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The
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Church Magazine.

MAY, 1866.

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The Church Magazine.

Vol. 2.]

MAY, 1866.

[No. 1.

THE MAYSTOKE CHORISTER.

CHAPTER I.—THE SWEET SINGER.

I AM the daughter of a clergyman who formerly held a small living in —shire, and who, if he was proud of anything, was proud of his finely-trained choir. Finely-trained—that is, for a little place like Maystoke, where nothing but native talent was available. There is an old exception, however, to every rule; and so it came to pass that Maystoke happened on one occasion to receive a stranger into its musical ranks. It is about this stranger that my story is written. One Sunday, during the afternoon service, I was astonished, when we began the anthem, to hear a most beautiful voice, which I did not recognise, joining, evidently only by ear, in even the most difficult parts. It seemed to come from just below me; but as the anthem was almost new, I did not like to raise my eyes from the book, till it was finished. Then, on looking at the spot where I concluded he must be, I saw a head which almost startled me with its extraordinary crop of bright red hair. He had entered by the chancel door, and our servant had motioned him to a seat beside her. The hymn that followed the anthem proved that the owner of the hair and the voice were the same person. My father, I could see, had also found him out, for his face was turned towards him with an expression of evident delight, as he, quite unconscious of the effect he was producing, sang out of our maid's hymn-book. As soon as the sermon was over, my father was unusually quick in leaving the pulpit, and instead of going into the vestry direct, he stepped up to the sweet-voiced stranger, who was on the point of leaving the church, and asked him to wait a minute, as he wished to speak to him. He had a bold intelligent face, though rather uncouth and strange, while his eyes were of that peculiarly colourless kind that sometimes accompanies reddish hair—very bright though, and starting so far out of his head that my father afterwards used often to joke about them, and say that he was sure he must sleep with his eyes half open, for his eyes were like our curtains in the drawing-room, that could never be made to meet.

As I suspected, my father's eagerness was attributable to the desire of obtaining, if possible, the addition of such a beautiful voice to his choir. Rufus looked quite pleased at the idea when it was suggested to him, but he said he was afraid the distance at which he lived, some five miles off, at the nearest town, would prevent his attending regularly, as he knew no one in the village with whom he could spend the day. At this my father bit his lips, and, I could see, was very loth to give it up. After some consultation with my mother, my father came forward with a smile on his face, and said to our queer-looking friend, "I have talked the matter over with my wife, and we have agreed that if the inquiries we mean to make about you are satisfactory—as you say you know no one in the village—you can spend the time between morning and afternoon service with our servants, and thus get a good dinner to

walk home upon." Jones, for that was his name, seemed quite taken aback, as well he might be, at this liberal offer, and dug quite a little grave in scraping his acknowledgments; but as for saying anything except "Thank you kindly," which came out in pieces at each scrape, it was purely beyond his power.

We learnt, on inquiry, that David Jones was the son of a carrier, who tra- lled between Maystoke and London, and had a high character for sobriety and honesty, which had descended on his son, who did a smaller trade in a smaller way, with a smaller horse and cart, over a smaller district. And so the matter was settled; and each succeeding Sunday, for many a year, David used to come regularly to church, and dine with the servants. We had never any occasion to regret his admission to the household but once; and that was that he took from us the best servant we ever had. Her name was Mary, and she was the girl who had first introduced him into the choir. I had often thought, and even hoped, that such a marriage might be brought about, as they were well suited to each other; and one day as I was giving her her wages she all of a sudden burst out crying, and said—

"Please, miss, I'm come to give warning."

"Warning, Mary!" I said, "why, what has happened?"

"Nothing, miss—that is, miss, David's been and made me an offer, and please, miss, we're going to be married."

"Well, Mary," I said "I wish you joy; you have, I think, made a very good choice."

"Thank you, miss; please, miss, what do you think of David?"

"I think him a very excellent young man, Mary; but if you want my opinion as to his looks, I am afraid I can't say I think him handsome."

"Oh, don't you, miss?" she said, apparently quite surprised; "I do."

It was now my turn to be surprised; but I became of her opinion years afterwards. Now, she was very good-looking herself, so the next time I saw David I congratulated him on having obtained the affections of the best and prettiest girl in the village.

"Lor! miss," he said, do you think her pretty?"

"Very; dont you?"

"Well! to tell you the truth, miss, I've never thought about it; but she's good, *that* she is!"

And I don't believe he had; and his is not the only case of a man being almost ignorant of his sweetheart's personal peculiarities.

Shortly after this, David's father died. I shall never forget the manner in which he told me of the sad news; for those words form the key of his whole life and character. He said, in his sweet voice, and his eyes hid in a mist of tears—

"Oh, Miss Herbert! God has taken away my father, but He is very good I have never known Him take away anything from me yet without giving me another blessing in its place. It has pleased Him to deprive me of a father, but he has given me Mary for my wife."

