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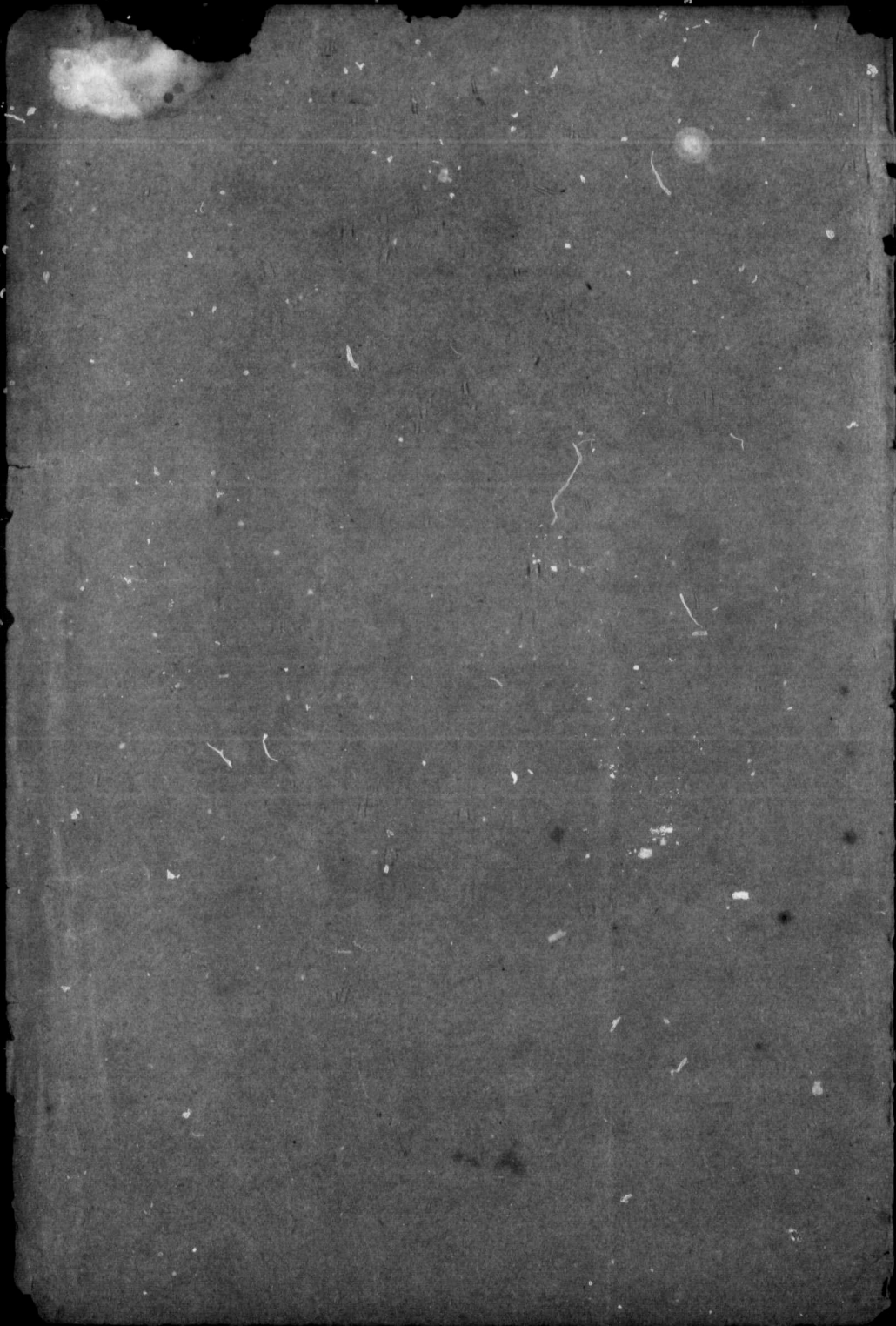


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COMMUNICATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE SENT TO

"REV. ALEX. WILLIAMS, TORONTO."





### Faith.

“ THEN, fainting soul, arise and sing ; Mount, but be sober on the wing ;  
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer, Be sober, for thou art not there ;  
Till Death the weary spirit free Thy God hath said, ‘ ‘Tis good for thee  
To walk by faith and not by sight :’ Take it on trust a little while ;  
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right, In the full sunshine of His smile.”

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.  
(Fourth Sunday after Easter).

# Flint and Steel.

## CHAPTER I.

**Q**LD Job Bruce had taken a load of fish from Westbeach to Scarmouth, and having disposed of it satisfactorily, had a little time on his hands before he started on his journey home. It was quite an undertaking for Job, going to Scarmouth, which is a big, noisy, bustling seaport town, and full fifteen miles from quiet Westbeach, which is nothing more than a few fishermen's cottages, clustered close on the shingle round a little flint-built church. Job Bruce had lived all his life at Westbeach. He was born there, grew up there, married there, and there his wife lay buried, and there he still lived with his only son David. Job was not used to go into Scarmouth often; he generally sent his fish by Miles Parker; but Miles was ill, and Job had offered to take his cart to the town for him, and sell the fish. He was not really old, though he was called "Old Job" in the village, but a strong, hale man of fifty, and as he made his way through the streets, leading the rough pony, many people turned to look at his broad, well-knit figure, and honest, sun-burnt face.

The streets were full of people that day, as there was a fair of some kind going on; and when Job had done his business, and put up the pony, he set out to take a look round, and see what was stirring. He soon tired, however, of the crowded, noisy marketplace, and he made his way down to the quay, where he was sure of finding one old friend among all the strangers, and that was the sea, which, after fifty years' experience of storm and sunshine, Job Bruce was still never tired of. He used to say that he did not feel like himself if he did not hear its voice, which had lulled him to sleep in his cradle, and which he hoped might be the last sound in his dying ears. The sea this afternoon was bright and smiling, and Job sat down on some timber, and soon fell into talk with two or three sailors. As they talked, Job's eye was caught by a boy who was idling about near them, climbing the heaps of timber, or throwing pebbles into the water. He looked about the same age as Job's son David, but was very different in every way from that big, strong, broad-shouldered fellow, with his slow ways and good-tempered face. This was a narrow-chested, sharp-faced boy, with pale cheeks, and sharp, quick eyes, and light, active movements. Job compared the boys in his slowly-working mind, and came to the conclusion that in a fight "my Davy would double him up pretty quick, I warrant."

A steambot had just come up to the pier, and Job walked towards it, to look on at the passengers coming ashore. He was not alone in his interest, for soon a number of people were collected watching, and Job drew himself away, to be out of the bustle. Suddenly a movement in the crowd attracted his attention, and the next minute the boy he had been watching before the steamer came in, made his way out of the crowd, and ran at full speed down the pier, towards the town, followed closely by a policeman.

"Stop that boy!" the policeman shouted, as, owing to his own heavy build, and the boy's light frame, the distance between them rapidly increased.

"What's he done?" Job asked, as the man ran by.

"Done?" was the breathless answer, "why, he's been picking pockets. But I'll catch the young rascal."

Job followed with his eyes the flight and pursuit, till a turning into the town hid them from his view, and then he made his way in the same direction, to the inn where he had put up his pony. As he entered the town, he met the same policeman, looking hot and crest-fallen.

"Well?" Job asked, "did you catch the youngster?"

"Not I," was the answer; "I was close on him, when the young rascal dodged me in some of those back streets, and got away; but I'll catch him yet. I reckon he's one of a gang as came down from London this week. I guess it's not the last as we shall hear of them; we shall have a piece of work with them London chaps, as sure as I stand here; but I know where they hangs out, so I shall know where to look for my young friend, and sharp as he thinks himself, he shan't get off."

"What has he been doing of?" asked Job.

