

MISS HOGAN.

At North Hatley, on June 7th, there passed peacefully away to the rest of Paradise one of God's hidden ones, in the person of Miss Hogan, aged and almost blind, a devout communicant and a lover of the Church's ministrations. The few who knew her found their hearts drawn towards her by the unconscious power of her simple goodness. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

R. C. T.

Sins of Omission.

Master, I have this day broken no law of the ten, have hurt no one. Is it enough?

Child, there stood by thy side one burdened with heavy tasks of lowly, earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden he looked to thee. Thou hadst time and strength.

Master, I did not see.

Thine eyes were turned within. There was an ignorant one crying from out his darkness, "Will none teach me?" I have given thee knowledge.

Master, I did not hear.

Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?

I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts to trifling talk.

The children would have had thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong,—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late.

Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import.

Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way.

I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return.

Another lifted him. And shall I question further? Dost thou not see? Child, my heart yearns over thee. Dost say thou hast hurt none to-day? Thou hast hurt many, and thyself not least. Not one of the ten laws hast thou broken? Thou hast robbed these thy brothers of that which I did give to thee in trust for them. In all thy eager grasping to save thy life, thou

hast this day lost it. Thou art smaller, poorer, blinder than this morn thou wert, after all thy reading, thinking, planning, doing. Where, where this day has been thy loving? When dost thou ask, "Is it enough?" There dost thou hurt me. Enough? Dost thou then grudge? Wilt thou weigh and measure? Wilt thou bargain with me? Art thou looking for a least requirement? Child, thou grieveest me much.

Master, love me still and teach me, for I have the more need.

Fear not, I will not leave thee. Thou shalt one day know what it is to love — *Selected.*

AD CLERUM.

Those of the Clergy of the Diocese, who have not yet replied to the Bishop's invitation to be present next month at his Biennial Visitation at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, are requested to do so as soon as possible, in order that the number to be provided for may be ascertained and arrangements made for their reception. These replies are to be addressed to the Rev. E. A. Dunn, Bishopsthorpe, Quebec.

NOTES.

We are glad to hear that Rev. E. A. Dunn arrived safely in England on July 18th. The GAZETTE wishes its Editor a very pleasant holiday among his relatives and friends, and trusts that in the absence of its experienced pilot the Organ of the Diocese may have fair winds and deep water,—especially desiring interesting Diocesan news.

About August 9th Rev. J. P. Whitney, M.A., and Mrs. Whitney leave England for Canada. The Principal of Bishop's College will thus arrive in good season to undertake the responsibilities of his important position.

We sincerely sympathise with Rev. I. N. Kerr, Shigawake, in his recent bereavement caused by the death of his brother, one of our brave Canadian Soldiers in South Africa.