge of Miss Phillips and Miss MacCulloch. Mr. G. B. Capel occupied the chair and delivered an address on temperance. The Rev. Dr. Norton was also present and took a great interest in the proceedings.

MOTTO FOR 1892.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to day, and forever," Hebrews viii. 13. The rector selected the above text for his New Year's Day address, and reminded the numerous congregation that our Christianity was no new religion that many of our prayers came down to us in the very words of apostolic or sub-apostolic times. Our creeds have also remained the same and undergo no change. The preacher pointed out the folly of laying too great stress on the Sacraments, as some do; whereas others make too little of the Sacraments; but said the preacher, the Sacraments are the same to-day as when the blood of the Divine Redeemer trickled from His wounded side on Calvary. The various changing scenes and conditions of life were referred to; but amid all, the preacher spoke of Christ's compassion, which fails not! There was a celebration of Holy Communion after the service.

BISHOP'S COURT. His Lordship, the Bishop of the diocese, received many callers on New Year's Day, and a large gathering of the city clergy met his Lordship at his house on Monday evening, 4th inst., when an excellent paper was read by Rev. L. N. Tucker, on "Preaching Christ." The next meeting, through the kindness of Principal Henderson, will be at the College, when Rev. E. Bushnell, M.A., will deliver a paper on the "Advantages of a Diocesan Missioner."

ONTARIO.

KITELY MISSION. St. Anne's Church, Easton's Corners, of which Rev. T. J. Stiles is priest-in-charge, was re-opened on Christmas Day, having been closed during the season of Advent for the purpose of restoration. The work was entrusted to the firm of Spence Bros., Montreal, with the result that the interior of this little church now presents an appearance not frequently met with in country places. The whole of the church, chancel and nave, received three coats of paint preparatory to the decorations. The tint of the nave is yellowish green, with stencilled borders above the wainscoting and at the rise of the ceiling. Around the windows is worked a very pretty design, and the chancel arch bears the text, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness," with a decorated cross at the apex. The chancel, of course, received the greatest attention, the colours being rich and perfect in harmony; the panels on either side of the altar being particularly attractive. The ceilings are pale blue—that of chancel decorated. The openings of the pulpit have been filled with artistic designs. The seats have been re-grained and varnished. It is hoped at a future date to fill the windows with stained glass. The congregation cheerfully assisted in the work, not one member of it refusing to help beautify the house of God. The effect of such restoration is not lost upon a congregation, it tends to reverence; and anything that will do that, with so many irreverent influences from outside to distract, is to be hailed and used to the glory of God. The contracts for a new church for the congregation in the Redan—another section of the mission—are just being given, and it is hoped that building will be commenced in the spring. \$1,000 has been collected towards it, the site has been given, and the stone quarried by the men of the congregation—few in number, but with stout hearts. Rev. A. Jarvis, of Napanee, has supplied a plan, which has been accepted, and if carried out will provide a church worthy of its name and use. Two most beautiful altar frontals (red and white) have been given for this church by the Kilburn Sisters. During the past four years the Church property in this mission has been increased in value to the extent of \$2,000. The offertories on Christmas Day were the largest presented in twenty-seven years. The annual New Year's entertainment was a great success. The proceeds amounted to \$51.25.

NEW BOYNE AND LOMBARDY.—Christmas-tide is always a busy season. In this mission the great Festival of the Incarnation was duly remembered by an early celebration of Holy Communion at Trinity Church, Lombardy, at 8 a.m. There were twenty-one communicants. At 11 a.m., matins were said at St. Peter's, New Boyne, followed by a mid-day celebration, at which sixty-three communicated. After the offertory was presented, Mr. Edmund Willis, of Burgess, on behalf of St. Peter's congregation, presented the incumbent, the Rev. C. A. French, with an address and a purse containing \$55.75 for the purchasing a fur coat, the selection

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being left with the clergyman. During the afternoon a return was made to Lombardy, when Evening song was said and a sermon preached to a large congregation. On Wednesday evening, 30th December, a most enjoyable entertainment was given in Lombardy Town Hall, for the purpose of raising funds for a Sunday school library. Under the direction of Mrs. French twenty-five children took part during the evening, and at the close of the programme three trees, beautifully illuminated and laden with divers presents, were displayed to view by the setting aside of a second curtain on the stage. Just as the incumbent finished making a presentation, on behalf of the congregation, of a beautifully bound volume of poems, by Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, also one of Milton's beautifully bound, together with a silver napkin ring (and bouquet holder), and individual salt-cellar and a paper knife, to the esteemed organist, Miss Fanny Klyne, Dr. R. J. Gardiner stepped forward, and, on behalf of Trinity congregation, presented Mrs. French with an address and a full set of handsome furs, in token of appreciation for many efforts on behalf of the Sunday school. Have we not all much to be thankful for? Many hearts have been happy this glorious season. Well may we rejoice at the name of Jesus. We would gladly acknowledge donations towards the Christmas trees from the following: Dr. Preston, M.P.P., Newboro; Messrs. Gilroy & Co., Mr. Johnstone, druggist, and Mr. Steacy, jeweller, Smith's Falls; "A Friend," Brockville; Chas. F. Smith, Esq., Barrister, Kingston; John Williams, Esq., Barrister, Belleville; A. J. Sinclair, Esq., Barrister, Toronto, and Mrs. Baker, Port Hope.

TORONTO.

Correction.—In list of successful candidates in S.S. examination, Miss Mary Sheppard is marked as "Teacher of St. Thomas' S.S."; she belongs to St. Philips.

St. Philips.—Owing to the dangerous illness of his little son (diphtheria), the rector has not been able to take duty for the past three Sundays. Their Lordships the Bishops of Toronto and Algoma, and several of the city clergy, have kindly filled his place. The child is not yet out of danger.

We are sorry to have to announce that the event so much feared by the many sympathizing friends of Canon Sweeny has taken place—his son has, notwithstanding all efforts to save his life, at last succumbed to that dread disease, diphtheria. Thus, for the second time in a few years, this justly popular clergyman and his wife have suffered a most serious bereavement, calling forth the sympathy of all who know them. The Toronto Rectors, at a recent meeting, passed a resolution of condolence with their brother Rector under the severe trial.

FAIRBANK.—On Christmas Day, service was held for the first time in the new Mission House, which has been rented until such time as the church can be erected. Hitherto the services have been held in the York and Vaughan Hotel, thanks to the kindness of the proprietor, Mr. F. McFarlane, who generously placed his large hall at the disposal of the congregation for about 18 months, thereby sustaining no small loss. The services on Sundays will in future be at eleven and seven. It is hoped that a celebration may be provided on the last Sunday in each month; this has hitherto been impracticable, as it was impossible to place a permanent altar in the former mission room. The Rev. Prof. Rigby kindly celebrated on Sunday, December 27th. On New Year's Day a very successful Christmas Tree was held in the Mission House; the room was well filled, and those present were apparently well satisfied with the programme of carols, songs, recitations and club swinging. Mr. A. J. Gammack, B.A., ably enacted Santa Claus, and brought with him some of the members of the choir of St. Saviour's, East Toronto, who added materially to the attractiveness of the programme. The student-in-charge desires to thank all those who contributed to the success of the entertainment and also to gratefully acknowledge the following contributions towards the expenses: Mrs. Brierley, 50 cents; Mr. James Scott, \$2.00; Rev. T. W. Paterson, M.A., \$1.00; Mrs. Harrison, 50 cents; also some presents for the tree from Mrs. Gammack.

NORWAY.—St. John's.—A most successful entertainment followed by a "Christmas Tree" was given in Boston's Hall, East Toronto, by the teachers and children of St. John's S.S., Norway, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th, 1891, Rev. C. Ruttan, Rector, in the chair. Songs, dialogues, recitations, by the children were rendered in a very creditable manner—indeed, we cannot speak too highly of the "Illustrated Ballad" and tableaux, "Auld Robin Gray." Miss E. Mills, of Chester, very kindly came over to add to the programme, and gave several recitations in a

very pleasing and masterly style. Mr. Canavan, of Toronto, also gave his valuable assistance, and with his merry recitations, kind and appropriate words to the children, won the hearts of the large audience. One pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Spencer Over, who has filled the position of Librarian for the past five years in a most efficient manner. Before closing we must not fail to remark on the very good behaviour of the S. S. children.

ALGOMA.

Sudbury.—The sale and concert held on December 16th last, in aid of debt existing on Church of Epiphany, was a successful affair and realized about \$80, after paying expenses. This enabled the churchwardens to pay \$100 off a debt of \$150. Friends who helped by the sending of articles for the sale, will be pleased to learn that their work was so well appreciated. Sudbury Church folk hope to make the bazaar an annual effort to improve the church and build a much needed parsonage. It is conducted upon the best principles, no high prices, no guessing, no raffling, or anything of such nature. The articles remaining were reduced somewhat in price and taken out to Coppercliffe, where on the afternoon of December 22, a sale was held in the schoolhouse. The weather was unfavorable, yet over \$20 was returned. This sum is being devoted to the procuring of two or three articles of vestry furniture, and the paying off of some small accounts. The incumbent, Rev. Charles Piercy, begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following sums towards the purchase of a font: Miss Davis, Hamilton, \$15; Rev. Mr. S. Shortess, Toronto, \$35. On account of the illness of the incumbent, the services at Sudbury on Sunday, Dec. 20, were taken by Mr. E. H. Earl. Though unable to preach, the Rev. C. Piercy celebrated Holy Communion on Christmas Day at 8.30 and after morning prayer. The work of Mr. Earl at Coppercliffe, and Murray Mines, is proving the absolute necessity of the Church ministering to her sons in all such places. From other points come requests for the services of the Church, requests, sometimes, which have to be refused. The incumbent could find plenty of work for another helper. When the Blezzard Mine reopens the Church should be ready to lead in the work of ministering to the hard working miners, and others there, who are in many respects isolated. Then other properties may be developed, and more men be gathered together. Where the men are the Church should be. The Christmas tree in connection with the S.S. will be held about 11th Jan.

