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Church Work.

We Speak Concerning Christ and the Church.

A Monthly Pamphlet of Facts, Notes and Instruction.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR—REV. JOHN AMBROSE, M.A., D.C.L.

Vol. XV.

DIGBY, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 9

The red marks enclosing this paragraph indicate that the subscription is due, and the Proprietor will be glad to receive the amount as early as possible. The date marked with the address on each paper is that to which that paper is paid up.

HYMN TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From the French, 16th Century.

Jesus, holy Shepherd,
From all danger keep,
By the sheltered pathways
Lead Thy lambs and sheep.

Pastures green, still waters,
To Thy flock are given,
They who mark Thy footsteps
Find the way to heaven.

They who list Thy pleading,
To Thy Bosom pressed,
Where no wolf can reach them
In all safety rest.

Thou hast from our cradle
Watched o'er us for good,
From the sin that stained us
Washed us in Thy Blood.

Uction of Thy Spirit
Thou hast on us shed,
And with Bread of Heaven,
Lovingly hast fed.

We on earth are dwelling,
Thou art Angels' King,

Yet a loving anthem
We to Thee would sing.

With our voice we utter
Praises from our heart,
May we with Thine Angels
Bear a humble part!

A DISTANT SONG.

The poet sings—"Far, far away,"*
What is it that is far?
Is it some great, eternal day
While shines our evening star?

The Angel sings—"Far, far away,"
A guardian Angel kind,
He bears the soul from house of clay,
And death is left behind.

A spirit sings—"Far, far away,"
O exquisite relief!
In sorrow I no longer stay,
I have escaped from grief.

The poet sings—"Far, far away;"
When earthly life is past
How glorious if we can but say
Sin is far off at last!

Errata in poetry on 1st page, Oct. No. of
CHURCH WORK:

In 2nd verse, line 3rd, read *snare* for *shore*.
In 2nd verse, line 6th, read *for* instead of *far*.
In 3rd verse, last line but one, for *above*
read *abode*.

Industry pays debts, while des-
pair increaseth them.

Mrs. Miller

THE TRUE CENTRE.

Nothing but the fact that She is the Apostolic Church of England under God's care and keeping can account for the other fact that notwithstanding the wilful ignorance of her just claims on the part of the great majority of her nominal adherents, she has maintained her position in the most dangerous days, and is now looked upon as the historic and nearest representative of the Primitive Church in all Christendom. Nothing but this can account for the bold revival of her claims to real catholicism and consequent progress within the last fifty years.

For, even now, how few are there amongst nominal Church-people who really understand and can clearly explain the ancient word "Catholic," with all that it embraces as well as all that it rejects. How many of them are there, who, in repeating the three ecumenical Creeds, profess to believe in the Catholic Church and the Catholic faith when in Church, and yet at all other times assign this word Catholic to the Romish Church, and therefore secretly dislike it,—greatly to the advantage of Romanism and to her proselytizing amongst weak-kneed Protestants. For the most of these understand Protestantism to consist in denials and negative teachings,—so much so that they lose the ancient christian verities, and gradually tend towards infidelity. "A man is known by the com-

pany he keeps," and thus it happens that in many countries the word 'protestant' means infidel, because all infidels profess themselves protestants.

Rome owes her success in proselytizing very largely to this cause. A man bewildered amongst many counsellors is more apt to listen to claims confidently put forward than to those who assert no such authority, and content themselves with mere denials. She also is largely assisted by the so called history taught in our public schools, and too often in Church of England schools, in which the Romish Church is exclusively mentioned as the Catholic Church, and Romanists are similarly credited as 'catholics.'

Again,—not one out of ten nominal Church people knows the faith and practice and ritual of the Primitive Church, nor the undeniable claim of the Church of England to be its nearest and clearest representative at the present day. The great majority of Protestants cannot tell you the true origin of the Church of England. They are not ashamed to betray their ignorance by ascribing it to King Henry VIII, who always was a Romanist, and committed his first and incestuous marriage with the sanction and rites of that Church. They are ignorant of the fact that the Church of England was planted in the first century, hundreds of years before Augustine and his monks brought Romanism to that country.

They do not know that Magna Charta expressly names the Church of England, and secures her rights as against any foreign or native church whatsoever.

