

where it is no easy thing for the people themselves to obtain such; while at the same time, there is on the whole a marked appreciation of it; and the long and dreary winter, with its inevitable isolation and partial cessation of out-of-door occupation, and its long nights, naturally suggests the expediency of providing a good stock of suitable reading matter. Mr. Currie says in his report, truly enough, "there is great need of good literature." A Churchman must be pardoned for thinking that much of the literature circulated by the M. D. S. F. and the colporteur of Bible Society is calculated to do as much harm as good. These so-called unsectarian societies, though unhappily mainly supported by Church folks, are almost invariably (perhaps inevitably) worked chiefly in the interest of dissent—they are in fact mainly *sectarian*. In view of the importance, then, of providing good sound literature for our people, in addition to what was sent me from England, I expended \$14.30 out of my Labrador Church work fund in the purchase of books and tracts for gratuitous circulation. In many cases a large supply was thus furnished to the homes of the people.

In close connection with this matter was my work as *Colporteur*. I am pleased to learn that at the last session of the Synod it was decided, as I understand to endeavour to obtain for the Labrador a colporteur for the service of the Church; and I sincerely trust that a suitable person will be obtained for next summer. In the distribution of sound general and Church literature, and as lay-reader, the work of such a person would be most valuable. I had seen and heard something the previous summer of the work of the Bible Society's colporteur; and had seen everywhere I went his book and tracts; at Cape Charles and L'Anse-au-Clair I found *Churchmen* who had spent no less than \$5.00 apiece with him. With the exception of the Bible, Prayer-book, Hymns (Ancient and Modern), practically the bulk of his literature smacks of dissent, and is not calculated to build up our people in their most holy faith. Hence I determined, if I visited the Labrador again, to see what I could do as colporteur—though I was well aware a considerable increase of trouble and care would arise therefrom. I had a little stock of books and some beautiful sacred pictures from England; I sold these \$10 worth, and the proceeds went to the aid of my Labrador fund. The pictures were especially popular; and I could have disposed of a much larger stock. From an educational and religious point of view they are, in some cases more valuable than books, and in my opinion it were well if we did more than we do in the distribution of what has been called the "poor man's book."

In addition to this I sold about \$30.00 worth of books obtained from the S. P. C. K. Depot in St. John's. The chief hindrance I experienced in this department of my work, and of course the same confronts us in the matter of Church dues, and collections, is not so much the poverty of the people as the extreme difficulty the people have of obtaining cash. Some way, it seems to me, must be found if we are to make the most of our people's means, and secure fair play for the operation of our benevolent efforts, by which we can take fish, salmon and herring from them in place of cash. The people in the western part of my summer's sphere of work were by no means badly off this summer, but they had very little cash. If it were fairly represented to the business firms of the district possibly some arrangement might be made to attain the end in view.

(To be continued)

THE Bishop of St. Andrew's (Dr. Wilkinson) in his charge at the annual meeting of the Synod of the united diocese of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane, said: "The analysis

of the year which is past contains in it much for which we are bound to render hearty thanks to Almighty God. Although it is unwise to attach too much value to statistics, we cannot help recognizing the fact that there are signs of progress under almost every head of our annual analysis. We have more than 1,000 souls added to our numbers, nearly 700 more than in last year brought under the catechising of the Church; 223 more confirmed; 463 more communicants; over 300 more celebrations of the Holy Communion; 3,650 more communions than in the previous year. I am thankful also to record ordinations, consecrations, confirmations, retreats, conferences, quiet days, and social meetings."

'FORGETTING THE THINGS WHICH ARE BEHIND.'

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

What things are we to forget? and why are we to forget them? and how is the forgetting to be done?

We are to forget our mistakes. All of us make mistakes, though they are not always discovered at the moment, and some do much more damage than others. The man who is unconscious of mistakes is solitary in his unconsciousness, and though it is perfectly fair for any one to demur to being judged before time can fully test and appraise his action, time is not always on our side in the matter, though indeed, sometimes it is. Our mistakes, I say, are to be forgotten in the sense of their being always with us, daunting our energies, paralysing that manful spirit of venture which alone helps the Church to move, and is the great secret both of individual development and of the world's progress. Moreover, there are different sorts of mistakes—generous as well as base mistakes that spring from justice and courage, though not quite well timed; mistakes that are simply the result of calculating worldliness, and which miss opportunities that a braver spirit would have seized; mistakes which are the offspring of real nobleness and simplicity. He who understands what is in man, and is much kinder to us than we ever are to each other, knows in His goodness how to condone our errors, and in His wisdom how to make them work together for our good. While we see and confess and deplore our mistakes, we will take them to our Master, and trustfully leave them with Him. We cannot expect ever to be perfectly wise, and strong men are ashamed to whimper; but a single eye shall not only in the end win the approval of all whose approval is worth anything, but it shall finally earn the promise of promises: "Then shall every man have praise of God."

