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THE MARTYDOM OF CYPRIAN.

Great and Good Churchmen

OF PAST AND PRESENT TIMES.

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

CYPRIAN, BISHOP OF CARTHAGE, A.D. 251.



CYPRIAN, Bishop of Carthage, in Africa, may well be classed among the brightest ornaments of the early Church, although the whole of his Christian life is included in twelve years. Like Justin Martyr, he had for a long period devoted his great talents of eloquence and learning, for which he was widely extolled, in support of the false systems of heathen philosophy, until, by the grace of the Spirit of God, he was converted to the truth, and a new life, with nobler aspirations and aims, was opened to his mind. Then did he display an ardent zeal for the glory of God, an unshaken constancy in maintaining the pure doctrines of the Church; and, renouncing all his worldly possessions, he yielded at length a martyr's allegiance to the faith he loved so well.

Our readers will regard his own animating words with interest, and observe his appreciation of the blessings of Christian baptism:

“While I lay in darkness and the night of Paganism,” he says, “it appeared to me extremely hard to obtain what Divine grace had promised, to be born again to a new life, and to become another man, still keeping the same body. How can one at once,” I said, “get rid of rooted and hardened habits, which arise either from nature itself, or long custom? How shall he who has been clothed in rich garments, shining with gold and purple, humble himself to a simple and plain attire? Can he who was delighted with the rewards of ambition live in obscurity? I often had converse thus with myself; but when the waters of baptism had washed away the sins of my past life, and my cleansed heart had received light from on high and from the heavenly Spirit, I was amazed how my doubts vanished away—all was open, all was clear, and I found easy what had appeared to me impossible; so as to acknowledge that whatsoever is born according to the flesh and lives in crime is of the earth, earthy, and that whatsoever is enlivened by the Holy Spirit cometh from God.”

Although Cyprian's was necessarily a case of adult baptism, yet we find the practice of infant baptism generally established, and the subject of controversy in those days among Christ's members was not whether their infants might be received into His fold by baptism, but whether they should be christened *on the eighth day after their birth*—a matter comparatively unimportant. Confirmation was usually administered soon after baptism, both offices being very frequently performed by the Bishop at the great festivals of Easter and Whit Sunday, “when numbers of converts from heathenism, who had been for months under catechetical instruction, and the children of those who were Christians, were baptised with great solemnity together, and immediately afterwards confirmed.”*

After his conversion, which took place about the year A.D. 246

* Palmer.

when he was nearly fifty years old, Cyprian was admitted to an inferior office in the ministry. The next year Donatus, the Bishop of Carthage, died, and such was the high esteem in which the wise and good Cyprian was held, both by clergy and people, that they at once most earnestly requested him to become their head. But his modesty and humility led him to shrink from the charge, as he deemed himself unworthy of so honourable an employment, and desired that some one of his seniors in the faith should occupy the vacant office. The people, whose desires were only increased by Cyprian's refusal, crowded round the doors of his house. He thought of making his escape by the window, but he saw that the attempt would be frustrated. The people began to be impatient, and at last Cyprian yielded to their entreaties and came forth, and was greeted with universal joy as their Bishop.

Cyprian, himself an African, was now to preside over a flourishing church in that distant part of the world, at a time when our own country was sunk in superstition and barbarism. What an interest seems to attach to Cyprian's beautiful words, spoken 1,600 years ago! "Oh, what a day, how great a day will that be, dearly beloved brethren, when the Lord shall begin to reckon up His people, and, by the searchings of Omnipotence, to renew the recompense of each! O what glory, how great a gladness for you to be admitted to see God—to be so honoured as to enjoy with Christ, the Lord your God, eternal light and salvation! to salute Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, patrons, apostles, and martyrs; to rejoice in the joy of immortality with the righteous and friends of God in the kingdom of heaven; to receive therein what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man. For that we receive more there than what we have done or suffered here, the Apostle testifies: *'The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'*"

It has been said by a Church historian,* that "it is impossible to read Cyprian's works without the warmest feelings of enthusiasm." His manner and appearance must have corresponded with his teaching. "Who," says his affectionate deacon, Pontius, "who can sufficiently describe his conduct?—what piety, what vigour, what mercy, what discipline! So much sanctity and grace shone in his countenance that they who beheld him were amazed. His look was at once serious and joyful, neither severely sad nor over-much mild and gentle, but a mingling together of both, so that one might have doubted whether he were to be more loved or feared, had he not deserved to be both one and the other."

Trials of a varied character were now at hand. A terrible plague, like that of London in 1665, burst out in Carthage. Multitudes were swept away, and even the streets were filled with dead bodies. Every one trembled and fled, leaving their nearest and dearest relations to themselves. In this awful visitation, the great and good Cyprian shrunk not from his arduous mission. He assembled the believers, and exhorted them to be Christians

indeed—to act as became the nobility of their new birth; to love their enemies, and to overcome evil with good. He then allotted to each person his share in the work. The poor contributed their labour, and the rich their wealth, and thus an abundant relief was afforded, not only to the Christians, but to their heathen enemies.

One source of trouble and peril to the primitive Christians was an opinion, maliciously propagated, that to them were due all the disasters that afflicted the state, because they did not sacrifice to the gods. During one of these persecutions, a question arose of some importance in the Church, viz., how those should be treated who, in terror of death, had fallen away or had sacrificed to idols. Cyprian, though opposed by some, decided by means of a Council, that those who had so *lapsed* should, upon their true repentance, be restored. In another Council, in which there were no less than sixty-six Bishops, the subject of the baptism of children was discussed, and it was determined unanimously that the mercy of God was not to be denied even to the newly-born.

In the year 257, the Proconsul of Africa, wishing to work upon the Bishop's fears, summoned him to the Council-chamber. When Cyprian was brought into his presence—

“I have heard,” said he, “that you despise the worship of the gods, wherefore I advise you to consult for yourself, and honour them.”

The Bishop of Carthage.—“I am a Christian and a Bishop. I acknowledge no other gods, but one only true God. This God we Christians serve; to Him we pray night and day for all men, and even for the Emperor.”

The Proconsul.—“And is this, then, thy resolution?”

The Bishop.—“That resolution which is founded in God cannot be altered.”

The Proconsul.—“Then it is the will of the princes that you should be exiled.”

The Bishop.—“He who has God in his heart is no exile, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.”

Cyprian was sent to Curubis, a place about fifty miles off, where he remained eleven months, but was again conveyed to the neighbourhood of Carthage, and, after some delay, brought before the Governor, Galerius Maximus, who looked at him and said:

“Art thou Cyprian, who hast been Bishop and father to men of an impious mind? The sacred Emperor commands thee to do sacrifice. Be well advised, and do not throw away thy life.”

The holy martyr replied, “I am Cyprian; I am a Christian, and I cannot sacrifice to the gods. Do as thou hast been commanded. As for me, in so just a cause there needs no consultation.”

“You would judge better to consult your safety,” said the magistrate.

“My safety and my strength is Christ the Lord,” answered Cyprian; “I have no desire that things should be otherwise with me than that I may adore my God and hasten to Him, for ‘the afflictions of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.’”

Never Despair.

At this the Governor became very angry, and, in a torrent of furious words, pronounced the following sentence:

"You have for a long time shown this sacrilegious temper; you have formed a society of impious conspirators; you have shown yourself an enemy to the gods and their religion, and have not hearkened to the equitable counsels of our princes. You have ever been a father and a ringleader of the impious sect; you shall, therefore, be an example to the rest, that, by the shedding of your blood, they may learn their duty. *Let Cyprion, who refuses to sacrifice to the gods, be put to death by the sword.*"

"*God be praised!*" exclaimed the martyr, and he was led forth to execution.

At the last moment, the devoted brethren gathered round their Bishop, and spread linnen clothes about him, that so his blood might not be spilt upon the ground. The martyr bound over his own eyes a napkin, while Tullian the Presbyter and Julian the Deacon gently tied his hands, and his head was then severed from his body by the executioner. Pontius, the friend to whom we have alluded, and who was an eye-witness, says that the longing of his heart was to have died with that noble-spirited man.

Never Despair.

Supper was not cleared from the table, and the anxious party were still sitting in earnest converse, when a violent ringing of the door bell startled them.