Again, it is not too much to say that a large majority of nominal Church people never acquaint themselves with the rubrics and formularies of their own Church, much less with those of the Primitive Church, nor know how nearly they are assimilated to each other, nor how greatly they assist in the right understanding of the Apostolic faith and practice, nor how they guard against false doctrine, heresy and schism. They know not what are the numerous and indefensible encroachments of Romanism upon primitive truth and practice, but mix all up together,—primitive truth and Romish novelties—as one jumble of superstition, to be avoided and abhorred of all true protestants.

Rome well knows how to take advantage of all this empty prejudice, and of the utter inability of mere protestantism to meet her controversialists,—and almost all her people are of this class, and all are carefully trained to know the ignorance of their opponents.

The cause of most of this ignorance is to be found in the historic hatred of Romish tyranny and superstition, combined with the subtle

temptation of indolence and carelessness as to acquiring the knowledge of the truth, Add to this the timidity of too many among our teachers, lest a clear assertion of primitive truth and practice should bring upon them a suspicion of Romeward tendencies. To this, again, add the tendency of politicians to court the Romish vote,—sure to be jeopardised by fair play all around,—and we can easily account for the bold encroachments, the successful claims for precedency, and the lions share of common property which falls to our encroaching and confident Romish brethren, who find their best allies amongst divided protestants.

It is an old and true saying that “the Church of England is the bulwark of the Reformation.” But this is the Church of England—not as one of a conglomeration of unhistoric protestant sects, but as primitive and pure in faith and practice.

She is as far from the novel doctrines of Rome as from those of Geneva. She is not as the modern sects, nor as that one which went out from her by command of the Pope in the days of Queen Elizabeth. She has never laid claim to universal jurisdiction, nor has she ever added to the Faith one jot or tittle of her own invention. The catholic faith is of ecumenical, not sectional authority. Christian unity can never be obtained without the recognition of this truth, and the surrender of all

which makes against it. The Church of England, rightly understood and set forth, is the nearest to the Primitive Church, and therefore will be the centre of a re-united Christendom in God's good time.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

"We were talking about the Holy Communion the other evening," said Samuel. "What you said about the Lord giving us His Body and Blood therein, and we receiving it, seemed to stick by me. And then as it fell out, the Lesson in Church the very next Sunday was all about Christ saying that His Flesh was to be our meat, and His Blood our Drink. The sixth chapter of St. John it was."

"So it was," I said, "I noticed it too."

"That's a wonderful chapter," remarked Fletcher. "It begins with our Lord giving five thousand men bread in the wilderness, and then goes on to His discourse about how He Himself is the Bread of life."

"I have no doubt that He was teaching his disciples beforehand about that holy Feast which He was going to ordain a year or two after. He never used any words about eating and drinking His Body and Blood except in this talk in the sixth chapter of St. John, till when at His last supper He took the bread and the cup: His words were, 'Take, eat, this is My Body,' and 'Drink ye all of this, this is My Blood.' So He must have speaking about that and nothing else."

"Yes," said I, "He must have known what He was going to do—that before long He would institute the Holy Communion—therefore it

seems natural He should be speaking about it now."

"Just as in the next chapter," said old Fletcher, "He spoke beforehand of the blessings of the gift of the Spirit, though St. John expressly says that the Holy Ghost was not yet given."

"Our Lord began his discourse, I think, by telling the Jews they ought to seek more earnestly after spiritual than after bodily food."

"Ah! that was because they followed Him, hoping to get some of the loaves that the five thousand people had been fed with," said Samuel.

"He says, 'I am the bread of Life, he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst,' and the Jews murmured, did they not?" I asked.

"But why did they murmur? Because He said I am the Bread which came down from heaven.' They said directly, 'Is this not Jesus, whose father and mother we know?' as much as to say, 'he is only a man, what is the difference between him and anybody else, that he can be food for us?'"

"And then," I said, "come the words, 'he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. I am that Bread of life.' I don't exactly see what they mean."

"They must mean," answered Fletcher, "that he that believes on Christ has everlasting life because he believes Christ's words, and feeds on the Bread of Life. If I believe that common bread will sustain my earthly life, I feed upon it; so if I believe that spiritual bread will sustain my spiritual life, I feed upon that."

"But I have heard many folks say," remarked Samuel, "that we feed upon Christ when we read about Him, and think about Him."

"So have I," answered Fletcher, but I never found any words in the Bible about feeding on Him, except those that speak of the Holy Communion. Folks are so apt to think, it seems to me, that our Lord used words only to puzzle us. If He had meant what you say, then why did He not say, 'The Bread that I will give is My Word, or the Bread that I will give is My Spirit, or the Bread that I will give is a feeling of pardon and acceptance?' But He did not say so. He said, 'the Bread that I will give is My Flesh.' And it seems to me that 'My Flesh' is only one part of Christ, and that if He did not mean that we are to feed on Him, but only to fix our thoughts on Him, He would have spoken of His whole self, not of His Flesh only."

