

**PAGES
MISSING**

Dominion Churchman.

We have much pleasure in stating that Lachlan H. McIntosh, Esq., is Agent for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN, and is authorized to solicit subscriptions and collect all accounts.

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1876.

1876.

The last moments of another year are now fast gliding away. Its events, whether for weal or for woe, will soon belong to the pages of history, and as far as they go, will more or less modify the character of the future history of the world; although, whatever may be the manner in which the future may shape itself, the ultimate destiny of the Church has been already predetermined by Him to whom the government has been given. No events of an extensive influence, such as belong to years like 1791 or 1848 have taken place, unless we may accept those which have occurred in the East, and the result of which is not yet known. In our review of the events of last year, we noticed the fact that several nations of the world were preparing themselves for a conflict, which, if it should take place, would be one of the most tremendous and most deadly ever yet known. The preparations we then alluded to have been unremittingly continued up to the present moment; but, inasmuch as the best way to secure peace is to show the world that we are ready for war, so it may be hoped that all the preparations that have been made, on the grandest scale, are so many preventives of war in real earnest. And it does so happen that the present immediate prospect, so far as the British Empire is concerned, is eminently one of peace; and perhaps this is very considerably the result of the prominence which has been given to the fact that, should it be necessary, England is quite ready to defend the interests confided to her keeping.

CANADA.

The commercial depression, and the losses which we had to chronicle a year ago have been, to some extent, continued, although perhaps not to so large an extent as the previous year; and had not the harvest been much less productive than was expected, it is probable that considerable commercial improvement would have taken place. The United States Centennial and the Presidential contest do not appear to have had the reviving effects upon us which some had anticipated. The failure in the fisheries of the previous year seems likely to be compensated by the discovery of new fishing grounds on the coast of Labrador. Some fears have been expressed of another Fenian raid, and insurance companies have made arrangements to facilitate the prosecution of their business in the event of such an infringement of the law of nations; inasmuch as it is very unlikely that the present Government of England would

allow United States ruffians to attack our peaceful shores again with impunity. We opine, however, that no Fenian raid will take place until England may happen to be engaged in war with some other power. Some movements have taken place, which have for their object the opening of a trade with the West Indies and also with Australia; and doubtless both these would have a beneficial effect. The United States very largely supply Australia and the West Indies with machinery and various other merchandise, while it is very well known that Canada could supply most of them at much lower prices. The difficulties, however, in the case of Australia are connected with English rather than American rivalry; and in the case of the West Indies, the question is entirely one of tariff. We have always advocated an absolute free trade of all the British dominions with each other, and reciprocal trade with all the rest of the world. Halifax has been made the winter port of the Dominion, much to the satisfaction of some people, as well in Ontario as in the Maritime Provinces, and equally to the dissatisfaction of others. Unfortunately the question appears to have assumed a political aspect, which is much to be deplored. It is, we presume, an experiment which we trust will be successful, and we see no sufficient reason why it should not.

The ecclesiastical record of the year has been marked with a great many incidents for which we have cause to be abundantly thankful to Almighty God. But as we have given as full an account of these as possible throughout the year, it will be unnecessary to repeat them now. As we reported last year, we still have to say that [the Diocese of Algona has not yet received the attention and support which its merits demand and our engagements require." We said then, and we must repeat that the Dominion must rouse itself to a sense of its duty in this respect; failure would be, not disgraceful, it would be base and treacherous; and at our own door will lie the sin.

ENGLAND.

One of the most remarkable things connected with the mother country during the past year has been the "Mission" movement, which has grown to large dimensions. St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has often been filled with eager listeners, beyond the reach of the human voice. Special meetings in York grew so large that they removed to the Minster, where enquiry meetings were held after the other services. One of the most note-worthy mission efforts was that held at Sheffield, beginning Oct. 8th, under the auspices of the Archbishop of York, and the local Clergy. Open-air meetings, visits to workshops, took place in every district. Special services were held for men, others for women; and the greatest care was taken to select the most suit-

able "Missioners" and preachers for the occasion. There is every reason to believe that great good has already resulted from this movement. At Cheltenham a similar Mission has been held and doubtless with equal success. A band of workers has also been engaged at Reading, where great good has also been done.

The British Palestine Exploring party have fixed the site of the Cave of Adullam, and also that of our Lord's Baptism. The latter is recorded as having been at a ford near Bethabara. They found on an average three fords to a mile, and at length they discovered one named Abara, near the village where the Lord had just previously been.

English Literature has lost one of its highest ornaments in Harriet Martineau, who died in June at the age of 75. Among English women of letters, only two can be placed in the same category with this talented and versatile authoress, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Lewis, ('Geo. Eliot.') She was a woman of lofty intellect and of the purest character.

The death of George Smith, the celebrated Assyrian Archæologist is a very great calamity—to him more than to any one else, the world is indebted for the marvellous discoveries which have been made by opening up the buried Assyrian treasures. His death is supposed to have been caused by anxiety and irritation, on account of the interference of Turkish Officials with his intended explorations.

The return of the Arctic expedition with the news that the North Pole cannot be reached is one of the important events of the year. Whether Captain Nares has made a mistake in supposing that the four hundred miles yet remaining cannot be passed over is a disputed point. A more favourable season in regard to mildness of temperature can scarcely occur again until the inclination of the earth's axis has considerably changed. But this very circumstance may have created some of the difficulty in accumulating the detached masses of ice in parts where they threatened to annihilate the voyagers. And moreover, the east coast of Greenland has never yet been fairly attempted, and the course of the Gulf stream, if it is not a myth in those regions, has not yet been followed. It has also been more than hinted that the expedition was comparatively unprovided with the requisites for preventing scurvy. So that we may well suppose it will not be long before another effort will be made to plant the British Standard at the North Pole.

The church congress at Plymouth gave evidence of great and increasing power connected with the church. The operation of the Public Worship Act is, as might be expected, very local in its application. The work of the Church has been going on, her operations are on a larger scale than ever, and the in-

fluence and power of her enemies are proportionately diminished.

INDIA.

The loss of Bishop Milman, is one which can scarcely be calculated. It is in no way derogatory to his successor to say that he may be a very eminent man, admirably adapted for his position as Metropolitan of India, and possessed of an extraordinary amount of mental, spiritual, and physical advantages, and yet be very far behind the late Metropolitan of India. The Division of the Diocese of Calcutta, by setting off two Missionary Dioceses, will reduce the work of the newly consecrated Bishop within something like reasonable limits. We have several times referred to the Ceylon difficulty, and it is to be hoped that the uncertainty of the question at issue will not be much longer continued.

As if in mockery of the new title, which is soon to be proclaimed at Delhi, India has been visited by two of the most-terrible calamities on record. Millions of the population of that magnificent country are, while we write these lines, in danger of absolute starvation. It is the Bombay Presidency which has been visited with this especial scourge of India life. From the district of Candesh, towards the North, to that of Dharwar, towards the South, a broad territory runs down the Western side of the country. It contains forty-four thousand square miles, and has a population of six millions; but the area of scarcity of the means of sustaining life extend, we are told, much further than this. If the causes of the calamity should continue, it is calculated that the area of want may widen with alarming swiftness, until scarcity shall deepen into absolute famine.

The other calamity is a fearful cyclone which has visited Bengal. The sea has been borne in upon the coasts, and has swept along in one terrible flood, which at a moderate calculation is said to have cost the lives of two hundred and fifty thousand human beings. Up to eleven o'clock on the night of the catastrophe, there were no signs of danger, but before midnight the storm-wave swept over the islands at the mouth of the Ganges, in some places to the depth of twenty feet, washing the people out of their beds. Those who survived saved themselves by climbing the groves of cocoa-nut and palm-trees surrounding their villages. Almost every one perished who failed to reach the trees. The loss of life from the great cyclone of 1864 was only fifty thousand. And now a third calamity is feared—a general outbreak of cholera from the masses of putrifying bodies.

GERMANY.

Our sympathies with this increasingly great and powerful nationality are chiefly connected with the Old Catholic movements. Their third annual Synod was held on June 14th, at Bonn, Bishop Reinkens presiding, and from the statement read by Dr. Van Schulte we gather that, in the whole of Germany, there are 15,710 enrolled Old Catholic members, representing 49,851 souls, to

whom sixty priests minister. At present there are nine Old Catholic Students in the University of Bonn.

ITALY.

The most remarkable event that has taken place in Italy has been the death of Cardinal Antonelli. He had played a game, and lost it; so that his death may not have much effect upon the progress of events in the civilized world. Lord Palmerston, however, was in the habit of speaking of him as "the greatest of living statesmen;" and it is admitted that, had events and circumstances favored instead of thwarting this great Churchman, he might have attained an historic rank which would have connected him with Richelieu, Wolsey, Mazarin, and Ximenes. His birth was humble; he was not conspicuous as a student; he left the love of the Fathers, and the rivalry for fat Bishoprics with cravings for the tiara, to his brother Cardinals, while his business was with monarchs and cabinets. His political career, however, was a colossal failure, although he was vigorous and full of resource. Indeed, the whole course of Papal policy for the last thirty years is attributed to his genius and inspiration; and, although the Papal power has been rapidly decaying during that period, Europe has, more than once, awaited with breathless interest the message that should be sent by the grim and lean old man who was known to rule in the Cabinet of the Vatican.

FRANCE.

This country has been steadily advancing in the process of "recuperation;" and there is nothing more remarkable in the history of the past year than the steadiness with which the French people have been minding their own business. It is, indeed, a most novel feature in the history of France, that at the present moment she not only seems to have resolved, but to have carried the resolution into practice, to abstain from mixing herself up with any of the political questions which have been agitating the whole of Europe.

Marshal McMahon has made a tour through the provinces, and has everywhere found progress in material prosperity, and even Lyons a model of peace and quietness.

The greatest writer of modern France, George Sand, has died during the year, aged seventy-two. She was the great grand-daughter of the celebrated Marshal de Saxe. In her writings she painted French scenery, and French rural life with unequalled power. She nowhere, however, shows a clear appreciation of the Christian religion; and though her aspirations were pure, and her imagination was as vivid as her eloquence, even her best works are far from satisfactory.

TURKEY.

The Eastern question is still unsettled and the anxiety about it, in consequence of the Bulgarian and other outrages during the year, has attained proportions exceeding those of almost any

former occasion. Different opinions are still entertained as to the propriety of the course the English Government has adopted in reference to it. It is remarkable also that both in Russia and in England, the people have shown a much greater amount of excitement on the subject than their respective governments have exhibited in reference to it. Throughout the whole proceedings there has been very little danger of a collision between England and Russia. A month ago it seemed most likely that Russia would temporarily occupy Bulgaria, which England would not have opposed. At the present moment even that step is said to be unlikely, as it is discovered that she is not so well prepared to fight Turkey as she imagined. The Conference is postponed for some time, and in all probability a peaceful solution of the difficulty will be the result. We need only repeat what we have frequently stated, that English Governments, both Whig and Tory, have for many years, been more or less responsible for Turkish misdeeds. It was England that more than once fastened the yoke of Turkey around the neck of Egypt; and except in two cases, that of Greece in 1827, and that of Syria in 1860, her influence has not been less disastrous in other parts of the Turkish dominions. The cause of the Christians there ought to have been undertaken, in some way or other, by the joint powers of Europe, long ago; and had not England stood in the way, something of this kind would have been done.