RUPERT'S LAND.

HOLLAND.—On Christmas Day, a Carol Service was held at Holland. Three Christmas Hymns were sung, also the Carols, "See amid the winter's snow"; "The first Nowel"; "In the field"; and "Ring the Bells, the Christmas Bells." Mr. Dransfield preached a short, forcible sermon. Through the kindness of W. Williams, Esq., Toronto, we have been able to use the "Evening Prayer Leaflet" published by Tims & Co., Toronto. It is highly appreciated by "the stranger in church."

WINNIPEG.—Mr. F. C. Mercer, B.A., of St. John's College, was ordained in Christ Church, on Sunday, December 27th, 1891, by the most Reverend the Metropolitan. Mr. Mercer will be stationed at Melitia. The Revs. A. Stunden, B.A., and I. W. B. Page, B.A., are returning from England about Easter, and have asked for work in the diocese. The Rev. A. C. Garrish, late of Fort Vermillion, Peace River, has also asked for work in the diocese. The Rev. A. J. Young, of the diocese of Algoma, is expected to come to the diocese shortly. The Bishop will place him in charge of Rapid City.

British and Foreign.

The Bishop of Lichfield died on Thursday last, 7th January.

The statement that the Bishop of Ontario had received an intimation of the intention of the Archbishop of Canterbury to visit Canada is contradicted.

The Bishop of Derry (Dr. Alexander) is going to America in March, and will lecture at Columbia and Harvard Universities on "Christian Evidences."

The Rev. James S. Addison, vicar of Holy Trinity, Bradford, has been offered the rectory of St. Andrews, Brechin, vacant by the death of the Very Rev. James Crabb, dean of Brechin.

Arrangements are being made by Sir John Puleston, M. P., and the Rev. E. Killin Roberts, assistant

curate of All Saints', Margaret street, for holding another Welsh National Festival at St. Paul's Cathedral on the eve of St. David's Day, February 29, 1892, when it is expected the Lord Mayor will attend in state.

Earl Beauchamp, who is the hon. secretary at Oxford of the Christ Church (Oxford) Mission at Poplar, is about to take up his residence in the East end for a short time in order to acquaint himself with the work of the mission.

Forty-eight applications have been received in answer to the call for a Missionary Brotherhood for Korea. Of these five have been accepted, raising the number under training to eight, for all whom there is accommodation at present.

We are sorry to hear that the Bishop of Cashel, who is suffering from insomnia, has been obliged to seek rest and change, and for this purpose has left Ireland for Algiers. He has appointed the Archdeacon of Cashel as his commissary during his absence.

The Bishop of Liverpool has consented to be president of the Liverpool Diocesan Branch of the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays.

Two new dioceses are in course of formation. Lebombo is to be the name of a see which is to include Delagoa Bay, and British Honduras, which hitherto has been under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Jamaica, is to be constituted an independent bishopric.

In response to the special appeal of the Archbishop of Canterbury to all Church people, an anonymous donor has sent the Society for Promoting the Religious Education of the Poor a donation of £5,000. The Archbishop of York will shortly issue a similar appeal to Church people in the Northern Province. Twenty thousand pounds are still wanted.

Lord Egerton of Tatton, Lord Winmarleigh, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Sir W. H. Houldsworth, M.P., and Archdeacon Anson, Hornby, and Rawstorne, have become vice-presidents of the Manchester Diocesan Branch of the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays. The Duke of Grafton has also become a vice-president of this society.

The New York Herald mentions a curiosity of literature produced by the Rev. John Wentworth Sanborn, Methodist preacher, at present stationed at Naples, New York. For sixteen years Mr. Sanborn has been compiling, translating, and with his own hands "setting up" and printing a volume of Christian hymns for what is left of the Seneca nation of Indians.

It has been suggested that a suitable thanksoffering for the safe return of the Bishop of Exeter would be the presentation to his Lordship of mitre and cope. It is pointed out, presumably as an indication that these adornments would not be unacceptable to the bishop, that he has adopted the Eastward Position in accordance with the terms of the Lincoln judgment.

The Dean of St. Davids has recently found within the cathedral precincts a sepulchral slab, bearing a beautiful cross, ornamented with interlaced work, and an inscription in minuscules, which may be translated thus:—"The two sons of Bishop Abraham, Hed and Isac, lie here peacefully." Bishop Abraham was killed by the Danes in their last descent upon St. Davids, and he was succeeded by Sulgen.

The Reformation in Italy is advancing. The total number of Protestant pastors, evangelists and teachers now engaged in spreading Divine truth in Italy is 553; the Protestant churches and preaching stations number 479. The Waldensian body has over 18,000 adherents, the Free Church 2,350, the Wesleyan Methodists 1,356, the Baptists 835. In addition, a number of smaller denominations are hard at work.

The centenary of the freedom of Protestantism in Hungary has just been celebrated. Bishop Szasz, in the inaugural address, reminded his hearers that the festival they were celebrating was void of all aggressive tendency, and drew its impulse from a desire on the part of the faithful to bring yet closer together all classes of the Protestant community in the kingdom. In this respect the celebration has certainly been successful.

Father Ohrwalder and Sisters Caterina Chincarini and Elizabeth Venturini, of the Soudan Austrian Mission, who were taken prisoners in Kordofan in 1853, after the defeat of Hicks Pasha, and have since been detained prisoners in Omdurman, first by the Mahdi and then by the Khalifa, have just arrived safely at Korosko, on the Nile, to the northward of Wady Halfa, having made their way from Khartoum.

To prevent misconception, the Bishop of Liverpool has written, in reference to his inhibition of lay preachers and laymen reading prayers in the churches of his diocese, as follows: "I have not the least objection to laymen reading the lessons of Scripture in church when requested to do so by the officiating minister. The practice is sanctioned by custom, and I am informed that no less a person than Mr. Gladstone read the lessons in St. Thomas's Church, Toxteth, last Sunday morning. I do object to laymen reading prayers, or preaching in any consecrated building, because I am advised that this is distinctly illegal."

Ever since Queen Elizabeth evicted Abbot John Feckenham and his monks from Westminster Abbey, there has been no permanent Benedictine establishment in the London district. But the Benedictines are now about to establish themselves in Dulwich, the spiritual charge of which district has been transferred to them by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. It is said that the Dulwich community will be composed for the most part of literary members of the order engaged in historical studies and research. Their chief will be Dr. F. A. Gasquet, who has published several very much doctored works on the Reformation epoch in England.

The Rev. F. R. Graves writes from Hankow, China: "We have been driven out of Wuchang by the recent troubles, but as matters seem likely to be a little more quiet for a time, we intend to move over the river to Wuchang again next week. The riots and troubles have been and are the greatest hindrance to missionary work. The bishop's death was a great blow to the mission, especially when the times are so troublous as they now are. The Church in China is undergoing persecution as real as any of the early ages, though blood has only been shed here and there. Nevertheless the tide of hate and blasphemy against God was never more powerful."

A farewell service was held on Wednesday in the chapel of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Delahay street, Westminster. Five graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, who are going to form a community Mission at Hazaribagh, in the Society's Mission of Chota Nagpur, Bengal; another graduate of the same University, who is going to Bombay; and a son of the Bishop of Chota Nagpur, the Rev. S. H. Whitley, of Queen's College, Cambridge, who is about to join his father, took leave of the society. The Holy Communion was celebrated and an address given by the Dean of Worcester. The community have left for India in the P. and O. steamer "Cathay."

The *Southern Cross* expresses surprise and some indignation at the fact that at the recent consecration of bishops in St. Paul's, the Bishop of Zululand presumably was not permitted to take the oath of canonical obedience to the Metropolitan of Capetown during the service. Says our angry contemporary: "We claim for Capetown, and for all Colonial Metropolitan sees, the same canonical rights as belong to York, Armagh, and Dublin. We think that the Metropolitan rights of the see of Capetown should have been openly acknowledged at the consecration of the Bishop of Zululand. But we deeply regret that the Bishop of Zululand was not consecrated at Capetown by his own Metropolitan."

When Kingsley obtained the living of Eversley his marriage was permitted, and it turned out ideally happy. In *Yeast* Kingsley drew his wife's portrait in the character of Argemone, described the difficulties which had beset their union, and traced the history of Mrs. Kingsley's influence on his opinions and career. In early days he had wandered widely from the paths of orthodoxy. His wife's Tractarian fervour recalled him to the old ways, and did much to colour his subsequent theology, though he never became a formal High Churchman. No small portion of the ability which was common to Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley has descended to their daughter, Mrs. Harrison, better known by her literary pseudonym of "Lucas Malet."

At the recent opening, under the Social Scheme of the Church Army, of the Women's Labour Home, in Marylebone Road, H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, after performing the ceremony, went down into the

washhouse and drying rooms, and inspected the sulphur box which is used for the thorough cleansing of clothes. In passing through one of the rooms, she found an inmate finishing her mangle. The Rev. W. Carlile, the Hon. Secretary of the movement, tried to assist the woman who was thus engaged. Her Royal Highness immediately stepped forward, and, with a kindly smile and a word of encouragement, took the handle of the mangle herself, and finished the piece of work that was being done, to the great delight of all the officials and inmates of the Home.

On Tuesday last the Macknochie Chapel at St. Alban's, Holborn, was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. The chapel is a very interesting and beautiful piece of art, and from its artistic side alone it is likely to be a source of great attraction to Londoners and visitors to London who appreciate such things. We understand that it is the case that much of the furniture and adornment of this building has been given by individuals, or bodies of individuals, who have been only too glad to be afforded some opportunity of testifying to their affection and admiration of Mr. Macknochie. The circumstances, the distressing circumstances, of his death are still fresh in the memories of us all; nor can one read or recall them without a sense of tears as at the record of any pitiable or tragic fate.

