

Canadian Churchman

AND DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

A Church of England Weekly Family Newspaper.

Vol. 19.]

TORONTO, CANADA, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1893.

[No. 19.]

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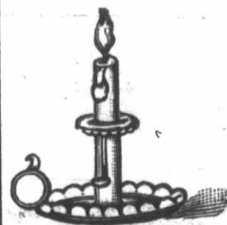
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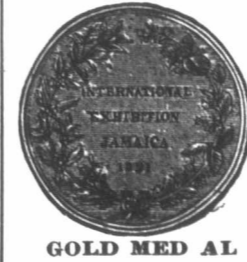
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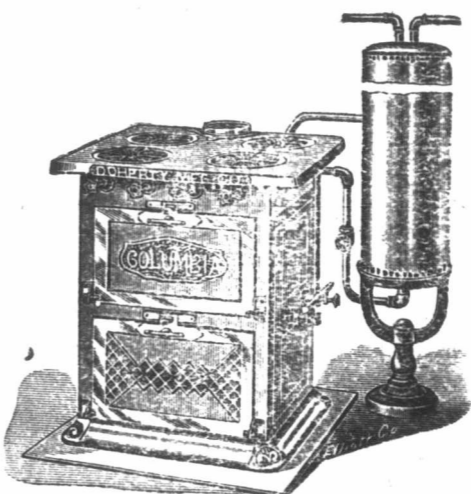
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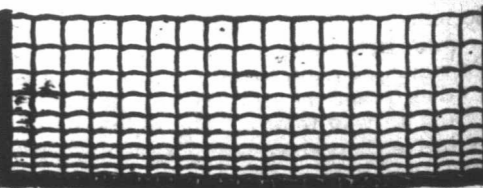
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Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m., Tuesday, June 6th, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Manager. Toronto, 19th April, 1898.



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Canadian Churchman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1893.

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NOTICE.—Subscription price to subscribers in the City of Toronto, owing to the cost of delivery, is \$2.50 per year, if paid strictly in advance \$1.50.

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Morning.—Deut. 30. John 4 to v. 31.
Evening.—Deut. 34; or Josh. 1. 1 Tim. 3.

TO OUR READERS.—We want a reliable person in every parish in the Dominion, to get subscribers for the Canadian Churchman. Write at once for particulars, giving references.

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TO OUR READERS.—Kindly send the publisher of the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, 32 Adelaide street, Toronto, a postal card with names and addresses of your friends who do not take the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, and a specimen copy will be sent to each gratis.

"CLERICAL SCANDALS" are such luscious morsels for the irreligious public that there is a great temptation to press agents to manufacture them deliberately. The *Church Times* draws attention to the way in which any imposter, who chooses to say he is a "clergyman," gets handed round the sensational newspapers to the annoyance of *bona fide* members of the ministerial profession.

HOT CROSS BUNS seem to be a modern version (or "perversion"?) of the religious custom in mediæval times of having an unpalatable unleavened cake, marked with a cross, as the only food to be taken before 3 p.m. on Good Friday. So far as the custom is retained, the "bun" should be as plain and unenticing as possible. In that way it may still serve a useful purpose.

"LANTERN SERVICES" and outdoor processions have been more in vogue than ever in connection with the observance of Holy Week this year.

Many mission and parish halls have been utilized for such informal and unique presentations of important or religious facts. Some such unusual methods seem necessary to attract the masses.

A CHURCH "PRESS AGENCY" has been initiated in London to rival similar agencies among Romanists and dissenters, who are very industrious and systematic in keeping the public informed of all their important movements and proceedings. This "move" is on a business footing, and "means business." Every night Church news is to be telegraphed to the newspapers all over Great Britain. America should act as well.

"OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION'S GONE!" exclaims *Living Church*, commenting on the fact that the efforts of the Church Association in England to neutralize, if not nullify, the effect of the Lincoln judgment in favour of ritual, have induced only about a dozen out of 25,000 parish churches to move their altars from the east wall to the body of the church, so as to vulgarize and desecrate them as far as possible. The C. A. may as well put up its shutters!

"LAY REPRESENTATION, like democracy, is all very well where the laity are well instructed. Otherwise it is a peril." This remark is drawn from an American contemporary by the extraordinary anti-ritual canons of the Church of Ireland, due "to the influence of narrow-minded laymen clothed with a little brief authority." It is often the case that zeal is not proportionate to knowledge: but the reverse.

"A WAVE OF EPISCOPACY IS UPON US!" exclaims a writer in the *Andover Congregational Review*, and proceeds to comment upon the strength of the Episcopal organization, moulding and controlling "individualism" within bounds. The *Michigan Church* says: "The large number of eminent ministers of various denominations, who have lately applied for Holy Orders, forms an epoch in the history of the Episcopal Church." Among the confirmed in 30 N. Y. parishes lately were 400 who had been educated as dissenters.

"THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS" is one of the latest devices of the Roman Catholic authorities to make a demonstration of "unity" in Jerusalem next May. The ancient historic Churches of the East will probably take no notice of the demonstration, but leave it to the enjoyment of the schismatic or "Uniat" Roman sects, split from the Syriac, Armenian, Greek and Coptic Churches at various times. The Maronites and others have secular married priesthoods, communion in both kinds, &c.—are in fact only "Roman" by acknowledgment of papal jurisdiction.

"CALVINISM OR RUM" seems a dreadful alternative, and yet that is the way the Ingersollian logic (?)—in a lecture on Burns lately delivered in Toronto—describes the dilemma of Scotland, representing that the national home of Burns was only saved from Calvinism so far as it indulged in rum! Should it not be "whuskey"? Such language only indicates how much such men as Ingersoll are repelled from Christianity by Calvinism.

INGERSOLLIAN LOGIC.—In commenting on Col. Ingersoll's recent attempt to prove Burns to be

the poet of agnosticism, the *Toronto Mail* well says, *apropos* of his suppression of such religious poems as "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Holy Willie's Prayer": "If Ingersoll treat the Bible as he does Burns, it must be quite easy for him to make out a case." That is exactly what he does, and how he does it!

"THE GRAND ELECTOR OF IRELAND is Archbishop Walsh, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy is a permanent political caucus." Words could not better describe the situation of affairs than these of the London Press correspondent. The Irish Pope puts his thumb on the electric screw, and, *presto*, all the priests drive all the lay electors ("lay figures" they might well be called) to the polls to vote just as the prime mover or "grand elector" has dictated.

"A NUMERICAL MAJORITY, it is probable, would vote for Home Rule in Ireland, and it is certain that a vast majority of the Irish people, to whom belong intelligence, education, property, industry, energy, political capacity, all that makes Ireland Ireland in the best and most hopeful sense—that this vast majority of the *real majority* is undoubtedly opposed to Home Rule." So concludes the wise Geo. W. Smalley, watching the case on the spot. The same is true of the Welsh Church. The vast majority of the "real majority" are *against* disestablishment.

TWO LADIES.—Mrs. Lewis, and her sister, Mrs. Gibson, have distinguished themselves by a most important and (femininely) characteristic discovery at a Greek convent on Mount Sinai—a discovery of a Syrian MS. of the Four Gospels, the earliest and most complete yet discovered. The ladies, both expert Arabian and Greek scholars, penetrated the disguise of a dirty and sticky bundle of palimpsest to find this treasure—aided by the steam from a tea-kettle! They called Professor Harris to their aid, and spent a memorable 40 days with him on Mount Sinai, deciphering the text. Tischendorf and Harris themselves had overlooked what these ladies found!

SMALL OFFERTORIES, due to lack of wealthy residents in certain poor districts, is a crux which the Bishop of Wakefield (Walsham How) finds in his efforts to relieve the condition of the poorer clergy by means of Easter offerings, &c. He recommends an organized effort on the part of the richer parishes to help these poorer localities. Personally, he announces that he gives up a tenth of his Episcopal income for three years to aid these poorer brethren.

"THE GLADSTONE SHIP HAS NO LOAD-LINE" are the first words of a *Rock* editorial on the present situation of Church politics in England. The article represents the ship of the Gladstonians as having been loaded up with all kinds of rubbish, and hints that the master will have to "jettison the best part of the stuff he has under hatches"—some of the goods smuggled in without paying duty to public judgment, much more carried for the sake of adventitious advantages in the shape of—votes! The ship is likely to founder.

"THE PROTESTANT DISTURBANCE SOCIETY" is a nickname found by no less a personage than the present Primate of Ireland for the so-called "Protestant Defence Association"—a society which

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sends forth "emissaries, a polite name for spies, to spy out our liberty and to sow discord among united congregations." Such strong words of condemnation parallel those of Archbishop Magee, when he dubbed the English "Church Association," so-called, by the title of "Persecution Company Limited." Such titles are very "telling."

"POOR ABEL!" is the title of a characteristic magazine article from the fearless and caustic pen of "Ouida." It pleases her to level her lance *point blank* at one of the most remarkable blots on the surface of modern life—the morbid fancy for petting criminals, as if they were heroes. The bully, the murderer, the adulterer, the robber—all of these excite the morbid public appetite for such nauseous matter. Abel—the victim—is guilty of that greatest of modern crimes—he is a *failure!* He must return to obscurity.

"LIE DOWN, ULSTER," cries Ouida, "let yourself be brained without a kick or cry. 'The minority lies slain,' in all lands, by the clumsy club of his brawny brother, the majority." Ouida's familiarity with Italian life—seeing Rome "at home"—makes her a very trustworthy witness as to what Ulster may expect if Rome in Ireland gets the upper hand.

THE "RED SHIRTS" of Garibaldian admirers are reported to have greeted the eyes of Mr. Haweis, on his recent pilgrimage to Rome. They had not forgotten his old time patronage of their cause, and turned out in large numbers to do him honour. These continental "pilgrimages" promise to be very interesting, to judge from incidents already recorded.

"THE PRAYER BOOK, THE WHOLE PRAYER BOOK," &c.—It is a very practical commentary on the formation of sensational societies with weak motives and shaky principles, that the announcement of the formation of a certain ultra-Protestant Society has been immediately followed by the formation of the "Canadian Church Union." The former, under cover of loyalty to the Prayer Book, denounced some of its clearest principles; the latter society nails its colours to the mast—it will allow *none* of the Prayer Book to be overlooked or neglected. Full obedience is required.

"SYNODS" AND "CONFERENCES."

A remarkable article in a recent *Newberry*, directs attention to a curious phenomenon on the horizon of English Church experience, which has its converse or reverse on this continent. While the Canadian Church is beginning to show signs of getting tired of their "Synods" and feel after "Conferences" as a safety valve, the Church in England has tired of Congresses and Conferences and seeks a representation of the laity as we have them in Synod! The English laity complain that they have no canonical or legal position. All they are allowed to do from the Ruri-decanal "gathering" up to the "House of Laymen," is to talk! "A Diocesan Conference exists solely and entirely by virtue of the Bishop's will and pleasure. The very name "Conference" is used in every diocese but that of Salisbury, in order particularly to *ear-mark* that body as having no canonical authority because it contained laymen." The author follows up this point with a strong plea—largely grounded on John Keble's very strong language in favour of laymen in Church legislation—for a *bona fide* "Church parliament," with some definite resultant to their "parler." True, there was quite an enthusiasm—

surprising when the quiet ways of Englishmen generally are considered—for a long time over these informal gatherings called Congresses and Conferences. This author attributes that enthusiasm—now markedly dying out—to the spirit of party contention, kept alive by the repeated attacks of the so-called "Church Association." The "Church Congress" was the recognized arena for rivalry and parade of forces, as well as crossing swords in argument; and the same spirit was imparted to diocesan "Conferences."

NOW, ALL THIS IS CHANGED.

"With the expected cessation of party warfare, indifference has already begun to show itself, and the *unreality* of lay representation will make itself felt more and more." He next goes into the question of the House of Commons and Lords, showing how this secular parliament has lost its character as a "House of Laymen." "The crown is to all intents and purposes a committee of parliament, and the parliament now is not a Christian body. It is not even a Deist body. The result is that the faithful laity of the Church are absolutely excluded—to use Mr. Keble's words, 'irreligiously and oppressively debarred'—from any voice in Church matters." Then a distinction is drawn between the judicial and legislative functions of Synodical gatherings. The "fiercest democrat" among the laity is credited with an abiding respect for the judicial position of the clergy, *qua* "clergy." As the interpreters of the Church's statute law, the "spirituality" sits supreme as the Church's final Court of Appeal. "But Synods and Convocations consider plenty of questions upon which laymen might vote—the revision of the lectionary, clergy discipline, cathedral chapters, &c." So the writer goes on to urge a course which must "immensely strengthen the bulwarks of the Church, now that the enemies of the Christian faith are arriving on all sides and gathering together in a *political party*, because the scene in Pilate's Court when the people cried 'crucify Him,' flatly contradicts the chief clause of their Creed, '*Vox populi, vox Dei.*'" These are stirring words and remind us of some such epoch in our own history 40 years ago.

WHAT IS ALL THIS TO CANADA?

We are prepared, at this stage of our subject, for the jealous cry of *local interest*, and we are prepared to show that those who shut their eyes to the moving events of the Church panorama in Britain, are blind to their own best interests. The fact is, as we have just hinted, the laity were called into the Councils of the Colonial Church in general, and of Canada in particular, because the clergy felt the need 40 years ago of interesting every faithful layman in the battle of the clergy reserves and church schools, &c. It was the era of colonial disestablishment practically, and it was felt that the battle could not be fought by the clergy alone, unless their arms were powerfully sustained by practical and personal lay help. It was then that such men as John Hillyard Cameron and John Gamble, Sir John Robinson, and many others, fought the Church's battles on the floor of parliament, and won for her all the remnants of respect and influence which still remain to her. They had a noble clerical leader, it is true, John Strachan; but he would be and was the first to confess that he needed the strong help of the lay arm. Did the clergy invite their laymen at that time to "Conferences" for mere talk? Far from it; these names we have mentioned have left their mark everywhere on the framework which has been built up for the sustentation of the Church in Canada. They felt they had real work to do, they did it; the

Church applauded the men, and honours their memories—their usefulness and the utility of their position were fully recognized and felt.