"Well, I saw him pushing about among the crowd, so I keeps my eye on him, and presently sees him standing close by a young lady; so I gets up close to him, gradual like, and sees him take his hand out of her pocket, as plain as plain, but afore I had time to catch hold of him he saw me, and took to his heels, dropping the lady's purse on the ground, and was off like a shot; but I could swear to him anywhere, so he won't get off."

Then Job went on his way, wondering at "such a little chap, not near so big as my Davy, being so bad," and feeling a strong pity in his kind, honest heart for the little thief.

The inn where he had put up the pony stood in a back street, and Job's cart stood in front of it, piled up with the straw that Job had got for thatching his cottage, and as all his purchases were made, the pony was soon put to, and cart, horse, and man set out on their homeward journey. The pony went briskly at first, but after a time he settled down to his usual jog-trot pace, and Job trudged along by the side with his hands in his pockets, at times whistling softly to himself. When they were more than half way home, and the shades of evening were falling over the land and the quiet sea, Job's eyes were suddenly attracted by a movement in the straw in the cart. He was not much given to surprise, but I think he did stare a bit when, from the middle of the straw, he met the gaze of two round, bright eyes. The owner of the eyes, seeing himself observed, began to make his way out of the straw, and revealed to Job's gaze a rough, black head, and pale, sharp face, which seemed familiar to him, and when at last an ill-clad figure sat on the edge of the cart, swinging his thin legs, and big, worn boots, and still looking at him with those queer, bold, black eyes, Job remembered him as the lad who had been picking pockets on the pier.

"Hullo!" said the boy.

"Hullo!" said Job; and then there was a silence, while Job meditated asking him how he came there, and what he wanted. However, the boy was not so slow as Job, and he took the questioning into his own hands, and began—

*Flint and Steel.*

"Where are you going to?"

"Why, to Westbeach, sure."

"And how far may that be?"

"Well, a matter of seven miles from here, I'd reckon."

"And how far are we from Scarmouth?"

"Nigh upon eight by now. You'd better be getting down, I'm thinking."

"Let me stop a bit, guv'nor, I'll get down at the next milestone."

"They're looking for you there," Job said, with a motion of his head towards Scarmouth.

"They may look," the boy answered, with a grin, "they won't be so quick at finding me."

"What have you been after?"

"I aint been doing nothing," the boy answered, rubbing a dirty knuckle into one eye, and speaking in a whimpering tone; "they're always a-pushing and a-shoving one about, and a-telling one to move on. I'd like to know how they'd like it. I never did nothing to them."

No answer suggested itself to Job's mind, so he went on for some time in silence, the boy still sitting on the edge of the cart, whistling and swinging his feet. At last Job said, "It will be dark long afore you get back to Scarmouth."

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Won't anyone be a-wondering where you've got to?"

"Not them," was the answer.

"Ain't you got no mother?" The boy shook his head.

"Nor father?" Again a shake of the head.

"Where's your home, then?"

"Ain't got none."

This was very puzzling to Job. "Where be you going to to-night, then?"

"Don't know," said the boy. "I'll get a beating if I go to where the other coves are, 'cause I ain't got nothing to-day, and have had the Bobbies after me."

Job in his simplicity did not know what a Bobby was, but he went on, "Who'll beat you?"

The boy looked sharply up at him. "What's that to you? It ain't no business of yours."

After this rebuff, Job walked on in silence. They passed several milestones, but still the boy sat there. At last, through the darkness, the lights of Westbeach began to show dimly in front, and Job said, "Now, youngster, get down; we're close on Westbeach."

"Let me stop till you get there," the boy answered. "I'm terrible tired and hungry, and I ain't had nothing all day."

Job began to wish he had made the boy get down sooner, but he was too kind-hearted to insist, and so the boy still sat there, as the cart went on past the church, dimly seen in the darkness; past the cluster of low cottages, in whose windows darkness was spreading more and more, as the inhabitants put out their lights, and went to their honest rest; down by the shore where the boats lay, pulled up out of reach of the tide, and the nets lay spread out to dry on the beach, and at last stopped by Job's little solitary

cottage, where a warm light shone out of the window, throwing a line of brightness on the dark, tossing sea. The wind had been getting up, and blew fresh and keen from the sea, and Job was cold and tired, but the sight that met his eyes, when he opened the cottage-door, was a very pleasant one. A huge fire of drift-wood was blazing and sparkling in the wide fireplace, lighting up every corner and cranny of the little room, showing the heap of nets in the corner, the old sea-chest where Job's Sunday clothes, and all his treasures, were kept; the pictures of Black-eyed Susan and H.M.S. 'Firefly' on the walls; the little store of cups and plates on the shelf; the table, with its coarse white cloth, and Job's cracked basin, out of which he had taken his supper for years; his patched-up elbow-chair, showing much of his own clumsy carpentry; and last, though not least in Job's eyes, a curly-headed boy of nine, sitting on a three-legged stool, with his head resting against the arm of the chair, fast asleep in the warm glow.

"Hullo, old chap!" said Job. The boy started up, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "Why, it ain't never you!"

"Ay, that it be, as large as life, and downright hungry, too; so set on the porridge, while I see to the beast, for I'll be mighty glad of my supper."

And then Job turned back into the dark, to take the pony to its stable, but when he got to the door he stopped and scratched his head, in sudden perplexity, for there, in the stream of warm light that poured through the open door, he saw the little white-faced boy sitting on the cart. Old Job's heart misgave him as he thought of the boy out in the cold, rough night, while he and David sat by the warm fire, so after a moment's hesitation, he followed the impulse of his kind heart, and drawing the boy down from his perch on the cart, pushed him roughly but kindly into the room, saying, "There, then, youngster, I can spare you a bit of supper and a night's shelter, but you must be off come to-morrow morning. David, lad, make him welcome, and see as there's supper enough for us all."

For a minute the boys stood staring at each other, and then David turned away to his porridge-making, and the boy crept up to the fire, and began warming his chilled fingers, watching David all the time with wondering eyes. When Job came back, there had not been a word exchanged, but three smoking basins of porridge were standing ready, and a huge slice of bread beside each, and the boys were standing on either side of the fire, exchanging shy glances. They were all three of them too busy with their suppers for much conversation, but when supper was over, and Job had settled himself down in the easy chair, the ice was broken between the boys, and David soon found courage to bring the boat he was cutting out, and began to tell the stranger how he meant to make it, and he opened his round eyes in surprise when he found how little he knew of the sea and boats. But soon the tables were turned, and it was David's turn to listen with open-mouthed wonder (ay, and Job, too,) while Tom Sharpe (for that they found to be the boy's name) spoke of London and all its

wonder. Tom had not much to say of his own friends or doings, but he told them he had come down from London, the day before, and had then seen the sea for the first time. Then he went on to describe London, and finding how little his listeners knew about it, and how readily everything he said was swallowed, he soon drew largely on his imagination, and David's head was soon filled with strange and wonderful ideas, and his eyes grew rounder and rounder, till at last Job bid the boys be off to bed, and soon they lay side by side, sleeping quietly, and it was not long before Job's heavy breathing told the same tale of him.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning when, after many yawns and stretches, Job turned out of his bed, he found that the two boys were up and out already, and that David was showing Tom the delights of the shore, of paddling about barefoot over the slippery, green rocks, of hunting for little crabs in the pools, of playing duck and drake with flat stones and bits of slate, and of all the amusements that boys can find beside that constant play-fellow the sea. It was all new and delightful to Tom, and no less delightful, though old, to David. But at last Job's loud voice was heard shouting that breakfast was ready, and David ran off to the cottage, Tom being behind a bit, uncertain whether breakfast was for him, too, but Job's "Come, lad, you'll want a bit of something before you go," re-assured him, and soon he was sitting by David's side eating his breakfast with an appetite that only the sea air can give. After it was over the boys returned to their play on the beach till the time came for David to go to school, when the boys parted full of regret, and even Job felt a bit dull when he saw the little, lonely figure set off on the Scarmouth road, while he pushed his boat off the shore on to the dancing, sparkling sea.

