

Dominion Churchman.

Vol. 6.]

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1880.

[No. 48.]

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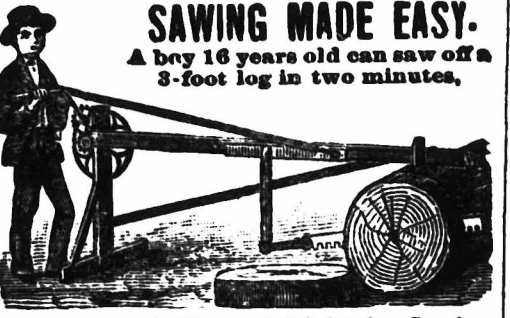
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1880.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AS a good many subscriptions will become due this month, we wish to remind our subscribers of our liberal terms. The price of the paper is two dollars a year. This rule will be positively adhered to. But those who pay promptly in advance will get it for One Dollar.

ENTERPRISE AND PROGRESS.

OUR subscribers may observe some delay in the arrival of their papers this week; but they will be pleased to hear that it is due to an advantageous change in our method of printing. We have purchased type, and fitted up an office of our own—as the better plan in the long run. The expense at starting, however, makes it necessary for us to urge those who are in arrears to PAY UP THEIR DUES.

IN connection with the special Anniversary Services at Oswestry Parish Church, an anonymous donor sent the Vicar, Canon Howell Evans the sum of £600 Stg., for a new recedes, which was put up in time for the occasion. During the octave the collection for various objects amounted to £127 Stg.

On the 16th inst., the "Lion Sermon" was preached by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, rector of St. Katharine Cree. It is said that 250 years ago Sir John Gager, (aft rwards Lord Mayor) when in the Deserts of Arabia, became detached from his Caravan, and, alone and unarmed, saw a lion approach him. He fell upon his knees and prayed God to deliver him. The lion looked at him savagely and walked away. Upon reaching England the merchant in gratitude bestowed a sum of money to provide for this sermon every year, in addition to a bequest to his Parish Church of his native town, Plymouth.

On the 20th, the Harvest Festival was held in Bangor Cathedral. There was a Choral Communion, the Dean being celebrant. At eleven the choir was reinforced by a large voluntary choir from Caernarvon. At half past six, the service was in Welsh, and was sung by choirs from near forty neighbouring parishes, and which numbered more than twelve hundred voices. These had been so carefully trained by the Rev. T. Lewis Jones, that although they had never practised together, they rendered the music from beginning to end with a precision that never once failed. The vast body of voices was literally "as one, to make one sound to be heard in thanking and praising the Lord." The frequency of Eisteddfod competitions has made the youth of Anglesey and Caernarvonshire skilful in Choral Singing. The Dean preached on Nehemiah 12: 44, 45.

The Roman Catholics still appear to be the principal gainers by the Burial Act in England. Among a number of instances we find chronicled in the English papers, it is stated that at the Parish Church yard in Stoke-on-Trent, the body of a Roman Catholic named Hannah Steel has been entered according to the ritual of her Church. The deceased had not been a parishioner of Stoke, but her husband who was not a Romanist was buried in the Parish Church yard some years before, and permission for her burial was granted by the rector, Archdeacon Sir Lovelace Stamer. These incidents suggest curious reflections. The Burial Act was presumably intended to remove some of the "disabilities" of Dissenters. For attempting similar things, King James the Second lost his throne, and the Dissenters of England, whose disabilities he pretended to be anxious to remove, were as much opposed to him as any one. But the non-conformists of two centuries ago were different men from those in the present day.

The New Testament revisers have held their 102nd session, at which they sat for seven hours. They were engaged in considering suggestions from the United States Committee. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol presided. There were also present the Deans of Rochester, Lincoln and Lichfield, Archdeacons Lee and Palmer, Canon Westcott, Principal Brown, Professors Smith and Mr. Troutbeck, the Secretary.

The Bishop of Manchester at a recent meeting alluded to the Bishop Watson's work published in the last century, entitled "An Apology for the Bible," and King George the Third's innocent remark upon it; "Bless my Soul; I didn't know the Bible required any apology!" The Bishop said however that things had now come to such a pass that the Bible again required an apology, that is to say, a defence. He remarked that Frederic Harrison might say that if upon what he called the synthesis of minds, he selected from the writings of Hume, Confucius, Voltaire, as well as from King David, St. Paul, St. John, or even Christ, he should get a sort of conglomerate of the best thoughts that ever passed through the human mind, which would be much more effective for the purposes of civilization and human development than that old Book which we call the word of God. But, said the Bishop, what we know as a fact is that the present civilized state of the world—civilization is the highest sense of the word—has been built upon an acceptance of the Bible. Sweep away the Bible, and all the human race has learned from it, and what do they leave men to guide their steps through this difficult world? He said he had no patience with people who would rob them of what had proved a source of strength and comfort, and who were giving them nothing to supply its place.

The Parish Church of Hungerford has been reopened by the Bishop of Oxford. The original building had considerable architectural pretensions. In 1816 it was re-placed at an expense of £30,000 Stg., by another of the vandalic style of the period, which was not at all equal in character to the amount expended. At the opening the Bishop stated that there would have been no Burials Act had there no Dissenters, and that it therefore behoved the Clergy

to use their personal influence to gain the goodwill of those outside the Church. It is proposed to place a brass plate under one of the stained glass windows with an inscription stating that the window was placed there by twelve former curates of the Parish, as a testimonial of respect for their vicar.

It is estimated that the number of Jews in the world slightly exceeds seven millions. Russia, is supposed to have two millions and a half; Austria, one million and a half; Germany, half a million; Turkey, a hundred thousand; the Netherlands, seventy thousand; Great Britain, sixty thousand; Italy, thirty-five thousand; Spain and Portugal, four thousand; Sweden and Norway, four thousand. There are half a million in the United States, of whom seventy thousand live in New York. In Asia there are about two hundred thousand, of whom twenty thousand are in India and twenty-five thousand in Palestine. About a hundred thousand are supposed to live in Africa most of whom are in Algiers.

An eruption of Mount Vesuvius is now going on. Two large streams of lava are flowing from the crater to the base of the mountain.

It is stated that the Ontario Legislature is to meet on the 13th of January.

The Earthquake in South Agram appears to have been of unprecedented violence. Three separate shocks were felt in Agram. Two hundred private houses were irreparably damaged, two churches will have to be pulled down, a portion of the cathedral will have to be re-constructed, the palace and country seat of the Cardinal Archbishop, the military school, and a government manufactory have been destroyed. The damage in Croatia extends over a diameter of at least thirty miles.

The New-York Times assures Mr. Parnell that he is mistaken if he calculates upon getting any assistance from Americans. Irishmen are respectfully informed that the inhabitants of the United States have a strong inclination to mind their own business.

The condition of the working classes in England has much improved of late.

Very recently, a Dissenting Minister at Brynamman, in the Parish of Cwmmamman, South Wales, and about two hundred of his congregation left the trammels of Dissent and joined the church of their fathers—an event unheard of before in the history of the Church in Wales. The Minister after passing a very satisfactory examination before the Bishop of St. Davids and his examining chaplains, was ordained Deacon and then duly licensed to the curacy. About two hundred persons received the rite of confirmation from the Bishop, and continue faithful members of the Church. Brynamman, is an outlying village of the Parish Cwmmamman, with a population of three thousand, distant three miles from the Parish Church and twelve from the original mother Church of Llangadoc. The event has created a great sensation in the Principality. A new church is to be erected there at an expense of £1500 Stg.

It is generally known that Church Patronage in Ireland is now in the hands of Diocesan boards of Patronage. The advantages and disadvantages of the system have been variously discussed. But the Primate of all Ireland has, in his recent Visitation Charge, with his accustomed shrewdness, given his opinion of the system, which is an adverse one. He attributes to the present mode of election to benefices in Ireland, the steady migration of a large proportion of the best and most promising divinity students to England, with much harder work, more costly living, very slightly better salaries as curates, and most doubtful prospects of promotion awaiting them. The experience of the Irish Church is considered to serve as a warning against the adoption of Patronage boards in other parts of the Church.