When a decent time had elapsed he married Mary, and they both went to live at Maystoke. Having now the large cart, and the long distance to London to go, he was not able to come to our church except on rare occasions. All the village missed him, but I think we missed him more than all. The many little kindnesses which he did for us—sometimes walking over that long five miles to do a bit of gardening for us; sometimes bringing us a remarkably fine sample of

celery or other vegetables out of his own skilfully managed garden; as well as his many ways of amusing the little ones, as my brothers, and sisters were then—had endeared him to all of us; and the tears shed at his wedding with our maid, who was even a greater favourite, were not all from the eyes of their relations or themselves.

CHAPTER II.—RESIGNATION AND INDEPENDENCE.

It was about a year and a half after this, about a month after we had heard of the birth of their first child, that our servant told me that Mary was below and wished to see me. I heard her come up stairs very slowly, stopping occasionally, but took no particular notice of it at the time, thinking she was weak after her late confinement; and when she came in, too pleased to see her to spend much time in looking at her first, I said—

“How do you do, Mary? I am glad to see you out again.”

“Thank you, miss,” she said, faintly: and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, “Oh, miss, such trouble!—such trouble!”

“What is the matter, Mary? speak! not the baby, I hope?”

“No, miss—David—he’s met with such a fearful accident.”

“I let her have her cry out, not knowing exactly what to do, and very much frightened.

“Oh!” she said, at last, “he’s got a new horse that’s rather wilful, and last night but one, just as he was setting off, the horse started—he was standing in front. Whether the horse threw him down or not, I can’t say; but—before I knew where I was—he was down, the horse ran away, and the wheel went over his thigh, and crushed it. Oh dear! The doctor says he’ll never be able to go to London any more.” And she rocked herself to and fro, moaning.

I tried to soothe her as well as I could, which was but badly, I fear. But she was braver than I, and soon dried her tears.

“And he would be so pleased, miss, if you’d come and see him.”

“That I will,” I said; “but is there nothing else I can do for you.”

“Thank you kindly, miss; no. We have been careful, and have got a tidy bit in bank, and we shall get on, please God; only come and see us.”

This was on Friday. On Saturday I had so many things to do that I was not able to spare time to go; but on Sunday afternoon—there being no service, as my father was doing duty for a sick friend—I mounted my pony, and taking some wine and a few things I thought might be useful to them, I set off.

The sun was shedding its waning rays on their cottage when I reached Maystoke. Tying my pony to the gate, I entered the garden. I had not gone many steps before I heard soft strains of music rising melodiously through the air. I soon recognised the voices of David and his wife: they were singing the evening hymn. I paused, not wishing to disturb them. Slowly the last notes of the doxology died away; and knocking gently, I entered. She was seated by his side, and the feeling of what they had just concluded had not as yet passed from their features. They were looking at one another with dim eyes, and were so absorbed that they did not realize my presence at first. He was the first to speak—

“I knew you would come,” he said, “it is very kind of you—every one is so kind. Look there”—pointing to a table, where lay in tempting heaps, fruits and flowers that had been sent him by “everyone,” as he said.

“Do you suffer much?” I asked.

"O, I don't mind pain," he said, seriously; "one can't help feeling it; but I don't mind it, if I only knew what I should do when I get well again."

"Is there no hope of your being able to return to your old business?"

"None; the doctor says, none."

"But you can make shoes and baskets," said his wife hopefully.

"Yes; but that will be but a poor living for you, dear," he said.

"Not worse for me than for you, love. Do you think that I shall care, as long as we keep an honest face to the world, and are not ashamed."

He pressed her hand. For some time we talked about his future plans; and I think there is scarce any so stern as to think we desecrated the day in doing so. Then, as it was getting late, I bade them good night; and promising soon to return again, left them as I found them—hand in hand, and looking fondly in each other's eyes.

David slowly but surely recovered from the grievous accident, but his limb was too much shattered for him again to resume his business; and so, disposing of his wagon and horse, he cheerfully set himself to work at his new employment—that of making and mending shoes. He had formerly been intended for a shoemaker, but finding that he could earn more in his father's way, and having hereditary habits of activity which suited ill with sedentary employment, he had given it up—not, however, without having obtained a competent knowledge of the business. It was quite wonderful to see how soon and how easily he settled to his new work, without seeming to hesitate or repine for a moment—the very picture of patience and content. His wife, also, true to her promise reconciled herself to the change without any apparent effort, but even assisted him as far as she was able. For two years more, the last I spent at home, I was a constant witness of their cheerful struggles and well-earned success in their new walk of life, and then, called to a home of my own, I left forever the scene of my childhood.