"Well, no words can speak plain-er," I remarked.

"And you just read what the Jews said next," said Fletcher.

I had my Bible open, and I read, "The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying, 'How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?'"

"And so many a one says now. 'How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?' say they. They won't believe that Christ really, though in a spiritual manner, offers us His Body, because they say, 'How can it be?' But we are never told we must understand," continued the old man, "only believe."

"It's faith that's wanting then, not knowledge," said I.

"Notice too," said Fletcher, "that when the Jews asked, 'How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?' our

Lord did not answer them by saying, 'I only mean a meditation on me,'—no, He went on to say, 'Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and *drink His Blood*, ye have no life in you.' He adds now that we must drink His Blood, so how can He be talking of anything but that Eucharist, that Feast of Thanksgiving, which He was going presently to ordain, in which He gives His Blood as well as His Body."

"I see," said Samuel, "that it is a wonderful gift indeed which is offered to us in Holy Communion. And such a gift must do a wonderful deal of good, I suppose, to those who receive it."

"Wonderful good, indeed," answered our old friend. "It gives eternal life to both soul and body, 'I will raise thee up at the last day.' By it Christ dwells in us, and we in Him, 'He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him; can there possibly be a closer union with Christ than that?'"

"How if an impenitent sinner were to go to Holy Communion in the midst of his sin," asked I, "or an unbeliever who refuses to discern the Lord's Body?"

"Then of course he receives none of these benefits, and does himself infinite harm. No one has ever said that Christ could dwell in such."

"I wonder," said I, "if any of these Jews believed what our Lord said."

"I think not, for even many of His disciples said it was a hard saying, and they could not bear it."

"And did our Lord explain it to them in any other way then?"

"No, He only impressed on them still more the great mystery of this

heavenly food, by telling them that it was the Holy Spirit Who would give life to it, and Who would give life to His words that they might hear and believe them?"

"And did not that satisfy them?"

"Far from it, 'Many of the disciples,' we read, 'went back, and walked no more with Him.'" And so does many a one still. They will go as far as to Baptism, to Confirmation, to Mattins, to Evensong, but when invited to go to God's Altar, like these they 'go back and walk no more with Him.'"

HAPPY:

To feel happy is one thing; to have a right to be happy is another. There is a joy, the end of which is heaviness. There is laughter which tells of want of thoughts. There is peace where there is no peace. And there is mourning which is blessed. There is sadness which proves that the truth of things is known and felt. There is sowing in tears which promises a harvest of joy. On the stony ground, where shallow soil hides hard rock, the seed springs up quickly. "These are they which having heard the word, anon with joy receive it: and these have no root." They on the good ground bring forth fruit with patience. The root is cared for; down into the depths of the being the power of grace reaches. The more the love of God is felt, the more true will be the sorrow for sin. The surer the hope in Him, the more utter will be the distrust of self. The greater the peace that comes from God over the soul, the louder will come the call to watch and pray, and to go forth, armed and in the strength of God, to the war with sin that must last as long as life.

Men are "happy" often because they do not think or feel. Perhaps their highest hope is to be safe from the doom of the lost. Those who do not know themselves or God, who have not found out what sin is, or learned the awful holiness of God, soon take for granted that all is well. Those who have passed life carelessly, and whose minds are not trained to look beyond what can be seen, do not find it hard to face death and the untried world with a light heart. The state of the body, also, has often much to do with men's feelings about the interests of the life to come, as well as about the things of this life.

God gives more light to cheer in some cases than in others. He knows why. We cannot tell all His reasons. If we are true, we must not be cast down because we do not feel what some have felt. And if we are lifted up with great joy, we must be warned to take heed that we not only feel right with God, but indeed are so.

A man who was near death said to me, "Some of the people who come in torment me; they always ask if I am happy; now I am not happy." He was, I am sure, earnestly penitent, and he looked with humble trust to the one Hope and Help of the sinful and weak. But he could not be without care, though he tried to cast it on Him who, he knew, cared for him. It was care still—all that load which came on him as he lay thinking over the past, and looking forward to his own life, and to the life of those whom he would leave behind him. He could not feel as if he had no memory of time and grace wasted, of a Saviour forgotten. He could not feel as if the inward struggle of faith and pati

ence was easy. He could not be free from the pain of parting from those he loved, and leaving them in a world the hardness of which he had learned.

