

midable facts that confront us. What to do with them, what even to say of them, is quite too large a task for individual opinion, yea for philosophy, yea, for the Church. The Almighty Father alone is able to solve the mystery, and bring it to an end in redemption let us hope somewhere. But if sometimes as you sit yourself down apart to rest awhile and bethink you of what you really are, and of what by the blessing of God you may come to be—when you sit down beneath the overhanging cliffs of eternity, and seriously contemplate yourself as a friend apart and see with concern that perhaps you are one of these spiritually dead men, yet walking about in all the pretence and assumption of real life—in that serious hour it will not be necessary for anyone to impose upon you homilies upon the holy days of the Christian year. You will then become your own best homilist. May the Father of all help us each one to that attainment, where we really commenced to live first hand with him and became souls all alive to His Grace, His Goodness and His Truth.

You have stood beside some swiftly rushing river which, making great haste as it poured noisily downwards through a steep and rocky bed, abounded in many contending currents, that fiercely struggle together, and made foam and froth seem as the distinguishing elements so that nothing but this white and puffed up emptiness of froth appeared. And here and there these struggling currents produced eddies that seemed to whirl about and about forever and make no progress. And here and there in long swift smooth reaches, the waters stretched along like a greyhound with its eye on the goal. So we are in the midst of many currents in the river of human life. Let us not be deceived into supposing that that floating froth is the shape we wish to assume. Leave that to others if there must be froth. And see to it that we do not imagine these eddies, furiously active and tremendously fussy, represent the river's real progress. Some people seem to be just content to turn round and round upon themselves as upon a pivot, as a spinning top, and make plenty of motion but no progress. That is very easy and very common. The eddies and the froth simply represent the friction and resistance to be overcome, the obstacles to be rounded somehow in the river's life. It is in the long still slides where with no tumult of bragging busyness, the river speeds on its real way to its right end.

This season offers to our soul such a quiet time of running progress to our goal. Mark time we must toward the end of all earthly concerns, mark time we may towards the realization of religion's holiest and grandest ambitions.

Note again the river makes onward progress despite all the rocks and eddies and troubles in its way. So the race of man is moving onward through all difficulties to a more real and general God-likeness, towards a real regeneration, which in some time to be noble beyond words, will be the glorious ultimatum of mankind in the Republic of God on high.

THE LENTEN SEASON.

Some matters defy the processes of investigation and refuse to be tested by the laws of economics; and Lent is one of them. And who will presume to measure the season of good that may have come to the hungry soul, as, turning away from the all but ceaseless demand of business and pleasure, it seeks the Lord's house and confesses with a voice whose tone bears testimony to its sincerity: 'We have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep, we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts, we have offended

against Thy holy laws, we have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us?' Who shall presume to say what joy, what comfort, what peace, has come to storm-tossed souls through the release from social cares, and the opportunities for meditation and religious worship afforded by the Lenten season? If there be any who will have none of it, at least let none presume to speak lightly of that which has come down through fifteen centuries, which is observed by three-fourths of the Christian Church, and to whose meditative spirit we are indebted for not a few of the sweetest offerings of the hymnarians of the Christian Church. It is gratifying to know that the season is being improved by those whose denominational proclivities in the past have been rather away from the season than towards it. It is well that it is so. The poet well and truly says that "the world is too much with us." Happy for us all if while the cares and pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of various examples give a kind of gratification to our folly, we can be led for one-eighth of the circle of the year to turn aside and contemplate alike our mortality, and that other world whose issues are transcendent, and whose rewards are eternal.—*The Christian at Work.*

News from the Home Field.

Diocese of Nova Scotia.

CAPE NORTH.—There seems to be some rough Mission work yet to be done in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. The following clipping from the Presbyterian *Witness* of December 29th, 1894, is from a most interesting article on 'Cape North.'

