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St. Ann's parish, Revete, Mass., has received \$2,000 towards their new church now being erected.

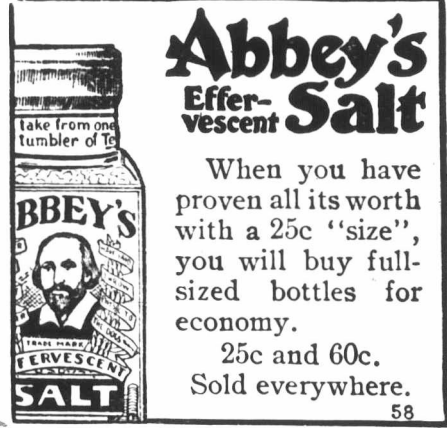
The Rev. Canon Welch, D.C.L., vicar of Wakefield, has been appointed by the Lord Bishop of Wakefield to be one of his honorary chaplains.

A memorial cross has been erected at Ham, Surrey, to the memory of the Right Rev. R. F. L. Blunt, Bishop of Hull and vicar of Hessele, who died in January last.

The Rev. Frank R. Allison, formerly a Presbyterian minister of Austin, Pa., was recently confirmed by the Bishop of Harrisburg previous to studying for Holy orders.

Mrs. T. P. Shepherd bequeaths \$2,000 to St. Elizabeth's Home, Providence, R.I.; \$3,000 to St. John's Church; \$2,000 for Mission work in the diocese of Rhode Island.

Dedication of Gifts at Knowbury near Ludlow.—The beautiful Church of St. Paul has lately been further enriched by the gift of a three-light window, representing our Blessed Lord, vested in a chasuble, administering the chalice to St. John, the other Apostles kneeling around. Three sanctuary lamps have also been presented.



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25c and 60c.
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The Bishop of Peterboro' has lately appointed the Rev. C. G. Hodgson, rector of Bulwick, to be Rural Dean of Oundle (ii), and the Rev. Andrew Cavendish Neeley to be Rural Dean of Preston (ii). Mr. Hodgson is son, and Mr. Neeley son-in-law of Canon F. C. Hodgson, rector of Aldwinckle and Rural Dean of Higham Ferrers. Is it not a record for there to be three rural deans in one family?

Among the candidates confirmed at St. Oswald's Church, Sheffield, lately, by the Bishop of Sheffield, was a sailor who had been trying to present himself for confirmation for years, but had always been prevented by the sailing of his ship before the ceremony. He was to have been confirmed at Goole, but his ship arrived too late, and he therefore travelled by a circuitous route by train and taxicab in order to be in time for the ceremony at Sheffield.

The Church in the diocese of Mashonaland has chosen a new bishop in succession to Dr. Powell from among its own clergy in the person of the Very Rev. F. H. Beaven, Dean of Salisbury, Mashonaland. The bishop-elect was formerly for fourteen years vicar of St. Paul's Burton, and during the the South African War he volunteered to go out as chaplain to the forces. At the close of the war he undertook missionary work in the diocese of Capetown, and in 1903 accepted the office of Archdeacon of Matabeleland, and two years ago he was appointed Dean of Salisbury.



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The Lord Bishop of Edinburgh, Dr. Walpole, was recently presented with an episcopal seal and also a cabinet fyle for letters, which had been subscribed for by the clergy and lay electors of the diocese as a mark of goodwill, kindly feeling and welcome to their Bishop. The Rev. C. M. Black made the presentation. Mr. J. R. Anderson, on behalf of the lay electors, made a brief speech. The seal is a beautiful piece of work: under the central canopy there is a figure of the Virgin and child, St. Mary bearing a lily in her right hand, while under the canopy on the right there is a figure of St. Columba with Abbot's staff, and on the left a figure of St. Margaret of Scotland with sceptre. Around the seal there is the following inscription: "S.G.: Georgii Henrici Somerset Walpole, S.T.P., D.G., Edinburgen: Episcopi memx." With the gifts the Bishop received a short address beautifully engraved on vellum, to which was added a list of the subscribers. The Bishop suitably acknowledged these gifts.

Children's Department

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken.

A motion or a tear,
Has often heal'd the heart that's broken.

And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crush'd to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but own'd its birth,

Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing

A pleasant word to speak;

The face you wear, the thought you bring,

A heart may heal or break.

THE FOUNTAIN OF BEAUTY.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Maria. Now, Maria was not pretty. Her skin was not white as snow, her cheeks were not red as roses, and her hair was not yellow as gold. No. She had a dull complexion and straight black hair, and eyes of no particular colour; and worst of all, she had a cross look on her face because she had a cross feeling in her heart. Partly she was envious of the pretty little girls, and partly she had a proud temper; and when she heard people say, "Maria is not pretty," it made her wretched and angry.

One day Maria was sitting in the arbour, and she was crying, when she heard a small shrill voice say: "What is the matter?"

Looking up, she saw a tiny little old woman, with a red cloak and pointed hat and long stick, and so she knew at once it was her fairy godmother.

"Oh, godmother!" she said, "I am so unhappy, because I am ugly; everyone says so. Why cannot I be pretty like the other little girls?"

The fairy godmother looked at her gravely, and then she said:

"Do you wish to be made beautiful?"

"Oh, please, please!" cried Maria, clapping her hands.

"Then you must bathe in the Fountain of Beauty," said the fairy.

"Yes, yes; where is it?" asked Maria, eagerly.

"Do you see that hill?" asked the fairy, pointing to a hill a long way off.

"Yes, I see it!"

"Well, on the top of that hill, the very top, is the Fountain of Beauty; and if you bathe in that you will be beautiful."

"It is far away," said Martha, "but if I get up very early on one of these fine summer mornings, I think I can do it."

"Try!" said the fairy, and she vanished.

So one morning, very, very early, long before the dew was off the grass, Maria got up quietly, and took a crust of bread in her hand, and set out for the hill; and in two hours, she reached the bottom of it. She was just going to start to run up the hill, when she saw on the slope above her a row of tiny fairies all in green, with green spots on their wings, and with ivory wands in their hands. The wands were held out so that they touched each other and formed a ring round the hill; and for all they were so tiny, yet they were strong with a magic strength, and no one could break through that ring. As Maria drew near the fairies looked sad, and the green spots on their wings grew pale, and they did not drop their wands.

"What is it?" asked Maria in dismay. "Can I not go on?"

"Not yet, not yet!" answered the fairies. "You are not yet fit. Go back and for three days do no unkind thing."

"Is there no other way?" asked Maria.

"No other way," they replied.

So she went back, and tried very, very hard, but told no one where she had been. Oh! how she longed to slap her brother when he pulled her hair, and to pinch her schoolfellows when they called her "Ugly Maria," and to do other unkind things. But she remembered the green fairies, and for three days she kept her hands from all unkind deeds; and on the fourth morning, very, very early, she started again for the hill, and in two hours she was at the bottom of it.

This time the green fairies smiled on her, and the spots on their wings kept bright, and they dropped their wands, and she sped up the hill, happy and smiling. "All right now," she thought. When, lo! a third of the way up, she saw on the slope above her a ring of fairies all in blue, with blue spots on their wings, and silver wands held out. The blue spots grew dim and the

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