I said to him, "Was your Saviour 'happy' in Gethsemane, the night before he died? Was He 'happy' on the Cross, when he cried out of the darkness, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'" He who is touched with a feeling of all our infirmities knows how hard it is to say, "Thy will be done." He knows what a strain is on us, when we feel as if left alone in our time of worst grief, and when our prayers bring no comfort from the Father towards whom we seem to look in vain. The joy set before us may be so clear in the view of faith, as to make us able to endure the cross and despise the shame. But a cross is painful, however faithfully we bear it; and shame is not joyous but grievous, however it may be light and but for a moment when weighed against the glory to be revealed. There may be a light from heaven, shewing us the love of God and great things precious beyond all else; but it is sad to part with those to whom God has bound us; the surest faith that God will care for them does not make us think lightly of all that they will have to pass through. My poor friend had too much to think of, and he thought too wisely, to be able to be careless. His own cares taught him to know the love that had led his Saviour to die for him. As he felt that love come to him to lift him out of his sin and draw his soul to holiness and God, a great awe and sadness came over him. Full of glad thankful trust as he was, he could not be "happy," as shallow-hearted

friends wished him to be. That broken and contrite heart God surely did not despise.

CANON LIDDON.

BY ROLLIN A SAWYER, D. D.

It is hard to think of him as dead, to realize that we shall hear that silvery voice no more, to measure the loss to the English pulpit and to the world's preaching force, which this one death entails. Among churchmen of all degrees, there was but one opinion as to Henry Liddon's rank as a preacher. He stood at the very front. After your praise of any preacher, you met the unvarying response: "Wait till you hear Canon Liddon." So at length we heard, and were not disappointed. In fact, we did not think of comparisons, or of analysis, until we had leisure from the delight of listening. While he spoke, you were conscious only of dimensions and luminousness. Four great sermons from a single text, and yet the vast outlook was not contracted, nor did you traverse the same ground. It was breadth that never could tire, it was depth that was glorious with light.

No single expression more exactly defines the view from the Matterhorn, than the one used by Dr. Parkhurst, in place of elaborate description. He simply says it is to be all over Switzerland at once. That was the charm and power of Liddon's preaching. He walked the high summits of Bible truth in a light that revealed everything, even the smallest detail of personal life. It was the sublimest uplift of the prophet, as he hovers over humanity with a brooding splendor of warning, yet comforting love. We think he

touched the ideal in this regard. So far removed from petty narrowness of view, that you would as soon charge the Lick telescope with prying into your secrets, and yet with such serene, penetrating flashes on the secret places of life, as made every one feel apart from the crowd and revealed to himself in the most astounding clearness.

Every sermon was a "section of the Judgment Day," when the secrets of all hearts are revealed, not to the shame of universal inspection, but to the surprise of a soul now first made to know itself. This revealing went through the theme also, so that the surprises continued and culminated only at the close of the discourse. The subject might be familiar, but the treatment was never common-place. You never saw it in that light before. The vistas opened away to the very horizon. The meaning of things spread over territory before unthought-of in that relation, new truth seemed to spring spontaneously along the way. It was the old world still, but there were new growths on the ground, and even new stars in the sky.

Four thousand people often were gathered under the dome of St. Paul's to hear this greatest English preacher. It was worth a journey over the sea to be there, even for a single service. Such another study for any preacher, it would be impossible to find. The place, the audience, the preacher, all were great; each seemed suited to the other, and the sublimest truth finding such conditions, taught you the meaning of the words so sadly misunderstood: "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe," Not "foolishness" by man's

reckoning; not the silly slang of sensational exhortation. Nay, thou modern palterer with the majesty of speech! Not that indeed! There is a loftiness in God's revealing, which makes our mightiest upreaches seem all to low, but yet which glorifies us who really try to scan and to report its splendor. The soul of the humblest is susceptible to the touch of truth so nobly and worthily presented.

It was the highest praise, an unconscious tribute to the preacher of St. Paul's, that such silences fell over the great assembly. Not more than two-thirds were seated, or could be within reasonable distance, so there was a constant murmur of feet on the pavement, a sigh, a surge of the world afar, as if its jar and roar beat up against the temple walls, and fell like waves on a distant shore. Over it all sounded the voice that spoke for God, for right, for heaven. The mastership of the speaker never faltered. You could follow his discourse and mark its strong points by the pulsations of sound out there in the distance. When the thought rerted, the murmur rose; when the thought rose, the murmur fell. Again and again there would be a hush, as if even the wind and seas listened and were still.