On St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, in St. Paul's, London, the Rev. Dr. George Evans Moule was consecrated Bishop for Mid-China; the Rev. C. P. Scott, as Bishop for North China; and the Rev. E. Nuttall, as Bishop of Jamaica. The Archbishop of Canterbury was consecrator, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Antigua, Trinidad, Nassau, Bishops Perry, Courtenay, and Piers Claughton. The Ven. Archdeacon Perowne, of Norwich preached on St. Paul to the Corinthians—"A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."

Mr. F. Rowsell, Nephew of Mr. H. Rowsell of Toronto, has just received from the Queen the order of St. Michael and St. George, for services rendered as special commissioner in adjusting the system of taxation in the Island of Malta. He is a British commissioner to Egypt, to investigate the financial condition of that country. This gentleman, by permission of the Admiralty Department, filled the office of chief agent for emigration for the Dominion, after the death of his brother-in-law Mr. William Dixon, until Mr. Edward Jenkins was appointed.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

VERY forcibly and appropriately does the Church, so early in the Christian year as the beginning of the second week, direct our attention to the only fountain and depository of truth that has been vouchsafed by Heaven to man. The Church was established by Christ as the pillar and ground of the truth. He thought so much of the Church that He purchased her with His blood, and He established her upon a rock so impregnable that the gates of hell have not prevailed against her, nor shall they ever. And the Church has given us Holy Scripture as embodying the teachings and the practices of Christ and His Apostles, as well as of the other holy men who "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." In the interpretation of this Sacred Volume, the Church from the earliest times, including the Apostolic age itself, has always held that the fundamental doctrines of the faith as given in the creeds are to be the guide for Christians. So that, although after proving all things, the private Christian is to hold fast that which is good, still, Holy Scripture is not to be regarded as of any private interpretation, or to be understood and perverted according to each man's private whim or caprice; for if it were to be so, we should find, as indeed to a large extent we do find, that as many interpretations may be put upon the plainest statement of Holy Writ as there could be interpreters to expound it—thus altogether neutralizing the Sacred Volume as a record of the Truth. But the Church has never understood the

"sufficiency of the Holy Scripture" in this way, nor were the Holy Scriptures themselves put forth by the writers of them to be used in so uncertain a manner. But, on the contrary, the greatest writer of the New Testament himself required his epistles and all his communications to be interpreted in accordance with the traditions they had received. Whoever erred from these grand lines of Apostolic teaching was held to have "erred from the truth;" and in explaining obscure passages, they held that it was very needful to keep in view the necessity of not deviating from the great lines of truth marked out in the baptismal creeds. This was not to add to Scripture, but to guard it against being wrested to destruction." And so in the often quoted work of Vincent Lirinensis, he admits that "Scripture is perfect and abundantly of itself sufficient for all things." But because various heresies have misinterpreted it, Novatian making it say one thing, Photinus another, Sabellius another, and so on; "Therefore," he says, "it is very necessary for the avoiding of such turnings and twinings of error, that the line of interpreting the Prophets and Apostles be directed according to the rule of ecclesiastical and catholic sense." But this is not to introduce a new rule, independent of Scripture: it is, at most, a rule for interpreting Scripture. It still leaves Holy Scripture as the fountain of truth; but it guards against using its statements in agreement with the changing vagaries of each man's private opinions or wishes.

A NOTE IN SOMEBODY'S EYE.

SOMETIMES a certain portion of the Church is perturbed to the arrival of a pulpit comet, who shakes them out of their apathetic condition of self-satisfaction, albeit in a rather eccentric fashion. Sound churchmen look on with interest and sympathy of the unwanted stir among dry bones, while they experience a little quiet amusement at the eccentricity of a course which they cannot entirely countenance—being rather at variance with Church principles. It is something, however, to find the quondam sloths and drones awaking to something like religious life, and ventilating as a new Gospel the principles of the Church to which others had been educated in the Church of England; though it is somewhat annoying to find these Gospel Church Principles sometimes so distorted and mixed with error as to neutralize to a large extent their innate spiritual life. It is a phenomenon to see Calvinism and Arminianism tossed like a juggler's balls, though not so skillfully, and to hear John Calvin and John Wesley fired at the heads of gaping crowds with beautiful indiscriminate. Some, however, fear that, from the heterogeneous mass something like skepticism is developed, while, something very like Plymouth Brethren is nakedly displayed.

Recently the religious world of Toronto has been moved by preaching of no ordinary type, from one who is claimed unchallenged as one of the foremost exponents of High Church Principles, and the magnetism of Mr. Knox Little's preaching has been drawing in hundreds of those who formerly associated themselves with other movements. It is curious to notice the impression made upon these, and their comments. There were of course some good honest souls who countenanced other movements because they evinced life and zeal, though combined with a minimum of Truth and Discretion. These give their unqualified approval to something far better. There are, however, not a few who while the arrow of conviction is still quivering in their hearts, try to turn ungratefully upon the hand

that benefited them, and find fault with the matchless expositions of unadulterated Gospel which recently fell from the Pulpit of the Holy Trinity. It would be amusing, if not sad, to see how prejudice warps the mind of some zealous "Christians." They confess that they find in Mr. Knox Little, intense zeal, self devotion, affectionate sympathy, vivid spirituality, strong attraction, rare mental gifts, historical power, wealth of knowledge and imagination, rare command of pure English—all consecrated to the cause of Christ—a manner vehement and direct, ease and power of oratory, decisive appeals full of pathos, earnestness, deeply moving and graphic descriptions, sincerity, fervor. This seems a great deal to say, and one wonders what is to be said per contra. Well, you see, he is said to be a prominent member of the "C.B.S." (a dreadful association for the promotion of intercession at the Holy Communion) and it will never do to let people think that there is not something terribly wrong—that it can be possible in fact for such an advanced High Churchman to preach the real Gospel in all its fulness. So a case is trumped up, with a prologue about the "Spectacular display" of the services in Holy Trinity as being in their supposed unreality and want of congregational heartiness (!?) out of keeping with the earnestness of the Preacher. A sage young lawyer lays down a theory about 'Catholicism finding its logical completeness in the Roman Church'—a theory which is calculated to lead him as it has led many others quondam 'Low Churchmen' straight to Rome, but which is wanting in two very essential ingredients of utility—viz: Logic and Truth. He certainly never learned such a notion of Catholicism and such a Logic at Trinity College. Through the cloud of some such fallacy as this, however, a charge is sought to be thrust home to the theology of the Preacher, because (as it is said) he taught that man must earn his salvatism, a fatal defect, in not sending sinners direct to Christ. It must have required a very peculiar style of mental 'spectacle' to distort the vision so as to see, rather imagine, the sight of this terrible 'note' in the brother's eye. Out of the thousands who hung upon the eloquent words of this Preacher from 7 in the morning till 10 at night, for several days, there were probably not more than two—if so many—who are so constituted as to suppose that this preaching was not bringing men direct to Christ, and teaching that the office of earning of salvation was Christ's not man's. The point of divergence however, was evidently this: Mr. Knox Little, as a faithful Catholic Churchman, teaches that the direct road to Christ was through the Church, with its divine ordinances, as His Body, instead of by some roundabout struggling way of human caprice which Christ and His Gospel never recognized; and that the Bible while it teaches us that we cannot earn our salvation, teaches emphatically that we must "work it out," as the natural exercise and completion of a true faith—and that the Holy Spirit in the Sacraments is to be our Divine Help even in this working out of salvation, "working in us" and making our efforts effective. Now which is the true "Evangel?" That which puts Christ's Church Sacraments on a shelf, as it were, to be taken down and inspected as curiosities once in a while; or that which takes them, and uses them and loves them continually as the precious gifts—chosen agents—of their dear Lord and Master, without proper regard and attention to which He will estimate lip-devotion as an empty farce, a mocking obedience which chooses its own way instead of His.

Subscribe for the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

WE remarked some time ago that the system of conducting Sabbath Schools as distinct from Sunday Schools, was practised in some parts of England—the principal religious teaching of the children being given on Saturday. Sunday is then treated more as a holiday than a day of hard work, although the Sunday catechizing required by the Church may still be continued. The plan is said to have succeeded remarkably well, and it might be adopted in this country, especially in the towns, with the greatest advantage. We are glad to find that the system has spread so extensively as to have reached the extreme limits of the Principality. We learn that the Dean, the Canons, and parochial clergy of the town of Bangor, with the aid of about sixty voluntary teachers, have a school on *Saturdays*, from ten to half-past eleven, when the children can receive the religious instruction which the National Schools fail to supply. The Dean teaches both in Welsh and English. There is also a short and lively service of sacred song, accompanied by the organ. It appears that nothing ever succeeded so well before as this "Sabbath School." The teachers take a warm interest in the work, they feel they are doing something of real service for the Church they love so much; and to prepare them for their work, they meet every Friday night, in the Chapter Room, where the Dean furnishes a course of instruction.

