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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., DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 10

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.

I DEDICATE MYSELF TO THEE.

O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart:
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee!
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee!
On Thee, my God, on Thee!

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot shall be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee!
To Thee, my God, to Thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the shelter of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee!
In Thee, my God, in Thee!

—Oberlin.

The man who minds his own business has steady employment.

REVERENCE.

BY ELLEN V. TALBOT.

There is within the house of God a space
Wherein I may get place
To come, and pray and fill my soul with
grace.

I come not here, on holy days, to see
What other folk there be;
My Saviour's presence now engrosses me.

Nor hither for observance do I fare,
To see what others wear;
My soul cannot her sacred moments spare.

I dwell not, curious, upon the light
From painted windows bright,
But on that radiance seen by inward sight.

And when the sermon and the prayer are
o'er,
I wait not at the door
To bow and smile, and lose my holy store,

But hasten, with a calm and peaceful mind,
My homeward way to find,
My sorrows and my burdens left behind.

It is a wonderful advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In women there is at once a subtle delicacy of fact, and a soundness of judgement, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.

Rev. Miller

Apr. 90

RURAL DEANERY DEBATE

RURAL DEAN.—It is said, and I fear with truth, that although the Anglo Catholic Church in Canada makes some progress beyond the ratio of the increase of population, still that progress is not nearly so rapid as that of her sister Church in the United States. I propose, brethren, that we make this matter part of the business of our Rural Deanery meeting to-day, by a short debate as to whether it is so, and if so why so, and the best way of improving the situation.

BRO. A.—It will be time well spent. Truth must be aggressive if God's Kingdom is to be established. I believe this charge as to the non-aggressive and consequent slow progress of our Church in some parts of Canada is well founded, and the sooner we discern the causes for this, and their remedy, the better.

BRO. B.—One great reason for the more rapid progress of dissent than of Church doctrine in many parishes is that in such places dissenters are well posted on their distinctive doctrines and therefore love them more and strive to extend them more zealously than is the case amongst nominal church people. Every dissenter of any influence is a High dissenter, and is respected and valued accordingly by his fellow-religionists. But in some parishes there are Churchmen and churchmen. The Churchman thoroughly

believes in the distinctive doctrines of his Church. The churchman, (with a little c) looks upon his brother-Churchman (with a big C) as a ritualist, a sacramentarian, a person not to be followed, but put down as a bigot, and a formalist, whilst he with the big C estimates his brother with the little c as a tyrannical person, more than half a dissenter. The wonder is, that with all this pulling apart the Church makes any progress at all; and that she does progress amidst difficulties which would kill off Romanism or Dissent is a proof of her inheriting the promise,—“Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

BRO. C.—The great want amongst christians of these latter times is the want of a clear knowledge of the great doctrine of the Incarnation. This necessarily includes the in-grafting Sacrament, Baptism, and feeding Sacrament, the Holy Communion. These are by Christ Himself inseparably attached to His presence in us, and our growth in Him. “Except any one be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.” “Except ye eat My Flesh and drink My Blood ye have no life in you.” It is a firm hold of the Incarnation with a consequent reverential estimate and use of these its two channels which recommend the doctrine and practice of the Anglican Church in these days of doubt and infidelity. When this doctrine with its sacraments is plain-

ly and lovingly set forth, especially amongst people who are living without baptism or the Lord's Supper, the Anglican Church will shew more real progress than Dissent which practically denies the necessity of the sacraments, or Romanism, which repeats Baptism, and administers but *half of the Eucharist to the laity.*

BRO D.—Amongst the generality of people, ignoring or neglecting or profaning the two great Sacraments of Christ Himself, as so many do, it certainly is not the duty of His Church to raise the warning cry of "Sacramentarian!" The truth cannot grow thereby, nor can the doctrine of the Incarnation make due progress. Wherever this shibboleth is raised, and church people imitate dissent, dissent infallibly gains by proselytizing from the Church. But where the Church faithfully sets forth her ancient doctrine and practice, she gains from both Dissent and Romanism, as well as from indifference or even infidelity. It is this which accounts for the greater progress of the Anglican Church in the United States than in Canada, in our day.

BRO. E.—A large proportion of the ablest and most zealous clergymen of our sister Church in the States were brought up in Dissent but becoming Churchmen by conviction, value Anglican teaching far more than do "churchmen with a little c." One of them, a former Methodist preacher, said to me,—

"Why, sir, if Methodism had the same story to tell that Church has, the world would ring with it."