The secret of a great sermon is a secret still. We hear much about preaching above the people, so a good many are getting down below them, even into the slime. There is no such thing as preaching above the people, for one keeping himself in full accord with the dignity and simplicity of the Gospel of salvation. Even the high Alps lose their glory in men's eyes, when they are hidden in the clouds. It is the mist of

speculation, not the clearness of revelation, that confuses people. And you might as well complain of sun-light at high noon, as to caution the people or the preacher of God's truth against things too high or themes too great, so clearly treated.

In the death of Canon Liddon, therefore, we feel the loss of a grand example, a great educator. There is no lack of foremost thinkers in the English Church. We are not unmindful of the brilliant men and cultured preachers who shine on the sky of British Christianity. Their riches alone can suffer such a loss as this death brings. But the loss is ours also. No Church could hold all the rays of light from the pulpit where Liddon preached, and no single community of Christians can solely miss that radiance, now that too early death has come. Together we cherish the memory of such a model; in fellowship we sorrow that we shall hear his voice no more; in common we count our treasures laid up in the life beyond this life.

We must write no more, yet in laying down the pen we have this comforting reflection: The movement in British thought that gave us Newman, was not all for the worse nor in vain. If Dr. Pusey was to have such a successor and heir in the English Church as Canon Liddon, the Church might be glad of the one for the sake of the other. A civilization that evolves such men at its crucial point, is something we can trust, for it gives token in this way, of the methods by which it will come at length, to a grand culmination.

One other instance I will give. Dr. Allon, the minister of what may be styled the Congregationalist cathedral of London, said in the course

of his sermon, that "he doubted whether any Episcopalian honored Canon Liddon's great qualities as a faithful spiritual preacher of Christ, or as a theological thinker and defender of the common Faith, more than the Nonconformists. For his part, when he stood in the presence of men so holy and whose services had been so great, he did not care to think of their Church or their Baptism. Their loss was not only felt by their respective Churches, but by the whole of our English Christianity." Considering the sacerdotal character of all Liddon's teachings, this is remarkable language from an unexpected quarter.—*The New York Evangelist* (Presbyterian).

THE CHURCH.

Each time we recite the Apostles' Creed we say, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church," Each time we say the Nicene Creed we further explain our belief thus, "And I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church." What then is the Church, and what are its marks? The Church is that body which has come down from Pentecost, to which now, as then, the Lord "adds such as shall be saved"; a body maintaining the same rules and discipline now as then; and, in fact, coming to us without a break from the fountain head. Such is the Church; but what are its marks? It is "one," "Catholic," "Apostolic," and "holy."

ONE: "I believe *one* Catholic and Apostolic Church." What do I mean by "*one*?" That we should not be split up into sects and factions. If the mind of the Church's founder is evident about anything, it is about this (as appearing in His

great prayer), "that they may be one, as we are." (S. John xiii. 11.) And I think I may with all charity say thus far: that we do not make sufficient of the sin of heresy, for I do not know what is condemned by the New Testament if this is not. "Heresy" is classed in the Epistle to the Galatians (v. 19—21) with the most terrible sins, drunkenness, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness. Moreover, each time we use the Litany we say the petition, "From all heresy and schism, good Lord deliver us." Does not the Church, then, look upon heresy as a sin to be avoided? as being a rending and tearing asunder of that Church, which Christ, with His last words, desired to be *one*? One! yes, the Church *is* to be one, even as God is one; "one Lord, one faith, one baptism . . . *one body*." (Eph. iv. 4—6). Yes, and being *one body*, she must have *one doctrine*. How S. Paul insists on that! We are not to pick and choose what we shall believe, as you often hear people say, "it doesn't matter what we believe." As *one body*, so *one faith*. And for that faith we are told in the Epistle of S. Jude (v. 3) to "earnestly contend"; or again, to "hold fast the form of sound words." (2 Tim. i. 13). Churchmen, members of the Catholic Church, see that ye do so! What! is the faith for which martyrs have bled and died to be frittered away and thought of no account, whilst the dictum of unlettered judgment takes the place of the matured and deliberate faith of centuries?

