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All are cordially invited to attend these services.

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Y. P. S., Thursday at 8 p.m.  
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**A Burial at Sea**

(From the "Seaman," Feb. 28, 1897.)

Twice in my life have I seen a funeral at sea, and both times it has seemed to me that there was more of real solemnity and less of what may be called artificial conventionalities than usually accompanies funerals ashore. Whence the impression comes it would be difficult to say; for those who attend the funeral at sea may be no more really moved than are those who attend like ceremonies on land. But there is a boundless horizon before your eyes, and there is a deep and all-prevailing sense of vastness which can never be got in a burial ground at home. Whatever this may do for others, for me it creates a deep feeling of tender solemnity. Then Death has struck into a small community, and just as the family feels the loss of one of its members, so must a ship's company feel the death of one of themselves. I do not believe it possible that the grim Tyrant ever struck a blow more severely felt than when he carried off him whose body was committed to the deep from this ship a few days ago. There is talk of wide-spread mourning when a great one is taken; but here again conventionality comes in.

With us it was different. Day by day we had seen the attenuated form led to a chair by a most noble and devoted wife. Day by day we had heard his kindly humorous voice till it faded into indistinctness. All of us had foreseen the end of it. When it came on a bright Sunday morning there was a hush over the ship, a grief which not even the most callous could disregard. It was as sincere as it was general, and divine service that day was no mere performance. It was marked by genuine devotional feeling. I shall not soon forget the deep emotion that pervaded our small congregation as the hymn beginning

"Now the labourer's task is o'er,"  
with its tender refrain,  
"Father, in Thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping,"  
was sung. If ever prayer was heartfelt, that was.

Between death and burial at sea there is never a long interval. Our fellow-voyager died early on Sunday morning. At five o'clock on Sunday afternoon he was buried. For days before we had been passing through fields of icebergs—if such a term as field may be permitted in relation to anything at sea. We had sighted them one after the other, and had gazed our fill at their majestic proportions, and at their exquisite cold beauty as they shone pearl-like in the sun's rays, and were clouded now and then by great bursts of smoke-like spray, which huge waves breaking at their base threw over them. Gales of wind had literally chased us along. One was still blowing that Sunday. It roared along faster than the ship, tearing the spindrift from great seas which had a hungry, devouring look. No one would be dismal for long in such weather. It stirred the blood in the oldest veins, while it made walking so much a matter of difficulty that thoughts of keeping your feet made other thinking difficult. Yet the sky was bright, and the sun brought into delightful relief the opaline shade of the mighty waves as they rose and broke against each other. Nothing on land could equal that vast expanse of sea, and sky, that swift sense of motion, that feeling of struggle with working and strong foes.

At four o'clock in the afternoon there was a gathering of all on board in the waist of the ship. The captain and his officers were there. The seamen—naval reserve men—were mustered near to the gangway. Passengers crowded the poop and hurricane decks. It became known that the service was to be read by a minister of the Church of Scotland, who was one of our fellow voyagers. He took up his place by the side of the captain, and silently we waited. Presently the body of our dead friend was brought by quartermasters. The Union Jack made a fitting pall. Then the service began.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," began the minister, and as he went on in solemn tones with the exquisitely beautiful service that the Church of England prescribes for the burial of the dead, the scene was most impressive. The ship was coursing before the wind, for ever swaying on the seas. A sailor's deafness of foot was necessary to enable you to stand without holding on to something that was fixed. The mourners swayed as the ship swayed, while all the time the wind and sea put in a hoarse bass to the sound

of the voice of him who officiated. Now and then the roll was deep, so that it seemed as if the body must slide from the inclined plane on which it was placed. At such times the quartermasters, with steady hands, held to the bier. So the service went on. The deceased had been a Freemason, and the minister put in a Masonic prayer, written, I suppose, for such an occasion.

At last came the time when the service runs, "We commit his body to the deep." A signal had been given, and the engines were stopped. Instantly a great stillness seemed to have come over us. The thunderous throbs of the propeller had ceased. The wind seemed to lull. There was no hoarse cry of it in the rigging. The waves seemed to have raised a pause in their ceaseless rare. The heavens were blue above; the sea was a great field of rolling hills, with foamy crowns, that yet appeared to have lost their ravenous intent. By comparison there was silence—everything was hushed in solemn reverence. Perhaps a sob of grief was heard from the mourners; but a peacefulness that passed all understanding fell upon all of us.

It was in this hush that the last words were spoken. Every head was uncovered; no man stood erect. Thus the end came. The body slid over the gangway into the sea. A nobler grave no man could have. No hired mourners made a mockery of grief. No earthly soil touched the ceremonies in which our fellow-voyager was bound. He sank into the great sea as into the arms of a loving mother. The ship sped on again. We have lived our every-day life since; but I venture to think that none of us have forgotten that scene, or will ever forget it.

