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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 remember every time that we were sharp with them; and we find it hard to forgive ourselves, 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 demed it. The feeling is generous; and when not carried to a morbid extent, 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 opportunity 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 sadness 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 intolerable, 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 towards 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 breaking of the sinner's heart in union with Another'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 perfect sorrow for the sins of men; He condemned those sins with a perfect condemnation; 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 representative 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, calling 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 indeed 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 Redeemer, 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 guidance 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 mankind. 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 themselves 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 glorified 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 sublime 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 parson? Do not I have perpetual appeals for destitute districts, dilapidated churches, distressed schools? Am not I pressed by demands 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 always 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.