When Job and David met at night and sat down to their supper by the fire, there was a strange feeling of dulness upon both of them. David had no pleasure in his boat-making, without the curious looker-on, and Job found his pipe dull without the boy's voice, with its strange accent, telling such new things. Neither Job nor David were great talkers; and after two or three wonders from David as to where Tom was now, father and son turned into bed.

David was still asleep when Job got up in the morning and went to the door, as his custom was, to see the state of wind and weather, so he did not hear the expression of surprise that escaped his father's lips. Was it the clergyman's dog lying in front of the door? or was it a heap of sacks thrown down there? Job rubbed his eyes and looked again and saw, in the dim, gray, morning light, the little white-faced boy, Tom Sharpe, lying asleep. A movement of Job's roused the boy, and he started to his feet.

"You've never been here all night?" said Job. The boy nodded. "And you never went to Scarmouth?" A shake of the head. Job was sorely puzzled what was to be done? The boy at last broke the silence. "I say, guv'nor, do just let me stop



## The Ascension.

here. They'll beat me pretty near to death if I go back, and I won't be no trouble to you. I don't want nothing to eat, and I can sleep anywhere. Many's the time as I've slept on a door-step. I culy wants to have a game with David again on them rocks."

"But this aint a thing to be settled up in a hurry," said Job. "What'll your folks say?"

"There's no one as cares," the boy said, rubbing his eyes with his ragged sleeve; "they don't care whether I'm alive or dead. They'd be gladder if I was dead, and they've said so often."

By this time David had made his appearance, and pulled Tom into the house. There was no doubt, from the expression of his face, that he thought it a very happy chance that had brought Tom back, though he was not given to expressing his feelings readily in words.

Job got the breakfast and the three sat down to it again as they had done the morning before; and, in spite of Tom's saying, "that he did not want nothing to eat," he did full justice to his meal, as he had tasted little enough since the morning before. Job was more than usually silent and seemed sunk in thought, and directly after the meal, he went out to a favourite seat of his on a flat rock and pondered the matter over with his two friends, his pipe and the sea. At last his determination was taken; and, with a shout to David to go to school, and to Tom to stay till he saw him again, he set his face towards Scarmouth, and set off steadily in that direction.

(To be continued.)

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## The Ascension.

BY THE VERY REV. A. P. STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

He is gone—beyond the skies,  
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight;  
Through the veils of time and space,  
Pass'd into the holiest place;  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

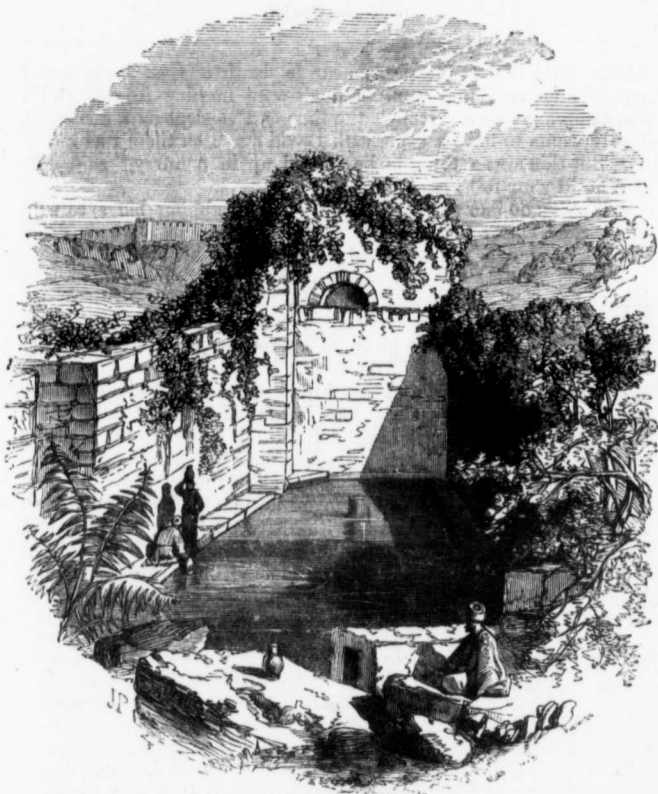
He is gone—and we return,  
And our hearts within us burn;  
Olivet no more shall greet,  
With welcome shout, His coming feet;  
Never shall we thank Him more  
On Gennesareth's glistening shore,  
Never in that look, or voice,  
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain,  
In the void which He has left;  
On this earth, of Him bereft;

We have still His work to do,  
We can still His path pursue,  
Seek Him both in friend or foe,  
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before,  
In the Heaven of Heavens the same  
As on earth He went and came;  
In the many mansions there,  
Peace for us He will prepare,  
In that world unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain;  
Wait, until He comes again;  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere;  
Evermore in heart, and mind,  
There our peace in Him we find,  
To our own Eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend.



### The Pool of Siloam.

**N**O fountain about Jerusalem has obtained such wide celebrity as Siloah, and yet it is only three times mentioned in Scripture. Isaiah speaks of "the waters of Siloah that flow softly" (viii. 6); Nehemiah says that Shallum built the wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden (iii. 15); and our Saviour commanded the blind man, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam . . . and he went his way, therefore, and washed and came seeing" (S. John ix. 7). The pool still exists in a verdant spot in the valley of Jehoshaphat. It is a rectangular reservoir, 53 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, and 19 deep. The walls all round are of hewn stones, in part broken away at the western end. At the upper end of the pool is an arched entrance to a ruinous stair-case, which leads to the ancient subterranean conduit, through which the water flows from the "Fountain of the Virgin" to this pool. This channel winds zigzag in the very heart of the rock, so that though the direct distance is only 1,100 feet, the conduit measures 1,750. Through this passage the water flows softly from the mountain till it finds its way into the pool, rising

## Love and Obey.

secretly from beneath the surface. Wild flowers, and various shrubs, especially the caper-tree, grow luxuriantly round it. The water flows out of the pool by a small opening cut in the rock, and is carried along through little clay-walled channels to refresh the gardens which are planted below on terraces, illustrating the Scripture expression, "a fountain of gardens" (Song of Solomon, iv. 15), for a fountain in such a situation waters many gardens.

### Love and Obey.

**I**N a small room, neatly and comfortably, but not expensively furnished, sat a young and comely woman. Her fingers were mechanically occupied with some kind of needlework, but her thoughts were plainly far away; and doubtless they would have wandered yet farther if their flight had not been interrupted from time to time by the prattle of a girl of some three or four years old, who was nestling on a stool at her feet, and very busy with a pair of scissors "cutting and contriving," as she had seen her mother doing in the morning. That the young mother's wandering thoughts were only partially arrested, was plain enough, for she had not noticed the havoc the little maid's cutting and contriving was making with her silk apron. That her thoughts were not of a pleasant nature, was evident from the pained weary expression of her features, and a kind of scared and terrified look which would at times pass over them.

Mary Campione had married the object of her affections. To love her husband, therefore, was the most easy and natural thing in the world; but to obey! that was a very different matter. And yet it should not have been a difficult matter; for George Campione was a fond indulgent husband, who never opposed her wishes or thwarted her inclinations except for grave and cogent reasons. But in her old home Mary had always had her own way; her will had been paramount, and she had been accustomed to indulge it, though all besides had to yield up theirs. So she found it hard now to accept a subordinate position. And she did not accept it, nor would she acknowledge that her will was now subject to that of her husband.

