

The death of Bishop Rulison, of Central Pennsylvania, is reported from Mannheim. The Bishop, who was only 55 years of age, commenced his ministry at the Church of the Annunciation, New York, and later served in the Diocese of New Jersey and Ohio. He was consecrated bishop-coadjutor to Bishop Howe in 1881, and became diocesan on the death of his chief in 1895. He was specially interested in the educational and missionary work of the diocese, and was much beloved.



The first international convention of the Brotherhood was held at Buffalo, and is now a matter of history.

During the convention days the Canadian Branch also held its annual convention in the same city, under the presidency of Mr. N. Ferrars Davidson. Part of the report has some interesting details, although the number of chapters which reported was only 92 out of 135 working chapters. These 92 report 750 members and 96 probationers. Fifteen chapters hold weekly meetings; 51 hold fortnightly meetings; 18 hold monthly meetings. Sixty chapters report a monthly corporate communion; 41 chapters report men's Bible classes, with a total membership of 1,062 and an average attendance of 693; 47 chapters report systematic plans for visiting young men; 36 of these keep records of this work; 80 chapters welcome young men at the church door; 62 chapters distribute invitation cards to church services; 49 chapters report hotel work; 23 chapters report work in the hospitals and prisons; 62 chapters report endeavors to bring young men to baptism, confirmation, and Holy Communion; 27 chapters report work amongst boys; 27 chapters suspend work in the summer.

The number of subscribers to St. Andrew's Cross (the monthly paper of the Brotherhood) reported by the 92 chapters is 313, but the total number of the Canadian subscribers is about 1,000. The present estimated active strength of the Brotherhood in Canada is 135 working chapters and 1,200 members.

The Lord Chancellor and the Curate.

Lord Eldon was Lord Chancellor of England. The Rev. F. Hewlett was a curate (one of the poorest ones) in the Church of England. In the days of these two men it was not uncommon for fat country livings to be held by absent rectors; the sole duties of the parish being carried on by a parish curate.

It was likewise a very uncommon thing for such hard working members of the Church of England to be even fairly paid. Hewlett did not receive from his absent rector sufficient to clothe, feed, and educate his large family, as the position called for. In after years, when his ability had

been recognized, he was famous as an author. Amongst his other works was one called "Parsons and Widows." In this book he vaguely hints at the following true anecdote.

A certain curate, residing in a large country parish, more than one hundred miles from the great metropolis, and who had worked unaided for many years amidst the parishioners of his rector, the latter gentleman residing during those years in the vicinity of Florence, was the recipient of a letter which caused much excitement in the household. The outer cover bore a foreign mark. The writing within informed the curate of the sudden death of the rector. The blow was a bitter one to father, to mother, to children. In full horror of their position was laid bare at a glance. A new rector would be installed, who would do the work himself, or, if he employed a curate, would choose one of his own acquaintance. The house must be vacated, and where could they direct their steps? "In whose gift is the living?" This was the question of the wife. "In the Lord Chancellor's," was the answer of the curate. "Go to him; walk and pray; we have no money to hire a horse. Walk, and see him, and ask for the living; it is yours by all right, by all justice." The wife's argument prevailed. A few hours after the curate was trudging along the road to London, with a clean shirt, a pair of socks, and a collar in a parcel, and one shilling—the family treasury—in his pocket. Three days elapsed. A dirty, tired, haggard looking man stood on the doorstep of Lord Eldon's house. "I wish to see Lord Eldon."

The flunkey looked at the applicant in astonishment.

"You want to see the Lord Chancellor?"

"I do, and must."

He was not a bad-hearted man, this servant of Eldon's.

"I will see. What is your name?"

The name was given, the message delivered, the fainting man on the doorstep heard with astonishment the answer.

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