The servant, who had received her orders, went with lingering steps to answer it, and four men, well armed, walked into the hall and demanded to see Mr. Aubrey. Mrs. Aubrey, with firm and unfaltering step, at once came forward, and courteously requested to be informed of their business with Mr. Aubrey, at the same time telling them that they would not be able to see him that evening.

"We come, madam," said the leader of the party, "to arrest Mr. Aubrey on a charge of heresy, and of endeavouring to corrupt from the true faith a member of the Holy Catholic Church. Unless he immediately surrenders, we have orders to search the house and take him. Do you refuse to tell me where he is?"

"I do," calmly replied Mrs. Aubrey, "and I trust that God may preserve him from such treachery and false accusation."

The men then received orders to make an immediate and close search in every part of the house. Others had already been posted on the outside to prevent escape.

The examination, though conducted with method and vigilance, was unsuccessful, and the baffled men returned to report their failure to their officer, who had remained in the hall.

When he had angrily ordered them to renew their search, he entered the dining-room, where Mrs. Aubrey and her son sat in anxious suspense.

"Madam," he said, "I feel sure that your heretic husband is hidden in the house, and I must find him before I leave it."

° Then glancing at the supper table he exclaimed,—“Pray who was the third person seated at that table, for three I perceive have been there? It was Mr. Aubrey, and he is, I am now convinced, concealed somewhere in this very room.” Calling in one of his men, and taking a candle from the table, he began a careful and minute scrutiny of the walls of the apartment, trying the panels with the hilt of his sword. At length a hollow sound in one of them attracted his attention, and he paused and looked malignantly at Mrs. Aubrey's pale face. Summoning his men, he ordered them to break open that panel. At the second blow the spring was touched, and the door slipped back, and Mr. Aubrey, calm and resolute came quietly out of the secret chamber in which he had most unwillingly allowed himself to be concealed.

He requested to see the warrant for his arrest, and also to be made acquainted with the nature of the accusation against him.

The warrant was speedily displayed, and Mr. Aubrey rather roughly informed that he must at once accompany his captors. The jail about two miles off was his destination for that evening, and on the following day he was to be taken to London, there to stand his trial for heresy, and illegal attempts to pervert from the true faith a son of the church.

Mrs. Aubrey earnestly entreated that she might be allowed to accompany her husband. This was denied her, but she was told that an interview with him before his trial might, perhaps, be obtained in London.

Who can pourtray the agonies of that parting, the last embraces given, the last words said as the pastor left his loved home, it might be for ever? The mother and children, so suddenly bereaved, passed a sleepless night in tears and sorrow, mingled with many earnest prayers. Morning dawned at last, and Mrs. Aubrey's energetic spirit rose to “breast the blows of circumstance, and grapple with her evil star.” She resolved to go to London, and in the event of her husband's condemnation, to seek access to the Queen, and implore his pardon. A friend of her youth, was now one of the royal household, and through him she trusted to gain an audience of the unhappy Mary, who, report said, could occasionally be soft and relenting, when not directly influenced by her evil counsellors.

Mrs. Aubrey was early at the jail the morning after her husband's arrest, hoping that she might be allowed to see him, but to her disappointment she was informed that he was already on his way to London. Sadly she returned to her now desolate home and to her weeping children, resolved to make immediate arrangements for following him.

The only carriage in the village, a clumsy and lumbering vehicle, was procured, and Frederic accompanied his mother. On arriving in London, they drove to the house of a friend of Mrs. Aubrey's, who received them with many words of astonishment and welcome.

Mrs. Murray was a widow. After her husband's death, she had still continued to live on in the house where her happy married life had been spent; though often in the last five years—those of Queen Mary's reign of blood and terror—she had resolved to

leave London for ever. Smithfield's fires had of late been even more frequent than in the previous years, and with a strong predilection for the principles of the Reformed faith, Mrs. Murray's heart was full of grief and sympathy for the sufferers. She entered warmly into the sorrow of her friend, and entreated her and her son to stay with her during their sojourn in London, an offer which Mrs. Aubrey thankfully accepted.

Before starting for London she had ascertained where her husband was likely to be confined, while waiting to take his trial; and on the morning after her arrival she took Frederic with her, and hastened to Mr. Aubrey's prison. With no little difficulty she obtained an interview with the governor, who, being a tolerably humane man, and not having received any orders to the contrary, allowed her to spend an hour with her captive husband.

The Clergyman was calm and resigned. He felt that his fate was decided; that the joys of home had passed from him for ever in this world, and that a fearful and painful death must soon separate him from all he loved on earth. Sad he was, for life with him had been very happy, and he knew how his dear ones would miss and mourn him. His grief was for them. For himself, he could even almost triumph that his Lord should count *him*, timid and unworthy servant as he felt himself to be, worthy to win the martyr's crown. The trial would take place on the following day. Mrs. Aubrey herself could not doubt the result, but rested her hopes on her interview with the Queen.

On returning to Mrs. Murray's, she found that that lady had already seen Sir Charles Lavee, her cousin, and the friend on whom Mrs. Aubrey depended for access to the stern but suffering Mary. Sir Charles Lavee was a rigid Roman Catholic, but his noble and humane heart revolted at persecution and bloodshed. He had long held a high office at Court. Often he had thought of resigning it as some fresh horror came to his knowledge, but then ambition would tempt him to remain; and perhaps, also, he sometimes thought that his influence might sway that stern council to the side of mercy.

Sir Charles promised that in the event of Mr. Aubrey's condemnation, his wife should be introduced to the Queen's presence, that she might plead for his life, but he could not give any great hope of the success of this appeal.

The day of trial dawned. Mr. Aubrey appeared before his judges. Principal among them were the bishops, Bonner and Gardiner. The accusations were read, and the prisoner asked what he had to say in his defence.

In simple yet eloquent words Mr. Aubrey spoke. The eyes of Father Dymoch, who was present, glared on him vindictively, as he told of the snare into which he had been betrayed; of the caution he had ever used, perhaps sinfully and unworthily, to avoid offence. He pleaded earnestly, for life was dear to him, as he thought of the sorrowing hearts in his once happy home. But there was no unbending—no pity—in the stern faces arrayed before him. As he gazed around, he felt that his doom was fixed, he bowed his head, as he raised a fervent prayer for strength to endure.

A short private discussion among his judges followed, one more merciful than the rest urging that an offer of pardon should be given if Mr. Aubrey would make a formal and public recantation of his errors. This proposition was rejected. He had spoken his heresies beside the bed of a dying son of the church, and had sinned beyond forgiveness.

He was condemned to death by fire; to be taken back to his native village, and there burnt at the Stake.

This was not usual. The executions generally took place in London. Smithfield was the fatal spot where so many noble ones had yielded up their lives, but an example to strike terror was needed. Heresy was increasing, and in his own parish, in the midst of his friends and his neighbours, Mr. Aubrey must die.

He was removed back to his prison, where his wife was waiting to hear the news she dreaded.

Frederic was not with her during his father's trial; he had been lingering near, though not permitted to enter the council chamber. At its conclusion, as Mr. Aubrey was being conveyed back to his prison, he contrived to enter and appear before the judges, and craved a hearing. Struck by surprise, they sat in silence while the boy poured out his earnest words. In a torrent of grief and indignation he spoke of the kind-hearted and innocent man whom they had just condemned to a cruel death; he spoke of another world, where punishment and retribution surely awaited the iniquitous accusers and the unjust judge; and he ended by intreating that they would allow him to die in his father's place.

The boy's youthful appearance, his flashing eyes, his flow of eloquent and passionate words, his bold and unflinching demeanour, struck all present with astonishment, and almost admiration; but Bonner's face grew dark, and sternly he rose and commanded silence. There was almost a kindly look on Bishop Gardiner's face, as he gazed on the brave and noble boy who stood before him. Frederic noted the softening expression, and turning to him, he pressed his entreaties that he might be allowed to die in his father's stead.

"It cannot be," was the reply, while the angry Bonner thundered his commands for the youth's instant removal.

Slowly and sadly Frederic retired from that gloomy chamber. He walked to the prison. His mother was just quitting it; and not being allowed to see his father, he accompanied her back to Mrs. Murray's.

No time was now to be lost in gaining the audience of the Queen.