BRO. F.—Talking of plans for remedying the present slow growth of the Anglican Church in Canada, we must be more systematic in parochial visiting, in which also it would be well to utilize the services of judicious persons amongst our laity. Travelling in New Brunswick not long ago, I came to a parish in which intermarriage between Church-people and dissenters is of not unusual occurrence. The faithful pastor of that flock never neglects the newcomers, first gaining their good-will, and next offering to call on a stated evening in each week, for a time, in order to explain the Prayer Book and how to use it. This offer is always accepted with thanks, and with the happiest results,—the convert often proving the more earnest disciple of the Church, than his or her partner brought up in the fold.

THE CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE ANGELS.

"Glory to God in the highest,
peace on earth to men of good will."
Such was the burden of the angel's song,—such the unselfish salutation of the heavenly choir to the humble shepherds and to all mankind at the birth of Him by union with whom mankind should be exalted far above all angels, principalities and powers. The angels who lost not their first estate knew that the will of God was

the happiness of all His loving and obedient creatures, each in his own degree. These pure and mighty angels knew that in God's wisdom it was ordained that, in the highest sense of the word, men and not angels were to be the sons of God. It had already been made known to the Church of God by the voice of inspiration that in this sense it was not to angels but to man that God had said,—“thou art My son, this day have I begotten Thee,” and it is through His Church, as St. Paul tells us, that the highest mysteries of God are made known to the angels. Receiving the word and will of God as their highest happiness, it was—not with envy but with joy—they learned that to no angel but to man God had said “thou art My son.” They knew that in the great Day of Account Man should judge the angels.

In the angelic song and salutation we therefore perceive the dividing line between those angels who kept their first estate and those who lost it utterly and forever. We see that glory to God in the highest can only be rendered by those to whom God's will is the highest law. None others can enter into the joy of the Lord, or be happy in His pure presence. By the utter change which came upon those who fell, a restless ambition—a seeking the gratification of self-will became the highest aim of which they were capable. To them and their followers heaven would be utterly intolerable.

“Evil, be thou my good.”

The feast of the Incarnation, Christmas, comes to us, year by year, bringing the peace of God to men of good will,—for those only whose wills are being daily conformed to

God's will can receive and practice the peace of God, which flows from supreme love to God and to man, for God's sake. The feast of the Incarnation is above all others the love-feast of the true followers of Christ, for if we claim to be members of Christ, we thereby claim to be members one of another. If we have this divine charity, we rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep. The proof of our unity with Christ is our unity with one another. The human echoes to the angel's Christmas song of peace can only come from a heart touched and warmed by a love of God free from the bitterness of envy, ambition or any other form of selfishness.

MISSIONARY WORK IN CALIFORNIA.

SKETCH NO. I, FROM ACUTAL LIFE.

Man was made in the image of God, and although by the disobedience of our first parents God's image in man's soul was broken, yet it was not utterly destroyed. In the soul of every human being the fragments remain, for no race of human beings has yet been found so degraded as to deny the existence of a God and a hereafter in a spiritual world. The profession of this denial is the unenviable peculiarity of that sort of heathen who grow up amidst gospel surroundings, and obstinately reject them, shutting their eyes to gospel light.

A very remarkable instance of this sort of heathenism is found in a mining town in the mountains between San Francisco and Tulare, California. A large number of the men of that place having formed an infidel society, engage an infidel lec-

turer in San Francisco to make regular missionary visits to their towns for the avowed purpose of spreading infidelity, (and repressing all its occasional misgivings as to the existence of God and the hereafter,) their high priest being the zealous and well-known Col. Ingersoll, With a far sightedness too seldom found amongst nominal christians, they zealously provide positive and negative infidel training for their children and young people, actually keeping up an infidel Sunday school, with a library of infidel and obscure books. So far for positive teaching, whilst the negative instruction consists of brow-beating and persecuting all such as are found to incline in the slightest degree towards christian faith or practice. So rigid has been their exclusion of christian missionaries from the place; that after repeated attempts the various preachers of other persuasions gave up the place in utter despair.