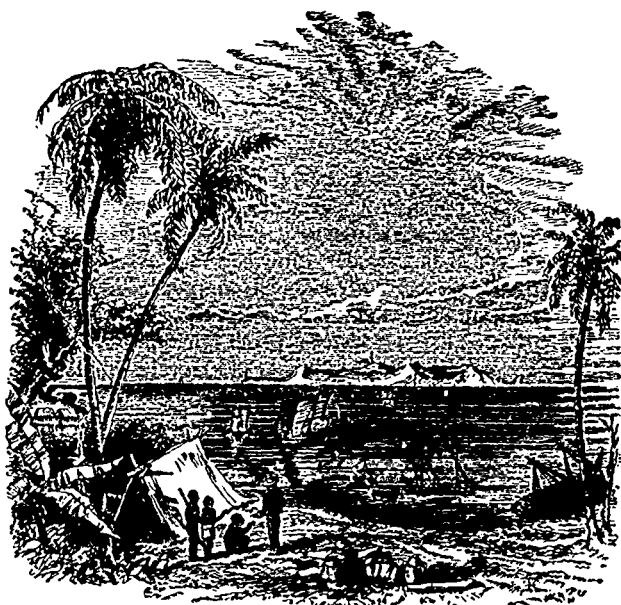
CHAPTER III.—THE APPROACH OF NIGHT.

My husband was a lieutenant in the army; and shortly after our marriage, his regiment being ordered to India, we left England. It was some time before I again heard of my humble friends, and then came tidings of a new trial that had befallen them. It was in a letter from my mother, and ran thus: "You will be sorry to hear that another and more serious affliction has befallen your old friend David. For some time past his sight has been slowly failing. Your father has interested himself to gain for him the best advice, which has unfortunately proved quite powerless to arrest the distressing malady; he is now gradually becoming blind. It is a beautiful sight to see how admirably he bears the daily sense of increasing darkness that he knows must soon end in a hopeless night. As soon as he became aware of the dread certainty, he set himself to make baskets, working with his eyes closed, 'for practice,' as he said, with a smile. It makes me sad to think how we used to joke about those eyes that are soon to be shut for ever. His appearance has so much altered through affliction that you would scarcely know him; his hair is almost white and his honest features look quite handsome now." Grieved indeed was I to hear this sad news, and my eyes filled with tears as I pictured him sitting singing over his work, with his wife by his side and his children about his knees—whitehaired, with his eyes closed, as he so touchingly said "for practice." I

did not doubt for an instant that he would manage as he had hitherto done, to "keep an honest face to the world:" and felt that all the afflictions in the world (and even his were not ended,) would be insufficient to daunt his noble spirit, or to reduce him to the necessity of begging his bread.

Every mail brought tidings of his slow descent into the valley of night, though it was almost a year before the full affliction came. Cheerful before, my mother wrote that he seemed even more so now, and managed, by dint of hard work and the increasing commissions of his friends, to keep himself, his wife, and his family of two children beyond the reach of want. Then we moved again, and I heard no more of him till, after fifteen years' absence, I arrived, a widow, in England.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



VIEW ON THE RIVER PONGAS, WESTERN AFRICA.

RICHARD WILKINSON, CHIEF OF FALLANGIA :

A SKETCH FOR THE FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

BY S. W.

THE MIGHT OF PRAYER.

TO-DAY was once called Rogation Sunday, or the Sunday of prayer, and its Gospel contains words of the greatest encouragement to prayer. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it to you..... Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Powerful indeed is the weapon thus offered to our hands to day. Abraham interceding for Lot, the woman of Canaan for her stricken daughter, Elijah on Mount Carmel, Cornelius in his secret chamber—all testify to the power of prayer. Nor need we look back to those early days alone. "God's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear:" now, as of old, He shows Himself to us a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God,

Thus it was in answer to twenty years of daily earnest prayer that the first missionary to the Pongas set foot in that benighted country.

On the west coast of Africa, more than one hundred miles north of Sierra Leone, lies the country of the Pongas, a rich and fertile district, thickly peopled by natives, though unhealthy to Europeans. It was once well known to slave-traders, who collected their large cargoes of wretched Africans and carried them across the Atlantic to slavery. Now its inhabitants live peaceably in villages, each governed by its chief; but they are idolaters, grossly superstitious and immoral in their lives. The chief of the village of Fallangia, however, had been brought to England in his youth, had received some Christian teaching and learnt to read and write English. On returning to his native land, though retaining the English name of Richard Wilkinson, he fell back into practical heathenism, till in the year 1835, at the age of forty, he was visited by a dangerous illness. Conscience then awoke and accused him of many sins against God. Forgotten truths crowded on his mind, and he longed for more instruction, and for means of grace. He vowed, should his life be spared, to pray daily that God would send a missionary to him and his people. He recovered and kept his vow.

Meantime there lived on the other side of the Atlantic an active pious clergyman, of the name of Leacock. He was of the same age with the chief Richard Wilkinson, and had laboured partly in America, partly in the West Indies. In 1854 he was in his native island of Barbadoes, interesting himself for Western Africa, the country which had so long supplied the West Indies with slaves. While raising money to support the mission there, the cholera broke out in Mr Leacock's parish. He and his wife devoted themselves to the sick and dying, then the disease attacked her, and she was taken from him. When the first sorrow was over the good man saw in the blow a call to a yet more devoted life, and he offered himself to the bishop as first missionary from the West Indies to Western Africa. He was gladly accepted, and with a young negro (Mr. Dupont) as his assistant, sailed the next year for Africa by way of England.