The foundation stone of a new church at Charlton-by-Dover was laid on Wednesday, the interest in the ceremony being, as the *Church Times* remarks, far wider and deeper than is ordinarily experienced in the announcement of another church stone laying. "First in the little church so dearly associated with the name of Dr. Pusey, for it was here that he sought refuge at the time of his two years' suspension, and later, on the spot close by, where a new church, which promises to be one of Mr. James Brooks's most striking works, is to be erected for the needs of this fast-growing suburb by the people of the town. They are aided in their noble task by Churchmen all over the country desirous of paying a tribute to the confessorship of the Rev. S. F. Green, whose shameful prosecution and subsequent imprisonment for nearly two years in Lancaster Castle will remain part of the ecclesiastical history of this century." Mr. S. Fielding, who laid the stone, said the council and members of the English Church Union had raised a special fund for the erection of a portion of the building as a memorial of the noble stand made by the rector, the Rev. S. F. Green, against the interference of the secular courts in spiritual matters; and it had been decided that such funds should be devoted to the cost of the sanctuary. The foundation stone bore the following inscription:—Deo Optimo Maximo Sub Invocatione SS. Petri et Pauli, App. Templum, Reaedificatum.

IRELAND.—There was a lamentable scene on Sunday morning in St. Mary's Church, Newry. For about a year and a half the majority of the congregation, including the members of the Select Vestry, have been in conflict with the incumbent (Rev. S. Smartt) concerning the retention of a Communion cloth, the frontal of which had been embroidered with the initials I.H.S. in the form of a monogram. This frontal was previously removed, but was restored under the impression that it would not be replaced on the Communion table. The rector, however, had the cloth replaced. On Sunday morning, immediately after the military service at eleven o'clock, the members of the Select Vestry entered the church in a body and advanced to the chancel rail, and one of them crossed it and removed the frontal of the Communion cloth bearing the I.H.S. The incumbent, who was present in the church, advanced quickly and seized the cloth, and the vestrymen pulled and dragged the cloth and the rector into the vestry, where they cut the monogram off and burned it in the fire. The Rev. S. Smartt then ran in his cassock and informed Head Constable Williams of what had occurred. The police at once went to the church and entered the vestry, found the members there, and took their names. The incumbent, in his sermon, referred in strong terms to the act of sacrilege, and said that he could not, under the circumstances, approach the Holy Table that morning.

NEW ZEALAND.—At the recent Synod of the diocese of Wellington, the bishop, in his opening address, referred to the want of more clergy. He said: "I have written to my commissary in England to send one or two clergymen if any suitable for rough country work could be found ready to undertake it. He informs me, in the last letter I have received, that at the time he wrote he had failed to find a person suitable for the work. So many mission-fields now attract energetic young men, that they are not easily obtained for this country. I can but repeat what I said many years

ago, that what is now of paramount importance to the Church is a good Theological College, liberally endowed and supported. Surely the Church of this ecclesiastical province ought to be able to accomplish this." The secular instruction given in the Government schools was condemned by the bishop, who declared that it was impossible for him to address the Synod without making some allusion to the lamentable absence of religious teaching in the Government schools. The very fact that the majority of the electors see no evil in a system which excludes all reference to that which in all ages has been recognised as the strongest support to order, and the most potent restraint to the commission of crime, is a serious and alarming fact, and constitutes the main difficulty in any efforts to reform the system."

Correspondence.

All letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

N. B.—If any one has a good thought, or a Christian sentiment, or has facts, or deductions from facts, useful to the Church, and to Churchmen, we would solicit their statement in brief and concise letters in this department.

Lay Readers.

SIR.—Being frequently applied to by clergymen in search of Lay Readers, permit me to say that just now I can recommend a young man to any clergyman who may be in need of such assistance and will apply at once.

FORSTER BLISS.

C. E. T. S.

SIR.—Will you allow me space to mention that the committee of the C. E. T. S. have ordered from London a magic lantern and 120 slides suitable for exhibition, and that the charge for use of the same will be two dollars per evening. The cost of carriage to be borne by the borrowers.

Also that two prizes—a silver badge and an enamelled badge of the Society, are offered for the best essays by members of any Band of Hope in Toronto, and two similar prizes for best essays by members of any other Band of Hope in the diocese. Subject—the words in the Collect of the Society, "By our example and work, to win others from the sin and curse of intemperance." The essays to be sent in by March 10. Circulars have been sent to the clergy.

G. MERSEK,

Hon. Sec. C. E. T. S.

The slides are: London, 24; England and Wales, 24, and 24 cathedrals, exteriors and interiors; Scotland and Ireland, 12; shipping, 3; Gibraltar, Egypt and Holy Land, 15; India, 2; Scripture subjects, 12; hymns, 3. A list, with notes, will be sent in the box.

"A" and "I."

SIR.—It is very natural that the Bishop of Algoma should wish to stand well with his people, and with the readers of his diocesan organ, the *Algoma Missionary News*, but it is seldom safe for a judge to give the reason for his decision. If the Latin quotation that is fathered upon the Bishop is bad, his correction is worse. A good wish injures nobody, but who authorised even the Bishop to judge another man's servant? How does he know that his friend rests in peace? Whose friend does not rest in peace? The Bishop is quite ready to forestall the Judge's doom, and his one fear is his people's opinion of himself. Canadians are strong in initials, and the Bishop, in order to be safe, should have said R. I. P., which may be interpreted in Hebrew, Greek or Latin according to one's own fancy, and even in English it might make a fair show. In order to avoid the appearance of Romanism, his lordship has fallen into the worst form of Protestantism where all doubts and fears have vanished. He may sometimes attend a Canadian's death-bed, and may have noticed this peculiar feature, that all Canadians die happy, no matter what their life was; they die in peace, and their friends quote their death-bed assurance. Did the Bishop never try to estimate the effect—the moral effect, of this upon the living? Which is more likely to be beneficial to the living, and even to the dead, the humble prayer, "The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day," or the bold assertion that Onesimus has no need of our prayers, but rests in peace? Which is most in accordance with the letter and spirit of our Book of Common Prayer? Which is most likely to result in holy living? Our hope may be strong, but our vision is narrow. New Year is the time of good wishes, but who knows what to

morrow may bring, or what are the secrets of the tomb? If then *Requiescat in pace* be a party phrase, the Bishop must take the risk of sailing close to it in an unknown craft: where there is a snag in the bottom, the wise sailor will give it a wide berth or suffer without sympathy. THISTLES.

2nd January, 1892.

A Layman on Church Privilege

SIR, In your issue of the 25th ult., I notice that "Mr. Sam Grigg, the evangelist, will hold a series of meetings in the English Church, Dutton, etc., and will take charge of the morning and evening services on Sunday."—from *Dutton Advance*.

As this is so strange an announcement, and so contrary to the usages and canons of the English Church, I would ask a short space to comment upon it.

Recently a Lay Helpers' Association was formed for this diocese with the sanction of the Bishop of Huron. I would like to know if Mr. Sam Grigg is a member, and a communicant of the Church, as a qualification for such membership. For before he can act even as a lay reader he requires the Bishop's license. I am presuming that he is a member of the Church of England, as I understand he professes to be. If so, and he is content to work on Church lines, I believe a man of his zeal and convictions (for I give him credit for sincerity) could do much good among his fellow laymen in his Church. But if Mr. Sam Grigg has set himself up as a free lance in the Gospel, as he appears to be, he cannot be accepted as a member of the Church of England lay workers of the Diocese of Huron.

I am not disposed so much to blame Mr. Grigg, for with his zeal in the work he has set himself to do, he would be likely to accept such invitations as the above; but what I think, as laymen of the Church, we have a right to ask, is, How can our clergy willfully ignore the canons of their Church, that at their ordination they solemnly vowed to abide by? From the several recent cases of the ignoring of the canon on this particular question that have occurred in the Diocese of Huron, we may fairly look for some Episcopal ordering in such matters.

The Bishop of Liverpool, England, always looked upon as the most evangelical bishop, gives his opinion on this subject, when recently asked by the Vicar of St. Jude's to permit a Mr. Clark Aspinall, of Liverpool, city coroner, to deliver a series of Advent addresses in his church. In support of the request it was stated that the Earl of Stamford and Mr. Eugene Stork and other laymen had so delivered addresses in churches in the city of London. In his reply, Bishop Ryle says he has considered the matter carefully, and has arrived at the conclusion that he possesses no legal right to allow laymen to give addresses in the churches in his diocese.

LAYMAN.

From the London *Free Press*.

A Letter from the Rev. J. G. Brick.