WHY GO BACK TO "CONFERENCES?"

Is it not *going back*, practical retrograde? Surely there is enough real work left for the laity to do yet to justify their retention as assessors to the clergy, in something more than confessional gossip and talk—the puerile exercise of a green debating club, where everybody has a chance to talk for the sake of talking! If there is any distinct value in a Synod as we have it—constituted with a co-ordinate lay element—it is that they meet to *do something*; their talk (long or short) is supposed to be positively aimed at practical results. It is not mere "vapouring," no blowing off of useless "gas." Whence then, arises that impatience of Synods which is beginning to manifest itself among us—the very reverse of the present English tendency? We are inclined to think that so much of the "debating society" spirit has crept into our Canadian Synods, that the work done is felt not to be really *well done*, not worth doing as it is done. Everlasting tinkering—of which we have frequent complaints—comes of hasty legislation, crowding into a few hours the work of days. Evening meetings, receptions, &c., crowd useful and important discussions out of place and time, and the stereotyped week of four or five days is gone before the real business is reached. Then, it has to come up next year, and next, and next, to be patched and re-patched. Better spend a month in Synod (as other denominations do), and do the work well once for all. Meantime, away with "Conferences," as long as there is real work to do—let our "talk" be practical, exhaustive, complete, business-like, a real Church Parliament, making its statute laws for the constituent parishes.

THE STORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES TO BRITAIN.

In a sketch such as this, it is impossible to chronicle the names of all the great missionaries to Britain; but the work of certain of the most notable is mentioned; and the reader will observe that our country owes its conversion to Christianity, not altogether to Rome, as is so often alleged, but in great measure to missionaries who came from Ireland, Scotland, and other parts.*

ST. COLUMBA.

One of the most celebrated missionaries to Britain was St. Columba, an Irishman, who was brought up in the Monastery of Clonard in Ireland. On the evening of Whitsunday, A.D. 564, Columba landed in the Island of Iona, one of the most romantic of the Scottish Islands, where he founded a monastery which became one of the most renowned in Europe. For generations both Irish and Scottish kings came hither to be crowned by Columba and his successors, and the "Tombs of the Kings" witness to the fact that the bones of many such were laid here to rest. The actual stone on which the kings were crowned may be seen to-day in the Abbey of Westminster, resting as it should beneath the Coronation chair at the back of the altar.

THE COMING OF AUGUSTINE.†

We now arrive at an important epoch in our story. Gregory the Great, afterwards Bishop of Rome (he whom the English Christians afterwards

* "It was not by the action of Rome that the whole of England was converted. . . . A very large portion of England was converted not by the action of the Roman missionaries, but from the North."—Mr. W. E. Gladstone, speech in House of Commons, May 24, 1870.

† The late Bishop of Lincoln states that the mission of Augustine "was comparatively sterile in England, whether we regard extent of space, or duration of time. Truth requires us to declare that Augustine ought not to be called the Apostle of England, . . . but the title ought to be given to St. Columba, and his followers."—*Lectures on Irish Church.*

affectionately called "Our Father who sent us baptism"), was walking one day, in the year A.D. 575, in the Forum, when he observed some boys put up for sale "of a white body and fair complexion, and with hair of remarkable beauty." He inquired from whence they came. The slave owner, probably a Jew, answered: "From Britain." "Are they heathens or Christians?" The answer was "Heathens." "How do you call their nation?" said Gregory. "Angles." "'Tis well," said Gregory, "they have the faces of Angels. What is their province?" "Deira." "They must be saved," said Gregory, "*de ira Dei*." Years passed, and though we may be sure Gregory often thought of those bright faces in the Roman Forum, yet no active step was taken in the way of converting the "heathens" in Britain. In the year A.D. 596, however, Gregory resolved upon a mission to Britain, and for its head he chose Augustine.

The missionaries, in number about forty, after many misgivings, which we can well sympathize with, seeing that they knew no word of the Saxon tongue, and were coming to a country whose inhabitants were reported to be as fierce as they were ignorant, landed at Ebsfleet,* the traditional landing place of Hengist, in Kent, in the year A.D. 597, and sought an interview with the heathen king of that country, Ethelbert, who was married to a Christian, Bertha, the daughter of a Frankish King, Charibert of Paris. Augustine explained his mission: they had come with the best of all messages, and asked the King's protection in their proposed work. The King received him cautiously but kindly, and an interview was arranged on the understanding that it should be in the open air.

The missionaries, headed by Augustine, whose majestic person towered above his companions, accordingly presented himself before the King. Let us try to recall the scene. We are told that they came in procession, one carrying aloft a silver cross, and beside this a board on which was painted the picture of the Crucified. As they walked they chanted a Litany, entreating the Lord for their salvation. The King, who received them sitting under the over-spreading branches of an oak tree, bade his visitors sit down, and by the assistance of a Gallic interpreter, Augustine, as the historian Bede simply puts it, "preached to them the word of life."

At the close of the interview the King signified his consent to Augustine's carrying on his missionary work, but declined to take active part in it himself.

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST MILLENNIAL FAITH. The Church faith in its first one thousand years. By Author of "Not on Calvary." Pp. 84. New York: Saalfeld & Fitch; Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.

This dainty volume in leatherette seeks to show by "so great a cloud of witnesses," that the doctrine of the atonement as a sacrifice and satisfaction that was given by Christ to His Father for the pardon of human sin, was not the primitive view of Christianity, but the scholastic representation of St. Anselm in his well-known "*Cur Deus Homo*." To bear out this contention, the testimony of Christian writers for the first thousand years is adduced, and the era of St. Anselm is shown to be the worst for our expecting any true exhibition of the Catholic Faith.

THE DECALOGUE. By Elizabeth Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Sm. 8vo., pp. 240. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; Toronto: Rowsell & Hutchison.

These addresses upon the commandments are most suitable for the purpose to which they owe their origin. They are in no sense or degree sermons, but come nearer to what we might call *talks*, for good advice and kindly hints from one who has had a wider experience of the world and its ways. There is an apology for allowing the local coloring to remain, but that is one special beauty of its character and its usefulness, and a lady in charge of a large class of girls can do no more helpful and hopeful work than to read these short chapters to those she would wish to send

forth into the world in wisdom's ways. There is everywhere the assurance felt that the author is a lady (sister of the Bishop of Salisbury), and one of education and wide reading, but there is as clearly felt the strong, earnest purpose of true Christian womanhood, and we cannot give it a higher commendation. The introduction appears more to show the touch of the masculine mind, but in any case it is good, and much to the point. The following, from the paper upon the VI. Commandment, takes a new and very suggestive line:—"What is forgiveness? and what are its limits? It is quite true that we ought to forgive till seventy times seven: but when we say we forgive, let us be careful to define what we mean by it. Assuredly we do not mean that the wrong doing was not wrong doing. A man picks my pocket: am I to say he did not do wrong? Clearly not. Am I to overlook the offence, and not prosecute him? To do so would be to save myself trouble at the expense of society at large. Perhaps when he comes out of prison, the injured person ought to visit him, and let him feel that if he chooses to turn over a new leaf, he will do his best to help him. But it will be far better for the man himself to be sent to prison and made to undergo punishment, if he is in his right senses and a responsible agent. The penalties that follow wrong-doing are part of the moral training which the State gives her children, and cannot be remitted without injustice to the offender. Perhaps St. Paul, when writing of Alexander the coppersmith, thought that the being rewarded according to his works (2 Tim. iv. 14) was the only thing that would bring such a man to a better mind. As is the case with many of us now, the best thing that can possibly happen to us, is to be made to feel our sins by reaping their natural earthly consequences.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S NEW YEARS' ADDRESS TO MEN.

The following is the address delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) to men only, at Croydon parish church on Sunday afternoon:—

"One God and Father of all, Who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

One of our missionary Bishops, travelling through a desolate tract of country, was asked by some good people if he would go round by a certain distant station where there lived a strange man almost by himself, who kept a sort of little inn; they told the Bishop this man was an atheist, and thought it would be a great blessing if he would go out of his way to talk to him. The Bishop found him out, and one evening had a long conversation with him. At its close the man said, "Bishop, I see you are laboring under a mistake; a man can't live here in the wilderness with God all day and all night and think there isn't a God. You must go to the towns if you want to find a man who doesn't think there's a God." Is there not more danger at any rate of our practically forgetting that God is and lives, and that in Him we live and move and have our being—is there not more danger of our forgetting God in these crowded days of towns than there is in places where men see God's works morning, noon and night—the glories of sunrise, the splendours of sunset, the midnight constellations, and the daily miracles of morn and eve? Here in the towns we only see man and man's works, houses filled with people, swarming factories, crowded markets, men and women with anxious faces, and the clouds darkened with smoke—everywhere the evidence of man's industry and ingenuity. Man, with his power of rapid communication, his power of lighting up the dark with a light as brilliant as the day; man, in the perpetual jostle and turmoil of the town, with his wonderful skill, his diversified interests, and his absorbing selfishness—there it is that men practically forget God.

The great teaching of Christ, that teaching that has worked itself into the mind of all the world, is "one God and Father of all." Did you ever think, my friends, what a difference has been made in the world's life by this word "one God"? When first it was spoken and began to be enforced it was the last thing men perceived. There was only one country, one nation, that believed in one God. I speak not of peoples like the poor savages of the present day, but of the religions of the great nations of the world, in which the idea of the one God was altogether absent. Every family had its god or gods; every city, every tribe, and every tribal division had its god; mountains, plains, rivers, even diseases had their different deities. The whole heavens and earth seemed to them to be teeming with gods as the earth teemed with men, and these gods were of like passions to themselves, warring one against another. The Christian religion has gone further than in

introducing this idea of unity, teaching us not only that there is "one God and Father of all," but that God Himself has become man by the union of natures in Christ Jesus. It makes the individual man one with God by the union brought by the Holy Spirit; and that is the way to all that is good, and the key to all that is noble. To leave man as he is, is to let the man go without the knowledge of God as the Father of all, and the union that He is working every hour to effect with those who will open their hearts to His influence—the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit, Who day by day is changing and fashioning our spirits, as at last He will fashion these vile bodies into the likeness of His Resurrection.

All forces to resist union are bad. Do not men apprehend this more and more even without a thought of God? What do our friendly societies, our insurance societies, teach us but this—that the interest of all men is one interest? The rudiments and teaching of these modern mechanisms are found in the teaching of Christ and His Apostles. Our friendly and insurance societies are based on the teaching of St. Paul, that "a man who provides not for his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The trade unions that are working such changes among us, and that have wrought so much that is beneficent for all classes, began by doing many things that were unjust and unfair, but have fought their way beyond injustice and unfairness, and learned to see what was fair for other classes besides their own. The idea of trades unionism is wrapped up very small, as it were, in one little passage that tells us Paul joined himself to Aquila and Priscilla because they were of the same craft—*i.e.*, tent-makers. The noblest of the Apostles associated himself in partnership, and if you work out the idea of partnership when society came to be constituted as it now is, you must come to the partnership of trades unionism—that fellow-feeling of man for man promoting the common good of others of the same craft.

Let us take the principle of arbitration. How fearfully the nations of Europe are increasing their armaments. Are they not hoping and trusting that some means may be found by which the thunder-shock of the nations may be averted? What is the earliest teaching of the Apostle? Paul expressly enjoins his converts not to drag their disputes into the law-courts. The injured man was to tell the offending brother of his fault; if that failed, then he was to bring his case to the Church, that it might bring to bear all possible means of holy, peaceful, and harmonious influence for the settlement of the dispute. How great and enduring will be the peace of the world, heralded by the angels' song, when we see wrought and established the Parliament of man and the federation of the world.

These are all the forces that make for union—never heard of in the old days when the deities of mountain and valley waged war upon one another, and they all spring from the doctrine of "one God and Father of all" "in you all"—even those of you who think that your interests are opposed for the time being.

I know the day will never come when there will be one station, one duty, one wealth; as long as there are two men in the world, one will keep a different position to the other. We think of the interests dividing men; why not think more of the interests that bind them together? The builder, the carpenter, the joiner, the plumber, each has his separate work to do, and each has to fit his work into that of another man. How often we see the sign of "sanitary engineer." That was an unknown term when I was a boy. What does it mean? Why, that men must and shall look after the interests of their neighbours as well as their own, and that the home must have a care for the welfare of every individual. Our present business combinations make it necessary that a man should only make a portion of one thing that our forefathers formerly made throughout. This makes a man less independent. One man makes the leg of a chair, another stuffs the seat. It has its disadvantages, but it also has its advantages. We feel how necessary every man is to another—every man's work is good for some one else's work. Why not cultivate in ourselves such a tendency to rejoice over our work, whatever it is? We have to do it; each of us has to produce his work, his one contribution to the welfare of society. Cannot we be glad as Christians and rejoice that it is so? Every man who is worth his salt does his level best with his steel pen or his chair. Each man does his allotted task with all his powers, seeking all the time its accurate adjustment to another little bit of work done by another. May we not determine that each one of us shall make his own life a real contribution to the purity, thrift, and kindness of society? If we could add to all our societies, friendly or otherwise, just one more to persuade men to look at things as they are, and make their own lives and works with ready will fit into the lives of other men, so that they shall have constant pleasure in their work, and rejoice in the service

* Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Canterbury*, p. 29.

that their lives are rendering to others, would not that be the best and noblest society of all?

