



SUNDAY READING

HOW WE BURY OUR DEAD.

Our Duty When the Things of Our Love Die and Depart.

The following words by Dr. Elder, a Scotch divine, will find an echo in many hearts:

It has to be done, however painful it may be—the things of one's love die and depart, and all that is left to do is to bury them deep, plant flowers on the spot where they lie, and go on our way poorer by so much, but with a life still to lead and a future still to fulfil. There is not one among us who has not to bury his dead. From the child's belief in the omnipotence of his parents to the man's in the absolute perfection of his beloved. They die, and must be buried—from their ashes sometimes rising the new growth of a higher and loftier truth—it sometimes that heart-sickness which comes from disappointment and the inability to make the best of the things which remain to us, after knowledge has robbed us of our illusions, characteristic of the tender and the tenacious. We have to bury our hopes as we have to bury our loves, and forget the desire which once made the whole charm of life for us, to the attainment of which we once bent our energies, as on its fulfilment were centred all our dreams. While it was possible we wept and prayed. When recognized as impossible, what remained but to bury it deep in our soul, and resolutely determine never to unearth it again? You thought that all those tender looks and soft, sweet words—those confidences in the twilight, and that frank pleasure in your society shown in the face of day, were special to you, with meaning and purpose, and an end in view. So you gave your heart before the formal demand for its surrender was made; you mistook that delusive light for a star of heaven by which you might steer your course forever, and only woke to the knowledge of your mistake when the pain of your scorch revealed the nature of the flame round which you were circling. What, then, have you to do? Still go on loving the man who does not love you, though he may like you and wish you well, and would be glad to see you happily married, and all the rest of those benevolent things which such men do say to the women who have been misled as well as self-deceived? Or, will you bury the mistake and all that it included among the rest of your dead, and never let the world know either that it had once lived, and that it is now no more? It is all that you can do; and to bury your mistaken love is a far better way of showing wisdom and a far more likely use of reason than to follow Goldsmith's advice, and, because you have stooped to folly, turn your own face to the wall. No; kill your folly and bury it as a dead thing which has no ghost; but do you live to do better, and to be of such use to the world as God has granted you the means of being.

The various illusions of life go one by one to their graves; and we are left standing alone in the desert, where once we had been in Eden, surrounded by fair-faced angels and sweet-voiced seraphs. We find that poetry, though beautiful, is not science which is true; and that the poetic faculty of viewing life gets more praise from the hearer than it gives peace to the thinker; that dreams of human perfectibility *en masse*, and of human perfection in particular, are not the groundwork on which to found a man's active doings among his fellows.

We bury our youth, our health, and our strength; and we only come to grief when we try to resuscitate the dead and forget the chain of years that we have forged between then and now. Let us also bury the dead things of life—the remembrance of past pains, of past enmities, of the quarrel that has been verbally made up, the offence once offered and since atoned for—let us bury them deep in good honest soil; plant flowers on them, so that the place where they lie shall not be barren nor disfigured; make of each mistake, each sad experience, a means for future good, and truth, and beauty; and go on—always on—till we come to the end—when we ourselves shall be among the dead and buried; some of us remaining as beautiful remembrances ever enshrined in honor and delight.

Told of Dore's Picture.

It is interesting to remember that Dore's great picture of "Christ Leaving the Praetorium" was originally bathed in light, and made up of brilliant masses of color.

When the artist had labored at it for two or three years, and had at length almost finished it, he invited a friend, Canon Harford, who was not only a Biblical scholar but a judge of art, to visit his studio and frankly criticise the work. The canon complied with the request, but though he made the tour of the room and spoke of all the minor works there, he made no mention of the great canvas before him. Dore bore the silence as long as he could, and then said anxiously: "You don't like it?"

The critic acknowledged that he was disappointed.

"The sky," said he, "should be overcast. The awful morning should not be one of sunlight. The entire picture should be darkened, so that the eye would naturally seek the figure of the Saviour."

Dore was thoughtful and depressed, and his mother tearfully protested that her son's masterpiece should not be touched. He asked his friend to meet him at the studio on the following morning, and when Canon Harford did arrive there he found that the painter's mind was made up.

Although the time for sending pictures to the Salon was at hand, and Dore must sacrifice the hope of years in withholding his picture, not for that reason would he hesitate in his search for the very highest

beauty. Mounting a ladder before the glowing canvas, he turned to his friend and said—

"Wait!" Then, with broad sweeps of deep, neutral tint he proceeded to cover the upper part of the picture, working with feverish activity, in order to obscure all the bright lights and get at a rough idea of the scene as he intended it to appear.

The change was amazing. The figure of Christ stood out in commanding majesty through the gloom of that sorrowful morning, and the artist saw at once that he had done well.

IN THE ANGLICAN CALENDAR.

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

Tomorrow will be the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, with ferial colors and lights. The same for the following days of the week, though if Tuesday be kept as the feast of St. Machutus, the color is white in the Western and yellow in the Sarum use.

