

Rev. E. Matheson, Principal of the Battleford Industrial School, (Saskatchewan), has promised one hundred dollars if nine hundred dollars are contributed to the Fund in the Ecclesiastical Province, and his brother, Rev. John R. Matheson, C. M. S. missionary at St. Barnabas' Mission, Onion Lake, Saskatchewan, has promised the first fifty dollars. It would greatly encourage the Bishop, and help the appeal in England, if this movement were carried to a successful issue.

The Bishop of the Diocese preached in Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday, August 18th, and at the

sermon gave a brief account of church work in his two Dioceses, which appeared to give great pleasure to the Rector, the Wardens, and others, who heartily thanked him for it in the vestry at the close of the service.

The clerical delegates attending the Provincial Synod from this Diocese, were: Rev. Canon Stocken, Rev. W. F. Webb, and Rev. H. A. Gray. Ven. Archdeacon Tims, who was to have been present, was unavoidably detained in England, owing to the state of Mrs. Tims's health. There were no lay delegates present from this Diocese.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. H. P. LOWE.

Lord, Thou hast called Thy servant home from out this world of sin,
 And now with all Thy saints of old he stands the vail within.
 His tired body lies at rest beneath his mother sod:
 His happy spirit rests at peace within Thy Hand, O God.
 No more on earth his busy feet are swift to do Thy will,
 But yet, we know, beyond the grave he serves his Master still.
 To us it seemed his course on earth had scarcely yet begun
 When came Thy fiat forth from Heaven: "My child, thy race is run."
 To us it seemed a sudden blow, and fraught with loss and pain,
 But to Thy faithful soldier, Lord, our loss was surely gain.
 No weakling he to faint, or fail, or tarry by the way,
 But manfully the burden bore—the toil, the heat of day.
 He did not offer sacrifice of that which cost him naught,
 But ever for the hidden truth all carefully he sought.
 His talents, Lord, he wielded well, and surely when earth's sun
 Has set to rise no more for aye—he'll hear Thy words: "Well Done!"

—H. E. K.