

Church Work.

We speak concerning Christ and the Church.

A MONTHLY PAMPHLET OF FACTS, NOTES, AND INSTRUCTION.

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"The Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the cross."—
From the will of Bishop Ken, A. D. 1710.

ADVENT.

AWAKE—again the Gospel trump is
blown—

From year to year it swells with louder
tone,

From year to year the signs of wrath
Are gathering round the Judge's path,
Strange words fulfilled, and mighty
works achieved,

And truth in all the world both hated
and believed.

* * *

Thus bad and good their several warn-
ings give

Of His approach Whom none may see
and live;

Faith's ear with awful, still delight,
Counts them as minute guns at night,
Keeping the heart awake till dawn of
morn,

While to her funeral pile this aged world
is borne.

But what are Heaven's alarms to hearts
that cower

In wilful slumber, deepening every hour,
That draw their curtains closer round,
The nearer swells the trumpet's sound?
Lord, ere our trembling lamps sink
down and die,

Touch us with chastening hand, and make
us feel Thee nigh.

Keble.

A NEW WORK.

At the suggestion of many friends we have decided to do away for the present with "Sunday School Lessons" which have appeared during the past year, and to substitute a CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, which will contain much of interest in the shape of instruction for children. The Rev. W. C. Bradshaw, of Peterboro', Ontario, who has shown himself in editing the "Lessons" to be well qualified for such a work, will have charge of this new Department, which will be begun in the January number. We hope to make the little monthly, which has already won a high place and a wide circulation, still more useful to clergy and laity.

ADVENT.

It is a great cause for thankful-
ness that the Church keeps days
and seasons in which to call away

her childrens' thoughts from worldly scenes to commemorate and meditate upon great events past and to come. How needful it is in this busy and matter-of-fact age that we should have the actual scenes in the life of our Blessed Lord brought to our notice; and that the great lessons in connection with His Life and Death, His Resurrection and Ascension, and the time of His return to be the Judge of Quick and Dead, should be told and retold with increasing emphasis as the years come and go, hastening us on to the grave, or bringing nearer and yet nearer the time when all earthly things shall end. Again we have entered upon the Advent Season—the beginning of the Church's Year, and we are bidden to devote the few weeks before Christmas to the consideration of those great events—the first and second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. And surely no Christian who has at all realized the momentous interests which are connected with the life on earth and the life to come can fail to thank God for such a season as this of Advent—a season which should not only make us thank God for the gift of His Dear Son, but also lead us to a careful examination of our lives, and to an earnest and prayerful resolve to be more watchful and more active in Christian Faith and Works, as the time approaches when no man can work. Let us, then, make this Advent of more value than, perhaps, past seasons have been to us, by seriously and more frequently contemplating the comings of Christ, as they have to do with our present and future existence. Christ came in the Flesh to be our Saviour and

Mighty Deliverer—to save and deliver us and all mankind from sin; He is coming again that we may render Him an exact account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil.

Dear reader, Christ loves you, and so came to earth in great humility to be your Redeemer and Saviour. Have you thought upon His love, and have you felt constrained to love Him in return? Christ is to come again in majesty and great glory as King and Judge. Have you been serving Him, and looking and longing for His second coming?

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever. Amen.

NOTES ON THE PRAYER BOOK.

No. I.

REMEMBER that the Prayer Book consists of liturgical matter derived from the liturgies of Primitive Christendom. Do not think that our Reformers sat down and composed an entirely new form of worship. Nothing was further from their thoughts. On the contrary they were most anxious to retain everything agreeable to Scripture

which might serve as a link between the Church of England and the long past of the Catholic Church. Continuity of worship with the Saints and Martyrs of the early centuries, as far as it was agreeable to God's Word, was with them a holy purpose. Very reverent of God's Truth, their reverence therefore extended also to those forms and phrases in which the piety of the Ancient Fathers had expressed itself.

Thus the Prayer Book has long roots reaching into the depths of Primitive Christianity, and drawing up into modern days all the best form and spirit of antiquity; and, indeed, it contains petitions which broke from the lips of God's Israel in Jewish Synagogues. The first principle of its compilers in their selection was the mind of Holy Writ; the second, the value of what was ancient; and thus we can say that our Prayer Book represents the best results of the deep, earnest study of reverent souls, enlightened by God's Word, of the liturgical literature of primitive and mediæval Christendom.

