


where the settlers are too poor to pay a resident clergyman. History repeats itself. What I have told you of the country about here still goes on in newly settled parts, and the cry of the Macedonian, "Come over and help us," still rings in our ears, as it did to the apostles of old. Rouse up, my friends, to the practical consideration, how you can help those more in need than yourselves, and give as you are blessed by God, to minister to the saints, that is, to all your spiritually necessitous fellow citizens of the household of faith.

### AFTER THE FIRE, A STILL SMALL VOICE

 THE city of St. John's, Newfoundland,

has been almost entirely destroyed by fire, and amongst the burned buildings is the beautiful cathedral, which was commenced in the early years of the episcopate of Bishop Feild, and remained in an unfinished state till a few years ago, when everything but the spire was completed. Strange to say, the cathedral was commenced as the result of a fire, just such a fire, indeed, as that which has now destroyed it. In 1846, St. John's was swept by a devastating fire, and so many were rendered homeless that a "Queen's Letter" was issued in England and the wants of the unfortunate were supplied, leaving a handsome balance not disposed of. As the parish church was destroyed in this fire, Bishop Feild was persuaded to go to England and tell English hearts of the wants of his rocky, sea-girt island, and the result of his appeal was that the cathedral of St. John's was commenced, some of the balance left as the result of the Queen's letter having been placed at his disposal. The workmanship of the cathedral, both outside and within, was of the best and finest quality, and it has stood a monument of the zeal of its great promoter. Now it is in ruins, may we hope that the still small voice of

love and zeal will now be heard after the fire so that restoration, or if need be re-building may be the result. Tons of provisions and thousands of dollars are being sent from all over the world to aid the homeless and the destitute,—the still small voice again, after the fire,—showing the true humanity of man. As a result St. John's will be rebuilt in a more substantial way probably than ever. But what will it be without its fine cathedral?

Many other church edifices have also been destroyed, so that the Church at present may be said almost literally to be lying in ashes,—and the people thus deprived of their buildings may well look for that help which it is earnestly to be hoped they will receive so that they may once more be put in possession of that which the devouring flames have taken from them.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST, ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND.—(Lately destroyed by fire).

"Dick," said a young English barrister on a visit to his college chum, just inducted into his first living, "your sermon was admirable, but I think you occasionally used words above the comprehension of your congregation."

"Well, that's the last thing I expected to be accused of," said the clergyman; "give me an instance of one."

"Would not 'happiness,' said his friend, 'have been more intelligible than 'felicity'?"

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed the other. "Every one knows the meaning of 'felicity'! Here John," to his gardener who happened to pass the window, "don't you know what 'felicity' is?"

"Ay, sure, sir," said the man.

"Well, what is it?" asked the lawyer, too much accustomed to sifting evidence to be put off with vague generalities.

John looked puzzled. "I do suppose, sir, that it must be an Aquatic," he said, looking at his master, "for you told us it was a plant which did not grow in earth."