There are three black-letter saints' days this week, the first of which, on Sunday is the feast of St. Britius, or Brice, bishop and confessor. He was a monk of Marmoutier and the successor of St. Martin as bishop of Tours. He died A. D. 444.

Tuesday will be the feast of St. Machutus, or Malo, bishop and confessor, of Wales. He went to Brittany and became bishop of Aleth and superior of the monastery at that place. Died A. D. 564.

Thursday will be the feast of St. Hugh, bishop and confessor, who was bishop of Lincoln. He was a benedictine monk of Great Chertreux, and prior of the Benedictine monastery at Witham, Somersetshire, Eng. He died A. D. 1200.

Worthy of remembrance are any of the godly men whose names appear in the calendar as saints, and the lives of all of them have lessons for soldiers of the church militant in all ages. To many of the readers of PROGRESS, however, Monday will also have a significance as the anniversary of the consecration of the first American bishop, Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut, in 1784. Bishop Seabury was born in Connecticut in 1729, was graduated at Yale, studied medicine in Scotland and afterwards theology in that country. He was ordained in London in 1753. During the revolution he was a royalist and resided in New York. He was one of those who took part in revising the prayer book to suit the demands. On his death, in 1796, he was succeeded by Abraham Jarvis.

Dr. Seabury with Col. Benjamin Thompson waited on Sir Guy Carleton, at New York, at the close of the revolution to agree on terms for the Loyalists going to the provinces. After his consecration in Scotland, he returned to the United States by the way of St. John and preached here, according to Lawrence's Footprints. His daughter was the wife of Colin Campbell, clerk of the supreme court of this province.

Bishop Seabury was consecrated by three Scotch bishops, and thus it is remarked that the American succession came through that of Scotland. During his lifetime Bishop White, of Pennsylvania, Provost, of New York, and Madison, of Virginia, were consecrated by English bishops, and these four proceeded to consecrate others from Maryland, South Carolina and Massachusetts. The American succession, equally with all other valid and unbroken successions in the Anglican, Roman or Greek churches, can be traced step by step to the Apostles themselves.

The Power of Kind Words.

They do not cost much. It does not take long to utter them. They never blister the tongue or lips on their passage into the world, or occasion any other kind of bodily suffering; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from their use. Though costing little they accomplish much. 1. They help one's own good nature and good will. One cannot maintain a habit of this kind without thereby picking away something of the granite roughness of his own nature. Soft words will soften his own soul. People that are for ever speaking kindly are forever inclining themselves to ill-temper.

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus, with very good reasons, claims to be the oldest town or city in the world. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham, a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in the desert, with martial and sacred associations extending through 30 centuries. According to Josephus, Damascus was founded by Uz, the son of Aram and grandson of Shem. It is first mentioned in scripture in connection with Abraham, whose steward was a native of that place (Genesis xv. 2).

Words Worth Remembering.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—Cervantes.

Good sense is the best friend a man can have in any emergency.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—La Bruyere.

When a boy is smart, there is a question whether he gets it from her folks or his people.

When the soul is at ease it may be amused, but a hungry soul wants bread.—Evans.

Working without a plan is one of the best ways in the world to waste your strength.

It is much easier to meet error than to find truth; error is on the surface, and can be more easily met with; truth is hid by great depths, and the way to seek it does not appear to all the world.

Time is the most indefinable, yet most paradoxical of things. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

NEWS AND NOTABILLIA.

The door to Heaven is as wide as the perfection of God would allow; it is bounded by perfect love and perfect justice.

The Bishop of Manchester says that disestablishment of the English church would do harm, but that disendowment would be very serious.

The title of "Eminence" was first given to cardinals by Pope Urban VIII. in 1631. Up to that time they had been styled "Most Illustrious."

He who plants a tree does well; he who tells and saws it into planks does well; he who makes a bench of the planks does well; he who, sitting on the bench, teaches a child does better than the rest.—Farrar.

The value of Cardinal Howard's will has been sworn at £55,000 odd. This is a very much larger sum than Cardinal Newman left, and Cardinal Manning, it may be remembered, died very poor. But then the cardinal whose will has just been proved was a Howard, and this makes all the difference.

The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one, sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things we are assured of its existence.

A Mr. Grundy said at the Manchester, Eng., diocesan conference that church service should be "bright and brief," and that churchgoing ought to be more social than it is. Prayer should be condensed and sermons should not exceed ten minutes at most. He could see no reason why string and brass bands should not take part in the services.

Necessary religious service, thinks the Rev. H. T. Valentine, vicar of St. Paul's, Walden, Herts, Eng., ought to be "free as air," and not sold at fixed fees. He has therefore made it known that so long as he is vicar there will be no fee charged for marriages and burials any more than for baptism or holy communion, but if any persons choose to pay a voluntary fee, they may do so.

Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold, says Talmage. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God me merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, is less than eight minutes in length.