Mrs. Murray at once sent to Sir Charles, and received a reply that in two hours' time he would be ready to conduct Mrs. Aubrey to the Queen's presence. He came in his carriage at the time appointed, and at once drove Mrs. Aubrey, accompanied by Frederic, to the palace. On their way Sir Charles informed her that the Queen was very ill, but had consented, through his earnest intercession, to see a petitioner, but was not aware of the nature of the appeal to be made. He cautioned her against being too sanguine, for the influence of Bonner over Mary was great, and it was rarely

that she opposed his counsels. Sir Charles Lavee's name was a password in the Court, and he had no difficulty in conducting his sorrowful companions to the presence of the Queen.

In a grand but secluded apartment, on a couch of crimson velvet, and supported by cushions, lay the suffering Mary. Her sallow features were wasted and careworn, and bore on them the manifest impress of death. Two or three ladies sat around, endeavouring to soothe and amuse her.

The deep melancholy of her expression, lightened a little as Sir Charles advanced and bent his knee before her.

"What would you, Sir Charles?" she said, "and who are these who come to beg a boon of me?"

At a sign from her friend Mrs. Aubrey came forward, and throwing herself on her knees, at the feet of the Queen, poured out, in heart-felt words, her sorrows and her hopes.

Mary listened in silence. Then turning to Sir Charles she expressed her surprise that he should take so much interest in a miserable heretic.

Sir Charles briefly but warmly spoke of Mr. Aubrey's goodness, of the stratagem that had been used to ensnare him, and ended by entreating her Majesty to listen to the prayers of his unhappy wife.

Mary looked down on the beautiful and streaming eyes that were raised imploringly to hers, but there was no relenting on her face, though her ladies around were weeping. Unhappy in her own private life, she had little sympathy with the joys or the sorrows of others.

Frederic had hitherto been silent. He now advanced nearer to the Queen, and she gazed on the boy who pleaded so eloquently and well, and as he proceeded, her expression softened, and tears seemed gathering in her eyes. Hope was rising in the hearts of the suppliants, when suddenly a door opened, and Bishop Bonner was ushered into the royal presence. With an angry and haughty gesture he advanced to the side of the Queen, and confronting the unhappy petitioners, who now felt all hope was gone, demanded the meaning of this intrusion.

Sir Charles Lavee was about to answer, but the Queen, who had now regained her usual apathetic composure, motioned him to silence.

"Bishop Bonner," she said, "they have come to plead for the life of a heretic. Is he worthy of my mercy, and will he recant?"

"Madam," exclaimed Bonner, "I had heard of these petitioners, and I came to prevent any promise of mercy. This heretic must die. The warrant is already made out, and after being signed by your Majesty will be forwarded to-morrow evening to the village where he has sown his false and accursed doctrines."

Further pleading was useless, and at the command of Bonner the unhappy wife and son were hurried from the royal presence. Sir Charles accompanied them back to Mrs. Murray's house, but he could give them no comfort, nor hold out any hope of Mr. Aubrey's pardon.

(To be continued).

“Cast thyself down.”

(“Persuadere potest, precipitare non potest.”)

He can persuade thee to the sin;
He can assume an angel's guise,
To cheat thine inexperienced eyes,
And flatter thee to let him in.

He can suggest the evil thought—
“If thou art His beloved child,
Why hath He left thee in the wild?
Is not His promise come to nought?”

He can allure thee to the height—
“Cast thyself down—His angel bands
Will bear thee safely in their hands,
Thy life is precious in His sight.”

He can in gorgeons, bright array,
The glories of the world unroll,
To bribe thine unsuspecting soul,
And lure thee from the heavenly way.

“One act of homage done to me—
Do but confess my name Divine—
Call me Lord Satan! all is thine,
Far as the straining eye can see!”

Thus he can work thee much annoy;
But 'gainst thine own determined will
He hath no power to do thee ill—
Thou only canst thyself destroy.

A mightier One controls his spite—
He can suggest, seduce, betray—
He cannot force thee from the way,
Nor cast thee headlong from the height.

F. W. H.

My Inheritance.

“So contentier d'un jardin—mon jardin est partout.”

Once I was barely, utterly poor,
From hand to mouth, earned hardly a
groat,
Had nothing to love, and nothing to
own,
Save a little flower in a pot.

That little plant was a word to me,
House and goods, and landed estate;
You may smile, but the difference is not
much
Between things little and great!

“Little flower you are all I my own!
Safe for me, for you are so small;
God has taken the rest, but the Merciful
Takes never a poor man's all.”

Early at morn, and late at night,
Came its delicate odour fresh to me.
“Bless God,” I said, “for the pleasure
He gives
Which so sweetly waketh me.”

Humble I was, and soft, for I said
“None will rob me, then, of my prize,
None will blast me with bitter words,
Nor blight with envious eyes.”

So I went to my work with any easy step,
Glad and strong with the secret charm,
Poor is the work that is ever wrought
When no love serves the arm!

Not suddenly, for I had time—
Time to cry with anguish and tears—
My little flower was taken from me:
Surely the Merciful stopped his ears.

For I cried in bitter anguish and grief,
“It is such a little thing to deny,
Spare me but this.” But the prayer
was lost:
I saw it wither and die.

“Now,” said a voice, “thou hast no-
thing to lose,
Curse your pitiless God and die.
My heart stood still, but I heard as sin,
Ere I could frame a reply—

“Child, look out at the sunset sky,
Gold, and scarlet, and evening blue,
Topaz, and ruby, and emerald wolds,
All royally decked for you.

“He takes a flower, but He gives you all
That was your loss, and *this* your
gain:
It blotted the earth and the heaven
from you,
That you could not see them plain.”

So I entered on mine estate,
Sadly at first, like a sorrowing hen,
Who cannot but mourn the friend he has
lost,
Though he knows his heritage fair.

Thankfully now, and joyfully, too,
With a widened heart as life's sands run down,
My poor little flower was all my world,
Now all the world is my own.

E. A. S.



Hasty Friendships.

Hasty friendships, void of judgment,
Reason, light, or rule;
Prematurely nursed and heated,
Quickly will they cool!
As we test the ruder metals,
Choose this wiser plan,
On the anvil of endurance
Test and try the man.

Not when "gentlemen of England
Live at home in ease,"
Where no adverse thing soever
Weighs upon the breeze;
When in health, and strength, and for-
Patrimony and power; [tune,
This is not the *time* of trial,
Such is not the hour.

Not when odds are all made even,
And we proudly stand
With a goodly balance garnered
In our banker's hand;
When the close of every venture
Rains a golden shower,
Sound not *then* the trusty plummet,
Such is not the hour.

Sound the plummet, test the metal,
Make the value known,
When the curtain'd hope is starless,
When the sun's gone down:
Prove we *then* the friend and brother
Whom we saw before;
Make the bond of friendship sacred,
Loose it nevermore!

Sound discretion of the Present
Makes a joyful morrow;
Sow not friendship's seeds in haste
Lest ye reap in sorrow!
As we test the ruder metals
This be aye the plan—
On the anvil of *endurance*
Let us test the man.

London Cabs and their Drivers.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A.,

S. GABRIEL'S MISSION, BROMLEY; CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.

IF those who lived in London in a past generation could revisit it, probably nothing would astonish them more than the rapidity and ease with which their descendants pass from one part of it to another. Sometimes (thanks to the Metropolitan Railway!) we burrow underground in one quarter of our great city, and after a journey of a few minutes emerge to the light in another; or, by aid of some huge and costly viaduct, we shoot across throughed thoroughfares, and look down in dignified contempt on the liliputians beneath us. These new methods of progress would not a little startle our ancestors out of their propriety. Even in those methods, which were in some measure known to them, they would see such changes and improvements, that they would hardly recognize their old friends. The smart Hansom, threading its way so easily through the crowds of carts and waggons, bears but a slight resemblance to the heavy rumbling chaise in which our forefathers used to ride. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of other conveyances, the cab must always hold its position in our streets. An omnibus is not always a convenient or pleasant mode of travelling. If you get inside, the chances are in favour of your getting out again with a head-ache; if, on the other hand, you scale the perilous

height beside the driver, or trust yourself to the tender mercies of 'the knife-board,' as the seat that runs along the top is sometimes nick-named, you are tolerably certain to catch a cold. Moreover, the omnibus is continually halting to take up passengers, whereas the cab takes its occupant direct to his destination, so that, however much we may owe to the omnibus as a ready and cheap means of conveyance, the cab will never be driven off the road by its more cumbrous competitor. It has become a necessity of metropolitan life, and will hold its own in spite of underground railways and other modern refinements. It may not, therefore, be without interest to jot down a few particulars concerning these useful vehicles and their drivers.