Rev. John A. Emory, now the diocesan missionary of Southern California, a man of great courage and tact, as well as indomitable energy and perseverance, lately made an official visit, as the messenger of Bishop Nichols, to this apparently God-forsaken place. According to his usual plan no sooner had he arrived than he "started out," as the California phrase is, to make a round of house-to-house visitation, and with characteristic resolution made his first call on the chief infidel of the place. He began by introducing himself with a few kindly common-places, and explaining the reason of his visit and his purpose of holding Divine service in the evening. The infidel immediately intercepted him with a violent and blasphem-

ous attack upon christianity. The missionary meekly and without a word of interruption listened to his horrible out-pourings until he had "blown off all his steam." Then taking up his opponents points and refuting them, whilst ably setting forth their opposite truths, and finding himself violently interrupted, he said,—“I listened to all you had to say without any interruption whatever, and now I shall call you the most infernal coward I ever met if you have not the courage to meet me in the same way.” This gained him a hearing, not without effect upon his listener, who at the close of his remarks began an attack upon certain passages which he asserted to be in the Bible, but which the Missionary denied as being any part of Holy Scripture. The infidel insisted that they were in the Bible, for Jim Smith knew the Bible and had said so. “Tell Jim Smith,” said the Missionary, “that I defy him to make his word good, and if you don’t come and tell me what he says about it I shall consider you no man.” A few minutes after leaving the scene of controversy, his late opponent overtaking him on the street said,—“Mister, I’ve seen Smith, and he can’t find the places I spoke against, so I take all that back.” “Thank you,” replied the Missionary. “You are more of a man than I took you to be.”

Mr. Emory, finding the females of the place more ready than their lords and masters to listen to the invitations of the gospel, appointed an afternoon service for women only. No sooner was the assembly opened than a knot of infidels on the opposite side of the street sent a tipsy messenger across with a number of

blasphemous and obscene caricatures in tracts and pictures, of incidents in Bible story, to be scattered amongst the congregation, — but placing himself at the door, the Missionary repeatedly prevented his entrance, until his visits ceased. Then the poor persecuted women were taught to look to the source of all strength and comfort for salvation, and were greatly cheered by the assurance that the Church now intended to send the blessed privileges of Gospel ministration to this place.

Shortly after the service, the infidels finding that Mr. Emory had given notice of a service for all who chose to attend, in the evening, promptly notified him that they would attend in force and break up the meeting. His answer to their messenger was,—“the meeting will be held all the same.” At its opening he perceived some rough looking men coming in, in knots of two or three, and seating themselves together, as nearly as possible. Every whispered and giggling interruption to the prayers, however, was promptly checked by a fixed stare at the offenders, and perfect silence on his part until the interruption had ceased.

Taking his text from the sixth chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, the preacher first drew a vivid picture of the aged Apostle, cast off by his relatives, persecuted by the Jews, shortly—as he well knew, to be put to a violent and cruel death by the heathen, and now mentally composing his epistle to the Ephesian Church, whilst chained to the soldier sentinel who prevented all friendly intercourse from outside. Studying the armour of the soldier, he graphically shews the urgent need of spiritual armour to the Christian

soldier who fights—not merely against flesh and blood, but against spiritual enemies within and without, led on—as they are by “spiritual wickedness in high places.” Coming down to particulars, he shewed the noble manliness inspired by his great Captain, even Jesus Christ, into the humblest of His followers, by the belief and practice of the gospel under the daily teaching of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. In the love of Christ and of all the members of Christ's Body, “is this the sort of man, he asked, who tyrannises over weak women or helpless children? Is he the sort of man who would teach young men, or women, or even children to blaspheme the Lord who died for them, or defile themselves by obscure books, or pictures or any species of filthiness of thought, word or deed?” As if by direct inspiration, and with a holy boldness, and amidst the breathless silence of his hearers, he went on to the end of his thrilling appeal for Christ, and immortal souls who must soon pass from this short life of probation amidst the trials of this world, to the endless existence beyond the grave, and ended by the notification that by the help of God, Divine service would be held in that place until—as soon as possible—a Church should be built and a Missionary be sent to hold regular gospel ministrations amongst them.

Then a few days ago was fought the opening battle of the gospel campaign in this strong-hold of Satan. Next day the Missionary heard that not only his first opponent, but many of his sort, were remarking that “that preacher-fellow was the boldest critter they had ever seen.”

We hope, in our next number, to

shew the remarkable progress of Church Work in California, and the manner in which souls are being gathered into Christ's fold, and fed by systematic effort on the part of His clergy, assisted as they are by organized lay co-operation.—[ED. CHURCH WORK.]

TRAINING CHILDREN IN BENEVOLENCE.

The training of children to be good givers is a great work. Parents have a mighty responsibility in this direction.

The work cannot be done by making a child merely the bearer of a contribution to the Sabbath school treasury; nor yet by teaching the child that if he will do a certain thing or yield a certain privilege, he can give a certain sum to a certain object.

Children should be taught the duty and privilege of giving, and the responsibility should be on them early of denying themselves for the performance of this duty and the attainment of this privilege, that out of their allowance or possessions of gifts or earnings they may give unto the Lord that which they before counted their own, and for the use of which they must finally be answerable.—*S. S. World.*

THE SEVEN CANONICAL HOURS.