JAPAN.

This country is as remarkable in some respects as China; but differing from it, nevertheless, in two or three very remarkable particulars. In the first place, they have no ancient literature at all comparable to that of the "Middle Kingdom," the "Valley of the Sun;" and, neither their institutions nor modes of life are so stereotyped as those of China, while their language is more adapted to march in the wake of the civilizations of Europe. A great deal of progress has to be chronicled during the past year in many departments in that country,—although missionaries have to be particularly careful in the accounts they send out of their doings there, so that frequently, names and minute details have to be suppressed. Notwithstanding this, Japan must be looked to as a great agent in conducting civilization and Christianity in that part of the world. During the past year, the missions in the Anglican Communion have met with considerable success. Nor may we leave unnoticed the mission there in connection with the Holy Synod of Russia, which took its rise from the Diocese of Kamschatka in 1870. It is superintended by the Archimandrite Nicholas, the Priest Anatolim, twelve catechists, and thirty catechetical scholars, who are all engaged in spreading the Gospel. Two of the catechists, engaged at Saunade, have been prepared for Holy Orders, and two priests have been appointed for missionary duty there.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Centennial year, also a Presidential one, that was to be so celebrated, and to work such wonders, at least in a commercial point of view, has come; and in four days more, it will have gone. As for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, held during a considerable portion of the year to commemorate the beginning of the United States' rebellion against Great Britain a century ago, it has neither been a failure nor has it been so successful as was expected. Not many crowned heads were there: we remember only the name of the Emperor of Brazil—royalty not having yet been universally schooled into, the principle that rebellion is the highest political virtue hitherto discovered. A vast pile of machinery and other products of manufactures and of nature were exhibited. Some magnificent pictures from great Britain, Belgium and Germany, were also there—not forgetting some very good ones from Canada. There was likewise "an unlimited amount of crockery, calico, tin pans, clothes-wringers, sewing machines", and everything in fact except the hundred-ton gun and the iron-clad. The jealousy of New York, on account of the locality selected for the exhibition, led to some of the finest specimens of human art being retained in the "Empire City," so as to cause the boast that the greatest attractions were to be found there. The triumph of a century's progress was also considerably diminished by the revelations which the year has produced of some of the most extensive fraudulent transactions ever known, and which threatened to implicate the highest functionaries of the state. The Presidential election too, has brought to light a number of the inherent defects of the constitution of a people who imagined they had reached perfection before their swaddling clothes had been properly arranged. The contest which should have been *virtually* decided nearly a couple of months ago, has not yet been settled: accusations and counter accusations being made of the most gigantic system of electioneering fraud and intimidation ever known. In the mean time, the state of things in the South, which any other people would call anarchy, is of so serious a character, that it would without a doubt, have expanded itself into a civil war some time ago, had a little longer space elapsed since the disasters of the last one: and what the result may yet be in this respect, is as uncertain as the name of the next President.

Under influences so unfavorable, and with the public mind in so great a ferment on political subjects, the Church has nevertheless made considerable progress. With this exception, we may confidently affirm that, although the United States, during the last hundred years, have done a great deal towards the advancement of humanity in converting the wilderness into habitable dwelling places, they have not advanced a single step in social or political progress. Whatever advances the

masses have made in one or other of these respects, have been made under the older Governments of Europe—where social freedom is not unbridled licence, and where political liberty is not mob-law.

THE "DOMINION CHURCHMAN"

has been successful in an unprecedented degree, for any Church paper hitherto attempted in this country. We need only say that increased efforts will be made to sustain it as the organ of the whole church for every Diocese of the Dominion; and from our experience during the year, we have every reason to believe that our efforts will be duly appreciated and well sustained.

THE SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

The joyous character of the festival of Christmas is still maintained; and that this Sunday may be the more unmistakably marked with the same or kindred features, the Christmas Collect is repeated. Beautiful as it is, so expressive, so full of meaning, it can never tire by repetition, nor can its petitions ever become unsuitable to the necessities of human nature: "Grant that we, being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit."

The Epistle and Gospel present the Saviour under a new aspect. In those for Christmas Day we have His Divine nature, and his condescension in taking our nature upon Him: but in those for this Sunday, we have presented to us the exaltation of human nature—the sons of men becoming the sons of God, through the humiliation of Christ. We are heirs of God through Christ, because of the fulfilment of this promise, "He shall save His people from their sins."

The lessons are from the last utterances of the prophet Isaiah, pointing out the prosperity and the peace of Jerusalem in the days of Messiah. The peace and security to be fully enjoyed by the Church in the latter days, when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together," were remarkably foreshadowed when Christ was born in Bethlehem. Not only was the whole Empire of Rome in a state of the profoundest tranquility it had ever known, but the kingdom of Parthia was so quiet that to this day we are in doubt who was their monarch at that period. Even the Scythian tribes were undisturbed. While at this very time, in a region scarcely known at all in the west, in China, "the Valley of the Sun," "the Middle Kingdom," a peaceful but firm and powerful rule was extended across the vast tracts of Asia, from the Pacific Ocean to the Caspian Sea, under the beneficent sway of a monarch named *Ping-ti*, a name which means, "*The Emperor Peace*."

THE CIRCUMCISION.

The Church does not celebrate the first of January as the riotous festival of the Saturnalia kept by the Romans, nor

merely as the New Year's Day of the moderns, but as the festival of the circumcision of our Lord Jesus Christ; and in this way only have the book of Common Prayer, and the constant teaching of the Reformers led us to observe it. It belongs to the Incarnation. To use the words of a celebrated Liturgical writer:—January 1st was never in any way connected with the opening of the Christian year; and the religious observance of this day has never received any sanction from the Church, except as the octave of Christmas, and the Feast of the Circumcision. The spiritual "point" of the season all gathers about Christmas; and, as the modern New Year's Day, is merely conventionally so, (New Year's Day being on the 25th of March, until a hundred and fourteen years ago), there is no reason why it should be allowed at all to dim the lustre of a day so important to all persons, and all ages, as Christmas Day. The night meetings or "watch-nights" as they are called, are entirely unsuitable to the kind of observance the Church contemplates. The collect very forcibly gives the lessons to be learned in connection with the day.

THE EPIPHANY.

The cycle of the Festivals of our Lord is arranged so as to memorialize before God the successive leading points of our Lord's life and acts, in the order contained in the two clauses of the Litany: "By the mystery of thy Holy Incarnation," &c. Hence the Epiphany was originally regarded as that part of the Christmas Festival on which was commemorated the Baptism of the Lord Jesus. It appears to have begun to be observed in memory of our Lord's manifestation to the Eastern Magi, about the fourth century, in the Western Church. This feature, however, never superseded the original idea. The Oriental Church still retains the primitive name of the Day, "Theophany."

There is an instructive unity about the Scriptures used on the Epiphany. The first lesson for Mattins is Isaiah lx. the same which occurs on Christmas eve. It begins with a proclamation of the Lord as an everlasting light. It also contains the prophecy which began to be fulfilled by the adoration of the Magi, as given in the gospel of the day: "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light;" and the Epistle is an expansion of this verse, showing how the Light of Christ is manifested to the world, in and by the Church. The second morning Lesson contains the original idea of the Festival, the manifestation of the Lord's Divine Sonship at His Baptism. The first Lesson at Evensong sets forth the joy of the Church, and the glory imparted by the coming of her Light, so that each phase of this great Festival is presented on the day itself, and the subsequent Sundays have a systematic relation to the Festival after which they are named.

It has been suggested that the star which appeared to the wise men in the East may have been the glorious light

which shone upon the shepherds at Bethlehem, which at a distance might appear like a star. They have always been supposed to be three in number, are said to have been baptized by St. Thomas, and to have been crowned with martyrdom in confirmation of the truth.

The Epiphany has always been celebrated with great ceremony throughout the whole Church. And when we are entering with the Lord on the course of His earthly humiliation, it is fitting that we should make this recognition of His Divinity.

IN MEMORIAM.

J. B. Chance was the only son of the Rev. James Chance, Missionary to the Indians of the Six Nations, and formerly Missionary to the Ojibways on the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. He was born at the Indian settlement of Jordan River, April 6, 1856, was brought up among the Indians and nursed by them, which made him familiar with their language. When about four years old, he attended a missionary meeting, which so deeply impressed him that he said he had no money to give, but he would give himself to be a missionary. In process of time he was sent to the Grammar School at Guelph, and afterwards to Hellmuth College, London. He prepared for the medical profession, and thought that his medical knowledge would increase his usefulness in the service of Christ in a distant mission field, when the Providence of God should make the way clear for him to become a missionary. He had not been engaged long in his medical studies before his prospects for this world were darkened by presentiments of approaching illness and death, as appears by a document found after his decease. In a few days he was seized with a violent pain in his left leg, and in ten days afterwards died from *arterial embolus*.

He was enabled to testify that he was not unprepared for death; the death of his much loved sister had been sanctified to his soul, and he fully participated in the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

A few days after his death a deputation from the various Indian congregations went to the parsonage on a visit of condolence. Chief J. S. Johnson, Speaker of the Council, presided on the occasion; and his appropriate speech was interpreted by his son, Chief G. H. M. Johnson, affording the Missionary and his wife much consolation. The following resolution was unanimously passed by the Students of Trinity College Medical Department at a meeting held Dec. 2, 1876:—*Resolved*, that the students of Trinity College Medical Department desire to record their sincere and heart-felt sorrow at the demise of their fellow student, the late Mr. J. B. Chance, and do further express their condolence with the parents and friends in the great bereavement which has befallen them. W. T. STUART, Sec.

PLAIN LECTURES ON THE PRAYER-BOOK.

BY DIAKONOS.

LECTURE No. 17—*Collects continued.*

The second collect at evening prayer—*O God, from whom all holy desires.* "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." St. James i. 17. (Let there be then no variableness in our petitions to Him.)—

All good counsels. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." Prov. xix. 21.

And all just works do proceed. "But thanks be to God, which put the same earnest care into the heart of Titus for you." 2 Cor. viii. 16.

Give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." St. John xiv. 27.

That our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. xxii. 14.

And also, that by thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies. "For the Lord is our defence." Ps. lxxxix. 18.

May pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. iv. 7.

You may observe a difference between the tone of the collect for peace at morning prayer, and that of the collect for peace at even-song. The morning prayer, is that of one who asks God of his mercy to bless and co-operate with the suppliant in his strife against spiritual foes; in the evening, the words are rather those of one who looks to the Author and Finisher [of his faith,] for strength against his enemies, reckoning the Lord God as his only defence and shield. After all our struggles, aye, after all our successes, we yet turn in vain for peace to the world. It is God alone who can breathe into our souls that lasting peace which cannot be obtained in or by this world. This collect is also of very ancient date, being collated from the prayer in use A.D. 494.