He went in faith, doubtful on what part of the vast coast-line of Africa to set up the standard of the Cross, knowing nothing yet of Fallangia and its chief. So he placed himself at the disposal of the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and worked with him at Freetown for a short time. He then heard of the Pongas as a country wholly given to idolatry and grievously wronged by the slave trade. His heart burned to go there: the Bishop bade him God speed; the captain of an English man-of-war offered to convey him to the very place, and without delay he and Mr. Dupont set sail, and were landed on the shores of the river Pongas, whence the country takes its name.

In the presence of the English captain the missionaries were warmly welcomed by Matthias Katty, king of the Pongas, and the chief Kennybock Ali, who promised them a house and garden and their protection if they would remain and teach their children. Accordingly they settled themselves in a hut in the village of Tintama, and prepared to open a school. But when the captain had sailed all was changed, the children were kept back, and they were neglected and even plundered by the natives. Though discouraged, Mr. Leacock was still waiting and hoping, when one day he was surprised by a visit from a young black man, who with a respectful manner and in good English said, "Sir, my name is Lewis Wilkinson, and I am a son of Mr. Wilkinson the chief of Fallangia. I bring an invitation from my father, and an apology for

his not having called to see you before. He is now very sick, but wishes to know when it will suit you to come to him, that he may send for you." Seeing however, that Mr. Leacock was suffering dreadfully from the wretchedness of his accomodation, he went on, "My father had desired a day or two to make preparations for receiving you, but I cannot leave you in this state. You must return with me to Fallangia this evening." Surprised, but full of thankfulness, Mr. Leacock accepted the invitation. At Fallangia he was warmly received by its aged chief, who met him saying, "Welcome, dear sir, thou servant of the Most High, you are welcome to my humble roof;" and then, other words failing to express what he felt at seeing a Christian minister in his house, he broke out into the Church's great song of praise, the "Te De um;" and repeated it with great solemnity. A short silence followed, then the chief gave a brief sketch of his past life: he went on to say, "You are, sir, an answer to my prayers for twenty years. And now I know that God hears prayer, and that a blessing is come to my house. Here you are welcome. There is much work here to be done. In Fallangia there are over thirty children, which will be the beginning of a school for you. You can use my house; and next fall I will assist in putting up a house for you; and a church. In the mean time I will divide my house with you; you can have a private table if you prefer it, and if you should be sick I will help to nurse you." Well might Mr. Leacock say to himself, "Surely the Lord must have sent me here, and I have nothing to do but to remain."

For five months only was Mr. Leacock permitted to work at Fallangia. Fever attacked him soon after his arrival there, but he struggled against it.

He passed what time he could with his host whom he soon received into the Church by baptism, together with his son Lewis. Every evening he prayed with the assembled family and those who joined them, making them a short address. On Sundays larger congregations assembled, and when he had preached to them the chief would explain what they had not understood. The school was well attended by children, and even by some grown men. All this was done with failing strength. Then Mr. Leacock's health gave way entirely, he was obliged to leave all in Mr. Dupont's hands, and go to Sierra Leone. There he rallied a little and would have returned to his work, but fresh illness seized him, and he fell asleep August 20, 1856, in his sixty-first year.

Others have entered into his labours. Mr. Dupont, now an ordained minister, waters the goodly plants he planted. But when we hear of the Pongas we must needs think of its first missionary so wonderfully sent there in answer to the unwearied prayers of that African chief.

Holy Days of the Church.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

(MAY 1.)

"I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—JOHN xiv: 16.

The Church celebrates to-day the festival of two apostles. St. Philip was one of the earliest disciples of our Lord, and preached after the Ascension in Upper Asia, where he made many converts. Toward the close of his life he came to Hierapolis in Phrygia, a great city devoted to the worship of a monstrous

serpent. By his prayers and preachings, he succeeded in destroying this hideous idolatry; but the magistrates were so enraged at his success in spreading the Gospel among the people, that they ordered him to be crucified.

St. James is called *the brother of our Lord*. Among the Hebrews, cousins were counted brothers. He was chosen Bishop of Jerusalem, and from the holiness of his life gained the title of St. James the Just. He was martyred by the Scribes and Pharisees, who set him upon a pinnacle of the temple at the feast of the Passover, hoping to compel him to renounce Christ in the sight and hearing of all the multitude. But he fearlessly declared Him to be the Son of God; and they, in the fury of disappointment, threw him down from the high place, and with stones and clubs completed his destruction, even while he prayed for them.

ROGATION DAYS.

“Ask, and it shall be given you.”—ST. MATTHEW vii. 7.

