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THE DIOCESAN
AND
PARISH MAGAZINE
Victoria, B. C.

Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 4

Calendar.

Oct.		
10	M	C. E. T. S. meeting in Cathedral Schools 8 p. m.
11	T	
12	W	
13	Th	
14	F	
15	S	
16	S	19th Sunday after Trinity.
17	M	
18	T	St. Luke Evangelist. Laying foundation stone of St.
19	W	[Luke's Church, Cedar Hill at 3 p. m.]
20	Th	
21	F	
22	S	
23	S	20th Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	
25	T	
26	W	
27	Th	
28	F	St. Simon and St. Jude, Ap. and M. Concert at Cedar
29	S	[Hill in aid of St. Luke's Church.]
30	S	21st Sunday after Trinity.
31	M	
Nov.		
1	T	All Saints' Day.
2	W	
3	Th	Lecture in Cathedral Schools by Rev. H. Davis on national
4	F	[music.]
5	S	
6	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity.
7	M	
8	T	
9	W	
10	Th	

This Magazine is published in Victoria on the 10th of each month and may be obtained from the Editor, the Rev. Geo. W. Taylor, or from any of the Clergy. Subscription \$1 per annum, payable in advance.

We understand 300 Indians have left Metlakahtha for Fort Chester, in the United States', Province of Alaska, and that 200 more are preparing to follow. This will leave about 200 to form the nucleus of what we trust will be a flourishing and increasing loyal and Christian village, the chief centre of the interesting and extensive missions of the Church Missionary Society on the North Pacific Coast.

It is sad to think that these poor Indians thus exiled from their home, from the Church which from the first has cared for them, and from the paternal and liberal rule of the British Government, have been and are under a delusion, wickedly and persistently inculcated that the Government intends to sell their land and make them slaves, and that the Bishop and the Missionaries of the Church of England are their enemies.

Many have left very reluctantly under this delusion and under the influence of an oppressive illegal council, which has led them, not without direction of white leaders, to so much trouble in acts of violence and resistance of the Government. They now go to their own loss and injury, perhaps ultimate misery and dispersion, also to a spurious religion.

Aiders and abettors of this injury and loss to the Indians and the Province have been a few persons in Victoria; Mr. J. W. Macdonald and others not unpractised in discord, by encouraging William Duncan, a paid and kindly treated lay agent of the Church Missionary Society, to play false to his employers, to abuse the influence he had been enabled to gain by the Society's too generous confidence, and to strive by any means to oust the Society from Metlakahtha, and take possession of buildings erected by funds of the Society and its friends.

This project having naturally failed these same persons resorted to the unpatriotic act of recommending a traitor to American sympathy in the Eastern States with the view of raising money to transport our British Indians to a foreign land.

It is to be regretted that the Indian Department and the Provincial Government did not protect these Indians from such evil influences.

Had the Indian Department appointed a firm and intelligent agent, as it was and is their duty to do, such an officer going in and out amongst the native people would have been able to disabuse them of their delusions and probably entirely prevent injurious consequences.

When it has been known for many months that the Indian loyalty to the British Crown was being tampered with surely the government ought at least to have warned the evil doers, if not to have forcibly removed them from the reserve.

Even now, when it is known that the Indians who have left are under the delusion that the Government intends to take away their reserve and make them slaves, some steps might be taken to disabuse their minds, show them that the British Government has no such intention, and to offer some inducement for the better disposed to return to their home in Metlakahla.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Thursday, Sept. 29th being the Feast of S. S. Michael and All Angels, the Annual Harvest Festival and Choir Union Service was held in the Cathedral. It consisted of Evensong with Tallis' Festival Responses, Canticles, Bunting in F, Psalms lxx, cxlv, Anthem "While the earth remaineth" Tours. Hymns, 382, 383, 3-6, 223.

The Choir was ably conducted by Mr. Herbert Kent, who also sang the solo in the Anthem very effectively.

The Rev. W. W. Bolton, Rector of Esquimalt, preached an impressive sermon; and the following Clergy took part in the service: The Lord Bishop, The Archdeacon, Revs. A. J. Beaulands, J. H. Davis and G. W. Taylor.

A marked improvement was shown in the Choir since last year's service, and it is hoped that it will continue to arouse an interest in Church Music, and promote a feeling of good fellowship and *esprit de corps* among the Choirs of the district.

ST. JAMES'.

The annual picnic for the children attending the Sunday school in this Parish took place on the 30th July. A large party of 70 children and 15 teachers and friend left the Church at 10:30 in two busses supplied by the Victoria Transfer Company and drove to Cordova Bay, where a very pleasant day was spent. By the kindness of many friends an abundance of eatables had been provided, and also a goodly array of toys for which the children ran races. After a delightful afternoon spent in games and in wandering through the woods and by the sea shore, a start was made for home which was safely reached by 7 o'clock. Amongst the visitors during the afternoon were the Bishop and Mrs. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. E. Crow Baker, &c.

The Ladies of the St. James' Sewing Society, to whose indefatigable labors the Parish owes so much, held their picnic on the 30th August. Mrs. McMicking, herself a member of the Society, had kindly placed her garden on the Gorge road at their disposal, and here the ladies and their friends to the number of 35 spent a most enjoyable afternoon, returning home by water about 9 o'clock.

Harvest Thanksgiving services were held on Sunday, the 25th September. The Church was, as usual, beautifully decorated by willing hands; the services were choral, well rendered by a full choir assisted by Mrs. McB Smith and Miss Bowden and Mr. H. H. Wootton, and the congregations both morning and evening were large. An excellent sermon was preached in the evening by the Rev. S. S. O. Morris, Chaplain of H. M. S. "Triumph". The offertories for the day amounted to \$38.

On the following day, Monday, the 26th September, the Parish of St. James' suffered a great loss by the sudden death of Mrs. Gamble. She was a valued member of the Sewing Society, and a devoted worker for the Parish of which her husband is a Churchwarden. By many acts of unobtrusive kindness she had won the sincere affection of her neighbors. On Wednesday, the day of her funeral, the Church in which she had been a regular and devout worshipper was filled with sorrowing friends, anxious to show by their presence on this sad occasion their respect for her memory, and their sympathy with the husband and child whom she leaves behind. The 39th Psalm was chanted, and three Hymns were sung by a Choir largely composed of her fellow members of the Sewing Society. The coffin was covered with floral wreaths and crosses.

Another sad event occurred on Monday, the 3rd October, in the death of Miss Mamie Wark at the early age of 21 years, of consumption. Her funeral, which took place on the following Wednesday, was also choral.

We are sorry to say that the Church, although not yet three years old, has already been found to need substantial repairs; and the work of covering the whole of the exterior with rustic has begun. The cost, including painting, will amount to about \$450; a heavy burden to fall upon a young Parish upon which there is already a debt of \$3,500. The people of St. James', however, are not easily discouraged, and are still strong in their hope of a prosperous and useful career.

ST. PAUL'S, ESQUIMALT.

We were unable to notice in last month's number the School treat of our Sunday Scholars. A most enjoyable drive to and from Cedar Hill, a grand romp, bountiful supplies of eatables, prizes for everyone all combined to make a happy day. A short service was a pleasant break and an excellent idea on the part of our host, although at the last moment the Rector was pressed into speaking to the assembled scholars.

The Guilds seem to be thoroughly enjoyed by our younger ones if regularity of attendance and very close attention is any proof. Let us hope the memory is good.

The recognition of the importance of Holy Baptism cannot be said to be if the Font in any Church is obscure on account of make or position. The Churchwardens will not have it so in St. Paul's, and our handsome Font has been raised on three octagonal steps thus shewing to all who enter the edifice that Altar and Font should be thought of together.

We heartily welcome the officers and men of H. M. S. "Wild Swan" amongst us, and hope that during the ensuing winter we may have many pleasant times together and part at its end with the assurance of much mutual benefit.

The Thanksgiving services for the Harvest were held on October the 2nd, and the beautifying of the Church was tastefully done by many willing hands. The chief decorations centred as they should around the Altar and the Font, and a very great addition to the usual methods was made by the hanging of six new banners in the nave. These were made by members of the congregation, and, although inexpensive, add greatly to the look of a Church. Irreparable injury is often done to parts of the House of God at seasons of decoration, and money expended which we have always felt would be much more wisely expended on some needful piece of furniture or desirable adornment for the Church. We look forward to the time when women will appreciate the value of their needles; then as each joyous season occurs the idea or the mystery thereof will be evidenced in tapestry, the Church looking the nobler for it, much time and labor on the day saved, and more prolonged labor of love given. The choral eucharist will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of taking their part in it. All the services were most hearty and helpful.

