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fault in our dear Bishop, that the house he occupies does not belong to the diocese. Apart from his regular Episcopal work, he has in the past bestowed upon city and town parishes, in the way of special sermons, lectures, etc., a good deal more than would leave Bishopstowe free of debt. And it is now high time that those who enjoy his eloquent discourses should begin to pay for what they get. Even though he be a Bishop, "the labourer is worthy of his reward." I feel a little delicate about entering on the causes which have led to the deficiency in our Mission Fund. Class legislation, and a scale going up too high, are important elements here. I believe that if all contributors were assured that whatever they give would go to where it is really needed, many would do much better. The cost of the Synod Office can be but poorly defended. One man, at a salary of a thousand dollars, all told, could do the work at least as well as now, and a little more courteously; and then he would be better paid for his work than most of the clergy are for theirs. But the interests of the machine do not lie in the way of extending, or even maintaining the missionary work of the Church. The management of invested funds must be especially safeguarded, even though it means to some poor country clergy, who have toiled long and faithfully, the payment of fifty cents on the dollar. I asked, at last Synod, that more faith be exercised, and to give them seventy-five cents. But I was told that the Synod had no power to alter the action of the Executive Committee. I have left to the last the question of experience, with which your correspondent begins and ends. I have had ten years' experience in the ministry of the Church, and that extending over a wide area. How long is not always as important as how much we have lived. In comparing the canons of this diocese, published in 1870 with those now in force, I cannot help thinking that our experience in law-making has been, in that period, from middling to bad, and from bad to worse. Long centuries of experience in the Church allows a young man of twenty-four years, to be ordained priest, to minister to young and old alike, and the man of thirty can be consecrated Bishop. In writing this letter, I do it in a truly Christian spirit, for it is neither strife nor victory I want, but reform.

T. LOFTUS ARMSTRONG.

Family Reading.

IF JESUS WERE HERE.

If Jesus were here in this sorrowing world,
And should open His loving arms wide,
And should bid me to come, and lean on His
breast,
To find in His bosom a refuge and rest,
Would I hesitate long to decide?

If He stood 'mid the throngs of the helpless and
sick,
And should busy His hands day and night,
In healing their ills, giving sight to the blind,
Restraining the feet to destruction inclined,
Would I question His goodness or might?

If I should behold Him surrounded by hate—
By the prejudiced passions of men,
And should hear from His lips a wisdom divine,
Surpassing His age, that through ages should
shine,

Would I doubt His divinity then?

If I saw Him the victim of priestly intrigue—
Of bigots that thirst for His life,
With a handful to help and a host to oppose—
A martyr to truth, and a prey to His foes,—
Would I take no part in the strife?

Would I sit like a statue, demure and unmoved,
With purity slain in the street,
With Truth on the cross, and with Innocence
nailed,
And the Heart of my God by treason impaled—
And I in a coward's retreat?

Ah, if He were here! Perhaps our cold hearts
Would then be as nerveless as now;
For the pestilent Pilates are ever the same—
Ever ready to falter, e'er shifting the blame,
In fawning e'er ready to bow!

ON THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

With one regret, true love ever reproaches
itself about those whom we have lost. We
never seemed to have loved them enough, or
to have done enough for them, or to have
borne with their faults as we ought to have
borne, or to have taken the pains we
ought to have taken. If they were sharp
with us, we do not remember it; but we re-
member every time that we were sharp with
them; and we find it hard to forgive our-
selves, if the last time they came to us we
felt they stayed too long, if the last thing they
asked of us, trifling or unreasonable as it may
have been, we denied it. The feeling is gen-
erous; and when not carried to a morbid ex-
tent, may be even helpful, if only it stirs us up
to live with each other and love each other,
as we shall wish we had done when the op-
portunity is forever passed. Gentleness,
forbearance, patience, faithfulness, brightness,
tenderness; we all know what God thinks of
such qualities, for we read: "He that dwelleth
in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." As
to what we should think of them, it may
be wholesome for us sometimes to be made
to feel how much the happiness of others is in
our own power, when the mere recollection
of a dead friend, through the momentary sad-
ness it causes us, makes us feel how much our
own happiness is in the power of others.