ROGATION DAYS are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascension. Their names signifies supplication, and they have been kept by the Church as days of fasting and prayer since the middle of the fifth century. At that time Mamercus, Bishop of Vienne, in France, fearing that disasters were about to befall his diocese, appointed these days to be observed with litanies and penitence, to appease the wrath of God, and turn aside His judgments. The design in observing them is to prepare us for the feast of the Ascension, to pray for God’s mercy to protect us from all calamities, and for His blessing upon the fruits of the field.

DO YOU REMEMBER ASCENSION DAY?

(HOLY THURSDAY.)

“And it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.”—ST. LUKE xxiv: 51.

The great Festival of the Ascension of our LORD JESUS CHRIST is at hand. I most earnestly pray you to keep it holy to the LORD. It has, alas! fallen into strange neglect among us; we do not meet to look up to our ascended LORD, as the early Christians used to do, we have ceased to make it a day of holy joy. This is sadly inconsistent, for though we meet together to observe the day of our Redeemer’s Birth, of His Death, of His Resurrection, yet strange to say, the glorious day of His *Ascension* has practically ceased to be kept, not only as a holy feast, but even with holy worship; it is passed over as a common day, and the world has been allowed to take away from the Church, to steal one great day from our hands, which was once thankfully given up to GOD, and consecrated to prayer and praise. Now a coldness has come over our hearts, and we will not leave our business, our trade, our shops, our ploughs, to bless GOD, as with one voice, for this crowning and triumphant act of the mystery of our redemption. The Church, indeed, still calls out to us, the bell sounds in our ears; the Clergy are ready to do their part; the Prayer-book keeps the feast in its own high place among the other feasts.

Christian, are you, indeed, mindful of your ascended Lord? *Are you*, if you pass over this day which is the pledge of so great blessings to your soul? Think for a moment—

Upon what can you rest any hope of passing into the Heavens? Only upon

the *Ascension* of CHRIST in your nature, it is only because He hath taken your manhood into Heaven, that *you* can hope to ascend thither.

Do you look to His promise, "I go to prepare a place for you"? He could only fulfil that by His *Ascension*.

Do you hope for the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit? It was only at His *Ascension* that our LORD received the Gift for men. "If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you, *but if I go*, I will send Him unto you."

Do you trust in the Intercession of CHRIST, in His Meditation at the Right Hand of GOD? It was only through His *Ascension* that He intercedeth for us in heavenly places.

Oh, then, slight no more this great and blessed day upon which He hath thought so great things for us. If we celebrate His lowly Birth or Suffering, the beginning of His love, shall we not remember His triumphant *Ascension*, the crowning end of that love?—Surely we ought to do so, we must do so if we are Christians. "Seeing that we have a great High Priest that is passed into Heaven, JESUS the SON OF GOD, let us hold fast our profession"

And on what day can it be more suitable for us to hold Blessed Communion with Him than on this day of His departure from us, that we may be still one with Him, our ascended Lord? The Church teaches us this by marking it with a special preface in her appointed service.

Oh, slight, then, no more, *not once more*, this great and blessed day. "Let the dead bury their dead;" let the worldly steal if they will a Christian festival, and use it for their own worldly ends; but do *you* go up to your house of prayer. Do you begin this year to offer praise in the congregation for the *Ascension* of your LORD. Do you leave your trade, your shop, your worldly business, even it be a loss, for such a loss will be a gain to your immortal soul, and you will show that you do love CHRIST, that you do remember your ascended Lord.*

WHITSUN-DAY.

"And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." ACTS ii: 2.

This festival commemorates the coming of "the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost," promised by our Saviour to His disciples, and waited for by them with such eager hope and expectation. It took place on the Jewish feast of Pentecost, the anniversary of the giving of the law at Mount Sinai. A rushing, mighty wind filled all the house where they were assembled, cloven tongues of fire rested upon them, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, so that they were enabled to speak in all languages; and the great multitude present there from all countries heard, each in his native tongue, the wonderful works of God.

Not visibly, not with a rushing wind or tongues of fire does the Holy Spirit descend upon us now when we gather together in the temple of the Lord. Yet is He present with us still, though unseen, at the font, or in the laying on of hands, in prayer or sacred meditation, hovering above us with gifts of comfort and wisdom, ready to enter into every heart that will open to receive Him. Let us then keep this blessed feast of the Church with love, and faith, and special prayer, that we may never grieve or resist the Holy Spirit of God, but that our whole lives may prove His presence in our hearts.

*See Tracts for the Christian Seasons.

The name Whitsun-day may be derived from Pentecost. The festival, like Easter, includes also the Monday and Tuesday following, that we may more fully understand its great importance, and enter more heartily into the true spirit of its observance.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for Thou hast created all things."—REVELATION IV. 2

THE observance of Trinity Sunday is of more recent origin than that of the other important festivals. The ancient Church thought it unnecessary to set apart a special day for the praises that were celebrated *every day* in the hymns, creeds, and doxology. But in consequence of the Arian and other heresies — that is, the unbelief of Arius and his followers, who denied this mystery of the Trinity—the Church thought proper to order a particular day for its solemn commemoration. And this day was preferred to any other, because it was not till after the Ascension and the coming of the Holy Ghost, that our knowledge of the divine mysteries was completed.