ST MARY'S—The chief event has certainly been the Thanksgiving to God for the Harvest, much interest was aroused over the Festival and many willing hands came forward at the request of the Rector to prepare the Church

for the service. The opportunity was taken for permanently beautifying the Sanctuary. A pair of curtains for either side of the Altar, a rich white Dossal and Orphreys, a gradine to hold the Cross and flower vases went far to make a surprising change for the better. We have been promised a silk Dossal to take the place of the white one on ordinary days, and hope to have it hung up forthwith. An excellent congregation were present on the day and a most impressive service was rendered. The new hymn books were most acceptable. The Rector preached on "Words from a grain of wheat." At the Holy Eucharist 14 communicated and the offertory amounted to \$10.

The energy that is thrown into the village Hall is meeting with much success in the way of dollars, and we expect to see the walls being raised almost at once. We are then promised a real edible Harvest Home; fortunately we can just manage to carry on till that time arrives.

Could we not have a Bee to put the Church yard into good shape, we want walks and a roadway very badly.

Sooke.—The Rector endeavors, by visiting as regularly as his other duties permit, to make up for a service. By the spring time we may see our way to getting the Church folk together which is much to be wished.

ST. PAUL'S, NANAIMO.

The Confirmation at St. Paul's Church by the Bishop of the Diocese on Sunday evening, Sept. 25th, was witnessed by one of the largest congregations ever seen in the Church. The service was of the heartiest character and the address of His Lordship to the Confirmees, who were all Sunday school pupils, and who have so long been under the care and instruction of the Rector's daughter, Miss Good, together with the memorable sermon delivered subsequent to the administration of the solemn rite, will not soon, we hope, be forgotten, whilst the fruit thereof we believe will be seen after many days.

The following are the names of the Confirmees:—

Arthur John Randle, William Vernon Stewart,
Vincent Watson Good, William Renwick Jeffrey.

On St. Michael's day the Harvest Home at Mrs. Michael's farm, in South Cedar District, was a most enjoyable affair. The supper was preceded by an appropriate service and sermon, and all departed to their homes well pleased with the happy occasion that had called them together.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services at St. Paul's

Church on Sunday last, 2nd Oct., which were taken by our ever welcome friend and helper Archdeacon Scriven, were of a highly gratifying character, but the attendance in the evening was greatly affected by the disastrous fire that destroyed Mr. Peck's livery stable, and which broke out when the Church was just going in.

The Rector's visit to Englishman's River on the same Sunday was of a most encouraging nature. The nucleus of decided Church people centering around the hospitable home of the Lees at French Creek, who themselves keep up a steady Church service every Sunday, bids fair to make this one of our strongholds in the near future.

LECTURE ON LONGFELLOW.—A most interesting lecture on Longfellow was given by Archdeacon Scriven in the Institute Hall on October 3rd, and some of the songs were beautifully rendered by members of the St. Paul's Church Choir. The heavy rain greatly affected the attendance and the receipts were in consequence seriously diminished to our loss.

HOLY TRINITY, NORTH SAANICH.

The Harvest Festival was held on Thursday, September 22nd inst. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion were at 11 o'clock. The Church had been beautifully decorated by Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Pagden and Mr. D. Kerr, and a large congregation, including many visitors from Victoria, joined heartily in the service and listened with attention and interest to an excellent sermon by the Lord Bishop of Columbia.

The Venerable Archdeacon Scriven and the Rev. Messrs. Taylor and Davis were also present, and with the incumbent took part in the service.

Later in the day a sumptuous luncheon was provided in the fields near the Church by some of the Ladies of the Parish—Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Downey, Mrs. Mitchell, &c., and a most enjoyable time was spent.

The offertory after the service amounted to more than \$20, and is to be devoted towards the purchase of a bell for Holy Trinity Church.

COMOX.

Mr. Willemar writes that he has now two well attended Sunday schools in operation in Comox, and that he hopes to give the scholars a treat some time next month in the form of a Magic Lantern exhibition.

The Harvest Thanksgiving services at St. Andrew's were held on October 2nd, and we hope Mr. Willemar will send us some account of them for our next number.

ST. LUKE'S, CEDAR HILL.

SCHOOL TREAT.—The Midsummer Sunday School treat took place on Saturday, September 3rd, too late for notice in the last number of the *Magazine*.

The scholars from Cadboro Bay, Craigflower, Lake and Esquimalt came over to Cedar Hill about Mid-day, and after lunch in the Schoolroom walked in procession to the Church and took part in a short hearty service followed by an excellent address from the Rev. W. W. Bolton.

The afternoon was occupied with various games in the Church fields, and at 6 o'clock the children re-assembled for tea. Then followed a distribution of prizes, toys and books for every scholar. The parents and friends of the children were, as usual, most liberal in contributing an abundant supply of good things. Among the visitors to the fields during the day were the Bishop of Columbia and the Bishop of Rochester, England, who remained some time to witness the childrens' enjoyment.

SALE OF WORK.—The Ladies of the Cedar Hill working party held a small sale of useful articles on the afternoon of the school treat. Though the day (Saturday) was an inconvenient one, and the time available for the sale very limited, the result was encouraging, and a substantial sum was netted for the Church funds.

NEW CHURCH.—The present Church of St. Luke's, Cedar Hill, is one of the oldest in the Diocese, having been built, we believe, in 1862. It was never a very substantial structure, and has now, by reason of old age, become unfit for the proper performance of divine service. It has been decided that to rebuild will be cheaper in the end than to repair, and efforts are now being made to raise the funds needed to do this. Plans have been prepared by Mr. Mallandaine for a pretty Church to hold about 150 people. It is to be of wood with a stone foundation. The luter has already been begun, and unless unforeseen circumstances interfere, the corner stone will be laid by Mrs. Hills at 3 o'clock, on St. Luke's Day, October the 18th. The total cost of the Church when completed will be about \$2,500, and contributions in aid, however small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged through the *Parish Magazine*.

CONCERT.—The second of a series of entertainments promoted by the St. Luke's Guild took place on Sept. 13th, and was even more successful than the one chronicled in our last number.

The Schoolroom at Cedar Hill was filled to overflowing, late comers being quite unable to obtain admission. The choir was ably filled by E. Crow Baker, Esq., M. P., and the programme was of a very high character, including,

besides the usual music and recitations, a well acted pantomime entitled the Cooper's Daughter, and a farce called „Irresistably Impudent.”

We are sorry that want of space prevents our going into details as to the various performances, but we must pick out as specially worthy of mention a duet, Violin and Piano, by Mrs. Bowker and Prof. Sharpe, which was encor-ed; a song "Should he Upbraid" by Miss Mowatt, and a song and a humorous reading by the Rev. W. W. Bolton. The net proceeds amounted to \$66, which sum was just sufficient to complete the payment for St. Luke's Church fence.

The 3rd concert of the series is arranged for the 28th inst. It will be in aid of the St. Luke's rebuilding fund.

CHEMAINUS.

The Bishop of Columbia visited Chemainus on Monday, Sept. 26th, and was met at the station by Mr. H. Croft, M. P. P. The Bishop's visit was with reference to the appointment of a Clergyman for the Mission district of Chemainus and Salt Spring. The Clergyman will be the Rev. H. Kingham, who will reside at Chemainus, and give services on alternate Sundays on Salt Spring Island. He will have charge of Chemainus, Cranberry and Cedar Districts as well as Salt Spring and various adjacent Islands. This will be an extensive and interesting Mission. Mr. Croft has generously given 6 town lots in an eligible position for Church and parsonage.

The Bishop also visited some of the families and found a strong desire for a resident Clergyman.

ST PETER'S CO WICHAN.

HARVEST HOME.—Thursday, Sept. 15th was observed in the Parish as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the Harvest just ingathered. Divine Service was held in St. Peter's Church at 11 a. m., and attended by a large congregation. The Sermon was preached by the Rector from the words "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." The singing of the Harvest Hymns was marked by its thorough heartiness; and very tasteful was the way in which the Ladies had decorated the Church. After the service the greater number of the congregation adjourned to the Rectory, where a bountiful dinner had been provided by the Ladies of the congregation, and a very pleasant day was ended by a concert in the Hall of the Literary Institute.

Harvest Home was also observed in the Shawnigan District on Michaelmas Day by a service in the schoolroom

in the morning, followed by a basket picnic. This also, owing to the exertions of Mr. Nightingale and his family, was a great success.

On the 23th, Dr. Robotham provided a very pleasing entertainment in the Hall of the Literary Institute, consisting of a series of Magic Lantern views illustrating the overland route to India. Several friends contributed songs and music to the evenings enjoyment. The proceeds were for fencing the Hall.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETINGS.

