



SUNDAY READING

COMMITTED TO THE DEEP.
Impressive Description of the Burial of a Child at Sea.

Death has been for some days hourly looked for, and when the surgeon of the ship, who had been in close attendance on the sufferer, whispered to me that all was over, I felt in no way surprised. The little innocent, a beautiful boy of about four years old, was released from a world of sin and suffering. For weeks previous, the poor child had struggled against a disease which baffled medical skill. The devoted attention of two affectionate parents had been lavished on it in vain; and when the quiet spirit winged its flight to resume its place in another and a better world, I could not but regard the tiny body, beautiful as it was, otherwise than the prison-house of that soul which, after a brief but painful sojourn below, had ascended to the mansions of bliss, there to rest with its Father and its God. As I passed the cabin of its parents, when retiring to my own, the partially-suppressed sobs of the mother were audible; and for some time I could distinctly hear the sound of the father's voice as he slowly and solemnly prayed, that that Almighty Being who giveth and taketh away, would bend their hearts in submission to His will, and make them learn that it was good for them to be afflicted.

It was the day after that on which the child had expired, and at two o'clock that was fixed on for its funeral. The necessary preparations had been completed during the night, and the mortal remains, shrouded in the garments of death, deposited in a plain but neatly-finished coffin made by the ship's carpenter. The faint breeze, which the officer on watch had whistled for during the night, and which had sprung up during the morning, died away almost altogether by twelve o'clock; and so clear was the firmament, in which a scorching and almost vertical sun blazed, and so limpid and still were the mighty waters, that as I gazed on the scene, it required no great strength of fancy to believe that the sky and ocean were united, and that our huge and magnificent vessel had been, by some unknown agency, dragged from her natural position, and now hung midway between the heavens and the sea.

The last sad ceremony—the committing of the body to the deep—was conducted with becoming solemnity. As is frequently the case on such occasions, letters of invitation to the funeral from the captain of the ship were sent to all the passengers, and, in consequence, every one capable of coming upon deck was present, dressed, of course, in the manner in which such a ceremony required. The sailors, too, had received their instructions, and, equipped in their best clothes, and all clean and neat, arranged themselves on the deck according to their respective stations. The large watch bell had continued to toll for about half-an-hour previous, a flag was hoisted half-mast high, and exactly at two o'clock, the little coffin, across which the ship's colours were thrown, was carried out of the cabin by two of the seamen, who, followed by the captain and the passengers, slowly advanced to that part of the vessel at which the sad ceremony was to take place. One of the cannonades to leeward had been detached from its fastenings, and moved midships; and the top slip of the bulwark, immediately over the port-hole, being also removed, a considerable space was thus left open, near to which the coffin was placed. A commodious awning had been erected across a portion of the deck, and on the captain opening the prayer-book of the Church of England for the purpose of reading the funeral service, every head had become uncovered, while the most perfect silence prevailed. That beautiful and impressive service was delivered in a solemn and affecting manner; and at that part of it when the body is committed to the dust, the coffin was gently raised, then slowly lowered over the vessel's side, and the rope by which it was held being detached, it, with its little occupant, sunk at once into the fathomless abyss. Two pieces of iron kentledge were fastened to the bottom of the coffin, so that it, with its light contents—for the poor child had been sadly wasted by suffering—were soon and forever hid from sight.

That spectacle I shall not easily forget; it was a truly impressive and affecting one. Many an eye, "albeit unused to the melting mood," was bathed in tears, while the father, stout-hearted and manly as he had proved himself on many a trying occasion, was carried rather than led to his cabin. That noble heart strove with emotions which were ready to burst it; he wept not, he spoke not; but the sorrow, the heart-lacerating sorrow within, was too big for utterance.