We inherit the treasures of piety which the Christian Church has accumulated in many ages and many lands.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE enthusiasm for genius has been like the rainbow, made out of mingled tears and sunshine, and the true order of nobility among men has been composed of those unselfish natures whose love laid life as a daily sacrifice on the altar. If we examine the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and from that down through all the peerage of

noble souls who have adorned humanity, and "of whom the world was not worthy," we shall find that each one had received the fiery baptism of self-sacrifice as preliminary to their exaltation.

It may be a mystery to us, that the most princely lives must be immolated for the sake of others, but that it is the "more excellent way," and that it tends to ennoble mankind, is assured by the fact that Christianity itself, the inspiration and the hope of the world, is a religion of self-abnegation. Its symbol is a cross, and its testimony is that only they who yield up their lives for others shall "find them."—*C. H. Everst.*

METANOIA.

THE first note of the Advent season, and the undertone of all its Services, is Repentance, "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand!" was the warning word of one who came to prepare the way of the Son of God. "Repent!" was the burden of the first Gospel sermon, the burden of Christ's teaching, the burden of Apostolic preaching; and all down the ages the Church has echoed the refrain.

This Key-note of the Gospel is a word of vast importance. What does it mean? Does our English version of the inspired text convey the full force of the word that thrilled through the wilderness of Judea, and shook the very walls of Jerusalem at the Advent of Him in whom was the fulness of God? "Repent!" Does the word in its Gospel meaning convey only the idea of penitence, sorrow for sin, self-accusation and remorse? Is it

fairly explained by the Latin rendering, "Do Penance?"

Nay, it has a deeper meaning, a profounder significance. "Metanoia" means a turning away, a change of purpose and life, based upon the life and immortality brought to light by the Incarnation: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." For this reason, because the life of God is once more offered to dying humanity, destiny has a new meaning, time a new significance, life a grander issue. There is good reason for a *Metanoia*, a change of mind, a new view, a new principle and purpose, in the souls of dying men. He has come that we might have life, and we may no longer live as though we had interest and hope only in the present world.

"Repentance," as the writer whose essay suggested these lines truly says, in a very inadequate translation of the Gospel message. We may insist upon the larger scope of its meaning in the evangelical record, but we cannot make the word to convey the intense and radical change indicated by "Metanoia." "Be converted and baptized," more nearly conveys the meaning of the Pentecostal preaching. A new view of the issues of life and eternity, a new purpose, a new hope, founded on the new relation established by the Incarnation, are implied in the "Metanoia" of the Gospel. Humanity is no longer without God and without hope. The light that lighteth every man has come, and no one need now walk in darkness. The *Metanoia* is a change from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge, from the service of sin unto death, to the service of right-

eousness in Jesus Christ unto everlasting life.—*Selected.*

HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

1. From the First to the Seventh Century, she may be called "The British Church," and was without the shadow of Romish influence.

2. From the Seventh to the Eleventh Century, she may be called the "Anglo-Saxon Church." This was not a new Church, but the British Church with a comparatively mild infusion of Romanism.

3. From the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century she may be called "The Anglo-Romish Church." This was the same Holy Catholic British Church, with a strong infusion of Romanism.

4. From the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century, she may be called "The English Church," which, like each of the other names, does not indicate a *new* Church, but only a new state, *viz.*: the state in which ancient British privileges had been resumed, by a thorough expulsion of Romanism in any form.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

MANY years ago a good clergyman wrote a tiny prayer, so short that no one could help remembering it if he once heard it. God seemed to set that little prayer "upon wheels," so that it might run everywhere. It was printed on large cards and hung up, and it was printed on small ones, and kept in Bibles and pocket books. It was taught to classes and schools and whole congregations, and now thousands upon thousands pray it

constantly. It is a prayer which must be heard, because it asks for what God has promised to give, and it asks for this through Him whom the Father heareth always. It is this :—

“O God, give me Thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.”

Will you not pray it too? Begin this morning, and go on—not just by saying it, but praying it—till you get a full answer, for you are sure to get it. Here is God’s own promise :—“I will put my Spirit within you ;” and He has promised it over and over again in other places.