THEIR MEANING AND ORIGIN, AS GIVEN BY DURANDUS.

At MATINS bound, at PRIME reviled;
 Condemned to death at TIERCE,
 Nailed to the Cross at SEXT; at NONES
 His bleeding side they pierce;
 They take Him down at VESPER-tide,
 In grave at COMPLINE lay,
 Who henceforth bids His Church observe
 Her sevenfold hours alway.

READ THE BIBLE.

Most Christian people think it a right and proper thing to spend from twenty to thirty minutes of each day in reading the daily papers, in fact, they are not quite satisfied with themselves if they do not keep up with the news of the day, yet many are quite satisfied to journey rapidly toward the Celestial City and never try to find out much about the news from thence. In fact, Bible reading seems to be irksome to many Christians. The traveler who is going to Europe is pretty diligent with his guide books for weeks and months, especially if it is his first trip across the water. The traveler to the city of God is often less careful to learn about the city to which, he says, he is certainly journeying. The daily reading about any subject serves to keep up the interest in that subject; it has precisely the same effect in the daily study of the Bible. The interest grows as one advances in knowledge.—*Selected.*

A godly home-life is one of the best proofs of a true hope in Christ. Let us, then, foster "home religion." Let the family altar be built and the fire of the daily offering be kindled upon it. Let our home be like the home in Bethany, where Jesus loved to be a guest; still better, like the home above. Let kindness, gentleness, and forbearing love make home more dear and precious; make the atmosphere one of prayer and love. Do not reserve your best looks and kindest words for strangers, but make home brighter by them. We plead then, for "home religion," for a piety, not like a militiaman's uniform, to be worn only on parade, but as a working-dress, to be worn at home.

NATURAL RELIGION.

"A friend named Blake, living in Chicago, has sent me a letter on "Natural Religion." It is a good letter, but I don't think I care to order any "Natural Religion" just now. In fact I have quite a large stock of it on hand that I would be glad to get rid of on any terms, if I knew what to do with it. I kind of hate to give it to the purchaser. It never did me any good, and I can't guarantee it as an article that ought to be kept in every household.

"Natural Religion" gets into the market early and holds on long. I have seen babies in full possession of it, reducing their playthings to rags, kicking and yelling with infantile rage as though possessed of many devils, howling for pure "cussedness" long before they were able to lisp a prayer. I have seen little children in full possession of "Natural Religion," learning to lie, to deceive, to steal, ill-natured, vain, overbearing, treacherous, bad in a score of ways, and bad in spite of teaching and training, just "naturally" bad. I have seen the guileless savage of the plains, with never a college nor a theological seminary in all his tribe, so full of "Natural Religion" that he couldn't get scalps enough to satisfy the unspoiled cravings of the "natural man," nor drunk enough to celebrate his triumph when the last prisoner was finally carved into small fragments.

Stanley tells us that he finds plenty of "Natural Religion" all through Central Africa, where the hungry heathen, growing up far beyond the warping superstitions of the church and the seminary loves his missionary rare and without gravy, and takes his native "licker" straight from the

wassail bowl of his enemy's skull. You can find it in the slums of New York, and the "Black Hole" of Chicago. No trouble to find "Natural Religion" in this world; there's plenty of it. But somehow, the more one sees of it the less he wants it. Takes a power of grafting to make a crab apple fit for dessert. For my use and comfort, I prefer an Indian who has just been "ground through" a theological seminary, if you please, rather than one who is just crawling out of a buffalo hide tepee, his "natural" expression heightened by streaks of white and black and vermilion, and clad only in a cartridge belt and a Winchester gun, with all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining.

For people who enjoy the natural man in all his native naturalness, "Natural Religion" is no doubt sweet and uplifting and tranquilizing. I prefer it with milder flavors myself; I like it refined, softened, improved by educational processes. If any man wants to skin a sheep and tie the raw and woolly hide about his loins and call himself dressed, I have no objections so long as he doesn't insist on keeping up a calling acquaintance with me. I am willing to admit that he wears natural raiment. As for me, I can get an all-wool suit of the same material that is better looking, better fitting, warmer, more comfortable, more useful, that carries more style and harbors less vermin, and is more commended by the universal voice of refined and educated humanity. There isn't the slightest resemblance to a sheep skin about it by that time; it is wholly denaturalized, I will admit, but that's what makes it valuable and good. Brethren, there is nothing in the world of animal life that is good in its natural

state but an oyster, and he's next door to a clam. We will now take up the collection for the fund for ministerial education, and brethren with naturalistic tendencies will please not chew up bits of paper and fire them into the hat. We find that the natural pulp is greatly increased in value, even for natural religious objects, by going through a process of over-working and manufacture in the mills and presses of the treasury department. Even the raw material from the California gold mines has to lose somewhat of its native gloss in the mint before it attains its highest degree of convenience and usefulness.—*Burdette.*

SIN'S FATAL FACINATION

When once a man has done a wrong thing it has an awful power of attracting him, and making him hungry to do it again. Every evil that I do may, indeed, for a moment, create in me revulsion of conscience; but, stronger than that revulsion of conscience, it exercises a facination over me which is hard to resist.