The following letter will, we trust, prove interesting to the many kind friends who sympathize with Mr. Brick in the arduous work in which he is engaged in the far North-West:

DEAR MISS DIXON:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind favours of April 3rd, June 2nd and June 23rd, and I very much regret that owing to a press of work, haying, harvesting and threshing, etc., I have not been able to answer them long ago. The summer season is a very busy time with us, and the past season has been unusually so, owing to the fact that part of the time I have been one hand short; indeed it is next to impossible to do anything much in the way of correspondence during the summer months. In this northern latitude, when spring opens up, it is one continuous rush of one thing after another until the crops are gathered in. I am thankful to our Heavenly Father to be able to report a most abundant crop and all safely gathered in. Our returns in grain have been upwards of 700 bushels, about double the quantity that we had the previous year, and this of the finest quality. I think it would be impossible to raise better wheat in any part of this Dominion. I am just sending out full samples of our past season's crop to the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa. I will send you a small sample of wheat and barley; it is quite possible that some of our Toronto friends may be interested in seeing samples of Peace River grain, and I think our returns for the acreage sown, stand very high. It averaged a fraction over forty-two bushels to the acre. We had a small piece of land sown with black Norway oats, which gave a return of 120 bushels to the acre. I am also thankful to say that the crops of our Indians were equally good. The Minister of the Interior last spring gave me a grant of \$100 to distribute seed grain among our Indians. It enabled me to distribute one and two bushels each of wheat and barley to every one who would plant it. As a result some of our Indians have from fifty to sixty bushels of

grain. We all feel very much encouraged by the past season's success. An Indian was in our store a few days ago looking at our grain heaped up. I asked him what he thought of it, where three years ago there was nothing but wild prairie. He replied that it looked to him like "heaps of sand." I can assure you that it relieves me of a great deal of anxiety. I do trust that our years of scarcity are past. Since 1885 it has been trying times with the people of this country. For the last year or two I have felt that it was a heavier burden than I could carry to relieve these people's wants. Not only are prairie chickens abundant, but rabbits, which almost totally disappeared in the fall of 1886, are now becoming quite plentiful, so that for all these mercies we thank God and take courage. And then our good crops will enable us to enlarge our school work. We have just had a visit from our good Bishop, and we have laid out plans for extending our work. He, the Bishop, has written to Wycliffe College to try and secure a young man who for a year or two would teach in the school, and at the same time give his attention to the Cree language. The work is really more than I can attend to, and I do trust that the right man will be forthcoming. Mrs. Brick has borne more than her share of the work. Last winter, without domestic help, she attended to her household duties, cooked for the school, and did a large share of the teaching. The result was that in the spring she broke down completely under it, and was for weeks confined to her bed. I can assure you that it was an anxious time for me—no doctor, no nurse. I am thankful to say that she is now in moderately good health, but one of our many difficulties out here is the impossibility of getting domestic help.

In your letter of April 3rd you ask for the names of those clergymen to whom I sent appeals. I will enclose you with this a list of the names, and I do trust that some from whom there has been no response, may yet be induced to render us some help. I know that the appeals which are made are very numerous and pressing, and in the case of many churches their own responsibilities are a heavy burden to bear. I should be sorry in pressing my own need; and the claims of our work, to say or write anything which may have the appearance of detracting from the claims of others. In one of your letters you ask for an explanation, how it is that the Government does nothing for the Indians of the Peace River country? Simply because the Government has not made treaty with these Indians. In the Dioceses of Rupert's Land, Qu'Appelle, and Saskatchewan, all the Indians are under treaty and receive treaty payments. Schools are provided, daily rations are given to adults while at work upon their land, and to the children at school. Farm instructors are provided and cattle are given, and machinery, etc., is placed at the service of the Indians; but here with us, we have to bear the whole burden of what is done elsewhere at Government expense. I cannot help but think that as our claims for support are better understood, all the aid we need will be forthcoming. As I stated in my letters written last winter:—"I do not think that in the entire Dominion there is another Indian Mission where the attempt is made to carry it on without either stipend or Government aid." I shall enclose with this a list of subscriptions sent to me direct. My heart is full of gratitude to the schools and friends who have come to our help, and we have been not a little cheered by the kind expressions of sympathy which have accompanied the gifts. I hope to write to every one of them by our first winter packet. As yet I have not been able to make up the accounts for the year, but as far as I can judge there will be sufficient funds to meet all the running expenses of the Mission, and possibly a little towards missionary stipend. Of course, there is the possibility that you have received further contributions since your last letter was written, June 23rd; still, stipend or no stipend, I am satisfied that I am just where the Master would have me be, and I think my work is not yet done in this country. The only thing that would compel me to abandon the work would be a succession of failures in crops. Of course in a country where the thermometer will fetch one out of bed in the middle of the night to watch its movements, at certain stages of our crop's progress, it is really necessary to try to make some provision to tide us over what in this country is a terrible calamity, viz., the entire failure of the season's crop. Last year our crop was good. I cached quite a number of bags of our best grain and said: "Now, live or die, this must not be touched until we are sure of our next season's crop." You may rest assured that our "cache" is very much larger this year than last, and I think that if we are only favoured with another good season, that in the event of a year's failure we could sustain ourselves. This past season we were most mercifully favoured. In the latter part of the month of July, a hail-storm passed through the country that did very serious damage at Demvegan, fifty miles to the west of us. The Hudson Bay Co.'s and the R. C. Mission grain crops were very seriously

damaged, and at Lesser Slave Lake, 100 miles to the south-east, their barley, the only grain they attempt to raise, was almost totally destroyed. With us we had a glorious rain.

When I was canvassing for my work in the east, the Cathedral S.S., Montreal, very liberally donated the Mission a complete steel plate grist mill. At the time I was a little sceptical of the mill doing all the maker said in its favour. After two years trial I find that my horse power is not sufficient to run it, and in very hot and cold weather the plates become so much heated that the flour cooks in the grinding. In the expenditure of the funds I did the same as I am now doing with my wheat, cached in the Bishop's hands \$600 for the purchase of a water-power stone grist mill. I am this winter ordering one to be sent forward. I am a little in doubt in regard to the \$600 being sufficient for purchase, freight, and putting in operation; however, I am working on the most economical plans that I can conceive of, still I may be compelled to draw a little on you. Bishop Young, I think, has written you. Three days ago he bid us good-bye and started, not on a modern steam river boat of the St. Lawrence or Hudson River style of architecture, but on a log raft, on his home journey of 300 miles to Vermillion. I think it is the intention of Bishop and Mrs. Young to winter in Toronto in 1893. I had hoped, D.V., to have come out myself in the fall of 1893, but if the Bishop comes I suppose I shall have to defer my visit for another year.

You ask in regard to freight charges from Calgary to Peace River. It has been 8½ cents per pound. Now the railway is open to Edmonton, I expect it will be reduced to 7 or 7½ cents. It is this freight bill that cripples us in this country. Hitherto it has taken about one-half my stipend of \$730 to pay freight charges; still at 7 or 7½ cents per pound we think we are very highly favoured. When I compare notes with freight charges when I first came to this country in 1882, then I paid 18 cents; on four 100 lb. bags of flour, my year's supply, I paid \$72.

You also ask for information as to the most useful garments needed for our Indians. I note your remarks in regard to the W.A. work in small towns being very largely sustained by the interest in the fortnightly or monthly gathering. I may say that we are very grateful for anything sent us, and there are very few things that are not thoroughly utilized, but we have sometimes to complain of good material being cut up into very small and almost useless garments, and it often puzzles us to find anything in our bales or bags for our poor boys, and then sometimes our friends lose sight of our heavy freight bills and put in our bales bundles of old Church papers (I take the *Evangelical* and the *CANADIAN*), old school and music books, Bibles without covers, and prayer and hymn books minus some of the most important parts. Then in regard to packing, no bale or bag should be shipped to us weighing over 100 or 120 lbs. Last year we had a most valuable bale sent us weighing 330 lbs. We heard of it months before it reached us. I don't think there was an Indian in the Hudson's Bay transport service but had tried to carry it at different stations; the result was when it reached us it was just as though it had been put in a huge mortar and pounded together. There was a lot of excellent clothing, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, beans, garden seeds, pills, salve, patent medicines, &c., &c., in one conglomerated mass. We shall always be grateful for any items of groceries, and if these are packed in the middle of the bale or bag, with the coarser garments outside, it is pretty sure to reach us safely. Should any of our friends who have written us on any matter, receive no reply, say by the 15th of Feb. (this would be about the date of the delivery of our first winter packet), I would be glad if they would write me again. We are 400 miles from the nearest post office and we have to depend upon any means we have of getting letters, and sending letters out in this way I am afraid they are often lost. Last summer I received a box of mail and when it arrived it had no lid or covering. The party who brought it stated that in crossing a creek his wagon upset and my box of letters and papers had been scattered. Curiosity led me to that spot and there I found an important letter. A few weeks ago I received a box of letters and papers, books, etc.; I think it must have weighed sixty or seventy pounds. In crossing a river the cart upset, and my box of mail being on the top, and the cart going right over, my mail went to the bottom and remained several feet under water for quite a time. It came to hand in due time, and there was one thing in its favour, there was not a line of "dry" reading in the whole thing. Letters are sometimes months in reaching us. The past summer I received a letter from the Synod Office with a cheque for \$50 from St. Peter's. It reached me six months from the date of the Toronto P.O. I mention this so that friends may see why their letters are not answered. We have received the following bales this fall, just to hand: two bales from the Church of the Ascension, Hamilton; five bales from All Saint's, Hamilton; one bale from *Missionary Leaves*, London, Eng., and one bale from Christ Church, Niagara Falls. We have

been notified of bales and bags sent from St. Paul's, London, Ont., St. James', London South, Ingersoll, Windsor and Haysville, but I fear these will not reach us until next summer. I regret also to say that I have no word of the waggon. I have written to the C.P.R. in regard to it.

I think I must now close. I do trust that this will find you in good health. A thousand thanks to you for your kind labour of love in our behalf. Mrs. Brick joins with me in sincere Christian love and regards. Believe me, dear Miss Dixon, yours most respectfully,
J. GORAN BRICK.

Christ Church Mission, Peace River, Oct. 12, 1891.

Sunday School Lesson.

2nd Sunday after Epiphany. Jan. 17th, 1892.

THE DUTIES OF THE COVENANT FAITH.

The teacher will note that in the Scheme of Lessons this year, No. XI. is also upon Faith. It comes in then as a general introduction to the lessons upon the Creed which follow. In the present lesson, it will be better to teach *what it is*, we believe, reserving our instructions on the *nature* of true faith till afterwards. The present lesson is, therefore, on "The Faith," that is, the Faith once for all delivered to the saints, as a necessary part of the Christian Covenant.

We have already seen that we have something to *renounce*. But that is not enough. Judas *renounced* his love of money, for he flung it down; he *renounced* his malice, for he confessed that he had sinned in betraying innocent blood; he *renounced* his flesh, for he hung himself. What we saw in Judas was remorse, not repentance. He turned away from a bad master, but did not turn to a good master. We cannot come to our Good Master without *Faith* (Heb. xi. 6) as well as *Renunciation*.