Some other missionaries tried it on snow shoes, but that did not seem to work very well. A brother who did not believe in perseverance, (or if he did he did not practice it on that occasion) left Ingonish one day last winter on snow shoes to minister to his flock at Cape North. He got over the first instalment of the road—to the Halfway House—all right, but before he was half the second instalment he firmly believed in being steadfast, immovable, not in any particular doctrine, but in the snow against a telegraph post. And were it not that, in the good providence of God, Murdoch McDonald—the good Samaritan—happened to come along with a horse and sleigh he would never have got out of there alive. Mr. McDonald brought him to his father's house, and after being under the kind and loving treatment of Mrs. McDonald for a day or two he was able to go on his way rejoicing.

Another brother of the same persuasion was coming over the same route some years ago and gave out on the top of the South mountain. His companion had to leave him on the snow and go to the nearest house—three or four miles distant—where he got men who went for him with a hand sled and took him to the house.

Rev. Simon Gibbons, of the Church of England, who was doing mission work here some years ago was an expert in snow-shoeing, but he got enough of it. One cold stormy winter night he came to Mr. Murdoch McLeod's on Smoky, between one and four o'clock in the morning, tumbled himself on the floor and cried, "Oh, Murdoch I am dead!"

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Gibbons is still feeling the effects of those nocturnal excursions. I mention these facts in order that new comers may take warning not to trust too much to their ability on snow-shoes.

Diocese of Quebec.

QUEBEC.—*St. Matthew's.*—The handsome new font and baptistery for this church, largely of onyx, has been finally placed in position, as well as the mosaic pavement by which it is surrounded. It is situated at the extreme west end of the church, between the main entrance and the vestry. It has cost some \$1,200 and is in memory of the late Lord Bishop of Quebec.

The Rev. W. A. Adcock has been appointed to the mission of East Angus on the resignation of the Rev. H. E. Wright to accept the curacy of St. Peter's, Sherbrooke, and the Rev. Robt. W. E. Wright, son of Rev. Dr. Wright, of Montreal, and an alumnus of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, to the mission of Georgeville and Fitch Bay. The Rev. H. S. Fuller has been appointed to the mission of Portneuf, and the Rev. C. B. Washer to the mission of Bury. All of these appointments promise to give much satisfaction in every way, as well as to show the wise executive ability of the Diocesan, Bishop Dunn, of Quebec.

GEORGEVILLE.—Rev. Mr. Adcock preached his farewell sermon on Sunday week in St. George's church. He moved last week to East Angus. On Monday evening a number of his parishioners met in the school room and held a social gathering, and presented Mr. Adcock with a well filled purse, Mr. Mitchell, churchwarden, making the presentation, also with an address read by the same gentleman.

Diocese of Montreal.

MONTREAL.

The Executive Committee of the diocese held its first quarterly meeting since Synod on the 12th of February instant, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese presiding, the attendance of members not being as large as usual. Among those present were the Chancellor, the Church Advocate, the Treasurer, the Secretary, the Very Rev. the Dean of Montreal, Archdeacons Lindsay and Evans, Canons Mills and Mussen, Rural Deans Longhurst, Sanders and Norton, and Messrs. William Owens, E. P. Hamford, E. L. Bond and others. The Committee considered the grants which were referred back to it by the Synod and for the most part confirmed the same. The following resolutions were adopted in regard to the new Mission Fund plan:

"That the system of deputations recommended by the new mission fund scheme be organized prior to the month of September next; and that the said deputations commence their operations in the first week in September, and make their reports to this committee at its quarterly meeting in November."

"That a committee be appointed to make the necessary arrangement for putting the new mission fund scheme into operation next year, and that such committee be empowered, with the approbation of the Bishop, to draw up and issue to the vestries of the different parishes and missions of the diocese previous to Easter, such a document as will fully explain the object and method of working the new scheme."

The secretary was instructed to notify the clergymen in whose parishes no collections were taken up for the Widows' and Orphans' fund, that the rule of Synod is that a collection be made annually for this fund and also to draw the attention of the clergymen, who have not qualified on the supranatuation fund, to the rule of Synod on the subject.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Quebec paid a visit to Montreal last week and delivered a lecture in the parish hall of the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Shakospeare's play