Hence came strife and bickering. For however disposed her husband was to gratify her wishes, and however little he might desire to do anything to which she made objection, occasions would arise when the two could not see or think alike, when neither could convince or persuade the other, and when consequently one or the other must give up the point in question. At such times Mary held out to the last, always insisting that her way of thinking was the only right one. George, on the other hand, yielded the point, but with a sore feeling at his heart, as though she were presuming on his affection, and taking advantage of it, to oust him from his proper position as head of the household.

Things had come to a climax on the morning of the day on which I have introduced Mary to the reader. An advantageous proposal in the way of his business had come to George from the

country, which, after due consideration, he quite made up his mind to accept. Accordingly he had dwelt eloquently on the many advantages that would accrue from it, and drawing a bright picture of the prospect opened out, had endeavoured to bring his wife to the same way of thinking.

But Mary would not see it, and could not be persuaded. Reared in London, she could not bear the idea of the country except for a few months in summer, and refused point-blank to go and live there entirely. The contention waxed hotter as it continued, till at length Mary, losing her temper as the argument went against her, with flashing eye and heaving breast, let fall the terrible words. "Well, George, go, if you like, as you seem to have made up your mind: but I *will not*. And remember, if you do go without me, you shall never see me again."

The words were scarce uttered ere she would have given a good deal to recall them; but recall them she could not, and pride forbade her to retract them now they were spoken. Her husband staggered as if he had received a blow. For a few moments there was silence, more significant than any words, and then, slowly, deliberately, but with evident painful effort, he spoke. "Mary, those are no words for a wife. With such feelings you had no right to marry. God, and man, and your own marriage-vow give me authority over you, and you defy it on every occasion that offers. It is better perhaps that I should *not* see you again. To be once threatened is sufficient. A house divided against itself cannot stand."

He rose, and left the room, his face white with suppressed emotion. She heard him go upstairs to the nursery, come down again, and leave the house without again seeking her presence.

From that moment an undefined dread and terror had fallen on her, together with an unutterable anguish of remorse. For she was far from being the unloveable creature you would be disposed to infer from this one glimpse of her. She was merely a spoiled wilful child, grown into a self-willed woman—but not without sterling good qualities for all that. Amiable, affectionate, true-hearted to the core, without a shade of duplicity or meanness, home-loving, contented, industrious. But, one thing marred all. What she did, must be done *in her own way*. She would not brook that any should dictate to her. Left to herself, her impulses and her actions both told of a noble and generous nature; but under guidance she turned restive, like many a high-spirited horse, which will trot along steadily enough till he feels the touch of the whip, when instantly he sends out his heels, bolts, and upsets you in the ditch. Ticklish cattle enough to drive, but far better than many others, as any coachman can tell you; so do not altogether withhold your sympathy from poor Mary Campione in her sore trouble, even though she has brought it on herself.

How she looked forward that night to six o'clock, the hour of George's usual return from the City! Everything had been made extra comfortable, and she overcame her pride so far as to be ready, on the first kind word, to throw herself into her husband's arms and ask his forgiveness. The little mantel-clock struck. She gave

the fire a stir, and put the tea into the pot. Quarter past! she made the tea, and her hand trembled as she did so. Half-past! three-quarters! seven! still no George. Up to this she had been fidgetting nervously about; after the clock struck she did not move. She forgot her tea; to little Mary's questions she replied "Yes," or "No," at random, till at last the little thing had cut up the silk apron, and contrived to fall asleep. For a time her fingers moved mechanically at her work, then ceased altogether; for her heart was well-nigh bursting with vague, undefined terror.

The little clock struck eight—nine! George came not. Would he never come again!

Yes, the door opens. She sees him enter the room. She waits, trembling, for the kind word that does *not* come; and then the pride and the fierce self-will take hold of her again. She looks into his face, and sees that it is ghastly pale, paler even than it had been when he left her in the morning, and with a sad, stern, expression. Forthwith she makes up her mind that she "will not be bullied," and nerves herself to fight it out to the end.

He comes up to the table, but does not seat himself. "Mary, are you still of the same mind?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Are you mad? Is this the fulfilment of your marriage vow?"

"Quite as much so, as you are fulfilling yours, to love and to cherish," was the defiant reply.

"Cannot one do that without abandoning entirely one's proper position and authority? Listen, Mary. Your wilfulness has driven me where I am. By-and-bye, you will wish to have me back with you, but it will be impossible; or worse still! you will yourself follow me."

"Make your mind quite easy on either score," replied Mary, in a scornful tone, her pride now all in arms. "You will not be troubled by me, I assure you."

"You cannot help it," he said sadly.

At this point of the conversation little Mary rose, and was tottering towards her father for the accustomed caress.

"Keep the child away!" he almost shrieked. "Don't let her touch me." But Mary took no heed of the cry. "Keep her away!" he cried again, as the child got closer to him; but Mary did not move. "Woman, don't let her touch me," he shrieked. "I'm dead!"

Then indeed, through all her pride, and all her self-will, a bitter, bitter pang pierced the loving, tender heart within, and struck her to the ground with a low, gasping moan, more terrible to hear than the loudest shriek.

When she recovered consciousness her husband was leaning over her. "Why, Mary," he said, "what is the matter? As I knocked at the door I heard a groan and a fall, and as soon as I got in I found you stretched on the floor, unconscious. You must have been low and nervous, and I suppose my knock startled you. There, lean your head on me, you will soon be all right."

"I thought you—I don't understand—Is there nothing the matter? Are you —"

"Only just come in," said her husband cheerily, "and very late, too. I see it all now. You expected me at the usual time, and got nervous with waiting. But did you not get my telegram?"

"Telegram?"

"Yes. Uncle John called, and said I must go home with him to dinner, as he wanted to talk to me on matters of importance. He would take no denial, so I at once telegraphed you that I should not be home till ten, and you ought to have had it by four."

Mary's heart began to lighten a little, but still a feeling as of nightmare weighed her down, and she could not shake it off.

"But I thought ——" she began; but George would not let her continue. "Keep quiet, dear, awhile. You have had some unpleasant fancies, I expect, through my unaccountable lateness. But it is all over now. And what do you think Uncle John wanted me for? If you were well I should tantalise you a bit, but I have n't the heart to do it now. He has offered to take me as a partner, and we shall not have to go into the horrid country after all. There, that will cheer you."

"I will go where you like, dear George, if you will take such a good-for-nothing with you."

The reply was not given in words, but it was none the less satisfactory.

From that day Mary ceased to oppose her will to her husband's. If ever she felt inclined to rebel, a grim spectre arose to drive her back. But it was a long time before she could bring herself to confide to him the terrible picture which her fancy had conjured up from the scene of that morning, and the emotions and forebodings of her remorseful heart.

N. G. B.

## St. Bartholomew.



THE Gospels expressly state that St. Bartholomew was one of the twelve Apostles. It is, however, supposed that he was the same as Nathanael, since the evangelists who mention Bartholomew say nothing of Nathanael, and St. John, who mentions Nathanael, does not name Bartholomew. In St. John, we find Philip and Nathanael joined together in their coming to Christ, and in the rest of the evangelists Philip and Bartholomew are constantly put together, probably because they were jointly called to the apostleship.

When our Lord appeared to His apostles on the shore of Tiberias, after His resurrection, we read that there were together Simon Peter, and Thomas, and Nathanael, of Cana in Galilee, and the two sons of Zebedee, and two other of His disciples, who probably were Andrew and Philip (St. John xxi. 1, 2). Moreover, if Nathanael had been only a disciple, and not an apostle already, we may be sure that he would have been named as well as Barsabas and Matthias, to fill the vacancy made by the death of Judas.

Indeed, Bartholomew means no more than *the son of Tholmai* (a common name among the Jews), and Nathanael may have been called Bartholomew, just as St. Peter was called Bar-Jona, and Joses was called Barnabas. (Acts iv. 36.)



St. Bartholomew.

