

that prevailed both here in Toronto, and also in Hamilton, where on Monday after the installation, a similar lunch was given under similar auspices in similar silence. Trusting that you will allow this explanation to appear, of what would otherwise be regarded as an oversight, believe me,

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BRIEF MENTION.

The vestry in connection with Christ church Tamworth, has been completed.

All titles of nobility originally had a military origin.

In several European countries butter is sold by the yard. The rolls are a yard in length, and are sold in sections to suit purchasers.

Cromwell, Lord Essex, established parochial registers for births, deaths, and marriages, between 1580 and 1588, in the reign of Henry VIII.

In all state ceremonies the sovereign takes precedence of all persons whatsoever.

Forty-seven persons were confirmed by the Bishop of Ottawa at Perth.

Peace was proclaimed at Paris after the Crimean war on Monday, March 31st, 1856, and in London on Tuesday, April 29th, 1856.

The Archbishop of Canterbury ranks immediately after the members of the royal family.

A million acres of forest are cut down every year to supply European railway companies with sleepers, on which the lines are laid.

The famous suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, built in 1855, is to be superseded by a new steel structure, with an arch 550 feet long and 260 feet above the water level.

On Monday, June 22nd, the Bishop of Ottawa visited Lanark and administered confirmation in St. Paul's church.

In the United States a driver of horses sits on the right, and turns his team in that direction. In England the national custom is the reverse.

The Russian Bishop of Kursh has ordered his clergy to refrain from the "disgustingly bad habit of smoking tobacco, which is quite unbecoming for those who serve the altar."

The German Emperor has 350 carriages in his stables in Berlin. Of these 100 are for the use of his suite.

Queen Isabella II. of Spain possessed a 140-grain black pearl, which was recently sold at a London jeweller's for \$5,750.

The Rev. Canon Norton, D.D., rector of Montreal, and Miss Norton, have gone to spend their summer holidays in Ireland.

We read of pews in London as early as 1453, but they did not become general until the middle of the seventeenth century. There was one at Geddington, St. Mary, Northampton, for a long time, dated 1602.

The average age of the Norman kings was 56½ years; of the Plantagenets, 53 years; of the Lancastrians, 44 years; the Yorkists, 30 years; the Tudors, 48 years; the Stuarts, 55½ years; and those of the present dynasty, 73 years.

The largest churches in Europe will contain the following numbers: St. Peter's, Rome, 51,000; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000.

Apropos of Queen Victoria's entrance upon the sixtieth year of her reign, it may be noteworthy that the walking stick which she carries in her old age is made of a branch of the historic oak of Charles II. Fastened to its top is a tiny Indian idol, part of the loot of Seringapatam.

The Path of Safety.

For only on Him can I lean all my weight, and be sure that the stay will not give. All other bridges across the great abysses, which we have to traverse or be lost in them, are like those snow cornices upon some alp, which may break when the climber is on the very middle of them, and let him down into blackness out of which he will never struggle. There is only one path clear across the deepest gulf, which we poor pilgrims can tread with absolute safety that it will never yield beneath our feet.

The Good Shepherd.

In soft, sunny meadows the wandering sheep stray;
Afar from the Shepherd each goes his own way.
Though dangers lurk round them, no watch do they keep—
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!"

On, on, they still wander, till morn, clear and bright,
Grows gray with the storm-cloud, swift falls the black night;
Fierce rains beat in fury, the sharp lightnings leap—
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!"

Out, over the mountain, at midnight, alone,
The Good Shepherd goeth to gather His own.
He seeks and He finds them on crags wild and steep—
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!"

Deep down in dark pitfalls, sore wounded by sin,
He sees when they suffer and die in their pain.
He seeks and He saves them where death shadows creep—
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!"

Unto death He will follow each child of His love,
Triumphant will bear Him to safety above.
No waters can quench it—His love strong and deep—
"The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep!"

Something for Everyone.

As there never was one person exactly, or even a little bit like another, so there must be something for everyone to do which nobody else in the whole world could do. Our circumstances are a piece of building ground, given to each of us by birth, and it depends entirely on ourselves what sort of building we shall erect upon it.

Life, wherever it may be, is a great opportunity. It is for every man the one great chance. Whatever a man's life may be, it is the only one he will ever have the chance of living.