Perhaps you will not know at first when the answer comes. Can you see the dew fall? No one ever saw a single drop come down, and yet as soon as the sun rises you see that it has come and is sparkling all over the fields. It came along before you saw it, falling sweetly and silently in the twilight and in the dark. So do not fancy God is not hearing you because you have not felt anything very sudden and wonderful. He is hearing and answering all the time. You would not go on asking unless the dew of His Spirit were already falling upon your heart and teaching you to prayer. The work He gives you of His blessed Spirit the more you will ask for ; and the more you ask the more He will give.

THE LATE DR. PUSEY ON FREE AND OPEN CHURCHES.

It was on the 6th October, 1865, that Dr. Pusey uttered a few words at a free-and-open church meeting at Norwich at the time of the

Church Congress. These words were listened to by some 2000 people with marvellous interest, and we shall never forget the thrilling effect which they produced on that immense meeting. He said :—“I am so entirely unprepared on the subject that nothing could have induced me to come before you had I not taken the greatest interest in this Society, on the ground that it is pre-eminently a Gospel Society—a Society which maintains the equality of all in the presence of our common Father and God, and which especially insists on the value to the Church of her especial heritage, the poor. I never can see a religious poor man without the deepest reverence for him ; I never see the patience of the religious poor, their self denial, their endurance, without thinking that they are among the most stupendous proofs of the stupendous grace of God ; and I never see a religious poor man without looking at him as one whom I expect to see, by the mercy of God, far above myself in heaven. I said this was especially a Gospel Society, because its objects are the poor, and it requires only one word to ask you how much we are indebted to the poor ?

When I was myself a boy, my lot was cast a good deal in the west-end of London, and I never saw there the face of a poor man. The first that I ever saw was when I went to hear one of the most eloquent preachers of that day, Bishop Heber. I did not see him, but I saw what was far more blessed than that—a poor man standing in the midst of the congregation with the tears streaming from his eyes as he was touched by the Gospel message. That must have been

some fifty years ago, and through all the years which have followed I have never forgotten the face of that poor man.

"There are places in London, as I have myself seen, where, for generation after generation, the name of Christ has never reached; and their inhabitants had much better have been born in Calcutta than in London, because the charity which sends forth Christian missionaries might then reach them. I may say that my greatest interest in coming to this place was yourselves. My name having been a by-word for things with which I have little concern, I wish to tell you of the deep interest which I have ever felt in the poor, in a life now reaching towards the age of man. I wish also to express the deep interest which I have in this Society, because it restores the Church to her position as the mother of the poor, restores to her her noblest heritage, without which she is nothing, without which she would be disclaimed by our Lord—the poor."

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE Reformers never for an instant professed to be abolishing the old Church of England and founding a new one. By the good hand of Divine Providence guiding the course of the Reformation, it was always recognized by her rulers in their official dealings with her structure and formularies, and has always been so recognized since that period, that the vital organism of a Church consists of three things—(1), an apostolically descended episcopate; (2), a sacerdotal ministry, and (3), valid sacraments. In

these three particulars the Church of England has always been conspicuously distinguished from every Protestant community, English or foreign; and in these three particulars the reformed Church of England is as entirely identical with the pre-Reformation Church of England, as a man who is at one time in sickness and at another in health is the same man, or as a vine after it is pruned that it was before it was pruned.—*Selected.*

WORKING AND WAITING.

How eloquent is the interval of silence in the life of Jesus! How comfortingly does it speak to those who are shut out from active work in the wider spheres of life! For many there seems to be no place for active service. They have to sit with folded hands, and often do they feel that life to them is an utter blank. They envy with a holy envy those to whom a larger work is given. They imagine if their lives were otherwise ordered they could be more useful. What a mistake! The Father's business is "exceedingly broad," and the most retired and eventful life becomes sublime when it is seen to be comprehended in God's great plan. To every child the All-Father assigns an appropriate place and an appropriate work. The place which God appoints is the only one which we should desire to occupy; the work which God allots is the only one which we should desire to perform. The Father's business covers the whole of life.—*Rev. J. M. Campbell.*

