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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.

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Miss Miller

April 29

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.

FOR CHURCH WORK.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

A little longer will that unseen Hand hold up
Time's curtain, ere it falls before the changing scenes
Which make up these mysterious acts of life.
A little longer must we drink the bitter cup
And live to understand what all its anguish means,
And why we have to meet this hard, unequal strife,
Struggling till the battle ends, with brave
yet meek endeavour.
Fight on! dear ones, "a little while,"—
'tis not oh! not for ever.

A little longer must we bear them ere we lay
Our burdens down, and turn to His cool shades to rest,
And all the sorrows of this weary earth forget.
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?"
"Watch and pray"
Till the great Reaper gathers in His harvest, lest

He find you sleeping then,— a little longer yet—
Till the Cross changes for the Golden Crown that fadeth never;
Then bear thy cross "a little while,"— 'tis not, oh! not for ever.

A little longer must we see those whom we love
Carried from our sight, in Death's cold embrace to sleep,
And weep o'er that low mound where our beloved lies.
Yet we know that faithful souls shall meet us above—
The Harvest-home waits till after God's angels reap,
When all who fell asleep in Christ shall first arise.
Then soul and body re-united, never more shall sever,—
Rejoice! sad hearts—"a little while"—
'tis not, oh! not for ever B.

A SURE PAYMASTER.—Anne of Austria, Queen of France, remonstrating with her bitter enemy, Cardinal Richelieu, observed: "My lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem entirely to have forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of a week or month or year, but I charge you remember that He pays in the end."

Who spends before he thrives, will beg before he thinks.

TRUTH AND PEACE.

God's peace—the only peace worth having—cannot be obtained except through truth. No peace can be lasting, or have God's blessing, if it is obtained through half-truths, for

"A lie that is half the truth
Is ever the blackest of lies."

Compromises for the sake of peace must ever be carefully examined in the light of strict principle, and principle in religious matters must be consistent with the axiom of Victor of Lerins: "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus credendum est.*" In other words we are to give up nothing through compromise which has been received by God's Church always, everywhere, and by the faithful. He who is willing, for the sake of so-called peace, to betray any principle of the faith, is willing for the sake of a temporary peace, or for popularity's sake, to give up what he lightly values, and which is not his to give.

Rev. Doctors Brooks and Donald, of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, have lately distinguished themselves even more than usual by a willingness to give up the Historic Episcopate of the Catholic Church in order to obtain unity with the Congregationalists of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. At the installation of two Congregationalist ministers to take the place of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, both these

rev. gentlemen of the P. E. Church heard those two Congregationalist ministers define their faith as a fluid capable of accommodating itself to the changing opinions of the present age, and by no means restricted to a belief in the Trinity. After hearing such a declaration of budding Unitarianism, Messrs. Brooks and Donald effusively declared their belief not only in the fitness of the new candidates as pastors of the flock of Christ, but also of their due ordination to so sacred an office.

We need scarcely say that if this be allowed by the Protestant Episcopal Church to pass without authoritative comment by the Bishops and other Church authorities, as have been the former public utterances of these two Reverend representatives of that Church, a long stride backwards will be endorsed—not towards primitive Catholicity—but Arianism, Free thought, and ultimate Infidelity. This "liberality" of Broad Churchism will place a heavy discount on the opinions entertained by the faithful as to the progress of our sister Church in the United States, and go far to confirm the Anglican Church in her public use of the Athanasian Creed, which—*notwithstanding the objections of Broad Churchism amongst us*—has done so much to teach us that Jesus Christ is "very God of very God, . . . being of one substance with the Father," and also that the Holy

Ghost is God,—or in other words, that the Catholic Church teaches us to worship God, who is the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, co-eternal together, and co-equal. Thus the erratic “swapping” of opinions with schismatics and heretics will remove to an indefinite distance that blessed unity, founded on Truth and Peace for which all the faithful of every name are praying to Him who desires that all His may be one, that the world may believe that the Father hath sent the Son.

In these days of Church life and activity, every mail brings us tidings of the battle between faith and infidelity in which primitive truth is being recovered at the cost of bitter persecution, and reckless and uncharitable accusation. It is a good sign that charity is found—as it ought to be—on the winning side. The Church militant has most to fear from the camp followers, the mixed multitude of half-hearted, nominal Churchmen. Many of those who have through conviction come over to us from the ranks of Dissent, are amongst our most valiant and able defenders of the primitive faith and practice. The bitter cry of the half-hearted now is that their numbers are rapidly diminishing. “*Hinc ille lachrymæ.*” This is the reason of those (bitter) tears.