It is a great deal easier to find a man who has never done a wrong, than to find a man who has only done it once. If the wall of the dyke is sound, it will keep the water out, but if there is the tiniest hole in it, it will all come in. So the evil that you do asserts its power over you, and it gets you into its clutches.

Beware of the first evils, for as sure as you are living, the first step taken will make the second seem to become necessary. The first drop will be followed by a bigger second, and the second, at a shorter interval, by a more copious third, until the drops become a shower, and the shower becomes a deluge.

The course of evil is ever wider and deeper, and more tumultuous. The little sins get in at the window and open the front door for the big house-breakers. One smooths the path for the other.

All sin has a terrible power of perpetuating and increasing itself. As the prophet says in his awful vision of the doleful creatures that make their support in the desolate city. "None of them shall want her mate. The wild beasts of the desert shall meet with the wild beasts of the island."

Every sin tells upon the character, and makes the repetition of itself more and more easy. "None is barren among them." And all sin is linked together in slimy tangle, like a field of seaweed, so that the man once caught in its oozy fingers is almost sure to drown.

HOW TO GIVE.

A gentleman who has raised large sums of money for benevolent purposes says that in soliciting charitable and other subscriptions he has never had any difficulty or trouble with men who have given proportionately and systematically. He further says: "A man who does not give definitely, and who does not set down in his account book exactly what he does give, is apt to think that he is always giving. There is no falsehood larger and deeper than this in all practical life. If you will put down just what you give to charitable purposes you will be surprised at the end of the year how little you have given, yet you may have the feeling that you have been always patting with your money in response to benevolent appeals."—*Selected.*

A BETTER DAY.

A significant event was the debate last Saturday evening at Farwell Hall Chicago, between Walter Thomas Mills, editor of the *Statesman*, and Hon. Albert Griffin, in one of a series of 100 debates which they are giving throughout the country on the temperance question. Representing the two leading methods of dealing with the saloon question, and yet coming together on the same platform to present their respective claims in the most eminently courteous, manly, Christian, spirit, it is indicative of a better day ahead for the temperance problem because of its treatment with a better spirit. Mr. Mill and Mr. Griffin are both men of the strongest convictions and of deep moral earnestness. Both believe the saloon to be the greatest enemy of our modern civilization. Both believe in the necessity of emphasizing the *moral suasion* method, and of a revival of pledge signing for total abstinence, and urge every church to inaugurate a campaign in this direction. As to the method of dealing with the saloon politically, they differ. We believe the greatest hindrance to the cause of temperance is the fact that those who differ cannot come together in the press, the pulpit, the platform and in common conversation in a Christian way without getting mad.

To such an extent is this true that it has become a by-word and caused serious doubt as to the moral earnestness of many in the temperance cause. When those who differ can meet, and talk and pray together for the annihilation of this greatest crime, we believe God will so dispose events as to very speedily enable them to *march* together around this Jericho of in-

iquity. When they do this its fate is sealed.

BY THEIR WORDS YOU SHALL KNOW THEM.

"No, sir," said Farmer Thistlepod, "you needn't tell me anything about the beauties of a free government. I'm sick of it. I've toiled and moiled and dug and delved on this farm, boy and man, forty-five years, and all I've been able to do has been to pay taxes, keep up the interest on a mortgage, and I wish I had money enough to take out a little insurance on the stock, but I can't do it. Pastor was here this morning urgin' me to try to do a little more for the church, an' I had to tell him I was goin' to give up my pew at the end of this quarter; just got to do it I haven't the money, I tell you, and what's more, you can't make it on a farm in this county. I don't know a farmer in York state that is makin' enough to pay for labor on the farm." That night three burglars who overheard the old man talking in this strain to the church clerk, came into the house at midnight, gagged him, tied him down on the kitchen table and held a torch to his feet until he came down, and they got away with \$4,000 in cold cash, \$3,500 in United States bonds, four gold watches, two breech-loading shot guns, English, \$600 worth of solid silver, and about a dozen cut throat mortgages on western farms, drawing 9 per cent. interest.