AWAKE thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE has more power than anything on the propagation of principles. The man you admire most you will be inclined to follow most. The more the spiritual character of the ministry is respected, the more the life of the minister is honoured, the more influence will his views be sure to possess. We need scarcely say that the cultivation of the inner life by all helps which God has provided in His Church is the first requisite. Let the ministry be holy, harmless, undefiled by ambition, self-seeking, sloth, contentiousness, little-mindedness, partisanship, and let the spirit of prayerfulness, and the love of meditation and study characterise the minister, and he is sure to win that best sort of admiration, which passes by the personality and fixes itself on the motive which urges him and the truth which he believes. Beyond anything else this must be felt to be the power of the Church, a consecrated ministry, a life of self-sacrifice, a love of all mankind, a readiness to give up anything, so that the bodies and souls of men be helped and comforted and raised God-wards.

BAPTISMS IN THE CHURCH.

FOR most obvious reasons, it is required by the law of the Church, that except for great cause and necessity, the people shall not procure their children to be baptized *at home*, in their *houses*, but in the Church in the presence of the congregation. I do most thankfully acknowledge that this rule of the

Church is now much more generally observed than it was in former times. Still there are yet a few cases in which the minister is subjected to painful embarrassments, from earnest solicitation to do what he cannot refuse without seeming to disoblige kind friends, perhaps communicants, and which he cannot assent to, without consenting to *do* what involves a violation of his duty to the order and discipline of the Church. Baptisms in private houses, at festive family gatherings, or under any circumstances, except from necessity are liable to abuse, and are grossly at variance with the whole principle and spirit of ministration. Sure I am that the general feeling of reverence prevailing in the Church, together with a respect for order and just conceptions of the nature of the Sacrament of Baptism, will in due time bring all to one common conclusion—that the proper place in which to receive a young immortal into the Church and family of God, is the *house of God*.—*Bishop Potter*.

PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness.—*Hugh Miller*.

THERE is no more of personal merit in a great intellect than in a great estate. It is the use which is made of the one and of the other which should found the claim to respect; and the man who has it at heart to make the best use he can of either, will not be much occupied with them as a means of commanding respect.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

Arranged from Ancient Antiphons.

BY W. I.

EX. XVI. 7.

O murmuring voices, now be still,
And hear the Lord's all-gracious will;
This day shall show the Lord is King,
The morning shall His glory bring.

I. Sam. xi. 9.

The hurt is sore, the need is great;
The King hath said ye shall not wait;
To-morrow, ere the sun be high,
Shall come the help to victory.

II. CIRON. xx. 17.

Jerusalem, be not afraid;
O Judah, be ye not dismayed;
Go forth to-morrow, calm and strong,
"The Lord is with us" all your song!

St. Luke xxi. 31, 32—Hab. ii. 3.

For nearer still and yet more near,
The coming of the kingdom here;
It shall not tarry nor be slow—
We have the word, the time shall show.

St. Luke xxi. 28.

Lift up your heads in freedom glad,
Only the faith'ess need be sad;
Let doubts depart, misgivings die,
For our redemption draweth nigh!

CHRISTMAS.

HOLY and happy time! Would that we could greet thee with hearts fully attuned to thy sacred gladness! Would that through Advent we had so dwelt upon thee and all thou bringest; had so made ready our hearts to receive thy blessings, that faith might be stronger, love more alive, Heaven nearer than ever before; that thy joy-bells might for us ring in a

new and holier life in which we should dwell in closest communion with our Master and our Lord!

Season of Peace and Love! All that is best in fallen humanity responds to thee; love to our fellow man is kindled to a deeper glow; pity stirs even in careless hearts, and world-wide charity draws together those between whom prejudice or selfishness had placed a gulf. There is a holy spell in Christmas which works these wonders; there is a light in it Divine, unquenchable, which must cast a reflection even on this cold world of ours. But, oh, how much more should it call forth in us! Were faith but so strong as to see with unclouded vision that central Form from which all the brightness emanates—Jesus, the Incarnate Saviour, God of God and Light of Light! the Babe that wears upon His holy brow the round of Heaven's own Sovereignty! the central fact of that Eternal Love which so loved us that He came down from Heaven and took upon Him our flesh that He might indeed knit us unto Himself, that He might purge us from our sins, and make us holy members of His Body—one with Him here and through eternity. We see the reflected light of Christmas, but alas! are we not often satisfied with that, when, if we would but open our hearts, the Light Divine would shine in its fulness upon us!