There are few occupations more laborious than that of a cab-driver, especially if he has 'night-work.' He may be doomed to spend the greater part of a weary day 'on the rank,' vainly hoping for a fare, or to linger night after night about the places of popular amusement. The temptation to beguile the time by stepping into the public-house, which is always close to the stand, must be sometimes very strong, for there alone can he find any companionship. Then, again, the pay of the cabman is very uncertain. Most of the cabs are 'farmed out' by some large proprietor. Each driver is bound to bring his employer a certain sum daily, varying from eighteen shillings to one pound, whether he has actually realised it or not in the course of the day. Whatever he makes over and above this stated sum he has for himself, and even if the cabman were fully occupied every hour of the day, this would leave no very large margin for the support of his wife and family. The reason of the system, no doubt, is that the cab-driver may have an interest in procuring a large number of fares in the course of the day. The cabman is not only bound to render a daily account to his master, but he is also under very strict police supervision. Each driver is regularly licensed to his work, and that little metal badge round his neck contains his number. Should he be guilty of any misdeed, for which he is convicted before a magistrate, his license is sent to Scotland Yard, and the nature of the offence which he has committed is scored upon it. If he is an incorrigible offender, his license is, after a time, revoked. These police regulations are salutary and needful for the protection of the public, whose lives might otherwise often be brought into peril by drunken or careless drivers. When we take into consideration the large number of cabs in London, and the crowded state of the thoroughfares in the central part of the City, it speaks well for the skill and care of our drivers that we so seldom hear of serious accidents. It must require a cool brain and a strong nerve to drive through some of our most crowded streets. The Hansom cabs generally have the best horses and the most dashing drivers. They are so much lighter and smaller in their construction that they can find their way through gaps and openings into which it would be impossible for 'a four-wheeler' to venture. The saddest day of the cabman's week is his Sunday. In a city like London a certain measure of Sunday travelling is perhaps unavoidable, but still it is sad to reflect how many drivers of our public conveyances



are denied the privilege of attending any place of worship, or enjoying any measure of rest. When the present Bishop of London first came to the diocese, he interested himself much in the condition of the omnibus and cab drivers, and on one occasion addressed a large number of them in an omnibus yard at Islington. Efforts are from time to time made by benevolent individuals to improve the religious condition of this class, and a society has been formed to endeavour to secure for them the blessing of rest on the

Lord's Day. A certain number of the London cabs are licensed only for the six days of the week, and may be known by the first figure of the printed number being 7; and these ought by all means to be encouraged.

It was said at the beginning of this paper that the temptations of the cabmen were great, but the writer would be sorry if any remarks of his were to be taken as reflecting on the cabmen of London as a class. He has, in the course of his ministerial labours, met with many honest, industrious, and sober cabmen, doing their best to support a wife and family out of means which were certainly not large. These men are the means of helping us on our earthly journeys; will not any large-hearted loving Christian take up their case, and help them on the heavenward journey? Much might be done by judicious distribution of tracts, by open-air addresses, and similar means.

The Crown of Lilies.

OH, Jonny! what can you be doing to your new bonnet? You only put it on for the first time yesterday, and now you are pulling it all to pieces!"

"I am only taking out the flowers, dear," replied her sister quietly.

"What a shame!" exclaimed Polly. "Why those bright red flowers did suit you so well, and I like to hear everybody say that you are the best-looking girl about the mill. You'll make yourself a regular dowdy like that poor Mary Blake."

"I wish I were more like her," said Jenny sadly; then, bursting into tears, she added: "Polly dear, we must never laugh at Mary again."

"Dear me! why, what has come over you?"

"If you like to bring your work here by me, close to the window, I will tell you all about it."

The light of a summer sunset was streaming in through the window which looked down on a narrow street of a manufacturing town, as the sisters sat together at their work.

"Did you go to church yesterday afternoon?" began Jenny.

"No, indeed; you know mother kept me at home to mind baby. Shan't I be glad when I am my own mistress and can go to work at the mill like you! Catch me pulling the flowers out of my bonnet when I have the money to buy any. I only wish you'd give me those."

"Wait a bit, Polly dear; just listen to me first. As I was going to church yesterday, I overtook Mary Blake with her little 'cees, and we walked on together. Now, you know, she is always very clean and neat; but I could not help thinking to myself all the way, how much better I looked than she did in her old winter bonnet and print dress. It didn't strike me at the time that she might dress as fine as any of us if she chose; only that she spends all the money upon her poor sister's children."

"She is so quiet and dull," said Polly laughing; "she doesn't care a bit what people think of her, though she might get plenty to admire her if she chose."

"Don't talk in that way, please, dear; it makes me feel now as if it were all my fault for putting such thoughts into your head. But I must tell you my story."

"In church, I am afraid I did not take much heed of the prayers: I was chiefly looking about to see how people were dressed, and thinking of all sorts of things."

"At last, the sermon came, and this was the text: 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow. They toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

"Then I began to listen, for the rector told us such beautiful things about the lilies being emblems of purity and holiness, and he said that each of us factory girls should be like a lily and keep herself unspotted from the world. I wish I could repeat to you all that he said, for his words have kept ringing in my ears ever since."

"When we came out of church, my mind was quite full of what I had heard; and as I wanted to think about it, I took the path home round the allotment gardens by myself. It was such a lovely afternoon, so fine and warm, that I was tempted to go into the hayfield beyond, and as I sat down there to rest I fell asleep."

"Then there came to me a strange and wonderful dream; it seemed like a message from Heaven."

"It was the early morning, and I was standing with a great number of people on a mountain side. We were all starting for a long journey to a far country, and there seemed to be many guides going about from one to the other to show us the way."

"One path there was which went straight up the mountain, — a steep, rugged foot-way, through a dark forest of pine-trees, with prickly bushes and rough stones, while far up above, almost out of sight, were great peaks of cold, blinding white snow. This was one road; but the other looked far pleasanter: it led down into a beautiful valley where there were green meadows and lovely flowers, and all seemed bright and sunny. Between the two roads there was a little stream rippling along, so narrow at the beginning that you could easily step over it; but as it went winding on, it grew wider and deeper."

"As I was standing there, uncertain which way to take, there came to me one of the guides, an old man poorly clothed. He said he was a messenger from the king of the far-off country which we wished to reach, sent to show us the way there. He pointed to the steep path up the mountain-side and said:

"This is the way; walk ye in it."

"But while he was still speaking to me, there came one in bright clothing, who laughed at the old man's words, and spoke in a soft flattering voice:

"Why should a young girl like you tear your feet and wear out your strength by going up that weary road? You would fall down and faint before you reach the mountain top. Come with me and I will show you the pleasant path amongst the fruits and flowers, fit

for a fair maiden who has all the day before her; there will be time enough to think of anything else when evening comes.'

"I listened to the tempting voice, and he took me by the hand and led me away. As I looked round at the old man, his eyes were full of tears, and he said very sadly:

"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat!"

"But I soon forgot these warning words in the gay talk and jesting of my companion. So we went down the hill, down to the pleasant valley; and when you, Polly, and Susan, and little Jane saw me going down the easy, smooth road, you all came with me. We wandered about idly in the beautiful meadows, gathering flowers or chasing bright butterflies. We danced, and played, and sang foolish songs till we were weary; then we lay down to rest upon the grass. Far off up the mountain we could still hear, from time to time, the warning voices of the guides, calling to us from a long way off, bidding us turn while there was still time. Once there came a loud cry which was echoed back from the rocks:

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death!"

"I was startled for the moment, and looked up towards the hilly path; but there were only a few travellers going that way, and they seemed to be toiling wearily up the steep ascent. Amongst them, I saw Mary Blake a long way up, gently leading her little orphan nieces; and I called to her, but my voice did not reach her. Then I saw that the path looked steeper and rougher than in the early morning; besides, the sun had risen high up in the heavens, and there was a piece of burning sandy ground to go over before I could have returned to the place where the two roads met. Above all, I found that the stream which flowed between the two ways had become so deep and broad that I was afraid to cross it. As I thought of these things, again I heard a tempting voice which said:—'Be merry while the sunshine lasts and drive away all gloomy thoughts. If there be indeed a far off country, is it worth a long toilsome journey?'