If our Deans and Canons, in the Canadian Dioceses which are honored with them, were to employ even their Saturdays only in this way, we should hear much less about the emptiness of the sham connecting itself with such absurd titles.

THE GENERAL CONVENTION, U.S.

(Continued.)

SIXTEENTH DAY.—In the House of Bishops, consent was given for the consecration of the Rev. George K. Dunlop and the Rev. Leigh H. Brewer as Missionary Bishops. A deputation was appointed to attend the next meeting of the Provincial in Canada. The Bishops resolved that they do not consider themselves responsible for the continuance of the Mission in Cuba. The joint commission on the Lectionary was confirmed.

In the House of Deputies, it was agreed that the meeting of the Convention in 1883 should be held in Philadelphia. In the discussion which took place with regard to the travelling expenses of the Deputies, it was stated that those expenses this year amounted to \$30,242. A committee is to take action in reference to meeting them in future. A formal inquiry was made the House, to be transmitted to the House of Bishops, as to the so-called "Mexican Branch of the Catholic Church," particularly as to whether the consecration of a bishop for that organization was in accordance with Article 10 of the Constitution; what were the guarantees, pledges, and promises given to the Bishops of this Church prior to the consecration of the Rev. Dr. Riley; what Creed and Liturgy are now in use in the said organization, &c., &c. The petition of Dakota, to be received as a new Diocese, was not granted. The subject of graduated representation was, after considerable discussion, postponed.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.—In the House of Bishops, Rev. W. A. Leonard, of Long Island, was nominated as Missionary Bishop of Washington Territory.

In the House of Deputies, a resolution was agreed to in reference to marking in an especial

manner the centennial year of the Church, and recommending as members of the committee, the Rev. Dr. Dix, of New York; the Rev. Dr. Schenck, of Long Island; the Rev. Dr. Davies, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Coffin, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Stark, of Connecticut; and Mr. Coppee, of Central Pennsylvania. The subject of the prohibited degrees of marriage was laid over till the next Convention. A resolution was passed to grant permission for shortened services; this will have to be ratified at the next Convention. The Board of Missions met at 2 o'clock, Bishop Clarkson in the chair. The Rev. Mr. Love was heard on the subject of the Mission to Haiti. His address was exceedingly interesting. He detailed some of the heathen customs still continued in that island, and which were imported from Africa. He stated that experience had not corroborated the theory that it was necessary, or even desirable, that black clergymen should minister to black people. On the meeting of the Deputies, at 8 p.m., a resolution was passed for the appointment of a joint committee to inquire whether the changed conditions of national life do not demand alterations in the Book of Common Prayer in the direction of liturgical enrichment and increased flexibility of use.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.—In the House of Bishops, the Rev. W. A. Leonard having declined to accept the office, the Rev. John Adams Paddock, D.D., was nominated to the Missionary Bishopric of Washington Territory. It was also resolved that the Bishops concur with the Bishops on the Mexican Commission in their judgment that no order should be taken for the consecration of another Bishop in Mexico, "until the Bishop already consecrated shall have actually entered upon the work, and until the terms of the covenant, touching the preparation of a Liturgy, shall have been duly complied with, namely, that the offices of the Holy Communion and Holy Baptism shall be made conformable to the general outline and spirit of the primitive Liturgies, and until the approbation of a majority of the Bishops of this Church, to any such consecration shall have been signified to the presiding Bishop, that he may take order for the same."

In the House of Deputies, considerable discussion took place on the shortened services, discipline of the laity, revised edition of the Bible, additions to the Hymnal, &c., &c. The committee on the deposition of Bishop McCoskry was discharged from the further consideration of the subject. A Canon on Deaconesses was agreed to, defining the duties of the office, and requiring the written permission of the Bishop of the Diocese, and the written authority of the minister of the parish.

NINETEENTH DAY.—In the House of Bishops, the resignation of the jurisdiction and office of the late Bishop of Michigan, Bishop McCoskry, was ordered to be put upon the journal.

In the House of Deputies, a committee was appointed on the subject of a Missionary Bishop for each Territory. A message having been received from the House of Bishops, disagreeing with the Canon on Deaconesses, the whole subject of sisterhoods and deaconesses was reserved for the next General Convention.

A number of minor matters having been attended to, the Convention closed in the usual way, and the members separated.

BOOK NOTICE.

21 NUMBERS OF SCRIBNER'S FOR \$5.—The richly illustrated November number of *Scribner's Monthly*, the Decennial Issue, appears in a new cover, and begins the twenty-first volume. The increasing

popularity of the magazine is strongly evidenced by recent sales. A year ago the monthly circulation was about 90,000 copies; during the past nine months it has averaged 115,000, while the first edition of the November issue is 125,000.

The first Part of the now famous serial by Eugene Schuyler, "The Life of Peter the Great," was finished in October. With November begins Part II., "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," which will be an advance, in point of popular interest and wealth of illustration, upon the part already published. To enable readers to secure Part I, the publishers make the following special offers to new subscribers after October 20th, who begin with the November number.

(1.) New subscribers may obtain, for \$5.00, *Scribner's Monthly* for the coming year, and the previous nine numbers, February to October, 1880, which will include Part I, of "Peter the Great," Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana," etc. In accepting this offer, twenty-one numbers will be had for \$5.00.

(2.) They may obtain the previous twelve numbers of *Scribner's*, elegantly bound in olive-green cloth (two volumes), containing Part I, of Peter the Great, all of Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes," with the numbers named above, and a year's subscription, for \$7.50. (Regular price, \$10.00.)

All book-sellers or news-dealers will take subscriptions and supply the numbers and volumes mentioned in the above special offers, without extra charge for postage or express; or the publishers, Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New-York, may be addressed direct. The regular price of *Scribner's* is \$4.00 a year, 35 cents a number.

PLAIN REASONS AGAINST JOINING THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MORE WORSHIPPED THAN GOD OR CHRIST.

XVIII. The next particular in which the modern Church of Rome is in rebellion against the revealed will of God, is the manner in which she has made the worship of the Blessed Virgin not merely equal, but practically far exceed, that paid to her divine Son and His Almighty Father. This is committing the pagan sin, denounced by St. Paul, of those who "worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed for ever" (Rom. i. 25.).

As there is great disingenuousness on this subject displayed in all books meant to allure proselytes or to answer objections, it is necessary to give precise details in proof of the charge. The little book by Dr. Di Bruno, "Catholic Belief" (Burns & Oates, 1878), is very cautious indeed on this head. Three chapters are devoted to the subject. The first of these explains and defends the title "Mother of God" as applied to the B. V. M. With this English Churchmen have no quarrel, for the Church of England acknowledges and is bound by the decrees of the General Council of Ephesus, which affirmed her right to the said title. The second argues that it is right to honor and love one whom our Lord so signally loved and honored; that to dishonor her would be to dishonor Him; and that honor and love shown to her are for his sake. A little—very little—is said about having recourse to her intercession, and it is remarked that by asking for her prayers, Catholics at once admit that she is not the fountain or source of grace and merit, but must herself apply for them to her Son and Saviour. But here, again, for the most part, what is said is beside the question. The Church of England honors and loves the Blessed Virgin, employs her Song in its daily service, places the feasts of her Annunciation and Purification amongst the red letter days of the Calendar, and preserves a record of her Conception and Nativity there too; while, without counting ancient churches, or churches replacing ancient ones, there are no fewer than six-and-thirty modern churches in and round London alone dedicated in her honor. If the Roman Church were

content with this sort of reverence and affection, there would be no fault to find, but the tact is very far indeed from being so. Di Bruno's third chapter is on the Immaculate Conception, and avoids the main issue.