Two meetings of the Executive Committee have been held during the month of September. At the former, on Monday the 5th, applications for the lease and purchase of glebe lands in the Parishes of Esquimalt and Comox were considered. The Secretary was instructed to ask the Churchwardens of all Parishes to give the offertories on the 3rd Sunday in September to the Mission Fund. A sub-Committee, consisting of the Archdeacon, Rev. W. W. Bolton and Messrs. Drake and Innes, was appointed to obtain information on the subject of the Status of the Clergy with a view to future legislation by the Synod. The Committee appointed by the Synod to further the General Endowment Fund were requested to call a meeting of the leading Laity to confer on the subject. The Bishop laid before the Committee a resolution passed by the Provincial Synod of Ruperts Land, on the 11th August, relating to the formation of a General Synod of the Dioceses in the Dominion of Canada; and the Archdeacon and Rev. W. W. Bolton were appointed a Sub-Committee to draw up a reply.

At the second meeting, on Tuesday the 27th, the reply was brought up and adopted by the Executive Committee, expressing a hearty concurrence in the proposal to form a General Synod. The Bishop announced the appointment of Mr. Kingham, of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, to take charge of the districts of Chemainus and Salt Spring now vacant. Mr. Croasdaile reported that the meeting of Laity to confer on the subject of the General Endowment Fund had been postponed till the return of Hon. J. W. Trutch to Victoria.

The following schedule was adopted for the quarter ending 30th September

Cedar Hill, etc.....	\$100
Comox.....	100
Cowichan.....	100
Saanich, N. & S.....	100
Esquimalt and Metchosin...	50
	\$450

BAPTISMS.

"By one Spirit we are all baptised into one Body."

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

- Sept. 14, Benjamin Willmott, son of Edward and Margaret Elizabeth Gabriel.
21, William James, son of John Joel and Annie Austin.
21, Albert Victor, son of James and Sarah Elizabeth March.

ST. LUKE'S, CEDAR HILL.

- Sept. 13, Gerald Hugh, son of John and Florenco Ellen Vantreight.

HOLY TRINITY, NORTH SAANICH.

- Sept. 4, Sparkes Alexander Wenman Williams.
4, Richard Victor Reginald Williams.

ST. PETER'S, QUAMICHAN.

- Sept. 4, Margaret Effie, daughter of William and Sarah Ann Duncan.
8, Mary Jane, daughter of George and Mary Ann Woodruff.

ST. PAUL'S, NANAIMO

- Sept. 30, Annie Marguerite, daughter of William E. and Janet Webb.
Oct. 2, Ethel Mildred, daughter of David and Mary Stephenson.

ENGLISHMAN'S RIVER.

(By Rev. J. B. Good.)

- Oct. 2, Thomas Harris, son of John and Ann Hirst.

MARRIAGES.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

- Sept. 12, Richard Drake to Lucy Clarke.

ST. STEPHEN'S SOUTH SAANICH.

- Aug. 22, Frederick Raynes to Harrie' Esther Robinson.
Sept. 7, Joseph Nightingale to Fanny Akerman.

BURIALS.

"Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints."

VICTORIA.

- Sept. 8, Richard College, aged 88.



PALM SUNDAY IN OLD RUSSIA.



PALM SUNDAY IN OLD RUSSIA.

THE ceremonial of the Russian Church rivals that of Rome in splendour. In former times, during the Patriarchate, Palm Sunday was distinguished at Moscow by an observance that was unique in Christendom.

Early in the morning of Palm Sunday a hundred men were ordered to clean the streets before the procession began. The Czar then set out from his palace in the Kremlin to a church called Jerusalem. He walked on foot, arrayed in his royal robes, embroidered with gold and precious stones, and preceded by the officers of his household. On the way he stopped at a stone tribune,* and, ascending the steps, and turning towards the east, he bent his body to the earth as he repeated his prayers. He then entered the Church of Jerusalem, where the ceremony lasted about an hour; and the Patriarch of Moscow, standing in a niche, blessed the Russian people. The Czar and the Patriarch then came forth, and the procession set out on its return to the palace.

The Patriarch, clothed in his richest vestments, sat sideways on a horse that was caparisoned with white linen, whilst the Czar, wearing his crown, walked at the head of the horse with the bridle on his arm. The reins were three ells in length, and were supported by three nobles who marched behind the Czar. The horse's head was held on the other side by a boyar or noble. In front walked a band of young men, bearing pieces of cloth of various colours, and there followed about five hundred of the principal clergy; those nearest the Patriarch carried pictures of the Virgin, richly adorned with gold and jewels, whilst others bore the patriarchal staff, crosses, and costly copies of the Gospels. Others again carried branches of willow or birch instead of palm, and a triumphal arch, on which there was a tree, was also borne along. On this occasion the Patriarch wore a flat head-dress, adorned with diamonds and golden loops, and edged with ermine, in place of the great mitre he wore in the church. He carried a gold cross set with jewels; and as the stately procession moved along, and all the bells of Moscow rang out, all the people, including the royal guards, prostrated themselves on the ground, and the Patriarch, raising his right hand, bestowed his benediction on the awe-stricken multitude. The ceremony terminated at the palace of the Patriarch, which adjoined that of the Czar.

The sacred vestments of the Russian clergy are grand and magnificent, and their long hair flowing over their shoulders, and their ample beards, which are never cut, give them a majestic aspect.

* This stone tribune is still in existence, and is called the Lobnoë Město. It is a low circular platform, approached by three steps, and stands nearly opposite to the Holy Gate of the Kremlin. From it the Imperial edicts are read to the people.

This imposing procession, which was meant to typify the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, took place annually until the time of Peter the Great, who, on the death of the Patriarch Adrian, in 1702, refused to appoint a successor, and finally abolished the Patriarchate. In the reign of Michael Feodorevitch, of the house of Romanoff, the ceremony acquired an additional interest, for the Patriarch of Moscow was his own father, Philarete, who assisted his son, the Czar, with his wisdom and experience in the government of the Russian empire.

A. R.

AN HEIRESS AGAINST HER WILL.

WAITING.



HE next few days seemed to pass for Mary like a dream. It was indeed a strange experience for her to be back again in the old home, amidst all the old surroundings, and yet to find all so painfully new. She missed the familiar ways, the punctual routine of the days gone by; every hour she was reminded of the great change which had come over the place, and that the well-known voice which had ruled all things there was now silent in death.

Instead of being the adopted child, the favourite of the house, Mary Vincent realised that she was now but an unwelcome guest, almost a stranger whose comings and goings were unnoticed, who was free to do what she liked, treated by some of the household with neglect, by others with pity. Amongst these last was Mr. Rupert Ingaville, the cousin of the dead mistress of Hinton Court, who seemed to be looked upon by everybody as the undoubted heir.

Of course, nothing would be really known, for certain, until the day of the funeral, when the will was to be read. This was fixed for the following Tuesday, and in the meantime old Mr. Stiles of Mere, the lawyer who managed the affairs and knew the secrets of all the county families of the neighbourhood, was in charge of everything, and had the direction of all the arrangements.

He was constantly driving over, and seemed disposed to receive with great coolness the attentions of Miss Arabella Smith, the late lady-companion, who had taken to herself the vacant place of mistress of the household. There had been a question at first about the servants' mourning, and Miss Smith, pointing to Mary, who was reading by the window of the morning-room, had asked, 'And one more thing, Mr. Stiles, before you go. Shall I be overstepping my authority if I order a suitable black dress for that young person? Of course, I know that she has no *real* claim!'

Mary who was near enough to hear it all, quite started at the angry tone in which the old gentleman replied.—

'Indeed, madam, I consider that young lady has more claim than anybody, and I must request that she be treated with the greatest kindness and respect. Certainly! Let Miss Vincent order all that she can require, and I will be responsible for the amount. I am sure that it would be only fulfilling the wishes of the lamented lady who adopted her.'

The lady-companion only tossed her head and said nothing. She had meant to be kindly patronising to the girl, but she did not like to be reminded that there was any real claim on her part. As to this talk about adoption, there could be no serious meaning in that, or Miss Ingaville would surely never have sent her off to Paris for two years, and only summoned her home at the very last moment.

It was on the afternoon of this same day that Mr. Rupert Ingaville, who had been closeted for some time with the lawyer, unexpectedly met Mary in the park, near the house. He seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts, for he came quite close to her before he noticed her presence.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, raising his hat courteously. 'Miss Vincent, I believe? Are you fond of wild flowers?'

Her hands were full of daffodils, which grew plentifully in that, her favourite haunt, and she smiled as she held them out, and answered, 'Yes; are they not beautiful? I could not help gathering them, for I have seen no wild spring flowers for two years. But I ought to have asked your permission,' she added shyly, for she suddenly remembered that the tall elderly gentleman before her, with his grey hair and stooping shoulders, was probably the owner of all that wealth of golden blossoms. She had no experience of real life, but according to the story-books she had read, he did not at all answer to the description of the heir who, by every rule, ought to have been young and handsome.

'Why should you ask my leave?' he inquired in surprise, scarcely understanding her question at first. Then, as a perception of her meaning dawned upon him when he noticed her embarrassed silence, he continued gravely, 'Until Miss Ingaville's will is made public, we do not know to whom the property belongs.'

'But surely,' she exclaimed, 'you were her nearest relation; it must all come to you.'