It is the proper culmination of all the great festivals of the year. The Church having celebrated the Birth and Manifestation, the Resurrection and Ascension of our Saviour, and the descent of the Holy Spirit, concludes them all with a special service in honour of the "Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God," by whom we were created, redeemed, and sanctified, and who is the centre of all our faith, hope, and love.

The design of the Church, in the Sundays after Trinity, is to instruct us in the duties and advance us in the graces of the Christian life. As in the earlier part of the year we were "rooted and grounded" in the great doctrines of our faith, we are now taught to put them into practice in our daily life. Let us ask of Him who only can give it, "the spirit to think and do always such things as are right," that with a quiet mind and peaceful heart we may go through the changing year until Advent comes again.

[Written for *The Church Magazine*.]

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

MAY 1st.

MORNING LESSONS.—Eccles. ix. St. John I. v. 43. EVENING LESSONS.—Eccles. ix. St. Jude.

"Why are the two apostles, St. Philip and St. James, joined together, mama?" was Hugh Clifton's first question to his mother on the evening of the first of May. "I can find no reason for it in any part of the day's service."

"Nor is there any particular reason for it, Hugh, excepting that they were both apostles, both sent to point out to us the day of salvation; or, it may be, as some think, they are so commemorated in memory of our Saviour having sent His disciples forth by two and two to preach and to teach. St. Philip was the first called of the disciples to follow our Lord, as we read in the second lesson this morning."

"Oh, mama, I thought it was St. Andrew."

"St. Andrew was the first who came to Christ, but both he and St. Peter returned afterwards to their own home, and it was not till the next year that the Lord called them to forsake all and follow Him; so that the honor of being

the first disciple evidently belongs to St. Philip. He, like St. Andrew and St. Peter, was a native of Bethsaida, a town near the Sea of Tiberias: and a beautiful trait in his character is, that having learnt to know the Lord himself, his very first act was to bring a companion named Nathaniel, to Christ also; and this love for the souls of others must have continued in him, as we read in St. John's Gospel, Chap. xii. that it was to St. Philip the Greek proselytes came, asking to see Jesus, and he, together with St. Andrew, brought them to Him. St. Philip is mentioned two other times by St. John: once, when to try his faith, our Lord asked him where they should get bread for the multitudes that followed Him: and again, in that last discourse with His disciples before His death, from which the Gospel for the day is taken, where the Lord gently rebukes him for having been so long time with Him, yet having not known Him.

After the Ascension, St. Philip went into Upper Asia, where he converted many heathen. At last he came to Hierapolis, a large city in Phrygia wholly given to idolatry, and especially to the worship of a huge serpent. By his preaching, prayers, and exhortations, St. Philip turned the hearts of the people of the city from their idols, and led them to the only living and true God; but this so enraged the chief men of the place, that they cast him into prison, and having caused him to be severely scourged, afterwards put him to death. Some say that he was hanged by the neck against a pillar; others that he was nailed to a cross, and then stoned. In either way he, too, became a martyr and sealed his faith in Christ with his blood. He is generally represented with a scourge in his hand."

"Thank you, dear mamma, very much. Will you now tell me something about St. James? Is he the brother of St. John?"

"No; this St. James is usually called the Lord's brother, by which it is supposed is meant His cousin, or the son of Joseph by a former marriage. He is also sometimes called the son of Alphaeus and St. James, the Less, or the Just, to distinguish him from James the Son of Zebedee, who is called St. James the Great. Very little is related of this apostle during our Lord's life; he seems to have been of a meek, humble spirit, never seeking to be first, but contented with the lowest place, and therefore we find that afterwards he was amongst those most highly honoured, for 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

It was to St. James our Lord appeared alone after His Resurrection: and he was the one chosen as first Bishop of Jerusalem. As such we hear of him frequently in the Acts of the Apostles, guiding, counselling and directing the Christians who formed the church in that city. But his very goodness made him to be hated; they who had rejected his Blessed Lord and Master would not spare the humble lowly servant. The Scribes and Pharisees accused him of blasphemy against God, and of transgressing the laws; then when they had him in their power, they tried to make him deny Jesus, and tell the people He was not the Christ. They placed him on one of the pinnacles of the Temple, and said to him, 'Now tell us, O just man, concerning Jesus who was crucified,' thinking fear would surely make him renounce Him. But St. James answered with a loud voice, "Why do ye enquire of Jesus the Son of Man? He sits in Heaven on the right Hand of the Majesty on High, and will come again in the clouds of Heaven.' And all the people below heard him and glorified Jesus, and said, 'Hosanna to the Son of David.'

Then the wicked Scribes and Pharisees in their rage threw him down. Ho

was not quite killed by the fall, but had just strength to rise on his knees, and pray for them all; and while he was thus praying, they threw heavy stones at him, and at last he was killed with a blow from a fuller's club, which implement has in consequence been since considered as his emblem. St. James is said to have been ninety-six years old when he was thus martyred."

