

A celebration is in progress at Fredericton N.B., in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Anglican Diocese of Fredericton. Services in connection will be held in St. John; Lieut.-Governor Fraser, Sir L. L. Tilley, Bishop Courtney (Nova Scotia) are taking part.

One of the deepest spots yet discovered in the Pacific Ocean is near the Friendly Islands in latitude 21 deg. 37 min. south longitude 175 deg. 8. min. west. The depth there found was equal to about five English miles, and is said to be something like 5,000 feet greater depth than had yet been found in that vicinity.

A party of six Russian noblemen, headed by Count Alexis Bobrinsky, Master of Ceremonies to the Czar, has just started from Moscow for the Pamir region, in Central Asia, with the object of riding along the new frontier between Russian and British territory. The party has at least a dozen servants with it, who are all picked men and superb shots.

The Rev. Canon Neales, M.A., has been appointed Archdeacon of Fredericton. Canon Neales is the eldest surviving son of the late Rev. James Neales. He is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, was ordained by the late Bishop Medley, deacon, in 1868, and priest, in 1869, as curate of Woodstock, and has been rector of that parish for the past twenty-five years. He is Rural Dean of Woodstock, and member of the Standing Committee of the diocese. He is a member of the Provincial Synod and also of the General Synod of Canada.

Family Reading.

Ad Dorotheam.

I know where there's honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad:
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, miss).
No, if thou would'st true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.

—W. E. Gladstone.

Very Unusual Burial Service.

One of the strangest coffins ever told of is that for which the British war department is responsible. The story is that a workman, engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwich Arsenal, lost his balance and fell into a caldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell it. The war department authorities held a conference, and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and that mass of metal was actually buried and a Church of England clergyman read the service for the dead over it.

K.D.C. Pills tone and regulate the bowels.

Confirmation and Spiritual Strength.

The special blessing which we are taught to connect with Confirmation is spiritual strength. If by Baptism we are taken into Christ, and are made to be "in the Lord," by Confirmation we are made to be "strong in the Lord." This is the teaching of Holy Scripture, and of the primitive Church, as Hooker says in those familiar words, "The Fathers everywhere impute to Confirmation that the Holy Spirit, not which makes us first Christian men, but, when we are such, assisteth us in all virtue, and armeth us against temptation and sin."

What Makes a Boy Popular.

All boys wish to be popular and wield as large an influence over their fellows as possible. A writer gives the secret of popularity in the following:

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. During the war how schools and colleges followed popular boys! These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word and who will pledge his honor to his own heart and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. A boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy.

Shall we tell you how to become a popular boy? We will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honour, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and delight to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.

Some Collects.

BY R. W. L.

Several collects speak of God bringing good out of evil; that is, that is the idea if not the language. "Put away from us hurtful things." "Forgive us the doings where our conscience is afraid." "Cleanse and defend Thy Church." "Grace to withstand temptation." "Free from Adversities."

In the North of Europe, the common people have a strange weird way of saying very much what the Bible says about these things, in a very much better way. Let me, however, tell you of it, and then of the Bible way.

Well, Bard was the best child of his family, and had but one enemy, and that was Lug, an old hag who hated everybody. Bard's mother went all over the world and made everything, tree and stone, and bush and animal and everything, promise very solemnly never to hurt her dear good Bardie. But she forgot the mistletoe. One day Lug took a bit of this and struck Bard with it and killed him. Then his mother wept and friends wept and all the trees and rocks and streams did, and nearly everything did. Death said that if everything would petition him, he would give Bard up and restore him to life. All joined but old Lug. Then everything in all the world made war on her, to make her join. For a long time no one could catch her. But, at last, the mistletoe did and put the bad old being to death. So you see the good came out ahead of the bad.

This is the Scandinavian way of saying it; Jewish and Christian stories are better, because nearer the truth. Bard is goodness; Lug is Satan. There is always a struggle, as the Collects imply, between light and darkness, good and evil. But, in the end, the right will prevail. Jesus says He saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven, i.e., the good shall triumph and the powers of evil be cast down. In Revelations, there is war in heaven, and the evil one is cast out. The Church shall come out ahead of all her enemies. Justice will prevail. All that this class of Collects prays for will be done, all in due time, when it is God's will.

The poor Northman said all this the best he could, a sort of baby talk or prattle; his stories are true, yet not true, the idea and meaning are always good. In the Bible we are told that God

careth for us, for His Church, every hair of the head is numbered and the sparrows counted. The Collects we pray will be answered, are, every day, being answered; we can help answer them ourselves by living out what we pray. God help us all so to do.

"Bear ye One Another's Burdens and so Fulfil the Law of Christ."

It is long before we understand that evils arising from no fault of our own, that the sins and infirmities of other men are part of God's appointed discipline, intended to act as a special chastening for the attainment of the higher forms of sanctity. We readily perceive that it is a righteous thing to suffer the consequences of our own faults and to be patient under our own infirmity. We are large in our expectations that others should bear with us, and are provoked if they fail in considerateness for our imperfections. We are angry if they are imperfect, indignant if they do not sympathize with us, even in our most trifling annoyances. We are slow to apprehend that these "pricks in our eyes and thorns in our sides" are God's own instruments, fraught with unspeakable virtue if we use them aright, for the attainment of great spiritual improvement, through the constant self-discipline which their endurance requires; even as they are the occasions and provocations of unceasing sin, if we refuse to bear with others as we need to be borne with ourselves. All external circumstances, whether direct from God or indirect through man, are component parts of that furnace through which our nature is passing, and in which, if at all, our sanctification is to be attained.

"Through Thee Will we Overcome Our Enemies."

God is with us; the shout of a King is in the midst of us; let us fear Him and give Him glory; then we shall be able to resist all in earth and all in hell, which is striving against Him. In the strength of this assurance we can kneel down and pray for the whole state of Christ's Church militant here on earth. A hard warfare it is against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world; a hard warfare for kings and priests and people. But the Helper and Conqueror is near. God Himself has commanded us to make prayers and supplications for all men. He is on our side and on theirs, whoever may be against us. The secret battle in the closet, the open conflict with the tormentors and destroyers of the earth, is all present to Him. He is engaged in it; He is working in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure, though ten thousand foes in us and around us may be urging us to disobedience. And there is an invisible company about us, in whom His mighty love has worked effectually, who have departed this life in His faith and fear, and are showing forth all that light which they borrow from Him, as suns and stars in glory.—Maurice.

Cathedral of Milan.

The height of the pillars that support the vaulted roof of the Milan Cathedral is 72 feet; there are fifty-two of these columns, and their diameter is eight feet. The height of the main nave from the pavement to the apex of the vaulted roof is 164 feet. These figures may suggest to the mind of the reader the wonderfully impressive effect of these lofty naves and long-drawn aisles as one enters the glorious building.

The exterior of the church is enriched with a prodigious quantity of sculpture. Indeed, one is instantly impressed with the mass of carved marble in every variety of expression, highly artistic, or purely decorative, which covers all of the lower part of the cathedral walls. The statues on the building alone number more than 3,000. And in catching a mental glimpse of the interior of the magnificent epic in stone, one should try to imagine an atmosphere richly tinted with rainbow hues from the finest stained glass windows in Christendom.

It is something of a shock to be taken in charge by a priestly attendant in the Milan Cathedral, and conducted to the subterranean vault, where