'If there were no will, I should be the next in succession; but I have learnt only this morning from Mr. Stiles that the entail was cut off before my uncle's death, and therefore my cousin was left free to do what she pleased with the estate.'

Mary was silent. She knew nothing about entail, but, from Mr. Ingaville's manner, more than his words, she had an instinctive perception that the information he had received had been a terrible blow to him.

'Was it possible,' she thought, 'that he had lived so long, and grown so old, always believing that he was certain to be master here one day? And now to find that it really depended on some one else; that it might have been different!'

'But there have been Ingavilles here for nearly three hundred years, and I have no reason to believe that my cousin ever contemplated any change.'

He spoke in a low tone and absent manner as though talking to himself, then remembering Mary's presence he added kindly, 'In any case, my dear Miss Vincent, you may be sure that we shall not neglect your claim to be well cared for. I have heard all about you from Mr. Stiles, who seems to take a special interest in you, and I trust that proper provision has been made for you; but if not, you

may rely upon it that I shall never forget you were my cousin's adopted daughter.'

The words were spoken with so much earnestness and sincerity that they gave the full impression of a promise which would be fulfilled.



The young girl was considering how she should express her thanks for such good intentions, when Mr. Ingaville politely took leave of her, and was half-way down the park before she had quite made up her mind what would be the right thing to say. That proved to be her only opportunity of private conversation with the next of kin; but from that time he always treated her with marked respect, and welcomed her with a grave smile.

Meantime, preparations were being rapidly pushed forward for the grandest funeral which the neighbourhood had ever seen. No expense was spared, rich and poor alike were invited to attend, and when the eventful day dawned, the little church of Hinton Ingaville

was hung with black drapery from one end to the other, and a frightful new hatchment, painted with the family arms, was prepared to be hung up in memory of the great lady.

It was a lovely May day, and nothing could have presented a greater contrast to the glorious spring beauty of nature outside, than the sombre mourning in which the House of Prayer was clothed. As the appointed hour drew near a great crowd was assembled, but whether from motives of curiosity or respect we will not attempt to decide; all the school children had a holiday, and, as is usual on such occasions, all the babies of the parish might have been found-brought together in the churchyard.

There was something very impressive to the rustic mind at Hinton Ingaville in the fact that the 'quality,' who on Sundays always sat apart in their great square pew, should keep up their exclusiveness even after they were dead, and should be buried by themselves in their own vault, under the chancel, quite away from the common folk. Can we doubt that these latter must have had a dim idea that such distinctions of class would somehow be surely carried on, even in the world above?

All was over. The church was once more deserted, and only a few scattered groups remained about in the churchyard to discuss the great event of the day, and to wonder what was going to happen next. The mourners had all gone back to the house, for the critical moment had now arrived when the will was to be read, and the owner of Hinton Court and its broad acres was to be proclaimed.

Did I say that all had gone? There was one young mourner, and perhaps the most sincere of all, who had lingered behind. It was not that Mary Vincent was without curiosity, but she knew that would soon be satisfied, and having but little personal interest in the matter, she had followed her own instinct. Fresh from the solemn service, she felt a longing to be alone, to drink in the sweet fresh air, and, with only the flowers and the birds around her, to think out her own thoughts in peace.

But she was not destined to remain long undisturbed. Very soon she was roused by the sound of her own name, loudly called as if by some one out of breath. It turned out to be her old friend Jane, the housemaid, who explained that she was one of those who had volunteered to go in search of Miss Mary.

'And please, miss, you must come this very minute, for we're all dying to know what's in the paper: and Mr. Stiles, he declares he won't read never one word, not till you're there to hear it with all the others. That's what I call honest now, wanting us all to start fair. But do be quick, Miss Mary: you're keeping every-body waiting.'

It was a formidable ordeal for the young girl to enter the large hall, which seemed to her full of people who were all looking at her. Now that it was too late, she wished indeed that she had followed the rest of the party, and not stayed behind to cause all this sensation.

'I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Vincent, but amongst the directions which the late Miss Ingaville left in my books was a note to the effect that her last will and testament would be found on the top shelf of an old oak cabinet in her room. I must explain that the lady had made several wills at different times, and I presume that

she kept them all in her own possession, in order to be free to change her mind up to the last moment. That being the case, I am unable to inform you what is the nature of the document in the oak cabinet until we see which one was preserved. I am told, Miss Vincent, that the poor lady on her death-bed solemnly gave the key into your charge, and I must now beg of you to produce it.

It was Mr. Stiles, the family lawyer, who had been speaking all this time, and Mary was too confused at first to take in the meaning of his words. But when she heard her name repeated, and understood that the key was asked for, she started and woke up to the uncomfortable consciousness that all eyes were fixed upon her. Blushing with shame, as though she had done something very wrong, she hastily gave Mr. Stiles the key, and soon found herself in the midst of the crowded procession, which pressed up the great staircase and through the corridors to the room which had been so lately occupied by the mistress of the house.

Mr. Stiles was in front, with Mr. Rupert Ingaville by his side; the cabinet was opened with as much ceremony as the operation permitted, and a small packet of papers was found on the top shelf. After a very short examination the lawyer expressed himself satisfied that he had found what he wanted, and carefully locking up the folding door, he returned the key to Mary Vincent.

He seemed to be in no hurry, and ill-natured people might have said that he rather enjoyed keeping everybody in suspense and excitement, for it was not until all the company were again assembled in the great hall, and perfect stillness prevailed, that Mr. Stiles slowly opened the important document and prepared to read it. A closer observer would, however, have noticed that the old man was nervous and ill at ease with regard to the task before him, and would have wondered why in this particular case there should have been anything out of the way of his usual professional experience. Surely he must have read wills enough in his time, and yet his hand trembled, and the paper shook as he began to read in a low voice the last will and testament of Miss Ingaville of Hinton Court.

(To be continued.)

SIDELIGHTS ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS.

BY WILLIAM BURNET, M.A., VICAR OF CRIMPLISHAM.

ST. PAUL was a man of feeble health and many bodily infirmities. This must have been a serious hindrance to his arduous labours. In many ways, however, it was overruled for good. But for a serious illness of the Apostle this Epistle to the Galatians would never have been written. During his second missionary journey he passed through the barbarous regions of Phrygia and Galatia on his way to more inviting countries (see Acts, xvi. 6), and in the latter of these provinces he was detained against his will by an attack, probably of ophthalmia, a disease to which he seems to have been subject. Of this circumstance

he reminds the Galatians (iv. 13, R. V.) thus: 'Ye know that because of an infirmity of the flesh I preached the Gospel unto you the first time.' Whatever this infirmity may have been, it was such as, while it unfitted him for travelling, allowed him to continue his ministerial labours. Very hard it must have been to be taken ill in a foreign country; yet the presence of Timothy, his beloved son in the faith, would be a great comfort to him. A still greater alleviation of his sufferings it would be to find the hearts of the rude natives more drawn towards himself and his message by the sight of his affliction. He seems to have been unable to forget their kindness towards him at that time. His whole appearance was such as to be a real trial to them, a temptation to reject him. Instead of this, they welcomed him as an angel of God, a messenger from Heaven, and even as the Lord of Angels Himself, in Whose Name he spoke, as Christ Jesus. More than that, they congratulated themselves and him on the painful circumstance which had led to his prolonged stay amongst them, and had brought about their own conversion. So warmly attached did they become to him, that during the long days, when perhaps he sat as a prisoner in his darkened room, they would have dug out their own eyes and given them to him (see chap. iv. 13-16, R. V.).

These Galatians were, then, evidently a highly emotional, impulsive, but, as the event proved, a very fickle, race. Their disposition resembled the stony ground in the parable, wherein the good seed quickly found a lodgment, but which was too light and shallow to allow it to take deep root and yield lasting fruit. It is not a little interesting to find how exactly this agreed with their national origin. The Galatia of the New Testament was really the Gaul of the East, and this Epistle might have been correctly called the Epistle to the Gauls. Both names are the same as that of the Keltæ or Celts, and they were a stream of barbarians which poured into Greece in the third century before Christ. Some crossed the sea and settled in Asia Minor. Like their descendants, the modern French and Irish, they were excitable and given to change. It might have been said of them, as it was observed by an eminent French preacher who is well acquainted with his own countrymen, that theirs was 'a spirit of routine and yet of revolution.' A Greek writer after St. Paul's days described them as so eager to seize upon what was new, that if they did but get a glimpse of the cloak of a philosopher they would catch hold of it and cling to it at once, as steel filings do to a magnet.