God sitteth between the Cherubim,

be the earth never so unquiet. Though the floods rise, they bear up the Ark. The gates of Hell shall never prevail against God’s Church. Her strength lies in unflinching charity, and a firm hold on primitive truth. “The Church is in danger!” is a very old cry. But “out of the nettle danger, we pluck the flower safety.” Anything is better than the inactivity and slovenliness of times now passing away. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States will, with God’s help, soon clear her skirts of Arianism and false liberality. She will do this all the sooner because of the lawlessness of some of high position and intellectual ability, giddy now, to the point of falling, by reason of the applauding cries of the unthinking crowd below, who look upon them as the representatives of the faith of a popularity-seeking church.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS.

We hear a good deal, these days, of the “lawlessness” of those who are unwilling to interpret the rubrics of the Prayer Book by the judgments delivered upon them by the Privy Council of Her Majesty the Queen.

Those recalcitrants should rather “hear the Church,” on disputed points,—at all events until those Privy Council Judgments are brought

into something approaching consistency. They have been tabulated as follows by Canon Lucas, one of the Proctors in Convocation :

They have ruled—

Twice that the ornaments of 1549 may be used ;

Twice that they may *not*.

Once that "standing before the Table" applies to what follows ;

Twice that it does *not*.

Once that wheaten breads may be made round ;

Once that they may *not*.

Once that the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth are inconsistent with her Prayer Book ;

Once that they are *not*.

Once that a cross may be placed over the holy Table ;

Once that it may *not*.

Once that the priest, when consecrating, may stand in front of the Table ;

Once that he may *not*.

Chadsmoor new church is being built on an interesting plan. It is briefly that of having memorial stones inscribed with the names of those who contribute ten shillings to the building. The stones will be laid in string-courses round the body of the church. The names of the donors are to be cut in the stone and laid with gold, and will look as well in fifty years time as when first laid. Those who wish it can have plain stones, or the name of a departed friend engraved as a memorial. A committee of working men employed in the district are enthusiastic in pressing the work forward. The scheme is a novel one, and we wish that our space permitted us to give more of its details.

WHAT WE DON'T WANT.

We don't want a religion that is one thing, and a business that is another thing.

We don't want to divorce religion from what, in a *business* sense, are called "things secular."

In God's Word there is no such distinction. Whatever we do, we are to aim to do all to the glory of God. If our business has nothing to do with religion, religion has certainly nothing to do with us. The true Christian will seek to make so-called secular things *sacred*; remembering, as George Herbert sweetly sings :

"If done to obey God's laws,
Even servile labours shine :
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine !"

Sunday rightly kept will hallow the whole week, and bring daily blessing to cheer the daily toil.

The late Dr. Joseph B. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, was a Patron of the Free and Open Church Association, and a firm believer in the *principle* for which we contend, and a strong supporter of the movement generally. Both comfort and stimulus may be derived in applying to our branch of Church work his own words at his last Diocesan Conference. "What after all is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the waters till they are lost in an ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty, rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilising tide of the River of God—flows on for ever and ever."

LAPLANDER BABIES IN
CHURCH.

The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to church. Every missionary is sure of a large audience and an attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he drop one himself; the congregation wouldn't make so much noise as that under any consideration.

Of course Lapp mothers, like Canadian mothers, have to face the question, "What shall I do with the baby?" They cannot let the noisy little creatures disturb the congregation (Lapp children make as much noise as any other children). What is to become of them, then?

The problem is solved in the following manner:

All the babies are *buried outside in the snow!* As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, father Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mother Lapp wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then the snow is piled around it, and the parents go quietly into church.

Over twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church like so many little parcels, and apparently the arrangement has been found to answer quite satisfactorily!

In this country we have the *babies* but not the *snow*. Canadian mothers cannot, therefore, follow the Lapland mother in the above interesting manner. But surely the zeal of these women should teach a lesson to many a mother who makes the baby serve as an excuse for her not attending the services of the Church.