Already the watchers cry "The night is far spent, the day is at hand"—"the day spring from on high." Will not *we* awake and watch for His coming, rejoicing with joy unspeakable that unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given?

THE BLESSEDNESS OF
GIVING.

A PARABLE.

"I GIVE them all," said a little grass-plant, as she scattered on the ground around her the many seeds she had been nourishing so carefully all the summer.

"Why not keep a few of them?"

"If I kept them folded up they would never become a blessing, and how much pleasure would be lost."

"Why not wait till some one gathers them, and they might then be carried away and sown on some lawn for royal feet to tread on? That would be a destiny worth aiming at, worth losing them for."

"I do *not* lose them," exclaimed the little grass-plant. "Each seed with its living germ that I plant will surely come up again."

"I wonder you care to take so much trouble, growing, as you do, in such a stupid place, only by the dusty road-side."

"But if I were not here this piece of ground would look brown and ugly instead of, though I say it who shouldn't, lovely and soft and green," replied the grass-plant. "Besides, who can tell that, even if I waited, anyone would gather my precious seeds? I prefer to sow them broadcast."

"It is useless labour."

"There you are mistaken," said the grass-plant warmly; "for the Wise Man says, '*In all labour there is profit*,' and He must be right. Besides," she added with a smile, "I would not miss the joy of giving for anything. It is such a joy to have the power of giving; 'it blesses him who gives and him who takes.'"

"Always quoting other people's words."

"The best plan when one has none better of one's own to say; and '*how forcible are right words*.'"

WHAT CHRISTMAS DAY
SHOULD BE TO THE
POOR.

EVERY Church festival should bring special comfort in some fashion to the poor and needy. Once it was so, and then the Church observances were honoured by rich and poor alike. Now these holidays are reserved, as it were, for people of leisure, and are regarded as a luxury belonging to the cultivated and wealthy exclusively. They have hardly any meaning to those who are not wholly prepared to enter into the full meaning of the religious rite.

We do not advise the bringing back of all the customs which were once familiar but now are known only to the antiquarian. When parasitic usages die out it is because they have no longer any business on the main trunk. These died because their proper life was done. But we do believe that holiday tide should have their fitting associations, which are to be engrafted on the proper service of the day. Thus Easter flowers sent to the sick or to prisoners are more precious than any other flowers.

And especially Christmas Day should be a day of kindly remembrance. We do not mean of systematic and careful distribution of necessaries. Where these are needed the Church and the Christian giver ought not to wait for a set season. We mean of gifts which, while they are useful, carry

with them a stronger impression of kindness than of use. There are some gifts which humiliate because they remind the receiver that they are so needed. To give a starving man food is to let him know that he is in a very low estate of poverty. To give him clothing is to imply that one has taken note of his rags. Nobody ought to give the less because of this fact, but at certain seasons to give gifts which imply in some way a sense of interest felt toward the recipient. For instance, neighbours exchange gifts of food, not because one or the other lacks, but because it is pleasant to share one's best with one's friends. We say that Christmas giving ought to be patterned after this sort. Not to do less for the poor at other times, not to withhold from them aught of which they have need, but once a year at least to take them into the circle of kindly and neighbourly sympathy. As the Christmas garlands and wreaths are not necessary to the due celebration of the day, and yet everyone would miss them sorely if omitted, so these kindnesses ought to decorate, as it were, the substantial, constant care for those who need.

ADVERBS.