A hundred years after Christ a great Roman Governor in Asia Minor (Pliny) wrote to the Emperor Trajan to ask whether he ought to go on punishing people for refusing to worship the gods of the State. He had accurately investigated the principles of these people who would not contribute their share to the welfare of the Roman Empire by worshipping its gods; and he records that they met regularly upon a certain day, they sang hymns to Christ as God, they bound themselves by an oath that they would be guilty of no dishonesty, that they would do no violence, that they would not defile themselves with any impurity nor stain their lips with any falsehood. That was their oath to each other. Their habit was moreover to eat together. This was the testimony of a heathen governor. It was a strange society to him; but to us how familiar. The Latin for "oath" is *sacramentum*, and you see by this that the society was the Church of Christ. These were Christian believers, who were ready to suffer torture and death for their society and for its principles. Such a society there was, and Pliny speaks of the great difficulty he had in going on punishing such people. The only way he saw out of the difficulty was to conquer them by kindness. Yes, that was the Church of Christ as it understood itself in those days. Christ laid Himself out to form a society in which men should live for each other, and in which they should rejoice and be glad to live and work for the common weal. To plant such a society Christ laid down His life. We know how rapidly this new principle—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man—spread. The heathen temples lost their worshippers; thousands sealed their faith with their lives, "of whom the world was not worthy," and the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. Pliny put his fingers like a discerning lawyer on the two things that kept this society together—the two pledges—the baptismal pledge that made men members of a federation, that introduced them into the great federation of humanity. How blindly and slowly the world is groping its way to the realization of this noble object, this splendid ideal, that is for the happiness and peace of all. Baptism, in which even little children may be received into the kingdom of God, and then confirmation, which comes and takes from the children their own pledge and through the Holy Spirit gives them strength to keep it. Baptism—the washing away of sin. What are sins? Have they not all their root in selfishness—in the pursuit of our own selfish interests at the expense of others' interests. But this principle of one God and Father of all cuts a man adrift from that base and ignoble proverb, "Every man for himself and God for us all"—it transforms it into a nobler ideal, "Every man for all, and God for every man."

This *sacramentum* was the oath to Him who founded them and to each other, that they would be His faithful soldiers and servants to their lives' end. How pathetic the vow—the piece of broken bread to every believer, "I give thee this," that is me—the wine poured out, "I die that you might live."

Brethren, oh brethren, when we think of our past and present—what the society—the Church—was and is—to which we belong—what its powers—its powers fast developing day after day, are—ought we not to be more forward to take these promises upon ourselves, and to renew them to God and man? Ought we not to be more dogged in keeping them? Brethren, we ought, for is it not New Year's Day?

Home & Foreign Church News

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL.—The question of robbing the choir of St. George's Church has been agitating this congregation for a long time past. A few members of the congregation, with an affectionate remembrance of a fifty years history, feel that this should not be done and have fought vigorously against this and every other change, even the bringing of natural flowers into the church being looked at askant. However, the question having become a burning one, the rector decided not to trust the vestry meetings for an opinion from the congregation, but has issued a card to each pew and seat holder, asking them which they preferred: surplices, or tweed and broadcloth suits. This same idea was carried out at St. Martin's Church in this city, and proved quite satisfactory to the congregation, those in the minority falling in at once with the views of the majority.

PORTLAND.—Thanks to the kind initiative of Mrs. H. I. Evans, the esteemed wife of the rector of All Saints, Montreal, the children of this mission were enabled to take part in a festive gathering that will be a sweet reminiscence of their Sunday school days when they have left the home of their childhood and

early training to enter upon the battle of life. On Easter Monday the children of the three Sunday schools were invited to the parsonage. They were first regaled with a generous tea. Meanwhile the enjoyment was greatly enhanced by the various games that were among the presents for distribution. Lou and Russell, the two children of Mrs. Fred Alley, a member of All Saints Church, Montreal, gladly gave up their Xmas money and sent 72 gifts fresh from the shops, and every one of them attractive, to gladden the hearts of the children of this scattered and backwoods mission. The Juniors of the All Saints Branch of the Women's "Auxiliary to Missions" (Girls) sent a splendid rich cake, and the boys a generous supply of candy. The Guild of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, sent through Mrs. Norton a quantity of beautiful presents. The incumbent and each of the teachers received a handsome present from Mrs. Alley. During the evening loud cheers were given for all the kind friends in Montreal for their liberality. The incumbent addressing those present, said: "Owing to our unhappy dissensions, we were becoming less and less attentive to the religious teaching in the schools to which our children went. The tendency of over-pressure in ordinary day schools was to place religious teaching very much in the back-ground, but this tendency to drift with simply secular education was met by that great institution, the Sunday school, which stepped in and endeavoured to give to the little ones a knowledge of those principles of faith and Christian duty which were taught in the Catechism of the Church. The beautiful stories of the Bible were explained to them, and an endeavour was made to win their little hearts to Christ whilst they were yet young and tender. He trusted the children would show their appreciation in the real way, by being more regular and attentive at school. He urged upon all the duty of supporting Sunday schools—by sending their children, and by assistance in teaching. Thus ended a happy day for the Portland Sunday school children."

ONTARIO.

OTTAWA.—The annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, of Ottawa, took place on April 11th. In the morning the members assembled at St. Alban's Church for a celebration of Holy Communion, and in the afternoon the business meeting was held. The membership was found to be 263; the receipts \$232.34; the number of boxes and bales sent away, 11, of which the value of new material was placed at \$133.76. The reports of the J. W. A. and the Children's Church Missionary Guilds gave as receipts \$298.56, making the total receipts of the Auxiliary \$664.66.

HAWKESBURY AND L'ORIGINAL.—Owing to the condition of our roads, the annual vestry meetings for this parish were postponed till the 26th and 27th ult. Reports presented at Hawkesbury showed a satisfactory increase over 1891 and 1892, both in church attendance and offertories, while, during the year, the parsonage was re-shingled. Since the building of the church at L'Original, the average there, in attendance and Sunday school, has been double, and the offertories more than doubled. A much needed and handsome set of service books, consisting of Bible, prayer book and altar book, has been received from S.P.C.K., and preparations have been completed for the immediate erection of a driving shed 60 feet long.

TORONTO.

NEWCASTLE.—Confirmation services were held at St. George's Church on Friday, April 28th, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. There was a crowded congregation, and the services were of a hearty character. Thirty-five candidates were presented for confirmation, of whom seven were from Orono. On the following Sunday many of the newly confirmed partook of the Holy Communion, the number of communicants being nearly seventy.

COOKSTOWN.—St. John's Church.—The annual vestry meeting was held in connection with the above church, commencing at seven o'clock in the evening. The meeting was opened with prayer and presided over by the Incumbent, the Rev. George Scott. The churchwardens gave a report of the financial condition of the parish, which was shown to be very satisfactory, after which the churchwardens for the ensuing year were elected; the Incumbent appointing C. H. Campbell, Esq., and the people Alex. Morrison, Esq. The sidesmen appointed were Samuel Fawcett, Harry Rankin, Thomas Jebb, A. Ayrest, and Harry Watson; Dr. Nicol was chosen as vestry clerk, and Joseph Fieldsend and W. R. Colman were appointed as lay delegates to the Synod.

PINKERTON.—St. Luke's.—The annual vestry meeting was held in the above church on Easter Monday, in the afternoon of the same day. The Incumbent of the parish, the Rev. George Scott, occupied the

chair, and opened the meeting in the usual manner. The churchwardens' report showed this church to be in a good financial condition. The Incumbent appointed John Robinson, Esq., as his churchwarden, and the people Samuel George Hodgson; sidesmen, Peter Meher and Christopher Lee. The congregation appointed W. H. Scott, of Toronto, as their lay delegate to the Synod.

NIAGARA.

TAPLEYSVILLE.—On Wednesday evening last a company of about 100 persons, representing the congregations of Tapleystown and Woodburn, assembled in the Church of England parsonage. The object of their visit was to present to their clergyman, the Rev. P. T. Mignot, a purse previous to his leaving the parish for England. After a sumptuous repast which had been provided by the ladies, E. English, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the regret of the congregations in parting with so true a friend and so faithful a clergyman. On behalf of the two congregations he then presented him with a purse containing \$42.75. The reverend gentleman was quite taken by surprise, and expressed his gratitude for the mark of confidence in him as their spiritual pastor. He would at all times when far away from them think of the pleasant relations which had always existed between pastor and people. He expressed the sorrow which Mrs. Mignot felt in not being able to do more parish work than she had done, owing to being an invalid, but he hoped that the sea breeze would invigorate her, and restore her again to health and strength. He prayed that God's blessing would ever rest on them all, and he hoped that they would gladly help the clergyman that would be appointed by the Bishop in the same way as they helped him.

BRIEF MENTION.

It is estimated that there are 3,000 languages spoken by mankind.

Wood engraving was introduced into Europe about the year 1400.

There are about 1,500 theatres in Europe. Italy possesses most.

The day population of the city of London is more than five times the population at night.

The first policeman stood on the corners of New York streets in 1697.

Up to date \$33,243,930.55 has been raised for the World's Fair.

Rev. Mr. Howitt, of the Church of St. Mary's, Bartonville, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday morning.

The Church of St. John the Divine, corner Portland and Stewart streets, Toronto, was opened last Sunday morning. A surpliced choir of young women was a feature of the ceremony.

There are said to be 163,000 families in London living in single rooms.

The oldest coin in the world is an Ægean piece of the year 700 B.C.

There is a long Persian poem extant which does not contain the letter A.

The people of the U.S. pay annually \$400,000,000 for shoes and \$300,000,000 for hats.

The imports and exports of the continent of Africa are almost exactly equal, amounting to nearly \$55,000,000 each.

According to Canon Farrar, there are now 4,000 clergymen of the Church of England without employment.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is said to write very slowly and carefully. His handwriting is small and clear. The Orloff diamond is believed to be responsible for 67 murders.

The value of beer and other liquor annually consumed in Des Moines is \$1,200,000. The value of liquors annually consumed in Iowa is probably \$20,000,000.

Monaco is reported as planning to hold a universal exposition next year. Monaco has a territory of eight square miles and a standing army of 126 men.

A Schitkine girl, aged 17, has been rescued near Moscow, having been buried in the snow for 60 days. The British Isles comprise no fewer than 1,000 separate islands and islets.

There are now, it appears from a report just published, no fewer than 20,111 total abstainers among British soldiers in India.

The commonest form of color blindness is that which makes green appear identical with red.

The price of private telephones in London is very soon to be reduced from \$100 a year to \$50 a year.

Black eyebrows, which almost shade the eye, combined with bony forehead, belong to men of revengeful disposition.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than any other country in the world.

Small, dull blue eyes, half hidden under a bony forehead, are generally found in suspicious and cold-hearted people.

Twenty-five pictures by modern French painters, now exhibited at the St. Botolph club, Boston, are insured for \$248,000.

In tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of the sensitive variety that sometimes the path of a traveller may be traced by the wilted foliage.

The Bishop of Ontario will administer confirmation in Athens, on May 15th, and in St. Andrew's church, Wellington, about the middle of June.

Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, opened the World's Fair, Monday, May 1st, 1893.

Archdeacon Farrar decides that the theatre is a recreation which may be elevating and salutary. That it isn't as elevating as it might be is due to the bad taste of average audiences.

In the five or six months of the year during which the sardine fishery lasts, something like 600,000,000 of these little fish are caught off the coast of Brittany alone.

The wonderful influence of the sun on earth is shown by the fact that in less than three minutes, during which the last eclipse was total, the temperature fell three degrees.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, had a memory so wonderful that, on a wager, he spent a whole day at an auction, and at night repeated all the sales, the prices and the names of the buyers.

Four hundred separate buildings have been erected on the World's Fair grounds, and about 350 acres are under roof.

At a vestry meeting in new St. Paul's, Woodstock, it was decided to build a rectory, and engage a curate to assist the rector, Rev. J. C. Farthing.

The Episcopal convention at Boston, Mass., chose Rev. William Lawrence, of Boston, the broad churchmen's candidate, as Bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts, to succeed the late Phillips Brooks.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in the world is the famous Carthusian table, near Monterey, Mexico. It is a table land, 1,400 feet high and 2,500 feet above the sea level, in shape a perfect crescent, running east and west.

London possesses 43 theatres and 189 music halls, with accommodation altogether for upwards of 250,000 people. Those to whom these places of entertainment give employment number more than 12,000.

Rev. A. E. Whatham, wife and child, arrived in London last week from England. Mr. Whatham will take up work in Huron Diocese. Mr. Whatham was not long since in charge of the Essonville mission, Diocese of Toronto.

A Scotchman named Proudfoot, who died recently in Natal, bequeathed £20,000 to the labourers in Moffat, Scotland. The eighty labourers in the village have resolved to use the money in establishing a public institution for sick and aged poor and in maintaining a pension fund.

The greatest swarm of locusts ever known invaded South Africa in 1797. They were driven into the sea by a north wind, and, the waves throwing them back, a bank of dead locusts from three to six feet thick was formed for fifty miles along the coast.

The best examples of Cyclopean buildings are at Baalbec. There are stones in the Baalbec walls thirty feet above the level, several of which are 60 feet long, 24 feet thick and 18 broad, each stone weighing over 2,500 tons, all cut, dressed and brought from distant quarries.

The Rev. W. Stout, of Thamesford, was examining a bridge there on Saturday, when he unfortunately fell and broke his leg. A student from Huron College will take duty for Mr. Stout during his confinement to the house.