I have watched over the bed of the dying, and beheld disease in its most appalling forms—I have seen it commit its ravages on the old, the young, and the lovely—have witnessed interments in many countries, and under many circumstances, but few occurrences have struck me more forcibly than the funeral of the poor infant. It was committed to the "dark and deep blue ocean," and "sleeps well," far from parents and from friends. The sea has entombed it, and the surge alone sings its requiem. No tears can bedew its grave—no tombstone nor inscription marks its resting-place. Its dust mingles not with that of its relations; it is apart from them—solitary—alone. The sea-bird screams, the wild wave roars, and the tempest howls its funeral dirge; and, in lieu of the sweet flowers, emblems of its innocence, which, under other circumstances, would have bedecked its little grave, nought but the furious and the dashing billow is there.

There is something particularly striking and imposing in a funeral at sea. Those

who have never witnessed can form no adequate idea of the sentiments it calls forth, and of the solemn associations it is so well calculated to awaken. There is something fearfully sublime in committing the body to the deep—something which makes the most inconsiderate reflect, and calls the attention of the most thoughtless. Funerals on land we are too apt to regard thoughtlessly, as everyday occurrences. We pass them heedlessly, as things of course, or follow the hearse, the nodding black plumes, and the other trappings of woe, as a form which the uses of society, and a proper respect for the departed, require of us. At sea it is different; there, away from everything that familiarizes and too often sears the feelings to those sentiments which ought to effect, the melancholy ceremony strikes with irresistible force. Surrounded by the heaving billow, and in the midst of ocean's roar, the committing of a body to the deep is strikingly imposing and impressive, and cannot fail to remind us of our own insignificance, and the power of Him who can still its thunders and arrest its waves.—Scottish Pulpit.

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

Days Remembered by the Church at This Season of the Year.

Tomorrow will be the 18th Sunday after Trinity, and the ferial colors, red or green, will be used for it and the other days of the week, with the exceptions noted below.

Monday, the 17th, will be the feast of St. Etheldreda, virgin, a queen of East Anglia, who founded a convent and church at Ely, where she died as abbess A. D. 670. The feast is kept on June 23 by the Roman church, but Oct. 17, the date of the translation of her remains is observed in the Anglican calendar. When the feast is kept, the liturgical color for the day is white, with red at the first even-song of St. Luke. St. Etheldreda, otherwise known as St. Audrey, has a high place of honor among the black-letter saints. She was the daughter of a king of East Anglia, and her life was marked by piety and good works. She early took the vow of virginity, which she observed through life, though stated to have been twice given in marriage to Saxon princes. Her notable achievement was the founding of the church and convent at Ely, where Ely cathedral was afterwards built. She and St. Peter are the patrons of this cathedral, and various churches in England have her name. At her death her remains received an ordinary burial in the nuns' cemetery, but were subsequently translated to a splendid marble coffin in the church of Ely.

Tuesday will be the feast of St. Luke, and the liturgical color for the first even-song and the day is red. The vigil of this day is not a day of fasting, as are the vigils of a number of the major feasts. Ordinarily speaking a vigil of a red letter day is a fast, and the reason is that it should be a time of preparation for the observance of the feast, in the proper spirit. The lesson of the fasting is that we suffer here that we may rejoice hereafter. It is symbolical of the sorrows of our Lord's earthly life, and of the probation undergone by the saints before they were fitted to reign with Christ. Such feasts, however, as fall either in the Christmas or Easter seasons are not preceded by fasting vigils, because the church is unwilling to multiply fasts at those joyous times. In addition to these, the exceptions are the vigil of St. Michael and All Angels and that of St. Luke. In the former case there is no fast, because the day is in commemoration of the angels, who did not undergo a state of probation on earth. In the case of the vigil of St. Luke, it is held that it is superseded by the feast of St. Etheldreda.