### *Plain Words about the Communion Service.*

At his first coming to Christ (supposing him to be the same as Nathanael), Bartholomew was conducted by Philip, who told him that now they had found the Messiah so oft foretold by Moses and the prophets—"Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph"—and when he objected, that the Messiah could not be born at Nazareth, Philip bids him come and see for himself. When Jesus saw Nathanael coming to Him, He saith of him, "*Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*" Nathanael wondered at His salutation, and said, "*Whence knowest Thou me?*" Jesus answered that He had seen him, while he was yet under the fig-tree, before Philip called him. Convinced from this of our Lord's Divine nature, Nathanael at once confessed that he was sure that Jesus was the promised Messiah. "*Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel.*" Then our Saviour told him that if on this proof he could believe Him to be the Messiah, he should have far greater arguments to confirm his faith, for that ere long he should see the heavens opened to receive Him, and the angels visibly appearing to wait and attend upon Him (St. John i. 45-51).

Tradition tells us that St. Bartholomew, in his travels for the spread of the Gospel, went as far as Northern India, and it is said that he there left St. Matthew's Gospel written in Hebrew. He afterwards returned to the western and northern part of Asia. He was at Hierapolis in Phrygia along with Philip, and was present at his martyrdom, when he was himself fastened to a cross, but sudden fear came on his enemies, and they sent him away.

His last journey was to Albanopolis in Armenia, where he was crucified by command of Astyages the king. He died cheerfully, comforting and counselling the convert Gentiles to the last minute of his life. Some add that his skin was taken off before his crucifixion, an horrible and inhuman punishment which was in use amongst the Persians, the next neighbours of these Armenians. From this tradition concerning him, his peculiar emblem is a butcher's flaying-knife. Sometimes he has in his hand the Gospel of St. Matthew.

About *one hundred and fifty* churches in England are dedicated in the name of St. Bartholomew.

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### **Plain Words about the Communion Service.**

BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF DYMOCK, CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



IMMEDIATELY after the Creed is appointed a Sermon, or one of the Homilies. Anciently the Sermon in the Communion office was called 'a Postil,' and was an exposition of some point in the Epistle or Gospel of the day. Whilst preachers in the present day are not absolutely tied down to this usage, those who follow the due course of the Church's seasons in their teaching find the benefit, both for themselves and their flocks, from the regularity with which they are able to unfold to them the different portions of Divine truth. Expository preaching was much more common in ancient times than it is now. Thus nearly the whole of the Homilies of S.



*Plain Words about the Communion Service.*

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Chrysostom form connected expositions of different books of Holy Scripture. 'If there be no Sermon,' it is ordered that 'there shall follow one of the Homilies.' These 'Homilies' are exhortations, based in a great measure on the teaching of the Fathers. It does not seem that they were ever very popular, and their antiquated style would render them almost unintelligible in the present day, though they are still valuable for their doctrinal teaching.

After the Sermon comes the Offertory. Before this the Catechumens, that is, the persons under instruction, and the Penitents, or those who had been put to open penance\* for some notorious sin, were, according to the usage of the ancient Church, dismissed. They were not permitted to mingle their offerings with those of the regular worshippers. The Offertory, *as* its name implies, is the presentation or offering of the alms of the Communicants. Anciently it was the custom for the congregation to present the elements of bread and wine required for consecration, and hence arose the practice of offering or presenting the elements upon the Holy Table at the conclusion of the Offertory. All such offerings in kind have long since ceased, but it was a beautiful idea which led the worshippers in the Early Church, as members of one family, to offer the elements required for the feast common to all Christian men. † As an eminent writer on the Prayer Book points out, the 'whole Communion Service is composed of sacrifices and oblations.' ‡ The first kind of sacrifice he defines to be 'the bringing of our gifts to the Altar,' that is, the Offertory properly so called; the second 'is the consecration of the Elements, and presenting them up to God by the prayers of the Minister;' the third is 'the sacrifice of praises and prayers unto God;' the fourth is 'the oblation of ourselves, of our souls and bodies' (Romans xii. 1). It is the first sort of offering, which is now more especially before us, and surely our own religious instincts would tell us to 'deal our bread to the hungry' at that time in which God is about to supply our souls with the Bread of Eternal Life.

The sentences appointed to be used during the Collection of the Alms show that the Offertory was intended, not only for the assistance of the poor, but also for the maintenance of the Clergy. Indeed, in primitive times, the alms of the faithful were the only source of income to Christ's Ministers. Collections on their behalf were made at first weekly, and afterwards once in each month. It is comforting to think that the restoration among ourselves of the Weekly Offertory is not only a source of increased revenue to the Church, but is in accordance with the Apostolic and Primitive usage, grounded on the express direction of Holy Scripture itself. ||

'Next to the Offertory is that excellent Prayer for the Church Militant, wherein we pray for the Catholic and Apostolic Church;

\* See 'Commination Service.'

† 'There was a custom in the Ancient Church for the Faithful in the Assemblies to offer Bread and Wine, not only for the use of the poor, but also for the sustenance of the Ministers of the Church after there had been taken as much as sufficed for the administration of the Eucharist.'—Bishop Cosins' *Notes on the Prayer Book*.

‡ L'Estrange. *Alliance of Divine Offices.* || 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

## Godly Laymen of the English Church.

for all Christian kings, princes and governors; for the whole Clergy and people; for all in adversity.\*

'The Priest,' says S. Chrysostom,† 'as the elements lie before him, commands us to offer unto God thanks for blessings to the whole world, to those that are absent, those that are present, those that were before us, and those that come after us.' This Prayer, with the exception of a difference in the concluding clause, is substantially the same as that found in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., and in the Scottish Liturgy. That omission relates to the departed. The earlier forms of this Prayer contained a direct petition for them, but as the Roman doctrine of Purgatory, with all the errors resulting from it, possessed a strong hold on the popular mind, our reformers deemed it wise to expunge this clause from the prayer, or rather to mould the intercession into a thanksgiving. 'It is a precious clause, and one which we cannot afford to lose. Surely without it the office would lack its present perfection and beauty.‡ The whole prayer is evidently framed on the foundation of the Apostolic precept quoted at its commencement (1 Tim. ii. 2), and is in reality an expression of the Apostolic command. It commences by asking God to 'accept our alms and oblations,' together with the 'prayers which we offer unto' His 'Divine Majesty.' It then goes on to pray for the 'Universal Church,' and her unity, and naturally glides off into an intercession for those Christian rulers, who should ever be the Church's 'nursing fathers' and 'nursing mothers.' To this succeed special petitions for 'all in authority,' whether in Church or State, and then in a yet wider spirit of charity, the Church of Christ pleads for all people, and especially for that congregation gathered to receive this most holy Ordinance. Nor are those absent through sickness, sorrow or adversity, forgotten. The Church's prayer is limited by no conditions of time or space. Lastly, a thanksgiving for the Saints departed, with a prayer that we may follow their example, and with them gain our Divine inheritance, fitly concludes the great Eucharistic intercession offered in union with the unceasing prayer of our Great High Priest above.

## Godly Laymen of the English Church.

BY G. W. BENCE, M.A., INCUMBENT OF BISHOPSTON, BRISTOL.

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE, THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER,

BORN 1626, DIED 1692, AGED 66.



SOME persons have imagined that scientific investigation tends to produce unbelief or scepticism in the minds of great thinkers. They conceive that the wisest heads have been led to reject the claims of the Bible for the speculations of past or present times. But we may thank God that this is really not the case. Sir Isaac Newton, the most eminent of learned men, wrote a book of Divinity. Locke,

\* Bishop Sparrow's *Rationale*.

† S. Chrysostom Hom. de S. Matthew, quoted in Bishop Cosins' *Notes on the Prayer Book*.

‡ Dean of Norwich on the Communion Office.