I. FAITH.

We are to "believe," etc. What does "belief" mean? It is accepting a thing as true because we can trust the word of another person. *Illustration for the class*—"Do I believe I am talking to you now?" "No, I know it." "Do I believe that Canada is going to be a great nation?" "No, that is my opinion, that is what I think." "But if you say you did something yesterday, and if I can trust your word, then I believe you." Now there are some things that we cannot know, we cannot see, or hear, or feel them. We can't reason them out like a sum of arithmetic, and yet these are the things which are infinitely more important than anything we can see. For instance, "Is there a God?" "Have we souls?" "Is there life after death?" etc. Some day we shall know these things ourselves. Now we must trust to the word of others who do know (1 Cor. xiii. 12). And that is *belief* or *faith*. And our Christian faith, which we profess at baptism, is not about common or earthly things. We did not promise to believe that the earth moves round the sun, that there is such a country as Australia, etc.; but our belief as baptised Christians is in things far above this present world, and they are contained in

II. THE ARTICLES OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

Why are they called *Articles*? "Article" means a little joint, or in other words a small portion of anything. There are a great number of articles, or joints in the body. If you were to go into certain shops in Toronto you could find all the joints of a bird or dog; putting these together is called "articulating." In the same way the Creed is made up of a number of short clauses; and although they are mostly separated only by commas, each of them begins with a capital letter. Each of these is an Article of the Christian faith. The Creed is printed in that way (as also the General Confession and the Lord's Prayer) for convenience in repeating them in the service—and also to draw attention to the great importance of each one of the Articles. All the Articles together make up

III. THE CHRISTIAN FAITH.

This is what everyone must believe before being baptized. A profession of faith has always been required. See Acts viii. 36-37. You will note that the Creed at the beginning had only one arti-

cle. Others were added by degrees, as it was found necessary to guard the Church against false doctrines. (See 2 Tim. i. 13.) The "Apostles' Creed" was the result. Some think that the Twelve Apostles composed it; we cannot be sure of that, but it is at least nearly as old as their time, and is to be accepted with all reverence as having been the symbol of Christianity for so many ages.

People at different periods of the past have had to fight for the faith (for example, the *Crusades*). In one country, when the people stood up to say the Creed, the men all drew their swords and held them up in the air while they said it, to show that they were ready to fight for it, and to die for it. We are not called to *die* for the faith. But it takes quite as much heroism to *live* for it. That is what is required of us, "not to be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner," etc. (Baptismal Service).

Note. We are told that in the early Church the candidates for Baptism turned to the west and renounced the devil—then to the east, and recited the Creed.

Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares"

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

She tried to lift the latch, but it would not rise; dozens of times in her life she had tried to lift that latch in vain and she felt no surprise.

She looked between the bars; far away among the trees she could see, as she expected to see, the walls of a house.

Trembling all over with excitement, she stood clinging to the bars; surely the other little girl was there who had taken her place; that was her real home where she used to live; she remembered, though very confusedly, living in rooms full of beautiful things, when she had worn a white frock, and had plenty to eat, when there was somebody she called "mamma," who was always on a bed, only it was not called a bed, and "papa" who sat by a table covered with lots of books, and there was somebody called "nurse" who took her for walks and took care of her, but was not good to her like mother, but put her into some dark place; she thought it was called a cupboard, but it could not be a cupboard, it was too big.

It was very long since Dorothy had recalled these memories of the past, and they had never before come so vividly before her.

As she stood trying to think, trying to remember more, fighting with the painful vagueness of her recollections, the sound of children's voices reached her, and then the pattering of eager footsteps, and presently two girls, one big and one little, and a boy about her own size, came racing down the green pathway under the trees, laughing and talking merrily.

When they caught sight of Dorothy's face pressed against the bars, they came to a sudden stand-still. They were dark, short-haired, brightly rosy children, whose faces meant nothing to her, but she did not move, she was watching them breathlessly.

"It's only a little girl, Lucy," said the boy, impatiently, "why shouldn't she look in, what is there to be frightened at? Come on."

"It's a beggar girl," said his elder sister, "and she ought not to stay there. I shall tell her to go away."

"Praps she's hungry," said the youngest child, "Nonsense, Lucy, why should she be hungry?" said her sister, "I shall tell her to go away."

The children now came up close to the gate, but still Dorothy remained motionless; and the elder girl said haughtily: "What are you doing, and what do you want?"

Dorothy had been so astonished at the sight of these three strange children, that she grew confused; she looked from one to the other eagerly, but could not speak.

"You must go away," continued the girl, "you musn't stand there looking in."

"Do you live in that big house?" asked Dorothy, at last finding her power of speech. "Isn't there a little girl with a white frock?"

"We often wear white frocks," said Anna, the elder girl, loftily, "if you mean that, and we live up in that house, you can see it through the trees, but you can't see much of it from here; why do you stand there looking in? You must go away I tell you."

"Are you hungry?" asked the youngest child, "No," said Dorothy, dreamily, "but where's the other little girl?"

"There's no other little girl," said the boy sharply, "and you must go away; papa does not like beggars to come to the house."

"Missie! Missie!" now cried little Jenny, in frightened accents, "where's you gone?"

Dorothy turned away without a word more; what was the use of talking to these grand young ladies, they would not understand her; if they lived up in that house it must be all a dream, and poor little Jenny had pricked her fingers sadly in her effort to pick a nosegay, she sat down by the child, and comforted and petted her, and then retraced their steps, for they had wandered far enough, and Mother and Jem would be coming home and they would want their supper; the fire in the stove must be lighted and the pie put in the little oven, for the family was feasting just now, and Nance was a wonderfully clever cook; perhaps her reputation as such helped to keep Joe Lovell faithful in his wish to marry his old love, but she continued obdurate.

As the present asserted itself over the past, Dorothy hurried her steps, but she could not resist looking back more than once towards the little gate where she could see the children still standing watching her. Her home had a name. What was it?

She fancied she should remember it if she heard it again. Her thoughts were in a tumult, and she gave but short answers to the blind child's many questions.

No one had come back, the little encampment looked deserted; close to the steps of the van which was Dorothy's home lay an aged black and white sheep-dog. He wagged his tail in deprecating greeting; he was no longer up to walks, but he wished his mistress to know he had not willingly forsaken her. Little Jenny crept on, and sat down patiently on the steps of the van, and Dorothy, sinking on her knees, threw her arms round the old dog's neck, and sobbed softly. What made her so sad and lonely?

She did not cry long, for Jenny called her fretfully; and, brushing away her tears, she ran up into the van, kissing the blind child as she passed her, and promising her some supper.

Soon she was singing again as she set to work to light the stove, and the song she sang was Nance's favourite, "Wait till the clouds roll by."

Late that evening she sat on the steps of the van, with Jem by her side; she was knitting a sock for him, and he was reading a story he had bought for a penny in the town, for it had been a good day, and just now and then Jem afforded himself a penny story-book.

"What's it about, Jem?" she asked at last, for she was tired of her own tumultuous thoughts.

"It's about a little girl that learnt to say her prayers," said Jem, gravely—he is often very grave now, and his cough is troublesome, so he does not talk much. "You say your prayers, Missie darling, don't you?" he added presently.

"Yes, except when I forget them," said Dorothy, dreamily. "Do you think anybody hears them, Jem?"

"Yes, I'm sure God hears them."

"But you don't get all you ask for, and you told me a long while ago that asking God for what you want was saying your prayers. I ask for lots of things I don't get." Dorothy had laid her head on Jem's shoulder, and tears were again very near her eyes.

"Praps it wouldn't be good for us to have all we want," returned Jem softly. "And it helps, oh, it helps to tell God what we want, even if we don't get it," he added, with conviction, "and God never forgets us, does he now, you see?"

"Jem, I'm not mother's real child, am I now?" interrupted Dorothy, and her voice trembled.

I speak say th ... Y her v. When speak ... I a ve in S night gown Roy that's Jem; his fe He' er th ... C meml baby ... I thing own I her. her th Rose' was v and I and n he wa you a ... N Dorot tome girl. ... N dy," (when before just (when we le very f ... V sure Jem, As the th ed it ... T stroki with l was (said y ... V know, on my how d ... W was i on id way w whack jump, and cu you w Her and h better ... L just tl whisp er, his was n ... Y eagerl couldr want house, pictur cold w be cold us nev any r ... P Jem h she'll mer, r ... I boys. contin

"Hush, dear Lil, mother'll hear you if you speak so loud, and it hurts poor mother when you say that," said Jem, nervously.

"Yes, I know it does," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "but it's true, isn't it, Jem? Where did I come from? Do tell me, I won't speak aloud."

"I can't tell rightly where you came from; I was a very little chap. We were somewhere up in Scotland. Daddy brought you home one night, and you had on a long, a very long white gown, and you were streaming wet," he said.

"Rover had pulled you out of the water. I think that's why dear old Rover loves you best," said Jem; and, hearing his name, the old dog lying at his feet wagged his stump of a tail sympathetically.

"He's very old now," added Jem, "why, he's older than you, Missie."

"Go on, Jem, dear; do tell me what you remember," pleaded Dorothy; "how could a little baby get into the water?"

"I don't know; I never heard Daddy say anything. I don't know what he told mother. My own little sister was dead. Rose, we used to call her. I think they had taken her away to bury her that very day, and when you was dressed in Rose's clothes you looked just like her, only you was whiter, and poor mother called you her Lily, and I loved you soon more than ever I did Rose, and mother, she loved you, too, and so did Daddy; he was very good to you, and used to play with you and teach you to walk. Can you mind him?"

"No, I can't remember him at all," replied Dorothy. And then came the bewildering and tormenting thought: "But that was the other little girl."

"No, I don't suppose you could remember Daddy," continued Jem, "you were such a little one when he died; and, besides, you can't remember before that time when you was so ill; why, it was just close about here, Lil, that we were stopping when you were taken so bad; at least 'twas here we left you, and Joe said you seemed queer the very first day."