"Then other voices shouted: 'No, no! we have chosen the pleasant valley; what more do we want?'

"Then I turned my face away from the mountain and stopped my ears not to hear the guides calling us away, and laughed and jested with the others, for there were many, many in the meadows with me. All around us, there were growing scented flowers of bright colours; and as I sat lazily on the grass I gathered some large red flowers and made a garland of them to put in my hair.

"Thus the hours passed away; but as the afternoon sun poured down upon the valley and seemed to scorch up everything, we became tired and ill-tempered. There was no shade anywhere and altogether it was a very different place to what it had been in the morning. The strong scent of the flowers had become quite sickening; the fruits we gathered to satisfy our consuming thirst turned to dust and ashes when they touched our lips, and on all sides, sounds of complaining and quarrelling were heard. Still we

accusing others of having hindered them from choosing the mountain path; some were disputing about faded flowers or tasteless fruit, and others were sobbing bitterly in their disappointment. At length some few took courage, and, rising up from their sloth, tried to turn away — to cross the hot plain and flowing river and seek the other road — but they were mocked and laughed at and even ill-treated by their companions. Most of them came back again and gave up the attempt; but a very few bravely made their way up through all difficulties, cheered and supported by the king's guides, though it seemed very weary work. Once I caught the distant sound of a soft whisper:

“Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.”

“I longed for peace and rest, and I too would have followed, for there was no more pleasure or happiness in the valley; but I could not bear the thought of being laughed and jeered at, and it seemed such a hopeless thing to start for a long journey over the mountain so late in the day!

“Very slowly the afternoon passed away, the light faded and the evening was drawing on. Then all that had been fair and tempting became so horrible that it makes me shudder even to think of it. We could hear evil beasts roaring and howling all around us, snakes and vipers and slimy creatures were creeping about in the long grass at our feet, and the false guides, who had led us away from the right path, mocked our misery, telling us that now we could never reach the far off country, that the night had come wherein no man can work!

“It was a fearful time; I felt mad with despair, and would not believe that it was too late. The red flowers which I had gathered in the morning and put on my head, seemed to be burning into me; I tried to snatch them off, but in vain, though they weighed me down to the ground. Worse, far worse than all, was the agony of knowing that by my example I had brought you, my sisters, into the same destruction for ever! No words can tell what I suffered! What would I not have given to have listened to that old man's warning and have chosen the steep and narrow path in the early dawn! But it was too late! Never should I see the far off country; never would the King welcome me to the bright home of happiness! There was nothing but despair and misery for ever!

“Suddenly, through the darkness, I heard sweet songs and beautiful music like the organ in church. I rose up from the ground and hurried on in breathless haste towards the place whence the sound came. There was a flash of light, and I saw the river which had been flowing on and growing broader all day; it was losing itself in a dark deep lake. Standing on the other side of the river, waiting to cross the lake, was one of those happy pilgrims who had gone bravely over the mountain and had borne all the heat and toil of the long journey, while I had wasted the precious hours in the tempting valley.

“Another glance and I saw that it was Mary, with a bright, peaceful smile upon her face. She was the traveller who was waiting for the Master to call her to His blessed home.

"I called loudly to her, but my bitter cry might not trouble her joy; the deep rushing river was between us, she could not cross to me, and I could not go over to her. Oh, how sadly I thought of the morning, when the flood was but a little brooklet which I could have passed over with one step!

"As I watched to see what would happen, far off across the dark lake there fell what appeared to be a bright star, and floated upon the water towards us. When it came nearer I saw that it was a crown of pure white lilies, each one glittering like a star. Then I heard an angel voice proclaim:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"I looked again, and Mary, with the shining crown upon her head, was passing fearlessly into the deep, gloomy water.

"As the light shone upon the river by which I stood, I saw my own face reflected below with the hateful garland of gaudy red flowers still above it. It was a terrible sight, for as I shrank from the hideous image I knew too well that those red blossoms were the outward sign of my own vain, worldly heart; even as Mary's crown of white lilies had been given to her in token that she had tried to keep herself unspotted from the world.

"Suddenly there was a burst of beautiful music across the lake, from the far distance;—one dazzling glimpse of the heavenly kingdom,—and I heard these words echoing over the water:

"Blessed are those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Blessing, and glory, and honour, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

"Then all was dark and silent again; I can remember nothing more."

Jenny said these last words with a broken voice and her tears were falling fast.

"Don't cry," whispered Polly, who had been listening with breathless eagerness, "you know it is only a dream?"

"Yes, dear," replied her sister earnestly; "but a dream which I trust, by God's grace, will change our lives. From this day forwards, let us too strive for the Crown of Lilies."

Plain Words about the Prayer Book.

BY W. FAIRD, M.A., DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO EARL BEAUCHAMP.



It may be well now to examine somewhat more closely the structure and purpose of the several offices of our Book of Common Prayer, so as to get a more clear and intelligent understanding of their use; and it may be as well to begin with that service which stands first in our present Book, although it was not the first service put forth in our native tongue. It was said before that at the period of the Reformation there were four service books in use, the Breviary, the Missal, the Ritual, and the Pontifical; and that practically the chief part of these has been condensed into our present Prayer

Book. The portion which we are now going to examine, viz., the Order for Morning and Evening Prayer daily throughout the Year, together with the Psalter or Psalms of David, may be said to answer to the Breviary, which in pre-Reformation times supplied the rule and form of daily worship.

Morning Prayer was anciently called 'Matins,' an appellation still retained in the Calendar of Proper Lessons, and this was derived from the early hour at which the Office was commonly said. The idea of the Church was no doubt to begin the day with such a service as this, when the soul is fresh for communion with God. 'Early in the morning' the Psalmist arose to make his thanksgiving, and when Hannah sought her favour from God, she 'rose up early.' We read also of our blessed Saviour Himself praying a great while before day, and the holy women, who sought Him at the sepulchre, came thither 'while it was yet early.' In many churches, where there is a daily service, Morning Prayer is still said at an early hour, and those who are accustomed to enjoy this blessing, know what a fragrance it seems to spread over the whole day. The third Collect at Morning Prayer certainly seems hardly to coincide with our common use of this service only at eleven o'clock on Sunday Morning.

Anciently the morning service began with the Lord's Prayer and the Versicles, or 'little verses' which follow it, and the present introductory portion of it is comparatively modern. It begins with a verse of Scripture, which is meant to lead the soul to the thought of God. This is followed by an exhortation, setting forth the ends of our worship: (1.) 'to confess our sins;' (2.) 'to render thanks for the great benefits that we have received at His hands;' (3.) 'to set forth His most worthy praise,' (4.) 'to hear His most holy Word;' (5.) 'to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul.' This naturally brings us to our knees, and a very solemn form of confession is repeated by the congregation after the minister. 'My sin is over before me,' is the natural instinct of penitent hearts, and no Christian can enter upon a service of direct praise and prayer without bowing down in humble acknowledgment of his sins and offences against God. This is followed by the Absolution pronounced by the Priest alone, which should be thankfully received as a message of love and comfort from God, and an assurance of the Heavenly Father's readiness to receive back His children when they confess their faults. So ends what we may call the preparatory portion of the Office, and now we are ready for more direct worship, and therefore we use that which is the model and in a measure the source of all other prayers—the Lord's Prayer.

This prayer is followed by Versicles, taken from Psalm li. 15, and from Psalm lxx. 1. Then we proceed to our first act of praise, which is the repetition of the *Gloria*. This act of praise is of very ancient origin, and was first used in the Church as a test of belief in the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity. As well as being an act of praise, it is also in reality a short creed declaring the equality and glory of the Three Persons. This is succeeded by a short versicle, 'Praise ye the Lord,' which is really

an English translation of the word 'Alleluia,' so common in the older office-books. "Rising from prayers," says S. Basil, describing the worship of Christians, "they fall to singing of psalms"; and, according to the primitive pattern, the Psalms of David occupy a large place in our services. Except on Easter Day, or on the 19th day of each month, when it forms one of the daily psalms, Psalm xev. is said or sung as an introduction to this portion of the service. It was anciently called the *Invitatory*, because it invited to the worship of God. This is then followed by the Psalms of the day, arranged in regular order, so as to go through the whole Psalter in a month. At the end of each Psalm the *Gloria* is sung or said, to give a Christian tone to the whole act of praise.