It will, I think, be interesting, as showing how these collects have survived the various changes of language which have occurred from time to time in the English language, to give you the version of this prayer as it stood in the 14th century. Looking at this version, it will appear how, amidst the corruptions of Romanism, many of the early prayers of the pure, anti-papal Anglican church held their truly evangelical tone; and it will aid us to remember that we err when we confuse the innovations of the mediæval church with the groundwork upon which those innovations were at various periods foisted. It will help us

also to understand that the noble reformers did not aim at a revolution in the worship of the ancient church, but at a reformation,—a sweeping away of the cobwebs of superstition,—a rubbing off of the rust and moth of man's corruptions; and a bringing to the light the obscured beauties of the early liturgy. As an eminent divine has expressed it, "In the church of Christ we were, and we are so still. Other difference between our estate before and now we know none, but only such as we see in Judah, which, having been some time idolatrous, became afterward more soundly religious by removing idolatry and superstition. For, even as the apostle doth say of Israel, that they are in one respect enemies, but in another beloved of God, (Rom. xi. 28.) In like sort, with Rome we dare not communicate touching her abominations, yet, touching those main parts of Christian truth wherein they constantly still persist, we gladly acknowledge them to be of the family of Jesus Christ. Let Rome throw off her additions to the creed and we will gladly communicate with her; but, so long as she retains her errors, we cannot but stand aloof, lest we should be partakers of her sins." It appears to us who know her history, her gross superstitions and follies, as if it were impossible that she could ever purify herself; but how gladly would we hail the time, if such were to be wrought out by that power "with whom nothing is impossible." How every true lover of Christian unity would rejoice and shout for joy if, by God's power, idolatrous, superstitious Rome, the first schismatic, could be brought by God's preventing grace to see and acknowledge her errors, and to return to the primitive faith, to the true Fold.

If we look at the old version of this collect, as we have it in print of the 14th century, we shall be helped to observe how much the reformers snatched from the fire and handed down, unsullied by Romish anti-Christian additions. This old version reads somewhat thus:—*"God, of whom ben (i. e. proceedeth) hooli desires, right counsels and iust werkis, gyve to thi seruantis pees that the world may not geue, that in our hertis gounn to thi commandementis, and the drede of enemyes putt awei, owre tymes be pesible thurgh thi defendyng. Bi owre lord iesu crist, thi sone, that with thee lyveth and regneth in the unities of the hooli goost god, bi all worldis of worldis. So be it."*

Such was our prayer at a time when the purity of the church was almost hidden under the thick cloud of superstition, and thus you may see how pure were those prayers which our reformers retained, and have handed on to us, and which I trust it may please God to allow us to pass on to our children and our children's children.

BOOK REVIEW.

(Continued.)

PLEA FOR MERCY TO ANIMALS. By James Macaulay, A.M., M.D. London: Religious Tract Society, square 8vo. cloth, pp. 160. Price 75 cents. But without multiplying quotations con-

taining opinions as to the results, let us see what are the processes by which the results are arrived at; for, as our author observes, "it is well that non-professional readers should know what kind of experiments are made by men high in science, and so understand that it is no groundless prejudice which holds up their researches to reprobation."

"Dr. George Hoggan published in the newspapers, and in 'Fraser's Magazine' for April, 1875, a little of his own experience, gained as an assistant in the laboratory of one of the best known experimental physiologists. He refers, it is assumed, to the laboratory of a Parisian professor, M. Bernard, but his evidence may serve as a warning as to what is possible in England, and we may add Canada also, if a check is not put upon the practice. "In that laboratory we sacrificed daily from one to three dogs, besides rabbits and other animals, and, after four months experience, I am of opinion that not one of these experiments on animals was justified or necessary. The idea of the good of humanity was simply out of the question, and would have been laughed at, the great aim being to keep up with, or get ahead of one's contemporaries in science, even at the price of an incalculable amount of torture, needlessly and iniquitously inflicted on the poor animals. During three campaigns I have witnessed many harsh sights, but I think the saddest sight I ever witnessed was when the dogs were brought up from the cellar to the laboratory for sacrifice. Instead of appearing pleased with the change from darkness to light, they seemed seized with horror as soon as they smelt the air of the place, divining apparently their approaching fate. They would make friendly advances to each of the three or four persons present, and, as far as eyes, ears, and tail could make a mute appeal for mercy eloquent, they tried it in vain. Even when roughly grasped and thrown on the torture-trough, a low complaining whine at such treatment would be all the protest made, and they would continue to lick the hand which bound them till their mouths were fixed in the gag, and they could only flap their tail in the trough as their last means of exciting compassion. Often, when convulsed by the pain of their torture, this would be renewed, and they would be soothed instantly on receiving a few gentle taps. It was all the aid or comfort I could give them, and I gave it often. They seemed to take it as an earnest of fellow-feeling that would cause their torture to come to an end—an end only brought by death. Were the feelings of experimental physiologists not blunted, they could not long continue the practice of vivisection. They are always ready to repudiate any implied want of tender feeling, but I must say that they seldom show much pity, on the contrary, in practice they frequently show the reverse. Hundreds of times I have seen when an animal writhed with pain, and thereby deranged the tissues, during a delicate dissection, instead of being soothed it would receive a slap and an angry order to be quiet and behave itself. At other times when an animal had endured great pain for hours without struggling or giving more than an occasional low whine, instead of letting the poor mangled wretch loose to crawl painfully about the place in reserve for another day's torture, it would receive pity so far that it would be said to have behaved well enough to merit death; and, as a reward, would be killed at once by breaking up the medulla with a needle, or "pitching," as this operation is called. I have often heard the professor say, when one side of an animal had been so mangled and the tissues so obscured by clotted blood, that it was

difficult to find the part searched for. "Why don't you begin on the other side?" or, "Why don't you take another dog? What is the use of being so economical?" One of the most revolting features in the laboratory was the custom of giving an animal on which the professor had completed his experiment, and which had still some life left, to the assistants, to practice the finding of arteries, nerves, etc., in the living animal, or for performing what are called fundamental experiments upon it—in other words, repeating those which are recommended in the laboratory handbooks." (pp. 127—129.)

Here is another example, "The narrator in this instance was M. Bouilland, a man of high scientific name, and one of the most conspicuous physicians in the Medical School of Paris. His mode of procedure in investigating the functions of the brain, was to injure or remove various portions of the cerebral substance in different animals, and then to watch and note the effects as long as they survived. The account of the eleventh experiment begins thus: "I made an opening on each side of the forehead of a young dog, and forced a red-hot iron into each of the interior lobes of the brain. Immediately afterwards the animal, after howling violently, lay down as if to sleep. On urging it, it walked or even ran for a considerable space; it did not know how to avoid obstacles placed in its way, and on encountering them groaned, or even howled violently. Deprived of the knowledge of external objects, it no longer made any movements, either to avoid or approach them. But it still could perform such motions as are called instinctive; it withdrew its feet when they were pinched, and shook itself when water was poured upon it. It turned incessantly in the cage as if to get out, and became impatient of the restraint thus imposed." After noting many revolting details, he says "It slept occasionally for a short time, and on awakening began its mournful cries. We tried to keep it quiet by beating it, but it only cried more loudly: it did not understand the lesson; it was incorrigible." Some days elapsed and the journal continues: "Its fore-legs are now half paralyzed, in walking, or rather dragging itself along, it rests upon the back of its foot bent upon the leg. No change has taken place in respect to its intellectual power; as its irrepressible cries disturbed the neighbourhood I was obliged to kill it," (pp. 183 184.)

Mr. Fleming, Veterinary Surgeon of the 3rd Hussars, who in 1864, gained the first prize of £50 offered by the Royal Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the best Essay upon Vivisection, gives "an account of the operations performed by the students at the principal school in France, the College at Alfort, and the description would be hardly credited except on the testimony of an eye-witness. "In a building or shed, open to the air on one side, lay six or seven living horses, fixed by every possible mechanical contrivance by the head and feet to pillars, to prevent their struggling, and upon each horse were six or seven pupils employed in performing different surgical operations. The sight was truly horrible. The operators had begun early in the forenoon; it was nearly three o'clock when we entered the place, so that the poor wretches, as may be supposed, had ceased being able to make any violent struggles, but the deep heaving of the still panting chest, and the horrible look of the eyes—when such were remaining in the head—while the head was lashed to a pillar, were harrowing beyond endurance. The students had begun their day's work in the least vital parts of the animals: the trunks were there, but they

had lost their tails, ears, and hoofs and the operatives were now engaged in performing the more important operations." pp. 116-117.

But enough of such ghastly details, the sickening horrors of which are practised under the name and pretence of science—practices which are a disgrace to our age, and which degrade the brutes who operate below the level of the poor helpless writhing creatures upon whom they experiment. All honour to the Medical School of Trinity College, Dublin, whose programme of the Course for 1895 states. "N. B.—Vivisections are absolutely prohibited."

A "Society for the total abolition of Vivisection" has been formed in England, and it has our most cordial wishes for its success in suppressing cruelties, from the mere mention of which every mind influenced by the Gospel of mercy must recoil with horror.

CALENDAR.

- Dec. 31st.—Sunday after Christmas.
Sylvester, B.
Isa. lxxv. 3; Rev. xxi. 15-xxii. 6.
" lxxvi; Rev. xxiii. 6.
- 1877.
- Jan. 1st.—Circumcision.
Gen. xvii. 9; Rom. ii. 17.
Deut. x. 12; Col. ii. 8-18.
- " 2nd.—Gen. i. 1-20; St. Matt. i. 18.
" i. 20-ii. 4; Acts i.
- " 3rd.—" ii. 4; St. Matt. ii.
- " 4th.—" iii. 1-20; Acts ii. 1-22.
" iii. 20-iv. 16; St. Matt. iii
- " 5th.—" iv. 16; Acts ii. 22.
" v. 1-28; St. Matt. iv. 1-23.
" v. 28-vi. 9; Acts iii.
- " 6th.—Epiphany.
Isa. lx. 1; St. Luke iii. 15-23.
" xlix. 13-24; St. John ii. 1-12

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Received—"Parochial Mission, No. 9;—"City News."

CORRECTION.—In our issue of Sept. 7th, we gave an item from an English correspondent in reference to the so-called Popish ceremonies at the opening of Mr. Newman Hall's chapel; when the six preachers, including Morley Punshon, were arrayed in surplices. We have just learned from our correspondent that he has received a communication from Mr. Punshon stating that he "was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling the promise which he had made to Mr. Newman Hall, to assist in the services." In every other respect the account appears to have been correct.

MONTREAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MONTREAL.—The Rev. Canon Dufresne, who was lately taken suddenly ill at the Bishop's Palace, is reported to be recovering.

WATERLOO.—The Rev. D. Lindsay, Rector, is said to have obtained leave of absence for three months and intends going to England. The death of his brother causes him to go. We wish him a safe return.

ERRATUM.—In your issue of last week (Dec. 14th) it is stated that Rev. Chas. Bancroft, of Knowlton, is going south for his health. It should be Dr. C. Bancroft, of Trinity Church, Montreal, the father of the clergyman at Knowlton.