An interesting discovery has been made in the cellars of the Methodist Bookroom in London. No less than fifteen volumes of manuscript have been found there, the most of it consisting of poems and hymns written by that sweet singer of Methodism, Charles Wesley. One volume contains some compositions by Samuel Wesley. It is believed the manuscripts form a portion of the mass of documents purchased by Rev. Thomas Jackson, who died some years ago.

The Bishop of London is a total abstainer. He expresses the opinion that the tide of intemperance is getting steeper, stronger and swifter. The result, he considers, is mainly due to the conditions of the liquor traffic and to our social customs, according to which many Englishmen cannot meet to transact business without drinking, whilst Scotchmen cannot realize a really friendly gathering unless they were taking "a cup o' kindness yet for the sake Auld Lang Syne."

There are 140 religious denominations in the United States, two-thirds of which are "American in their origin." Of the bodies outside of the Roman Catholics and "episcopals," the methodists number over two and one-fourth millions with thirty per cent. increase; the presbyterians number one and one-fourth millions with thirty-nine per cent. increase; Lutherans number one and one-half millions with increase of sixty-eight per cent.; congregationalists number one-half million with thirty-three per cent. increase; the Jews, numbering one hundred and thirty thousand, have increased at a ratio of one hundred and sixty per cent.

It is positively asserted, despite old reports to the contrary, that the health of the Pope continues to be good. It is true that of late he has had to modify his routine, and for the remainder of the year, will not resume the open air life he led all the summer in the gardens of the Vatican, where he hardly allowed a day to pass without an excursion to the most charming spot of that charming demense, the Villa of Pius IV., and wound up with a modest refectory in the pavilion of the Torre. All he now allows himself in the matter of outdoor exercise is a short turn, weather permitting, in that portion of the gardens, in the immediate vicinity of the palace; while as to the giving of audiences, he vouchsafes these only to personages accredited on special business of church or state. Even to morning mass in his private chapel the privileged outsider is very rarely admitted, and persons of distinction who are reluctant to leave Rome without seeing him can do so only "sul passaggio"—that is, on his way back from one of the brief turns aforementioned in the gardens. During the present month he will resume his ordinary Thursday receptions.

Father Davis, the well-known parish priest of Baltimore, county Cork, Ireland, who died recently, was a man of practical energy, and of widespread popularity. When appointed parish priest of Baltimore English, Scotch, Manx and French fishermen went to Baltimore year after year in well equipped vessels to reap the sea harvest, while the natives, too poor to provide themselves with vessels and gear suitable for the purpose, were forced to look on helplessly or to supply cheap labor to those who were better favored. Father Davis having devised a scheme, which he knew would require years of labor to work out, he applied himself earnestly to his task. He had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success in the course of a few years, and Baltimore, which was a mere fishing hamlet, is already in a fair way to become a prosperous town. With the assistance of the government he was enabled to erect the splendid piscatorial schools, where technical instruction is given in the capture and cure of fish and the manufacture of fishing gear and appliances.

Order of the Iron Crown.

Every one has heard of the iron crown with which, in ancient times, the Lombard kings were crowned, and in later times the German emperors, when they wished to manifest their claims as kings of Lombardy. Charlemagne was crowned with it eleven hundred years ago; and Napoleon Buonaparte put it upon his head when he conquered Italy. It is a golden crown, set with precious stones; but it derives its name from an iron circle fixed inside, concealed from view, which according to the legend, was made out of a nail of Christ's cross. In connection with this crown the "Order of the Iron Cross" was founded; and it now ranks among the noblest orders of the Austrian Empire. Christian sufferers, you belong to the spiritual order of the iron crown! You are companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. It is His cross that you carry. It is His sufferings that you have the fellowship of. It is with His crown that you are crowned; a crown of gold that fades not away, but whose most precious part is the inner iron circle that clasps your brow, made of the nails of His cross, showing that you have been crucified with Him. For it is a faithful saying, "if we suffer, we shall reign with Him." Listen to the song of triumph from one of the noblest knights of the iron crown, as he was chained in a Roman prison, his vision, in the awful darkness, piercing beyond the battle and the struggling faith—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me on that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."—W. W. Fulloch.

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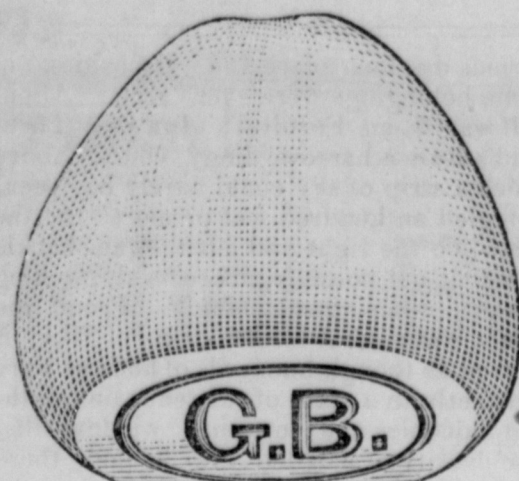
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