"Oh, mama, how could he have strength to bear it all?"

"It was not his own strength, my boy, that supported him, as I have said before, but the strength of One who is ever with His faithful followers even to the end, and for Whose sake these holy men counted it all joy thus to suffer.

Let us take heed then that in the words of to-day's collect 'we follow their steps,' and with God's help 'stedfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life.' Our Lord Himself has told us that 'straight is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life,' and so St. James in his epistle teaches us. Especially in the part which is read to us to-day, he shows us how many and great are the trials of a Christian's life, but these very trials may prove blessings, if only we use them rightly, making prayer, as St. James tells us, our one safeguard in every difficulty and temptation, and seeking through all 'to know Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life.'—For 'this is life eternal, that we may know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.'"

L. H. B.

IN MEMORIAM. J. K.

One star of song from out our firmament
 Hath passed away, and lo! a vacant space,
 Where onoe rich music flowed from lips of grace
 And soothed the murmurs of our discontent:
 Silent the voice that once its sweetness sent
 Through all the windings of the Christian's years,
 Or sang to lyre attuned for listening ear
 Of child-like souls whose name is "Innocent."
 Hush, faithless grief! This Easter morning bright
 Its witness bears, nor star nor voice is gone:
 That still shines clear for all who love the light:
 This through far lands and ages soundeth on;
 Ah! Were it ours to tune our lives aright,
 Nor basely fail where he hath nobly won!

Easter 1866.

E. H. P.

GOING TO CHURCH.

We plucked fresh violets as we walked along
 Through quiet lanes to church. A genial flood
 Of sunshine lured each bead-like hedgerow bud
 To burst in leaf. The air was full of song,
 And those sweet mingled voices that belong
 To happy vernal hours in field and wood.
 Subdued by that fair scene silent we stood
 Mid Nature's joyous, inarticulate throng.
 But suddenly we heard our church bells ringing,
 Hallowing the calm, bright morn with solemn sound—
 In sweet accord with songs and sunshine flinging
 Their gracious invitations all around—
 Bidding us come where psalms would soon be winging
 Men's conscious, choral praise to Heaven's high bound.

Richard Wilton, A. M.

Colonial and Foreign Church News.

WE are pleased to learn that many of the parishes have appointed delegates to the meeting appointed to take place in the month of July, to consider the *practicability* of a Synod of the Church in this diocese, and we have reason to believe the faithful laity will be well represented on the occasion. The *adeisability* of a Diocesan Synod in New Brunswick, is now conceded by numbers, who a little while ago were uninformed, and in some cases *misinformed*, as to its object and great importance. The admirable working of Synods in Australia, as well as in Canada and elsewhere, ought to convince our Church people that these have now become a necessity in every colonial diocese.

THE erection of a new church will be immediately begun, we hear, on the site where St. Paul's, (Valley), St. John, now stands. The present building will be removed, and services will be held in it while the new one is being built.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The Halifax Clerical Association appears to be a very useful institution promoting a good feeling among the clergy, and thus advancing the cause of the Church.

A BILL has passed both branches of the Legislature permitting the clergy of the United States, to officiate in the diocese of Nova Scotia, with the sanction of the Bishop.

THE next meeting of the Diocesan Synod in Nova Scotia, will be held on Wednesday 4th of July next. Several interesting and important matters will be brought forward for the consideration of the clergy and lay delegates.

ABOUT three months ago the Rev. C. F. Street, of New Brunswick, came to Pieton, by invitation of the Rev. W. Macaulay, to officiate as curate in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in this town. Since that time he and his family have been boarding at the North American hotel, where we believe everything was done to make them comfortable. The members of the Church, however, thinking it would be more agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Street to have a house of their own, the course to be pursued was decided upon, and Mrs. McCraig, Mrs. Fairfield, and a few other ladies, took the matter in hand, and but a few days elapsed, ere the dwelling was furnished with all necessaries (furniture, provisions, &c.) and on Wednesday last Mr. Street and his family were invited to come and occupy; their surprise was great, on entering the house, to find a large number of friends present to welcome them; and the sociability of the meeting was much enhanced by all partaking of an excellent cup of coffee, cake, &c. Two or three hours were spent in social converse, and all took their leave, expressing a wish that many years of health and happiness might be vouchsafed to the Rev. gentleman and his family.

We think we speak the sentiments of the Ven. Rector when we say that Mr. Street has proved himself a valuable assistant to him, during the short time he has been here; and we know that he has made many warm friends amongst those with whom he has been acquainted.—*Pieton (C. W.) Times.*

MR. JAY COOK of Philadelphia, the well-known Banker, who has lately built a magnificent house on Chelton Hills, eight miles from the city, will it is stated, soon establish an Episcopal Theological Seminary, near his own residence. He will give to it twenty acres of ground, and sixty thousand dollars.