WATERLOO.—The funeral service of the late Mrs. Hezekiah Robinson, aged seventy-

six years, took place in St. Luke's Church on Tuesday the 12th inst. Mrs. Robinson was the oldest inhabitant of Waterloo at her death, having come to live here in the year 1821. She was born in Newfane, Vt., U. S., came to Canada with her husband and lived for a short time at South Stukely, then moved to Waterloo, where she has resided ever since. Her husband died in 1851. The family of Mrs. Robinson consisted of nine children, only four of whom survive her—three sons and a daughter. Two of her sons are prominent clergymen in this diocese. Mrs. Robinson has been widely known for her charity. Every good object brought to her notice was aided by her liberality. She sent none away discouraged. Her Christmas donations to the missionaries around her, to whom she gave on the principle of scarcely letting her left hand know what her right hand did, will make those she cared for feel that they have lost a very dear friend. Many mourners followed her remains to the grave.

ONTARIO.

THE LATE MR. JOHN FENNINGS TAYLOR, FORMERLY CLERK OF THE SENATE.—Mr. John Fennings Taylor belonged to what may be termed the pure middle class of the English people. He was born on the 26th January, 1801, and consequently had passed the age which man may hope to reach without labor or sorrow. His grandfather, Mr. Arthur Taylor, was a freeholder of the counties of Suffolk and Essex. In the former county he and his forefathers for several generations owned a farm called the Brook Farm, situated, we believe, near the borders of the two counties and a few miles from the town of Hadleigh. In the latter county he owned some freehold property in the town of Harwich.

A reference to the town of Hadleigh may excuse the mention of what by some may be regarded as a fond conceit, but what the late Mr. Taylor cherished as a precious family tradition that rested on a basis of truth. The writer is aware that he had reasons for doing so, and such reasons as would not be dismissed as inconclusive by persons who are not only insensible to the worth of local and hereditary legends. Mr. Taylor had been told, and as the testimony came from the earlier generations of his race, he reverently believed it, that his family was united by collateral or direct descent with the Rev. Rowland Taylor, D.D., who, when rector of the parish was, as one of the earliest of the Marian martyrs, burnt at Hadleigh in the year 1555. Forty-five years ago a rude monument, which has since been replaced by a more elaborate one, marked the spot on the neighboring common where Dr. Taylor's martyrdom took place. It was an unequally shaped boulder like stone, one side of which had been chiselled and made comparatively smooth. In the neighborhood it was called "the martyr's stone," and bore the following suggestive but rude inscription:—

A 1555
D. Taylor, in de-
fending - that
was gode at
this plas left
his blode

Mr. Arthur Taylor had three sons and one daughter. The youngest of the sons, George, married Catherine, a daughter of Mr. John Fennings, a gentleman of some estate, and that time a resident of the town of Harwich. The issue of this marriage was two sons, the younger being the subject of this notice, and several daughters.

Parenthetically it may be observed, and the York Pioneers will probably appreciate the parenthesis, that the influences which seem to control the movements of individuals, irrespective of any plan of life made by, or for them, are occasionally curious and sometimes remarkable. In the present instance we shall merely state the facts and leave conclusions to those who may trouble themselves to form them. A little more than a century ago those who controlled affairs in the revolted colonies of North America addressed a passionate appeal to the Protestant inhabitants of the British Provinces to unite with them in their rebellion against the British Crown, promising if they would do so to crush Roman Catholicism in Lower Canada. On the other hand the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada who were suffering under the weight of intolerable disabilities, had applied to the British Government for redress. The Home Government was in a great straight. The Roman Catholic population of Lower Canada represented an important force, and there could be no doubt they were suffering under acute religious grievances. On the other hand to give relief to such sufferers, like putting a match to powder, would, it was feared, result in a serious explosion. However, the case was urgent, so in 1778, in the 18th year of the reign of George III., a bill was introduced by Sir George Saville, entitled an "Act for relieving His Majesty's subjects professing the Popish religion from certain penalties and disabilities," etc. That was the match. It had been applied by Lord North's Ministry, and the dreaded result followed. The bill became law. In one sense the time was inopportune, as the English army for the most part was in the rebellious colonies. Discontent in England soon took the shape of tumult, for in 1779 the revolt known as the Lord George Gordon riots took place. The regular force at that time stationed in London was a battalion of the West York Militia, one of the officers of which was a Capt. John Denison, a cadet of the great Yorkshire family of that name. After the Gordon riots were suppressed, the West Yorkshire Battalion of Militia was ordered to Langard Fort, a fort on the eastern coast hard by the town of Harwich. Here Capt. Denison met the only daughter of Mr. Arthur Taylor. After a time the meeting ended in marriage, and the marriage eventually landed them in Upper Canada. On the independence of the thirteen colonies being recognized, the army was reduced and the militia disbanded. It is not easy for military men to adapt themselves to the occupations of civil life. This difficulty was experienced by Capt. Denison, and consequently he was in the exact frame of mind to see other lands and settle in a new one. The opportunity arrived. Protestant feeling, which had been sorely outraged by the Act of the 18th, George III., was partially appeased by the Act 31st, George III. By the latter act the old Province of Quebec was separated into Upper and Lower Canada, so the members of the "Protestant religion," and of the "Popish religion," as they were respectively called, were to be enclosed in separate folds, and within certain limits had space and verge enough to carry on their spiritual and civil affairs in their own ways.

The Act 31 George III. was passed in 1791. In 1792 Captain and Mrs. Denison arrived in Upper Canada. Soon after the town of York was declared to be the Capital. Captain Denison and his family settled there. He made a meritorious contribution to the new place. Before his arrival there was, we were informed, only one horse in York; he took the second there,

and thus relieved the first from, what we must conclude, was a state of melancholy isolation.

In 1819 Captain Denison revisited his native land, and in his return to Canada invited his nephew, Mr. John Fennings Taylor, to accompany him. He did so. As Captain Denison had named Sophia the only daughter of Arthur Taylor, so, eventually, did Mr. Taylor marry Elizabeth Sophia, the only daughter of Captain Denison.

George Taylor, already mentioned, on his marriage with Catherine Fenning, occupied a farm near the Village of Dovercourt, called in the family "The Dovercourt Farm." At this farm, the subject of this notice and also the eldest son of Capt. and Mrs. Denison were born. This information may be of use to that estimable antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Scadding, for it has been preserved at Toronto by Colonel Richard Lippincott Denison, who has named his place of residence "Dovercourt," while the road which runs from south to north through his property is called Dovercourt Road.

Mr. Taylor arrived in Upper Canada in the year 1820. In the following year he entered the service of the Legislative Council. A little later he was articulated as an Attorney-at-law to the late Hon. William Warren Baldwin, more familiarly known as Dr. Baldwin; but though he fulfilled the term of his articles he never practised. On the contrary, he steadily continued in the service of the Legislative Council, and at the re-union of the Provinces in 1841 was Deputy Clerk of that honorable House. On the organization of the Legislative Council of re-united Canada he was appointed one of the two clerks assistants. In 1850, on the retirement of Mr. de Lery, he was preferred to the office of Clerk of the Legislative Council. On the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867, he was appointed "Clerk of the Senate."

Besides the offices to which we have referred, Mr. Taylor was the recipient of other marks of royal favour and confidence, including among other commissions that of Lieut.-Colonel of the militia; nor is it too much to say that in all the relations of a quiet, unobtrusive life, he avoided no duty and abused no trust.

Mr. Taylor was accustomed to say that during all the years of his public service he had not, till the session when his health failed, been absent for one day during the sittings of the Legislature. This amiable observation had its root in the goodness of his constitution as well as in the clearness of his conscience. Nevertheless, there are very few in whose official lives the sense of duty would take such a stern and exact form.

Towards the end of the session of 1870, Mr. Taylor was disabled by severe illness from attending to his duties in the Senate. He had completed the fiftieth year of his public service, and following the instincts of his character he would have striven manfully against being put out of commission and into "ordinary." His friends, however, suggested to him that in the interests of his family, if not for his own personal comfort, he ought to seek the retirement which, by a life of faithful service, he had richly earned. He accepted their advice, was placed on the superannuated list, and from that time to the close of his life he lived in the retirement of his family, occasionally seeing old friends whose recollections like his own were chiefly drawn from the earlier days of Canadian history, but

"Old times are changed, old manners gone," and Mr. Taylor in several ways was a fair representative of both. He was hearty

and genial, for his manner, though somewhat stately, merely served as a thin crust which really enclosed a good deal of racy anecdote and artless mirth. His respect for constituted authority in church and state, though of an eighteenth century type, was a part of his habit, but his sympathies flowed warmly towards all who, by the force of their character or the greatness of their merits, succeeded in winning distinction and honors. His politics were rather a recollection than an influence, for since the introduction of responsible Government he, like many other public servants, thought that his self-respect was best preserved, and his public duty best discharged, by declining to vote on any political questions or for any political party.

He will be remembered by those who knew him best with great affection, and even those with whom he was but slightly acquainted will perhaps pleasingly recall ceremonies in which his official duties required him to take anything but an obscure part. Nature had given him "a goodly presence," and instinct had instructed him to clothe it with a drapery of dignity and graciousness. Those who had the happiness to serve with, or under him, will always remember with affection the kindness of his heart and the gentleness of his rule. As he lived, so he died, for though his last illness was complicated with several most painful diseases, he passed through the ordeal of prolonged agony with singular fortitude and patience. His Christian courage enabled him to be the comforter of those about him, whom he knew would soon be his mourners. Indeed, his cheerfulness seemed to increase as his strength diminished, and, perhaps, for the reason that he knew himself to be approaching the goal where the "weary are at rest." He reached it thankfully yesterday evening.

On accepting superannuation, he was succeeded by the present Clerk of the Senate, Mr. Robert Lamoiné, his nephew, Mr. Fennings Taylor retaining the offices of Clerk Assistant and Deputy Clerk.

NIAGARA.

NORVAL.—We learn that the Rev. J. Churchill Cox, B. A., missionary at Norval and Stewarttown, has resigned his appointment, and has returned to Nova Scotia. Prior to his leaving the mission he was presented with a purse of money by members of the Stewarttown congregation.

ALGOMA MISSION WORK.—The Bishop of Algoma begs to inform those friends in the Diocese of Niagara who have heretofore aided, as well as all others who may feel disposed to aid Mission work in his Diocese, that the Rev. T. H. M. Daulton, of the Highlands, Drummondville, has kindly consented to act as his Secretary-Treasurer; and to request that all contributions, donations and subscriptions may in future be paid through him.