All sorrow has a purifying purpose with it,
but bereavement is meant to produce results
which perhaps no other grief can bring about
in the same way. When with the spirits of the
departed we have, so to speak, mounted up
into the higher heavens and looked down on
the earth, as men might look at it from the
stars, we see it at its exact worth, both in its
compensations and its disappointments; not
despising it utterly, since it is the place that
God has chosen for us, yet colouring it no
longer with the old false hues. Then we see
ourselves as we never saw ourselves before.
Just as pain and fatigue and sickness bring
out the features of the body in a kind of
ghastly sharpness, so in the hour when God
is searching us as with candles we seem able
to look in at ourselves, as persons outside look
through an open window into a house. The
growth of secret faults, such as covetousness,
or envy, or pride, a multitude of little failings,
separately but trifling, yet together eating out
our strength with the voracity of parasites,
the heart settling quietly down into hasty
prayers, easy self-love, scanty self-denial;
these things all suddenly stare at us as the
lightning flashes into the darkness of a closed
room; and some have felt at such times that
there is something more woeful, more intoler-
able, even than the death which has changed
the current of our life; that sin is the worst
kind of sorrow; that to have grown cold to-
wards Jesus Christ can move the stirred heart
into a more bitter relenting than the thought
of the dead face shut up in its long home,
never to smile on us again.—Right Rev. Dr.
Thorold.

CONTRITION.

What does contrition mean? The break-
ing of the sinner's heart in union with An-
other's broken heart. All contrition flows
from the person of the Crucified, for we know
full well—do we not?—that our Lord's death
upon the Cross was the offering to God of a
perfect contrition. He sorrowed with a per-
fect sorrow for the sins of men; He con-
demned those sins with a perfect condemna-
tion; He mourned for those sins with a per-

fect regret; He bowed Himself down under
the Father's hand, and bore the penance of
those sins with a perfect conformity of will.
If, then, you would know what contrition is,
you must learn it at the foot of the Cross. He,
having offered unto the Father, as the repre-
sentative man, the offering of contrition for
the sins of the world, merited for us sinners
the grace of contrition. His contrition is a
meritorious contrition. He has won for us
by it the grace of a broken and a contrite
heart, and that which He has merited by His
contrition He works in us by uniting us to
Himself in the contrition of His passion, call-
ing upon us to know in some measure a like
experience—the drinking of His cup, and the
being baptized with His baptism; for it is in-
deed a blessed truth that as we mourn before
God for sin in our contrition, we are in a very
near and close oneness with the Crucified Re-
deemer, and in Him we are privileged to offer
what He offered to the Father, the offering
of a contrite heart.—Canon Body.

THE MULTITUDE OF THE SAVED.

It is for us to collect for our own guid-
ance and edification the motives, ideas, and
principles which constitute the martyrdom
which fills heaven, smiles at death, looks pain
in the face without trembling, and makes
Christ real, intelligible, and beautiful to man-
kind. Of the great multitude that St. John
beheld we read several things. They had
gone into and come out of awful sufferings.
They were a countless throng. They were
in white robes. The robes they had them-
selves cleansed in the blood of the Lamb. The
multitude of the saved is a magnificent
thought for the heart to rest upon. Here we
are told even more, that those who have glori-
fied God by willing, conscious suffering are
not to be counted by the wit of man. Oh!
what a blessed thought is this for all to whom
Christ's honour is dear and His cross the
supreme blessedness.—Bishop Thorold.

UNSELFISHNESS.

One of the first conditions of spiritual well-
being is unselfishness. The law is formulated
thus: "None of us liveth to himself and no
man dieth to himself." Whatever leads men
to think of others, whatever carries them out
of themselves in accordance with this law,
reacts by producing increased vigour and
vitality in the spiritual life, and all the more
as the scope of its activities is enlarged. I
am persuaded that no field supplies such sub-
lime opportunities for the exercise of this
principle as foreign missions. No work is a
better antidote to the spirit of parochialism
which infests even Christian benevolence. Of
course I know what is to be said on the other
side. Do I never hear of the charity whose
middle and end seem to be as much at home
as at its beginning? Am not I a parish par-
son? Do not I have perpetual appeals for
destitute districts, dilapidated churches, dis-
tressed schools? Am not I pressed by de-
mands for every sort and fashion of diocesan
organization? I admit it all. I would not
one penny less were given, or one whit less
energy expended on home work. We want
more, much more of the right kind. But I
have yet to learn that the duty we owe to one
is a reason for leaving the other undone. I
have yet to learn that a quickened interest in
foreign missions ever reduced the zeal to
maintain good works at home. The evidence,
indeed, is all the other way. It may not al-
ways be easy to distinguish cause and effect.
But no one can doubt that the vital religion
of any Church is not only measured, but is
multiplied also by its evangelistic energies.

—What we are afraid to do before men we
should be afraid to think before God.