

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE DIOCESAN SYNOD OF NOVA SCOTIA :

Dear Brethren,—

It would be altogether impossible for me to begin my Address to you without at once referring to the most momentous event which has happened since our last official meeting, which came near to sundering forever our relations to each other—the serious and all but fatal illness by which I was stricken down towards the end of November, 1890. Looking back from the vantage ground of, as I believe, fully recovered health and strength, into that valley of doubt and fear, dark with what seemed likely to prove the shadow of death, I can feelingly adopt the language of the Psalmist and say, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell got hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the LORD: O LORD, I beseech Thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. I was brought low and He helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee. For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." During those long weeks of dangerous illness, strong pain, and resulting feebleness, like that of a little child, the tender, anxious and loving ministrations of my dear friend the Dean, made still stronger the bond of affection and gratitude by which I was previously bound to him, while his faithful fulfilment of the duties, and patient bearing of the burdens, which I was constrained to lay upon him as my Commissary during my long subsequent absence from the Diocese, have laid me under greater obligations than ever to him—obligations which I am glad to have the opportunity thus publicly to acknowledge. While I thus refer to my indebtedness to the Dean, I am far from unmindful of what I owe to you, and to all the people of these two Provinces, for the sympathetic interest and ceaseless solicitude shown by you in continual prayer that I might be spared from death, and given back to the work to which you believe that God's Holy Spirit guided you to call me. I think those prayers have been answered, not only in the return of bodily and mental vigor, but in a deepened sense of the combined privilege and responsibility of the trust committed to me, and a stronger desire to devote myself with entire unreservedness to the discharge of the duties of so weighty an office as that of a Bishop in the Church of God. I have taken up again the Pastoral Staff so long laid aside, relying upon the help of God's Holy Spirit, the supply of His heavenly grace, the "supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks," of the faithful, the counsel of my appointed advisors, and the active co-operation of the clergy and laity, to cheer my otherwise desponding heart, to lighten my burdens, to share my anxieties, and to work zealously with me for the prosperity of the Church of England in this Diocese, and the gathering into her fold of many now without, that they may share with us "in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

I also gratefully record my thanks to the Bishops of Maine and Newfoundland, and the Bishop-coadjutor of Fredericton for much-needed and valued Episcopal help in Confirming and Ordaining during my absence—their kind and brotherly assistance helping in no small degree to lessen the disadvantage of my long absence.

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DAY, July 1st, 1892.

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Ven. S. Weston Jones,
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