HOLY: "Holy," not meaning that her members are *completely* holy, for what sin-stained soul can be? but "holy" in that we are "*called* to be saints," yea, "saints" in this imper-

fect state, being "sanctified in Christ Jesus." (1 Cor. i. 2.) 'Saints,' yes, in our union with God, "yet she on earth hath union with God the three in one"; "saints," yes, in the memories of those who are gone, "the mystic sweet communion with those whose rest is won"; "saints," as S. Paul call the imperfect members of the Roman, Colossian, and Corinthian Churches, as looking to what they should be rather than what they are, and desiring them to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called." (Eph. iv. 1.) This is the meaning of the word "holy" as applied to the Church—"I believe in the *Holy* Catholic Church"; remembering the corresponding duty, of members of the Church, the duty of spiritual progress, of living as becomes members of the body of Christ.

CATHOLIC: The branches of the tree were to radiate into all parts of the globe. Think of the synod of of Bishops lately held at Lambeth. From all parts of the world they came; from the snows of Canada, from the hot plains of India, from the shores of Africa, from the great colonies of Australia and New Zealand, from the sister continent of America, each presiding over branches of the one Church, which, however separated by clime and language, is still *one*—one in a common faith, one in a common ministry, one in the same word of life, one in its very liturgy, which is used wherever the Anglican Church has spread—one in its longing for unity with all true Branches of the Vine.

APOSTOLIC: This is the claim of the Church now. The Apostles her earliest teachers, she claims to represent the Apostolic mind. She claims

to believe what the Apostles believed, and preach what they taught. If the Reformation was anything, it was a return to Apostolic practice and tradition. For all we do and teach in Church—for all involved in our formularies and ceremonies—we claim to have authority either in the writings of the Apostles, or the well established customs of those who lived immediately after they had gone to their rest.

The Church is "Holy," "Apostolic," "Catholic," but above all she is "One." What a sustaining effect there is in the thought! We are surrounded on all sides by those who, hampered with the same sins, in the same grace of God, are pursuing the same course. The thought of companionship is very great. Have we a trial? others have felt the same. Have we a temptation? by others has it been overcome. Oh, what strength in the word "one."

◆
*THINGS WE OUGHT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE
CHURCH.*
—

BISHOPS, PRIESTS, AND DEACONS.

I think many of us have very cloudy ideas about the clergy. And we should not find it quite easy to say why in the Church to which we belong there are Bishops, whilst in the religious bodies around there are no bishops. Perhaps not much easier to say why we have priests and deacons whilst they have (usually) but ministers.

Was it a matter of taste, or of convenience, when the system of the Church was arranged, to have these three orders, or was it simply an accident?

Well, we can scarcely, speak of

taste, or convenience, or accident, when we remember that it was Jesus Christ Himself who created the Church, and that He gave to it the very special gift of the Holy Ghost.

The three orders of bishops, priests and deacons were just as much of God's will as were the appointment of High Priest, Priests, and Levites in the Jewish Church; and you can read all about that in Exodus, and I think you will be struck with the care with which God there made his will to be known.

You may say, 'Then why did not our Lord also make His will to be known as regards the Christian Church? I have looked through the New Testament, and there seems very little said about the appointment of the clergy—certainly there is none of the plain command I find about the Jewish ministry.' All this is quite true; yet I think you will find there is equal certainty as to the Christian ministry.

The first to be sent were the Apostles. They were ordained by Jesus Christ, Himself, using these words, 'As my Father hath sent Me even so send I you,' and he breathed upon them saying, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained.' This took place on the first Easter Day, and if you look at Acts i. 3, you will see that the great Forty Days, as they are called, between Easter and Ascension, were spent in teaching the Apostles. We are told that our Lord spoke of 'the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God,' and this phrase, 'Kingdom of God,' was nearly always used by our Lord as a name for the Church. The Apostles received these instructions,

but did not write them down. And so we have to gather what the instructions were from their acts which, of course, were all done in obedience to their Master's teaching.

The Apostles were the first Bishops, S. James of Jerusalem, S. Thomas of India, and so on. Presently, when their work became too much for them, they ordained others to take parts of it: first, they appointed deacons, and the word 'deacon' means a 'servant'; afterwards 'elders,' or priests, were ordained Acts xiv. 23); now the word 'priest' has two meanings, one who offers sacrifices, and an 'elder'; lastly, we find S. Paul speaking in his letters to Timothy and Titus about their ordination as bishops (1 Tim. iv. 14; Titus i. 5); the word 'bishop' means an 'overseer.' We know that Timothy was Bishop of Ephesus, and Titus Bishop of Crete.