1. In the "Annee Liturgique a Rome," 5th edition, 1870, which gives a list of all the festivals observed in each and all of the churches of that city, there are set down *twenty-two* festivals of our Lord, including the Invention and Exaltation of the Cross, which are only colorably in His honour; while there are *forty-one* of the Blessed Virgin, two of which, however, are Candlemas and Lady Day, also included under our Lord's festivals. But taking away these intermediate ones on both sides, there remain *twenty* feasts of our Lord to *thirty-nine* of the Blessed Virgin, giving her all but *double* the amount of honor paid to Him.

2. Out of the 433 public churches and chapels of Rome, *five* are dedicated to the Holy Trinity, *fifteen* to our Lord, together with *four* of the Crucifix and *two* of the Sacrament, making *twenty-one*; there are *two* dedicated to the Holy Spirit, and *one hundred and twenty-one* to the Blessed Virgin, more than *four times* all those others put together. These ominous tokens at the heart of Romanism do but too faithfully denote the current teaching and practice, exaggerated and forced on within the last twenty years beyond previous bounds.

3. It has been already shown from the "Raccolta" that language is used in prayer to the B. V. M. identical with that addressed to God, so that the assertion of apologists that she is merely asked to pray for us, and to obtain by her prayers those gifts which are not her own to confer, is obviously false. There are, of course, many such prayers to be found, but they are very far indeed from covering the whole facts. It now remains to be shown that in practice she receives not only the *same* in kind, but *more* in quantity.

First, then, the popular devotion of the Rosary, when it was first invented several centuries ago, consisted of the recitation of a certain number of *Psalms*, with prayers intercalated; in its second stage, it consisted of several repetitions of the *Lord's Prayer*, with the Creed added at intervals—whence the mediæval name of *Paternoster*, given to the string of beads, a term still surviving in "Paternoster Row," where rosary-makers used to live; but now, and for a long time past, the rosary is made up of 166 beads, on which are recited *one* Creed, *fifteen* Our Fathers, and *a hundred and fifty* Hail Marys; thus entirely transforming the original devotion, and giving *ten times* as much to the B. V. M. as to Almighty God.

4. Next, one of the most general private devotions in Roman Catholic countries is the Angelus, recited thrice daily, with three Hail Marys in each recitation, so that she is addressed at least *nine times* a day in prayer. Even the Psalmists professed to address God only *seven times* (Ps. cxix. 164).

5. Again, the month of May every year is now specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and termed the "Month of Mary," every day of which is supposed to be chiefly occupied with devotions in her honor; a token of affection and reverence which is not paid even to our Lord, for the Lenten services are by no means so special in character, save in Holy Week alone. And already even May is found insufficient, so that September begins to be treated as a supplementary Month of Mary. It is no mere titular honor, for in Roman Catholic countries special altars are set up during May in honor of the Virgin Mother; huge images, decked with flowers and other adornments, block the view of the high altar itself; processions through streets and roads; litanies and novenas take up most of the time spent in church; and all this with a fervour and eagerness never displayed on festivals of Christ. Frequent as are the offices and strong as are the expressions in honor of the Blessed Virgin in the Missal and Breviary, yet the main structure of these ancient formularies is so far unfavorable to Mariolatry, that it shows as a mere excrescence upon them; and, therefore, no one who seeks for proofs of the manner in which it has become the most powerful factor in the Roman Catholic religion can find it there. It is necessary to have recourse to the manuals of popular devotion; the private offices of the widespread confraternities and guilds; the shrines of pilgrimages, of which the overwhelming majority,

especially amongst the newer ones, are connected with Virgin-worship; to attend the sermons of the ordinary Roman preachers; to examine the devotions in actual daily use amongst the people, before it is possible to realize the true extent of the practice, which is held in considerable check here in England, in deference to public opinion, and because it has not even yet, after thirty years' vigorous effort, been found possible entirely to Italianize Anglo-Romans, and to root out the traditions of a more orthodox teaching amongst them.

SERMON.

Preached in the Chapel of Trinity College School Port Hope, by Rev. W. E. Cooper M. A., one of the masters of the school.

The acquisition of wisdom requiring courage and endurance, like excellence in bodily sports &c.

Prov. iv. 7. Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding.

It would seem fair to say that there is no fear of excellence in feats of bodily skill and strength being underrated in our day. As regards the *soldiers* life, our feeling of love for our mother land of England makes every Canadian feel as proud of the achievements of any of the servants of our Queen as if they belonged to our own land. And, more over, we have those of our country whose names have been written in the muster-roll of England's heroes. There is in this country, too, a military spirit which will always create and keep a strong admiration for feats of martial daring. And the same is the case also with courage and skill in unwarlike pursuits, and notably in games of skill. And those who wish to see our youth grow up manly and strong, rejoice to see that what timid people regard as rough, or even dangerous games, have the preference over those less liable to such a description. Such games as football or lacrosse will never be favorites with effeminate or cowardly youths. Manly boys will prefer a game that requires courage and patient endurance, as well as skill, to ensure a victory, rather than one requiring mere dexterity of hand, or quickness of eye, and the great charm of which is chiefly the rapidity and excitement with which phases of the game are marked. All boys, worth anything, will admire the boy who, when playing a critical match or game, not only shows skill, but also endurance of injury, and refuses to retire even when badly hurt. Just as grown up people admire the soldier who will not quit his post though badly wounded.

Now every Canadian who really loves his country—and this is, even now, a country worth all our love, and is every day winning for itself a renown to make us grow prouder of it—every true Canadian will say, "thank God our boys are growing up manly and strong," he would be no true patriot who would not be grieved were it otherwise. There is then, I think, no danger—at present, at least,—that bodily strength and skill will be underrated.

Nor again, will one say—is there *more* danger that intellectual strength will be less valued. With the almost feverish urging of mental excellence in the schools and universities—with the prizes and fame that are lavished in so costly a manner upon those who outstrip their fellows in contests of brain against brain—there is no danger of learning and study being too little valued.

But, in the first place, mark this difference; how few out of the many really attain to such excellence herein as to love learning for the intellectual benefit it confers in making them rank higher among God's creatures than those who care nothing for it. And how much more numerous is the class of those who never really try to excel in study than that of those whose bodies have derived lasting benefits from their games and pastimes. But this is not, after all, the consideration I would urge. I would rather admit to the fullest extent all that can be said in favor of the world for its admiration of mere intellect, and at the same time remind you that the world considers only itself, that is, this present short life; its so-called education has avowedly only to do with this present time, not with the endless future. I will recite the words of Solomon, read as the text, "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding." And I will ask whether we are sure that the world's intellectual excellence—great and valued as it is, consists in *really* acquiring the wisdom here referred to? Remembering that God's definition of wisdom is, "that by which we become wise unto Salvation," I would earnestly seek to get every one to ask whether he himself is really and truly acquiring *that* wisdom? Is there any thought of God's glory; any desire that the wisdom he thinks he is attaining may advance the cause of Him who gave His Own Life to buy immortality for us all? Is it such wisdom as will be of use to him in the eternal world beyond this life? If he cannot answer "yes"

to these questions, then, certainly he is not getting that of which God Himself has said, "it is the principal thing." And these questions give us the true notion of wisdom which is alone worth the name, and which has this advantage—it can be gained all the time that excellence in bodily accomplishments is being earnestly striven for and cultivated. In fact bodily excellence is part of this very wisdom in its most exalted sense. St. Paul never loses sight—or lets us forget—how holy and dignified a possession our body is. When he would rebuke the grossest sin he says, "What! know ye not that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?"—How grand too,—grand in its very simplicity—is his description of our Resurrection immortal body—"when THIS CORRUPTIBLE shall put on incorruption, and THIS MORTAL shall have put on immortality."

Now every child well knows that one who uses exercise of body diligently—who exceeds in feats of bodily skill and endurance—renders his body more comely and worthy of admiration. Every child is familiar with the fact that the body of the accomplished athlete is more admirable than that of any ordinary man. If then, bodily exercise be used rightly you see that what I said was true, that all this is part of the wisdom here referred to: it is helping on our excellence in respect of that which is to be as immortal as our souls.

But it is the *lower* excellence after all.

Wisdom is the principal thing, and wisdom in its truest sense is the excellence of the spirit of man, that to which, in Baptism, was given the spirit of God that spirit of wisdom and understanding.