If I had the choosing of my own time of death and my own grave, I would choose to die as he whom

**CLERGY TOLD TO GUARD PULPITS**

The extension of the hospitality of the Church of England pulpit to ministers of other denominations in some places has caused Archbishop Thorne Archibishop of Algoma, metropolitan of the province, to write an open letter to the clergy urging obedience to the bishops of the church.

It is as follows:  
"As Metropolitan of this Ecclesiastical Province of Ontario, I have been much disturbed of late by the attitude, maintained by not a few of our clergy, towards the authoritative enactments of the church. It is not an attitude of deliberate hostility to law, although personal opinion is not infrequently set above corporate authority. Rather it is an underrating of the obligation to obey, or a forgetting of the solemn pledge of obedience into which every clergyman is required, once and again, to enter. It is not so widespread a condition of things as to cause serious alarm, and yet in my judgment it is sufficiently pronounced and grave to call for a warning and to justify an appeal from the voice of authority.

"When a clergyman in public prayer and administration of the sacraments uses forms neither prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer nor ordered by lawful authority, I do not find it easy to believe that he is deliberately defying the rules of his church, or of set purpose violating his own solemn declarations and vows. Rather I am disposed to believe that he is erring through thoughtlessness, and that he fails to realize the inevitable consequences of his disobedience.

"And when, acting entirely on his own initiative, a clergyman extends the hospitality of his pulpit to outsiders, ignoring our provincial canon and the decision of our general synod, which provide that only they shall be permitted to officiate for us who

we buried died, at sea, in loving arms, and be buried in the clear, kindly waters of the mighty ocean.

have been episcopally ordained, or who are invited to do so by the bishop of the diocese himself, because in his judgment they are working towards the Lambeth proposals for re-union—episcopacy being their ultimate and accepted objective—I am loth to admit that in taking such action he is deliberately setting authority at naught, and asserting his own will as supreme. Rather I would believe that he has not taken the true measure of things, and fails to realize the confusion which his aggressive action will entail, and the distress it must cause to those who bear the burden of responsible office.

"I recognize that there is all the difference in the world between deliberate defiance of law and ill-considered action, proceeding it may be from lack of thought, misunderstanding, or the impulsive earnestness of uncontrolled enthusiasm. But there is no difference worth considering, whatever may be the cause of disobedience, in the effects of lawlessness upon the public mind, and upon the spirit of those whose responsibility it is to govern.

"However convinced a clergyman may be that the judgment of the church, and of her bishops, is inferior to his own, nothing but confusion—not to say disaster—can result from his acting on his own initiative and becoming more or less a law unto himself. And however conscientiously the bishops of the church may be striving to bear the burden of their office, they will be sorely hindered in their tasks, and their influence and efficiency will be grievously imperilled, by the want of a spirit of loyal obedience in those whom they are responsible for guiding.

"Living and moving within the narrow limits of parochial responsibility a clergyman may readily fail to recognize the greatness of his bishop's tasks and burdens, and without the least intending to do so may drag down the hands it is his duty to uphold.

"On such grounds, as metropolitan of the province, I venture to appeal to my reverend brethren—and I do so in the confident hope and belief that I shall not appeal in vain—for loyal—yes, even scrupulous—obedience to the just and righteous laws of the church, and to the bishops whose sacred duty it is to administer them.

"GEORGE ALGOMA, Metropolitan"

**SAP NOW RUNNING IN MAPLE WOODS MEANS EARLY SPRING IS ON THE WAY**



The maple sap, running in the first week of this month near Woodstock, Ontario, is heralded as a sure sign of an early spring. At the same time it calls up to the mental vision the picturesque traditions surrounding the maple sugaring times of Canada. The maple tree is one of the glories of Canada, and the maple leaf, borne by the Canadians upon the field of battle wherever Canadian soldiers have fought and died, is a sacred symbol to every citizen of the Dominion.

Maple sugar is one of the legacies bequeathed by the Indians of the New World to their white conquerors. In the earliest records of Indian life are references to the tapping of the maple trees, for the sweet sap from which sugar was made. The troughs used by the Indians were made of bark, and the syrup was poured into bark boxes to cool and mould. In these holders they were sold to the pioneers to augment their scanty supplies.

Until a few years ago, crude methods were employed in making the syrup and sugar, and in marketing. Huge tubs were pulled about the woods and the sap gathered from wooden buckets into which it ran. Today, scientific metal pails are used, and the sap is run to the sugar kitchens in pipelines laid through the maple woods. The best sanitary methods are employed in the kitchens, in which the syrup is bottled by machine and the sugar moulded into convenient sizes for retail sale.

The maple tree is curiously sensitive to climatic conditions. Cold north-west winds, frosty nights and sunny days induce the best flow of sap, which flows much more readily in the day-time than at night. The flow ceases entirely during the south-west wind or at the approach of a storm. Each tree yields an average of from twelve to twenty-four gallons of sap in a season.

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