A Lesson in Arithmetic.

After the first steps in arithmetic, learning to count and to form figures,—what joy it was to have the small sums in addition given for a lesson. The figures were to stand one above another, like jars on a shelf-line, and one might reach up and bring down so much for the sum of each row of jars; and sometimes there was the novelty of having something to "carry" from one line to the next.

Later there came larger examples, later still came multiplication, but that proved to be only a quicker method of delightful addition.

As pupils of the divine Master we have progressive lessons given us to learn. Here is a lesson in addition that will produce a most wonderful sum if there be no mistake in adding the column: "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity."

Notice what comes first in the column, then study how much is contained in it, step by step, all the way up to the highest point—love—and you will see how well it is worth studying. You will find, too, how necessary it is to follow the directions accompanying the lesson, "Giving all diligence, add."

It is a grand life-lesson, and we need to begin working upon it at once in order to find the glorious sum.

A Bishop's Dilemma.

A well-known Scotch bishop never married. While he held a certain see he was of course a subject of considerable interest to the celibate ladies of the neighbourhood. One day he received a visit from one of them who had reached the age of desperation. Her manner was solemn, yet somewhat embarrassed; it was evident from the first that there was something very particular upon her mind. The good bishop spoke with his usual kindness, and encouraged her to be communicative. By-and-by he drew from her that she had had a very strange dream, or rather, as she thought, a revelation from heaven. On further questioning, she confessed that it had been inti-

mated to her that she was to be united in marriage to the bishop. One may imagine what a start this gave to the quiet scholar, who had long before married his books and never thought of any other bride. He recovered, however, and, addressing her very gently, said that doubtless their intimations were not to be despised. As yet, however, the designs of heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would wait to see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and when it happened, he would be sure to let her know.

Sorrow and Joy.

Pain is hard to endure, but it also has its compensation, unless by our own impatience and unbelief we rob ourselves of the comfort which God always sends with it and in it. Pain is meant to purify and whiten. Those who wear the radiant garments in glory are they who have come up out of great tribulation. Thousands of sufferers have learned their richest and best life-lessons in sore trials. The fires are hot, but holiness comes out of the flames. The pruning is sharp and cuts to the heart, but more and better fruit is the result afterward. The earthly loss is sore, but there is rich spiritual gain that comes from it. On the briery rod lovely roses grow, and many of the sweetest blessings of life are gathered from amid grief's sharp thorns. An old poet wrote in quaint phrase:

Venomous thorns, that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers, we see, full, fresh, and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

Afraid Not to Give.

A very rich man—one of Guthrie's office bearers in Edinburgh—put a munificent sum into the Doctor's hands for his ragged schools. The Doctor was overwhelmed and profuse in his thanks—profuse, too, in ascribing all manner of good motives to the deed. But Dives was brusque and would have none of the thanks. "You wouldn't thank me," he said, "if you knew my real motive. It is not a desire to do good, or help you in your work, or anything of that sort—it is simply fear. I am afraid to share the lot of the men who depart, leaving unused riches behind them." How much wholesomer the world would be if there was more of this godly fear about!

The Old-Fashioned Flowers.

They are like the songs of childhood that came while the mind was yet unimpressed; they are associated with all the early recollections, and nothing in the after years can efface the effect of that beauty which was a joy that came to stay. They were in the gardens and dooryards of the long ago; we remember the sparkling eyes and eager clutch of the little toddlers as they reached for them, whose tiny step has long ago changed to the measured tread, or whose little feet have long been silent in the dust.

We remember the forms that bent over these old-time flowers, that cared for them, that watched them unfold, and while these forms have vanished, the hollyhocks and the roses by the window always bring them back. Years and years have passed, but the meadow flowers, the blossoms in the wild wood and the forget-me-nots in the pasture field are still as they were in the early days, when the step of father and mother was light and springy, but which is now no more.

Inexpressibly tender are those emotions that are reawakened when we see these bright and unchanged petals as they were two-score years ago. They may lack in the style and high-sounding names that distinguish their modern congeners, but, like the old friends, they are tried and true. They were with us when life was new, and through all the years their quiet, unobtrusive greeting has been the same. These flowers are a memory that will not vanish.