Now I want, this afternoon, by God's help, to try and show you, what I dare say not many of you have even thought of before—viz: this—how much courage—how much endurance you need to carry out the charge of your Heavenly Father to get true wisdom! And I am not going to speak merely of school lessons—I want to speak of your whole after life. I want too, to speak to those who are hearing me, whose school life is done, to those who would say that they have done with books for ever; speaking of course hastily, and meaning merely that they do not think that they have any further need of study.

And, moreover, I wish my words not to be limited to speaking of what is called "religious knowledge" only. Now, let me ask, why do you admire excellence in games which require strength and skill? We know that the Father who created us has given us, naturally, this feeling. We know it—we entertain no doubt about it. We do admire bodily strength and skill. We do like to see any one overcome his love of ease and comfort, and show that he can endure hardship and self-denial for the sake of helping others to enjoy the triumph of success with him.

Now I say that that it requires just as much courage and endurance too, to fulfil God's charge to get wisdom. How very few really like mental labor! How will boys, though they have to sit still for hours during the time set apart for study, yet feel the greatest dislike to real study! How very few of you, in the evening, do an hour of really honest, hard, brain work! How few will do anything more than merely try to do enough to get through without being found fault with! And, to speak to those of older years—how much easier to read, and, as such people say, "fairly devout," some trashy work of fiction, that has nothing to do with the highest part of their nature, but only produces an unwholesome excitement of their lower emotional nature! How disinclined such people get to read anything more profitable even for this lower part of their being. How utterly distasteful are mere intellectual studies! Such people get at last to feel it to be an utter impossibility to read anything requiring close attention of *mind* on their part. In fact all *brain* work becomes, they would tell us, almost impossible.

They sink down at last into sheer mental imbecility. Now one great object we have here—my brothers in Christ—is to prevent you from reaching such a degradation. We want you to excel in your sports and games of every kind. We want you to do so because your bodies have been made temples of the Holy Ghost. We want you to make your bodies pure and beautiful because they are to live (unless you ruin them) with God—your Father, Saviour and Sanctifier in Heaven for ever. We want your bodies glorious for the same reason then, that we adorn and beautify our Churches—they are the dwelling place of God—but with this difference—and oh! how great is that difference—your bodies are immortal!

We want all this, but we want *more still*. We keep reminding you that God has given you an immortal soul and spirit as well. It is with your spirit, of which your brain is the instrument to do its work—that God would have you learn the deep things of God; not merely those relating to the Bible, but also those wonderful mysteries of the natural world as well. And how much there is opened out to you to learn even in your earliest years! Some of you are reading what's called "Physiology;" that little book shows you how

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Can Mr. H. ny that allows directors? Synod disap- v his absolute e funds, (aris- of "one man" of last year. me identical fect of Synod s report, tak- n last year is surely cannot g, would put peare's Seven t generosity. range to say, he following

ped, for the w clergy like d not vote ac- ning occurred t on the road t will give an

additional hope, that there may be still fewer than there are. I personally know those "craven souls" are attending to the visitation of the poor and the sick, and also faithfully preaching the Gospel to their people. If there are those who are not so brave as Mr. H., it does not follow that they are "craven," if they are timid and fearful in Synod it is not to be wondered at. All men do not possess the courage of a St. Paul, who said,—"If, after the manner of men, I have fought with the beasts of Ephesus," &c., &c.; that this system of fighting has not been unknown in Huron Synod, I defy Mr. Harding to truthfully contradict.

I have heard it reported that Professor Whitaker is likely to remain in this country. I trust, for the welfare of the Church, that it may be so, for I fear that she is getting so dreadfully racked by the so-called Evangelicals on the one hand, and the Ritualists on the other, and that the loss of so sound and thorough a Churchman would be a very severe and sad blow.

Yours truly,

H. TIBBS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A large amount of correspondence is held over for want of room.

Family Reading.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Our Clergyman is a favorite in the congregation, he is so approachable, so kind, so pleasant, and sympathizing. Everybody likes him—the young and the old, the rich and the poor. And he's such an eloquent preacher! In all his private relations, as well as in his public ministries, he seems about as near perfection as can be hoped for on this earth. Now that is saying a good deal for our clergyman.

But there is no unmixed good in this world. We are not permitted to enjoy our clergyman without the accompaniment of some unpleasant drawback. Mr. Elmore has a wife, and a clergyman's wife, it is well known, is not usually perfect in the eyes of the congregation. There was no exception to the rule in our case. Mrs. Elmore was no favourite. What the real trouble was I did not know from personal observation; but no one seemed to have a friendly feeling toward her. When I say no one, I refer to the ladies of our congregation. When Mr. Elmore was the subject of our conversation you would be almost certain to hear the remark, "Ah, if it wasn't for his wife!"

Or, "what a pity Mrs. Elmore wasn't the right kind of a woman."

Or, "Isn't it a shame that he has a wife so poorly fitted for her position?"

So the changes rang. Mr. Elmore had been our pastor for over a year, and during that time very little had been seen of his wife in a social way. The ladies of the congregation had called upon her, and she had received them kindly and politely but with a certain distance in her manner that repelled rather than attracted. In every case she returned these calls, but when repeated, failed in that prompt reciprocity which her visitors expected. There are, in all congregations, certain active, patronizing ladies, who like to manage things, to be deferred to, and to make their influence felt on all around them.

The wife of our previous clergyman, a weak and facile woman, had been entirely in their hands, and was, of course, a great favorite. But Mrs. Elmore was a different character altogether.

You saw by the pose of her head, by the steadiness of her clear, dark blue eyes, and by the firmness of her delicate mouth, that she was a woman of independent thought, purpose, and self-reliance.

Polite and kind in her intercourse with the congregation, there was withal a coldness of manner that held you at a certain distance as surely as if a barrier had been interposed.

It was a serious trouble with certain ladies of the congregation, this peculiarity in the clergyman's wife. How he could ever have married a woman of her temperament was regarded as a mystery. He is so genial—she so cold; he so approachable by everyone—she so constrained; he all alive to the church, and she seemingly indifferent to everything but her own family. If she had been the lawyer's, or the doctor's wife, or the wife of a merchant, she might have been as distant and exclusive as she pleased; but for the clergyman's wife!

Oh, dear! it was terrible.

I heard so much said about Mrs. Elmore, that without having met her familiarly, or knowing anything about her from personal observation, I took for granted the general impression as true.

Last week one of my lady friends, a member of Mr. Elmore's [congregation, called] in to see me. I

asked her to take off her bonnet and sit for the afternoon. But she said:

"No; I have called for you to go with me to Mrs. Elmore's."

"I have not been in the habit of visiting her," was my answer.

"No matter," she replied. "She's our clergyman's wife, and it is poor privilege to call on her."

"It might not be agreeable," I suggested; "you know she is peculiar."

"Not agreeable to the clergyman's wife to have a lady of the congregation call upon her!" and my friend put on an air of surprise.

"She's only a woman after all," I remarked, "and may have her likes and dislikes, her peculiarities and preferences, as well as other people. And I'm sure that I have no desire to intrude upon her."

"Intrusion! How you talk! An intrusion to call on our clergyman's wife! Well, that sounds beautiful, don't it? I wouldn't say that again. Come, put on your bonnet. I want your company, and am going to have it."

I made no further objection and went with my lady friend to call on Mrs. Elmore. We sent up our names, and were shown into her neat little parlor, where we sat nearly five minutes before she came down.

"She takes her own time," remarked my companion. If the tone of voice in which this was said had been translated into a sentence, it would have read thus:

"She's mighty independent for a clergyman's wife."

I did not like the manner nor the remark of my friend, and so kept still. Soon there was a light step on the stairs, the rustle of garments near the door, and then Mrs. Elmore entered the room where we were sitting. She received us kindly, but not with wordy expressions of pleasure. There was a mild, soft light in her eyes, and a pleasant smile on delicately arching lips. We entered into conversation, which was a little constrained on her part; but whether this was from coldness or diffidence, I could not decide. I think she did not, from some cause, feel entirely at her ease. A remark in the conversation gave my companion the opportunity of saying what I think she had come to say.

"That leads me to suggest, Mrs. Elmore, that as our clergyman's wife, you hold yourself rather too far at a distance. You will pardon me for saying this, but as it is right that you should know how we feel on this subject, I have taken the liberty of being frank with you. Of course I mean no offence, and I am sure you will not be hurt at an intimation given in all kindness."

