

The Officers were re-elected, with the substitution of Mrs. Ready for Miss Gill, resigned.

The meeting was closed with the singing of the Doxology.

The First Bishop of Quebec.

Churchmen of the Diocese of Quebec, who on the 1st of June last celebrated the 100th anniversary of the Diocese with so much heartiness, will be much interested in reading the following, which appeared in the *Church Times*, of London, Eng., on the 13th of April:—"The descendants of the learned and excellent Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, have just put up a memorial brass to their ancestor in the porch of All Saints' Church, Thwaite, Norfolk, Eng., as follows:—To the Glory of God; Jacob Mountain, first Bishop of Quebec, 1793-1825, was born at Thwaite Hall, and baptized in this Church. This Porch was restored by his Descendants A.D. 1893, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of his Consecration." The brass appeared for the first time on Easter Day, and very much surprised and delighted the parishioners, who were quite ignorant of the fact that this small parish was the birth-place of one of the most self-denying and hard working Bishops the Church of God ever possessed."

Our only Hope.

The following are reviews of "Our only Hope," a little manual of devotion, which our Bishop presents to all who are brought to him to be confirmed. The first notice is taken from the *Canadian Churchman* of Toronto.

"OUR ONLY HOPE" is the name of an admirable little manual compiled by the present Bishop of Quebec. Those who have heard of the Bishop's reputation as a writer—still more those who have had the advantage of seeing and hearing him—will expect a "rich treat" (in a spiritual sense) in these pages intended for the newly-confirmed: and they will not be disappointed. We have never seen anything quite so well adapted for this purpose. The "booklet" is from the *Morning Chronicle* (Quebec) press, and very neat.

The other notice appeared in *S. Andrew's Cross*, the organ of the S. Andrew's Brotherhood.

"OUR ONLY HOPE." By the Rt. Rev. Andrew H. Dunn, D.D., Lord Bishop of Quebec.

This is an admirable manual which Bishop Dunn makes it a custom to present to those upon whom his hands are laid in confirmation. It contains a brief address pointing out some of the duties which the one confirmed has assumed,

prayers for private use, suggestions for cultivating the habit of meditation on some portion of Scripture, hints for self-examination and a preparation for the Holy Communion. A number of blank pages at the end give space for the writing in of any special prayers and devotional notes. The manual will be found extremely useful to both young and old, whether newly confirmed or not.

The Book has been placed on sale at the S. P. C. K. Depot, S. John Street, Quebec City, whence copies may be obtained at 10 cents, or free by Post at 12 cents.

POETRY.

The Voice of Nature.

Oh! give me the freedom of Forest and Water,
Give me the wild music the swift rapids make,
Let me hear evermore the Woodland's sweet voices,
The soft sighing branches, the splash of the lake.
Let me lie down and sleep amid Nature's caresses,
With naught to disturb the sweet peace of the soul.
Avaunt all ye cares of the great world around me!
Deile not my Refuge with clamor and reel.

The Forests, the Waters, by God were created,
Their Solitudes own Him their Master and King.
But man's puny artifice fashioned the cities,
Man's own devices man's bitterness bring.

The Soul can commune in Nature, God's Temple,
Nearth the blue vault of Heaven it worships its Lord.
While the great book is opened, so plainly, before us,
We read in its pages, "He must be adored."

The voices of Nature are mighty and noble
Yet, what is more gentle, more tranquil, more kind.
The whirl and the roar of the swift mountain torrent.
The soft, gentle ripple, the sigh of the wind.

The dark sweeping strength of the Cyclone's mad fury,
The crash and the roll of the thunder-storm wild.
The sea's sonorous boom, on the rocky crags breaking,
Show Nature's vast power to man, her weak child.

O! what rash presumption are mortals then guilty,
Who dare to compare them to powers like these,
And make God's Creation a jest for their wisdom.
Translate to their purpose His boundless decrees!

L. D. VON IFFLAND.