

EXTRACT

The following is from the "Annual Address," 1866, of the Bishop of Wisconsin:—

"On one subject, after years of painful hesitation, duty, I think, at last demands that I should speak with all plainness: If men, after all the pains taken by Rectors, Professors, and Bishops, to convince them of the sacred duties of the ministry, will, voluntarily, declare in the public congregation, their trust that they are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon themselves this office and ministration to serve God for the promoting of His glory and the edifying of His people—if they will receive the awful commission, Be ye faithful dispensers of the Word of God, and His Holy Sacraments, and then, from any motives save those of the most pressing, overwhelming necessity, will abandon or even relax their exertions, and continue so to do in spite of loving entreaty and solemn warning, no course seems left to their Bishop, but tremblingly and tearfully to urge them rather to resign the ministry, even though it may be at the hazard of their own soul's salvation, than bring discredit on the cause of Christ by retaining a position whose duties they will not strive to perform. If the whole soul is not in the work; if it is no longer a labor of love; if trials and disappointments do not act as stimulants to fresh efforts and more entire devotion, the responsibilities of the sacred office will prove to be awfully and eternally tremendous.

In the cholera wards of the London Hospital, in a scene of suffering and death sufficient to try the stoutest heart, a lady volunteer nurse has passed her time since the beginning of the epidemic, moving from bed to bed in ceaseless efforts to comfort and relieve. So very youthful and so very fair is this devoted girl that it is difficult to control a feeling of pain at her presence under such circumstances. But she offered help at a time when, from the sudden inroad of cases, such assistance was urgently required, and nobly has she followed up her self-sought duty. Wherever the need is greatest and the work hardest there she is to be seen toiling until her limbs almost refuse to sustain her. And the effect of the fair young creature's presence has been that the nurses have been encouraged by her never-failing energy and cheeriness, so that dread of disease has been lost in efforts to combat it. This is an instance of devotion which it would be an insult to praise—it need only be recorded.—*The Lancet*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH CHRONICLE.

PICTOU, August 2nd, 1866.

The Bishop arrived here on Friday evening, the 27th ult., by coach from Truro,—a most fatiguing drive; and became the guest of the curate, in the absence of the rector, during his stay in Pictou.

Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, was appointed for the consecration of the New Cemetery; and I may as well add a few words here, with reference to this new burial ground. It is situated about a mile north-west of the town, and if properly laid out, may become one of the prettiest cemeteries in the Province. In some respects, it is certainly well chosen, and it has no little natural beauty connected with it, a sloping bank covered with trees, running down to the water's edge, gives as pretty a picture of a last sleeping place, as perhaps any of us could desire.