St. Luke, the evangelist, is known as the author of the gospel which bears his name, and is generally believed to have written the Acts of the Apostles. His name, which occurs only three times in the New Testament, is regarded as an abbreviation of Lucanus. He was a physician and the companion of St. Paul in some of his missionary tours. There is also a tradition that he was a painter, and some believe that portraits of the B. V. M., still in existence, are the work of his hands. He is often represented in a seated posture working with a stylus or brush, while behind him is the head of an ox. The latter is the symbol of sacrifice, as St. Luke entered more fully than the others into the history of our Saviour's sufferings. The silence of the apostolic fathers in regard to his gospel is taken as an indication that it was not admitted into the canon until late. According to St. Jerome, St. Luke lived to the age of 84 years. He died A. D. 63.

The observance of the feast of St. Luke dates back as far as the fifth century. The collect for the day was composed in 1549 and inserted in the first prayer book of the reign of Edward the Sixth.

Bishop Dunn Is a Worker.

In a sermon preached at the consecration of a chapel at Bishop's college, Lennoxville, last week, Bishop Dunn, of Quebec, referred to the deepening of spirituality in the church. Of late years, he said there had been a great change in England, and the church was rapidly returning to her pristine vigor. The communion service, so well calculated to give spiritual strength and refreshment and which had been so sadly neglected, was again being largely restored and churches that had been empty or frequented only by the rich were now crowded with all classes. The bishop gave the particular instance of the church at Acton, London, of which he had been the rector since 1871. Then there were a few communion services and at most there were only fourteen communicants at a time. Now, he was happy to say, that two other large churches had been built in the same parish besides other small churches and it was no unusual thing in the church under his charge to have from thirteen to fourteen hundred communicants at a time. Though the bishop did not take credit for his own work, it is well known that his personal labors at Acton did much to bring about this flourishing state of affairs.

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

James Montgomery and Isaac Watts produced 400 hymns each.

Belgium has a population of six millions of which only 150,000 are protestants.

There are 10,000 free baptists in the province and they raised \$32,000 last year.

India has one missionary to 275,000 people, Persia one to 300,000 and Thibet one to 2,000,000.

St. Louis, Mo., has a W. C. T. U. composed wholly of Roman catholics, and working on the same lines as the unions elsewhere.

It takes less heroism to die at the stake for Christ and the truth than to live for Christ and perform unflinchingly every daily duty.

The sentiment of the recent pan-presbyterian council was in favor of moral suasion rather than legislation as a remedy for the evils of drink.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury.

The laymen and clergy of the diocese of Toronto will present Archbishop Walsh with addresses on Nov. 10, that being the 25th anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood.

By a resolution of the provincial synod of the Church of England, there is to be prepared a form of prayer for those at sea and one for candidates in preparation for confirmation.

God makes the earth bloom with roses that we may not be disappointed with our sojourn here; He makes it bear thorns that we may learn to look for something better beyond.

The number of protestant missionaries in the world is 4,405 men, 2,062 women, with a total contribution of \$11,250,000. The presbyterians contribute 1,687 missionaries and \$2,500,000.

The W. C. T. U. convention of New York state, last week, was the most successful of the nineteen annual conventions of that union. Fifty counties chose delegates to the national convention at Denver, next month.

The Roman catholic church is said to be more firmly established in Canada than in any other protestant country in the world. In Manitoba 13 per cent of the population is Roman catholic; in Ontario 16 and in Quebec 80 per cent. There are 316 convents and seminaries.

By economy use a small income well; by grateful praise express your value of the least of God's mercies; and by charitable judgment come to a favorable conclusion concerning those in whom you see even a little grace. One can see the sky in a single drop of rain, and a work of grace in a tear of repentance.—Presbyterian Banner.

During the convention of the W. C. T. U. at Quebec, last week, about 85 of the ladies took a holiday and visited the famous shrine at La Bonne Ste-Anne, where they were most courteously received by the Redemptorist Fathers. They were also, when in Quebec, presented to Cardinal Taschereau, who expressed his sympathy with the work in which they are engaged.