The United States is one-third the size of the British Empire, nearly one-half as large as the Russian Empire, a fourth smaller than the Chinese Empire, a fourth larger than France and all its colonies, twice as large as the Turkish Empire, and nearly as large as Brazil.

British and Foreign.

Bishop Howe, of South Carolina, has consented to the election of an Assistant-Bishop of the diocese.

Mrs. Wm. Jameson has been elected churchwarden at the Easter vestry meeting of the parishioners of St. Mary's, Cottingham, near Hull.

The annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in the United States will be held in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 14-17, 1898.

The Sultan has just conferred one of his highest distinctions on the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. He is also in favor of a re-union of his Greek subjects with Rome.

A second edition of Archdeacon Sinclair's pamphlet, the prospects and principles of the Reformation, has been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock.

The emigration of Irish peasants to America is proceeding at a remarkable rate, all the White Star line steamers being fully booked for some time to come, and the Guion line having had to put on an extra boat for the accommodation of the emigrants.

The Duke of Westminster has given £100 toward the cost of sending to every clergyman in the kingdom a copy of the first number of *Temporal Welfare*, the organ of the Church of England Sanitary Association.

An Irish rector, the Rev. H. Hutchings, of Kilclooney, has organized a female surpliced choir. There are twenty young ladies, who wear a robe and girdle of white linen and a small cap.

Lecturing recently at Birmingham, Sir Crichton Browne told his audience that gout was almost unknown in Ireland until the introduction of Dublin stout. He says it is proved in from 50 to 75 per cent. of the cases that gout is hereditary.

The Episcopal Church of Scotland, according to the annual statistics just published, has now 288 congregations, including missions, and the membership has risen from 91,740 to 94,257. The number of communicants has increased from 35,493 to 36,800.

On Sunday, Father Hyacinthe took leave of his congregation in the Rue d'Arras, as he has placed the church under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Utrecht. As an unattached priest he will now give himself up entirely to preaching.

Canon Bell, Rector of Cheltenham, will shortly publish a volume of poems. Dr. Bell is widely known as a writer of devotional poetry. His roundels and rondeaux are exceedingly well turned, and many of them are to be found in Mr. Gleeson White's little collection of verses in the old French mode.

For many years past it has been Miss Jean Ingelow's benevolent custom to give dinners three times a week to twelve poor persons freshly discharged from the hospitals of London.

A new edition has just been issued of the oldest collection of ecclesiastical documents connected with the British Church. This collection, known as the Liber Laudavensis, consists of grants of lands and other privileges to the earlier Bishops of the See of Llandaff, claimed to have been founded by St. Dubricius in the sixth century.

The Bishop of St. Andrew's has sent a letter to the Primus (the Bishop of Brechon), entrusting his diocese to him till he is able to take up his residence in Scotland. The Bishop says, 'I am cancelling every engagement which does not seem absolutely necessary, and am making every effort to hasten the time of my arrival in Scotland.' A copy of the letter has been sent to each of the clergy of the united diocese of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.

ANTIGUA.—The diocese celebrated its jubilee on December 4, 1892. The Bishop gave an historical sketch of the work of the Church during the past half-century. He spoke of the Mission work of the Church as healthy and vigorous. In ten years he had made 24 deacons and ordained 25 priests, and confirmed 11,000 persons. The sum of £18,000 is to be invested this year in Government securities in England for the endowment of the bishopric.

Recent advices from Antananarivo report that the whole of the consignment of shilling Bibles sent out not long since by the Bible Society, and amounting to 10,000 copies, have been sold, and that thousands of the people are still eager to obtain copies. A new edition to the book is now leaving the press, and full supplies will soon be despatched to the Northern and Southern Committees of Madagascar.

The Bishop Pretoria, the Bishop of Cairo, Ill., U. S. A., the Dean of Bloemfontein, and Archdeacon Bedford-Jones, Kingston, Ontario, have consented to become vice-presidents of the Society of St. Osmund. Mr. Fred. T. Fitzmaurice (secretary of the New South Wales Church Union), 84 John-street, Woolabra, Sydney, and the Rev. W. M. Mercer, U.M.C.A., Zanzibar, have also been appointed hon. corresponding secretaries in those parts.

The Rev. J. Russell, Wesleyan minister of Heathtown, Wolverhampton, has announced to his colleagues and the leaders of the circuit his intention to join the Church of England. He will proceed to Lichfield Theological College. This is the third secession of a Wesleyan minister in the same town within a few years—the Rev. Messrs. W. O. Smith and C. Lord having previously left the Wesleyan ministry.

One must always note the signs of the times. At the consecration of the Rev. Dr. W. M. Barker as Missionary Bishop of Western Colorado, on St. Paul's Day, there were present two authorized representatives of the Russian Church, Fathers Toth of San Francisco, and Dabousky of Minneapolis. In this connection let us add that a strong congregation of the Holy Orthodox Church has been recently organized in Chicago.

In the *Church Times* "Peter Lombard" tells of a church in London, in the city, where there is one service in the week, on Sunday morning. On Palm Sunday the minister announced that "to-day and always on Palm Sundays in this church, as the second Lesson and Gospel are so long, there will be no sermon." There were two in the congregation, not including the choir. The clergyman suggested that perhaps they might sit down during the long Gospel, but the suggestion was not taken. He also told them that there would be no service on Good Friday, but they would find plenty of churches where there would be.

The town of Oswestry, in the diocese of St. Asaph, is divided into two parishes, the mother parish of St. Oswald's, of which the Rev. Cecil Hook is vicar, and the daughter parish of Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. T. Redfern is vicar. Last Easter Day the number of communicants at the former was 780, at the latter 509, making a total for the town of 1,289. The population of the town at the last census was under 9,000. At a time when strenuous efforts are made to hinder the work of the Church in four of the dioceses of the province of Canterbury by the Suspensory Bill now before Parliament, a fact like this may be interesting as affording a fair test of the reality of Church life and work in those dioceses.

Professor Rendel Harris has sent home some fuller accounts of the discovery and examination at St. Catherine's Convent, on Mount Sinai, of a very early palimpsest copy of the Old Syriac Gospels, hitherto only known to us in the fragmentary form which critics speak of as the Cureton Gospels. Cureton, however, after whom this early version of the Gospels is named, only found, amongst the treasures which were brought to the British Museum from the Nitrian desert, scattered leaves of the translation in question. The Sinai palimpsest presents us with an almost complete text of this priceless early rendering of the Gospels. It appears that the last twelve verses of St. Mark, of which a few traces appear in Cureton's edition, are entirely absent in the Sinai copy, and no substitute is offered for them. Another reading which will interest many Biblical scholars is that in the angelic hymn the reading follows the old-fashioned text against modern editors, and reads "Good-will to men," instead of the enigmatical "to men of good-will." The discoverer, Mrs. Lewis of Cambridge, is to bring out an edition of her find.

There is, we are sure, some misunderstanding on one point in connection with the appointment to the bishopric of Qu'Appelle. It is stated that the names of two of the best-known clergy in the North-west were submitted to the Archbishop by the Metropolitan of Rupert's Land and the Bishop of Saskatchewan, and recommended for the vacant see, but that his Grace did not even acknowledge the communication. We are sure that there is some mistake here. It is not at all likely that the Archbishop would treat any communication in such a way. The imagined sleight has, however, led to a proposal that the House of Bishops should be moved to alter the constitution of the Province which gives the appointment of the Bishop, under certain regulations, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Such suggestions are both unwise and undignified. We hope that wiser counsels will in the end prevail.

Correspondence.

The Secretaries will Please Give Names.

SIR,—The secretaries of the Diocesan S. S. Committees will greatly oblige by sending me the names of the Diocesan representatives of the Interprovincial S. School Committees, and also, if possible, the number of Sunday Schools in the diocese.

H. POLLARD, Sec. Interprov. S.S. Com.
St. John's Rectory, Ottawa, May, 1898.

Help Wanted.

SIR,—May I ask you to allow me through your paper to make an appeal to friends of our Church for help. Since I was stationed here last June, we have erected two churches, one here and one at Rothwell, as they were essential for the growth of the Church's work. Our settlers have done and are doing their utmost; but it being a new country, cannot of themselves bear all the expense. We need now to finish and clear both, about \$600, and towards this sum may I ask you, dear readers, to help us. We also need a bell for each church, a font, two sets of east end chairs, one communion set, one set of altar linen. Should any Sunday schools or Bible classes feel disposed to present any of these as their gift to the work of God in this new and fast settling country, donations will be thankfully received by the Editor (for forwarding), or by

REV. GEO. GILL, Curate-in-charge.
St. Mark's, Treherne, Manitoba.

An Appeal.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me a short space in the columns of your valuable paper for a letter of appeal on behalf of our mission, which is an English Church mission in the Diocese of Rupert's Land. It is a very large one, and our people are all so very poor that we feel it absolutely necessary to appeal for outside help to carry on the work of the mission satisfactorily.

At Somerset, which is about the centre of the mission, we are having a small building moved a short distance and fitted up for a church. We are very anxious to get a small organ for the services there, and shall be most grateful to any kind friend who will help us in the purchase of one. We require about \$50 to procure a small instrument. We shall also be very grateful for any help toward fixtures for the little church that we hope to fit up, and I shall be very happy to answer any questions as to our work and its needs.

MRS. TANSEY,
Care of Rev. A. Tansey, Swan Lake P.O., Man.

Thanks, and More Help Required.

SIR,—Thanks to the generous help and sympathy of the different branches of the W. A. and other Christian friends, our Girls' Home at the Mission is now complete, and was formally opened a short time back by the Bishop of Saskatchewan and Calgary. At the opening there were fifteen girls in the Home, as many as we could then take on account of the mission staff being so small, but now two young ladies, Miss S. S. Wilson of Huron diocese, and Miss Alice Symonds of Toronto, have nobly come forward, and by throwing themselves into this work, have enabled us to fill the Home right up. The Government, pleased with the work already done among the girls, have offered a sum of \$750 towards a Home for boys, on condition the building, which is to accommodate fifty boys, is finished, or nearly so, by June 30 of this year. To do this, I must raise \$500 at once, and for this sum I now appeal. The work among these Indians of the North-West is now progressing with leaps and bounds—there is a turn in the tide, and if we take it now at its flood, at no far distant date these Blood Indians, who are yet in the bondage and degradation of Satan, will be rejoicing in the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ. But if this is to be done, the Church will have to act, and to act at once; the Indians will now give us the rising generation and the day is ours. If we refuse them, others will step in, and reap where we have sown. I therefore appeal most earnestly for the sum of \$500 to enable me to gain over to our dear old Church the Indians of this Reservation. Praying that God may send His blessing with this appeal.

REV. F. SWAINSON,
Blood Reserve, Fort Macleod, Alberta.

Church Prayers in Rural Districts.

SIR,—It is generally admitted that the Church of England in Canada is not as a rule progressing in the rural districts of Ontario—and that this is the problem before the Church to solve. It is an important one, because the greater portion of our population live outside of our towns and cities. In the latter the Church is fairly prosperous and holds her own, but it is a question whether this will continue, unless we also hold our agricultural districts, as our town population is largely recruited from the country. What is wanted is an intelligent study of the subject, and the adoption of aggressive missionary work. Will some of the thoughtful clergy and laity acquainted with our rural districts, and the state and needs of the Church there, give us the benefit of their experience and views on this important question. We are undermanned, and, as a rule, have one clergyman in a large parish where, perhaps, the Methodists, for instance, have five or six, and numerous stations and services. It is impossible to com-

pete successfully under these circumstances. Each priest, so circumstanced, should have two or more deacons or Divinity students or lay readers to conduct services at all points where congregations can be gathered. He could give general supervision and administer the Sacraments. It is impossible to support married clergy in large numbers, but with some such scheme we might manage to cover the ground. Growth cannot be expected when services are given only monthly or fortnightly, and the centres and services are too far apart, both as to time and distance, to enable the people to get to them at least once each Lord's day. In addition to this, there are other sections where an itinerant evangelist should be employed. It is also a fair subject of inquiry whether associate missions—a grouping of parishes—would not in some cases work better, be cheaper and more effectual than several weak parishes. I shall be glad if some of your readers will contribute their views on this important and interesting topic.

May 4th, 1898.

A Church Knot.

SIR,—It is with extreme reluctance, and only from a sense of duty, that I ask your permission to call the attention of the laity of the Church of England in Canada, those at least who reside in the Province of Ontario, to certain matters which I have reason to think have escaped the notice of many, if not most of them. The first article of the "Constitution of the Provincial Synod" reads as follows: "The Provincial Synod shall consist of the bishops of the Church of England in Canada, having sees within the ecclesiastical province of Canada, presently composed of the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, or executing by due authority the episcopate as assistant or missionary bishops therein; and of delegates chosen from the clergy and from the laity."

Among other regulations for the government of the Church the Provincial Synod provides for the appointment of bishops. Now since this first article, the corner stone, so to speak, of our constitution, positively asserts the jurisdiction of the Provincial Synod over the civil province of Ontario as clearly and distinctly as over Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, it may surprise many to learn that a bishop is to be consecrated in July next outside the limits of our province (both civil and ecclesiastical) who will claim jurisdiction in Ontario; yet without, so far as I can ascertain, the slightest effort having been made to consult the wishes of bishop, priest or layman residing in this province.

