

asserts that there is an average balance of \$700 belonging to the fund; so far from this being the case, I find that since the Synod report was compiled two additional widows have been placed upon the fund, so that if the subscriptions are the same as last year, in addition to the interest arising from capital, the balance will only be \$65.00. As for entrance fees they are uncertain, and only serve to increase the liabilities of the fund. Certainly widows may die, but with an increasing clergy, and taking the history of the fund, the deaths are not likely to equal the increase of annuitants. The writer stated that I "lamented the anomaly of every missionary clergyman contributing to his own stipend by his annual subscription to the General Purposes Fund." I made no reference to the G. P. F., and I am not aware that any subscriptions are solicited in its behalf. He adds, "of course he does indirectly, and so does every mission." This is not the Scriptural plan, for whilst it is the duty of the "missions," which means the laity, to contribute to the support of missionaries, yet such duty is not imposed upon the missionaries to contribute to their own inadequate incomes.

I think every thoughtful mind will recognize that it was an unwise proceeding to interfere with an appropriation made to the W. and O. Fund, for the purpose of paying the debt belonging to another fund, and when such debt was paid, to continue the action, necessarily jeopardising the widow and orphans' just claim for a full annuity. Also, that it would be more reasonable to aid the Mission Fund, by reducing Synod expenses which have so largely increased, than by drawing upon any available resources intended for the benefit of the widow and orphan.

Before closing I desire information respecting the Mission Fund. At pages 56 and 58 of Synod Journal for 1882, the statement is made that the sum of \$11,245.24 was received from the diocese, during the past year, for "diocesan" missions. At pages 63 and 81 I find the following expenditure:—

Salaries paid to missionaries (after deducting interest arising from capital funds, S. P. G. grant, overdrawn balance, and money in hand from former year)	\$4,654 91
Grants to children of same	643 50
Outfits	1,000 00
Special grants	400 00
Sunday-schools	165 10
Lay readers, &c.	856 58
Management of Mission Fund	229 66

Making a total of \$7,949 75

This leaves a balance of \$3,295.49, which I do not see appropriated to diocesan missions, and for which purpose only, the report states, it was received. This is nearly one-third of the entire amount. Will the secretary-treasurer, Mr. Reed, show the expenditure of such balance for missionary work in the diocese during the year?

Also at page 67 there is a "Suspense" account, and that \$1,208.50 were received from "Sundries," and the same amount paid for "Sundries." As this is very indefinite, and the amount too large to be so classified, will the secretary-treasurer give a detailed statement of such "Sundries" as received and expended?

J. T. WRIGHT.

The Parsonage, St. Marys,
December 30th, 1882.

Family Reading.

KEEP CLOSE TO ME, MY GOD.

Keep close to me, my God;

Keep close to me!

The storm is beating on me fierce and wild—
Thy face is hidden from Thy weary child;
O'er me the billows heavily do roll,
And threaten to engulf my fainting soul,
Oh, be Thine arm my sure support and stay,
Or else the flood will sweep me far away,

Keep close to me, my God—

Oh, close to me!

I hide me close to Thee, my God;

Aye, close to Thee!

None else can know my bitterness of grief,
Nor any heart, save Thine, can bring relief.
I fear my hands may slip from off their hold—
The winds are keen, the storm is very cold,
But if Thou hold me, I can still endure
Till night is past and morning breaketh sure.

Oh! keep me close to Thee, my God;

Aye, close to Thee.

SAVING AND SPENDING.

ON the outskirts of the pleasant old town of Bedminster stood a row of newly built houses called Orchard Row, from their situation on the site of an old cherry-orchard. The houses were small but snug; not villas, nor yet quite cottages, but something between the two. They had been built by the owner of a large biscuit-factory in the town, and were intended for the better class of his workmen, and were certainly much appreciated by them. Such a thing was unknown as for a house in Orchard Row to be long vacant. "Little ducks of houses, with everything convenient to your hand, and a garden both to the front and back;" this was how young Mrs. Robertson described her new home in her first letter to her mother in the early days of her married life. At the present moment Mrs. Robertson is intensely proud of the latest arrival in the Row, a little mottled-face baby, which, carefully wrapped in hood and shawl, she is taking out for its first airing. It was a lovely June evening, and as Mrs. Robertson walked slowly along, noticing the different flowers which had come out in the little garden, she was accosted by a woman, also with an infant in her arms, who was just coming out of the last house of the Row.

"Good evening, Mrs. Robertson; I am very glad to see you about again. And where may you and baby be off to?"

"Thank you, kindly, Mrs. Jenkins," answered the little woman pleasantly. "I'm only going as far as the post-office, and then I must hurry back to get my husband's supper."