It is said that "God respecteth adverbs more than verbs." He cares more to have a man work *well* than to have him merely *work*. And there is one adverb that it is God's will that we should esteem more highly than it is our custom to do, and that is the adverb *now*. We live in the past, we live in the future, and the present we allow to slip through our hands. Yet we

are dead to the past, we are not born to the future, and the present is our only time for doing, enjoying, living. We must indeed think of the past to profit by the experience it has given us, to repent of our sins, and to make reparation where we have injured any one, but we must not let our life be in the past. We should use the past only to live better, to live more fully in the present. As regards the future, there is a certain provision for it that is the duty of the present hour, but beyond that we should stifle anxiety and fear as not belonging to us. We should remember how often we have allowed ourselves to be distracted by dread of a future difficulty or sorrow, and when the time and place were reached, lo! the heavy stone was rolled away, and angels with blessings stood awaiting us. We may rest assured that if we do our part in the present, God will take care of the future. With us Christians the bitterness of past days, whatever it may have been, should be both dead and buried. For is that bitterness sin? After repentance and all possible reparation for wrongdoing, it is both a duty and privilege to rejoice in forgiveness.—*Church Journal.*

THE virtue of saving faith lies in the object to which it clings. We are saved, not because we *believe*, but because we believe in *Christ*. When faith is looked upon as a virtue that merits eternal life, of course the merit of Christ, the necessary object of faith, is crowded out of sight.—The great danger of the popular notion, according to which all de-

pend on man's sincerity, and nothing on what he believes, is, that even when it is admitted that we are saved by faith, Christ is robbed of his honor, and faith becomes only work-righteousness. Believe in the Lord Jesus and thou shalt be saved, and he that hath the Son of God hath life.—*Lutheran Standard.*

WE never regret the kind words we have spoken or the retort we have left unsaid, but bitterly we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to eyes that will never shed them any more.

FAITH without repentance is not faith, but presumption, like a ship all sail and no ballast, that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith is not repentance, but despair, like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.—*Sanderson.*

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

THE London *Christian* says:—Eleven years have passed away since, in the house of the vicar of St. Mark's, Brighton, a little company of humble workers were gathered together to fold and pack a few hundred simple letters, enclosing Scripture text-cards, which were to be placed on the pillows of the inmates of the Sussex County Hospital, and one or two other institutions, on Christmas morning.

With earnest prayer over the packets thus prepared, the seeds were sown in that evening hour of the now widely-spread "Christmas Letter Mission." In almost every

hospital and infirmary in Great Britain, in asylums, schools, and many other institutions, the Christmas Letter is found from year to year on the pillow of the suffering or in the hands of other welcoming ones. In foreign languages, it reaches the sick on the Continent; and, in Australia, America, India and distant colonies, conveys to the weary and heavy-laden, with loving words and bright anecdote, the glad message of Christmastide. Last Christmas about 260,000 of the English letters were distributed.

Our readers may be glad to take advantage of these "Posts with Letters from the King." They are supplied for all classes, sick and well. District visitors will find them as suitable for town distribution as for bringing a Christmas morning surprise to lowly cottagers. For working and railway men, the aged poor, servants, mothers' meetings, wayside and midnight missions, distribution, &c., there is a large choice. The Children's Illustrated Letters have been the subject of special care.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

How many of us during our hours of study, or work, or of recreation think of those Heavenly Spirits which are continually hovering about us, our Guardian Angels? Does it ever occur to us that they are at our side, watching over us, whispering into our ears words of wisdom and counsel when we are assailed by temptation, and looking radiant with joy when we achieve a victory over sin! Yet such is the case.

"Dear Angel, ever at my Side," we sometimes sing; but the truth

does not always come home to us that the bright spirit about which we are singing is at that moment watching over us, and perhaps with a countenance of downcast sorrow at some wicked thought which he sees is occupying our mind, instead of the meaning of the words we are singing.

Besides watching over us here on earth, they strengthen our will, and in the hours of affliction they comfort us. When we wander from the path of duty and happiness, they feel great pity for us, and seek always with untiring zeal to bring us back to repentance and amendment of life. As the Holy Scripture says: "Are they not all Ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of Salvation?"

The Church of Rome has so perverted this truth, with her lying legends, and her idolatrous teachings, that the truth itself is too often questioned and forgotten. It is a truth notwithstanding. God works instrumentally, in the spiritual, as in the natural world. And so we pray in the Collect for St. Michael and All Angels.

O Everlasting God, Who hast ordained and constituted the Services of Angels and men in a wonderful order; mercifully grant, that as Thy holy Angels always do Thee service in Heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succour and defend us on earth; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

THE DYING INFIDEL.