I looked for a flash from Mrs. Elmore's clear, bright eyes, for red spots on her cheeks, for a quick curving of her flexible lips; but none of these signs of feeling were apparent. Calmly she looked into the face of her monitor, and when the above sentence was completed, answered in a quiet tone of voice:

"I thank you for having spoken so plainly. Of course I am not offended. But I regret to learn that any one has found cause of complaint against me. I have not meant to be cold or distant; but my home duties are many and various, and take most of my time and thoughts."

"But, my dear madam," was answered to this, with some warmth, "you forget that, for a woman in your position, there are duties beyond the home circle which may not be omitted."

"In my position!" Mrs. Elmore's calm eyes rested in the face of my companion with a look of inquiry.

"I am not sure that I understand you."

"You are the wife of our clergyman."

"I am aware of that," I thought I saw a twinkle in Mrs. Elmore's eyes.

"Well ma'am, doesn't that involve some duties beyond the narrow circle of home?"

"No more than the fact of your being a merchant's wife involves you in the obligations that reach beyond the circle of your home. My husband is your clergyman, and as such you have claims upon him. I think he is doing his duty earnestly and conscientiously. I am his wife and the mother of his children, and as such I too am trying to do my duty earnestly and conscientiously. There are immortal souls committed to my care, and I am endeavoring to train them up for heaven."

"I think you misapprehended your relation to the Church," was the reply to this, but not in the confident manner in which the lady had at first spoken.

"I have no relation to the church in any way different from yours, or that of other ladies in the congregation," said Mrs. Elmore, with a decision of tone that showed her to be in earnest.

"But you forget, madam, that you are the clergyman's wife."

"Not for a moment. I am the clergyman's wife, but not the clergyman. He is a servant of the congregation, but I am not."

I glanced toward my friend, and saw that she looked bewildered and at fault. I think some new idea was coming into her mind.

"Then, if I understand you," she said, "you are

in no way interested in the spiritual welfare of your husband's congregation?"

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I feel deeply interested. And I also feel interested in the spiritual welfare of other congregations. But I am only a wife and mother, and my chief duties are at home. If, time permitting, I can help in any good work outside of my home, I will put my hand to it cheerfully. But home obligations are first with me. It is my husband's duty to minister in spiritual things, not mine. He engaged to preach for you, to administer the ordinances of the Church, and to do faithfully all things required by his office. So far as I know, he gives satisfaction."

"Oh, dear! yes, indeed, he gives satisfaction," was the reply to this. "Nobody has a word to say against him."

A smile of genuine pleasure lit up the face of Mrs. Elmore. She sat very still for a few moments, and then, with the manner of one who had drawn back her thoughts from something agreeable, she said:

"It is very pleasant for me to hear such testimony in regard to my husband. No one knows so well as I how deeply his heart is in his work."

"And if you would only hold up his hands," suggested my friend.

"Help him to preach, do you mean?"

"Oh, no, no!" was ejaculated. "I don't mean that, of course." The warm blood mounted to the very forehead of my lady monitor.

Mrs. Elmore smiled briefly, and as the light faded from her countenance, said in her grave impressive way:

"I trust that we are beginning to understand each other. But I think a word or two more is required to make my position clear."

"In arranging for my husband's services, no stipulation was made in regard to mine."

"If the congregation had expected services from me, the fact should have been stated. Then I would have communicated my opinion in the case, and informed the congregation that I had neither time nor taste for public duties."

"If this had not been satisfactory, the proposition to my husband could have been withdrawn. As it is, I stand unpledged beyond any lady in the parish, and what is more, shall remain unpledged. I claim no privileges, no rights, no superiority. I am only a woman, a wife, and a mother—your sister and your equal—and as such I ask your sympathy, your kindness, and your fellowship. If there are ladies in the congregation who have the time, the inclination, and the ability to engage in the more public uses to be found in all religious societies, let them, by all means, take the precedence. They will have their reward in just the degree that they act from purified Christian motives. As for me, my chief duties, as I said before, lie at home, and, God being my helper, I will faithfully do them."

"Right, Mrs. Elmore, right!" said I, speaking for the first time, but with a warmth that showed my earnestness. "You have stated the case exactly. When we engaged your husband's services, nothing was stipulated, as you have said, in regard to yours, and I now see that no more can be justly required of you than any other lady in the congregation. I give you my hand as an equal and a sister, and thank you for putting my mind right on the subject that has always been a little confused."

"She knows how to take her own part," said my companion, as we walked away from the house of our clergyman. Her manner was a little crestfallen.

"She has right and common sense on her side," I answered, "and if we had a few more such clergyman's wives in our congregations, they would teach the people some lessons needful to be learnt."

I was very favorably impressed with Mrs. Elmore on the occasion of this visit, and shall call to see her right early.

To think how much hard talk and uncharitable judgment there has been in regard to her, and all because, as a woman of good sense and clear perception, she understood her duty in her own way, and as she understood it, performed it to the letter! I shall take good care to let her opinion of the case be known. She will rise at once in the estimation of all whose good opinion is worth having.

We have done with complaints about our clergyman's wife, I trust. She has defined her position so clearly that none but the most stupid or self-willed can fail to see where she stands.

In the Irish Church Synod, after the disestablishment, there was a good deal of diversity of opinion upon many points. The Church had been so long tied to the State that it seemed for a time, when left to itself, at a loss how to proceed. Among the things to be provided anew, Archbishop Trench suggested a form of prayer for the opening of the Synod. "What need of a new form?" said a clergyman. "Why cannot we use the form of prayer for those at sea?"

Sweep before your own door before you sweep before your neighbor's.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

The bell now rings for evensong,
Full toned and sweet;
And seems with angel voice to say,
"Come, come, ye sons of men, and pay
Your worship meet."

Here let me leave the world behind,
With all its care;
Lay down a while my weary load,
E'en at the gates of this abode
Of peace and prayer.

Here let me keep my foot aright,
And pure my heart;
Put on humility—for near
Is One who reads my soul most clear
In every part.

Here let me ask of Him who said,
"I am the Door,"
That I through Him may entrance find,
And e'er dispose my heart and mind
To love Him more.

OUR NELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

The friendly relation thus set on foot between Nell and Derwent had, within the next few weeks, considerable opportunity of becoming fairly established. Very few days elapsed on which either chance or design did not bring to pass a meeting. Derwent kept his promise of calling upon Mr Masters, and his first visit led to many others. His intercourse with the Masters' household was a source of amusement and refreshment to him, relieving to some extent the sober monotony of life at the Vicarage. The first sketch was not the only work for his pencil that the picturesque old farm afforded, and he gratified Mrs. Masters' motherly pride by making a picture of Nell with Bobby on her shoulder, as he had first seen her in the hayfield.

He had, in a rare degree, the faculty for being "all things to all men." Instinctively he presented to each person that side of himself which could best win their regard. Mr Masters enjoyed a talk with him, and said he had a deal of sense, in spite of his book-learning. Mrs. Masters, who was not indifferent to gentle flattery, repeatedly declared that for affability he was beyond anything. To the boys he was as much a boy as they, and with the prestige of age and superiority to make his comradeship irresistible. Nell, her suspicion once disarmed and her liking gained, became his staunch ally. It is not easy to discriminate character in one who is far above us in station and culture. Her nature, remarkably unsusceptible to the influence of minds outside the narrow circle of her sympathies, within that limit was quick to apprehend and to learn. Hitherto, the glorious shows of earth and sky had daily unfolded themselves, unheeded, before her indifferent eyes. But now she learnt from Derwent to watch the pageantry of the sunset sky, to mark the shadows flying over the sunny fields of wheat, to stop to listen to the murmurs of the brook, to love the little birdseye for its dainty blue, and the poppy for its glowing scarlet. Nell would have pined in a town—the sights and sounds of the fields and woods were part of her very life, but such feelings had been latent, waiting an awakening touch to spring forth into consciousness.

Perhaps Derwent had at first imagined that a flirtation with this girl would be a pleasant and natural consequence of their acquaintanceship; but if so, he discovered speedily that flirtation was out of the question. Nell was destitute of the coquettish instinct. Derwent found that the slightest approach to familiarity disturbed the friendliness of their relation to each other.