The public press informs us that the Rev. J. A. Newnam has been appointed Bishop of Moosonee. No one who knows Mr. Newnam, and the estimation in which he is held in the city and diocese of Montreal, will quarrel with his appointment as a missionary bishop for the Indians of Moosonee. Not one word would I write to give pain to him, or to those who so highly esteem him. My objection is not to the man appointed, but to the mode of his appointment. But before touching upon this, let me answer an imaginary exclamation: "Why! Mr. Newnam is to be a bishop, not in Ontario, but in the Hudson Bay Territory!" (His arrival in the city of Montreal from that "territory" was actually announced last summer in the Montreal papers). Sir, I ask where is the Hudson Bay Territory? But as well might I ask, where is the kingdom of Poland, or the empire of the Hittites? The seat of the bishopric of Moosonee is at Moose Factory, in the district of Algoma, in the province of Ontario. Of that district I shall presently have more to say. But the new Bishop of Moosonee will claim jurisdiction over a large extent of this civil province. And by whom is he appointed to this jurisdiction? By a committee of gentlemen in London, chiefly laymen. How is this? some may ask. I reply: "The Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East," which has done a great work in those regions, some years ago sent missionaries to our heathen Indians in the colony of Rupert's Land, commonly called the Hudson Bay Territory. And the society has supported this work ever since all that region became included in the Dominion of Canada. But it is gradually diminishing its annual grant; and in a few years the grant will cease. The society expects the Church in Canada in the future to shoulder the responsibility of this work. Surely then, one would think, the committee of the society, before appointing a new bishop, might have held a consultation with those upon whom the burden will so soon fall.

There are two or three points to be noticed. A bishop is to be consecrated, in the teeth of the claim made by the first article of our constitution, to rule over a large portion of the province of Ontario. He is appointed by a body of laymen (prominently such) residing in England. He is not subject to our Provincial Synod; yet, while the Indians last, and probably longer, he will look for help from Eastern Canada. But, some may say, this is only an Indian country, a mere wilderness. Well, if it were likely to re-

main such, I should not write this letter. It is a country which has valuable resources, apart from the value of its geographical position, which will become more apparent in the near future. Archdeacon Vincent, who lived many years at Moose Factory, told me in 1890 that he had "seen the coal cropping out on the banks of the Moose and Abitibi rivers." There are, I believe, three lines of railways projected to run through that region, two of them terminating at Moose Factory, the bishop's seat. This fact does not indicate a worthless country. The Albany river, its north-western boundary, is as large, when 250 miles inland from Hudson Bay, as the Ottawa river at the capital of the Dominion. Indeed I believe the country to be a valuable one, which many who read these words will see developed by the energy and enterprise of Ontario men. Are Ontario men then, whether clerical or lay, content to see a young bishop, appointed in England, permanently seated in that portion of their province, yet to be enriched by their capital, brains and labour, without their having a voice in his appointment? A bishop appointed as missionary to Indians is one thing; a bishop claiming jurisdiction over men of our race is quite another. I deem this largely a layman's question, in view of the fact that the development of that portion of Ontario will be laymen's work. Moreover, this first article of our ecclesiastical constitution, which is so signally stultified by existing facts, is, as it stands, the work of two eminent lawyers.

It does not, perhaps, become me, an obscure missionary priest, to do more than suggest that there is surely a grave inconsistency in our Provincial Synod asserting jurisdiction over the entire civil province of Ontario, when a glance at the map will show that in little, if any, more than one-half of the province will its ecclesiastical writ run. I indeed am the last priest westward acknowledging its authority, notwithstanding the fact that the civil authority of Ontario extends about 320 miles west of me.

Yours, etc., C. J. MACHIN.
Incumbent of Port Arthur and Rural Dean of Thunder Bay Diocese, in the Diocese of Algoma.
Port Arthur, April 25.

Notes and Queries.

SIR,—I chanced one day lately to get inveigled into a political discussion which centered ultimately in one of dynasties. Can you tell me who is the present heir of the Stuart line? How does the succession of Queen Victoria stand in it? Is there any chance of the question ever being re-opened in any practical way? What is the proper spelling of the name?

NO POLITICIAN.

Ans.—The question of the Stuart succession goes properly back to the 14th century, when Robert II., who was son of Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and had married Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert Bruce, succeeded David II. on the Scottish throne. It became of more general interest when James IV. married Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and their great grandson, the Scottish James VI., ascended the English throne as James I. in 1603. The line of succession was again narrowed by the Second Act of Settlement in 1701, when it was restricted to Sophia, Electress of Hanover, her heirs being Protestants. Going no further back than James I. of England, we find that the heir-of-line of the Stuarts is in the House of Modena, and there is not a royal house in Europe, except the Turkish, that is not related to the Stuart family. The present heir-of-line of James I. is William II., the German Emperor, through his grandmother, Queen Victoria. 1—By the British Act of Settlement the Queen is the undisputed heir-at-law; 2—If we go back to James I., Her Majesty is far from the direct heritage, and still farther, if we go to Robert II.; 3—There is no chance whatever of the question coming into practical politics; 4—Properly the name is Stewart or Stuart. The Stuart we owe to the French connection, and appears to have come in with Queen Mary of Scotland.

Sunday School Lesson.

Sunday after Ascension-Day. May 14th, 1898.

I. THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

This service, appointed to be said on the first day of Lent, is intended to be a solemn warning to unrepentant sinners, and an earnest call to them to repent of their sins, and to seek forgiveness where alone it is to be found.

Commination means "threatening" or "warning." These threatenings of the judgment which awaits upon sin are taken from the Bible—they are

not the judgments of the church or the minister, but God's own declaration of how He will visit sin. When we say *Amen* to these declarations we confess that that is truly the case, not that we wish or desire either that we or our neighbours may be visited with punishment. Anybody who engages in this service under the impression that he is invited to curse his neighbours has wholly misunderstood its purpose and intent.

II. THE COMMUNION OFFICE.

This is the chief and most solemn service of the Christian Church. Here we join together in pleading before God the Father the all-sufficient sacrifice made for sin by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son, both God and Man. Here we solemnly show forth also before men His wondrous love and humility in humbling Himself thus to die for us. Here, too, we are enabled to become partakers of that sacrifice by feeding upon the sacramental Bread and Wine. Here, too, we manifest our union with our fellow Christians who are partakers of the same Bread and the same Cup.

This service is compiled chiefly from an ancient liturgy called St. John's, brought from Ephesus after St. John's death, by missionaries to France (or Gaul, as it was then called).

No matter how ancient the form in which our worship is offered, the supreme thing for us to remember is that it should come from our hearts. In order that we may understand aright the spirit in which we should take part in this service, we must read the *Exhortations*, the last question in the Catechism, and we find that we must have (1) Repentance for our sins, and a steadfast purpose of amendment; (2) Sincere and earnest faith in God's mercy through Christ; (3) Be in charity with all men. In order that we may the better see wherein we have done amiss, we are to examine our lives by the light of God's Commandments, and we are called upon to make a solemn profession of our faith by reciting the Nicene Creed.

The sacramental elements are consecrated by the priest reciting the words used by our blessed Lord Himself when He instituted the Sacrament.

We are to receive this Sacrament on our knees, not as an act of worship or adoration of the Bread and Wine, but for the purpose of avoiding all disorder and confusion, and also as signifying our humble and grateful acknowledgment of the benefits of Christ received by the faithful in that holy sacrament, inasmuch as we are thereby made partakers of the sacrifice which our Lord Jesus Christ has made for our sins and for the sins of all mankind.

III. THE CATECHISM.

The Church of England intends that all baptized persons before being confirmed by the Bishop shall be instructed in the Church Catechism (see Exhortation as the conclusion of the Baptismal Office). In this Catechism are set forth by means of questions and answers a course of instruction in the Christian religion. It teaches us both our *Faith*, *i.e.*, those things which we must believe concerning God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and our *Duty*, *i.e.*, How we must act both towards God and our fellow men.

Both of these are equally important, for we cannot please God without *Faith*; neither is it possible to do our *Duty* either to Him or to men aright, unless we also have a right faith as the motive for all our actions.

The Catechism is, therefore, neither to be taught nor learnt as though it were a mere exercise of memory. The subject it deals with is one that affects the whole life; and the lessons it is intended to convey are the most important for the welfare not only of our souls but our bodies. Our future happiness or misery in a great measure depends on how we master and act up to the spirit of the teaching we receive.

Family Reading.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

NUMBER 2.—CONTINUED.

Stella seemed to speak from the very depths of her heart. It was pleasant to talk to any one about her little brother, and to feel that they thought kindly of him too.

"Has he been more ill than usual to-day?" Captain Flamank inquired.

"No, not than usual. Why?" Stella asked, the mere question awakening suspicion in her breast.

"I thought you seemed in trouble, that was all."

"O not about that," she replied, in a somewhat relieved tone.

"What then? I believe you do too many lessons. I shall speak to Somerset and your sister about it."

"I have a great deal to do; more than I want, very much," Stella answered gravely; "but it is not exactly that which troubles me; and I would rather, Captain Flamank, that you did not say anything about it."

"Have you seen my cousin, Mrs. Fleming?" the young man asked, changing the subject, which he saw was becoming unwelcome to Stella.

"No. Is she here to-night? Lora never told me that she was in England even."

"Yes indeed. She arrived a week earlier than was expected, taking us all by surprise. Your sister knew it some days ago, because she invited her here to-night."

"Yes, I daresay. I am not surprised at Lora not mentioning it, only I should have liked to know it."

"Why?"

"Nurse told me that Mrs. Fleming used to know my own mamma," Stella murmured, in a hushed low whisper, which thrilled almost painfully on the ears of the young officer. He felt sorry for the child, and did not speak for a minute.

"Is Mrs. Fleming very sad?" Stella asked when she had recovered herself.

"Sad! For why, Stella?"

"For having left Major Fleming behind. He was sent to China, wasn't he?"

"Yes. I think, on the whole, Ethel is in very tolerable spirits; but you shall judge for yourself, Stella: you must come and be introduced. I almost wonder——" Captain Flamank did not finish his sentence, which would have been to the effect that he was surprised she had not been introduced before.

In another minute Stella was standing beside a lady, whose gaze she felt to be very earnestly fixed upon her countenance—a lady so much younger than she had expected to meet, that Stella at first imagined nurse must have been mistaken, and that this, after all, was not the Mrs. Fleming whose arrival she had been anticipating. She was dressed in a high white muslin dress, and was without ornament of any kind, save a hoop of large pearls guarding the gold ring on her left hand. And her face—it seemed to Stella, as she looked into it for the first time, the sweetest and softest she had ever seen, with a mild passive beauty of its own, very winning and attractive.

"Allow me, Ethel, to introduce to you Miss Gower's younger sister, Stella," Captain Flamank said, as he bent towards his cousin. "Stella—such a pretty name, is it not?"

Mrs. Fleming smiled. Perhaps she thought the face, into which she was still earnestly gazing, prettier and sweeter even than the name; but she did not say so.

"Yes; it reminds us of all that is bright and hopeful," she answered; and then she drew the young girl nearer, and kissed her, almost as a mother would have done. It was a rare thing for Stella, a kiss of love, from any one but Tracy, and her heart softened; while the hard angry feelings she had all night cherished seemed to melt away and be forgotten for the while. A soft colour came into her cheeks.

"She knew my mamma," she murmured inwardly, "and so she kisses me. How pleased Tracy will be!"

"May I call you Stella too?" were Mrs. Fleming's next words. "I should like to have that privilege."

"O yes," said the young girl: "I like it best."

"I guessed directly who you were, when you came into the dining-room, from your likeness to your brother and sister, Stella dear," Mrs. Fleming went on to say; "and I have been wanting to speak to you. If George had not done so for me, I should have come and introduced myself."

"I did not know you were here until Captain Flamank told me," Stella apologised, looking down on the carpet, and a deep colour coming into her cheeks, as she thought of her bad playing. "It

was not my fault about the music. I had never practised it."

"What about the music?" asked Captain Flamank quickly. "I was in hopes the music was in the future of the evening, not in the past."

"I detected very little amiss, dear Stella," said Ethel Fleming gently. "It was a very brilliant and a very difficult piece; and, though your sister might have been a little vexed, I am quite sure no one else was."

"What was it?" asked Captain Flamank again.

"Nothing, nothing at all, George," replied his cousin—"nothing but what we should be very pleased to hear over again now."

"I broke down about twenty times, and spoiled Lora's part," said Stella, simply; "but it was because I had never practised it. There are lots of pieces I can play well enough, only Lora"—here she stopped.

"Lora does not like you to break down, I am very sure," said the captain, laughing; "and I am very glad I was not in the room. You will have to make the amende honourable by favouring the company again."

"I do not think so to-night," answered Stella, who knew her sister's countenance too well.

It was a very unusual thing for her to attempt to justify herself, especially to a stranger. Her natural reserve and pride forbade it; but Mrs. Fleming was one, the only one perhaps for years, whose favour and interest Stella was anxious to win; and she feared the kind of impression that first night's interview might make. A friend of her own mamma—one who had seen her long after she had—one who, perhaps, might love her for that mother's sake. Had Stella known that Mrs. Fleming made one of the auditors before, she would have stifled her feelings of resentment towards her sister, and asked for a piece to which she could do justice; a request which Lora certainly would not have denied.

A quiet, rather a dubious smile had come into Mrs. Fleming's face; and she looked at Stella again very earnestly. The smile passed away as she considered those grave, pensive, beautiful features. She changed the subject of conversation; for, quite unable to read the young girl's thoughts, she had misjudged her motive in referring to her playing, and fancied that perhaps pride and self-complacency had been mortified, and led to the explanation. The shadow on the brow of one so young and so fascinating perplexed her, even as it had perplexed her cousin, and that more seriously. For Mrs. Fleming was not one of this world's gay children. In it, but not of it, she had long learned the transitory nature of its gladdest pleasures and dearest delights; and she had also learned, by earnest and sympathetic observation, quickly to mark the strange void, and to detect the anxious longing for some enduring good, so often to be traced on the countenance—even amid smiles—of the children of wealth and apparent gladness.