God never intended a little child to be the cause of keeping a mother away from His Sanctuary. There are times when she must stay at home on baby's account, but I do not hesitate to say that on forty Sundays out of the fifty two she could worship God in His House of Prayer. *It is not the baby that keeps her at home all the time.*

I am acquainted with a woman who has not been inside the Church more than six times during the past twenty years, and her children have always served as excuses. That woman never, to my knowledge, found any difficulty in leaving the baby at home during the week. She would spend hours at neighbors' houses. But on Sunday there was a change for the worse. The baby was always sure to "take on," and she would have to stop at home to look after it. After the children grew to be big boys and girls, and the early excuse had to be given up, another was immediately found: She had to stay at home and let the children go to church; the house would not be safe if all went away. She was the martyr still.

What an excuse for a mother to offer to God at the last for this awful neglect of Him!

Instead of setting an example of zeal and love for God to her children, she makes them the cause of her neglecting Him altogether.

Women to whom God has extended the care of little ones, look to it that you don't hold them up as barriers between yourselves and your Heavenly Father.

Surely, if you are in earnest, some way might easily be devised by which you could come to church and have your own spiritual life

quicken, and at the same time be setting your children such an example as might be a help and a blessing to them all their days.

When tempted by Satan to neglect your duty to God on His holy day, persuading you that you have a just excuse in your motherly care for your child, just think of the zeal and love of the Lapp mothers, who plainly prove the truth of that oft repeated saying :

“Where there’s a will there’s a way.”

A SULKY TEMPER.

It all came of a sulky temper. I was a sulky child. If I was punished for wrong doing at home or at school I went into a sulk, and continued in one for some hours after. If anyone spoke sharply to me, or thwarted me in any way, it was the same. I was sure to go about with an angry scowl upon my face, feeling as if all the world was against me.

My mother once said to me, on one occasion, “It makes me ill to see you, child,” and I am sure I often made her much more angry than she would have been if I had not sulked as I did.

My dear old father, too, would re-monstrate with me now and again. “Bess,” he said once, looking straight at me with his honest blue eyes, full of trouble : “How do you expect to pull through life if you’re going to take offence at everything that’s said to you, like this? You’ll bring some trouble upon yourself, child, sure enough, if you don’t try to overcome this sulky temper of yours. The good God won’t let it go on without giving you a lesson or two to make

you remember. Have a care, Bess : have a care.”

How little he or I thought in what form the lesson would come to me!

My father was a farmer, and it was the custom with us that he and I should drive to market on a Saturday morning with the fresh eggs, butter, and poultry that mother had got ready, neatly packed up the day before. I had done this from quite a young child, first for the pleasure of “a drive with father,” and then because I could help him sell in the market, and leave mother free to see to the younger children and clean up the house for Sunday.

It was one Spring day, when I was about sixteen years old, I am going to tell you about. I mind well everything that happened on that day, as clear as though I saw it all now : how father and I sat ready to start in the gig, and just lingered a little talking to mother. Ah! how bright and fresh her face looked that morning, as she stood there smiling and chatting in her lilac gown, with the April sunshine dancing in her eyes : I never saw her look like that again.

“I’ve put your bit of luncheon under the seat at the back,” she said, “It’s tied up in the red ’kerchief, so you wont have any difficulty in finding it. Don’t be late in starting to come back, James ; it’s such a long drive, and the last few nights have been as dark as pitch. Bess, you use your eyes well for your father, there’s a good girl. It’s getting time we should leave off taking care of you, you are growing such a big lass now, and should let you take care of us for a change, eh, Daddy?”

Father smiled at that, and patted

my cheek, and then he touched up the old mare, and off we started.

"Yes," he said with a little sigh; "Dad's getting a bit dim-sighted now, Bessie. The years fly fast, very fast, my child."

It gave me a sharp pain at my heart to hear him speak so. I loved my father more than any one in the world.

It was a good market that day, and we sold nearly all the poultry we had, and every one of the pretty little bunches of primroses mother had tied up so carefully with ferns all around, and one gillyflower in the middle of each. I felt quite triumphant as I handed over the last and dropped twopence in my pocket, which was already heavy. Mother would be so pleased.

I was standing talking to a woman in the stall next to ours, when father called to me to pack up the baskets, as he was off to fetch the mare, and put her into the cart. "I shall only be a few minutes, Bess," he said, "so look as sharp as you can. It's late now, and getting as dark as dark can be. Try and be ready by the time I'm back, lass." But somehow, in spite of his injunctions, I lingered talking, and had not begun to pack up when I saw him again, coming towards me through the now almost deserted market. He was put out, and very justly, at my disobedience, and spoke somewhat sharply in consequence.

