

ada, and it was an act of great wisdom, especially in those days when the combined action of different Dioceses was so much less thought of than it is now, to seek to gather together into one Province of those Dioceses that had been formed out of Rupert's Land. I earnestly trust that nothing I now say may be thought in the least degree to impugn the wisdom of that act. But the whole circumstances of the country have so changed—as it would have been impossible to have imagined, thirteen years ago they could have changed—that it is certainly no disparagement of what was the best and wisest policy at that time, and under those circumstances, to urge that other arrangements may best conduce to the welfare of the Church at the present time.

And I believe that could the Church in this Dominion be ONE not only, as of course it is even now, in all *spiritual* essentials, but in *outward organization*, its power for good would be immeasurably increased. We in this far-off land need the sympathy and the support of our brethren in the older and more settled parts of the Dominion; and I believe we should have it to a far greater extent than I fear we have it now, if we were felt to be more entirely one with them, and representatives from our Dioceses had to go down amongst them to take counsel with them. And though we may be but a comparatively weak and feeble people compared to them, I trust it will not be thought presumption if I venture to think that the *nine* Dioceses of Rupert's Land and British Columbia, if added to their ten, might add even to them some little weight and power when questions that are of *national importance* have to be considered. I am sure of this, that *one such assembly* speaking the mind of the members of the Church from the Atlantic to the Pacific, would have far greater moral influence than the utterances of *three* bodies even though their decisions might be the same. But it is in the *internal organization* and *practical working* of the Church that the benefit of a united body throughout the Dominion would of course be chiefly felt. In such matters as Widows' and Orphans' funds, Pension of Clergy, Mutual insurance (if thought well), Publication of literature for the instruction of people; and in still more important matters, such as Canons of Discipline, framing of additional Occasional Services, and, may I venture to say, even the adaptation of our Prayer Book in some of its parts to the more special wants of our country; the larger the legislative area, and the more Dioceses are comprised within it, the more likely is the work to be well done.

Would it not be, indeed, a most fitting commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the first consecration of a Bishop of our Church in this country if the first step could be taken this year towards the union of the Dioceses in this Dominion, and thus an impetus be given, as I am sure would be given by such a step, to the influence and the power of our beloved Church.

### FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

#### PROCESSIONAL HYMN FOR A HARVEST FESTIVAL.

O God, we lift our voices,  
To heaven our songs we raise;  
Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit,  
We glorify and praise:  
Before Thine altar bending,  
For harvest gifts once more,  
With mute and deep thanksgiving,  
We worship and adore.

Then bear our banner onwards,  
The cross we lift on high,  
While prayers, like wreaths of incense,  
Rise upward to the sky:  
Thy yearly gifts abounding,  
Thy daily graces new,  
Great Giver and Withholder  
Of sunshine and of dew.

For these our hearts are grateful,  
Our strain for these upswells,  
We lift the lighted taper  
And peal the joyous bells:  
The spring Thy dew distilleth  
O'er valley, hill, and plain;  
In summer-time Thy sunshine  
Is shed o'er ripening grain.

And now the mowing sickle  
Has passed through golden corn,  
While sheaves and fruit are garnered  
For many a winter morn:  
Proclaiming that no dearth-touch  
Shall mildew or destroy,  
For Thou hast blessed our harvest,  
And crowned the year with joy.

We take Thine hallowed chalice,  
Our food the Bread of Life,  
And in its strength go forward  
For many a bitter strife,  
Until the morning breaketh—  
Until the shadows flee,  
And Thine elect are gathered  
Where they shall be with Thee.

So peal our loud thanksgiving  
Through choir and nave and aisle,  
Or tread Thine Acre's pathway  
Where beams Thy gracious smile:  
Thy praise, with unseen angels  
Around His earthly shrine,  
Sing, Sire and Son and Spirit,  
In Unity Divine. AMEN.

#### THE WAY TO PARADISE.

##### A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

"Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek that happy land  
Where they that love are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through—"

There the door shut to with a sudden gust, and shut in the singing. The ragged listeners outside looked at each other blankly.

"Oh, Dick, what a pity! it sounded so warm and comfortable!"

"It didn't feel warm, Dot; my feet sting as if they'd come off with cold. We can't hang about here any longer."