Ananias doesn't fall dead as he used to, but he suffers a great deal more than if he did.—*Burdette*.

To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well.

*THINGS WE OUGHT TO
KNOW ABOUT THE
CHURCH.*

CERTAIN ACTS DURING SERVICE.

I think it is hardly known that not only are the words of the clergyman in church carefully chosen and ordered for him, but also his *acts*. He does not stand, sit, kneel, according to his own fancy, but by rule.

We have not space to follow his movements and explain them one by one, so the best plan will be to remember a principle which governs pretty nearly all he does.

The principle is quite easy to understand—it is this: In all he does in church the priest is acting in a two-fold capacity—that is, in two ways.

First, he is representing Jesus Christ, his Master, to the people; he is giving them His message; he is pardoning their sins in His name; he is offering the Sacrifice in His stead.

On the other hand, he is acting as the leader of the people in their worship. They confess their sins—he, a sinner also, speaks for them. They offer prayer, he is their mouth-piece—he is the one speaking for the many.

Now, if we keep in our minds this double capacity—first, as acting for his Master to the people, and second, as speaking for the people to his and their Master, it will serve to make things much plainer.

In what part of the service is he acting in the stead of his Master?

Well, in the sermon Jesus Christ teaches the people through him; in the Absolution, he speaks out God's pardon to sinners; in the Benediction, he blesses for God; at the altar

he does on earth what Jesus does in Heaven.

And when does he act for the people? When the Confession is said he also kneels humbly with his fellow-sinners; he offers prayers, thanksgiving, alms, for them and for himself—as I said, one for the many. The people, too, are 'priests unto God,' but he is the one man set apart, appointed in a particular way, and, if he is faithful, blessed with special grace for his high work.

There is a certain place in the service when the clergyman is acting in *both* capacities at the very same moment.

It is at the awful moment of Consecration in Holy Communion.

He stands with his back to the people, praying that solemn prayer and making those solemn acts which bring our Lord's most holy Presence near.

Why should he thus stand? why should he not turn to the people?

Simply because he is not speaking to them.

He is speaking to God. His face is towards that altar where he is offering to God the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Yet, at that same moment—standing before God in Christ's stead—he is also one with his people, pleading for forgiveness for their sins and his own.

I may add that when the priest stands it usually means that he is speaking *for* God to the people; and when he kneels he is usually speaking *to* God for the people.—*Mary Bell*.

It is better to suffer an injury than to commit one.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.

*AN OBJECTOR SILENCED
BY BISHOP CROWTHER*

When Bishop Weeks, of Africa, in his early days was travelling in England a gentleman, who was in the same railway carriage with him, began to attack him as a friend of missions.

"What," said he, "are the missionaries doing abroad? We do not hear much about their movements. We pay them pretty well, but seem to get a poor return for our money. I fancy they sit down quietly and make themselves comfortable."

There sat beside Mr. Weeks another traveller — an unmistakable negro. He waited quietly until the stranger had finished speaking, and then making a sign of silence to Mr. Weeks, begged to be permitted to reply.

"Sir," said he, "allow me to introduce myself to you as a result of the labour of missionaries whose work you depreciate. I am an African, and this man to whom you have been speaking is the means of my having become a Christian, and of my coming to this country in the capacity of a Christian minister."

The man who had thus attacked Christian missions looked at the black man beside him with mingled embarrassment and amazement. He could not be mistaken; there was a genuine typical African, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, with retreating forehead, and short curly hair, yet that man had addressed him in the language of a cultured and polished Englishman. He had felt all the refining power of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and there were in the very tones of his voice, and his

whole manner, the unmistakable signs of a Christian gentleman.

The accuser of missions sank into a reverie. He had no more to say as an objector.

That one man was a compensation for, and a vindication of, mission efforts.

That black man was none other than Samuel Adjai Crowther, afterwards consecrated as the first native Bishop of the Niger.

*FROM JERUSALEM TO
JOPPA BY RAIL.*

The governer of Palestine has inaugurated the construction of the railway from the Holy City to the seaport of Joppa, with due solemnities. In a few months the shrieks of the iron horse will be heard in the valleys that centuries ago echoed the mild words of the Nazarene. It seems almost like a sacrilege to introduce nineteenth century institutions into territory that is sacred in history and romance. But progress is irresistible, and sentiment can not and should not stand in the way of putting the Holy City in easy communication with the rest of the world. The new road starting from Jerusalem, where the station is to be near the tomb of King David, follows the valley of Hinnom, and runs westward past the site of the ancient Emmaus, along the path pursued by the Saviour after his resurrection; thence to the ancient Kirjath-Jearim, famous in Israelitish history as the resting-place, for many years, of the ark of the covenant after its recovery from the Philistines and previous to its removal to Jerusalem by King David. After crossing a rugged range of hills, the road follows the water-courses