"Stella?" she said softly, and taking the child's hand again in her own; "Stella? Is the name a true symbol of its owner's life—of brightness within, of cheering hopeful light to itself and others? Tell me, dear Stella."

The unusual conception and straightforwardness of the inquiry, though it surprised, yet by no means repelled the young girl: indeed, it was put with such extreme tenderness and winning grace, that it would have been impossible to feel offended.

"No," she answered at once, simply and honestly—"not to myself certainly, and not to more than one besides: I think it may to one." The remembrance of little Tracy's words, "I am always stronger and better when you are here," came into her mind, and gave assurance to the last part of her answer.

Captain Flamank, who was listening attentively, gave a slight start, and a kind of low repressed whistle, not exactly suited to a drawing-room. He knew at once who was meant by that one; and the exclusiveness of the suggestion was not altogether pleasant to him.

"Stella, you should not say that—it cannot be true," he remarked, in a tone which, for him, was rather reproving, and very unusual.

Stella was vexed; yet she knew so well she had spoken the truth, that she made no attempt to recall her words or qualify their meaning.

"It sounds strange, hardly credible," Mrs. Fleming said. "I can only explain it, dear Stella, by the fact that even the brightest planets are unconscious of their own shining, and of the hope and gladness they sometimes minister to those on whom their light is brought to bear."

"But we prize them and love them in return," remarked Stella, quickly; "and if they were conscious beings they would feel it, and love back again."

The words sounded strangely bitter from one so young, conveying as they did the inference that no reciprocated love was hers. Mrs. Fleming felt that she was approaching ground on which it would be unwise and very ill-suited for her, a stranger, to tread; and she remarked, as though desirous to leave the subject there, "The great thing, dear Stella, is to strive with all our power to give light, freely, ungrudgingly, looking for nothing in return. When such is the serious desire, the love you speak of is quite certain to come back some day into our own bosoms. Spontaneous unselfish love is sure to meet with a return."

Again Stella thought of her little brother—his pure trusting affection, and hers to him—and her countenance softened. But she could not conceive this to be the case in her experience with any one but Tracy.

"You know, darling," Mrs. Fleming continued, as though she deemed her words required some explanation, "I knew your dear mamma."

A sort of momentary tremor came over Stella's frame, and her glance fell again towards the ground; but this time it was to hide her tears. Captain Flamank, who had been leaning over the back of the lounge on which his cousin was seated, drew up, as she spoke the last words, and moved away. He thought that the two might rather be alone now—as alone as an evening company in a spacious drawing-room would permit. But such surroundings were not in accordance with what seemed in Stella's eyes an almost sacred subject. Conquering with wonderful self-control her emotion, she raised her eyes to the lady's face, and said, in a low emphatic whisper, "Some day, Mrs. Fleming, you will tell me all about it, won't you? O, I have been longing for it! but not now."

Mrs. Fleming most thoroughly understood and sympathized with the feeling; and, a strange attraction drawing her heart towards the young girl, seen for the first time, but of whom she had heard much in other days, she again bent forward, and kissed the sweet face looking up so anxiously in hers.

"Yes, dear child, I will indeed," she answered. "We must learn to be dear friends, you and I. And now you will tell me all about your little brother, will you not?"

She had touched the right chord: and, throwing aside all shyness and reserve, Stella responded to that kindly inquiry; and before ten minutes had passed away Mrs. Fleming knew quite well who was the only one to whom the sweet attractive young creature before her was indeed like a star of hope and gladness. But suddenly, at the striking of a time-piece on the mantel, Stella broke off in her conversation. "I must go now, or he may be asleep. Good night, Mrs. Fleming."

Instinctively she held up her lips for an embrace. "One moment, darling Stella," Mrs. Fleming said, retaining the hand in hers. "Do you and your little brother know what it is to trust your heavenly Father and Friend, and go to him in all your troubles and difficulties, if you have any?"

Troubles and difficulties! It seemed to Stella as though her life was made up of nothing else; but she could not answer that pressing anxious question truthfully in the affirmative. For she knew quite well that of late, since her mamma's death, she had not thought of these things as she used to think; that, amid the constant distraction of earthly cares and duties, very little place had been left for the heavenly; and that, having no one to remind or lead her in the right way, her footsteps had sadly wandered.

The glance of the large earnest eyes fell again; and she made no answer.

"The Saviour says, 'Come unto me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls,' Mrs. Fleming whispered gently. "Think of those words, dear Stella, until we meet again."

Lady Trevannion came up at that moment, with

a gentleman, whom she introduced to Mrs. Fleming; and Stella, musing on the last sentence of her friend, slowly left her side.

(To be Continued.)

The Help that Comes Too Late.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers,
And its hapless strifes with fate,
But the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear,
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb,
And life's barque drifteth far,
Oh! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing, the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth,
A fading rose in a death-cold hand
That perished in want and dearth.

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowing steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers
Ere the bier is spread with the pall;
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond your call.

For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

A Royal Circle.

Christ crowns the humble. No grace is no more royal than humility. When His disciples were contending about pre-eminence, Jesus called a little child, placed him among them and said: "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven." He is greatest who esteems himself least. The humble man is one who compares himself with a lofty ideal. He judges himself by divine standards, not by human opinions. He accordingly has a true sense of his weakness, of his dependence, of the poverty of his attainments, of the insignificance of any advantage over his fellows that he may seem to have. Pompousness, pretentiousness and ostentation are not consistent with lofty ideals, cannot flourish in a spiritual atmosphere.

Humility holds the key to knowledge, is essential to progress, makes the life a loving ministry unto others, glorifies obscurity with dignity and beauty, and is not puffed up by the fickle breath of human fame. He that climbs the purifying mountain must gird himself with the smooth rush plucked from the margin of the infinite ocean. All glory is begun in self-sacrifice, and all power in humility.—*Sel.*

Respect for Books.

"I distrust the intelligence of any person whom I see handling a book disrespectfully," a lady declared the other day. "A good book is one of the best friends, and deserves good treatment—not merely that one should not strain its back or crease its pages, but to be treated with delicacy, consideration and respect.

"When I see a thoughtless girl put out her hand toward a fine volume of Shakespeare, and begin to flutter the leaves as she talks, or nervously clap the upper cover by way of emphasis to her remarks, I feel like saying to her:
"My dear, you forget yourself! Remember

Rosalind; consider Viola; do not be rude to Portia; they are friends of mine if not of yours, and are ladies of distinction, not to be treated like the sentimental heroines of such trashy novels as you roll up and stuff in your pocket or cram into your lunch-basket to read in the cars."

"I never do say it; but I am far from certain if it would not be a justifiable impoliteness if I did."

Indeed, it is quite true that the mere way in which one lays his hand upon a book is often a strong indication of character. The person who reads little is apt to handle a book either with clumsy and excessive care, or with the recklessness of ignorance. The reader of trash in the presence of solidity and long paragraphs, betrays himself often by a dismayed pucker between the brows, or by lifting the volume near his face as if suddenly become near-sighted.

The ill-advised person who has the skimming habit looks at the end first, turns back to the beginning, dips into the middle, and flits skipingly hither and thither, fluttering the leaves like a puff of wind.

The book-lover, the reader who reads wisely and understandingly, does not do these things. It is commonly the reader of trash who ill-treats and fails to respect the most patient, unresentful and helpless of our friends. No well-bred person abuses a book intentionally; one who is both well-bred and well-read cannot fail to treat a good book well, and bad books, silly books and false books he will leave on their shelves.

Light literature holds its proper and honorable place in the world of letters, but trash is not literature and has no place there. As one who has fallen into associating with frivolous and foolish people soon shows it in his manner even when in better company, so the foolish girl or boy whose mind is steeped in trashy reading soon betrays it in many ways, and one of them is his feeling toward real, genuine and elevating books.

Handling a book with apparent respect or disrespect is of course too fantastic a standard to be accepted literally, since physical awkwardness or nervousness may be responsible for harm rather than a lack of mental grace. But it is none the less true that the close companion and friend of the great authors acquires often what might almost be called a special courtesy toward books. He learns to feel towards them as the first great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, who wrote five centuries ago:

In bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And in myne harte have them in reverence.

A Place of Refuge.

In the Scottish Highlands, it is said, the wild creatures of the hills seem instinctively to know when the terrible storms which sometimes sweep over that part of the world, are approaching, and seek refuge in the rude hunters' lodges which abound there. Uncared for cattle, deer, sheep rabbits, and even birds, gather together for common shelter. The dangers which threaten them cause them to forget their own timidity and the hostilities they feel toward one another when the skies are brighter. Crowded within their narrow quarters, they will remain until the fury of the storm is past, and they can again venture out in safety. What a blessed thing it would be if human beings were as wise as the wild creatures of the hills! Men are confronted with dangers more terrible by far than those of tempests and snow. The storms of death and judgment are just before them. And God in His infinite mercy has provided an ample place of refuge. Indeed, He offers Himself as a hiding place. The strong arms of Jesus, His dear Son, are extended to receive us. How wise are they who fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel, singing as they come:

"Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

A RICH SAUCE.—Rub one small cup of butter and two of sugar to a cream, then stir in three eggs, beaten very light, and two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, and flavor with lemon or wine.

The Problem of Pain.

Our hearts are dull, and hard, and light, God forgive us! and we forget continually what an earnest, awful world we live in—a whole eternity waiting for us to be born, and a whole eternity waiting to see what we shall do now we are born. Yes, our hearts are dull, and hard, and light. And therefore Christ sends suffering on us to teach us what we always gladly forget in comfort and prosperity—what an awful capacity of suffering we have; and more, what an awful capacity of suffering our fellow creatures have likewise.

We sit at ease often in a fool's paradise till God awakens us and tortures us into pity for the tortures of others. And so, if we will not acknowledge our brotherhood by any other teaching, He knits us together by the brotherhood of suffering.—Charles Kingsley.

Resting Places.

In our march heavenward the Master has kindly provided some welcome spots for the refreshment of our souls. But they are only halting places. We come sometimes to an *Elim*, with its 'three-score wells and palm trees'—a delightful spot to sit down and cool off, and partake of the manna and the king's pleasant fruits. Yet it is not Canaan, and we must up and march again. Elijah cannot spend all his life under the juniper tree. Jesus invited His disciples to go 'into a desert place to rest awhile.' It was only for a little while. Calvary was just ahead for Him and the Pentecostal baptism of blessed toil for them. God is very wise and very kind in providing scenes and hours of sweet refreshment during this life of varied temptations, toils and trials. They take the tire out of us, cheer us up, and give us Eshcol clusters that taste of the promised land. Lest we should settle down with the fancy that these are our abiding places, God is evermore rousing us up with the call, 'Arise and depart, for this is not your rest!' That rest remaineth for us, a little way further on.

The Depths of the Sea.

Some very singular and interesting facts about the sea are told by a recent writer in the *Ocean*. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, he says, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle, whether lying under the ice of the pole or the burning sun of the equator; but the water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

There is a vast amount of salt in the sea. If a box six feet wide were filled with sea-water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

A most singular fact is the deceitfulness of waves. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamship. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles—19,680 feet—there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid.

The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different

seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get the correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be at the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the sand in. When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.

On Witnessing a Confirmation.

Well may the bells peal sounds of praise,
The organ notes of triumph swell;
For angels here delight to gaze,
And God Himself approves it well.

A youthful band in vestments white,
Approach the altar of their God,
At once their duty and delight,
To tread the steps their fathers trod.

On earth the sacred vow is made,
The Church records the ardent prayer,
And Heaven, in lines which cannot fade,
Re-registers the promise there.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
Fill every bosom with thy flame,
And write in characters of love
Indelibly thy sacred name.

A martyr's spirit, and a heart
Holy and heavenly, grant to all,
Which never can from God depart,
Nor shrink, whatever may befall.

May these young soldiers of the Cross
Be strengthened for the holy strife,
Through good or evil, gain or loss,
Enduring, win the crown of life.

So when their fathers sleep with thee,
Each having entered to his rest,
May this devoted company
Stand in their place to call thee blest.
—James Edmeston.

What is Money?

Is it something to hoard and gloat over? Something that will foster our appetites and pamper our pride? Something to amass for our children to squander? If these are the ends to which money will lead us, its pursuit is a folly, and its acquisition a curse.

Money rightly used is a noble endowment—a mighty agency for good; hence its possession involves a fearful responsibility. With money we can lift burdens from the weary, and bring peace and hope to desolate homes. With money we can help to heal the sick, feed the hungry, provide homes for the orphan and a refuge for the forsaken. With it we can arrest the wayward in their path to hell; lift sinful men and women out of the slime of sin, send out men of God to preach the gospel to the nations; help to dispel the darkness of ignorance and sin that covers millions with the pall of despair; raise womanhood out of her hopeless degradation in pagan lands, and transform the habitations of heathenism into peaceful Christian homes.

Christ is waiting for His Church to comprehend the right use of money. He is still sitting "over against the treasury." He is blessing the widow's mite. He has his eye on the rich who out of their abundance are offering their gifts. How long will He sit there and wait for His Church to rise to the standard measured by the widow's offering? How long will He wait for messengers to bear the gospel to the world? Something worse than rust may gather over the hoarded wealth of Christian lands. It may be a fire that will burn. It may become a sore that will canker.

Reach out after the Best.