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the acute reasoner, has given us a commentary upon St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and Robert Boyle, whose vast attainments in science have been long known to the world, not only wrote



admirable works imbued with sentiments of profound piety, but, in gratitude to God, for having enabled him to surmount serious doubts that had in early life perplexed him, bequeathed a sum of money to the City of London, to perpetuate a course of *Lectures*,\* with the view of satisfying honest scruples, and of vindicating "the proof of the Christian religion against notorious infidels."

\* "The Boyle Lectures."

The Honourable Robert Boyle, who was the seventh son of the Earl of Cork, was born at Lismore in Ireland, in the same year that Lord Bacon died. He lived in the times of several noted men, such as Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Evelyn, Sir Christopher Wren, Archbishop Usher, and Dr. Sanderson, with whom he was on terms of friendship.

He acquaints us with several misfortunes which befell him in early life. When he was three years old he lost his mother. When he was a little boy he acquired the habit of stammering, by mimicking some children of his own age. On a certain occasion he was taking a journey, and, in passing a brook which had been swollen by recent showers, the coach was overturned, and carried down the stream, and he was in imminent danger of losing his life. When he was at Eton he very narrowly escaped being crushed to pieces, or suffocated, by the sudden fall of the room in which he lodged. Twice he was thrown from his horse, and once he was in great peril from receiving wrong medicine. "In his rescue from these dangers, he acknowledged the hand of God, who, in these and other passages of his life, had graciously guided and protected him."

In 1638, his father sent him to travel abroad for some years, and he visited Paris and Geneva. At this latter place he applied himself to the study of mathematics and rhetoric, in which he much excelled. But an event of far greater consequence, and of more lasting interest, now happened to him. "One night the city of Geneva was visited by a most awful tempest, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. The wind howled frightfully, the rain fell in torrents, the electric flashes were frequent and dazzling, the thunder was such as he had never before heard. He started out of sleep, and thought that the end of the world had arrived, and that the Day of Judgment was at hand. His conscience told him that he was unprepared for that solemn tribunal; and feeling the wretchedness of being in such a condition, he resolved, that if a further respite were given to the world, and to himself, he would devote more attention to religion. The morning came, and he ratified his determination so solemnly, that from that day he dated his conversion, renewing, now that he was past the danger, the vow he had made whilst he believed that he was in it."

It is worthy of observation that, although his soul was thus consciously aroused by so terrific a display of God's power, he ever afterwards asserted that "*piety was to be embraced, not so much to gain heaven, as to serve God.*"

In an age when a thick mist of scepticism, as it were, was just rising to darken the moral vision of many hearts, good men were tempted, but not overcome; and so it was that Mr. Boyle, even after this circumstance, became the victim of strange and hideous thoughts; but it pleased God, after he had spent some months of bitter and distracting doubts, to restore the blessed light and comfort of heaven to his soul, when receiving at church the holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He now became established in the faith of Christ, yet not so, he says, but that "the fleeting clouds of doubt and disbelief never ceased, now and then, to

darken the serenity of his quiet, which made him often say, "that suggestions of this nature were such a disease to faith, as the toothache is to the body, for though it is not mortal it is very troublesome."

Upon his return from the continent, Mr. Boyle sought the residence of his sister, and it is said that he often thanked God that he had done so, otherwise he would have gone into the army, and would have been obliged to form associations that were unsuited to his tastes; whereas, this visit was the means, under God, of confirming him the more in those habits of personal religion to which he had consecrated his future life.

By his father's death in 1643, the manor of Stalbridge, and some property in Ireland, came into his possession, and when he was about twenty years of age Stalbridge became his home. Here it was that he devoted himself, with an enthusiastic eagerness, to useful studies in natural and experimental philosophy. He was the discoverer of the *elasticity of the air*, and he invented the common air-pump, and was the first to introduce the thermometer into this country. Many other elaborate enquiries were satisfactorily pursued, and "he may be said to have led the way to that mighty genius, the great Sir Isaac Newton." He appears to have derived much pleasure from an association of scientific men, and so general was the esteem in which he was held, that eventually he was chosen to be the President of the Royal Society, although he had declined being "a Fellow" of it. In *Evelyn's Diary* there is the following characteristic notice of this circumstance:—

Nov. 30, 1680.—"The anniversary election at the Royal Society brought me to London, where was chosen President that excellent person and great philosopher, Mr. Robert Boyle, who, indeed, ought to have been the very first, but neither his infirmity nor his modesty could now any longer excuse him."

In 1662, Mr. Boyle, who had promoted the translation of the Holy Scriptures into several languages, and had contributed largely to various missionary enterprises, was also appointed the first governor of "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the heathen natives in New England, and other parts." About this time he was warmly solicited by the Lord Chancellor of England to receive holy orders. He, however, reflected that, in the situation of life he was in, whatever he wrote respecting religion would have so much greater weight in coming from a layman, but Bishop Burnet tell us that he was much influenced, in declining the Ministry of the Church, by not feeling within himself, as he thought, any motion which he could safely regard as a call from the Holy Ghost to undertake it, and that he accordingly preferred to pursue his philosophical studies in such a manner as might be most effectual for the promotion of true religion. And yet so great was his fondness for the Scriptures, that "he could readily quote many passages in Hebrew, and had committed to memory a still larger portion of the Greek Testament." "I esteem no labour lost," he said, "that illustrates and endears to me that Divine book." Having received a grant of forfeited impropriations in Ireland, which was obtained without his knowledge, he employed the whole of the proceeds in charitable undertakings. A favourite scheme was the publication of the Bible in Welsh, and the distribution of an edition of the Irish Bible through the Highlands of Scotland.

"In these good works," we are told, "he was much encouraged by the accounts which he received of the gladness with which the people hailed the coming amongst them of the Word of God. A Scottish minister, his friend and correspondent, thus communicated to him the contents of a letter received from the Highlands:—"All the people in the Highlands are overjoyed with the thoughts of this, and are mighty eager to have Bibles. I bless the God of heaven, who put this excellent design into your breast. Who knows what a heavenly flame this spark may kindle?"

And when his great benefactor was no more, the same worthy minister thus opened his heart to Dr. Wotton:—"I am glad you are going to publish the life of the excellent Mr. Boyle, who was so great an ornament to his country, and to our holy religion. I reckon it one of the blessings of my life to have been acquainted with so extraordinary a person. It was soon after our acquaintance begun, that I had the opportunity of talking with him of the sad state of religion in the Highlands of Scotland, where they had neither Bibles nor Catechisms in their own language." He then mentions how Mr. Boyle had provided for these wants by giving funds to buy Bibles, Prayer-books, and Catechisms.

One especial feature of Mr. Boyle's religious character was *reverence*. It is recorded of him that he never uttered even the name of God without designedly pausing, and one who knew him intimately for almost forty years, asserted that he never once observed in him a deviation from this rule.

It has been already intimated that Mr. Boyle wrote various treatises upon religion. Many of them, especially his "*Occasional Reflections*," are distinguished by ingenious comparisons of a practical character, of which the following are specimens:—

UPON THE SIGHT OF HIS SHADOW CAST UPON THE FACE OF A RIVER.

"I was, indeed, Philaretus, attentively enough considering sometimes my picture which the water presents me with, and sometimes the shadow, which the sun and I together cast upon the water—I was considering that one of the differences between the Law and the Gospel might not be ill represented by the difference between a common looking-glass and that afforded me by this crystal stream. For though both being specular bodies, I can see my face in either, yet, if my face be spotted with dust, or grown pale by reason of the faintness usual in such hot weather, a common looking-glass will, indeed, discover these things to me, but will not otherwise assist me to remedy them; whereas, when I consult this stream, if it show me any spots in my face, it supplies me with water to wash them off, and by its cooling and refreshing water can also relieve me from that faintness that reduces me to look pale.