"Was it?" she exclaimed excitedly. "I was sure I had seen this place before; are you sure, Jem, it was just exactly here?"

As she spoke Dorothy ran her fingers through the thick hair which lay on her forehead, and pushed it back.

"That ugly mark has quite gone," said Jem, stroking the sunburnt brow, which was now bare, with his very thin brown fingers, "and when it was done mother was in such a way about it she said you would carry it to your dying day."

"What mark?" she asked curiously; "oh, I know, mother has often looked for it; somewhere on my head, wasn't it. I don't know what it was; how did I do it?"

"Why, 'twasn't more than a year before you was ill, 'bout that I should think; I'd put you up on old Turk, and Dick came up behind in his sly way while I was picking some flowers for you, and whacked him behind, and he started on with a jump, and you was thrown on a heap of stones, and cut your head. I was so frightened, I thought you was killed, and—"

Here a bad fit of coughing stopped Jem's recital, and his mother called from the van that he had better come in or he would cough all night.

"Lil, darling, don't you love us, mother an' me, just the same as if you was our own little girl?" whispered Jem; her head was again on his shoulder, his arm round her; such a thin, weak arm, it was now.

"Yes, Jem, I do; I know I do," she replied eagerly, "I love you thousands, and thousands; I couldn't love you more, and mother too, but I don't want always to live like this; I want to live in a house, a big house with stairs in it, and carpets and pictures, and lots of books, and I want big fires in cold weather that don't go out, and then you won't be cold, and your cough will be better, and I want us never to be hungry, and I don't want to sing any more in those horrid dirty streets."

"P'r'aps you won't have to this winter," said Jem hopefully; "mother doesn't like it; p'r'aps she'll be able to put by a bit of money this summer, now poor old Danny is gone."

"I hate living alongside Joe and Ellen, and the boys. I don't want to see them any more," she continued.

"And Jenny! What would poor Jenny do with you?" said Jem, rather reproachfully.

"Oh! I'd like Jenny to come along with us. Wouldn't you like to live in a beautiful house, Jem, quite full of beautiful things, and never be hungry and cold any more?"

"I think, sometimes, it must be like that up in heaven, Lil, up there away above the stars," said the lame boy softly, and as he spoke his dark eyes were fixed wistfully on the star-spangled sky above him.

"P'r'aps it is, Jem, but people can't go there unless they die," said Lil, rather impatiently.

"Lil, Lil! come in, and don't keep Jem talking there, the dew is falling, and he's tired enough. I'll be bound," said Nance's voice from the doorway.

Jem coughed half the night, but Dorothy heard nothing, though her sleep was troubled by many confused dreams.

To be Continued.

"Sendin' Him out in the World."

"William," the brown-haired matron said, As she stood in the kitchen door, "There's a vacant chair by the table to-night, That's never been vacant before."

She wiped a tear from her hazel eye, And turned to walk away— "Katie," he said "the baby, you know, Must be a man some day."

That morning the boy of their happy years Had gone from the farm-house door, To try his hand in the world's broad field, And double his talents o'er.

For years he has lived and loved them, And lifted each load by the way— But brothers were there, and "the baby, you know, Must be a man some day."

So they tied his clothes with a tender care And brushed back the hair that curled— The mother wept as she whispered low— "Sendin' him out in the world."

'Tis a solemn thought for a mother to think, As she watches the baby grow— Some day these hands shall till and toil, When life's dull hopes are low.

Some day these dimpled, dainty cheeks Shall brown in the burning sun. As far away from a mother's care His duties must be done.

Some day, when manhood's high estate Comes on with flags unfurled, The mother will sigh as she sweetly thinks— "Sendin' him out in the world."

Things Above

William Wilberforce tells us in his journal that in a day when there were many instances of calls being given to the House of Lords to persons who, under the plea of patriotism, had frequently followed self-interest, he judged it better, in the cause of religion, to exhibit an example of political purity and remain simply the member for Yorkshire. "I am not afraid," he says, "declaring that I shall go out of the world plain William Wilberforce. I became more and more impressed with the truth of good old Baxter's declaration that the great and rich of this world are much to be pitied, and I am continually thankful for not having been led to obtain a station which would have placed my children in circumstances of greatly increased danger.

Beautifully, too, did Adam Clarke show the humble spirit which his Master gave him when he was raised to the highest eminence which the denomination to which he belonged could give. We find him thus writing: "I am returned to London, and am now at the highest pitch of honour Methodism can confer upon me, as President of the Conference and Superintendent of the London District at the same time. . . . The Lord knows I never sought it. Well, I would rather have one smile from my Maker than all the world could confer besides."

When Henry Martin went in for and obtained the highest distinction of senior wrangler at Cambridge, his mind was kept, he tells us, in a state of calm-

ness by the recollections of a sermon he had heard from the text: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord."

James Brainerd Taylor was announced as being number one in the class of students at college. The emptiness of honours struck him as it had done Henry Martin. "What are honours?" he said, "What is fame? These are not my God."

In such a spirit the soul, while using honours to God's glory, is freed from the vexation of spirit that chafes some men in high life because a few inches of ribbon have been bestowed upon a favoured rival. How touching, we may add, to see the vain pursuit of human ambition laud its emptiness when gratified.

Madame Maintenon, when elevated to the throne of France as wife of Louis XVI., wrote to her friend, Madame de la Mainford: "Do you not see that I am dying with melancholy in a height of fortune which my imagination could scarcely have conceived?"

When sick, too, of high society, the wife of Thomas Carlyle wrote to her gifted husband: "Ah, if we had been left in a sphere of life we belonged to, how much better it would have been for both of us."

An Evening Prayer.

Forgive us, Lord, if we this day, Beneath the burden and the heat, Have walked as men who did not pray, And held with Thee no converse sweet.

We had not felt so great a strain If in our sense of greater need We, knowing it were not in vain, Had bidden our want before Thee plead

Forgive us if Thy constant care, Fresh as the day's recurring light, Have dulled our gratitude, aware That Thou art good in our despite.

Forgive us, as this broken day We leave, dear Lord, at Thy dear feet, And, pardoned, let us gladly lay Our fears at Thine own Mercy-seat.

A Picture Gallery.

Archdeacon Farrar, in one of his sermons says: Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshy will only seem revolting.

"Hang this upon the wall of your room," said a wise picture dealer to an Oxford under-graduate, as he handed to him the engraving of a Madonna of Raphael, "and then all the pictures of jockeys and ballet girls will disappear."

Try the same experiment with your souls. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspiration of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset and ocean.

O, do this, and there shall be no room for the thoughts of carnal ugliness which deprave corrupted souls!

An Eye for Motes.

We ought not to expend all our keen-sightedness in discovering our neighbour's little faults. By some strange perverseness in human nature we have far keener eyes for flaws and blemishes in others than for the lovely things that are in them. Not many of us go about talking to every one we meet about our neighbour's good points and praising lovely things in him. Not a few of us, however, can tell of an indefinite number of faults in many of our neighbours. Would it not be well to change this, and begin gossiping about the good and beautiful things in others?

—The unconscious influence of a good man is greater than his conscious work. He may not know that his face shines, but others see it.

—You will find the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and delicatest ways, improve your

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and a gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said:

"How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell the foul river!"

"No, thank you" the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she or we can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and cheerful face.

"There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone, which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away."—Miss Mulock.

Still Going.

One day a Lie broke out of its inclosure and started to travel.

And the man who owned the premises saw it after it had started and was sorry he had not made the inclosure air-tight.

So he called his swiftest Truth and said:

"A Lie has got loose and will do much mischief if it is not stopped; I want you to go after it and bring it back or kill it!"

So the swift Truth started out after the Lie.

But the Lie had one hour the start.

At the end of the first day the Lie was going lickety-split. The Truth was a long way behind it and was getting tired.

It has not yet caught up.

And never will.—Chicago Tribune.

Sympathy.

How seldom do we stop in the rush and whirl of life to realize the full meaning of this word! We express our sympathy for our fellow-beings by thought, word or action, and, in the expression of this sympathy, should not overlook any, whether child or adult, for all need it in some way. The world at large has fallen into the habit of seeing and considering matters from a dollar-and-cent standpoint.

Practice brotherly love with those that are easily offended. If you see a member at fault, go and speak kindly to him about it instead of telling every other member of the fault.

The well-to-do need sympathy as much as the needy, for each one has his duties, temptations, affections and trials, and we should feel for each other in twenty ways that have nothing to do with the workshop or payoffice.

Sympathy for each other is needed between the husband and wife, each entering into the joys or disappointments of the other. A lack of this will cause an estrangement that is apt to be life-long.

Children have their difficulties, and a smile or kind word will bring sunshine to their sky. In training children have enough compassion to distinguish whether the child's action is done through ignorance or disobedience.

Remember the new family that has moved into your midst, and make them feel at home among you.

The young man that lacks moral courage, the one that feels he must do as the Romans do when among the Romans, must be looked after and helped to do right.

Let us cultivate more sympathy for our fellow-men, and thus follow the steps of our blessed Teacher.

Training Boys.

Rear a youth in a life of ease and self-indulgence, lay no burden of duties or no responsibility upon him, and there is hardly one chance in ten that he will grow up into any true manliness. Idleness leads to self-indulgence, and self-indulgence to moral weakness. This evil is threatening to undermine many of our youths, and to deprive them of that moral stamina which comes only by self-denial.

Society is to be commiserated when it reaches such a condition of wealth that our youth are exempt from industrial pursuits and professional

labours. The law of increase is through self-exertion and self-denial. The best manhood is the outgrowth of wrestling with opposing influences. Fond parents do not consider and weigh sufficiently this matter when they seek to lay up large fortunes for their sons. And inheritance of wealth may prove their greatest curse. No greater evil could befall them than to be placed in a condition of comfort which would exempt them from self-effort and application to some service.