Depend upon this fact, young friends—the bent and results of life are what we make them. No individual reaches the best and highest through carelessness and inattention. And, conversely, none find life all vain endeavor and nothingness unless they look through glasses distorted by selfishness or travel the way hedged on either side by folly.

There was the old Roman Emperor. He declared, "I have been all things in life, and all is of little value." But the mighty ruler forgot that there was one thing which he had not been. He had never been a man of good purposes, and had never played an earnest, useful part in the world. Is it any marvel that he found all things outside of this pathway of little value? A greater marvel would it have been had he found them anything else.

To find the better things of life, we must look for them. If we go forth in the world with only eyes for the light and airy, let us not wonder if we behold only things of this character. Aiming only at actions and achievements that give a momentary satisfaction, believe me we should not grow impatient at the fact that we do not attain that which brings permanent satisfaction and contentment.

"Reach out after the best and grandest," urges the true oracles of life. Aim at the sun in all things. Your arrow will go higher than though you aim only at a bubble on the river. Life is not all nonsense, and vain pursuit, and trifling possession at the end. It is only these things as we choose the way that leads to these results. But traveling in the opposite direction, on the highway of usefulness and earnest purposes, is found the region where the atmosphere is purer, the results grander, the life less vain and empty. It only depends upon whether we will to travel this way.

"He that never would, could never;
Will to might gives greatest aid."

Treasures Found in Street Excavations

In Rome the eighty-two miles of new streets made last year yielded the following "dugups":

- 905 amphoræ.
- 2,360 terra cotta lamps.
- 1,824 inscriptions on marble.
- 77 columns rare marble.
- 813 pieces of columns.
- 157 marble capitals.
- 118 bases.
- 590 works of art in terra cotta.
- 540 works of art in bronze.
- 711 intaglios and cameos.
- 18 marble sarcophagi.
- 152 bass-reliefs.
- 192 marble statues.
- 21 marble figures of animals.
- 266 busts and heads.
- 54 pictures in polychrome mosaic.
- 47 objects of gold.
- 39 objects of silver.
- 36,679 coins.

Even this astonishing list does not cover everything, but embraces only those objects which were worthy of a place in the museums.

Gentleness.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assure that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence, which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain, which from many a beloved form wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths and all its delicacy. It is everything included in that matchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.

"The Needs-Be."

'Mid our life's uncertain currents,
A breath may change the tide
That shall waft us from the shallow
Where silvery waves divide.

'Mid our round of daily actions,
While swift the moments speed,
It were hard to give a reason,
A needs-be for each deed.

Yet, although the moment's zephyr
Can sway us to and fro
As the aspen bends and shivers,
With God it is not so.

There's a needs-be for the shadows
He sends to cloud our day,
And a needs-be for the sunshine
Which chases clouds away.

A needs-be for the tear-drop
That glistens in our eye,
For the whispered prayer that bringeth
An answer from the sky.

There's a needs-be, yes, a needs-be!—
Oh, treasure up the words,—
For the thing that lightly presses,
For that which deeply stirs.

There's a NEEDS-BE,—oh, how thankful
Our hearts should be for this,
If we truly love the Saviour—
For our eternal bliss!

"Evening Colours."

I am not so familiar with the customs of the army in regard to the flag; but in the navy I know they are admirable, and decidedly worthy of emulation in civil life. You may perhaps know that the flag of a ship does not fly during the night. It is taken in at sunset; and I think the simple little ceremony which attends the hauling down of the ensign at sunset is one of the prettiest in existence. The first time I ever saw it I was sitting on the quarter-deck of the steamship "Yantic," conversing with three of her officers. We had been dining together, and were enjoying the cool evening breeze under the awning. I knew that it was nearly time for "evening colours," and I was anxious to see whether the ceremony in the navy was different from that aboard a first-class yacht. I speedily learned there was a difference.

A few minutes before sundown a bugle-call sounded from the flag-ship, and the call was immediately repeated by the buglers of the other ships of the squadron.

"What is that?" I asked.

"That's 'stand by the colours,'" said one of the officers.

Two sailors came aft, cast off the ensign hal-yards, and stood by with their eyes on the flag-ship. In a few moments we heard bugles sounding again; for you must know that on board ship many commands are conveyed by a few musical notes upon the bugle. A marine came aft, and, saluting, said,—

"Haul down, sir."

"All right," said the officer of the deck. "Sound off."

At that order the bugle of the "Yantic" blew the lovely call, "Evening Colours."

The moment he sounded the first note the officers rose from their chairs, faced the colours, took off their caps, and stood silent, in respectful attitudes, while the two seamen slowly hauled down the colours, bringing them in over the rail as the call came to an end. When the colours reached the deck and were gathered in by the seamen, and the last note of the bugle died away, the officers put on their caps, resumed their seats, and went on with their conversation. Removing the cap in honour of the colours is the common form of salute in the navy. When an officer comes up from below, he always lifts his cap in the direction of the quarter-deck. And all boys should remember when visiting a man-of-war, that the proper thing to do when you go on board is to turn toward the stern of the ship, where the ensign always flies at the taffrail staff, and raise the hat. If the officer of the deck sees you, he will return the salute; but, whether any one is on the quarter-deck or not, always raise your hat when you go

aboard. The salute is to the flag, not to any person; and surely every boy ought to be proud to lift his hat to the flag of his country.

She Did it Not.

Harry Fawcett came out of the dining room and lingered irresolutely in the hall. It was Sunday morning. He had breakfasted late, as usual, on that morning. On other days he was at his office before nine.

"A young lawyer," he said, "must look as if he had business, if he means to have any," and Harry, though a rich man, was ambitious to do good work in his profession.

He took out his note book and glanced over his engagements for the day and week; dinners, breakfasts, balls, theatre parties. Harry was a favorite in society.

Somehow, to-day, these things bored him. It suddenly flashed on him that his life was poor, and filled with trifles.

"There is some stuff in me fit for better work than this!" he thought, as he stood in the hall, hesitating.

There was a picture by Corot in the drawing-room. He looked at it.

"If I could paint something that would last, or write a book! Something that would give thousands of people comfort and happiness when I am gone!" he thought.

On the other wall was a copy of Vibert's picture of the returned missionary showing to his superior the scars given by the savages. Harry's blood warmed. "I, too, could sacrifice myself for a great cause," he said. "But what cause do I care for? There is not a single great purpose or meaning in my life."

He looked out at the sunny street, down which the people were hastening to church. He grew grave and thoughtful. He remembered how, when he was a little fellow, his mother took him to church. Her religion had been her life. She had died when he was still a boy.

"Is her faith what I need?" his soul asked, groping in the dark for something live and real.

His sister was a professedly religious girl. She was very active in church. But he had never spoken to her of her religion. She was coming now, on her way to church.

She came down the stairs buttoning her glove. Something in her brother's face startled her. Could Harry be unhappy? If they were more intimate, she would ask him what troubled him. She hesitated, and he came quickly up to her.

"Going to church, Alice?"

"Yes, of course."

"It counts for a good deal to you, eh! Church, I mean. It is a help—a kind of life, I suppose?"

"There is not much help in Dr. Ray's sermons," she said. "He has no ability. And the soprano has a wretched voice."

He walked with her out of the door. There was a hunger in his soul that must be stayed. Even her jesting tone did not drive him back.

"She has the secret. My mother had it. I might learn it. There, perhaps—in the hymns or prayers—somewhere."

But Alice joked about the hats and gowns of the women they passed. "If you will come to church you will see such guys!" she exclaimed. "It is a perfect study in costume."

"Thank you. I will not go."

He left her at the corner and sauntered down to the club. That night when they met at dinner he was his usual gay self.

"Are you quite well, Harry?" she asked. "I thought you looked pale and troubled this morning."

"I fell into an anxious mood, and was inclined to take life seriously," he said, somewhat bitterly. "But nobody else does it, and why should I?"

"Your trouble is gone, then?"

"Oh, quite gone!" he said.

She was silent, for in spite of his light tone she felt that he blamed her. What had she done?

She puzzled about it during dinner, but soon afterward forgot it. Harry and she journeyed side by side through life for years. But between them there was a great gulf, and she never tried to cross it. She had lost her opportunity.—*Youth's Companion.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Mix together a spoonful of flour, a pint of milk, and one egg well beaten; add a spoonful of salt, and a little ginger grated; put this mixture in a square pan buttered, and when browned by baking under the meat turn the other side upwards to be browned also; serve it cut in pieces, and arrange upon a dish. If you require a richer pudding increase the number of eggs.

HAM TOAST.—Chop some boiled ham fine, mix with the yolks of three eggs, an ounce of butter, two tablespoons of cream, and a little pepper. Stir over the fire until it thickens, then spread on hot toast.

JUMBLES.—One-half cup butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda; roll thin and sprinkle sugar over them.

PREPARING VEGETABLES.—Soak cauliflower, cabbage, etc., in salt water to destroy the minute insects that cling to the leaves. To remove every particle of sand wash freely in running water.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One-half cup butter, one cup sugar, one-half cup hot water, one and one-half cups flour, two eggs, two teaspoons baking powder. *Chocolate frosting for filling.*—Whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups pulverized sugar, five tablespoons grated chocolate, two teaspoons vanilla; beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, and sugar and chocolate, place between cake and let stand till cold.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—For the cake take one cup of sugar, one egg, butter size of an egg, one cup of milk, three cups flour, teaspoon baking powder. For the jelly, rind and juice of a lemon, one egg, one cup sugar, three teaspoonfuls corn starch, one cup hot water; let it boil up quick.

INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk, half a teacup of chopped suet and five teaspoonfuls of Indian meal. Scald half the milk and stir in the meal. To the remainder of the milk add one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one small teacup of molasses, one small teaspoonful of ginger, and one cup of raisins; mix together, bake slowly two hours; serve hot.

MY LITTLE BOY.—GENTLEMEN,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and it cured him very quickly.

MRS. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

BLEACHED PAPER INJURIOUS TO SILK.—Never do up delicate coloured silk in white paper to lay away for any length of time. Chloride of lime is used in bleaching paper, and it will have a deleterious effect upon the colour of the silk.

A COMPLICATED CASE.—DEAR SIR,—I was troubled with biliousness, headache and loss of appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite is good and I am better than for years past. I would not now be without B.B.B., and am also giving it to my children.

MRS. WALTER BURNS, Maitland, N.S.

STEWED BEEF-STEAK.—For stewing, the steak should weigh about three pounds, and be cut an inch and a half thick; sprinkle it with salt and pepper, lay it in a saucepan with two ounces of butter, and brown quickly on both sides over a brisk fire; then cover the meat with good brown stock, and scatter over the surface two tablespoonfuls of minced onions, one tablespoonful of powdered herbs, and four large ripe tomatoes, which have been cut in halves. Cover the pan closely, and stew gently for about an hour and a half. Place it on a hot dish; thicken the sauce if necessary, boil up quickly, and pour it over the meat. Have ready at the same time a well-boiled cauliflower; divide it into small, neat sprigs; dip these in boiling hot butter, sprinkle them slightly with salt, pepper, minced parsley, arrange round the steak, and serve just as hot as possible.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.—SIRS,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotick, Ont.

Children's Department.

The Last Cruise of the Water-Witch.

The trouble all began the very day of Uncle Jack's departure. The trunks were packed in the hall, the carriage was waiting at the door, and Uncle Jack, travelling hat in hand, was saying good-bye in his own breezy, cheerful fashion.

"Oh, see here," he said, when he came to Betty. "There's something on the table in my room for either you or Ben, I don't care which." And then he kissed Betty on both plump cheeks, gave Ben an affectionate hug, and ran down the steps, looking over his shoulder once more to smile his last good-bye.

The children could hardly wait to see the carriage out of sight before they rushed upstairs. Betty was the first to reach the front room, and Ben found her standing spellbound, holding in her hand a miniature sloop, which bore on the stern in gilt letters the name "Water-Witch."

Betty's blue eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Oh, Ben!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "isn't it beautiful?"

"Just ship shape, I call her," answered Ben, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking with admiration at the pretty toy. "Let's go down to the brook and sail her."

Betty assented to this proposition most amiably, and the afternoon passed delightfully for both children. The "Water-Witch" proved worthy of her name. She spread her sails to the summer breeze and rode the waves triumphantly. It was not till the bell rang for supper that Betty said "Let me take it now, Ben, 'cause it's mine, you know."

"Yours! I'd like to know why," answered Ben sharply. "I guess Uncle Jack said he didn't care which had it."

"Well, I got it first," Betty persisted. "And besides you're the oldest and you ought to give it up."

"I know you always think so," Ben retorted indignantly. "A boat isn't a fit plaything for a girl anyway."

When the two children reached home they were both flushed and angry. Their mother looked wonderingly at their excited faces. "Why, what in the world is the matter?" she asked.

Betty explained, assisted by spirited comments from Ben. But before the unpleasant tale had reached a conclusion her father interrupted. "You should both be ashamed of yourselves," he said, decisively. "Don't either of you touch the boat for a week, and then see if you can be good-natured."

Betty placed the "Water-Witch" upon the mantel, and frowned fiercely at Ben. Ben looked up from his bowl of bread and milk and scowled back at Betty. And for the next week this little brother and sister, who at heart loved each other dearly, hardly interchanged a pleasant word.

The next Friday afternoon when Betty came in from school, she immediately noticed that the "Water-Witch" was gone from the position on the mantel which it had occupied for the last week. "That mean boy!" exclaimed Betty, with the frown to which her smooth little forehead was growing sadly accustomed. "He's taken my boat again, but I'm not going to let him have it!"

She ran down to the brook, but Ben was nowhere in sight. "I believe he's gone over to Long Pond!" she exclaimed after a moment's deliberation. "But he'll find he can't get away from me!"