direct to Joppa, Japho, or Jaffa as it is variously called. The Jordan branch of the new railway will run eastward from Jerusalem to Bethany, which Christ made the starting point of most of his journeys, and thence along the Jericho road, now, as of old, frequented by thieves, to the ancient city. This branch will not be built at present, but there is a very indefinite prospect of building eastward across Jordan to the site of Babylon, and thence down the Euphrates to the head of navigation. This is a part of the project to restore Palestine to its ancient prosperity, and make it once more the national headquarters of the Hebrews scattered throughout the world.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A METHODIST'S TESTIMONY TO THE PRAYER BOOK.

In his sermon on a late Sunday Rev. W. W. Carson, Pastor of the Kingston, Ont., Methodist Church, is reported to have said: "Who would take from the hands of those who use it that *incomparable* volume, the Book of Common Prayer? I do not say that it is perfect, nor that it could be improved by a judicious revision. But I do say that, take it for all in all, as a book of devotion and instruction it stands *without an equal in human language*. Its arrangement of Scripture readings is such that he who follows it practically reads his Bible through once a year. Then look at its Collects and Confessions, its Litany and its Te Deum, its prayers and its praises, in which every mood of worship finds such chaste and adequate expression. Take it from them who use it? The rather would I put a copy in the

hands of *each worshipper and urge a daily use of it.*" Many of the Wesleyan churches in England use the Liturgy regularly.

HOW TO HELP YOUR PASTOR.

- 1.—Hear him, never let him preach to your empty pew.
- 2.—Recommend him. Don't dig his grave with your tongue.
- 3.—Pray for him. The Master's blessing made the few loaves and fishes feed multitudes. Prayer will make what a pastor says and does, feed many.
- 4.—Pay him. That is honest, A half fed preacher needs food, and one that don't pay his grocery bills can do no good.
- 5.—Give him sympathy, real sympathy. Enter into actual fellowship with him in all his toils and cares. Jesus yearned for it in Gethsemane and so does your pastor.

The reason some people do not go to church and prayer-meeting more is not because the services are same and the people unsocial, but because the religious atmosphere of their souls, in its temperature, is away below zero.

The knell of the Reformed Episcopal body is being rung. In Toronto they have shut up one of their two places of worship, and with their minister, the Rev. A. Bilkey, now serving as a deacon in the parish of the Ascension, have come over to the Church. Their other community is in great difficulties. In Hamilton the same tale is told, and in Montreal they are struggling for a bare existence.

A hasty man never wanted woe.

Children's Department.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL—"WORSHIP YOUR KING."

All starlit the heaven, all fair is the night,
The Christ-child comes to us from king-
doms of light :

And the nine choirs of angels who bear
Him along
Are waking the spheres with melodious
song,

Raise high then your carols,
And grateful sing
The Christ child has come to us,
Worship your king.

Behold then at Bethlehem. no kingly hall
Receiveth our Saviour; by beasts in the
stall

One lady is watching the Lord of the sky,
The mother of Jesus is soothing His cry.

The prophets long since have this glad
night foretold,
Long since did their wisdom its vision un-
fold,

The Rosebud of Sharon, eternally blest,
Is blent with the lily and laid on his breast.

The Christ child is smiling and stretching
his hands

To loosen the fetters of sin from the lands ;
The Christ child is sleeping, draw near and
adore,

The winged host of Heaven keep guard by
the door.

All saints shall be with us on this night so
blest,

The militant church is the church now at
rest.

Sing high at the Christ Feast, sing praise
to their Lord

By men and by angels for ages adored.

JENNIE'S BRAVERY.

Jenny Gilchrist, a little romp of the village, had been assisting to decorate the beautiful Norman Church of which her father was sexton. It was Christmas Eve, and everything was ready for the early celebration, the last touches being placed on the decorations by the busy workers who

had now retired. Jenny tired out, had fallen asleep and now lay on a pew or bench in the middle of the aisle and the huge door was locked.

