

service of our beloved Lord and Master. May we, like the beloved bishop, "be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

The diocese of Moosonee is 1,200 miles long by 800 miles wide, comprising the whole coast-line of Hudson's Bay, and is inhabited by a scattered population of some 10,000, speaking five different languages. The southernmost point touched is within a short distance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, while more than 700 miles to the north lie the Little Whale River and Churchill stations.

With Bishop Horden's young successor, the Rev. J. A. Newnham, many Canadians, and especially many Montrealers, are familiar. He is one of the younger sons of the Rev. Geo. Newnham, M.A., of Corsham, Wiltshire, England, is an alumnus of the Diocesan Theological College in this city, and a graduate of McGill University. Having passed through the Diocesan Theological College, he was ordained by the late Bishop Oxenden, and appointed to the mission on the Ottawa River named the Quio, where he served with great acceptance until he was called by the present bishop of Huron to the position of assistant in the cathedral of this diocese. That position he held until he was appointed rector of St. Matthias', Cote St. Antoine, which he vacated at the call of the Church Missionary Society, London, England, to serve under Bishop Horden.

Mr. Newnham was born in 1854, and was educated in England. He came to Montreal in 1883, entered McGill College in 1874, completed his theological and university courses in 1878, and after ordination entered on the active work of the ministry in the same year.—*Selected.*

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

"If any one thinketh himself to be religious and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his heart, this man's religion is vain," says H. James. Probably few, however, have learned to make their measure of control of the tongue the test of the spiritual life. Words slip off our tongues so easily! It is so pleasant to talk, and to talk freely, that we almost doubt if God can look with very serious displeasure upon "a slip of the tongue." Yet no one can read the Bible carefully without being startled by the gravity of the warnings against these offences. The writers of the Psalms and the Proverbs undoubtedly

looked upon this sin as perhaps the most serious because the most subtle of all human weaknesses; and we need only turn to the terrible warning of our Lord against idle words to be convinced that the New and the Old Testaments estimate alike the danger from the tongue.

Now, we may ask why this special gravity belongs to the misuse of speech. Perhaps because speech, more than any other function, expresses what is in our hearts. A lying word betrays a false heart; a soft word reveals a gentle spirit. The fountain of our inner being flows out in speech. If the stream be corrupt, the uncleanness of the source is betrayed to all men. If the stream be pure, it strengthens and refreshes all whom it touches. Words, like water, travel far. They pierce formidable barriers, and they carry either love or hate, joy or sorrow.

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

The use, then, of speech is charged with heavy responsibilities. Its abuses are so many that only a few can be mentioned here. But first among them stands the danger of mere *talkativeness*. "There is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence," says the wise man, and only careful and ever-prayerful thoughtfulness will enable us to distinguish the one time from the other. "I feel that I can unburden myself to you," said a sorrow-laden woman to a sympathizing friend; "because you do not say anything, just when I feel that I cannot bear to have anything said." Tender sympathy could alone give such wisdom, and open the door of a wounded heart, and such sympathy is rare. Too often people feel under the necessity of keeping up a ceaseless flow of talk.

"Common is the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

But the unwilling ears are forced to listen until the door of the heart is fast closed by the rush of words. "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise."

A danger that is peculiarly strong among young people is exaggeration. In speech, so many things are "awfully," "frightfully," "terribly" good, bad, or indifferent, that one would be amazed and alarmed if one did not know that the strong words mean simply nothing. A young lady was describing to the writer lately how an old woman had mistaken her for her sister, and said: "I thought I should have a fit;

I laughed so much." The woman's mistake, in fact, probably only made her smile, for it was not an unnatural one, but a vicious habit caused the exaggerated, and therefore untrue, language. If this exaggeration is comparatively harmless, other forms of it are not. Some trifling unpleasantness, a hasty, irritated word, is repeated to another in such a magnified form as to inflame the feelings of both narrator and hearer. A false meaning is read into words that are in reality almost harmless, though indeed blameworthy, and perhaps the dreary result is that an old friendship is destroyed. The tongue is a fire. It often kindles a great flame in which the ruin of many tender bonds is involved.

The Christian gentleman will watch nothing more closely than his words. He will never be a tale-bearer, or repeat what might cause mischief. He will not make a buffoon of himself by efforts to say always something funny. It is perhaps almost unnecessary to add that no profane nor unclean word will pass his lips. Fifty years ago, it was thought almost proper for a man moving in good society to adorn his sentences freely with oaths. We have happily reached a higher level now. Said the son of Sirach, many centuries ago: "Be swift to hear, and if thou hast understanding answer thy neighbor; if not, lay thine hand upon thy mouth. Honor and shame are in talk. A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city, and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated. A wise man will hold his tongue till he sees opportunity, but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. He that useth many words shall be oppressed; and he that taketh to himself authority therein shall be hated. A backbiting tongue has disquieted many: strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men. The tongue of a man is his fall; but if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding."

ONE day I was out walking with my little niece. We stopped to look in at a florist's window, and were admiring some big pink roses. The child looked very wistfully at the roses. I said, "If I were rich, I would buy you a bushel." "If I were in moderate circumstances, I'd buy you just one," was the reply. I could not resist that, so we bought "just one." So it is, I think, in our doing and giving; we wait for somebody else to pour in a bushel, while we hold back the "just one" talent or penny.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*