

Labor with saw or hoe—
 Nothing but preaching low—
 Low at six hundred.

Blackcoat, its threads are bare—
 Daughters cry, "Naught to wear,"
 And the boys almost swear,
 'Bout their old garments,
 So easily sundered.

Six months, perhaps they may
 Keep hunger's wolf away;
 Live narrowly, scantily,
 If promptly they get their pay—
 Get the six hundred.

But rent bills to right of them,
 Store bills to left of them,
 Charged upon all sides:
 How fight the year through,
 Oft they have wondered.

Still they go struggling on,
 No funds to draw upon,
 Cash reserved, fled and gone.
 Not a dime left to them,
 Of the six hundred.

Well earned the benison,
 Sought by thee, Tennyson,
 On Bal'clava's heroes—
 Who faltered not, any son,
 Though thousand guns thundered;
 But lo! Here's a light brigade,
 Sustains a whole year's raid,
 On their small stipends made,
 Till lives not ere a shade
 Of their six hundred.

Brethren, as a final word let me urge you on your return home to get your Wardens and leading laymen together and, looking this question squarely in the face, putting your shoulders to the wheel, and working unitedly, you will accomplish great things for all concerned—the Church, the Clergyman, and yourselves.

I commend the resolution to the favourable consideration of this Synod.