One sunny afternoon, Derwent lay on his back by the side of the brook that divided Mr. Masters' fields from those of the neighbouring farm. Meadow-sweet and willow-herb mingled their odours in the soft air, and the murmur

and the splash of the water sounded in his ears. A volume of poems had fallen from his hand, and he lay in a luxurious dreaminess, in which identity was lost, and he seemed but a part of the summer life which nature was carrying on in that quiet nook.

Quick footsteps roused him; he pushed back his hat from his eyes and looked up. Nell was crossing the little wooden bridge with a basket on her arm. He called to her—

"Nell, come over here and say good-day to me."

Nell turned round, and answered, laughing, "I can say that from here, sir. I mustn't wait; I'm very busy to-day."

"Oh, come, I'm sure you can spare a minute or two. I haven't had a soul to speak to all the afternoon," and Derwent leaned on his elbow and looked beseechingly. "Come here, I've something I want to read to you."

Nell's curiosity was roused. She did not pursue her journey, and finally, as Derwent picked up his book, she came towards him, though with reluctant steps. He hastily turned over the leaves, but finding nothing suitable, he chose at random, and began to read.

"How do you like it?" he inquired, when he had read two verses.

"Not much; but that about the eyes makes me think of Carry."

"The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen."

repeated he. "Yes, that's rather pretty. And who is Carry?"

"Eh, sir! didn't you know? I thought you must have heard us talk of Carry! Why she's my sister!"

"Your sister! I didn't know you had one."

"She's not often at home, you see. She lives mostly with my grandmother Harrison in Grayfield. She's been there since quite a little thing, and she likes it a great deal better than the country."

"Is she older, or younger than you?"

"Oh, she's two years older, and not a bit like me. She's soft-like, and small, and afraid of hurting herself, and you're afraid of hurting her, too. She's just a caud lamb. Maybe you'll see for yourself, sir, for there's a talk of her coming home next week. But I must not stay another minute."

Nell turned to go, but Derwent cried—
"Stop a minute. There's something I really want you to hear. I only read the other to prevent your going off, but I'm sure you'll like this," and he began to repeat, in very spirited fashion—

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward!"

Nell's attention was riveted from the first words. She sat herself down on the grass, and there remained motionless, her large eyes dilated. Derwent liked an attentive listener, and he was pleased with the success of his experiment. He had expected the martial music of the piece would take her fancy. When it was over she gave a sigh, and said—

"Eh, sir! I didn't know there were things like that in poetry-books. They seem mostly sing-song, to me, without any meaning in them. But there's plenty of meaning in this one, if only I knew all about it."

Derwent told her the world-renowned history. Nell listened rapt, and had no thought of going. When he finished, she said good-bye hastily, and passed quickly on her way.

A few days afterwards, Derwent called at the farm in the evening, and, hearing Nell's voice through the open window, he paused to listen. She was telling Jack and Bob the story of the heroes of Balaclava. Derwent waited till the end, with a pleased amused expression on his handsome face. When he greeted Nell, she came up to him eagerly, with a flush on her face, and said—"Oh, sir, I wanted to see you. I have been thinking there is something for you to do. You could go and be a soldier."

Derwent felt oddly disconcerted. He turned away, and played with Bobby.

(To be continued)

SPEAKING A KIND WORD.

On a Sixth avenue street-car, going down town, the conductor stopped for two little children to get off. They were nicely dressed, and evidently of a family that ought not to let children so small go on the cars unattended. If parents are unable to send some one with their little ones, they should keep them at home.

The conductor took them in charge, stepped off the car with them, and placed them safely on the sidewalk. His careful attention to the children struck me so pleasantly that, when he returned to his place and the car was again in motion, I said to him:

"It was very kind in you to take such good care of those children."

He did not know just how to take the remark, fearing that I was making light of it, and asked what I meant. I repeated it, and added that it was very pleasant to see him so considerate of children that were for a moment in his care. He was touched, and the tears actually moistened his eyes as he answered:

"Well, sir, I've been on these cars ten years, and that's the first kind word that was ever spoken to me."

I did not tell him it was rare for any one to have the chance. Yet it was very true that they, and all men in similar employments, are brought into collision daily with all sorts of people, and especially unreasonable men and women; their tempers are tried, and, being men of little culture, they easily give way to ill temper, and say and do what they ought not. They speak hastily, and get the reputation of being morose and brutal.

Yet there is not a set of men in the world who need more to be treated with forbearance, charity and kindness, than these men on the car, omnibus and stage-lines. Exposed to all weathers, worked early and late, with scant time to eat and sleep, separated largely from social and domestic relations, tempted to indulge in strong drink, and rarely receiving religious instruction, it is not strange if they become worse than any other laboring men. But some of them are sober, intelligent, Christian men, industrious, frugal and saving, with families well cared for, and for whom they have all the affection of the best of fathers. To speak roughly to such men is fearfully wrong.

But there are few men in any responsible business on whom a word of kindness is lost. It cost nothing to be not only civil, but polite. There is a difference in the meaning of *civil* and *polite*, although at the root they are nearly the same word. And the thought that the more cultured a man is, the more unwilling he should be to let any other man excel him in politeness, will impel every thoughtful person to be kind, gentle and charitable to his equals and inferiors as well as to those whom he knows to be his superiors.

The conductor on whom I dropped a word of praise for well-doing was encouraged to do the same and more in the future. Probably he told his wife of it when he went home, after his long day of work was over. And they had a secret joy in the thought that a "well done" had been earned, and said by a stranger: indeed a stranger, but one who had sympathy with a humble servant trying to be faithful in the "few things" given him to do. And if he and his wife read the Bible, as I suppose they do, they will remember that kindness to the least, even to children and to strangers, is seen of the Great Master, and will not lose its reward in the day when he sits on his throne of judgment.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

Children's Department.

DOLLY'S CHRISTENING.

"I'll be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me,
It's too drefful bad to leave her,
When we's all gone away;
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay at home all day."

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes,
And winsome little face,
That mamma couldn't well refuse,
Though the church was not the place
For dolls or playthings, she knew well
Still, mamma's little maid
Was always so obedient,
She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still
As this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through,
Then this did come to pass:
A dozen babies (more or less),
Dressed in long robes of white,
Were brought before the chancel rail—
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mable stood upon the seat,
With dolly held out straight,
And this is what the darling said;
"Oh! minister please to wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—
Her name is Cosette"
The "minister" smiled and bowed his
head,
But mamma blushes yet.

THE LITTLE SONGSTRESS.

A little girl is singing in a small school-room in a large street of Stockholm. She is brushing and dusting and singing, for mother is the mistress, and she helps to keep the school-room in order; and she warbles as she works, like a happy bird in spring-time. A lady one day happened to ride by in her carriage; the little girl's song reached her ear, and the ease, and the grace and sweetness of her voice touched her heart. The lady stopped her carriage and went to hunt the little songstress. Small she indeed was, and shy, and not pretty, but of a pleasing look.

"I must take your daughter to Craelius," said the lady to her mother—Craelius was a famous music master—she has a voice that will make her fortune."

Make her fortune! ah, what a great make that must be, I suppose the child thought, and wondered very much. The lady took her to the music master, who was delighted with her voice, and said:

"I must take her to Count Puche," a great judge in such matters.

Count Puche looked coldly at her, and gruffly asked what the music master expected him to do with such a child as that.

"Only hear her sing," said Craelius. Count Puche consented to do that; and the instant she finished, he cried out, well pleased. "She shall have all the advantages of Stockholm academy."

So the little girl found favor, and her sweet voice charmed all the city. She sang and studied and studied and sang. She was not yet twelve, and was she not in danger of being spoiled? I suppose her young heart often beat with a proud delight as praises fell like showers upon her. But God took care of her.

One evening she was announced to sing a higher part than she had ever had, and one which had long been her ambition to reach. The house was full, and everybody was looking out for the little favorite. Her time came, but she was mute. She tried but her silvery notes were gone; her master was angry, her friends were filled with surprise and regret, and the poor little songstress, how she dropped her head! Did her voice come back the next day? No, nor the next, or next, or next. No singing voice, and so her beautiful dream of fame and fortune suddenly faded away.

What a disappointment! And yet not a bitter one, for she bore it meekly and patiently, and said "I will study." Four years passed away, and the public had nearly forgotten the little prodigy.