Living amongst this people there appears to have been a colony of Jews, for St. Peter includes them amongst the strangers scattered abroad, to whom he wrote his First Epistle, and St. Paul here speaks to those who knew the Law. At the same time the majority were Gentiles, since he writes, 'When ye knew not God, ye were in bondage to them which by nature are no gods' (iv. 8, R. V.). St. Paul's first visit to them is just mentioned in Acts, xvi. 6, as occurring in his second missionary journey. All we know of his second visit to them, some three years later, is the fact that 'he went over all the country of Galatia and Phrygia in order, strengthening all the disciples' (Acts, xviii. 23). In what state he then found the

Galatian Churches we are not told, although the leaven of error may have already begun to work amongst them, as the Epistle was written soon afterwards. In any case, we gather from it that the Judaizing teachers, who had done so much harm at Corinth and elsewhere, had reached Galatia, and were doing their utmost to undermine the Apostle's authority, and to persuade the Gentile Christians that they must be circumcised and observe the Jewish ceremonial law.

St. Paul was probably at Corinth when he heard of the alarming prevalence of this false teaching amongst them. He saw it was high time to speak out, and he did so with a voice of thunder. The purity and liberty of the Gospel were at stake. So what Luther did when he nailed his Theses to the door of the Cathedral of Wittenberg, that St. Paul did when he wrote this Epistle. The momentous questions involved had been already decided by the Council at Jerusalem. It had been there declared to be nothing less than tempting God to put the yoke of Jewish ceremonies on converts from heathenism (see Acts, xv. 10). With equal plainness and most convincing arguments the Apostle here protests against these pernicious doctrines. Severity in this letter, as in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, is blended with a deep undercurrent of Christian affection. The greeting with which he begins is in singular contrast to the introductions of all his other Epistles. He addresses them simply as 'the Churches of Galatia,' and hastens impetuously to the subject, which burned like fire within his bosom. Contrary to his custom he dispenses with the help of a secretary, and at the cost of considerable pain and effort on account of his imperfect sight he writes with his own hand in the large rude characters, to which he appeals at the end in proof of his loving anxiety for their welfare, which led him to use his own pen (vi. 11. R. V.). Into the various reasonings by which he exposes their errors and seeks to re-establish them in the faith we cannot now follow him. But the leading topic throughout as seriously concerns ourselves as those on whom it was first urged.

'The Epistle to the Galatians,' said Luther, 'is my Epistle: I have betrothed myself to it; it is my wife.' The special form of error by which the Galatians were bewitched has passed away with those early days, and is little likely to be revived. But it reappears very often in other and more specious guises. It is, therefore, of the deepest importance to every Christian to clearly understand that salvation by works and by grace through faith in Christ cannot be united. To all that would attempt to combine them the Apostle would still say, 'Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law, ye are fallen from grace.' The two covenants of works and of grace, like Sarah and Hagar, cannot dwell together. The bondwoman and her son must be cast out. 'Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.' 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by Whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'

A man is about to cross a river. Over it are placed two planks, the one sound, the other rotten. If he either place both feet on the

rotten, or one foot on the sound and the other on the unsound, he will be in equal danger of being planged into the raging torrent beneath. Let him set both feet firmly on the sound plank, he will cross in safety. That swift, dark river, which all must cross, is death. If we rely wholly or in part on our own works or feelings, we imperil our safety. Full and simple dependence on Christ and His finished work will bear all our weight and carry us securely to the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

LINES FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

FOR Thou didst die for me, O Son of God!
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat Thy houseless head forlorn,
Thou that wert wont to stand
Alone at God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the Eternal, eldest-born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return ingratitude and hate;
The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief;
The eyes Thou openedst calmly viewed Thy fate.
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive, the bliss of Thy celestial state.

They dragged Thee to the Romans' solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sat;
Thou stoodst a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;
Whose throne shall be the world,
In final ruin hurled,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When, 'Crucify Him!' yelled the general shout;
No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout;
Whose lightest whispered word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn;
Thy bruised feet went languid on with pain;
The blood from all Thy flesh with scourges torn
Deepened Thy robe of Mockery's crimson grain,
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The suidal of Whose foot the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced,
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave to enhance Thy unslaked, burning thirst.
Thou, at Whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.


Low bowed Thy head, convulsed and drooped in death,
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry:
Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony.
That head, Whose veiless blaze
Filled angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound;
The sealed stone confirmed Thy mortal doom,
Lone watchmen walked Thy desert burial-ground.
Whom Heaven could not contain,
Ner the immeasurable plain
Of vast Infinity enclose, or circle round.

For us, for us Thoa didst endure the pain,
And Thy meek spirit bowed itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
To avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame.
Thou that couldst nothing win
By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious Name!
From the 'Martyr of Antioch,' by DEAN MILMAN.

'UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.'

ST. JAMES, I. 27.

NSPOTTED from the world!' Let me tell you why these words come to me with a sweet memory, ever whispering their holy lesson to strive against sin. One calm afternoon, in the beginning of autumn, I had wandered along a quiet path, enjoying the bright beauty of the even then changing foliage, and altogether thoughtless whither my steps were tending. By-and-by an opening in the underwood brought me to a standstill. Before me lay what seemed to be a lake, and on its bosom floated such a profusion of pure white water-lilies among their brilliant leaves, the like of which I never before had seen.

As I stood in admiration on the brink, a Voice seemed to whisper softly: 'Unspotted from the world—pure even as He is pure;' and the lake became to me a living parable. The mire and dirt below—the masses of tangled weeds and grass—the darkness of the water surrounding the white blooms lying there in their spotless beauty, unsullied, may even *marishu* by the impurities from which they sprang, seemed to symbolise the Christian life with all its dark surroundings, ever pressing forward to the light, using even earthly things as stepping-stones to aid its upward progress, keeping pure the buds of love and goodness, until, above and beyond the waves of this troublesome world, they shall expand in beauty in the sunshine of the perfect love of Heaven.

Will you, dear reader, let me hand on the lesson to you? Will you, like the lilies, try to 'take root downwards and bear fruit upwards?' Planted in the 'House of the Lord' here, will it be yours to 'flourish in the Courts of the House of our God' hereafter? En-

grafted into Christ's Church at your Baptism, will you seek to use all the things of this world, which must needs surround you during your life here, as helps to lead you upwards? Try to see God in everything, to read Heavenly lessons in earthly objects, and strive daily to show to those around you the *beauty* of a life 'hidden with Christ,' as, day by day, your bud of holiness unfolds, showing, even here, something of the loveliness and purity of the petals, until it expands in all its perfection in the land of 'never-withering flowers.' 'I pray not that Thou shouldst *take them out of the world*, but that Thou shouldst *keep them from the evil*,' is the Master's prayer for us. He was *in* the world, but not *of* it; and He knows each hindrance and difficulty that comes in the way of His children; He *knows*, and He will guide them through all. To His and to our Father, therefore, let us make our daily petition: 'Lord, we beseech Thee, grant Thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and with pure hearts and minds to follow Thee, the only God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'

R.

SOME GREAT ITALIAN PAINTERS.

PAOLO VERONESE.

PAOLO CALIARI of Verona, known as Paolo Veronese, has often been called the 'magnificent' painter, and this attribute describes his pictures very well. He painted on larger canvases than any one else; his numerous figures were generally richly dressed; his models were the handsomest Venetians of his time; and his colouring, like Titian's, was beautiful—perhaps more gorgeous yet not gaudy.

Venice, though it was not his native city, represents him nobly, but England contains some good work of his, and at the Louvre in Paris is his 'Marriage of Cana,' considered by many his masterpiece: as a specimen of the large scale which he preferred, this picture is 32½ feet by 23½, and contains 130 figures.

Respecting his earliest life there are somewhat varied accounts. Some say that he was born in 1528 at Verona, but being neglected at home and unable to obtain sympathy for his tastes, he 'emigrated' to Venice, where, finding himself surrounded by works of genius, his artistic talent was quickly developed. According to others he was born in 1530, was the son of a sculptor at Verona, who taught him to model, and was annoyed with the boy for abandoning sculpture for painting. He, however, sent him to Venice, where the young Paolo made Titian and Tintoretto his models, and so, with little instruction, he formed himself upon their school, until he developed his own peculiar manner. His style was approved of, and he was kept in constant employment by the wealthy and luxurious Venetians. Titian also, in whose hands it often lay to distribute work among the young and rising painters, frequently employed him, passing over Tintoretto, for whom it is said that he conceived a prejudice.

When Paolo Veronese was a little over thirty he visited Rome in the suite of the Venetian ambassador, and from thence he was in-

vited by Philip II. to Spain, to assist in the decoration of the royal palace. This offer he seems to have declined, though his reasons are not very clear. Perhaps he had no desire to leave his own country, or his wife and family—for he was married and had young children. No mention is made of daughters, but of his sons more than one



PAOLO VERONESE.

had artistic taste and worked with him; Carlo, commonly called 'Il Carletto,' is considered the best of his numerous imitators.