As the Apostles acted under the commands left them by their Lord, we may very safely conclude that it was His will these three orders (as they are called) should form the ministry of His Church.—*Banner of Faith.*

A pastor, at the opening of a chapel, favored his congregation with a minute account of its structural features. It was in the Ionic style, he observed, with a composite vestry and Corinthian fixings. Over the portico was a pediment, over that a tower, over that a spire, and on the top of all a mortgage. "Which last, my brethren," he concluded, "being clean contrary to the rules of architectural proportions laid down by Prof. Vitruvius, I hope to remove right away by your liberal collection to-day."

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

A woman once said to her pastor: "I do love God very much, but to love him more; how can I?" "You must become better acquainted with him," was the reply. "We love those who are worthy of our love in proportion as we become acquainted with them."

"How can I get better acquainted?" she asked.

"Study the Bible more," he said. "God speaks to you, reveals himself to you, in the Bible. Read in the New Testament the life of Jesus, and imagine you had been with him as John and Peter and Mary were—and pray more. Tell him all your joys and troubles and needs. He will answer you, and every answer will draw you closer and closer to him. Then try to please him in everything you do and say. We always love those whom we try to please. Love makes us wish to please the Lord, and love rewards us when we have done it."

The woman followed these rules, simple as they were, and her love to God grew and spread all through her heart.

It made her very happy, so that all who knew her said: "What a bright, cheerful person she is; I don't believe she has any trouble." And yet she did have a great deal of trouble, but the love of God so filled her heart that it seemed like wings to lift her up above it all. If she had been asked if she had any trouble, she would have smiled and said: "I don't believe I have: the minute it comes Jesus takes it all away."—*Word and Work.*

When a man gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

LEARNING TO HOWL.

It is an old Spanish proverb, we believe, "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." He who lives with the faults of his friends, and counts them over and sorts them weighs them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which he will be positively unable to cure.

There is nothing that so deteriorates character as this undue looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own. We may abhor meanness and stinginess in our neighbor, and be able to give a hundred reasons why he should give away more in charity, and see a thousand little things indicating his smallness of soul and at the same time we may be so engrossed with one phase of meanness in him as to forget another phase of meanness in ourselves.

We may abhor another untruth so vehemently in some one else that we shall forget to hate impurity in ourselves. We may despise our neighbour for his sharpness and trickery, and spread over our own slackness and idleness and shiftlessness the coverlet of "Thank God I'm not a sharper!" The idle thriftless man can never reform the overshrewd speculator; the impure man can never lift the untruthful man out of the bog; the gossip is not fit to cure the miser of his selfishness.

There is only one way to reform the world. Not by learning to howl at its faults, or to bark at its mistakes, but by beginning the work of reformation first with ourselves. We come back inevitably to the old truth so often before stated: In order to

make the best of others, we must first make the best of ourselves."

WHY WOMAN IS MAN'S BEST FRIEND.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

But without her he would be rude, rough and ungoely.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because she can with him, endure pain quietly, and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no beautiful pictures painted, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Saviour for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and therefore man's best friend.—*Ladies Home Journal.*

SCRAPS.

Malice drinketh up the greatest part of its own poison.

Temptations are a file which rubs off the rust of confidence.—*Fenelon.*

"Tell my boys to respect and obey the constitution and laws of their country."—*Last Words of Stephen A. Douglass.*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.

Duty performed gives clearness and firmness to faith and faith thus strengthened through duty becomes the more assured and satisfying to the soul.—*Tryon Edwards.*

Some refrain from sin, because they have not the power to sin; some because they are afraid to sin; some because they love God and godliness.

At a hotel table at Chataqua Lake, it was recently observed that although the whole company were professed Christians, a Japanese was the only one who bowed his head reverently to ask silent grace.

An aged clergyman met a man who was disclaiming against foreign missions. "Why," asked the objector, "doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, as he gave the man a tract.

Are you in trouble? Do all your dearest plans seem to be ending in ruin to all your hopes? Who of us have not been there? Christ has been there to! Now is the time to look up and trust Him: who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." That light is brightest which breaks in on great darkness.

A handsome woman is a jewel a good woman is a treasure.

