

CHURCH SOCIETY.

CENTRAL BOARD.

A stated meeting of the Central Board was held on the 21st November, the Lord Bishop in the chair. Eighteen members were present. Reports were presented by the Finance Committee, the Education Committee and the Treasurer. \$100 granted in aid of new Church at Kinneair's Mills. Certain school teachers were accepted by the Society, and applications received for grants in aid of Schools at East Frampton and Anse-aux-Gascons. A letter from Col. Ward re School at Clapham. The Lord Bishop having announced that Mr. William Price had handed him \$24,000, bequeathed by the late Hon. E. J. Price to various Church objects, and that Mr. W. Price had himself paid the Government succession duty amounting to \$2,400, a hearty vote of thanks was passed by the Board and ordered to be sent to Mr. Price, for this extremely generous act. The committee appointed to consider and report upon section 7 of By-Law XIII re Pensions, made their report; consideration was postponed until next meeting. A letter was received from Dr. Wakeham, of Gaspé, kindly consenting to act as one of the Society's Medical Examiners. The Secretary was instructed to ask Dr. Macartney for a like favour. The Rev. A. W. Dutton and the Rev. C. T. Lewis qualified for participation in the benefits of the W. & O. and the Pension Funds. A Memorial, having reference to financial affairs, was received from the Church Wardens of Three Rivers, and duly considered. The Church Society consented to assume the investment and management of \$2,000 left by the late Hon. Senator Price to St. Michael's Church.

Marjorie's Advent Parable.

By Mrs. George A. Paull.

Lying upon her little bed, in one of the daintiest rooms that any little girl's heart could wish for, Marjorie was sobbing until it seemed as if the rivers of tears would surely wash away her blue eyes, while her curls were dripping and tumbled, she had been weeping so long and so bitterly.

If you had glanced within the room, perhaps you would have thought that Marjorie must be a very discontented little girl to feel anything so

sorrowful about, when she had everything apparently, that heart could wish, to make her happy.

Let me, then, tell you why she was sobbing as if her heart would break. Best of everybody in the world, Marjorie loved her mother, and during the long months that her mother had been an invalid, Marjorie had proved the most loving and faithful of little nurses. The little hands had rendered many a willing service that no one else could have rendered quite so acceptably, and even the long days in a sick room were happy days, both to mother and to daughter, for they were together.

But the doctor had said that her mother must take a sea voyage, in the hope that it might give her back her health and strength, and Marjorie could not go with her. She had never been separated from her mother before in her life, more than two or three hours at the very most, and it seemed as if her heart would break at the very thought of long weeks in which she could not see nor speak to her dear mother. The doctor knew that Marjorie was a womanly maiden, and he told her that a great deal depended upon her.

So Marjorie had shown her true love by keeping back her tears, and instead of talking about her own sorrow at being separated from her mother, had done her childish best to help her mother to go away feeling contented about her little girl, and hopeful of a return with restored health.

And at last the parting had come. Oh, I am sure you will not wonder now, that the tears came like a summer shower, as Marjorie thought of the weeks that should pass before she should look upon the dear face again.

But after this one outburst of grief Marjorie was very patient and brave. She wrote a little every day of the long letter she sent to her mother once a week, and told her everything pleasant that had happened, and you may be sure that the mother heart read between the lines the bravery and self-denial of the loving child who never once wrote, "I want you so. Come back to my mamma."

Instead of grieving all day, Marjorie planned certain things as pleasant surprises to her mother, and she was almost happy in working at them