"Go and see the mare doesn't move, at once, Bessie, while I pack up myself. You ought to have done as I told you, instead of gossiping there—naughty lass!

I felt my face flush an angry scarlet, and I threw back my head proudly. "Father might have wait-

ed to reprove me till we were alone," I said to myself resentfully, and as I stood holding Dobbin's head I felt so deeply injured that the tears welled up into my eyes, and I had to brush them away, lest father should see them.

He took the reins from me when he came, without a word, but bent over me with his usual tender care before starting, to wrap my shawl tighter round my shoulders. Then we jogged along the lighted streets in silence. It was, indeed, a dark night—no sign of moon or stars to relieve the dense blackness.

Presently father spoke, and I fancied his voice was a little nervous.

"I don't remember being out on a thicker night, Bess; it makes it a bit fearsome driving, but your eyes are quick."

I just murmured something which was not meant to be intelligible, for one of my sulks had come on, and I determined to be as unsociable as I possibly could. So, after that there was silence again, except for the sound of Dobbin's quick trot on the hard road, and the night breeze sighing through the trees.

Suddenly, through the darkness, not more than a few yards off, I saw something coming. It looked like a great wagon, but had no lights, so that I could not tell for certain what it was. We had no lights either, for the matter of that, or what happened then would never have happened. It seemed to me father made a pause, and a sort of movement, as if listening, but he did not speak, and the thought just flashed through me, should I do so, and tell him there was danger? "No," said the evil spirit within me promptly, "it will be all right: he has often man-

aged without your help: there is no need at all for you to speak, and you know you have made up your mind to show your displeasure by silence."

So I was silent.

I don't know how it all happened—it was the work of a moment. I only know I felt myself suddenly falling, and heard father cry out "Bessie!" in a tone of sharp pain and bewilderment. Then all was dark.

When I saw him again he was lying ready for his last resting place, with his hands folded upon his breast.

It was mother who came to fetch me to him, and there was that in her poor white, quivering face which I dared not resist, though my heart failed me, and my knees trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

But when we reached the room where he lay, she left me alone with him—alone with that still pale form, my own heart, and God, and kneeling there beside the bed in that hour of scorching anguish, I was cured of my sulky temper.—*Margaret Alice Day.*

Whatever may be said of the persecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, one cannot doubt but that there was great truth in what Sir Walter Phillimore urged at the close of his speech on Friday last. "A quarter of a century hence," he said, "those of us who may be alive will smile at this trial. Every restoration from the slumber of the eighteenth century has been in its turn treated as Popish, even if it were in compliance with the plain terms of the rubrics. The Church militant prayer, surplices in the pulpit, surpliced choirs, week-day services, saints' day servi-

ces, early communions, frequent communions, credence tables, coloured altar-cloths, reredoses—all alike have been treated for a time as rags of Popery: all alike are now admitted to the light of popular favor; though the skirts of the cloud of disapproval still rest upon the last." This is not the rhetorical peroration of a practised advocate: it is the plain statement of facts, as any of us who have reached middle age know of our experience. Into few decently ordered churches can one go nowadays without coming across many ornaments and customs which nobody feels the slightest astonishment at; but which thirty years ago caused heart-searchings and riots. But narrowness of sympathy, and unreasonableness of intellect, die hard. Thirty or fifty years are not, after all, long in the history of a Church's existence; and perhaps the wonder is, not that the Church Association should be to-day prosecuting the Bishop of Lincoln, but that so many bitterly denounced things should have come so readily to be accepted by us. Before the candle goes out there is often a brilliant flicker. Let us hope that this trial is the brilliant but last flicker of the persecuting party in our Church, before it dies down into darkness and oblivion.—*Church Bells.*

How brave, how patient, how willing should we be in bearing our Cross; how trustful that all is for the best, that all will end well, that perfect love and perfect wisdom will magnify itself, even the more signally and the more triumphantly because of the passing clouds of trial which for a while have been permitted to perplex and test the faith of God's elect!—*Rev. T. T. Carter.*

A VERY CLEVER MAN.

Half educated people, who have read little and thought less, can make life very quiet and free from care. They can settle very hard questions in a light-hearted off-hand way, and fancy that they have quickly got to the bottom of deep subjects on which the greatest minds dwell humbly for a lifetime. Some one talks to them what sounds fine, or they get hold of a pamphlet, the bold statements of which are all new to them. They cannot answer what is put before them, and they take for granted that no one else can do so. They think, in their ignorant vanity, that they have found out truth and wisdom. They know nothing of what can be said and has been said on the other side. So some worn-out nonsense is prized by them and boasted of as the newest and highest wisdom. They look down with scorn on those who know all they know; and who, knowing a great deal more, can judge of truth and falsehood, and give each part of truth its right place.

