

among the poor, feeding the hungry and nursing where none else would go; 740 dinners were then given; and how the next year the hospital was opened, and how prosperous and successful it has been; full to overflowing, and many seeking admittance in vain. There were treated 214 cases these last years in that cottage hospital, taxing the sisters to the utmost. These came from the Northwest to the Maritime Provinces. And all this amid discouragement and difficulties through the prejudice and opposition of the people, even of clergy themselves; and how the sisters have won their way by their nursing, their gentleness and kindness, happy cheerfulness and ever ready sympathy, till people's hearts were softened, and some of those most severe in criticism and opposition were fain to confess the Sister's Hospital the greatest blessing to the city. Yet few, save those who have witnessed it, know of the unremitting care bestowed on rich and poor alike; of the love, long suffering love to the unworthy and undeserving; of the ennobling and purifying influence of the Sisters over those with whom they came in contact; the countless kindness in individual cases. Yes, and they have prospered financially, private contributions increasing; then a grant from the City Council; then incorporated by Act of Parliament, and allowed a grant. These things call for our deepest thankfulness and praise. Yet amidst it all there is to-day a sore regret that mars the happiness and perfect success of this occasion; and that is the absence through severe prolonged illness of the Rev. O. P. Ford, Warden of the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine; and the Bishop alluded most touchingly to this in his closing address.

Surely this day's proceedings mark an era in the progress of the Church, at least in this Diocese. Some years ago, though there was just as much need of a hospital for the Diseases of Women as there undoubtedly is now, no band of Sisters, in Sister's dress, would have been accepted to take charge of one. They would have received no favor or support from laity or clergy. The time had not then come. In June 1886, the Rev. Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, came to hold a few quiet days and lecture on the Sisterhood life; but though his lectures were a great intellectual and spiritual treat we observed there was not one word about the Sisterhood, good, bad, or indifferent; then in his closing address he said: "I was asked to lecture to you on the Sisterhood, and I thought the best way to do that, was to try and deepen your religious life." There was a great deal in that. Some years ago few knew what a Sister's life truly was, or what holy women banded together in community life could accomplish. A life so given was counted as thrown away. Even now, women professing godliness, full of good works, hold back from the sublime offering of their entire self to Christ in this way. There are hundreds of young women to-day with no certain dwelling place, or who could well be spared who have not found their mission in their vocation, and are not awakened to a realization of their own possibilities of a religious life.

But this thought is dawning on the Church, the uncertain light is not twilight, but dawn that never returns to darkness, but goes out to the perfect light of day—so when we look back we say, Praise the Lord, and when we look forward we say again, Praise the Lord.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A SONG OF THE BURDEN-BEARER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away."

Over the narrow foot-path
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,

As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim;
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.
It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One on the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.
Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.
While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And suddenly I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.
Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of an answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to his will, Amen.

O, friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—S. S. Times.

WHAT THE CLOCK TOLD DOLLY.

Dolly Dimple sat on a rug by the hall fire, thinking I doubt if you have ever seen a great old-fashioned hall like the one where Dolly was sitting, for they do not build them now-a-days in that way: this one was part of a great rambling house that was built over a hundred years ago. Dolly Dimple was born there, and Dolly Dimple's mother and her grandmother had lived there since her mother had brought her there—a tiny child—from her home across the water. Dolly was certain there had never been such another house, and this hall was her special delight; it was square and had a shining oak floor half covered with furry rugs, the walls were made of the same dark wood, and at the end was the cherry open fire place where mossy logs roared and crackled all winter long, cheerily lighting up all the dark corners and telling wonderful stories of the summer time of their lives. Near by was a broad staircase, on the first landing of which stood a clock, taller than Dolly's papa, and it had a long glass door through which she could see the weights and the pendulum which never moved now; above this was the round, good-natured face which Dolly was morally certain looked very differently sometimes than it did at others; when she was good it smiled very sweetly upon her, but when she was cross—and I am sorry to say Dolly was cross sometimes—it looked at

her so sorrowfully. It could sympathize, too, for Dolly said that when she was in trouble she had seen tears streaming down the old clock's face; but then she was looking through such a mist herself that I shouldn't want to say this was really true. But the strangest thing of all about this clock was that it *would* strike. Now, maybe all you wise little ones do not think this a very strange thing for a clock to do, but when I tell you that the wheels of this clock had not moved for years before Dolly was born, you may wonder at it more—and then it would strike at the strangest times—no one ever knew it was going off, and it had been known to strike up to seventeen! Dolly couldn't understand it at all, and as no one could explain it to her it had troubled her a great deal, and that night she was more mystified than ever, for, at day-break that morning the clock had struck five, and how it had known it was her fifth birthday was what was troubling her. She lay curled up on the soft rug thinking about it until she began to grow drowsy; the crackling of the wood sounded farther and farther away, the shrill chirp of the cricket grew fainter and fainter, when suddenly a voice—a very cracked voice broke the silence:

"Dolly—Dolly Dimple!" it said.

Dolly started up so suddenly that the cricket nearly fell backwards into the fire. Where had the voice come from? She looked carefully all around the hall until her eyes rested on the old clock, when she was surprised to see that a new look had crept over its face—a look that told Dolly that it was the clock that had spoken—and sure enough as she looked it spoke again:

"Would you like to hear a story, Dolly?" it asked.

Now there was nothing Dolly liked better than a story, and curled herself up more comfortably, the busy cricket straightened her cap and folded her hands to show her deep attention, the fire gave out a warmer glow, and the clock began:

"Perhaps, Dolly Dimple, you will understand better what a wonder I really am if I tell you that there was a time when there wasn't a clock on the face of the earth?"

"Why-ee! what a sto—" began the cricket and then stopped, but it was very plain she did not believe a word of it.

"Pity's sake!" cried Dolly, "why, how did little girls ever know when it was school time or anything?"

"They had other ways of telling time," answered the clock, "one of the first things by which they measured it was a stick—straight stick!"

"A stick!" exclaimed Dolly.

"A straight stick!" murmured the cricket, "I *knew* that clock was crazy!"

"I was brought up to think that it was impolite to interrupt people," said the clock.

"Of course it is," said Dolly "we will not breathe another word, will we, cricket?"

"But a stick!" groaned the cricket shaking its head.

"Yes, and to prove it you go out of doors the next sunny morning and plant a little stick in the ground. If it is early the shadow will be many times longer than the stick itself, and will look as if hiding itself from the sun; as it nears noon you will find it creeping up and up until the stick seems to swallow it up, and then as the sun moves on towards the west the shadow peeps out and creeps off on the other side of the stick until night, when the darkness swallows it up; now don't you see how easy it all would be? and it was this that made some think of a sundial."

"A sundial!" broke in the cricket who could not keep still, "what is that?"

"It looks like a doll's table with a little round piece of metal standing up in the centre, and on the table top is marked the length of the shadow of this pointed thing at different hours of the day."

(To be continued.)