Fifteen minutes later as Betty, panting, reached the brow of one of the sloping hills skirting the shores of Long Pond, she caught sight of Ben, who, with his trousers rolled above his knees, sat on the low-bending branch of an old oak which hung out over the water. He held in his hand a string to which the "Water-Witch" was attached, and he turned his head with a tantalizing smile as his sister approached. "You can't come out here!" he called. "This branch isn't safe."

"I don't care if it isn't!" Betty swung herself into the tree, and crawled daringly out on the swaying limb. "You've got my boat, Ben, and I want it!"

"It isn't yours, and you won't get it! Go back, Betty; I tell you this isn't safe!" Ben persisted.

Betty seized him by the shoulder. "Ben Harper—" she began, but the sentence was never finished. The dead branch, taxed by even Ben's weight, broke with a sounding crash, and both children were in the water.

Ben was the first to rise to the surface. He threw his right arm about the floating limb, and with the other seized Betty, whose terrified face just then rose above the water. Betty threw her arms about him, and the boy was frightened at the convulsive clutch of her little hands. "Don't hold me so, Betty!" he exclaimed. "We're going to drown. We must shout so they'll come and help us."

Both children screamed till they were hoarse. "P'raps we'd better rest a minute," Ben said bravely, encouraged by finding how easily, with the aid of the floating limb, he could support himself and Betty on the water.

When they had rested they shrieked again, and the placid hills gave back the echo unmoved. The sun was setting now, and Ben noticed how unearthly a light it cast on Betty's pale face. The boy was growing chilled, his arm was numb from its cramped

position, and a nameless horror crept over him.

Betty read his thoughts in his face. "We're going to be drowned—to be drowned! And it's all my fault."

"No Betty. I was to blame." Ben held her tight with his aching arm, and wondered if it were possible that he had ever been cross to her. Then he thought of his mother, and the wooded shores of the lake grew blurred and dim.

Just then sounded in the children's ears as sweet music as they will ever hear in this world, though it was only Silas Dean, whistling "Yankee Doodle," as he walked homeward across the fields. Silas was an able-bodied young fellow, and an excellent swimmer. In five minutes more Ben and Betty stood shivering and wet upon the shore.

And as Betty clung to Ben's dripping sleeve and looked over her shoulder at the smooth, treacherous water, the first thing she said was, "Oh, Ben! the 'Water-Witch' has gone down."

"I'm glad of it," Ben answered. He put his arms around Betty, and for the first time during that terrible hour burst into tears.

So the "Water-Witch" lay at the bottom of Long Pond, and her cargo of unkind words and selfish deeds was buried forever under the rippling water.

By the Seaside.

"Shells and wading and digging in the sand!"

"Fishing and boating! Hurrah!"

Elsie and Archie found it hard to wait for the day which was to take them to the seashore. It had been planned very early in the spring, and they thought the days and weeks until midsummer would never pass.

But the time came, as every time comes if only we wait long enough. On one happy morning they awoke to hear the gentle sound of the surf, and to feel the sea-breeze blowing in at the windows.

Everything out of doors was pleasant, as had been expected. Sailing, rowing and fishing were all that could be desired, and they soon became interested also in hunting for shells and in filling bottles with bright-coloured sand.

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Managing Director.

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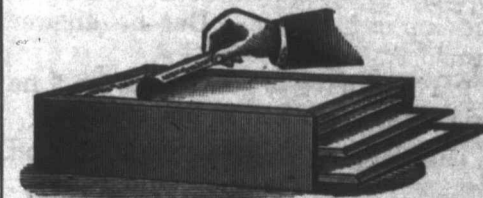
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"Ah, it is so pretty!" cried Elsie. "The sand we see at home where they build houses is dark, ugly-looking stuff. But here—down by the water—it is so white and shining. And back beside the rocks such streaks of yellow—"

"And over there under those red cliffs it is red just like them. And Jim Blake says that away down the shore where there are slate rocks the sand is almost blue. And he's going to take me there in his boat some day. And he knows how to fix the sand in beautiful streaks and scallops, and he's going to show me how—and—oh, what a beautiful shell!"

"I saw it first," said Elsie, making a little spring towards it.

"No, you didn't," said Archie, trying to snatch it as Elsie held it in her hand. "It's mine."

Elsie held on, and Archie grew angry. "You needn't be so selfish about it," he said. "I'm making a collection of shells and you're not. I've had real bad luck, too—losing all those fine ones I got the first week we were here."

"But I want it," said Elsie. "I want to make a little pincushion for mamma with it."

"Oh keep it, then!"

It is sad to be obliged to say that Archie was very fond of having his own way. No one could be more polite or pleasant than he if allowed to manage things as he wished, but a very slight opposition was enough, as we have seen, to cause him to forget all the lessons he had heard on the subject of brotherly kindness and forbearance.

Elsie looked wistfully at the beautiful shell, then said:

"Well you may have it."

"I won't!" said Archie. "You may keep it yourself now."

She put it into his sand pail, but he flung it out, and the little girl walked away feeling deeply hurt.

A pity that evil temper and angry words can find their way to the beautiful sea side,—that the murmur of the waves and the whisper of the soft breezes should not be able to whisper such lessons of the love of the great Creator as could banish all sounds of discord. But the spirit of all evil finds his way wherever we go, and flings his ugliness over the fairest scenes.

Half an hour later, Archie turned at the sound of the dipping oars, to see a merry party of boys and girls rowing towards the shore.

"Come on," they called to Archie. "We're going down for the blue sand. And where's Elsie? She must go too."

"She was here just now," said Archie, looking around. "Perhaps she's gone home. I'll run and see."

He hurried to the cottage a little way off, but soon came back with a blank face.

"She isn't there. I can't find her. I don't know where she's gone."

"Well, come without her. We'll take her with us some other day."

"I can't do that. Mamma's away for all day, and she told me not to leave Elsie. Just wait a few minutes."

Up and down on the sand he ran, in and out among the rocks, calling at the top of his voice. But no answer came.

"You'll have to go without me," he said, as he returned to his friends.

He watched in great vexation and disappointment as they rowed away, then turned again towards the rocks, wondering where his sister could be.

"But I don't care where she is. She may stay away all day for all I care. I'd rather play alone any time than with her."

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Archie played by himself, trying to fancy that he was having a good time. But before an hour had passed he began to feel that the pleasant sights and sounds around him were incomplete without the bright face and the loving, cheery voice of his little sister. At length he set out to look for her, becoming a little alarmed at her long absence.

At a turn behind the rocks he met her coming towards him.

"Oh, Archie!" she cried, her face lighting up as she saw him, "I've been away down to the little bay where we went that day you lost your shells. I found them, and I've got more—see! Half a pailful. And they are all for you."

Archie looked at the shells with a sober face. "Oh, Elsie," he said,

"you did it when I was cross to you. I wish I hadn't been. I wish I wasn't such a cross boy."

"But you needn't be unless you choose," said Elsie, with a bright little smile.

"I know, but it's so hard to deny one's self being cross when one feels like it," answered the boy.

"I'm Your Friend."

A group of boys were playing together in a yard the other day, when it was noticed that one boy stood aloof from them, and cast longing glances in their direction.

Presently, another lad stepped from out the crowd and made his way over to the lonely watcher, saying,—

"Don't you want to join us, Dave?"

The kindness in the speaker's voice seemed to touch the one addressed, and he said gratefully,—

"It's good of you to ask me, Will, but you know the rest won't like it. They don't want to let me be one of them again, because I've done wrong, though they don't know how sorry I am."

"Oh, yes, they do, Dave. We're none of us perfect. Come along and join."

But Dave still refused. He did not tell Will how many times he had been rebuffed, and how many sneers had been thrown his way by that same set of boys, since the day he had done wrong.

"Well, remember I'm your friend, Dave," said Will, as he turned to go. "And I wish you'd come home with me. I'm going to arrange my collection this afternoon."

And Dave went, feeling that he had had courage given him to try again.

Do not shut your hearts, boys and girls, to a companion who has done wrong. "A friend in need is a friend indeed." And kindness in trouble is the very sweetest soother you can give.

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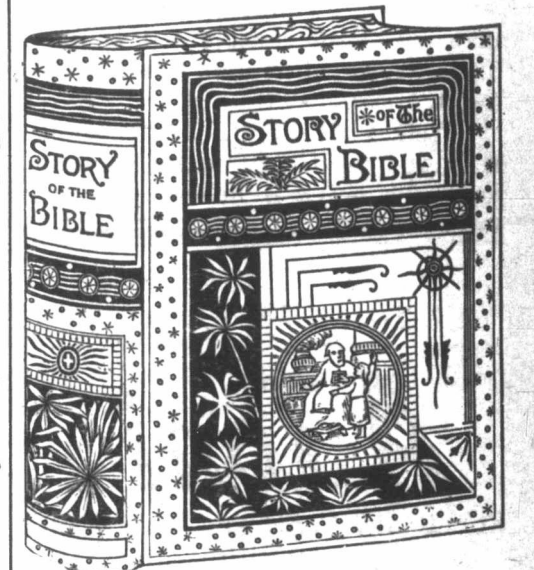
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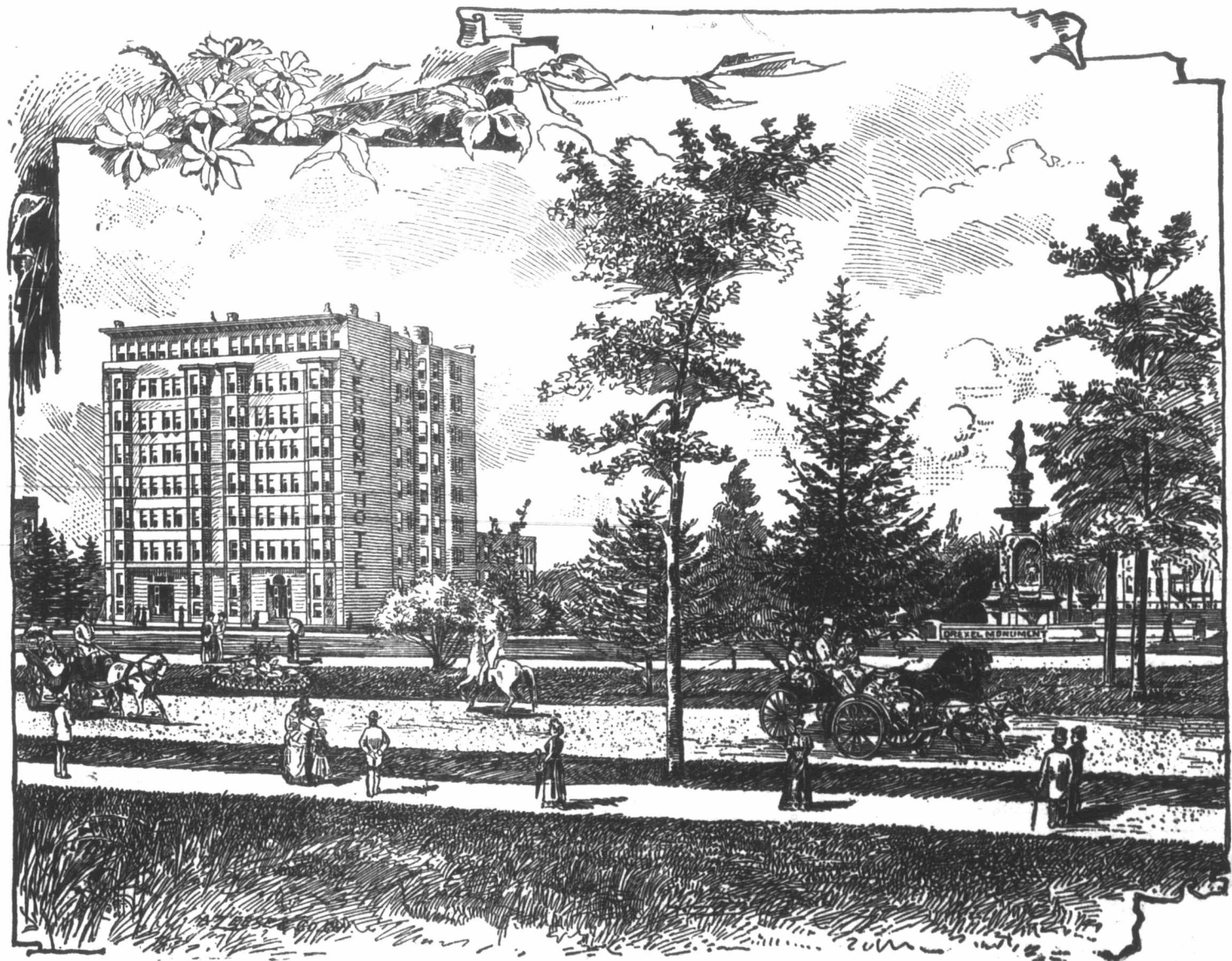
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| Wheat, goose..... | 0 60 to | 0 62 |
| Barley..... | 0 40 to | 0 41 |
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| Dressed hogs..... | \$8 00 to | \$8 25 |
| Beef, fore..... | 5 00 to | 5 50 |
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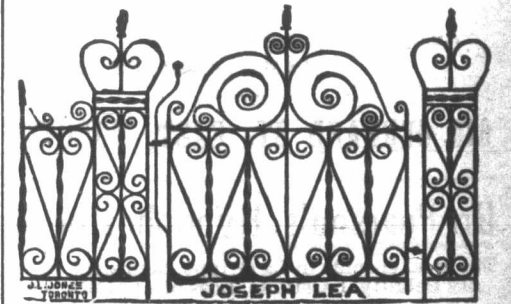
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