We once knew a man who wrote a book against Ritualism; he had while writing it a haystack and a pigstye within the precinct of his own churchyard; it did not occur to him to remove such monstrosities first; and it would seem this class of critics is not yet extinct. We believe, however, though they die hard, their days are numbered.—*Ex.*

The story of Byron staying at the house of the widow of the English consul, Theodore Macri, and immortalizing her eldest daughter's beauty in the lines beginning "Maid of Athens," is well-known and the sequel to it may prove of interest. It came to the knowledge of Gounod some years ago that a gray haired old lady, named Mrs Black, then living in a London suburb, was none other than Theresa Macri, the once beautiful "Maid of Athen." On hearing this the French composer at once placed Byron's poem on his desk, the result being the lovely melodious setting with which everyone is now more or less familiar.

Some of Dr. Spark's stories are not wholly complimentary to Yorkshiremen, and one is particularly sad as testifying to an ignorance which Dr. Hook, at all events, would have found most distressing. It is a *propos* of a double-bass player from Halifax: "He told me that when Handel's oratorio *Joshua* was first performed there, the people wondered and speculated at to who or what was 'Joshua;' but before the concert commenced, my friend appeared in the orchestra, carrying his huge catgut instrument, and all the people with one accord stood up and shouted out: "There he is! That's Joshua!"

Children's Department.

MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

More than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor and wished to bring him up to some trade ; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his way, and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell the natives of that place.

As the merchant himself went in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new "hand" and he very soon found he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties, but what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did in the best way he could, whether anybody was looking at him or not. "This is the boy I want, thought the merchant.

At last one day the merchant felt sick and could not go with the vessel which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could intrust his cargo, and so sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young and the responsibility was great, but it was his duty, and he did not shrink from it. The ship sailed with Michael in charge, and in due time he might have been seen arranging his cloth in the market place at Morocco.

Now the city was governed by a despot called Beg, and so despotic

was he, that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody calling him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Beg offered half the price named.

"King," said Michael. "I ask no more than it is worth ; my master expects that price and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less."

The Beg's face grew dark with anger and the bystanders trembled, for they knew it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the governor.

"I will give you until to-morrow to think about it!" and he walked away.

Michael put back his cloth and began calmly to wait on his other customers. "I am in God's hands," he said, when those around him begged him to give in and saved his life. "He who is not true in all things, how shall he be true in great" was his reply. "If my master loses one penny through me I am not a faithful servant."

The morrow came. The Beg appeared as before only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question and he got the same answer. "Take my life if you will," added the brave Michael; but I shall die with a clear conscience and as a true servant of my master."

It was an awful moment. Every body expected to hear the order—"Strike off his head", and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Beg suddenly changed.

"Thou art a noble soul," he cried and swore his favorite oath. Would that I had such a servant as thou art! Give me thy hand, christian, thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor as a memorial of thy fidelity." And the Beg threw a purse of gold upon the table, took up the cloth and departed.

The young man who was thus faithful over a few things did not go unrewarded. We do not lose sight of him there. He rose step by step till he became an admiral, he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth, and the name Michael Ruyter, known at this time all over the world, is still honored and remembered in his native country.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

What a pleasant sound these words have and what pleaeant memories they recall in our minds! I hope the readers of CHURCH WORK will each try to make the day a happy one to somebody else. If we keep Thanksgiving selfishly, we shall not get its true sweetness into our hearts. Here is a Hymn for Thanksgiving Day :

Children, sing to Him whose love
Broods your happy lives above ;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky---

For the flowers and for the wheat,
For the cold and for the heat,
For the fruit and for the grain,
For the sunshine and the rain.

Children, sing to Him whose care
Makes the land so rich and fair ;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky---

For the mother's look of grace.
For the baby's little face,
For the morning's smile of bliss,
For the happy good-night kiss.

Children, sing to Him whose hand
Rules and guards our native land ;
Lift your joyous voices high
To our Father in the sky---

For the cheery bells that swing,
And for freedom peal and ring,
For our nation's peace and wealth,
For our gladness and our health.

Children, sing to One whose love
Broods your merry days above ;
Lift your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

If there be any such thing as religious truth, as distinct from men's thoughts and speculations, it must be something fixed and eternal, and therefore it must be authoritative. Men will trouble themselves little about a religion which may be described as "subjectively true but objectively false."

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Conduct is the great profession. Behaviour is the perpetual revealing of us. What a man *does* tells us what he *is*.—*F. D. Huntingdon.*

NOTICE,—to Localizers and others
—All correspondence for CHURCH WORK must from this date be addressed to REV. JOHN AMBROSE, Digby, Nova Scotia, as this magazine is now printed in that town.

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