The Psalms were early introduced into the worship of the Christian Church, so that St. Crysostom, speaking of the services of his day, says, "David (comes) first, David last, David midst." Indeed, if we look closely at them we shall see that they are full of prophecies of Christ, and of expressions of penitence, which can only be fully understood in the sight of His cleansing blood. To the Psalms succeed the Lessons, or *Lectio*, being a chapter from the Old Testament and one from the New. In the unreformed books there were seven or eight short lessons, broken by frequent 'Responds,' but it was judged better to abolish these, which were not always taken from Holy Scripture, and to substitute our present usage, which secures the reading through of the greater portion of God's Word in the year. Between the first and second lesson is sung the *Te Deum*, a very old Christian hymn. Some persons say that it was first sung by the good Bishop Ambrose, of Milan, at the baptism of Augustine. Others ascribe it to St. Hilary, Bishop of Arles. Whatever may be its origin, there can be no doubt that it is a Christian hymn of very early date, and is of such beauty and depth that we never seem to tire of using it. An option is however given, and the *Benedicite*, or Song of the Three Children, a beautiful canticle found in one of the Apocryphal books, may be used instead. The old custom, which seems a very intelligible one, was to use the latter in Advent and Lent, because the *Te Deum* was considered too exultant in its tone of praise for seasons of penitence. After the Lessons, the Song of Zacharias, commonly known as the *Benedictus*, which is a hymn of thanksgiving for the Incarnation, is appointed to be used, or, instead of it, Psalm c. The *Benedictus*, like all the great Gospel hymns, is found in St. Luke's Gospel.

"Thou had'st an ear for Angels' songs,
A breath the Gospel trumpet fill,
And taught by Thee the Church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still."

Christian Year.—ST. LUKE'S DAY.

To this succeeds the Creed, or confession of our faith, so named from the first word of it in the Latin, *Credo*. The one used in this service is called the 'Apostles Creed,' and is the earliest and simplest form of the confession of the Christian faith. It is said 'standing,' to show our resolution to maintain the faith which we profess. In some countries the nobles used to draw their swords,

when the creed was said, to show their readiness to defend it even to death. Its place after the reading of scripture is appropriate, for 'faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.'

After the Creed follows a beautiful mutual prayer of priest and people for each other, founded on the salutation of Boaz to his reapers in the fields of Bethlehem (Ruth ii. 4). Then the soul is further braced up to devotion by the summons 'Let us pray,' which is succeeded by what is called the 'Lesser Litany,' beginning 'Lord have mercy upon us,' etc., and this again is followed by the Lord's Prayer. After this we have a number of versicles, which were compared in the Ancient Church to sharp 'darts' of prayer sent up as it were to take heaven by force. These are taken from Psalm lxxxv. 7; xx. 9, (Sept. Version); cxxvii. 9; xxviii. 9; and the last is a very old form of prayer in the Church. To these succeeds the Collect for the day. 'Collects,' says L'Estrange, an eminent Liturgical writer, 'are so called either because many petitions are contracted and collected into one body, or because they are gathered from several portions of Scripture.' The Collect may be said to give the special tone or colouring to the service of the day. It forms the link between the ordinary offices and the Communion Service, and as has been well said,* 'in our daily service it is contrived by the introduction of the Collect that there shall be a continual reminder of that Festival, which is the highest (and which in earliest times was the only) act of Christian worship.' The Collect of the day is followed by two others, which are unvarying throughout the year. The first is for peace, the second for grace to take us through the day, on which by God's mercy we have entered. Here anciently the morning office ended, and as it will be profitable to enter somewhat more deeply into the beauties of the collects, it may be well to reserve the examination of the concluding prayers of this office, which are identical with the final prayers of Evening Service, to a future paper.

Short Sermon.

Spiritual Service.

BY HENRY LINDSAY, M.A., RECTOR OF KETTERING.

[PREACHED AT A CHORAL FESTIVAL.]

1 Corinthians xiv. 15. — *"What is it then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."*

WE shall not, I think, be doing dishonour to God's Word, if we separate this text from the passage in which it lies embedded, and apply it practically to ourselves.

1. Somewhat reversing the order of the text, let us first observe that St. Paul says he will "pray with the understanding." And is not this, to speak reverently, the conclusion

of common sense? Is it not of the very essence of prayer that it should be something in which the *understanding* bears a part—that it should be a reasonable service? Let me ask, Is it so with you? Is your service a reasonable service? Does your understanding bear a part in it? You remember how Philip the deacon addressed the Ethiopian eunuch:—"Understandest thou what thou readest?" It is a question not one whit less important. "Understandest thou what thou *prayest*?" I believe that one main reason why, too often, our public prayers seem powerless—our services cold and formal—is, because people take no trouble to *understand* them, because they do not really consider what they mean; do not study them; do not enter, do not try to enter, into the spirit of their arrangement, their force and meaning. Let me suggest to you to give a little time now and then to the study of your Prayer Book. Try to understand the full meaning of the words you utter, the prayers you use. You will find, I think, many a ray of light falling upon a dark place; you will find hard things becoming plain; you will see beauties where you never saw them before; you will have a pleasure in public worship, such as you never had hitherto, if only you will resolve, with St. Paul, "I will pray with the understanding."

2. But, take notice, secondly, that the Apostle says—"I will pray with the *spirit*," that is, with my inner man. However needful may be prayer with the understanding, it is not enough of itself. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." His service must be a spiritual service. Prayer, without the *understanding*, is little better than foolishness; but prayer without the *spirit* is not prayer at all; it is mere sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Indeed, to pray *without the spirit* is of the very essence of *formalism*. For remember, a formalist is not, necessarily, one who uses a form of prayer; it is quite possible, on the one hand, to use a form without being a formalist, and, on the other, to be a formalist without using one. No! prayer may be written or unwritten, so far it matters not; but if the spirit is not in it, is not in those who offer it, it is only a dead form, powerless for good, and displeasing to the Almighty. To pray with the *spirit* is to mean what you say; to have your heart in the prayer; to be thoroughly in earnest; to be ever leaning on God's grace, knowing that without *it* we cannot pray—with an ever-present consciousness that it is "the Spirit which helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."

Therefore, let us 'pray with the spirit, and for the Spirit. May God grant to each one of us the spirit of prayer and supplication. May He enable us, in our private prayers, and in our public prayers, to offer unto Him a reasonable and a spiritual service, to "pray to Him with the spirit, and to pray to Him with the understanding also."

But the Apostle goes on—"I will *sing* with the spirit, and I will *sing* with the understanding also." As with prayer so with praise; it should be an *intelligent* service; it should be a *spiritual* service.

Prayer and praise are the two main parts of all worship; and it might, perhaps, surprise one who had not considered it, to discover how large a portion of our daily and Sunday services consists of praise. Let me remark, in passing, that possibly, in our private devotions, the element of praise is too little regarded, too little in use. I see no reason why, in this matter, our private and our public prayers should be framed upon a different model. As, in public, we praise and thank God for public mercies, so, in private, surely we have private and personal mercies for which to honour and adore His Holy name. Is it not selfish to be always praying—that is, asking God for something—*only*, and not, at the same time, *praising* Him for blessings already received?

But, to speak more particularly of *public* worship. Are your praises, then, as well as your prayers, *understanding* praises,—*spiritual* praises? Do you try to understand all those portions of Divine Worship which consist of *praise*? Do you study, for example, the Psalms, trying to understand both their direct meaning, and their Christian application? The *Tè Deum* and other canticles; the doxologies and metrical hymns; is the force of all these appreciated by you? If not, how can you be said to praise God, or to sing His praises, with *understanding*? And here, again, remember, it must be not only a reasonable but a *spiritual* service. You must praise God *spiritually*, as well as pray to Him *spiritually*. Is it so with you? Do you lean upon the Spirit's help in praise? Do you, in reciting the Psalms of David, seek to make them your own—to make them speak your own wants—your own penitence—your own longings for Divine grace—your own desire for holiness? Do you, in the hymns, throw yourself heartily into them as an act of worship? or, do you simply look upon them as a pleasant break in the monotony of prayer, not as an essential and most spiritual part of the sacred service? Do you, in short, *sing* with the *spirit*, and sing with the understanding also?