"Thus the Law, which is commonly, and which seems even by an Apostle to be compared to a looking-glass, shows us, indeed, the pollutions of our souls, and discovers to us our faintness and spiritual languor. But the Gospel does not only do this, but tells the embracers of it, by St. John's mouth, '*If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who is the propitiation for our sins and whose blood cleanseth from all sin.*' And the Author of the same Gospel invites all those who find themselves tired and thirsty, to come unto Him, and to be refreshed."

UPON HIS SEEING A LARK STOOP TO AND CAUGHT WITH NETS.

"Poor Bird! thou wert just now so high upon the wing, that the tired gazers feared thou hadst lost thyself in heaven, and in thy fatal stooping seemest to have brought us a message from thence! Some birds you know, Lindamor, we usually beguile with chaff, and others are generally drawn in by appropriate baits, and by the mouth, not the eye. But the aspiring Lark seems to be composed of more sprightly

## Short Sermon.

and refined material; she is ever natural, and the sun makes not a cloudless visit to our horizon, which that grateful creature gives not a welcome to, both by warblings, and by a flight as aspiring as if she meant the sun itself to hear them. In a word, so conspicuous is this creature's fondness for light, that fowlers have devised a way to catch her by it, and pervert it to her ruin. For, placing broken looking-glasses upon a movable frame, between their nets, the unwary bird, while she is gazing upon that glittering light which the glass reflects, and sporting herself in those beams, heedlessly comes within the reach of the nets, which suddenly cover her, and which *the light itself kept her from seeing*. The devil is like this fowler, and you and I, Lindamor, had, perhaps, resembled the unhappy Lark, if sometimes Providence did not graciously interpose, for it has ever been that old serpent's policy and practice to take the most exact measure of our inclinations, that he may skilfully suit his temptations to them. If he have observed that it is not easy to entice you with *common baits*, he will alter his method at once, and attempt to catch you with *light*. He knows, as well as I do, that you have a curiosity, or, rather, a greediness, for *knowledge*, and he will let you freely sport yourself about the glittering intellectual glass which men call *philosophy*,\* and suffer you not only to gaze upon all its pieces, and survey a pretty number, but, peradventure, to pry into more than one, and among so numerous and delightful objects, I fear that you would have had no time left you for heavenly themes, and the meditation of death, if Providence had not mercifully snatched you out from between the nets, and by sickness called your thoughts home. Whatsoever, therefore, philosophers tell us of a wise man, that he is nowhere banished because he is a citizen of the world, I must think a Christian everywhere on exile, because he is a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem, and but a stranger and sojourner here. No, we may visit *Athens*, but we should dwell at *Jerusalem*; we may take some turns upon *Parnassus*, but should more frequent *Mount Calvary*; and must never so busy ourselves about those many things as to forget that good part which shall not be taken away from us."

We conclude this sketch of the life and writings of this good and faithful member of our Church, by another extract from *Evelyn's Diary*:—

1692. *January 1st*.—"This last week died that pious, admirable Christian, excellent philosopher, and my worthy friend, Mr. Boyle, aged about sixty-five, a great loss to all that knew him, and to the public. At his funeral, Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, preached on Eccles. ii. 26. He concluded with an eulogy due to the deceased, in that he made God and religion the scope of all his excellent talents, that he gave £1,000 yearly to the distressed refugees of France and Ireland, and that he had by his will devoted £8,000 to charitable uses. He dilated on his learning in Hebrew and Greek, his reading of the Fathers, and solid knowledge in theology, the works, both pious and useful, which he published, the exact life he led, and the happy end he made. And truly all this was but his due, without any grain of flattery."

## Short Sermon.

### Dagon.

BY THE VERY REV. H. A. DOUGLAS, DEAN OF CAPETOWN.

1 Sam. v. 3, 4. "*Behold Dagon was fallen on his face before the Ark of the Lord.*"



HE doings of the God of Israel were famous in Philistia, as in many other lands. The Philistines had heard of all that He had done in Egypt and in the land of Canaan. And now the ark, which was the symbol of His presence, and which had witnessed so many of these wondrous actions, had fallen into their hands. Who, then, could

\* Sceptical or speculative opinion is here intended.

doubt that Dagon, the god of Philistia, was stronger than the God of Israel? In their exultation they took the ark into the temple of their god, and set it by Dagon, and there the two things were to be seen together—the figure of their god, whose upper part was like a man, and whose lower part was like a fish, and the holy chest which signified Jehovah's presence—the idol raised on high, the ark down upon the ground below. So they were left when night fell. But in the morning there was a change; for Dagon had fallen flat upon his face before the ark of the Lord.

The priests of Dagon could not understand the fall. Perhaps they would think that it was an accident. And so the idol was set firmly upon his pedestal again. But when the priests were gone Dagon fell again, and did obeisance to the ark of the Lord. And this time he did not only fall, but he was broken in pieces; his head was taken from his shoulders; his hands were cut off from his arms; only the stump of Dagon was left.

What did the priests say now? At least this second fall was no chance; there was a reason for it; and the reason was not far to find. As long as the ark of God was placed in Dagon's temple, Dagon could not stand up. Dagon's place was undermost, not uppermost. Dagon was not a better or a stronger god than the Lord God of Israel. The God who had made a way through the sea, and had done such great things in Egypt, was above all gods. Other gods were false gods, no gods. Jehovah, the God of Israel, was the one living and true God; and by this miracle He would teach the Philistines and other nations, that even if His ark should fall into the hands of enemies, still He, and He alone, was God.

And how often has He taught the same truth, though in other ways? All along throughout the course of ages God has taught an unbelieving world that often when His cause seems the weakest it is then most strong.

Especially and most memorably was this shown when Christ, His Son, was in the world. His Son was sent into the world to fight with Satan and wicked men, His enemies, as the ark was sent to fight against the Philistines. His Son was the true ark, containing in Himself and in His life the two tables of the law which He fulfilled—the priesthood, better than that of Aaron, which He discharged when He offered Himself as the Lamb of the atoning Sacrifice—the manna from heaven, which is His own body and blood, bestowed in the holy sacrament—and being personally the seat of the divine mercy on which God rests, and in which He manifests His love to us sinners. And this ark, this Son of God, how did He fight with Satan and the Philistines? He fought by dying, He conquered by defeat, when Satan moving wicked men, put Him to death upon the cross. A world knowing not His true nature and power did with Him as Dagon's priests did with God's ark; took Him into their temple, said to Him that He pretended to be a king and Saviour, but that they were His masters, and would kill Him. When Christ was lifted up upon the cross by sinful men, it seemed as if He lay before the world's feet, a helpless victim. And yet that very season of His extreme weak-



ness was the time when He put forth His greatest strength. The triumph of the wicked was short. In the second night He rose a living man out of His grave. His enemies, like Dagon's priests, woke upon the second morning, and heard, to their dismay, that Dagon was fallen on his face, that death was overcome, that the power of death was for ever broken, that the head and hands of death were lying helpless on the floor of the world, his temple, and that death itself was paying homage to Christ as Prince of life. The same kind of thing which happened in Dagon's temple when Dagon fell before the ark, happened in a new and wider sphere in the night of resurrection, when death was conquered by Christ, and owned that it was conquered.

The spread of the Church in the first ages is another and most notable example of the same truth.