ANCASTER.—The concert and readings in the town hall, here, came off most successfully December 20th, in aid of the parsonage of St. John's church. The Rev. W. Belt in the chair, as advertised. Students of Trinity College, Toronto, besides leaders from Dundas, and local talent, assisted. Miss Orton opened the evening with a very nice piano solo, which was well received; then Messrs. J. Elliott and C. Inglis, of Trinity College, sang two good songs each, which received merited applause. Mrs. E. Osler sang a sweet song and received an encore. Miss Hat sang two pretty songs. Miss Orton, of Ancaster, and Miss Keys, of Dundas, played the accompaniments beautifully,

and Mr. C. M. Parker, of Trinity, followed, in his usual good style, with his splendid songs and readings. The evening was most enjoyable, and all went away thoroughly satisfied. The sum realized was \$30.00. The Rev. W. Belt has to be congratulated on the very good concert, and some of the party present express the public wish when they said they hoped to see Mr. Parker and his Trinity College friends soon again.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS AND SERMONS IN THE COUNTY OF WELLINGTON.—1877—Jan. 7.—St. George's Church, Guelph. Sermons by Rev. H. L. Yewens, 11 a.m., 7 p.m.; Pashinch Church, 3 p.m., by the same.

1877—Jan. 7.—Mt. Forest Church, 10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m., and North Arthur 3 p.m., by Rev. Rural Dean Thomson, M.A.

- Jan. 8.—Elora, missionary meeting 7.30.
- 9.—Fergus " 7.30.
- 10.—Alma " 7.00.
- 11.—Palmerston " 7.00.
- 12.—Harriston " 7.00.
- 14.—Sermons at Rothsay, Huston, and Drayton, by Rev. H. L. Yewens.
- 14.—Sermons at Orangeville, by Rural Dean Thomson, M.A.
- 15.—Missionary meeting at Arthur's Village, 7 p.m.

The deputations to the missionary meetings will be the Rural Dean and the Rev. H. L. Yewens. The incumbents are requested to secure the services of the neighboring clergy, at their several meetings, and to do their utmost to insure a good attendance.

Collection at each service and meeting for the Missionary Diocese of Algoma. By order of the Bishop, J. J. NEESON, Hamilton, Dec 15, 1876. Sec.-Trea.

TORONTO.

TORONTO.—ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.—The Christmas offertory at this church was \$145, and was handed to the assistant minister, Rev. O. H. Mockridge.

CANNINGTON.—A very agreeable Entertainment was given here by the ladies in connection with All Saints Church, last evening. The programme was an entire success. Comprising singing, instrumental music, charades, readings, tableaux, etc., but had to be considerably reduced in length as it was found impossible to render all the pieces prepared. The piano was presided over by Miss E. Sharpe, who with her sister admirably rendered a couple of duets, while the various characters were well sustained by the Misses Hawkes, Miss Fletcher, Mr. Hirschfelder, and others. The performance lasted two hours, and while it afforded great amusement to the large audience assembled, it reflected great credit on Mr. Burnham, our excellent Church Warden, by whom it had been got up. We understand another Entertainment is in contemplation after Christmas, the proceeds to be applied to paying off the small remaining debt upon the church.

KINMOUNT.—Pursuant to announcement, the Rev. P. Tocque delivered his lecture on St. Andrew. He commenced by stating that the day was appointed for prayer and intercession for the success of Missions, and called upon the congregation to unite with him in supplications to God to send forth more labourers into his vineyard. After speaking of the mythology of the Ancients, and that the story of the seven Champions of Christendom, among whom was St. Andrew, the Patron Saint of Scotland, was but a myth, he proceeded to give an interesting account of St. Andrew, the apostle. It is

affirmed by ancient writers that St. Andrew had Scythia and the adjacent countries assigned to him to preach the Gospel, where he suffered crucifixion, and that his death might be more lingering, he was fastened to the cross, not with nails, but with cords. The form of the cross on which St. Andrew suffered is said to be like the letter X, being two pieces of timber crossing each other in the middle, and hence usually known by the name of "St. Andrew's Cross." In him we have a fine and instructive example of obedient faith. When Christ commands, the servant's business is, not to argue but to obey. "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." And they did fish men, by thousands and thousands. Although these master fishermen have gone to their reward their gospel net remains, and if hands can be found to cast it, no doubt it will "catch men" as well as it ever did before. The Christian revelation was undoubtedly meant to be a common benefit. The Apostles were commanded to declare to others what had first been revealed to them. Their successors are appointed to study and preach the word, parents are to teach it to their children, and masters to their servants. One generation is to tell to another. The speaker then made a strong appeal on behalf of Missions, and particularly the Missionary Diocese of Algoma, for the benefit of which the collection was taken up.

HURON.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SEAFORTH.—PRESENTATION.—The Vestry of St. James' Church, Seaforth, have presented an address and present to the incumbent.

STRATFORD.—THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.—The Mission Church in connection with the Church of St. James, was opened for Divine Service. His Lordship the Bishop of the Diocese was prevented by illness from being present, and in his absence the morning service was conducted by the Rector, Rev. E. Patterson M.A.; the afternoon service by Rev. J. F. Wright, of St. Mary's, and the evening service by the Ven. Archdeacon Whitaker.

BRUSSELS.—CHURCH OF ST. JOHN.—The ladies of this church have shown the energy and love of the old church that have been characteristic of them in many parishes of the Diocese. They have just completed the furnishing of the church. They have carpeted the chancel and matted all the aisles. Around the chancel they have put a neat railing, and in it a handsome stone font. They have purchased a very handsome communion set of five pieces of silver inlaid with gold, and a cloth for the communion table. Altogether they have succeeded in adding greatly to the appearance and comfort of the church.

BISHOP CRONYN MEMORIAL CHURCH.—The third anniversary meeting of the members of this church was held on the 14th instant. The lecture hall adjoining the church was crowded. Many from the other city churches were present. Rev. W. H. Tilly, Rector of the Parish, presided and briefly congratulated the members of the church on the success which had attended their efforts for the past year. After they had enjoyed the charms of music there were brief addresses. Mr. B. Cronyn gave a condensed summary of the financial condition of the church, showing it to be quite free from all incumbrances. Notwithstanding that the church pews have been free and unappropriated, they experienced no difficulty in procuring funds. Rev. W. S. Young, of Huron College, gave

an excellent address. He compared the system of Church Government in the old country with that of the church in Canada, speaking very favourably of the latter. He was pleased to notice the deep interest manifested by the church members in the affairs of the church. During the earlier part of the evening refreshments were distributed by the ladies. A bazaar in aid of the St. Luke's Mission Church, was held under the management of one of the ladies.

During the two preceding days a bazaar in aid of that Mission Church had been held in the City Hall—three tables—one of the ladies of the Memorial Church; one of the ladies of the Mission Church, and one each of Mrs. E. A. Taylor and Mrs. Raymond. The bazaar netted between \$350 and \$400—not as much as was expected, from the claims of the mission on the church members.

Correspondence.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

"FULL" VERSUS FASTING COMMUNION.

To the Editor of The DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me if it is a custom of our most noble Church that we should make a SACRAMENT of *always eating* before coming to the Holy Communion. I speak of this, as I find it to be a matter of which very many persons are seriously in doubt, as, for instance, a communication from Milton in your paper a short time ago.

Is there any book I may get to tell me all about this matter, and where is it to be found? If the above is a custom when was the *Sacrament* instituted, and by whom? I am sir, under the circumstances,
A PERPLEXED MAN.

"THAT LITTLE BREEZE."

To the Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

DEAR SIR,—The very salutary remarks by "Observer" anent *Black Gowns versus White Surplices* are very much to the point, so far as he goes into matters of mere color; at the same time, in theoretical views, he has scarcely touched bottom. It certainly is somewhat surprising that Montreal ecclesiastical circles should create the present sensation; still, passing over all this "storm in a tea-cup," there remains the example of Holy Scriptures staring us in the face, recognizing *white linen, modest raiment*, as emblematical of pure religious devotion—therefore, logically, (and truly) ignoring colors of black, scarlet or others than white. Yours faithfully,

JNO. CATHCART HUTCHISON.

Aylmer, Ottawa, 15th December, 1876.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

To the Editor of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Rus," has said no more about the funeral of the late Hon. J. H. Cameron than the occasion deserved. The contrast between the service at the funeral of the late Bishop of Nassau and that of Mr. Cameron is striking. In the one case, more attention was paid probably to the *religious* part of the funeral; in the latter, the getting up of an imposing procession exhausted the energies of those who had the conduct of the arrangements, so that even the very simple precaution of having the chapel properly lighted was neglected.

Unfortunately there are those amongst us

who would regard our funeral service as Popish. Not long since an attempt was made by the rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity to introduce a better order of things, and his choir attended in their surplices and sang a few hymns at the grave. This proceeding came with all the air of novelty upon some of the spectators. Their feelings were outraged at such an exhibition of Popery! They remonstrated with the churchwardens of St. James' for permitting such a thing, and the churchwardens made a representation to the Bishop, with a view to getting him to interfere to prevent the rector—rector-assistant he was then—from doing that which was perfectly lawful, and in strict accord with our book of common prayer. It is not Popery, I suppose, to crowd a lot of people into a chapel where they can see nothing, and are unable to take any intelligent part in the service. Hence the preference for that way of performing the funeral rite.—A LAYMAN.

FOREIGN MISSION NOTES.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO IN INDIA.—Mrs. Wyatt says in one of her letters about the women of Edeyengoody:—"A most interesting class of women meet here the first Tuesday of every month. There are seventy of them, who have all been brought up in the boarding-school, and have volunteered to help in Mission Work. So many houses in the village are apportioned to each, and they visit them in spare hours, and read to the sick, and to women who cannot read themselves while they are going on with their work.

"Besides this, in the palmyre-juice season, a great many heathens come over here from Travancore to climb the trees and boil the juice, and are employed in nearly all our Christian houses in this way. The women of our Christian class try to get hold of these heathen women and young girls while they are here, and to teach them something about Christianity, and I have heard of some interesting cases in which they have been successful. The work however, in which they are most eager is in visiting the heathen women in the small villages round Edeyengoody. They always go in small companies to help each other, and when they get to the place where the women sit and spin, or into one of the houses, they begin to sing. This soon attracts a number of women and girls, who come to see and hear what it is all about, and in this way much good is done."

AFRICA.—St. MARK'S MISSION, Transkei.—This is one of the oldest Missions in Independent Kaffraria, having been begun seventeen years ago, in 1859. It has now many (twenty-five to thirty) branch Missions scattered over about 100,000 miles of country and numbers 2,300 baptised native Christians, besides many more under instruction. Some of these are Kaffirs, some Fingoes, and some Hottentots.

In Mudalur, in South India, there are between two and three thousand Christians and Catechumens there, under the charge of two clergymen, English and Native. But the place did not seem satisfactory, the numbers of new converts were few, and the older Christians did not appear to grow in grace or knowledge. At last it was found out that many old Christians, encouraged by the example of the head man of the village, were in the habit of secretly practicing heathen ceremonies. This was the reason that piety did not flourish among them. Of course the people who did such things have been put out of the Congregation until they repent, and it is a comfort that others are to be found to take their places and set a good example.—*Gospel Missionary*.

ENGLAND AND CANADA.