ONE morning, Dr. Fletcher, of Stepney, received a request to visit a man who was a professed skeptic, and apparently near his end. On

entering the chamber where he lay, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once the most painful and incurable. The doctor addressed him by sundry kind inquiries and expressions of sympathy, reminding him of the sufferings of Christ, who gave Himself a ransom for sinners, that through His atoning sacrifice they might obtain the forgiveness of sin and be restored to the favor of God.

Hearing this, the dying man said, "Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife there does; she believes all you say."

"Well," said Dr. F., "but you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards attaining it, if you are sincere. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?"

"Why," he replied, "I believe such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all."

It was a principle with Dr. F., when reasoning with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make it a position from which to argue with them. This mode he now adopted and said:—

"You believe that Jesus Christ was a good man—a sincere man. Now do you think that a good man would wish to deceive others? or, a sincere man use language that must mislead?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then how do you reconcile your admission that He was a good man with his saying to the Jews, 'I and My Father are one.' When they took up stones to kill Him He did not undeceive them, but still

maintained the fact of His Godhead ; adding, 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me, and I know them, and I give unto them eternal life? Could any angel, however exalted?'

"Stop!" cried the dying man, with an excited voice, "Stop, sir; I never saw this before; a new light breaks in upon me—stop, sir!"

Holding up his emaciated hand, as if fearing that a breath might obscure the new light breaking in upon his benighted soul, and with a sort of preternatural expression quite indescribable, but with eyes intently fixed on Dr. F., he exclaimed, after a short pause, while big tears rolled down his cheeks:—

"Sir, you are a messenger of mercy sent by God Himself to save my poor soul! Yes, Christ is God, and He died to save sinners! Yes, even me!"

QUIET LIVES.

CHRIST'S lowly, quiet workers, unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God and go to their business or their household work. And all day long as they toil they scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth and along the hard path of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scripture the life of God's people in this world is compared in the influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but specially note-worthy is the quiet manner in which dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly.

It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It choseth the darkness of night, when men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful works. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosoms of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and the tender herbs, and plants, and in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, and the gardens are more fragrant, all life glows and sparkles with a new splendor.

And is there no lesson here as to the manner in which we should do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than to be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and secretly that no one should know what hand dropped them?

EXACT TRUTHFULNESS.

HENRY WILBERFORCE, when an English schoolboy, had on one occasion his truthfulness severely tried. Dean Mozley, in his "Reminiscences," tells that young Wilberforce met by accident a school-fellow whose acquaintance he did not desire. From him Wilberforce received an invitation to a "wine-party."

He would not accept the invitation, would not go, but could send no truthful excuse that would not have been offensive. The morning following the party, the two school-mates chanced to meet face to face in a narrow passageway.

They came to a standstill, and the eyes of each were fixed on the other. The one waited for an ex-

planation, and Henry had none to offer.

"—, I did not go to your wine-party yesterday," remarked Henry, after a long pause.

The other waited to hear the reason of the absence; but after another pause Henry again said:—

"I did not go to your wine-party yesterday."

A third pause followed, in which the one waited anxiously for a more satisfactory explanation, and the other became more conscious of his inability to give any. It was ended by Henry's yet again repeated:—

"I did not go to your wine-party yesterday."

Each then walked on, and neither afterwards recognized the other.

Too many boys, placed in similar circumstances, would have framed a plausible excuse of previous engagement, or indisposition. Henry Wilberforce was governed by his sense of right in all things. He could not tell what varied a shadow from perfect truthfulness.

One of the eminent friends of Wilberforce used to warr men against acquiring facility in making excuses. It is a fault into which Henry never fell. But the example of his truthfulness is needful to-day.

"Thou must thyself be true
If thou the truth wouldst teach."