Thomas Spurgeon, son of the dead pulpit orator, is said to be a preacher of originality and force, who does not need to depend upon the prestige of a great name. His popularity has been steadily increasing among the admirers of his famous father, while on the other hand there is a good deal of criticism upon the manner in which James Spurgeon, brother of the deceased, continues to ignore Thomas in public and in private.

The Church of England hospital, Halifax, has recently been renovated and remodelled. There are ten rooms of various sizes and attractiveness presided over by the Sisters of St. Margaret, Boston, recently arrived here to take charge of the nursing, the Sister in charge having originally from Yarmouth. The rooms are named after the parishes of the city, and have been furnished by the ladies of the respective churches.

During the last quarter to September 1, 1892, 114 colporteurs of the American Tract society labored in thirty-three of the United States and Canada. They circulated by sale and grant 32,569 volumes of christian literature; addressed 1,086 meetings; found 2,808 families destitute of all religious books except the Bible, and 1,133 families without the Bible. They found 7,253 protestant families who rarely ever attended evangelical preaching; visited 39,274 families, in 30,199 of which they engaged the persons in religious conversation and prayer. Yam Tsok Kun, the Chinese colporteur of Oregon, reached by personal visit or public address 1,370 of his own people.

The church mission house in New York, of which the foundation stone was laid last week by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, will be the finest building of the kind in America. It will be seven stories high, and will have a steel frame filled in with brick. Its total cost will be about \$350,000. The lot on which the house is to be built is valued at \$100,000. About a year will be required for the completion of the structure. Over the main entrance in the centre of the building on the Fourth avenue side will be a life size statue of St. Augustine and to the left one of Bishop Seabury, the first episcopalian prelate in America.

Everybody has heard of "the little church round the corner," which is the Church of Transfiguration, New York. The rector, Dr. Houghton, recently issued a very modest circular appealing for funds to pay off the debt, and it now seems that his wants will be readily satisfied. The theatrical profession is likely to respond liberally, and John Drew wrote to the *Sun* last week, saying: "I am quite sure that I express the general sentiment of my brother actors when I say that the movement to pay off the indebtedness enlists their heartiest sympathy and good wishes. As a step in this direction I shall be pleased to give a special matinee performance of 'The Masked Ball' at Palmer's Theatre some day next week, with the assurance that my offer will have the sincerest co-operation of my manager and my professional associates."

Let Not Thy Angry Passions Rise.

There are occasions when we do well to be angry. There is a meekness which is the gentleness of weakness. A good man's anger, according to an old proverb, is like the spark the steel strikes from the flint—it requires a hard blow to kindle it, and it soon expires. But how seldom is the truth of this saying verified! No fire is so easy to kindle and none so hard to extinguish as our human resentments. If we are hard and severe toward others, our prayer, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," is only a form and mockery. The little things which are so often done to us on the spur of the moment, in an outburst of passion—how small they all are, at the worst! They do not kill us. The Koran says that two angels guard ever man on earth, one watching on each side of him, and when at night he sleeps they fly up to heaven with a written report of all his words and actions during the day. Every good thing he does is recorded at once and repeated ten times lest some item may be omitted or lost from the account. But when they came to a sinful thing the angels on the right say to the angels on the left: "Forbear to record that for seven hours, preadventure as he wakes and thinks in the quiet hours he may be sorry for it, and repent and pray and obtain forgiveness." This is a true picture of the way in which God regards our lives. He is slow to write down our sins against us. We, as His children, are to repeat in our lives something of His forgiveness and forbearance.—Rev. Madison C. Peters.

Pruned by a Loving Hand.

It is a painful thing, this pruning work, this cutting off of the over-luxuriant shoots, in order to call back the wandering juices into the healthier and more living parts. In religion it is described thus: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The keen edge of God's pruning-knife cuts sheer through. No weak tenderness stops Him whose love seeks goodness, not comfort, for His servants.—F. W. Robertson.

For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest."—T. A. Hugginsbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

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