A mural tablet is about to be placed in the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral in memory of the gallant Captain Alexander Macnab, of the 80th Regiment, a Canadian, who served throughout the whole of the Peninsular campaign, and who, being on the staff, was aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, and with his illustrious chief fell in the battle of Waterloo. In the *Morning Post* of the 9th June, 1859, is an account of the removal on the previous day of the remains of Sir Thomas Picton from the cemetery of St. George's, Hanoversquare, to the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral, where they were laid near to those of the Duke of Wellington, to whom Picton had proved a brave lieutenant in many a well-fought field as well as in their last battle. This funeral was by the command of the British Government; the coffin was placed on a gun carriage, and the procession was under the direction of the Royal Artillery. The carriages of the Home Secretary, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Gough, General Sir John Burgoyne, the Right Hon. S. Estcourt, General Sir T. Stovin, Sir Hew Ross, Sir Robt. Gardner, and Sir James Coleman followed the remains, and among the mourners were Mr. J. Picton, the Hon. Colonel Vereker, General Wood, Colonel Bagot, the Rev. H. Howarth, then rector of St. George's, Mr. Stanley, Dr. Brewer, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Westerton, Mr. Treherne, and the Rev. Dr. Macnab, rector of Darlington, Canada, heir-at-law and legal representative of his uncle, Captain Alexander Macnab. Captain Macnab was probably the only native of the Province of Upper Canada who took part in the battle of Waterloo, although he has by no means been the only Canadian who has sought and won honourable distinction under the imperial banners of the home country. The branch of the clan Macnab to which he belonged settled more than a century since, on their dispersion from their ancestral seats, in the County of Perth, on the North American continent, and their name may be found inscribed on the roll of the loyalists of the United Empire who distinguished themselves on the side of their Mother Country during the war of independence. It will no doubt be in the recollection also of many that the Duke of Wellington long since stated in his place in the House of Lords that the preservation of the Canadas as a portion of the British Empire was due to the services of the late Sir Allan Napier Macnab, a member of the same branch.

Some years since, when Dr. Macnab was in England, he applied to the War Department praying that he might be permitted, as nephew and heir-at-law of Captain Macnab, who had fallen at Waterloo, to receive the Waterloo medal. Sir John Pakington, then Secretary for war, referred the memorial to the Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief, and his royal highness caused an unappropriated medal to be engraved with the name of Captain Macnab, and forwarded to his nephew with a highly-gratifying letter. This is probably the first instance of the issuing of such a decoration after the lapse of half a century; and while the medal will doubtless be treasured as a valuable heirloom in the family it may be said further to afford some evidence of the interest felt in high quarters in England in the concerns of the residents in our colonies, where such tokens are highly esteemed, and where they tend to knit still more closely the bond of attachment which so strongly unites them to the Mother Country as to lead us to exclaim that the Canadians are more loyal even than the English themselves. Dr. Macnab's case, however, affords yet more conclusive evidence of such a desire on the part of the authorities at home, for not

withstanding the time that had elapsed, and notwithstanding that an Act had been passed cancelling all former claims for prize money, the Chelsea Hospital Commissioners, consisting of certain members of the Cabinet and of veteran field officers, looked into the question of the prize money, and finding that a considerable sum was still lying to the credit of Captain Macnab, the amount was paid over to his representative. Dr. Macnab and his son, the Rev. A. W. Macnab, being again in England, have applied to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's cathedral for permission to place in the crypt of St. Paul's a mural tablet to the memory of their uncle, and have just received a reply from the Very Rev. Dean Church stating that the Chapter gladly gave permission for a monumental tablet to Captain Alexander Macnab. The tablet is being prepared, and will be placed near to the tomb of the deceased officer's chief. The readiness with which their request has been granted is highly gratifying to those who preferred it, and will be esteemed in Canada as a further evidence of the desire of those in England to meet the wishes of colonists.

ANCIENT HYMNS.

Most of our hymns are of modern composition. At the outbreak of the Reformation there was a new departure in hymnology, and the victories of the true doctrine were gladdened with bursts of sacred song. Luther was tuneful as well as orthodox. His "Ein feste Burg," a "Strong Tower is our God," will last as long as the 46th Ps., of which it is a metrical translation. In England, Sternhold and Hopkins, Tate and Brady, Watts and Cowper and Newton, John and Charles Wesley, have greatly enriched our psalmody and hymnology. Bonar is rather a beautiful spiritual lyric than a writer of hymns proper.

Dr. Schaff, who is fond of subject, says that the psalms of scripture were the first sacred songs, and will outlast all others. Like all other human compositions, hymns have their day.

How seldom do we now hear the favorite strains that thrilled vast and solemn assemblies in our boy-hood! Some of them come back to us with great sweetness and power; as

O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store.

The words and the tune are forgotten by the Church of to-day.

A few of our hymns will probably last, as a few have come down to us from antiquity. The Odes of Horace and of Pindar could hardly have been sung to our modern tunes. The Gregorian chants were suitable for either prose or poetry. But in course of time compositions came into vogue in which accent rather than quality guided the verse. Rhyme was superadded, and the foundation of our modern hymnology was laid.

The most noted of the Latin Hymns is the Dies Irae. It is attributed to Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century. It has never been sung generally by Protestants. A few verses translated by Sir Walter Scott have found a way into our hymn books under the heading of

"The day of wrath, that dreadful day."

In the Romish burial service it appears in the original Latin, as for instance in Mozart's famous Requiem Mass.

No translation of this Ode has ever seemed to us to equal the original. There is a weird terror in its simple stanzas that you can never forget, but it evaporates in the process of translation. One reason is that most translators insist on copying the

measure of the original and reproducing the three-line rhymed stanzas. This measure is comparatively easy in the Latin where rhymes are as plentiful as the leaves in Vallambrosa's vale. But in English it is troublesome, especially when you are confined to the thought of another.

It is questionable whether a simple translation, closely following the Latin, would not give the English reader a better idea of the simple grandeur of this famous ode than all the versified renderings that we have.

It is worthy of remark that our fellow countryman, and sometime antagonist, Gen. John A. Dix, has furnished one of the very best of all the English translations. He is said to have written it at Fortress Monroe in the second year of the late civil war. I will quote the stanza that used to effect Dr. Sam Johnson so much,

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, cruce[m] passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus

Gen. Dix renders thus:

Worn and weary thou hast sought me
By thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope thy labors brought me.

A nearly literal rendering would be,

Seeking me thou sattest wearied,
Cross-enduring didst redeem me.
Not in vain be so great labor!

The reader will notice that in Gen. Dix's version one allusion is almost if not quite lost. Jesus sat wearied at Jacob's well. He was not seeking to save the woman of Samaria merely; every devout heart will cry, He was seeking me, even me also.

I have translated the first two verbs by the past tense of the English instead of the perfect. The Latin admits of either of these two tenses, but the sense seems to me to suggest the past. The distressed spirit exclaims, Thou didst yonder in the past redeem me. Let that mighty work not prove fruitless now.

A RELIGIOUS RAILWAY.

For some time past paragraphs have appeared in the Romish press to the effect that a Signor Pierotti had obtained from the Sultan of Turkey the authorization to construct a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, that he had obtained the blessing of the Pope on his undertaking for a consideration, and the permission of the College of Cardinals to solicit funds from wealthy Catholics for the undertaking. According to the circular of Signor Pierotti the object sought is to facilitate the transport of Roman Catholic pilgrims to Jerusalem, and as a means of placing Roman Catholic missions on a par with those of other Christian sects in that city. It is not stated whether Roman Catholics are to have a monopoly of the line; but perhaps his religious feelings will be satisfied with transporting his co-religionists in first-class carriages, and other Christian denominations in third-class cars or luggage vans. The idea of a religious railway is certainly novel, and breaks upon the mammon-worshipping world with all the force of a new sensation; but nevertheless, it must be a great satisfaction to find Romanists consenting to transform pilgrimage into a pleasant railway excursion. However, we have not heard that the capital has been raised, and the whole idea may only live in the devout imagination of Signor Pierotti.—*Weekly Review*.

THE same Bible that gives us the Ten Commandments enjoins that charity, which believeth all things, hopeth all things.—*Guthrie*.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.

At school, at school! and shall we take
The Book of books away?
Withhold it from the little ones?
Leave them at will to stray
Upon dark mountains helplessly,
Without the guiding light
That God intrusts to us, until
They perish in the night?

Shall husks and chaff be freely given,
And not the Bread of Life?
And shall the Word of Peace become
A centre of mad strife?
Shall those who name the name of Christ
His own great gift withhold?
Our Lamp, our Chart, our Sword, our Song,
Our Pearl, our most fine Gold!

Why would we have "no Bible taught?"
Is it for fear? or shame?
Out, out upon such coward hearts,
False to their Master's name.
If God be God, if truth be truth,
If Christian men be men,
Let them arise and fight the fight,
Though it were one to ten!

With battle cry of valiant faith,
Let Britain's sons arise.
"Our children shall be taught the word
That only maketh wise!"
So, dauntlessly, will we unfurl
Our banner bright and broad,
The cause of His dear word of life,
Our cause, the cause of God.

WHY THE SHARK IS FIERCE.

Two things contribute to the shark's determined fierceness. In the first place, we may refer to his teeth, for of these engines of destruction nature has been to him particularly bountiful; and this species of bounty he has a peculiar pleasure in exercising. If he could speak he would probably tell us that besides being troubled with his teeth, which he could not help keeping in use, he had been gifted with enormous abdominal viscera, and that, more particularly, a third of his body is occupied by spleen and liver. The bile and other digestive juices which are secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, tend to stimulate appetite prodigiously—and what hungry animal with good appetite was ever tender hearted? In truth, a shark's appetite can never be appeased; for, in addition to this bilious diathesis, he is not a careful masticator, but, hastily bolting his food, produces, thereby, not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of parasites, which goad as well as irritate the intestines, to that degree that the poor squalus is sometimes quite beside himself from the torments, and rushes, like a blind Polyphemus, through the waves in search of anything to cram down his maw that may allay such urgent distress. He does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished. "It is not I," expostulates the man in the crowd, "that is pushing; it is others behind me." The poor wretch must satisfy not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demand of these internal parasites, either with dead or living food; and therefore it is that, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and sometimes gorges himself beyond what he is able to contain.—*Appleton's Science Monthly*.

A LOWLY Christian woman said that she found it very easy to pray always, for everything suggested to her a new prayer. When she awoke, she prayed that she might finally awake to the resurrection of the just. When she arose, she prayed that she might at last rise in Christ's likeness. When she washed, she prayed that the blood of Jesus might wash her soul. When she ate, she prayed that she might be fed with spiritual food. Thus every duty, every day, suggested prayer.

ONE LIFE ONLY.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

To certain generous, deep-toned natures, the sentiment of compassion can become an influence more powerful than love, or ambition, or even the intense human desire for personal happiness. To women, especially, the suffering of one towards whom their sympathies have been strongly drawn out is intolerable, and when their tendency to hero worship is roused, along with a restless rebellion against the pain they cannot reach, it is well-nigh inevitable that a power is thereby established over their heart and soul and life itself, from which they never more are free while thought and feeling last.