A clergyman, visiting in his parish, talked to a woman about church-going. Asking whether her husband went to church, the answer was, "Oh, my husband is a very clever man, he does not believe in God." It was startling to get a plain hint that the man's cleverness and his unbelief went together, as if faith were a sign of stupidity. So the woman plainly thought. Her reverence for her husband made her take for granted that he was right, and she lived and brought up her children godlessly, quite sure that her clever husband who said there was no God, knew all about the matter.

Presently the Queen was named. The woman at once said, "Oh, my husband does not believe in the Queen." He did not believe, she said, in a God, or in the Queen. But after all, he meant much the same about both.

Now, whether a man believes in the Queen or not, he cannot help the fact that there is one. In this country she is the head of the State, and all authority is put forth in her name. The good order, and safety, and prosperity of the people, depend upon that authority being enforced and obeyed. If a man choose to break the laws, or refuse to pay his taxes, he is prosecuted. The report of the case in the papers is headed, "The Queen against so and so," whatever his name may be. There is no question whether he believes in the Queen or not; he finds out to his cost that his opinion does not help him. If he expresses it, he is laughed at, and he has to pay a fine, or go to prison, or bear whatever punishment the judge may order in the name of the Queen. He still perhaps does not believe there ought to be a Queen, but the loss of money or liberty proves that there is one, whom it is very foolish to defy.

Most of the people who say they don't believe there is a God, really mean that they would rather there were not a God. No one who has carefully thought out the question, can shew any good cause for saying that at the head of all that is and of all that goes on, there is no ruling power and mind. To believe that all things came into being, and fell into their places, and keep their place, by themselves, is a far harder strain on faith than the Christian doctrine is. Any one with any

brains can see this, and can also see how very hard it is to set aside all the proofs in which the Christian world rejoices. But shallow people, and people whose reading and thinking and living are of the world, do not like God to be on his throne telling them what to believe and what to do. They want to have a voice in these things, and to make their own rule of life. They want to have their own way, which they cannot have under the King of the Kingdom of Heaven. So they, in their thoughts, dethrone God, either by denying that there is a God at all, or else by making an image in their own imaginations, which is no more the true God than was the golden calf which Aaron made for the Jews.

But man's opinion about a fact does not make that fact not be, or change it from what it is to something else. And all the good which men find in life comes from His rule, which he brings to bear on us in many ways, and by many means. If we break His laws laid down in nature, we are the worse for it; and we find that we cannot defy those laws, or carelessly break them without feeling that there is a power stronger than our own.

And when we come to leave this world, it will not help us to say that we do not believe in the God before whom we must appear. Perhaps we will wish then that there were no God, and think it better to be allowed to "die and be done with." But we shall not be asked what we think or wish. That will not do away with or change the facts which we shall have to face.

Surely any man who calls himself "clever," will be very slow to dare

to say that he has thought out the question to the end, and that there is no God. Surely there is no more dull folly than to act as if there were no God, trusting that we know better than all the ablest men who are sure that there is a God, whom they know and can hold communion with.

THEM THAT HEAR THEE.

"Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee."

So speaks S. Paul to S. Timothy. It is good and needful advice. All the Clergy may well follow it.

But not the Clergy only. We are accustomed to speak of the "Priesthood of the Laity;" and we do well in speaking of it. For Christians are a "royal priesthood," as S. Peter says. Like the Jews we are "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." And our privileges are far greater than those of the Jews.

If then we are all priests unto God, we must save ourselves and "them that hear" us. You must save, do all you can to save "them that hear" you. And one way of saving them is to let them hear you, to speak to them, and to lead them to listen to the Word of God.

Who hears *you*? Do you even speak "a word in season" or out of season? If not, why not? You hold a sacred office. You have heard the truth. You have a commission from God to spread that truth.

You think it is not of much consequence. But it is. And S. Paul tells us how much (1 S. Tim. iv 16.) It concerns your salvation. Think

you that S. Paul would have connected S. Timothy's salvation with the salvation of those that heard him, if there was no real connection between the two things?

Do not deceive yourself. S. Paul does not here warn S. Timothy against false doctrine, and the evil consequences of it in the case of others as well as in his own case. This is a second question. The first question is, Are you doing it right?