Veronese is described as always 'earnest and intent,' and of a sensitive expression of face. His disposition seems to have been very kindly, generous, and devout. When painting for churches or convents it was his habit to accept the smallest possible remuneration—just the price of his canvas and colours. In his friendships he was most sincere, and for his artist friend, Tintoretto, he conceived a lasting affection. Often, indeed, his good-nature was slightly imposed upon, for Tintoretto liked to get his own way, and generally got it.

Paolo Veronese died in 1588, at the age of sixty or thereabouts, having done much for Venice, his adopted city. With him passed away the last but one of that glorious group of men who made the Venetian school what it has been; and not only were they men of genius, but of energy unquenchable, and workers such as there have been few in the world. Nowhere else, indeed, if we except Pisa, are there to be found in so limited a space such vast treasures of beauty, and so rich a mine for the artist and historian. Now the old glory of its art and its history is all, or almost all, that is left to that once peerless city; and, though happily Veronese knew it not, the first knell of departing greatness had already, begun to sound with the near close of the sixteenth century.

MARGARET MUDIE.

'GIVE HER A PINT OF BEER.'

JOHAN LOWE and James Grant were brothers-in-law. They were capital friends, had worked together as lads, and now, after some years of separation, they were working together again. James, his wife, and little Minnie, often came in on a Sunday afternoon to the Lowes, and so it happened that one hot day in August the Grants walked in just as the Lowes were finishing dinner.

The two men went into the little back-yard while the sisters cleared away; and Minnie Grant and her two cousins got into a corner to talk over all the news that Minnie had to tell. Amy and Lucy Lowe had had measles—the oldest one, Amy, very badly—so the children had not met for many weeks.

'The doctor says Amy won't get strong if she doesn't get better air before winter,' said John Lowe, as he and Grant sat together on a bench in the little yard. 'I've no money to do it, but I'd give a good deal to send her to the sea, or into the country somewhere.'

James Grant considered a few moments. Then said he drily, 'Give her a pint of beer.'

Lowe stared; well he might, for Grant was a teetotaler, and Amy was only eight years old. 'Well, beer's good enough for men, but the doctor hasn't ordered it for her.'

'I didn't say she was to *drink* it,' replied Grant. 'I said "give it her." You say you would give a good deal to get her out of this close air for a bit, and yet you had a pint with your dinner, I reckon?'

'And it has done me no harm,' said John, bristling up.

'I don't say it has,' answered James Grant, quietly. 'I only say give the price of that beer to the children, and you could send them both out of town for three weeks, and buy them a new pair of boots into the bargain.'

Lowe stared; he had never thought a pint of beer worth all that.

'Look here,' continued James; 'there are fifty-two weeks in the year? (John nodded.) And seven days in a week? (John nodded again.) And a pint of beer is twopence? (Another nod.) Add it up, Jack; I make it to be three pounds and an odd eightpence a-year. Now there are plenty of seaside or country "Homes" where they will take your children for seven shillings a-week each; say the rail costs five, that leaves over eight shillings towards the boots.'

At this moment Amy rushed up to her father and jumped on his knee crying out, 'Oh, father! Minnie's going to the country next week! Such a lovely place! There's a fine house and kind matron who takes care of all the children, and there are often five or six, and some grown-up people too; and they take lovely walks in the fields, and get flowers and blackberries, and play on a beautiful common! And Minnie says there are two little beds in each room—Oh, if I might go with her and sleep in her room! I wish you'd send *me*, father.'

'I wish I could, dearie,' said Lowe, ruefully; he was fond of his children, and Amy's pale face and wistful eyes touched his heart. 'We'll see next year.'

Amy's face fell, and her lips quivered. Next year sounded like never, and Minnie was going next week. She walked away sorrowfully to her cousins.

'Minnie has got my pint of beer, and I hope it will do her good,' observed James, watching his brother-in-law.

John was kind-hearted; making an effort, he said, 'Indeed I hope it will; I wish I had my pints to give to Amy, but I never thought of it in that way before.'

Oh, the mischief that '*I never thought*' brings!

But James had no intention of leaving John miserable.

'Look here, Jack,' said he; 'I've got a pound in hand; Minnie is only going for three weeks; I want to put that pound out to interest, and I'll lend it you; it will give Amy two weeks anyhow.' ('Thank you,' from John.) 'But I'll lend it on my own terms and no other.'

'Done!' cried Lowe delighted. 'I'll make any terms to send Amy with Minnie.'

'Done!' repeated James Grant; 'you'll come with me to the Post-office Savings' Bank every Saturday afternoon when we're paid, for *twenty* Saturdays, and give me two shillings each time. That'll be nearly a quart of beer a-day, though I don't suppose you often take that.'

This was a sly hit of Grant's, for Lowe was a strictly *moderate* man, as men go.

But Lowe did not respond to Grant's remark; he felt caught in a trap. Still he had said 'Done!' and he was too proud to go back; besides, it was the only way for Amy to go with her cousin.

Next week the two girls went off, as merry a pair as could be seen, and greatly did they enjoy the pure air and the delights of the country. It seemed to do Amy so much good that some ladies interested in the home arranged for Amy to stay as long as her cousin; and though her father did not wish for 'charity,' he was very grateful for the kindness, only he resolved that *another* year he would pay to the full.

The twenty weeks in which he had to pay off his debt to James seemed very long. He thought his brother-in-law a harder man than he had ever imagined him to be; but he was a man of his word, so he joined James every Saturday and put the two shillings into the bank. There was one advantage; he got his grocery better and cheaper by paying ready money for it. The Post Office was at a grocer's shop, and as James bought tea and such things there John could do no less, which greatly pleased Mrs. Lowe, who declared that she kept house better in spite of James's two shillings off. And then Amy's bright looks, and merry accounts of her country visit, repaid him not a little.

At length the last week of the year came, and the last of John's payments. Together the two men walked to the Savings' Bank.

'There, that's finished! I'm much beholden to you, Jim, but I can't but think you've made a good thing of it.'

'Stop a minute and look here,' said Grant; and he put into Lowe's hand a bank-book in the name of John Lowe, with receipts for twenty shillings inside. 'Did you think I'd take a pound from you? Don't you remember I got you to sign your name at the start, and ever since I've put one shilling to your account and one to my own. If I'd asked you to save for yourself you'd have waited till you had paid me, and then perhaps put it off. Now you've got a "banking account." And I say, won't the missus be pleased, John?'

John's heart was full, and after thanking James the two men walked on silently awhile. John broke the silence presently.

'What set you on the Temperance tack, Jim? I've often tried to get it out of you, but you've always shirked it.'

'Well I might,' replied the other, sadly. 'You remember the time after I married Sue and got work up North? Well, I drank then; not as much as some, but more perhaps than you did before last August. And the habit grew. The work was hard, my mates were great drinkers, and poor Sue got anxious. One Saturday, thinking to keep me from drinking, she met me at the pay-place. How bonny she looked with little Minnie in her arms! I was proud and glad to see them. Says she: "Come along, Jim, I've got the house tidy, and a good fire, and tea just ready. You carry baby a bit, and we'll have a pleasant evening together." She knew I would never take the baby inside a public-house. Well, off I started with her, proud and pleased. We passed public-house No. 1, and baby was laughing at me and I never saw it; then we came by public No. 2, and we had almost got by when out came the publican. He didn't want to lose a customer, he saw it all. "Halloo! art thou soft, Jim Grant?" he shouted. I stopped. "Here, mates," he went on, "look at Jim, tied to the wife's apron strings. Art going home to be preached to by thy wife, Jim?" They all laughed. I gave Minnie back to her mother, threw her a few shillings, and turned into the public-house to drink away every farthing in my pocket. I was dead drunk when they closed; what I did I never clearly knew; but I found myself in the police-cell, and I spent the next day at the police-station. I had knocked down a policeman and injured him, I was told. Never shall I forget the misery of that Sunday. Shame at my position, dread of what might happen if the man I had hurt should die, agony at the distress of my wife, made up a sum of wretchedness. I recalled all my dead mother's teachings, all I had ever heard of God's horror of sin, and it showed me to myself. The next day I was brought before a magistrate; to my joy the man proved but little hurt, and I was dismissed with a reprimand and a fine. From that day I gave up drink, and I have tried to live as in God's sight, serving Him humbly and gratefully. John, I am not preaching; I'm the last man in the world that has a right to preach to another: but if my story will lead you to *think*, if it will help you to decide to be a self-denying follower of the Master, I'll never regret the pain it has cost me to tell you all about it.'



MAGDALEN TOWER, OXFORD.



MAGDALEN COLLEGE was founded in 1457 by William Patten of Waynflete, bishop of Winchester, and the first quadrangle was finished shortly before his death in 1486. The famous tower, 145 feet high, is of a little later date, and is of Perpendicular Gothic. It is one of the most graceful and beautiful achievements of a period in which tower-building was carried to its highest perfection. It stands by the side of the bridge

over the Cherwell, and is a fitting entrance to the picturesque High Street of the City of Colleges. An old custom of greeting May morning with vocal music from the top of Magdalen tower is still remained, though the form is now changed. Formerly glees and part-songs in honour of Spring were sung; now the surpliced choir ascend the tower and sing the *Hymnus Eucharisticus* to music composed by Dr. Rogers.