At last she realized her position. The moonlight shone softly into the great east window, her slanting beams falling across the open chancel but leaving the church otherwise sombre and dark. It was cold and suddenly Jennie woke up startled and horror-struck, with every sense on the alert, for she felt as if something was about to happen. Her strained ear caught the sound of voices in low tones. The accident of the girl being locked in seemed to be a fortunate one. Her head scarcely appeared above the pew and she listened until another sound convinced her that someone was trying to enter the church in an irregular way. "Thieves," instantly concluded Jenny and her brave little heart beat loud and quick. She bent down hiding in a corner, until in a moment more she was sure two men were getting in at a window. She reflected upon what course she should take to save the solid silver communion service which now adorned the credence bracket. She knew were it stolen, her father would probably be blamed. She was a little girl but she knew what sacrilege was and she looked with reverence on the chalice from which she and others partook of the Holy Eucharist. The thought of wicked hands touching it moved her to action.

The big pew in which she had fallen asleep so carelessly and yet so luckily was only a few steps from the vestry door. On hands and knees she crept there and putting off her boots, she put on the rector's

long surplice and let her golden hair down upon her shoulders. Then she took a little red berry from the decorations and deftly shot it with her finger and thumb to the other end of the church. When it fell with a slight rattle. One of the would-be robbers was kneeling on the window ledge outside, about to enter, and the other was just stepping into the church. The sound made both start and look round and then Jenny glided noiselessly into the chancel, standing with golden hair, pale face and white robe, erect in the stream of moonlight, pointing an arm at the thieves. A yell from the sacrilegious burglars broke the stillness of the night. The appearance of the ghost in that sacred place struck terror to their hearts. The man outside quickly dropped to the ground and ran away, while the other fell head foremost into the church, striking his head against an angle of the pew and lying insensible. A few strokes on the bell summoned help and thus Jenny Gilchrist became the village hero and escaped from her lonely position, while she had the satisfaction of knowing her thoughtfulness and bravery had saved the church plate. It was a joyful Christmas for both her and her father.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock!"

The days work was over, and in the quiet of that December night as the year drew to a close, John Madden, a sturdy churchman and a faithful man, sat by the fireside reading the beautiful verse aloud to his wife: "Behold I stand at the door and knock!"

Suddenly there was a pause in the

reader's voice. Two little hands had imprisoned his knee, two eyes full of wonder were raised to his face, and in child's tones asked feelingly: "But why, father, why didn't they let Him in?"

Little Jack, busy tossing his ball up and down against the cottage wall, had caught the sweet sound of our Saviour's gracious words and full of surprise had run to his father with the eager question: "Why didn't they let him in?"

Ah, it must seem strange to the angels and to God Himself as well as to little ones, this neglect of the Saviour's pleading call. Again and again Christ has knocked at the door of your heart. Will you allow 1890 to pass without Christ's knock being heeded? Scores of times no doubt He has knocked and sought in vain for an entrance. At some children's service when you heard the parson's earnest pleading you felt Christ was knocking. When you were appealed to in your Sunday School class by your teacher, and again when you were preparing for Holy Confirmation, you heard that gentle call: Son, give me thine heart. Suffer me to enter in. When some little friend or near relation was borne from your side to the lonely grave and the truth came before you again that death reaps from the young as well as the old, you heard his knock and you suffered Him to pass by neglected.

O hesitate no longer. Open the door of your heart. Offer it to Him just as it is, (a cage of welcome birds, as the prophet says,) and he will cleanse and purify and sanctify it and make it a fit dwelling place for the King of Kings. Open it to Him who has bought it with His blood and you will not regret your action.

as long as life's fitful fever lasts. Remember you are not your own. Christ owns your body and soul, therefore you should yield to Him that which is His by purchase, but which to be made acceptable in His sight must be freely given.

SUNDAY AT ALL TIMES.

To different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship; Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

When you come into church late you think, "Better late than never." Learn it this way, "Better *never* late."

A man said to me the other night "I would not have missed your sermon for \$10." When the collection box was passed, that man put in a copper cent,

They who are always watching others, generally need the greater watching themselves; if they have no knowledge of evil themselves, they will not know how to suspicion it in others.

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.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I care not for Spring, on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne;
He woos them 'amain with his treacherous
rain

And he scatters them 'ere the morn.
An inconsistent elf, he knows not himself,
Nor his own changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and with wry grim-
ace

He'll wither your tenderest flower.

Let the summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh
aloud

And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child is the madness wild,
That sports in fierce fever's train,
And where love is too strong it don't last
long

As many have found their pain.

A mild harvest night by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.

But every leaf awaketh my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
And let Autumn air be ever so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

Put my song I troll out for Christmas stout
The hearty, the true and the bold,
My voice will raise in blessings and praise,
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or
sup

And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard weather scars;
But they're no disgrace, for there's much
the same trace,

On the cheeks of the bravest tars.
Then again I'll sing, 'till the roof doth ring.
And it echoes from wall to wall,
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night
As the King of the seasons all.

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