If the ark, with its mercy seat, and its two tables of the law, and the rod of Aaron, and the pot of manna, was a type of Christ, it was also a type of that Holy Church which is the body of Christ. And how did that Church subdue the European world? It subdued the world by a secret strength which worked through seeming weakness. The ark, imprisoned within Dagon's temple, seemed not more weak and helpless than that little band of poor Jews in the upper room at Jerusalem, whose Master had but just before been crucified. The Romans looked down upon the Jews as a miserable people, and the followers of Jesus were despised among these miserable Jews. But what happened? This little band not only leavened the Roman empire, but its influence reached beyond those wide limits, wherever commerce travelled or knowledge spread. The world was then one great temple of idols. Priests and ceremonies of religion supporting systems of falsehood, filled the minds of millions with delusions. But the ark, the Church of God, worked its way among them, touched and changed hearts, entered heathen temples, converted the heathen priests, refuted the errors on which idolatry was based, taught a pure morality which showed by contrast the baseness of corrupt religions, exhibited a life of love which earth before had never witnessed. One by one, in consequence of this, the Dagon's fell. The disciples of Christ were imprisoned, banished, burnt at the stake, thrown to wild beasts. Enticement was employed as well as cruelty, and did more than cruelty; but still, one after another, every Dagon fell. And at last, in the course of some few centuries, the idols were utterly abolished within the limits of the Roman empire, and the ark of God triumphed over the chief among the four continents. Everywhere it seemed weak, but everywhere it conquered, not by carnal weapons, nor by earthly wisdom, nor by the hand of power, but by the arm and spirit of God working inwardly below the surface of things, in hearts, and minds, and consciences, and working outwardly by changing laws, and habits, and policies, the Church of God fought with the Dagon's of idolatry and won the European world for Christ.

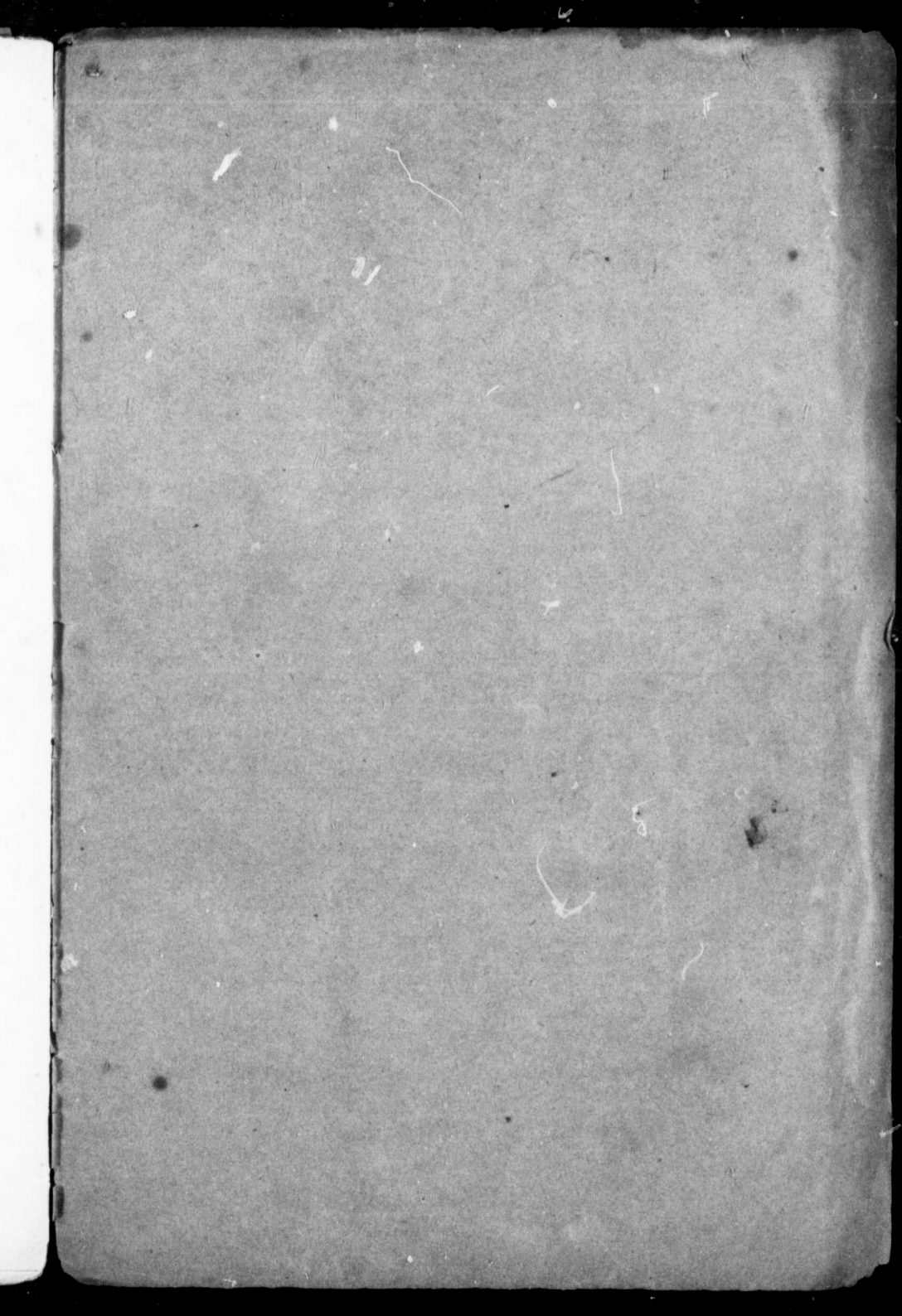
And a like work remains for it to do still in Asia and in Africa. Systems as deep-rooted as any which have yet been overthrown, millions of heathen people more numerous than those which have

been leavened hitherto, still bow to Dagon, still deny God. And the Church, returning to her first love, awakened to a zeal like that which moved her in the first ages of her triumph, must yet, in these latter days, go forth to fresh conquests; and, in spite of the world's scorn, and the contempt of unbelieving multitudes, must proceed on a career of victory which shall change the kingdoms of the world into the kingdom of our Lord, and make them ready for the throne of Him who shall reign for ever and ever.

Sad indeed it is to think how vast a portion of the world is still idolatrous. In China three hundred millions of our race, in India two hundred millions, bow down to idols false and foul as Dagon! Nearly all Africa is still in thick darkness, such as can be felt! The Church of Christ has been at work upon the earth for eighteen hundred years, and yet the majority of men are still idolaters. Dagon without number still stand upon their pedestals. Philistines, more numerous by far than Christians, still look with scorn upon the Cross and Church of Christ. How sad it is to feel this! And yet the ark has only to go forth into the world that it may conquer all. Error, while it stands alone, is mighty; but error is weaker than a child when it stands before the simple dignity of truth. The Church needs but to go forth as Christ commanded, needs but to preach the everlasting gospel; needs but to go forth with the Word of God; needs but to speak to evil spirits in the name of Jesus; needs but to believe in herself and in the commission which her divine Lord has entrusted to her; needs but all this—and thus equipped, she can bring down the idols which still crush the nations, and she can leave them on the floors of their temples with hands and heads broken, and nothing but their stump remaining. Idolatry survives upon the earth, not by its inherent power, but by the faithless apathy of Christendom.

What, then, can *we* do to make the world better, and to obey the orders of our King? What can *we* do to spread the Church of our divine Master, and to make known His truth throughout the world. We can give our money, our prayers, our labours, and exertions; and, if God should call us to it, our own selves, to this most noble work. We can do our own part, whatever that part may be, and each man's part is different, in love, in hope, in faith, sure that Christ will triumph, sure that idolatry must fall before that Name, which is the first of names in earth and heaven.

Think that the heathen, many of them, feel their want and degradation; think that in their inmost hearts there are many who yearn for something better than their false gods; think that the Gospel and the Bible, and the Church of Christ, are the one and only answer to a need which they really feel, if all unconscious of it; think that the harvest is ripe, and that it stands rotting on the ground, only because the Church of God is too faithless, and the labourers are too few, to cut the grain down and bring it in; think that love to man and love to God speak to you with one voice, and pray you to communicate to others that life which is your own blessedness. Think this, and do each of you whatever each can to carry Christ's ark into every haunt of sin and error, till every Dagon falls, and every knee bows before the name of Jesus.



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