They crept away together, close to the wall, for shelter from the bleak wind. "Where is Paradise? How do you get there?" queried Dot, with some anxiety. She was a singer herself, and the words and air had taken hold of her.

"We don't get there at all, or anywhere else where it's comfortable, you may be quite sure," laughed Dick grimly. "There's always some policeman hanging about to block the road up."

Dick did not speak without experience; but Dot kept to her point. "I wish we knew which was the road to it, anyway, and perhaps we might get a chance to dodge in some time when no one was looking. Oh, Dick!—"

It was the red glow of a watchman's fire in the distance, beside a perfect mountain of rubbish and refuse. They were not long in taking up a position as close to the blaze as they could get. Showers of sparks would break over them every now and again, and Dot's eyes smarted with the smoke; but these were only details in comparison with the blissful warmth. Better than the draughty doorway, better even than the strains of that far-away Paradise, was it to sit there in the strong firelight, while they munched their supper, picnic fashion—only neither of them knew anything about picnics—instead of taking it in cold respectability in the seclusion of their attic.

Dick was an eminently practical person, and

speedily forgot all about the Paradise they had only casually learned the existence of; but Dot pondered over the matter many a time as she wandered about the grimy streets and docks. She had gone back to the little church once or twice again, but the door had always been shut and locked, and she was as far from finding that unknown road as ever.

She was standing on the edge of the kerbstone one bleak afternoon singing "Annie Laurie" in shrill, cracked tones that the composer himself would have had some difficulty in recognizing, when a carriage drove slowly past. There were two ladies in feathery white dresses inside, and one looked out curiously at the childish singer. Dot broke off in the middle of her highest note, stricken dumb with admiration, and amazement. No such vision had ever crossed her path before. The next moment the vision let down the window and tossed out a pure white rose right at Dot's feet. "It's almost a pity," she said laughingly to the lady beside her; "but I have not my purse with me, and it is not every day one receives a compliment like that."

"She will only throw it away, and you have quite spoiled the look of your bonnet, my dear," was the placid response.

"Throw it away!" would she? If it had been a veritable white plume from some passing angel's wing Dot could not have gathered it up more reverently. She held it against her dirty cheek for an instant to feel the velvety softness, the next it was hidden in the breast of her frock, and Dot was away like the wind after the vanishing carriage.

Up one street, down another; what it was doing in that quarter at all Dot did not understand. They were more accustomed to heavy carrier and coal waggons. Some vague idea had entered her brain that it must be on its way to her unfound, unforgotten Paradise. Her chance of learning the road rested on keeping up with it now, and keep up with it she did.

It drove in at a big school-house gate, one Dot had not often passed in her wanderings. It lay beyond her boat, but she knew perfectly well what it was—a private charity school—and the knowledge cast no light on the present. She squeezed her face between the iron bars of the gate, and looked in.

The place was brilliantly lighted. There was a great bank of greenery partly visible through the doorway, and gaily dressed people passing in, and beside her at the gate, alas! the inevitable policeman.

Dot drew back with a puzzled sigh. "I don't know if it's the place now or not," she said to herself. "It used to be only a school; but, anyway, I'll go and fetch Dick first; I couldn't go in by myself if it is, and never let him get a chance."

Clearly not, Paradise would hardly have been Paradise to Dot without Dick. She trudged back along the muddy, sloppy streets; a very long way it seemed now that there was no flashing carriage for a guide, and when she got back to their regular haunts there was a longer search for Dick. The evening was far on before she did finally come upon him, and Dick did not receive her statement with anything like confidence.

"It's just some wild-goose chase you have been after, Dot, and you needn't think you're going to get inside if it wasn't, but I believe you've just been asleep and dreamt it."

"I didn't, indeed, Dick. Why, here's the flower she gave me herself." Dot held it out under a gas-lamp. There was no gainsaying its genuineness, and Dick unbent a little.

"Well, I'll go back with you and take a look at the place. There's little enough to stop about here for; but we'll get nothing there, you'll see."

Back again. The way was darker and quieter now, and Dot had Dick, and was content, though he grumbled now and again at the distance.

"There!" she cried triumphantly, as they came