VILLAGE DIALOGUES.

OUR OLD CHURCH.

MASTER WILLIS, I wish you would just stop working for a while and give us a piece of your mind. There's me and Ben here can't agree about the old Church and her rights, if she has any, and I think maybe you would settle it for us better than most chaps.

Richard Willis was working late at his forge, but he dearly loved his Church, and when thus addressed he threw down his hammer, and, having given a few directions to his son, he turned at once to Harry Perkins, the speaker, and inquired, 'What is it, Harry, that you and Ben are not agreed upon?'

Harry. 'Well, master, I say that surely the Church of England has some rights of her own, being as how she's lived so long in the country and been a kind of mother to English people, as I've heard folk say, for many generations; but Ben here says she's had her day, and it's time something new and fresh took her place, since the best of things get old and worn out in time.'

Richard. 'So they do, lads, if they're of man's making only; but even then, isn't it wise to wait and see that they are really worn out before we cast them away? If you have something—we'll say the house you live in—that you feel to be of great service to you, and a real comfort; but a lot of fellows come along and say to you, "Why, this house is worn out; it's time it was pulled down," yet you know right well for yourself that it's not worn out at all, but in fairly good order, with just a few repairs needed here and there; you'd not go and pull down the house on account of what foolish folk say, would you?'

Harry Perkins laughed lightly as he answered, 'Not quite;' but Ben Fields, who looked a little uncomfortable, remarked, 'It's much as you like to look at the thing, Master Willis. A house that would do well for one generation might not do for another; remember, there's progress going on all around, and it won't do for us to stick in the old ways of the Church.'

Richard. 'What I want is to look at things *fairly* and to judge them *fairly*, Ben. Here we've all been born into a land where there's an institution called *the Church*, that was standing long ages before we were born. It has been part and parcel of the life of the people ever since England was a kingdom, and long before she began to be ruled by one king alone. It's had a care for every soul born into the land during all these ages, and stood ready, if I may so speak, to bless the little children and to provide for their right bringing up;

to comfort the sick and the poor ; to sanctify marriage and console mourners ; in fact, to wait on men and women all their lives, and teach them to live well and happily, and to bless them in their deaths. Is not this being very much like a loving mother to England's children? And if once we lose our own mother, who has nursed us from infancy, can the loss ever be made up to us again? If we allow her rights to be taken from her, will there be much security for any one's personal rights after that?

Ben. 'It's for the English Parliament to deal with that question. I suppose you'll allow that it has a right to make new laws and to alter old ones?'

Richard. 'But in a matter like this it's the duty of Englishmen, one by one, to consider whether or not there are rights of the Church to be guarded and taken care of, and whether or not they wish the same blessings for their children that they themselves have enjoyed, and their fathers before them. The English Parliament, leastways the House of Commons, is made up of men who take their places in that assembly by the votes of other men given one by one, and it seems to me that any man who votes for a Member that would help to pull down the Church acts like an ungrateful son, does a serious injury to his own character, and the worst he can do for his country.'

Ben. 'Well, I suppose one man has a right to his opinions as well as another, and I say we want a change: the Church has had her day and grown rusty.'

Richard. 'How do you prove it, Ben? Let us consider what the Church is meant for, and whether or not she is fulfilling her mission. I suppose you won't deny that men ought to have some religion: they should know something about the God Who made them, and about their duties to Him and to one another. They should have something to help them to fight against their own sins and infirmities, and some sort of a hope in death. A knowledge of all this the Church supplies, and a means of obtaining the help needed: and this she does, as I believe, by the authority of the same God Who made man himself. Good souls, who have valued their privileges, have given in the past, and do give in the present, of their goods, that the outside work of the Church may be carried on; and it seems to me that the English Parliament might just as fairly make laws to prevent dying children leaving money to their parents, or to take away such legacies if they had been left, as interfere with that which English Churchmen have left to their Church.'

Harry. 'Those are Master Willis's opinions as to *rights*, Ben, and now suppose you give him yours as to moving forward with the times.'

Richard. 'Yes, Ben, let me hear what you would give us in the place of our old Church, and how you are going to do her work after modern ideas. Take care you don't pull a stone of her down until you're quite sure you have something better to put in her place. Are you quite sure of that?'

Ben. 'I can't rightly say I am, but I would let everybody have a say in the matter, and amongst us I think we'd hit on something that would give more liberty and equality and be more abreast of the times.'

Richard. 'Let everybody have a say and welcome, and let all be fully agreed that what they hit upon, and are willing to adopt, is better than the Church in every way; but until this is done let the Church go on quietly with her own work, making the repairs needed in her own walls. And before the people of England have planned something better, I believe the Church will have taken fresh hold of all the honest hearts among them, and made it more impossible than ever that they should put out a hand to pull her down. If you will only search into her doctrines, Ben, you will find that she lays foundations for the truest liberty and equality amongst men, and that she holds in herself truths which are abreast of all times.'

Ben. 'You allow that some things need altering in the Church. Twice you've spoken about repairs being needed, and it's often less trouble and pays better to make a new article altogether than to patch up an old one.'

Richard. 'There are a few things that those who love the Church best would like to see altered in her. Would any sensible man, who was blessed with a good mother, say of her, "I am tired of the mother whom God has given me; she is getting old and has faults; I long to find a stepmother who may be without faults, and who perhaps would allow me a good deal of liberty, and make me equal with her own eldest sons—in fact, who would have no restraints at all for me, but would set me free from every possible obligation to herself and to my father? I have not seen her yet, but I guess she is somewhere to be found; let's turn the old mother out of her home to make room for the expected improvement."'

Ben. 'But a good many of us were not brought up in the Church at all. She has been no mother to us seeing that we've had nothing to do with her.'

Richard. 'More's the pity for you, since you can't measure the blessing you have missed; yet even to you the Church has been more than you suppose. She's stood, so to speak, ready to help and bless you at any moment you were willing to accept kindness from her. It's to her you owe the English Bible, which has so much to do with our country's greatness. It is her generosity that has founded the finest colleges, and her patience and learning that have overcome difficulties of knowledge; there's not a blessing concerning the mind and heart of man, such as can be passed on from father to son, that does not come to us in some measure through her, and to her altogether we owe the book which, next to the Bible itself, is fullest in comfort and instruction for us all—I mean the Book of Common Prayer—which is so well fitted to be a guide and companion to us all through life, and meets us with its guidance at every important step of our way. Nay, Ben, do what you will, neither you nor any other Englishman can get rid of your obligations to the Church. She's mothered you all, whether you would or not, and if you don't defend her rights you're no better than thankless sons to the best of mothers.'

Harry. 'Well spoken, Master Willis! I knew you would put the matter fair and straight. If Ben didn't know before what a good mother he has he knows it now, and if he isn't satisfied, leastways I am, and I think he ought to be.'

M. C.

DON'T RULE THE SPIRIT BY THE FLESH.



THE late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, sent a letter to a friend, probably a lady, in which he says:—"I implore you do not try morphine even; no, not once. I will trust you not to do so, not to take any opiate whatever. It is a wicked and cowardly attempt to rule the spirit by the flesh. Its results upon the system are slow, sure, and irreparable, and the habit grows until it is unconquerable. I am deeply, anxiously in earnest. You are not worthy of the fidelity of my friendship if you try to drown misery in that way. Except in the grossness of the effect, where is the difference between the opiate and the dram? Do you not know what keeps the gin-palaces open?—Misery! The miserable go there to forget. You must not do it, for it is degradation. I would not have you condescend to any miserable materialism to escape your sorrow. Remember what Maria Theresa said when she began to doze in dying: "I wish to meet my God awake." Remember that He refused the medicated opiate on the cross. Meet misery awake. May I borrow sacred words?—"Having begun in the spirit, do not be made perfect through the flesh." Summon the force to bear out of your own heart, and the Divine spirit that dwells there—not out of a laudamm bottle. I have spoken ruggedly, but not rudely. Forgive me; I am not myself to-night. I would gladly sustain the depression I feel by opiate, or by anything else; but I resist because it is despicable."

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

From the German.

WHEN the twain at even to Emmaus
Walked with lingering steps and
slow,

Their eyes I ween were full of tears
And their souls bowed down with woe.
They dreamt not that each mournful
word,

Each sigh, was by their Saviour heard;
Yet when sorrow tries His own,
Are they ever left alone?

Alas! how many hearts there are
Who little know of gladness,
Who oft bewail their troubled lot,
Their many trials and sadness!
Perchance one wanders quite alone,
To weep and make his bitter moan;
Yet He waits to soothe his fears,
Pleas'd, "My child, oh! why these tears?"

