

An Incident.

"Well, I guess I may as well introduce the subject myself." Such were the words of a man who, with a companion, called at the Rectory, Pincher Creek, about a month ago. The subject, needless to say, had something to do with the Scriptural injunction that "Two are better than one." Yes, this man wanted to get married, and he and his affianced lived some distance up the line. He was a busy railroad man and had little time to wait; so, asking the "parson" to be at Crow's Nest on June 27th and showing his license and placing a "retaining fee" in the parson's hand to meet expenses, etc., he took his departure. The 27th arrived and with it a difficulty. These good young people, though former residents in this district, were now in B. C.: the license was good only in the Territories; the clergymen held no license to perform any of his ministrations in the Diocese of New Westminster, and so a re-arrangement had to be considered. On the arrival of the clergyman at Crow's Nest, these matters were referred to and the divisional point between the N. W. T. and B. C. discovered. It was found about three-quarters of a mile east of their residence, and the clergyman intimated that at some point east of this surveyor's post the ceremony had to be performed. After a little consultation the contracting parties with two witnesses and the parson set out for this point. A spot

was chosen well within the limits of the Provisional District of Alberta, where, under the canopy of heaven and surrounded by the everlasting hills, the green grass of Mother Earth carpeted the steps of this unique altar and the overhead and surrounding bloom of a wild cherry tree did service for floral decoration; here, amidst the voices of nature, two persons pledged their troth either to other, and were made man and wife "according to God's holy ordinance." They signed the register and returned to their home, having been parties to a most interesting event, as well as to one of more than usual uniqueness. The day was beautiful; calm and sunshine prevailed: may these remain with them all through their married life.

A chance for the "kodak fiend" was lost: there was none in sight. But next morning a photographer was at the railway station who very much wished he had been one day earlier. And so young folk marry, and come and go in this land of changes, to settle down, perchance, far from the spot that witnessed their union.

H. HAVELOCK SMITH,
Canon of St. John.

This is the era of the benevolent fund dinner, of the self-denial fund ball, of the poor fund pantomime, or of the art union charity carnival. I know of no truer cant than that which appeals to people to entertain themselves in the sacred cause of charity, unless it be calling a lottery gamble an art union.

—Bishop of Ballarat.