THE revered and beloved author of *The Christian Year* has gone to his rest. In a late English paper we find the simple announcement:

"On the 29th ult., at Bournemouth, the Rev. John Koble, vicar of Hursley, in his seventy-fourth year."

For even a small portion of the touching remarks called forth his death, we wish we could find room; but even the account of his funeral must stand over till next month. In another place will be found a few lines *In Memoriam* from one of his best friends in England.

THE Bishop of Limerick is reported to beyond the hope of recovery.

IN the March number of the *Oxford Undergraduates' Journal* it is stated that in the present parliament, there are 156 Oxford men, and 113 for the sister university of Cambridge.

A STATUE is to be erected to the memory of Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey. It would, we think, be far more suitably placed on the scenes of his own triumphs—within the Houses of Parliament or Westminster Hall—where all around would be in harmony with his memory. It is singular that the Duke of Wellington's monument—though voted by Parliament twelve years ago—has not been heard of since.

The Brighton Board of Guardians having lately decided by two to one that "an electroplated communion service" shall be provided for the work-house chapel instead of a silver one, thereby saving £000 in the rates of that wealthy watering place of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, a dissenter writes to a local Radical paper, and offers 10s. towards the purchase of the silver service. The editor appends a note, stating, that he "will be happy to receive and acknowledge subscriptions for this purpose, and add his mite."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Goulstone) has consented to restore the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, at the public cost, on the proper ground of the edifice being a great public monument, intimately connected with our civil history.

At a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge held in March last, a resolution was carried, on the recommendation of the Standing Committee, directing the foundation of a new class of subscribers to a special fund for the publication and circulation of Bibles and Prayer books, in English and Foreign languages. Subscribers of not less than £1. 1. 0. to this fund, would have the privilege of purchasing the publications of the Society at the reduced rates, but would have no voice in the arrangement of the Society,

During the last two seasons of Lent the attention of Churchmen in England has been drawn to the due observance of Good Friday. This year, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge voted 10,000 tracts on their list of publications for free distribution. Handbills, bills for shops, and large posting-bills for walls were extensively circulated. The English Church Union Council made a grant of £25, 0. 0. to meet the expenses of this endowment. When it is known that many heads of firms and shop-keepers are in the habit of cleaning and painting their places of business on Good Friday, and that the principal Railway Companies hold out special inducements to the excursionists, it is scarcely to be wondered at that various steps have been taken to promote the better observance of the day of our dear Lord's most bitter sufferings.

Exwick Chapel, near Exter, and of which the Bishop of Exeter was the first incumbent, had a narrow escape from being burnt on Saturday week, by the overheating of a flue. The organ and some of the seats were much injured. *English Paper.*

On Easter Eve the choir of *St. John's Church, Elmocell*, were specially set apart for their office with a solemn form of prayer and an address from the Rector, and then vested by him in surplices for the first time. The church having been chastely decorated with flowers, Easter Day was ushered in by an early celebration of the Holy Communion at eight o'clock. The services were choral. That at 10.30 was opened with a processional hymn, the white-robed choir entering at the west door of the church, beneath the new window just placed there by Messrs. Powell of Whitefriars, the gift of Mrs. Blakeley, a relative of the Rector. *Guardian.*

The Archbishop of Dublin held his annual Confirmation for the city and neighbourhood of Dublin, commencing on the 17th of March, and ending on the 24th. The number of persons confirmed was 902—viz., at Christ Church Cathedral, 75; at St. Anne's, 135, at St. Stephen's, 194; at Trinity Church, Rathmines, 106; at St. George's, 216; at Christ Church, Bray, 71; at Monkstown, 105. The numbers at the general Confirmation throughout the united diocese in 1864, and in Dublin in 1865, were proportionably large. *Ibid.*

SOUTH AFRICA.—The *London Guardian* says that the Bishop of Natal, although excommunicated, continues to do duty in the cathedral at Pietermaritzburg, where he recently christened a child, but the Dean refused to register, and the Supreme Court decided that the register was private property. The Dean, before the commencement of the services, bade all Christians depart from the presence of the excommunicate, but the *Argus* says no one left the building. The following are the terms of the excommunication:—

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ: We, Robert, by Divine permission Metropolitan of the Church in the province of Capetown, in accordance with the decision of the Bishops of the province in Synod assembled, do, hereby, it being our office and our grief to do so, by the authority of Christ committed unto us, pass upon John William Colenso, D. D., the sentence of a greater excommunication, thereby separating him from the communion of the Church of Christ so long as he shall obstinately and impenitently persist in his heresy, and claim to exercise the office of a Bishop within the province of Capetown. And we do hereby make known to the faithful in Christ, that, being thus excluded from all communion with the Church, he is, according to our Lord's command, and in conformity with the provisions of the Thirty-third of the Articles of religion "to be taken of the whole multitude of the faithful as a heathen man and a publican."—(Matt. xviii. 17, 18.)

"Given under our hand and seal, this sixteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

"R. CAPTOWN.