These remarks apply, of course, to every member of a congregation. But in what remains I desire to speak chiefly to those who have a principal share in the public service in most churches—the members of the choir.

1. Remember, that your work in the church is not to make a display of your musical attainments, but to sing the praises of the Almighty. God forbid that I should depreciate musical attainments. A taste and love for music are His gift; and you are not only permitted, but bound, to improve the talent entrusted to you by all the means in your power. Remember, however, after all, that it is at the best only a means towards the end, even the setting forth of God's praises in the great congregation. You are to sing, not to *own*, but to God. Your thoughts should be, not about your fellow-creatures, how, by your sweet singing, you may please *them*, but how, by an intelligent, spiritual service, you may make it acceptable unto *Him*.

2. Let there be always *outward reverence of manner*. It is sad to see, as we sometimes do, the members of a choir forgetting themselves, or, rather, forgetting where they are, and what they are about, when their own especial part of the service is over. It is

grievous enough to see *any* members of a Christian congregation showing that they do not know what public worship really is; but it is still more distressing to see it in those who bear public office in the church. To see those who, a few minutes ago, were, outwardly at least, singing God's praises, *now*, when prayer is begun, thinking, apparently, that they have neither part nor lot in the matter—not kneeling—not making the responses—whispering one to another, or turning over their music-books; all this is most sad, because it shows that they come to church, and sit in the choir, merely for the sake of the music, not for God's glory, or the good of their souls. I have spoken of this as *outward* demeanour, but in truth it reaches much further. It is, of course, true, that a man may be outwardly reverent, yet have no spirit of devotion in his heart; but I do not think that the converse of this is true. I do not think that a man can be outwardly *irreverent*, and yet be a real spiritual worshipper of Almighty God.

3. *Be consistent.* Let your lives—your daily lives—be in keeping with the holy office which you fill in the House of God. Remember that you are marked men in your parish, and that any incongruity between your position *in*, and your conduct *out*, of church, is sure to be remarked upon, and laid hold of, by those who have evil will at Zion. Oh, that there were written upon the hearts of all who minister in holy things, as upon Aaron's breast-plate of old, 'Holiness unto the Lord.'

And there is one other form of inconsistency which I dare not pass over. What is the office of a choir? To sing God's praises. And what is the highest act of praise? Surely, that which the Lord Himself has appointed—the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving in the Holy Eucharist! And yet, how often is it that choir members are not, in the truest sense, church members—are not communicants. They sing God's praises in the ordinary service, but, when the highest act of worship is required of them, they turn and go away!

Would to God that not only those who bear office in the church, but all who profess and call themselves Christians, might be led to see this glaring inconsistency, and so come to that Holy Sacrament, which, unless they receive, they have no life in them. Would to God, too, they might come to it in the very spirit of St. Paul's injunction. For, of all parts of our holy worship, what needs to be more intelligently studied—what to be a more spiritual service—than this sacred ordinance? May God help us ever so to regard it, to receive it with the *spirit*, and with the *understanding* also.



MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SYNOD ESTABLISHED.

We congratulate our readers, and Churchmen, generally, upon the establishment of the Synod of the Anglican Church in this province.

A meeting of the clergy and lay delegates summoned by the Bishop to receive the report of a committee appointed at a meeting, last year, assembled in the Madras School room, Fredericton, at half-past nine on Thursday morning, 4th of July. The Holy Communion had been previously celebrated in the Cathedral at half-past seven. The chair was taken by his Lordship the Bishop, and the Rev. J. Pearson was appointed to act as Secretary. Thirty of the clergy were present, and twenty-four parishes were represented by delegates. Seventeen of the clergy who were absent were known to be in favor of Synodical action: and ten other parishes had elected delegates who from various causes were prevented from attending the meeting.

The following account of the meeting appeared in the *Morning Journal* of the 10th instant:—

The meeting was opened by appropriate prayers. The Bishop then stated the purposes for which it was called. In July of last year a meeting of clergy and lay delegates at St John resolved that a Synod should be formed and appointed a Committee consisting of the Hon Judge Weldon, Hon Judge Allen, W. M. Jarvis, Esq., Rev. W. E. Scovil and Rev. J. Pearson to consult with the Bishop and prepare a scheme for its organization. The Committee had prepared their Report which had been printed and widely circulated throughout the diocese. A list of those parishes which had sent delegates to the present meeting would now be read.

The Bishop also alluded to Lord Carnarvon's despatch upon the case of St. George's Church, Carleton, in which it was stated that the Crown would be ready to transfer the right of patronage to "any body of persons qualified to represent the Bishop, clergy and laity of the Church," and read several interesting extracts, having a direct bearing upon the object of the meeting, from the speeches made in the debate in the House of Lords upon the Colonial Church, in March last, and also from the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Carnarvon at the anniversary meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, in May.

The Minutes of the meeting of July 1866 having been read and confirmed, Mr. Jarvis was called upon by the Chairman to read the Report of the Committee, and it was on motion of the Rev. W. Scovil resolved that their Report be received, and the constitution proposed by them gone into section by section.

The declaration and constitution were then read and adopted with some slight alterations. It was decided for the present to hold the meetings of the Synod annually; each Parish having a Church or Chapel of ease to be entitled to one lay representative, and those in which there were more than forty qualified voters, to two. The constitution having thus been gone over in detail was then put as a whole to the meeting, and unanimously adopted.

The questions of the incorporation of the Synod and the powers it should possess were then referred to a Committee consisting of the same gentlemen who prepared the draft of the constitution. The question of church patronage was also referred to the same Committee, the reports in all cases to be made to a Synod to be summoned under the constitution in July, 1868, at Saint John.

THE DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

We learn with feelings of the deepest regret that the spirit of opposition to this excellent institution should yet linger so strongly in the breasts of many in the good city of St. John who claim to be sound Churchmen. We fear that this Society, which is in reality the mainstay of the Church in this diocese, will suffer through the short-sightedness of those who now refuse to contribute to its funds. Why this should be, we know not. From one or two quarters, to be sure, we hear the narrow-minded cry that "it is not an Evangelical society" (i. e. a party affair)—that "the Bishop has the whole control of the Society,"—and much more to the same effect.

There is no sense in these statements, and we call upon the clergy of the Deanery of St. John to be faithful to their ordination vows,—to awake to a sense of their responsibility in the present crisis of the Church in this province, and to try and disabuse the minds of those among their parishioners who now entertain such erroneous impressions about the management of the Church Society.

After all, (if they would only choose to act up to their privileges in this, and in all Church matters), it is the *laity* who have, and can, exercise the chief voice in the disposal of the funds of the Diocesan Church Society. Numerous deaths and removals from the diocese, added to the stringency of the times, will in a great measure account for the falling off in the total amount of the subscriptions as compared with the amount subscribed last year. Surely those who are still able to give should see if they cannot give a little—nay, a great deal—more, but there can be no excuse for those who wilfully withdraw their aid in this righteous cause.

Let us all, therefore, both clergy and laity, join hand-in-hand and do what we can for the Anglican Church in New Brunswick.

D. C. S MEETINGS.—On the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of the 2nd and 3rd of July the business meetings of the Church Society were held in the Madras School-room, Fredericton. We take the following extracts respecting the anniversary meeting on Thursday, 4th of July, from the *Head Quarters*:—

His Lordship, in opening the meeting from the chair, referred to what had been done during the last year, and to the manner in which the funds raised by the Society had been expended.

Amidst all the changes that had taken place, the Society had progressed, and steadily prospered. But there was an immense deal of work to be done, and exertions must not be relaxed.

His lordship then made some observations with regard to the salary given the clergymen, and by the dry way in which he put the matter made his hearers smile, though some of the clergy who joined may have thought it no laughing matter. £150 a year, he thought, after all, was a very small sum to give a man for devoting his whole time and attentions to so arduous and exacting a profession. It was not enough to tempt any one to enter the ministry. It was certainly doing the work cheaply, at as reasonable a rate, at any rate, as could be expected. But he was of the opinion that an addition would not be ill bestowed. At the present time, at least fifty of their sixty clergymen were working for that pittance. £2,860 had been drawn in block quarterly sums of £750, last year, from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and this sum was raised at home, not from the nobility or wealthy of the land, but chiefly from the clergy and the poor working classes, the artisans and laborers. This fact should appeal strongly to them, and strengthen their endeavours to make the Church of England here independent of home aid. With regard to the Diocesan Society, his Lordship said the late Archdeacon Coster and his brother had started it. At first the subscriptions had amounted to £200, and when he came to this province they were only between £300 and £400. Now the subscriptions from all sources amounted to \$21,000. During last year \$20,50 had been expended for Missionary purposes. The salary of officer for auditing accounts, &c., was \$100, contingencies \$200.