So at least it was with Una Dysart; a very tyranny of pity held her in its grasp as she stood an hour later on the threshold of her home, and let her hand rest for a moment in that of Humphrey Atherstone while he took his leave of her. But mingled with her aching regret for the darkening of his life, by the baleful shadows she dimly perceived, but in nowise understood, was a sense of strong admiration for the sacrifice of himself to some high theory of honour or rectitude, which she believed, from what he said, to have been the cause of all that was strange and unusual in his mode of existence. Little enough did the young girl know of the complicated difficulties that beset even the most white-robed souls, when they seek to walk with their garments spotless through the tortuous paths of this bewildering world; but her own pure instincts taught her that there is nothing upon earth more noble than the man who flings away life and its hopes like dross, that he may keep unalloyed the fine gold of truth and justice; and she believed she had discerned that this was the case with Humphrey Atherstone, although she was aware that she had as yet obtained but a glimpse of the singularly intricate web of trials and perplexities which seemed to surround him on every side.

They had come down together from the "Eagles' Nest" after that strange meeting, when during a moment Una had thought she saw the vision of a soul in pain, for whom the days of expiation were too surely gone, and found instead that it was a living, breathing man who stood before her, on whom the burden of the flesh still lay, with all its marvellous contradictions of miserable weakness and glorious strength. It was scarcely a matter of choice that he should go with her when she started to return home, for the descent by the steep and rocky path was much more dangerous than even the ascent had been, difficult as she had found it; and often her two little white hands were clasped in his, while she bounded from some impracticable rock to the lower level where he stood; or his strong arm held her figure in his grasp when the shelving path threatened a precipitous fall. And when at last they had passed from the cliff to the heath-clad mountain-side, they walked on together through the morning air, talking almost as if the freedom of old acquaintanceship and the strength of a tacit compact were worth they were to be special

little Una, in her naive inexperience, thought that nothing could be much more charming than to have a confidential friendship with a man who never intended to marry, especially if he happened to possess such great qualities as those with which she invested Humphrey Atherstone, and had the additional merit of being unhappy, for it was so very pleasant to comfort people who were unfortunate; and under these felicitous circumstances, she

could be as kind to him as she pleased, without the least risk of his mistaking her; and she could give him her confidence, and benefit by the hard-headed wisdom and freedom from pettiness of all kinds, by which she honestly believed men were distinguished from the weaker vessels among whom she herself was numbered. So she turned to him with a trust and sympathy which gave exquisite pleasure to the world-worn man, and roused in him a response of a somewhat stronger nature than she at all suspected.

Of course they exchanged confidences as to the past. It was as easy as it was delightful for Humphrey Atherstone to look through and through the transparent, sunny life of nineteen years, which was all that pure-hearted Una had yet tasted of human experience; but it was a very different matter when she turned her eyes, clear and unclouded as they were, on the veiled existence, whose hidden struggles had made him what he now was. He could speak to her of his youthful days, when the world and its joys were as free to him as to any one on earth; of his exploits at school and college, and of the period after his return home, when he made the old Abbey one of the gayest centres of the county society, and he was himself foremost in all the field sports for which Northangleshire was famed; but when he came to the point where the grave of Maurice Atherstone seemed to lie across his path in life, and out off that which was past from all that was to come, his lips became locked in an impenetrable silence, from which she learned indeed, better than words could have told her, that out of that grave had arisen the dark, inexplicable mists through which he was now stumbling on, like a man who has lost his way, and knows not whether the course he has taken will lead him to safety or destruction. But she could read no further than this one fact in the riddle of his history. Very bitterly he spoke to her, however, of the suspicions which had fallen upon him, even while he offered no explanation of the change in himself which had caused them, and it was for this especially that Una longed to comfort him as they stood on the doorstep of her home, scarcely conscious how unwilling they were to separate.

It was, perhaps, fortunate that an interruption came. The old butler suddenly appeared, ushering out Mr. Northcote, somewhat to Una's surprise, as it seemed an early hour for a visitor. He shook hands with her, merely saying he had called to see her father on business; and then, as he went down the steps, Atherstone gave a quick pressure to her hand, and followed him at once, with a bitter expression of self-scorn on his silent lips as he felt the pain it caused him to leave her.

CHAPTER X.

"Rather an unexpected meeting, Mr. Atherstone," said the outspoken Squire Northcote with his genial laugh, as they walked down the avenue together. "I dare say you did not look to find me at Vale House so early, and I certainly did not anticipate seeing you as a young lady's escort at this time in the morning."

"An accidental encounter," said Atherstone, so grimly that Mr. Northcote hurriedly changed the subject, and plunged into explanations as to his own proceedings, which had he paused for reflection he would probably have withheld.

"Colonel Dysart asked me to come and advise him about his will, which he wishes to draw up in the course of the next few days, while Mr. Cunliffe is with him."

"Who is Mr. Cunliffe?"

"An Australian judge, who came over in the same ship with him from the Cape. It

seems Dysart has some property in Australia, which he has never seen, and he thinks this man can advise him as to the proper testamentary disposal of it, so he has asked him to come and visit him for a few days, and he wishes me to be one of his exhortors."

"Is Colonel Dysart feeling ill, that he is making these preparations?"

"Not worse than usual, I imagine; but he tells me he has some malady which is likely to carry him off suddenly, though he may live for years yet. Of course, his only anxiety is about his daughter, to whom he wishes to secure this property."

"What would become of her if he died?"

"She has some relations on the mother's side to whom she could go, I believe, though she has never made acquaintance with them. But Dysart naturally expects she will marry and have a home of her own; and I should think there could be no doubt that she will, for she is an uncommonly pretty, attractive girl," added the squire, glancing at his friend. But when Mr. Atherstone spoke again it was to ask, with much apparent solicitude for Mr. Northcote's comfort, how he came to be on foot at such a distance from his home.

"My horse cast a shoe, and the groom took him to the blacksmith's; but here he is bringing him to meet me. I say, Atherstone," he continued, after he was mounted and ready to start, "the Dysarts are coming to dine with us the day after to-morrow, and they bring their guest with them; will you join us? I fancy this Cunliffe is a shrewd old fellow, well worth knowing."

For a moment Atherstone stood irresolute, with a frown on his face, as if he were in a sort of angry perplexity; then, with an impatient stamp of his foot on the ground, he turned impulsively to Mr. Northcote and said, "I will come with the greatest pleasure, Mr. Northcote. What is your hour?—seven? Thank you; I shall not fail to appear;" and therewith the men shook hands and parted.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Northcote to himself as he trotted away, "what on earth will Mrs. Northcote say? she has such a horror of Atherstone nowadays; and I never dreamt he would come. What possessed me to ask him?—old habit, I suppose. Well, the deed is done, and cannot be undone. I must do the best I can with her;" and thus philosophically making up his mind to endurance, the oppressed squire trotted on to his doom.

Never in all her life had Una Dysart felt so restless as she did during the remainder of this day. It might have been supposed that after her fatiguing walk in the morning she would have been glad to have rested in peace; but instead of that, if she attempted to sit still for five minutes, her impatient little feet seemed to carry her off in spite of herself. From room to room she flitted like an unquiet spirit, tormenting her father by her efforts to make him leave the papers with which he was occupied; then making wild proposals to go and meet Mr. Cunliffe at the station, to which plan Colonel Dysart strongly objected; and finally, in spite of the heavy rain which had quenched the brightness of the morning, and made it seem to her more like a sunny, far-off dream than a reality, she determined to go and visit Lillith Orlinton, whom she had not seen since the cricket match a few days previously.

Una had often thought with great wonder and distress of the strange state of suffering in which she had found the rector's sister, by the river-side, on that occasion; but after the few words already recorded which Lillith had spoken when first taken by surprise, she had said nothing which could explain the seemingly unnecessary pain she was inflicting both on herself and

Rupert Northcote. Their marriage had been considered an almost certain event by every one who knew them, including Rupert's own family, for with his usual cool nonchalance he had spoken quite openly of his wishes respecting Lilith, and she herself had seemed too entirely childlike and simple to make any concealment of the fact that she returned his affection with the utmost devotion. Yet there could be no question that she had refused to be his wife, and had flung all her hopes of happiness to the winds, on that sunny summer's day, when she stood with him beneath the shade of the drooping willows, while the river at their feet flowed onward to the sea, with its plaintive, ceaseless murmur, like the voice of a never-dying regret.

Rupert Northcote had left the cricket field immediately after he passed Miss Dy-sart in such hot haste, and it became known that he had gone that same evening to London, where it was supposed he still remained, as he had not reappeared in Northangleshire; while Lillith, abruptly quitting Una, had sought out her brother Richard, and besought him to take her home at once. This the rector had done with the utmost alacrity, being only too glad to escape from that peculiar phase of his duties which he was at the time performing with infinite labour, as he tried in his stiff, awkward manner to join in the amusements of his parishioners.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS WORD.

One day I heard the softest little tap-tap at the door, low as though made by a kitten's paw, and when I opened it, a beautiful little boy, with brown eyes, red lips, and rich olive complexion, stood there perspiring, and holding his old battered hat in his sun-burnt hand.

"Would you lend me a wheel-barrow to take some walnuts home? I will bring it back this evening," said he respectfully, and he appeared like a dear little gentleman.

"Be sure, my little man, I want to accommodate you," said I laying my hand on his moist brow, and turning his sweet face fairly up to view, "but how do I know that you are an honest little stranger? Your eyes and face look very honest, but sometimes a boy's acts belie his truthful face. Yes, I'll lend you the wheel-barrow, and take your word for it that you'll bring it back this evening. But you look so tired and sweaty that I believe you'd like one of my nice cookies, would you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you," said he; and then I put the sideboards on the wheel-barrow and ran it out at the gate for him, and helped him to lift a sack of nuts into it. In the evening, as we sat at tea, I heard the wheel-barrow coming up the dusty road with a creaking "wheek, whack," and I felt rejoiced to know that my little stranger was a boy who could be trusted.

"I did bring it home now, didn't I," said he puffing along.

"Thank you," said I. "It does me good to meet a boy who regards his word as something sacred, because I think an honest boy will make an honest man," and I shook hands with the little fellow, and told him to sit down and rest.

He took off his hat and sat down, saying, "I can't stay long, because I have to get the cow for mother, and we keep her in Mr. Irving's pasture."

I learned who the child was—that he was the new blacksmith's son, and that he had a little brother and sister at home, and that "Sissy Zoa" was the darlinest baby in the world. I talked to him about keeping his word always, regarding it as something sacred—of building up a character

for truthfulness; and for a few moments I talked little boy-talk as hard as I could. His big eyes watched me closely—he understood and appropriated every word I said. I gave him a cookie to eat then, and one for after he got home, and one a-piece for the little brother and sister, and told him to mind what his mother had said about getting the cow, and that I believed he was rested and had better go now; but whenever he wanted any favors hereafter, I would not be afraid to trust him.

Oh, he walked off so royally! just as rich and honorable, and he took strides like a young Goliath! And I! I felt good to meet with a specimen of manly integrity in such a lump of a boy. I felt a deep interest in the child, and resolved to watch him, and do him all the good I could.—*Exchange.*

CONSEQUENCES.

"Consequences," as a game, may be very amusing, and a good pastime for an hour of an evening. But when we think that all the world is playing at consequences, in quite serious fashion, and as an every-day, real-life business, it becomes a more serious matter.