We are to forget our disappointments, of whatever kind they may be, and in whatever shape they have come. We all have our disappointments in turn, and about some of them it may be said that we should not be good for much if we did not have them. They may be disappointments personal to ourselves, and the area of such is as wide as life itself, or disappointments in the result of well-meant duty, or disappointments in the conduct of others, or disappointments in the achieving of some laudable activity on which we had set our hearts.

We are to forget them, because to be constantly brooding over them, or to be feeding our hearts with the luscious poison of egoistic mortification, simply means to paralyse our activities, to benumb with a chilling torpor all those secret springs of moral purpose which at once stir, elevate, and stimulate the soul, tempting us to whisper to ourselves, 'Give up; make no more efforts to raise or improve the world; by

which it is plain you are neither wanted nor valued. Passed over so often, you will only be passed over again. Drop out of the ranks, and leave others to meet the battle.'

The worst thing that can happen to any one is to lose hope. Discouragement is a subtler and more fatal temptation than presumption. To the true child of God, who can trust the wisdom and kindness of a heavenly Father, disappointments will eventually prove the most signal mercies. Let patience have its perfect work, and it shall be crowned with a psalm of thanksgiving. Even in our work for Him, God has sometimes to show us that we are not indispensable to Him, but that he uses us, not to add to His strength, but to multiply His mercy. He has many instruments at His disposal besides the lips and feet of men. If we fail, it does not follow that He will not triumph.

We are to forget our sorrows—that is, we are to suffer them to sink down into the depth of our spirits, there to abide in their hidden and healing power. We are not to suffer them to remain on the surface of our memory, to rob life of its sweetness, and music, and color. True, indeed, it is, that 'he who lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.' But we are not to mourn as those who have no hope, as those who have no blessings left, as those whom God has forgotten, because He did not answer our prayers in the way we wished Him to answer them—whom God has forsaken, because in the darkness that for a while so impenetrably surrounded us, we utterly failed to discern the brightness of His face. Life is not all sorrow, all parting, all staggering under impossible burdens, all weariness, or anguish, or strife. There is a time when we should learn to say with the Psalmist, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes.' There is also an experience which all true children of God should be ready and thankful to learn, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.'

Once more, there is a real sense in which we must forget our sins, or we shall be so debased, so wounded, so humiliated, so abashed by the memory of them, that the tempter will be quick to take advantage of us, and to taunt our wounded consciences till we are on the brink of despair. If St. Peter had suffered his denial of his Lord to overpower the consciousness of his Lord's forgiveness—if St. Paul, in the tremendous shock of discovering that he had been crucifying his Lord afresh, while meaning to protect the faith of his fathers, had not had courage enough and faith enough to shake off as a kind of hideous dream, his persecution of the saints, and receive from the risen, revealed Lord joy and strength for his apostleship, what would have happened to the salvation of the world?

It is true, indeed, that in one sense St. Peter forgot it, for in his first epistle he speaks of himself as a witness of the suffering of Christ, and of the glory that should follow; and St. Paul reminds us that he was once a persecutor and injurious. But the sense of sin was quite swallowed up in the sense of mercy; the prophet's sentence came home to them in all its amazing and wonderful goodness, 'Thou has cast their sins into the depth of the sea.' We look back at sin, we deplore it, we feel we never can be the same all through eternity, as if we had not sinned; in a sense, our sins are ever with us, wrought into the texture of our character, and affecting the fibre of our being. But to be washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb—even now the blessed condition of all who simply and sincerely believe in Jesus—means a great deal of liberty and of peace, of grateful activity, and of child-like fellowship. To be constantly breathing the fetid air of our own corruptions is to live in a swamp instead of on the mountain top. 'Because we are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying Abba, Father.'