Here, you say, is your difficulty. You are afraid to do anything, lest you should make mistakes. But I do not ask you to preach or to discuss difficult religious questions. I ask you only to use your influence quietly yet perseveringly in leading men's souls to Christ, and keeping them in the right way. Do what you can. Only do not leave your work undone, keep the great object before you, and you will not lack opportunities.

HOLY ORDERS.

Bishop Huntington said: "The chief obstacle to the one-ness which our Lord enjoined is a refusal of the Apostolic ministry which He instituted by His direct authority at a most decisive moment, and under His most impressive hand and seal. Indications are unmistakable that Christians about us are more and more willing,—some of them are eager—to accept almost everything in the Catholic system except the orders. St. Augustine spent half a dozen years (before becoming a Christian)—not in arguing against Catholic truth—but against blind men's conceptions of it."

Talk little of your own grievances.

FOREIGN DEVELOPMENT OF OUR CHURCH.

The New Year leads the Gospel Propagation Society's organ to review the "foreign" development of our Church during 1889. Chota-Nagpur has become a diocese; our missionaries have landed in New Guinea; the first bishop has been consecrated for Corea. In the older mission-fields there are numerous notes of advance. The case of Madagascar is conspicuous for the self-help of the native converts, the prosperity of its episcopal seminary, and the erection of a cathedral at the capital. In India, Tinnevely keeps its forefront place in the Christian advance; in November, Bishop Caldwell, assisted by his chaplain and seven other clergy, baptised at one village 303 persons, of whom 187 were adults, the sacrament being ministered on the site of a previously razed temple of demons; and 150 more of the residents are catechumens. This society has memorialized the British government against the liquor traffic among the natives of Africa, on learning that an International Conference on the affairs of that continent was contemplated. From its organ one also learns that in Central America, notwithstanding the stoppage of works on M. Lessep's canal, that ill-starred enterprise has resulted in the permanent settlement "of about 6,000 of our race as small farmers and cultivators, in the midst of a Roman Catholic and semi-civilized population."

The remedy for present opposition consists in Faith, Hope and Charity.

Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble.

*THE RESURRECTION OF
JESUS CHRIST PROVES
HIS DIVINITY.*

That Jesus Christ is risen from the dead is a fact which must be proved like any other fact. It is, in the first place, an exterior and physical fact, because it falls under the domain of things of sense; it is, moreover, a doctrinal fact, because it puts the seal on a body of doctrines, with which it is connected, and completes it; and lastly, it is a social fact, because it is closely bound up with the existence of a society of which it is the foundation and basis. Now of every fact, whether physical, doctrinal or social, three questions must be asked: What certainty has it assumed? What publicity has it received? What belief has it met with?

Now, I maintain that certainty in the highest degree, publicity in the highest degree, and faith in the highest degree, are to be found in the fact of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Twelve men follow a Man like themselves for three years; a short time before His death they forsake Him. A few days afterwards they assert that He is risen, that they have seen, and heard, and touched Him, and that they have placed their hands in His wounds; they assert later that they have conversed with him during forty days: that He has appeared to them, not once, but often; not in one place only, but in many places; that He appeared, not to them only, but to more than five hundred men. They assert further that they did not believe before they saw, but that they believed because they saw, that it was the

sight which had caused their doubts to vanish and did away with their distrust. This is what they assert, and certainly such an assertion is the most wonderful that human lips have ever pronounced. And for the very reason that is the most wonderful assertion the world has ever heard, it supposes either the strongest evidence or the greatest impiety, joined to the strangest madness. For if Jesus Christ was not risen, what more impious than to make men believe so monstrous an error? If Jesus Christ was not risen, what greater folly than to assert His resurrection before men who could punish such audacity with death, and before God, who could but reserve the terrors of his justice for such a deceit?

What unutterable folly! What monstrous iniquity! And were the Apostles men capable of such folly? Could so much good sense, so much calmness, so much wisdom, so much reasonableness, exist side by side with such madness? Or were the Apostles wicked men? Could so much humility, so much charity, so much conscientiousness, so much uprightness, exist side by side with such fearful wickedness, such deep villainy? Who would dare to maintain it, and who could believe it? Or perhaps the Apostles, without being accused either of impiety or folly, must be regarded as visionaries who believed they had seen what they had not seen, and who mistook the dreams of an excited brain, or the phantoms of a heated imagination, for realities? But if there is one thing to be remarked in their conduct, it is their want of eagerness, or rather their extreme hesitation in admitting the fact of the re-

surrection. To begin with, they regard the story of the holy women who had visited the sepulchre as an idle tale. When Jesus Christ appeared to them and said, "Behold My Hands and My Feet, that it is I Myself; handle Me, and see; a spirit has not flesh and bones as you see Me have," they did not even then believe; it was not till He ate before them that they believed in the reality of His corporal presence.