That "Gen. Butler meets Queen Dido," and he says "Which is the way to Boston?" and she says, "Shoo Fly," and the consequence is, "They both run for office," is good to laugh over, since joining things which have no natural connection is absurd. But when John sees a pretty face, and he says, "Will you marry me?" and she says, "Yes," and the consequence is that they live in mismatched misery for the rest of their lives, it may be just as absurd, but not nearly so amusing.

And yet it is just what men and women are doing every day. Joining things that have no natural connection expecting results from causes that can never produce them; looking for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. All life, in fact, is a succession of cause and consequences. The things we do are causes; the things we want, unless, indeed, it is the things we don't want, are the consequences; and he is a wise man indeed who really knows what he wants and how to go to work for it.

We see it in small things and in great ones.

The girl wants beauty and pleasure. She laces lightly and takes unreasonable exposure at unreasonable hours, and the consequence is sickness and misery.

People shun merely suggested dangers, just as a horse shies at an innocent black stump. It is easier in any particular case to consult their feelings and shy out of the way of even a suggestion, than to be bravely reasonable, and the consequence is they become timid and nervous, and in the bonds of fear to imaginary evils.

Men grasp and hoard and crowd for wealth and pleasure, and the consequence is they become hard, narrow, unloving, and wretched.

We do not consider the plain rules of cause and effect. We look for results without any, or any related causes whatever, and trust to luck and hope for the best and don't get it. We live causes, but hope to avoid consequences, and sow our wild oats with a free hand. We even invert the natural order of things, and expect to be good as a consequence of going to heaven, instead of getting heaven as we attain to goodness; forgetting that it is to him that overcometh that it shall be granted to sit in the kingdom, and not that he that is taken into the kingdom shall be exalted.

I think no man preaches a true sermon unless he has first somewhat lived it

himself, and the words are noble and life-giving in consequence of their first having given him life. Giving is a consequence of getting.

You cannot give alms till some one at least has earned the money which you give; you cannot give better things than money till you yourself have worked for and earned them. You cannot teach till you have first studied. You cannot go into society and talk well without having gathered into your life material of pleasant and witty and true and earnest things which you can command.

You cannot give anything of best values until you have first made it a part of your own life; and so we give our lives for the brethren and find that giving is both a consequence and a cause, bringing back blessings to ourselves. Life is a growth. We send our roots down into the dark still earth, and we spread our branches out in the light and gladness of heaven's sunshine, but both roots and branches but contribute to the consequence of the sweet, beautiful fruit, and that in turn holds the seeds of future and more abundant harvests.

Let us be wise, then, for there is nothing truer than the Scripture law of the consequences:—"Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Christian Weekly.*

FEEDING ON GOD.

It is the grand endeavor of the gospel to communicate God to men. They have undertaken to live without Him, and do not see that they are starving in the bitterness of their experiment. It is not, as with bodily hunger, where they have a sure instinct compelling them to seek their food, but they go after the husks, and would fain be filled with these, not even so much as conceiving what is their real want, or how it comes. For it is a remarkable fact that so few men, living in the flesh, have any conception that God is the necessary supply and nutriment of their spiritual nature, without which they famish and die. It has an extravagant sound when they hear it. They do not believe it. How can it be that they have any such high relation to the Eternal God, or He to them? It is as if the tree were to say—"What can I, a mere trunk of wood, all dark and solid within, standing fast in my rod of ground—what can I have to do with the free, moving air, and the boundless sea of light that fills the world? And yet it is a nature made to feed on these, taking them into its body to supply, and vitilize, and color every fibre of its substance. Just so it is that every finite spirit is inherently related to the infinite, in him to live, and move, and have its being. It wants the knowledge of God, the eternal manifestation of God, the approbation of God, a consciousness lighted up by His presence, to receive of His fullness, to be strong in His might, to rest in His love, and be centered everlastingly in His glory. Apart from Him, it is an incomplete creature, a poor, blank fragment of existence, hungry, dry and cold. And still, alas! it cannot think so. Therefore Christ comes into the world to incarnate the divine nature, otherwise unrecognized, before it; so to reveal God to its knowledge, enter Him into its faith and feeling, make Him its living bread, the food of its eternity. Therefore of His fulness we are called to feed, receiving of Him freely grace for grace. When He is received He restores the consciousness of God, fills the soul with the divine light and sets it in that connection with God which is life—eternal life.

EVERY branch of the true vine produces the same kind of fruit, let that be much or little.

RESTING IN GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He.

Know His love, in full completeness,
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.

Though the world the folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace the inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand—
Childlike proudly pushing back
The offered hand—

Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength does feebleness appear;
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.

Fear'st sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not;
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath the comfort spoken,
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good away.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for his sake,
Sweetly bending to his will—
Lying still.

To his own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength:
To each Christian soul that liveth
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care:
Ask him not, then, "when," or "how,"
Only bow.

JUDICIAL OATHS.

When a Galla of Abyssinia sits down over a pit covered with a hide, imprecating that he may fall into a pit if he breaks his word, or when in our police courts we make a Chinaman swear by taking an earthen saucer and breaking it on the rail in front of the witness-box, signifying, as the interpreter then put it in words, "If you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like this saucer," we have here two full oaths, which the penalty, magical or religious, is shown in pantomime before us.

The rude natives of New Guinea swear by the sun, or by a certain mountain, or by a certain weapon, that the sun may burn them, if they lie. The savages of the Brazilian forests raise the hand over the head or thrust it into their hair, or they will touch the points of their weapons.

As to swearing by weapons, another graphic instance of its original meaning comes from Aracan, where the witness, swearing to speak the truth, takes in his hand a musket, a sword, a spear, a tiger's tusk, a crocodile's tooth and a thunderbolt (that is, of course, a stone celt). The oath by the weapon not only lasted on through classic ages, but remained so common in Christendom that it was expressly forbidden by a synod. Even in the seventeenth century to swear on the sword (like Hamlet's friend in the ghost scene) was still a legal oath in Holstein.

One of the accounts from New Guinea is that the swearer, holding an arrow, calls on

heaven to punish him if he lies; but by turning the arrow the other way the oath can be neutralized.

An Abyssinian chief, who had sworn an oath he disliked, has been seen to scrape it off his tongue and spit it out. There are still places in Germany where the false witness reckons to escape the spiritual consequences of perjury by crooking one finger, to make, I suppose, not a straight but a crooked oath; or he puts his left hand on his side to neutralize what the right hand is doing. Here is the idea of our "over the left," but so far as I know this has come down with us to mere schoolboy's shuffling.

Probably to this day there may be seen in Russian law courts in Siberia the oath on the bear's head. When an Ostyak is to be sworn a bear's head is brought into court and the man makes believe to bite at it, calling on the bear to devour him in like manner if he does not tell the truth.

Among the hill tribes of India a tiger's skin is sworn on in the same sense as the bear's head among the Ostyaks. Rivers again, which to the savages and barbarians are intelligent and personal divinities, are sworn by, in strong belief that their waters will punish him who takes their name in vain.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE CATACOMBS.

Beneath the ruined palaces and temples, the crumbling tombs and dismantled villas, of the august mistress of the world, we find the most interesting relics of early Christianity on the face of the earth. In traversing these tangled labyrinths we are brought face to face with the primitive ages; we are present at the worship of the infant church; we observe its rites; we study its institutions; we witness the deep emotions of the first believers as they commit their dead, often their martyred dead, to their last long resting place; we decipher the touching record of their sorrow, of the holy hopes by which they were sustained, of "their faith triumphant o'er their fears," and of their assurance of the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting. We read in the testimony of the Catacombs the confession of faith of the early Christians, sometimes accompanied by the records of their persecution, the symbols of their martyrdom, and even the very instruments of their torture. For in these halls of silence and gloom slumbers the dust of many of the martyrs and confessors, who sealed their testimony with their blood during the sanguinary ages of persecution; of many of the early bishops and pastors of the Church, who shepherded the flock of Christ amid the dangers of their troublous times; of many who heard the words of life from teachers who lived in or near the apostolic age, perhaps from the lips of the apostles themselves. Indeed, if we would accept ancient tradition, we would even believe that the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were laid to rest in those hallowed crypts—a true *terra sancta*, inferior in sacred interest only to that rock-hewn sepulchre consecrated evermore by the body of our Lord. These reflections will lend to the study of the Catacombs an interest of the highest and intensest character.—*Wither's Catacombs of Rome.*

REPETITIONS OF THE BIBLE.

"God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Even children must have noticed the repetitions of the Bible. There appears no attempt to economize room, for the Book of Numbers could have been compressed into the twelfth of the space. Here every thing is related with the precision of a catalogue or legal docu-

ment. The same might be said of the Acts, where space, so to speak, is more precious. In a measure this is due to the facts that the Bible, as far as its human writers were concerned, is not one book but a collection of books covering a long space of time in their production, and without any mutual understanding, each author putting down what he considered necessary for his own purpose. Then again, reiteration was characteristic of the Orientals as seen in their poems, of which the Bible is the most beautiful specimen. The reason of all this is obvious. Are not children taught by iteration and reiteration? We impress knowledge and conviction on their mind by repeating many times the same thought in the same words. To complain of this repetition in the Bible is most unreasonable. It proves conclusively that the Bible is an old and genuine book, and that it was neither written in our time or country. The object the inspired writers had in view was to render a deeper impression. It is in the words of the text—"God speaking once, yea twice." The Lord in ancient times would send a prophet again and again with the same message to warn the people, and this heaping up of line upon line left them without excuse in the day of their trouble. It was the same in gospel times, and it is so in our own day. God sends to the people preacher after preacher, saying the same things, and there is nothing more grievous to God and to the minister than to see people growing hard under an awakening ministry. Every preacher repeats, or ought to repeat his testimony, although a skilful preacher will vary his method and language. This is rendered necessary by the very nature of moral and religious truths, and the inaptitude of the human mind to receive it in its purity. People don't like monotony and limitation, and this should be avoided; because it is not of God. The clear and faithful reiteration of cardinal truth is of God, and becomes the strength of the teacher and preacher of Jesus Christ. John the Baptist's ministry was a repetition, calling upon the people again and again to repent. But there was variety in his preaching. Paul well knew the need of saying the same thing more than once. Christ Himself, above all others, repeated His sayings freely. He did not deliver Himself once for all in a studied manner, but had recourse to the topic again and again.

THE most heart-rending of all the troubles and agonies of life is to know that some trusted friend has deceived us.

WHAT are Raphael's Madonnas but the shadow of a mother's love, fixed in permanent outline forever?

Make a little fence of trust

Around to-day;

Fill the space with loving work,

And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars

Upon to-morrow.

God will help thee bear what comes

Of joy or sorrow.

"DID it ever strike you," said one, "what grand men ought to be, who have been praying so many years? If prayer to us has been a reality, if beside being petition it has been communion with God, how near Him we ought to be by this time, and how like Him we ought to have become. Communion with Christ should make us Christ-like."

DEATH.

Mary Ingram, At Orangeville, December 12th, aged 109 years, four months, and eleven days. She was a faithful and consistent member of the Church,