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

WE use heaven to denote a state in which place and other circumstances may be comprehended; but O, how much more! All goodness and all blessedness. All wrong and suffering shut out for-

ever. Let memory and imagination do their worst in multiplying images of evil, and in calling up before the mind the forms and occasions of distress; then add that all these will be wanting. Give indulgence to your boldest flights and wildest dreams of happiness, apart from sin; then add that all, and infinitely more than all you can imagine, will be yours, and yours for ever, without the fear or possibility of change, or loss, or diminution. Every pure wish gratified, all lofty aspirations more than realized, and what is past or present still as nothing in comparison with what is yet to come. All attempts to heighten such an object only lower it, and leave our apprehensions of it less defined and satisfactory than at first. But if this ineffable condition, this negation of all evil, this perpetual fruition of the highest good, awaits you, then surely it may well be said to you, Come, O come! for all things are now ready. Expiation, pardon, renovation, the grace of the Father, the merit of the Son, the influence of the Spirit, the Church on earth and the Church in Heaven, safety in life, peace in death, and glory through eternity, a good hope here, and an ineffable reality hereafter—all things are now ready.—*J. Addison Alexander.*

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if troubles come upon

you ; keep up your spirit, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever ;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars ; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven ; With God's presence and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a hubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

He that revenges knows no rest ;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little, great things are accomplished.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips his sleeves in earnest, and

sings while he works is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick,
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts ; but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full holds no more ; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away.

—*Domestic Journal.*

It is interesting to note that the handsome new church of Bangor, County Down, stands on the old site on the banks of Belfast Lough, consecrated by St. Cornwall, about eighty-four years after the landing of St. Patrick ; and that here, for 1,324 years the voice of prayer and praise has been offered up to Almighty God by successive generations of Celts, Anglo-Normans and Churchmen. There are few places in the kingdom of greater ecclesiastical interest. It was the school from which the early Christian missionaries, including the celebrated St. Columbanus and St. Gall went forth to convert the continental nations, the Franks, the Suevi, and the Allemanni. From the latter a Swiss canton bears its name. For centuries the Monastery of Bangor was independent of the Bishop of Rome, and its abbots boldly opposed his pretensions.

I BELIEVE in a boy who has something of a man in him, and I believe in a man who has something of a boy in him.—*P. S. Henson.*

"I SHOULD KEEP HIM."

I WAS very much struck with an answer I received the other day from a little boy who was visiting me. He had been playing a long while and was very tired. One of his playmates, I am sorry to say, was not a very good boy; he did not mind his mother, and sometimes uttered words I do not wish ever to hear from children's lips; but he was a generous, merry kind of a boy for all that, and was quite a favorite.

"I am afraid, Charlie," said I, "that Willie Ray is naughty; he is a very troublesome child. Now, if you were his mother, what would you do with him?"

"I should keep him," answered Charlie, looking up into my face fearlessly.

"Would you keep a naughty boy, Charlie? Does he deserve his mother's kindness?"

"Yes, I should keep him!" said Charlie again, shutting his lips firmly together, as if that was all he had to say.

"But, Charlie," I persisted, "do you think a naughty boy like Willie Ray ought to be kept by a good, kind mother? he is disobedient and unruly in every way."

"Now, auntie," replied the little boy—"now, auntie, do you think he could be good if his mother did not keep him? I should keep him and try to make him better."

Here was his answer. How many mothers act upon little Charlie's resolute reply, "I should keep him"? He is my boy; God gave him to me. He may be undutiful and disobedient sometimes, but I shall keep him—work with him and for him, still hoping and never quite despairing.

Yes, children, the mother is the last to give up her child; through evil report and good report, in times of sickness and sorrow and trial, and even in crime, she will shield, she will love him, and pray for him, and keep him always in her heart.

And does not the blessed Saviour show the same patience and love to us all, His children, for whom he died? Does He not wait "yet this year," that they may bring forth fruit? He intercedes for us, sends blessings and mercies and trials, to bring us back to him. He will not let us go until we prove wholly recreant. Let us pray that, as little Charlie said, "He will keep us," and at last receive us into His heavenly habitations. — *Christian Advocate.*

Some people seem to feel that there is an incongruity between festivity and Christianity; but whoever carefully reads the life of Him Who was without spot of sin, must come to the conclusion that all innocent enjoyment meets the approbation of the Christ.

He was not an austere man. He mingled with the race, to bless, to cheer, and hallow, and, just as surely as He went to the wedding in that little oriental village, does He enter the places of our assembling for the sacred nuptial tie, and also for pleasant social communion. Without a sense of His presence, there is always a lack which nothing else can supply; and when we know and feel Him near, we look for such a miracle as changes otherwise insipid pleasures into the most inspiring and tasteful joys.