—*Abbé Freppel.*

THE ADOPTION OF SONS.

We often miss the great meaning of what God teaches in the Bible by taking texts alone, without looking at the whole passage of which they are a part. Most mistakes about truth come from this careless or wilful way of reading, and there is much loss of light and comfort and warning. S. Paul gives us some wonderful words in the 3rd chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians, at the 26th and 27th verses: "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." These words are often quoted; but their right and full meaning is lost, unless their place in the apostle's argument is clearly seen. S. Paul is urging that a new state of things has come since Christ has lived and died, and gone up on high to be Head over all things to His Church. He points out that Christians are not under "the law," but under "the faith," for which "the law" prepared; and they have a new relationship to God through Christ, whose life is made one with theirs, and that living in the faith of Jesus Christ they re-

ceive grace to be well-pleasing to their divine Father.

The Revised version gives the words more as St. Paul wrote them: "For ye are all Sons of Christ, by faith, in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ." There is a comma before and after the words "by faith," so that we have the statement, "Ye are all Sons of God in Christ Jesus," meaning that the union with Him, which was not given to men in the time of "the law," but which is ours in the time of the Gospel, makes us the Sons of God. It is as members of Christ that we can call God Father.

The words which follow tell us how we were made one with Christ, and they tell of something that was done at a fixed time that we can look back upon. As many of us as were baptised into Christ, that is, made one with Him by the Spirit's work in God's Sacrament of Baptism, did put on Christ, that is, did put on His holy nature, which is the nature of God, and is able to change our whole being till it is like that of Christ.

Here is our great dignity under the Gospel. Our baptism was no mere outward form of admission into a society of people who hold certain truths and own certain claims of God upon them. It was an inward work by which God's Spirit, who can work in what ways and by what means He wills, joined us sons of men to the Only-begotten Son of God. "In Christ Jesus" we are all Sons of God. We have not, as if we were still under the law, to hope and try by anything we can think, or feel, or do, to become Sons of God. That high place has been

made ours by the free grace of Him who has adopted us. We did put on Christ, for we were baptized into Christ. This is what St. Paul says, and he knew the truth which he taught.

So we have great hope. We can have the spirit of adoption, we can be led in our life by the same Spirit which brought us into God's family, and so live in deed and truth as "The Sons of God." We can more and more make our own the good of which we are heirs, till as "children of the Resurrection," we find the fulness of the wealth prepared by the boundless love of our Father for His faithful children.

So also we have great responsibility. Our sin is against a father. It is going from our home. It is putting off Christ, and choosing rather to live in union with the first Adam, who fell and was doomed to die. Is not many a soul parted from God and life, because it does not know or believe what God has done for it, and cannot hope to win God's favor? So it has the spirit of bondage, and dreads God with a shrinking distrust; or as if it were still under the law, and the Gospel had never been proclaimed, strives vainly to please God as a slave.

MODERN FORMS OF PERSECUTION.

There is a Protestant Popery. The subtle spirit of intolerance can inhabit all hearts, speak all languages, swear by, or at, all creeds; it can inspire the Pope and the man who denounces the Pope, the persecutor and the persecuted, the Radical and the Conservative, the reformer and the enemy of reform. Faithful souls have suffered that we may

not have the power of suppressing opinion in the way men once did: we are obliged to limit ourselves to other kinds of racks and thumb-screws, to bitter words, theological nicknames, mean insinuations, back-biting, anonymous letter-writing, spiritual kyocting, to craft, cunning, vain-boasting, false-witness, pious frauds, and using the machinery of our Church and sect and religious newspaper, and our influence in a community, to injure and crush persons whose opinions we dislike. We cannot kill bodies, but we try to kill reputations.

APPRECIATIONS FROM SUBSCRIBERS.

From a lady in Dorchester, N. B.: "CHURCH WORK is a very welcome visitor to me. I could not spare it, there is so much interesting matter I wish it success."

