

the dissemination of Church literature throughout the various dioceses of the Ecclesiastical Province of Canada, and with the nobility characteristic of the Society has placed the control of such agent in the hands of the House of Bishops. This means a grant of £300 per annum for three years on the part of the S.P.C.K. The Rev. H. Gomery, of the Diocese of Montreal has been chosen by the House of Bishops as the agent and has already entered upon his duties in that diocese. He will spend five weeks therein and will then proceed to the Diocese of Ottawa and in due order and succession to each of the other dioceses in the Ecclesiastical Province.

The Synod of the Diocese of Montreal at its last meeting expressed its gratitude to the S.P.C.K. for its action and also for its continuous generous support and a resolution was passed requesting the Bishop of the Diocese to prepare a special form of prayer or service for the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the Society on the Sunday preceding or following the 8th of March next. Further it was resolved that offerings should be made in the various parishes for the Society. Doubtless like action will be taken in the other dioceses of the Province since there is none which can fail to recognize the great obligations it owes to this the pioneer Society of the Church of England.

WORLDLY-MINDEDNESS.

"Love not the world."—1 John ii. 15.



HERE are certain birds who nestle near our homes and daily scenes of labor, build their resting-place close to our own walls, and seem to become so used to us that they forget their wildness and seem satisfied to dwell among us. The summer goes, and the nest is deserted and broken up; the birds assemble, group around the fading trees, and leave the spots where they seemed to have settled, and take refuge far away beneath some warmer, happier sky.

Such should we be: we dwell here for a little while; we are to provide for this life's support honestly and cheerfully, to be active for ourselves and for others. But we are strangers and pilgrims, we may not stay, our homes must be broken up; our interests, like the scenes and things of earth must cease; we must gather round each other on our deathbeds; see each other's parting scenes; see every aspiration here broken up; take a last look at the places we have loved, and the friends we have dwelt with, and pass away, God grant! to a happier world.

Such, then, we are here, pilgrims whether we will or no. Strangers if we are wise; strangers here, and at home in heaven.

Nevertheless, men do not live like strangers. Far from it, they seem to find it most hard to do so. Like the birds, they dwell here awhile only, but in living they become so accustomed to their resting-place, that they are loath to leave it, and go on forming new interests and ties on earth, instead of breaking them off.

When we read of a case like S. Matthew at once leaving the receipt of custom and forsaking all for Christ, we admire the beautiful self-denial which led a rich man to yield up all earthly gains and follow the poor Nazarene. So, when we go on to read the tales of martyred men, soldiers of the cross,—how they gave up the world, and forsook all, for Jesus; how they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins,—there seems a sort of halo of glory to settle on the brow of these dying men which dazzles and astonishes us; and while we read we think them saints, and dwell on them as such in heaven. And so now in this our own day, if we hear of some missionary, toiling in foreign lands, with the prospect of leaving his bones to whiten on some savage shore, we admire all this, we feel it beautiful; there is a peculiar glow about it which always attaches to an interesting story of heroism, and we think that because we admire and approve, if our circumstances were his circumstances, we would *do* the same. But there is a danger of our feelings about them being mere feelings of heroism, or admiration of it; and there is a far greater tendency in us than we think for, to mistake feeling and principle, and to imagine *we are* what we admire. Wait till *we are really tried*; wait till we have to undergo the ordinary rough work of life, and to appear as though there were no trials, cheerful and easy; then we can tell whether we really are willing to give up the world and be self-denying, or whether we admire this in others.

There is a wide difference, far wider than at first sight seems, between the admiring a principle and the acting upon it. This is one reason why men know so little that they are worldly-minded. We find it easy to admire, and we really do admire, *giving up the world* with surroundings quite different to our own; but the test is *giving up of the world in the place where we find our lot cast*.

May we not be really quite as much giving up the world while sitting here in it, as Matthew sat at the seat of custom, amidst its interests, cares, and pleasures, providing that we be willing to yield them all up in a moment, if God's will requires it? May we not forsake the world, without being called, as S. Matthew was, to leave our daily occupation? Yes; but then we must not allow any motive connected with this world only to be in any way our leading motive. And when we look at things in this way, how little do we find that