One day another voice was wanted in an insignificant part in a choir, which none of the regular singers were willing to take. Craelius suddenly thought of his poor little scholar. Pleased to be useful and oblige her old master, she consented to appear. While practicing her part, to the surprise and joy of both pupil and teacher, the long lost voice suddenly returned with all its grace and richness. What a delightful evening that was! all who remembered the little nightingale received her back with glad welcome.

She was now sixteen. What was her name? Jenny Lind. Jenny now wished to go to Paris and study with the best masters. In order to raise the means, in company with her father, she gave concerts through Norway and Sweden, and when enough had been raised she left home for that great and wicked city; her parents wishing it were otherwise, yet trusting their young and gifted daughter to God and her own sense of right.

Here a new disappointment met her. Presenting herself to Gracia, a distinguished teacher, he said on hearing her sing: "My child, you have no voice; do not sing a note for three months, and then come again."

She neither grumbled at the time nor expense, nor was discouraged or disheartened but quietly went away to study by herself, and at the end of that time came back again to Gracia, whose cheering words now were, "My child, you can begin lessons immediately," and then she became so very, very famous.

Yea, and with those very weary paths of painstaking, waiting and self-denial, without no true excellence can ever be reached.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE GIRL DO.

What can she do? Why, almost anything. She can rock and sing the baby to sleep. She can take her up, carry her about, put her in her little wagon, scold her, pet her, and make a great fuss over her generally. All this she can do. But she can do a great deal more. She can help her mamma and papa ever so much—not exactly by doing the work about the house, cooking the dinner, or washing the clothes, or even sweeping the rooms. Nor can she go to the store and wait on the customers. Her arms wouldn't be long enough to reach the goods, nor would she know how much to ask for them. But still there is something—yes, a great deal—she can do. She can be her mother's darling and her father's pet. When all others are away she stays with her mother. She is the best of company. True, she cannot gossip, nor can she talk about other people, but she can prattle away at her mamma. She can put her arms around her neck, and in her own sweet way tell her how much she loves her. And then, when she hears her papa coming, she can toddle away to meet him—put out her arms for him to take her up and put her on his shoulder, and sitting there as happy as a queen, can sing and talk at a great rate. Now nothing perhaps in this world will so soon drive away weariness and care from a parent's heart as just these things. And so in the house, her presence, her funny ways, her pure love, her constant motion, and her unceasing prattle, are a source of unceasing amusement and delight. We don't believe any other companionship can do so much good. So we say, God bless the little girls, for they are great comforts.

WHY KINGS WORE CROWNS.

"Father," said Charlie, "why did kings wear crowns?"

"To distinguish them from the rest of the world. I suppose," answered his father. "You see, my boy, in old times, when very few people knew how to read, they had to be taught everything in pictures. So the king took care to dress himself in a purple robe, and to put a crown of gold upon his head, that every one might know he was king, and no one else. Thus the crown came to be the sign of royal power; and the first thing a new king did was to secure the crown, and have himself crowned king as soon as possible. Thus the king and his crown have become soured in people's minds, that we often talk of the crown as if it were a person. The Crown, we say, did this, or that, meaning the king or queen did this or that. But there were smaller crowns worn in ancient times, were there not, Tom?"

"Yes, father. In the Greek games, the victors wore crowns of laurel and pine, and even of parsley."

"Those crowns made of green leaves were the crowns to which St. Paul alluded, when he said 'they do it for a corruptible crown' (that is a crown that will fade away in a few days); but ye for an incorruptible.' Thus you see, my boys, a crown may be a sign of power, or a sign of victory. And such will be the heavenly crown. Those who are crowned with it will be kings and priests and victors."

I FORGOT.

Children, the story I am going to tell you is a true one, and I want you to learn from it how wrong it is for you to forget when you have made a promise to any one. How often we hear children say, "Oh, I forgot!" and think it is of no consequence.

One of the coldest days of last winter a gentleman in Baltimore was going home to his dinner. He was all muffled up, and didn't mind the cold wind much; but as he turned a corner he saw a little school girl standing still on the sidewalk, and looking so very cold that he stopped to see if she got safely into the car that was coming. But she didn't get into the car, and so he crossed the street to speak to her. He found that she had been crying, and that the tears had frozen on her little cheeks. Her hands were stretched out stiff, and she took no notice when he spoke to her. He saw in a moment what was the matter; she was freezing to death right in the street.

He picked her up in his arms as tenderly as he could, and ran with her to the nearest drug store. There she was rubbed and rubbed, and they put some medicine between her teeth to warm her blood; but it was a long time before the kind man saw any sign of life, and when he did it was only a shiver and a sigh. When the little eyes opened they looked at him, but closed very quickly again. Would she live to speak, and tell who she was and where she lived?

After a while the eyes opened again, and then, in a low voice, she said: "Where's Allie?"

"There, my dear," said the gentleman, "don't try to talk yet; wait till you feel better."

"But Allie's come, I guess. I got so cold waiting for him. Please let me go to him."

"Not just now, little dear; lie still and I'll try to find Allie; said the gentleman."

So she closed her eyes again, and seemed to sleep, but suddenly she roused and said: "There's Allie, I hear him."

A crowd had gathered round the door, and one little boy, very curious to find out what was the matter, had pushed his way into the store, and when he saw the little girl he cried out:

"That's our Bessie! It's Bessie!" It was this that roused the child, and she could not lie still till they brought him to her.

He looked very much frightened.

"Oh Allie!" said the little girl, as tears came into her eyes. "I waited so long and got so cold!"

"And will you please tell us, sir," said the gentleman, "why you let your little sister wait so long in the cold; it seems to have been your fault?"

"I asked her to wait and carry home my books while I went to see Frank Page's new dog, but I didn't have any books to bring home to-day—and—and—"

"And what? What about your little sister?"

"I forgot her," said the boy, banging his head, and speaking very low.

"Forgot her! while you went to see Frank Page's new dog! and left her there to freeze to death! Supposing we had not been able to bring her back to life, what then?"

"She needn't have waited," said the frightened boy, trying to excuse himself.

"Ah! and then you would have scolded her, no doubt, for not keeping her promise. This is a serious lesson to you, my lad, and I hope you'll remember it as long as you live. Now go get me a carriage, and I will take your little sister home."

The parents were glad, you may be sure, to have their little Bessie home again, alive after such a narrow escape, and I presume they settled the matter with Allie. I hope he will never again be so careless and forgetful.

REPAID IN KIND.

A Christian family were burned out of house and home. Almost everything which they possessed was swept away by the devouring flames. A lady who had no personal acquaintance with them, and resided in a distant city, felt that she might do something to evince her sympathy and render assistance in such an emergency; but various circumstances made it impracticable for her to do so as she would gladly have done. Nevertheless, she could not deny herself the blessing of being a sharer in the sorrows and losses of those she loved. Though she had not money at hand, she had a bountiful supply of wearing apparel and other useful articles, and from her store she promptly made up a generous parcel, and sent it to the relief of the destitute people whose goods had fallen a prey to the flames; studiously concealing her name, so that they had only the Lord to thank for the timely gift.

Time passed, and misfortune and sickness came, and this generous giver found herself in need of the very articles which she had so freely given. It would not be strange if, under such circumstances, a thought of the unwisdom of her generosity should intrude itself into her mind; but she repelled the suggestion, and held fast her trust in the living God. About this time some relatives returning from a journey visited her, and having an abundance of just such articles as she needed, without any suggestions as to her necessities, freely gave her, not money nor cloth, but garments ready-made, of the same kind which she had given away so long before. She had lent to the lord, and the Lord had paid the loan in kind; giving her just what she wanted, and

when she wanted it; so encouraging her to trust in God and "lend, hoping for nothing," looking to the Lord to supply all her needs according to his riches in glory.

In the Cathedral at Lubeck, hangs an ancient tablet, with the inscription: Christ, our Lord, speaks thus to us: Ye call me Master—and enquire not of me.

Light—and look not on me.
the Way—and follow me not.
the Life—and desire me not.
wise—and obey me not.
beautiful—and love me not.
rich—and ask naught of me.
eternal—and seek me not.
merciful—and trust me not,
noble—and serve me not.
Almighty—and honor me not.
just—and fear me not.
If I condemn you—blame me not.

Gods presence with a man in his house, though it be but a cottage, makes that house both a castle and a palace.

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