The Secretary, the Rev. Mr. Ketchum, then read several parts of the Report. By it, it appears that the total amount received up to the present time is somewhat less than the amount of last year. The deficiency is small and will be made up when all the subscriptions are in. The largest increase came from St. Paul's (Valley) Church, St. John, and amounts to \$500. There has been, owing to the deaths of late prominent supporters and other causes, a falling off from Trinity Church, (St. John). A tribute of respect is paid to the memory of the late Canon Coster.

On the motion of the Hon. Attorney General the report was received, and on that of Mr. Seeley that it be adopted, printed and published.

On motion of Hon. Mr. Vilmot, seconded by Judge Allen, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the meeting desired to record their estimation of the labors of the late Canon Coster, and that the resolution should be communicated to Mrs. Coster.

Wm. Carman, Esq., then spoke to an amendment he intended to move at the next meeting of the Society, to the 10th section of the Constitution of the Society.

Mr. Frith, of St. John, gave notice of a motion he intended to move, to change the time of the annual meeting of the Society to the first Thursday in October, or to meet at any other time, as the meeting might determine. He made a most graceful and elegant speech, spoke of the harmony that had characterised the meeting, and of the success

that was attending the Society, and the smooth working of the machinery that was bringing about the result. He thanked his Lordship for his able conduct in the chair. After due acknowledgment from the Bishop and the singing of a hymn, the meeting separated.

The Bishop of Fredericton was in St. John and preached in two of the churches on the Third Sunday after Trinity. He went, accompanied by Mrs. Medley, to Campbellville on the following Friday.

The children belonging to the Sunday Schools in St. Mark's Parish met to celebrate their anniversary on the evening of Trinity Sunday. The hymns were sung with great spirit and heartiness, we learn, and a simple plain, and practical sermon was preached to them in a style easy to be understood.

On Trinity Sunday at an ordination in the Cathedral, Fredericton, the Rev. E. Huntington, was admitted to the order of the Priesthood, and Messrs Harrison Tilley (son of the Hon. S. L. Tilley) and George Walker (son of the Rector of Hampton) were admitted to the Diaconate. There was an early service, and the ordination service began at eleven o'clock. The address to the candidates by the Bishop is said to have been most forcible and impressive. The Rev. Mr. Tilley has been appointed curate of St. Luke's Portland.

A handsome new Church which has been erected at Buctouche through the exertions chiefly of the Rev. A. H. Weeks, will be consecrated at the time of the confirmation in that parish in September.

The Lord Bishop of the diocese is to set out on his northern confirmation tour about the first of September next.

The worthy Rector of St. George lies in a very precarious state.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The June number of the *N. S. Church Chronicle* contains accounts of confirmations in a number of the parishes in the sister diocese. The first during the present confirmation tour of the Bishop of Nova Scotia was held at St. Margaret's Bay at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Of this parish the Rev. John Ambrose is the Rector. Thirteen young persons were here confirmed,—some of them afterwards remaining to receive the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.—On Monday, the 20th May, his Lordship confirmed twelve at Blandford, and five the following day at Bayswater. The Blandford church is under contract to be finished this summer.

The new church of "All Saints" at Bayswater was consecrated immediately before the confirmation service.—At New Ross twenty-three were confirmed though a larger number appear to have been prepared to receive the rite by the missionary, the Rev. David C. Moore. On the occasion of the confirmation here the Bishop spoke approvingly of the improved appearance of the church yard and burial-ground and of the substituting of the cross on the church instead of the unseemly spire which was formerly placed on it. Confirmations were held at Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co., on Ascension Day, and at Broad Cove on the day after. These places are comprised, we believe, in the parish of New Dublin in which fifty-three persons received the apostolic rite.—Thirty four were confirmed at Bridgewater on the 26th of May, and we read that the greater part of those confirmed "drew near to their Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of his most precious Body and Blood."—The confirmation at Mahone Bay on May 26th derived an additional interest from the Rev. Andrew Gray and his wife being among the numerous candidates. Mr. Gray until a short time ago had been officiating at Mahone Bay as a Wesleyan minister.

The Holy Communion was celebrated at the end of the confirmation service "and here as at other places in this old episcopal county, the whole congregation remained in church during the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and the newly confirmed partook of the Heavenly Feast. The new church at this place is described as being a very pretty structure in the Early Pointed style with open timbered roof (with stained wainscot—not plaster), and rolled cathedral windows with handsome bordering. It was duly consecrated on the day of confirmation.—On May 28th, twenty-three were

confirmed, all of whom afterwards partook of the Blessed Sacrament. The altar was vested in a green frontal with a gold monogram. A number of the clergy from Halifax and elsewhere were present at this service. At Chester, on Sunday the 19th of May, three adults were baptised and afterwards confirmed with thirty two others.—Twelve were confirmed in Shelburne on the evening of the 4th of June.—at Tasset six were confirmed on the 8th ult., and at the same time one adult and three infants were baptised.

HALIFAX—We have much pleasure in noticing the increasing reverence for the Feast of the Ascension, exhibited here by the well attended services in the Cathedral. There was an early celebration of the Lord's Supper, which was partaken of by a large number of communicants, and the morning and evening service attracted almost Sunday Congregations. This is the first time there has been an early celebration on that day at St. Luke's the Bishop having always held it in Salem.—*N. S. Church Chronicle.*

P. E. ISLAND.—At a clerical meeting held at Charlottetown some weeks ago the Archdeacon presiding—the clergy took the opportunity of recording their confidence in the Bishop of Nova Scotia's administration of the diocese, with thanks for his Lordship's Pastoral Letter.

The Archdeacon of St. John's Newfoundland, is shortly to be consecrated Co adjutor Bishop of the diocese.

Three fourths of the American Bishops, it is said, will attend the Pan-Anglican Synod in September.

Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe has become a member of the Episcopal Church. Her sister, Miss Catherine Beecher, has been a member of the Church for some time.

The English Bible Society has a building in the Paris Exhibition in which it gives away to every passer-by a French translation of one of the Gospels if he be French, a German one if a German, an Italian one if an Italian.

EDITORIAL NOTICES AND ANSWERS.

"THE "TRUE WITNESS".—Every week we receive indisputable evidence that the **CHURCH MAGAZINE** is the only reliable medium for Church news in this province. The only difficulty is that we cannot give a *tithe* of the mass of information which reaches us concerning the onward march of the Anglican Church in these days.

It is not a little encouraging to receive the words of appreciation that comes to us from both the city and country parishes.

As it has been gratuitously announced that the Church Magazine is the official organ of this diocese, we take this opportunity of saying that there is no foundation for the statement.

POLITICAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS, &c., &c. By G. E. Fenety, (Queen's Printer). VOL 1—No. 1.—The first number of this useful and interesting work gives evidence that should a sufficient number of subscribers be obtained to warrant the publication of the twelve succeeding numbers at present contemplated, no better record of the kind is likely to see the light in this province. No one else can have in his possession (whatever of more literary ability he might chance to have), the same indispensable facilities for prosecuting this particular political history of the province for the past twenty-five years.

But there is, it seems to us, in the appendices to the chapters "embracing a notice of all important local occurrences," a still more interesting and valuable collection of facts, which but for Mr. Fenety's enterprise and patient industry would most likely have been lost to us, and we trust that should he be obliged for want of sufficient encouragement to abandon his present project, which must of necessity involve a considerable pecuniary outlay, he may be induced to give us in some other shape what he intended to publish in the appendices, so that the events of past days may be preserved for ourselves now, and for those who may come after us.

STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE. July.—The second number of this magazine is likely to increase its popularity. The first instalment of the "Sporting Sketches," is by all odds the best thing in the present number; but there is much variety in the other contributions, and the "Puzzle Department" has abundant material for the curious.