"Well, I'm going farther than that, but I'll walk with you to the post-office for company's sake. I have to go right down town to get baby a hood for his christening to-morrow. Yours is to be christened some time soon, isn't he? Let me look at him. Well, I never! He's not near so big as mine, and he's only five days younger, after all."

"Bless his heart! he's big enough to please his mother," answered Mrs. Robertson, a little—just a little—offended, as young mothers will be if the shadow of a doubt is cast on the perfection of their babies.

"Well, he's a pretty little fellow certainly," continued the other good-naturedly; "but whatever are you stopping here for?" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Robertson made a halt at the door of a fine old church. "This isn't the post-office."

No, I know it isn't, said Mrs. Robertson shyly. "I shant be a minute. I'll catch you up, if you'll walk on."

This course, however, was not pleasing to her curious neighbour.

"Whatever do you want with church now?" she inquired. "There's no service nor nothing going on."

"I shan't be a minute," repeated little Mrs. Robertson, stepping hastily into the church as if anxious to avoid further explanations. The doors stood open, as indeed they did every day, for this was not a "one-day-in-seven" church, but a place where, week-days or Sundays, there was always a welcome for any who wished to spend a quiet hour, or perhaps but a quiet minute, in prayer to God. It was a very old church; for hundreds of years men have trod the same old stones and knelt at the same altar. The very font that little Johnnie was the next Sunday to be baptized in was roughly hollowed out of the stone after a fashion that came in long before our Norman forefathers. The people of the parish were proud of their church, and it was a grief to them to hear that the carefully cherished building was slowly but surely crumbling away from sheer old age, and must of necessity be soon replaced by a

new building. Indeed, a box to receive offerings for the new church was at this very moment being fixed against the wall, under the superintendence of the vicar and his cherry little wife, rather to Mrs. Robinson's dismay, for she had brought baby to make his first offering unknown, as she hoped, to any one but his father and herself. However, she could not help being gratified at the pleasant way at which Mrs. Crewe came to meet her, and the genuine interest she took in the all-absorbing baby. "Let me hold him a minnte, Mrs. Robertson. I do love babies," and here the kind-hearted little woman sighed, for it was the one grief of her life that no little one had been given to her. "What a fat little fellow! What's he got so tight between his fingers? Why, it's a shilling, I declare! Fancy a baby of a month old holding it as tight as that. Is it his own, Mrs. Robertson?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Robertson shyly. "I brought him to put it in the church-box; he's held it like that ever since I started. I put it in his hand just for a bit of a joke, and told him to hold it safe, and he's kept it ever since," she continued, quite losing her shyness whilst discoursing of baby's virtues.

"Little rogue! Let me lift him up to drop it in—may I, Mrs. Robertson?"

"Oh, surely, ma'am," said the gratified mother. "But not the box for the new church, please ma'am; it's for the poor," for the vicar's wife was turning towards the newly erected box for the new church.

"You are like the vicar, Mrs. Robertson; he is very half-hearted about the new church," said Mrs. Crewe. He says he hopes the old one would have lasted his time."

"Yes, ma'am, that is a little bit my feeling, I believe," said Mrs. Robertson, smiling. "Still, if the old church is tumbling to pieces, I suppose we must have a new one. Thank you, ma'am," as she received back into her arms the little one, and turning away to leave the church, almost tumbling over Mrs. Jenkins, who stood staring in from the steps of the porch.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the latter as soon as they were both again in the street. "Have you come into a fortune that you bring your baby up to throw shillings away in that way?"

"It's not throwing away money to give it to the poor; you know that well enough, Mrs. Jenkins," replied the other, blushing as she spoke. "I'm glad to think that the first time baby went out he should give somethings to the poor, and besides"—

"Besides what?" asked Mrs. Jenkins curiously.

"Well, I suppose you will know everything. It's just this—mother sent baby a florin this morning, to start him in life, as she said, and me and my husband greed we'd begin a savings-bank book for him, for he's a rare one for saving is my John, and I too was pleased enough to begin to put by for baby, bless him! So I said I'd do it this very day; and then, after a bit, he said to me, 'What should you say, my lass, if you were to put one shilling in the bank, and drop the other in the church-box? Seems to me it would bring luck to the little man if he began by laying up treasure in heaven.' So that's how it came about, Mrs. Jenkins; and here's the post-office. I only told you lest you should think me better than Sam, for you see it was my husband's thought, not mine."

"Well, I never!" again exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, as she also stepped into the post-office, for the conversation was too interesting to be so suddenly broken off. "He's an odd one, is your husband, and I only hope you may never come to want the shilling. My baby had a