God's favour does not seem to rest upon the abundance which is hoarded up for children, when the needs of the world are so great, and when so many are crying for help. The Lord's poor have some claim upon the wealth, and if withheld for the sake of family and children, it may prove their infinite loss. The youth with slender means and few opportunities, who will apply all his powers to what he has, will grow and make opportunities as he goes along.

The great want to-day is not more opportunities, but the power to grapple with hindrances to obtain the desired objects. The men who are filling leading places in the various callings and pursuits of life are usually those who in their youth had to battle with adversity and meagre opportunities, and who, by the force thus developed, have risen to their present high stations. It is interesting to note that on this principle the sons of the royal family of Germany are required to learn a trade, some manual industry, that they may learn self-mastery and be able to endure hardship.

A self-indulgent, easy-going boy, who never knew one act of self-denial, promises little in the years of mature manhood. The boy is father to the man in that sense.

Seven Scenes in the Life of a Woman.

A wee mother is carefully putting her favourite doll to bed. With tender solicitude she carefully removes each dainty garment and fastens on the tiny night-gown. Then, with a fond kiss, she hugs her treasure to her and places it in its little cradle. After patting it gently, she tiptoes out of the room as the twilight peeps curiously in.

A fair maiden stands before her looking glass adding the last touches to her evening toilet. Her lover will soon be here! Her eyes are full of innocent lovelight! She looks eagerly at her reflection in the glass! How glad she is that she is pretty! She frowns a little at a wrinkle that will not stay just as it should. A ring comes at the door and she hastens away to meet her beloved.

A young wife sits anxiously watching for her husband. At each approaching footstep her heart beats rapturously and then grows heavy with disappointment! She will not go indoors, it is so sweet out there! The creeping shadows cheer her trembling soul—so she waits and wishes, and the shadows lengthen into darkened night.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep. He looks at her gravely while they move to and fro, as if asking why the bright sunshine must leave and the ugly shadows hide her dear face from him. There is a wealth of wisdom in his great, sweet eyes! He holds tightly to her dress, as if to keep her near him.

When at last his eyes are closed, she disengages the loving hand, kisses him lightly—he must not be awakened—and arises to put him into the crib. Then she sinks back into her chair and begins to rock him again. It is so pleasant to rest in the twilight, and he is so sweet to nurse!

A woman kneels by a fresh-made grave. The headboard stares coldly at her and seems to say over and over again the words inscribed upon it: "He was her only child, and she was a widow." With tear-laden eyes she bends down lower and lower, till her lips rest upon the earth. She longs so to kiss the quiet form it is hiding from her! And the twilight seems to hurry past and lose itself in the darkness.

A care-worn old lady sits watching the shadows come—they are friends to her; friends that she welcomes—for they always sing the same song to her, "One day nearer home." And she smiles to them her thanks. She, too, repeats, "One day nearer home." And so life—woman's life—goes on in the twilight till rest comes to her weary body and joy to her aching heart; till her spirit reaches its home, where never a shadow can fall upon it.

Hints to Housekeepers

CREAM WALNUTS. Take two pounds of sugar, a teacupful of water and boil until it threads. Take from the fire and stir until white and creamy. Have walnut meats ready; make the candy in small, round cakes, press walnuts in the sides and roll in granulated sugar.

CREAM CANDY.—Four cupfuls of white sugar, one of water, half a cupful of vinegar, one cupful of cream, a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of soda. Let boil until brittle and take from the fire; flavour with vanilla. Pour in buttered plates and pull.

ARE YOU DEAF, or do you suffer from noises in the head? Then send 18 cent stamp and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Montreal.

BUTTER SCOTCH. Take three pounds of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and the juice of a lemon; add water to dissolve the sugar; boil until brittle. Pour in a large, shallow pan, and when stiff work off in squares.

HOARHOUD CANDY.—Boil a handful of hoarhound in a pint of water. Put two pounds of sugar in a kettle, pour the water over and boil until brittle. Pour in buttered dishes; when partly cool, mark off in squares.

WINTER SPORTS.—The gay winter season exposes many to attacks of colds, coughs, hoarseness, tightness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc., which require a reliable remedy like Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for their relief and cure. Known as reliable for over thirty years. The best cough cure.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Boil two cupfuls of molasses and one cupful of sugar until thick, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and half a cupful of vinegar; boil until brittle. Pour in greased dishes, let cool and pull.

DYSPEPSIA.—This disease may be traced to a variety of causes, such as constipation, liver troubles, improper food, etc. There is one cure—Burdock Blood Bitters—which may be thoroughly relied on to effect a permanent cure. It has cured obstinate cases of 25 years' standing.

TAFFY.—Take a pound of sugar and four ounces of butter, boil with enough hot water to dissolve the sugar. Just before it is done add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Pour in buttered dishes; when cool, pull and form in little cakes.

Just why so many people suffer pain when a remedy of known and certain effect like Hagyard's Yellow Oil may be had at every drug store, is not clear. This peerless pain soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant cure for sore throat, croup, colds, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Price 25 cents.

THE BEST WAY TO REMOVE IRON RUST.—Buy four ounces of muriatic acid at a druggist's. It is useful for various purposes. Have it marked plainly. It should, moreover, be labeled as poisonous. Fill a large bowl with boiling water. Have another bowl or pan full of hot water. A bottle of household ammonia also is necessary. Place the spotted part of the garment over the bowl of hot water. Wet a cork in the muriatic acid and touch the iron rust with it. Immediately the spot will turn a bright yellow. Dip at once in the hot water and the stain will disappear. When all the spots have been removed, rinse the article thoroughly in several waters and then in ammonia water (a tablespoonful of household ammonia to a quart of water), and finally in clear water. The acid is very powerful and will destroy the fabric if allowed to remain upon it. Ammonia neutralizes it. If the directions be followed carefully, the most delicate fabric can be successfully treated in this way.

Children's Department.

Auntie's Story.

We were seated one evening in the gloaming, before a bright fire—we "Oldsters" in our cosy arm chairs, with three little heads very close to ours. We listened to the rain as it dashed against the window panes, and the wind that came in fitful gusts, making the old willows creak and groan and toss their giant arms as if in mortal agony. It was a restful feeling, among all this unrest, to know that all our belongings were safely housed for the night, and we (at least one of the party) was just thinking of "forty winks" before lighting the lamp and diving down into a well-filled stocking basket, when one of the little heads was violently shaken and an indignant little voice exclaimed:

"Oh, Auntie! That's not fair! Now for one of your long, long stories. Hush! Auntie's going to commence."

And so I "kemmenced," and this was my story.

In a little shell of mother-of-pearl, with lining of soft pink, sat the dearest of little fairies. Her hair fell like a mantle of gold over a face like the "snow drift;" her gossamer wings were folded; one round, white arm and hand supported her dimpled chin; with the other she guided her shallop, which glided silently over the stream. At length her rose-bud lips were parted, and with a sigh she said:

"I shall, I will, I must! That's naughty, so says our Queen, but I should like so much to go amongst those bipeds who call themselves 'human beings,' men, women, but above all, little children. I've peeped at them; human nature is such a study! One man can scarcely tell which is human and which is nature, whether it is natural to be human or human to be natural. I must consult my log-book and see whether my ideas are at

all logical. If I could only find my dear old friend, Monsieur Spidare, the weaver; he is so wise and would advise me what to do. Yes, I'm tired of this lazy life! Dancing on the green all night, then swinging in my lily-bell all day. Ah, happy thought! Why not make use of the gift my fairy grand-dame left me, who, as she handed it to me, said:

"Little one, you will soon weary of this good-for-nothing gay life, or else my talent of knowing your inner life is playing me false. Some day, soon, a longing will seize you to give up this pleasant life; remember I say, pleasant life: you will cry out for something deeper and fuller; then open this little casket; in it there is something that will help you to use your thorns with discretion, or else be assured of this, my Rose, that:

The thorns you use, 'tis true, so oft in play, Will turn against yourself some autumn day."

Then she was wafted away on the wings of the wind, and I've not seen her since. Most likely she has been changed into a flower—the future existence of all good fairies. I should like to be a rose; I'm called 'Sweet Rose' now. How can I be sweet and have thorns? Easily; what are my thorns? My not too honied words, in other words, my—ahem! doubtfully—sweet temper. Therefore, I can be sweet when it so pleases me, and use my thorns when it so pleases me. But I sprang into existence with thorns, therefore it is my nature to be thorny. Ah, but I can rub off the sharp edges, so that when I use them they may not wound deeply. And now I must see what this contains." And, taking the silver casket, which was fastened to her waist, she touched a spring; it opened easily, and "Sweet Rose" saw, first, a bunch of Forget-me-nots, which she held to her breast, then pressed reverently to her lips. "My grand-dame's name," she whispered; then, lifting the sheet of silk on which they had lain, her hand touched a wreath of Rue. On the silver paper on which it was folded was written, "She who wears this wreath will have many sorrows, many trials, many tears; her duties will be to watch the sick and guide the erring. If she fulfil her duties faithfully, she will never rue her sorrows, never rue her trials, and will weep tears of joy."

The wreath lingers in her fingers, she is sorely tempted to put it out of sight, but the words, "duty faithfully" and "tears of joy" haunt her, and she says, "I will!" as she places the wreath on her head, and, laying the Forget-me-nots tenderly in their silken sheet, closes the casket. Then guiding her skiff to the sweet briar bush where she lives, orders a "fly" of black and gold, and on its wings is soon borne away through lovely lanes and pretty villages into a dusty town, 'till they dash suddenly into the morning room of a suburban villa and rest on the back of an easy chair in which sat the younger of two ladies who occupied the room; they were discussing the last night's ball.

"The ball," said the younger of the two, "was, I suppose, very pleasant; but, my dear mother, I am so tired of this sort of life!"