From a Professor in a Nova Scotian University: "I think CHURCH WORK an admirable little publication.

From a lady in Ontario: "I enjoy reading your monthly paper, and would not be without it. Often one of its articles is worth a year's subscription."

From a subscriber in Queens Co., N. S.: "I am very fond of CHURCH WORK."

More light has been thrown upon the question of episcopal insignia. A correspondent of a Church paper describing the first service of the Bishop of Michigan in his diocese, said that "he bore the insignia of his office, a purple-covered Prayer Book, over which his serious face bent." The "magpie," a purple-covered book, and a serious face—what more is needed?

Children's Department.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian Angels ! round my bed,
Shelter me with wings outspread ;
Give me thoughts of God's dear love,
Make me think of things above ;
Make me think that Christ is near,
Fill my heart with love and fear !
Holy Love with beams so bright,
Making morn from dead of night,
Kindling in our hearts a fire
Which once lit can ne'er expire,—
Holy Fear that makes us yearn
More of Christ to know and learn,
Keep me through the long dark night,
Guide my mind to think aright !

STRANGE EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Perhaps the most peculiar edition of all the Bibles to which a special name has been given is that known as the "Bug" Bible, dated 1549. A perfect copy brought recently the high sum of \$300, and some years ago \$225 was obtained at Sotheby's auction rooms for an admittedly imperfect specimen. The name which has been given to it arises from the reading of Psalm xci, verse 5. "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid for any *buggies* by nyghte." This Bible was suppressed by the clergy on account of the prologues which gave them great offence.

The famous "Whig" Bible is another very rare one, and is seldom found in a perfect condition. It was published at Geneva in 1562, and has received its curious name on account of the reading of S. Matthew v, verse 9, "Blessed are the *placemakers*."

The folio authorized version (Barker's, of 1611) received the name of the "Great He" Bible from the blunder which substituted "he" for

"she" in the last clause of Ruth iii, 15. "And *she* shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life, and a nourisher of thine old age." The printer corrected his error in the new edition, the two editions are therefore spoken of as the "Great He" and "Great She" Bibles. Both are now very rare.

Another Bible which is now extremely scarce, and which is yearly increasing in value is the black letter "Treacle" Bible, dated 1575. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" (Jer viii) is a phrase we have all read or heard ; but the printer of this particular edition asks, "Is there no *treacle* in Gilead?"

An edition more curious than rare is that known as the "Bank Note" Bible. Some eccentric printer in 1796, conceived the idea of printing the Scriptures entirely on bank note paper, hence the name. This Bible is a beautiful specimen of the art typographic, but, as we have said, it is not rare, and copies are printed generally at about six dollars.

Another curious edition of the Bible is the well known "Breeches" Bible. It derives the name from a blunder of the printer in Genesis iii, 7. "And they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves *breeches*." The writer of this article has a copy of this Bible, which is very old and in perfect preservation. It has bound up into it the book of Common Prayer, and shews marks of having been well read. It was picked up at a low price on a bookseller's stand in London.

Considering the large numbers of editions which have been put forth it is really wonderful that no more errors should have arisen. During

this century 124 million copies of the Bible have been printed in England and America. A few years ago in the reign of Edward I, the price of a Bible was \$185, and it would have required the wages of 18 years to enable a laborer to purchase a single copy. B.

A STORY FROM JAPAN.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:

"It seems to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower seed; little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbor coming in and seeing these flowers, said, 'Oh! how beautiful! I must have some too: won't you please give me some seed? Now, if this neighbor had only just seen the flower seed she wouldn't 'ave called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity; when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too.'

"And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

SCRAPS.

He is evil that is willing to make evil men his friends.

Broad Churchism, now the bane of the P. E. Church in the United States, owes the greater part of its ill-omened success to the want of the Athanasian Creed in the public services of that Church.

Pain, which by nature leads us only to ourselves, carries on the Christian mind from the thought of self to the contemplation of Christ, His Passion, His merits and His pattern; and thence further to that united company of sufferers who follow Him. He is the great object of our faith; and while we gaze upon Him, we learn to forget ourselves.

Remember how, in the night storm on the sea, when the disciples' hearts failed them for fear of that dim, mysterious Form which drew near, half hidden by the darkness, the voice of their Master spoke instant peace. "It is I, be not afraid." If you, indeed, know Who it is that cometh to you upon the waves of afflictions, amidst the darkness of this trial, you will not be dismayed.

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

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