When two souls commune together,
Jesus Christ is still the third.
And He marks what each requireth,
Speaks Himself the soothing word.
For never doth He stand apart:
Oh! doubt Him not, my faithless heart!
He unchanging is and true,
Keeps His children eye in view.

Friend of friends, the dearest, truest,
Be not far, I pray, from me;
Should the world with lures entice me,
I will look for aid to Thee.

Should Satan in his cruel might
Assail me, put my foe to flight,
Dwell within me, and Thy will
Teach me gladly to fulfil.

If I mournful am and dreary,
Soothe me with the thought divine,
That Thy love is still unchanging
And that I myself am Thine.
Ah! let Thy word my faith inspire
And kindle in my heart such fire
That it may unceasing glow,
Love more deeply, better know!

Comfort Thou all tender spirits
Who in pain, or sorrow deep,
Seek the field, or wood, or valley,
Undisturbed to morn and weep
When with weeping woe and dreary,
Comfortless, alone, and wroth,
Whisper, Lord, in accents mild,
"Wherefore weepest thou, my child?"

Lord, if here Thou canst me linger,
Let our spirits with Thee go,
Share Thy happiness, the blessing
Of Thy presence always know;
Yet grant our prayers, O Saviour
dear!

Abide among us always here!
Then for peace and perfect rest,
We shall praise our much-loved Guest.

A.

Short Sermon.

BY HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS, LATE VICAR OF BRANSCOMBE.

BARABBAS.

St. Luke, xxiii. 18.—‘*And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas!*’

EAR by ear as the shadows of Lent thicken to the three hours' hiding of the sun, as the voices of this awful tragedy deepen to the 'loud voice' with which the Son of Man gave up His spirit to the Father, the fourfold cord of the great argument binds us to our allegiance:—‘These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His Name.’ This is the supreme purpose and lesson of all. This should sink into the Christian's soul, and live and work in his doings. This is the *individual* effect. But there is a corporate effect. The bread that we break is one loaf. All we His Church are one loaf of that Wheat which fell into the ground and died. All we are baptized into His death. ‘I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.’ The great *collective* effect.

There are, however, other lessons taught by our Lord and Master, of vast and vital import. Foremost of these is the warning example of the Jewish nation. For all historic purposes the whole manhood of the nation was bodily present at that Passover in the holy city. What was done was transacted, not only by the Council, the Chief Priests, and Rulers of the people, but by the very people itself. The Chief Priests and Rulers stirred them up, but the people, moved by them, cried out all at once. This, then, was out-and-out the doing of the nation itself. The miserable governor, Pilate, was a weak man. The high priest, Caiaphas, was he that gave counsel to the Jews ‘that it was expedient,’—‘The Chief Priests moved the people,’—‘The voices of them and of the Chief Priests prevailed, and Pilate gave sentence that it should be’—not as justice required, but ‘as they required.—It was the High Priest's notion of expediency that released Barabbas and crucified Jesus. The people cried as their ruler taught. The Governor did, against all his tortured conscience, as they cried.

An exchange of evil bargains was that at Jerusalem, where all were paying their price, ‘a goodly price,’ and gaining for it nothing but ‘harm and loss.’ The Chief Priests paid their thirty pieces, ‘the price of Him that was valued,’ and gained a field of blood. Judas sold his Lord, and gained only suicide and perdition. Pilate paid away his conscience, his authority, his soul, for no exchange at all, not even popular applause, for he was *lamed* to release one, and it was the people who wrenched the seditious murderer from his grasp, too feeble to save the Holy One, whom he ‘sought to release,’ when he had declared Him innocent. Yes! one thing Pilate gained: the friendship of Herod Antipas, who himself had paid the head of John the Baptist for an hour of dissolute amusement.

As to the nation of the Jews, they had driven the winning bargain, for they went away with their elected Barabbas and with their rejected Saviour. They had gained all they desired. What they did with their Barabbas no one cares to know. But the

Barabbas-kind, under their fostering care, prospered and increased, and became their utter destruction, as all readers of Josephus well know. The prophets of expediency had dreaded 'lest the Romans come and take away both our place and nation.' Well! they walked in the light of the sparks they had kindled. The One died for the people, and they rejoiced with their Barabbas whom they had chosen. But such as he were their destruction. The incensed Romans did come after all, 'and take away both their place and nation.' Their nation is no nation. It is nowhere—everywhere; and their holy place affords them only a straitened outer court of wailing and long perpetual tears. 'No portents now our foes amaze,

Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.'

The Romans had next their day of visitation, and were grafted into the olive-tree of God. They were strong lawgivers, framers of discipline and order, civilisers, road-makers, shapers of destiny. 'They did judgment and justice;—then it was well with them.' But they fell away; adopted ill customs and gave up good ones. They became greedy, idle, faithless, dissolute, cosmopolitan, effeminate. Their empire rotted at the root, and the freshening northern blasts that should have been its life broke its luxuriant straggling branches. It fell; and great was 'the fall of the Roman Empire.'

But a fresh race, rising since the sunset of Imperial Rome, has peopled the enormous continent of the South, and stretches its sceptre into the solitary northern twilight, and is hobbing in allegiance the manifold realm of ancient India.

We English are the greatest of all the races that shall answer for any corner of the earth in the day of judgment. Since our noblest Christian king Alfred sent his ambassadors to the Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Christians of the Malabar coast of India it is well-nigh one thousand years.* Little did the good Sighelm and Athelstan dream of the Palestine Survey, and the order of the Star of India, emblazoned on the towering white bows of our colossal troopships, with its high motto, 'Heaven's Light our Guide,' telling of the 'Light that lighteth every man,' except he love the darkness rather than the light.

Why are we this great Imperial People? Because, as Alfred said to his Lord, 'Such laws as we have, and such customs as we have, we took from Thy kingdom.' We have holden by our Lord Christ for a millennium, and He has stood by us and saved us. 'All the days' He has been with us, according to His most sure word of promise. On many a bitter Fast-day of repentance He has stretched out His hand to deliver. In many a bright hour of joy He has shone from His glorious High Throne, with a light above the brightness of the sun. Thrice three times seven years has our revered, beloved Queen drawn her strength and joy from Him. Twenty-one years had she seen when she wedded the Prince of her love. Twenty-one years she leaned on his strong and loyal arm. And the young generation are now of age who were born when a wailing nation laid their benefactor in his grave.

* Precisely one thousand years.—See the *Saxon Chron.* A.D. 883.

Great changes we have seen with our widowed Queen. 'Our Fathers trusted in Thee; they trusted in Thee, and Thou didst deliver them.' But we are wiser than our fathers. We are little by little slackening our allegiance to the Lord and His Anointed. We are learning to 'break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us.' The old laws of the 'time of man's innocency,' Holy Marriage, and the delightful day of sacred rest, are a weariness to us. The old word of the everlasting covenant, 'So help me God,' will not serve our turn. The 'spirit of the age' has chosen the motto of Caiaphas, 'It is expedient.' God's ways are far above out of our sight. 'Tush!' say we; 'how doth God know?' 'Who will show us any good?' says the spirit of the age; but it forgets the answer, 'Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.' The wise worship; (if so be they worship at all), not the unknown God—there is some hope in that—but the 'unknowable.' The old-world fool began to say in his heart, 'There is no God.' The modern fool shouts it through a speaking-trumpet, posts it on the walls, translates it into Indian dialects, and, more 'advanced' still, proceeds to demonstrate how there cannot be any God, and challenges God's ministers to disprove that black negation. And this is the Barabbas of to-day, the elect of a city exalted unto Heaven by its opportunities and means of grace. And must all England ratify that fatal choice? Must such an one be seated by the people's delegates in their midst to 'teach our senators wisdom?'

Bear with me, for I remember the hour when I was asked by the Bishop the solemn question, 'Will you be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word?' and when the decisive answer was given: 'I will, the Lord being my helper.'

Now, brethren, if ever there was an erroneous and strange doctrine utterly contrary to God's word it is the doctrine, phrase it as you may, that Government is not a ministry of God. And any doctrine that would still further slacken our hold on that first principle of polity must be banished and driven away, be it never so expedient, as a doctrine of Caiaphas, and not of Christ—as a prelude to the chorus of national perdition: 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas!' Caiaphas had his 'expedient,' and so has Christ our Lord. Is it not as true of the body politic as of the individual body, 'If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee, for it *is expedient* [the same Greek verb] for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell?' Acting on this principle, our forefathers in the time of Queen Anne expelled from the House of Commons a member who acknowledged himself the author of an anti-Christian book. But in the reign of Queen Victoria the most extreme contrary principle is asserted.

O England! it matters little what is the name of thy Barabbas. He is the incarnation of that expediency which in this Holy Week crucifies the Son of God afresh and puts Him to an open shame. It matters little who is thy Caiaphas, who thy Pilate; follow them, and thy place is vacant in the New Jerusalem—thy name blotted out from among the nations that are joined to the Lord.