"This sort of life, Florence! What can you possibly mean? How ungrateful! Are we not most indulgent parents? Giving you pleasure in every way, travelling, balls, dress, —"

"Everthing heart can wish, mother

mine, and I thank you for your loving thoughtfulness of me, but I should like to do some good in the world. Only let me visit the sick and poor."

"Never! leave that for women who have no ties; pe ple who are weary of the world. Why, I've no patience with you! Think of the fevers you might catch too? No—a thousand times, no!"

"But, mother, why should one wait till one is weary of the world to do good to others? Spending the young life that is given us in frivolity, and then, when youth is passed and health is gone, seek for excitement in looking on the miseries of the wretched poor. I fear, unless I learn to know and love them now, I shall never do so."

Without deigning to answer, her mother left the room. The closing of the door bore testimony to very strong excitement on her part.

Sweet Rose, who had been seated quietly on Florence's chair, whispered softly:

"Be patient, your motives are good and unselfish, only be patient;" then, mounting her fly, she ordered her attendant to take her where she could find little children, as she might be of some service to them. Away they flew till the window-ill of a fashionable house is reached. Here Rose sees two lovely children, a boy and a girl, blowing soap bubbles and laughing loudly. The door is opened and nurse brings in on a tray nicely cut bread and jam, a jug of milk and silver cups.

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, "Only that! I'll break my bread and spill my milk."

"So will I," said little Miss. "It's quite ridiculous of cook sending such a miserable tea."

"Ah, little ones," said nurse, "if you had seen the longing look the char-woman gave at your tea! I heard her say, 'If my poor, dear sick child could only have a taste of those good things, what good it would do her.' Indeed, Master Frank, it's a shame the way you waste!"

"O!" cries the boy, "my papa is very rich; what do I care for the char-woman and her youngster!"

Little Tina looked very sad, and said:

"I've very sorry, nurse; pray send my bread and jam to the little sick child."

Nurse, not caring to descend four flights of stairs for a char-woman, said:

"Cook will look after her; she has gone away home to Charwell Alley."

Sweet Rose did not wait for more, but ordered her fly to take her to the alley where the sick child lay. The very respectable livery of gold and black looked askance, and, for the first time refused to do his mistress's bidding. At this the little fay stamped her tiny foot, and with her wand turned him into a caterpillar. With what a "flop" he came to earth! She never waited to notice, for, seeing a grave little moth floating past, she hailed it and was soon taken to the alley, where the houses were so closely built that they had to lend a kindly support to one another.

On the window of one of the most dilapidated of those houses the moth softly lighted.

"Now," thought Sweet Rose, "shall I go in, or shall I return to Fairy Glen? It's so unlovely here."

"I'm so thirsty," said a sweet, feeble voice, "and I cannot reach that

cup of water, but I must be patient till mother comes home."

An in-tant, and the little fairy had lighted on the sick child's pillow, and in passing the cup, had dipped her finger in the water and moistened the sick child's lips; then, shaking gently her little dress of pink rose leaves, she filled the air with sweet perfume and fanned the child to sleep, to dream "of a pure river, of streets of gold with gates of pearl, and sweet incense."

The door opened and a poorly clad woman entered; going quickly over to the child, she said:

"Nothing but this for you, darling; the lady could not pay me. 'No change,' she said, and cook gave me some broken bits."

"Mammy, dear, never mind; I've had such a sleep, and I have seen such a beautiful place; how I wish we could both go there."

"Ah, lass, we must just wait our time, and my Liza must just get well. I'll make you more comfortable, and tidy up a bit, for I must be off early the morn."

After raising the sick one, and feeding her with some of the bread, she commenced a war on the cobwebs.

"Oh, not that!" cried little Liza, "that is my very dearest old spider; don't kill him, mother."

"Well, well, child, if you take any divarsion out of him, I'll leave him be."

Fairy Rose looked up, and there, spinning his loveliest web of lace, was her old friend the weaver. Wafting a sweet perfume 'round the sick child's pillow, she flew to his web and touched him lightly with her wand. The old spinner stopped his work and put out a feeler, raised his eyebrows and remarked:

"By all that is beautiful! the fair Rose! Pray, have you left your thorns behind?"

This was a very stinging remark, but poor Rose was too sad to cross swords with him, therefore only crossed him with questions.

"How came you here? Where is the lovely place she speaks of?" here

A Tonic

HORSFORD'S

ACID PHOSPHATE,

A most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

Dr. EPHRAIM BATEMAN, Cedarville, N. J., says:

"I have used it for several years, not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess. For mental exhaustion or overwork it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Includes a small image of a man and text: "GAIN ONE POUND A Day. A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME 'ALL RUN DOWN,' AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville."

Advertisement for Hartshorn's Self-Acting Shade Rollers. Includes an image of a roller and text: "HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of Imitations. NOTICE OF AUTOGRAF OF STEWART HARTSHORN OF THE GENUINE HARTSHORN."

she pointed to Liza. "I would fain follow her."

Mons. Spidare fastened well his thread, then answered.

"You, my little one, are the offspring of Madame Fiction; this world is enough for you, and very beautiful it is."

"Yes," said Rose, "but how much more beautiful are some of earth's children," and again she pointed to little Liza.

"Ah, mia, there is less of this world in that little, struggling life than even you can see; but," said the weaver, "what brought you away from all the gaiety of Fairy Glen, may I ask?"

"To see how such as these poor ones live, and to brighten their sad days, if possible. And you, may I also ask?" said Rose.

Taking a few moments to consider before answering, the weaver said: "Be here to-morrow at noon and you shall see, now exhausted nature demands redress; so I must catch and dress my fly. You, who live on the nectar the gods provide, how will you fare?"

"I fare well enough, being a fairy, so fare thee well," and away she flew to fan gently the child and watch her slumbers.

About twelve the next day Rose saw that the weaver seemed very much excited, and all his energies were put forth on a delicate piece of lace work. She quickly perched herself on the window-sill and waited patiently to solve the riddle, why the best weaver in all Fairy Glen had left his comfortable home in "Ivy Terrace" for this poor abode. She notes that the weaver looks constantly at the windows of a warehouse opposite, and, following his example, she sees, standing by the window, an old gentleman. His face is hidden by two large hands which hold a field-glass to his eyes, his head is very bald on the top, while over his neck fall soft grey curls; his coat of parson's gray hangs rather loosely on him, but his linen is faultlessly white. Suddenly he drops his hands, seizes his hat, and in a trice is in the street. Looking up through his closed hand at the window with one eye, while the other eye is screwed up tightly, he crosses the street with quick, short steps, and Sweet Rose, as she gains her station on the pillow, hears him mount the rickety stairs, tap gently at the door, then enter.

"Bless me! Bless me—ahem! Ble-ss me! to think," and down he sat, taking off his hat and wiping his forehead. "Ble-ss me, to think of so much misery so close to my home, and I never to know it!"

"Whose fault is it but your own?" whispered Rose, as she took a sharp thrust out of its case and gave him a thrust with it in the region of his heart.

Mr. Goodheart wiped the perspiration from his forehead, blew a trumpet sound on that organ of his (which should have been in the centre of his face, but which nature had placed quite to one side) with his big bandanna, and again breathed forth, "Bless me!"

"You deserve to be blessed, don't you," said Rose, but this time she did not produce her thorns, she would wait and see his intentions. She noticed that the weaver had ceased working and was looking down timidly. Just then little Liza coughed, and opening her eyes turned an enquiring glance on the stranger, then said:

"I did not know you were here, will you have a rose? a sweet briar rose, I'm so fond of them! See, the field is covered with them!" And, plucking at her quilt she held towards him her imaginary offering, which to her was such a sweet reality. Mr. Goodheart was too overcome to make any movement of acceptance.

"Please take one," said the sweet little voice, "they are so sweet."

"Please the child," said Rose. "If you can't do anything better, make a pretence of taking it," and she gave him a sharp thrust with another thorn.

"Bless me!" He leaned forward, and, touching the poor, wasted hand, said: "Thank you my dear, they are most fragrant. How long have you been ill, my little one?"

(To be continued.)

A Forgetful Pupil.

There once lived a man who possessed such a lovely garden that it was the greatest pleasure to watch its growth, as leaf and flower and tree daily seemed to unfold to brighter bloom. One morning as he was taking his usual stroll through the well-kept paths he was surprised to find that many of the blossoms were picked to pieces. It was not long before he traced the mischief to a little bird, which he managed to capture and was about to kill, when it exclaimed:—

"Please do not kill me. I am only a wee tiny bird. My flesh is too little to satisfy you. Set me free, and I shall teach you something that will be of much use to you."

"I would like to put an end to you," replied the man, "for you are spoiling my garden; but as I am always glad to learn something useful, I shall set you free." And he opened his hand to give the bird more air.

"Attention!" cried the bird. "Here are three mottoes which should guide you through life: Do not cry over spilt milk; do not desire what is unattainable; do not believe what is impossible."

The man was satisfied with the advice and let the bird escape, but it had scarcely regained its liberty when from a high tree opposite it exclaimed:—

"What a silly man! The idea of letting me escape! If you only knew what you have lost!"

"What have I lost?" the man asked angrily.

"Why, if you had killed me you would have found within me a huge pearl as large as a goose's egg, and you would have been a wealthy man forever."

"Dear little bird," the man said, in his kindest tones, "sweet little bird, I will not harm you. Come down to me, and I will treat you as if you were my own child, and give you fruit and flowers all day."

But the bird replied: "What a silly man, to forget so soon the advice I gave you! I told you not to cry over spilt milk, and here you are worrying over what has happened. I urged you not to desire the unattainable, and now you wish to capture me again. And, finally, I bade you not to believe what is impossible, and here you are imagining that I have a huge pearl inside of me, when a goose's egg is larger than my whole body. You ought to learn your lessons better in the future," added the bird as it flew far away.

—Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood, the courses in which they move.

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