

other quarters. The devoted irregular makes them his especial business and spends and is spent in heroic service amongst the lowliest and the lost. And now as the duly ordained ministry have only the righteous to deal with and no conscience troubled sinners to exhort the dauntless Salvationist is adapting the dis-used regulations of the regular to the desperate need of the suicide and again as of old the sling and stone of the shepherd lad are doing the deeds of the mighty whilst the polished arms of the regular are ineffective and unchosen.

Railway Fares.

A matter of general concern is the price the individual pays for his railway ticket. We all travel more or less. Some classes of the community are like the ocean tides perpetually in motion. The active agents in mission organization and developments, and the commercial representatives of manufacturing and trading houses, for instance, have but little rest at home. In fact, much of their time is necessarily spent on railway trains. The old order has changed in many ways in recent years largely through the force of public opinion. Take, for instance, the species of favouritism suggested by the word "pass," which at one time was so common and now is nearly as extinct as the "Dodo." Passes may perhaps be exhibited in museums, but not on railway trains. The public seem to be in downright earnest in demanding a reduced passenger rate, and as it is from the public the railways derives its franchise, its employment and its income we cannot help thinking it will have to answer the curb and pay toll to its master.

He Knew Him.

There are dioceses which follow the custom of the Church in the States and call clergymen, independently of the Bishop. To such the following anecdote will appeal: "Among the candidates who were sent from an ecclesiastical seminary to a certain vacant church was one young man whose language was of the sort which dazzles and delights the younger members of a congregation, and sometimes pleases the elders as well. In this case the committee were besieged to ask for the young man again, and they consented, but unfortunately the man to whose lot it fell to write the letter had forgotten the candidate's name. Nothing daunted, he wrote to one of the seminary professors: 'Please send us that flow-er-let, streamlet, rivulet, cloudlet, starlight, and moonbeam young man again. We've forgotten his name, but we've no doubt you'll recognize him.' 'We do,' wrote the professor; and the desired candidate was sent, and subsequently was called to the parish."

A Policy of Despair.

We never knew a cause thrive whose advocates and adherents were habitually depressed and despairing. If men are engaged in a good cause they surely can find better and more useful employment than wasting time in discussing the defects and short-comings of this man or that man whose ineffectiveness may be apparent to nearly every one but himself. It is difficult to find a hive without its drones. But suppose for a moment that the working bees were to devote a goodly portion of their time to disparaging the impotent drones, there can be little doubt that the crop of honey in that hive would be small by comparison with that of the hives where the drones were looked upon as necessary evils, and the bees worked all the harder and more cheerily to do their own duty and that left undone by the drones, and to provide for their support as well as their own. We can still learn wisdom from insect life, though we will look in vain to the insect to teach us a policy of despair.

Mrs. Osler's Death.

Very widespread is the feeling of regret at the death of the late Mrs. Osler, of Toronto, and of sympathy with the bereaved members of her

family. Not long has she survived her honoured husband—the late Canon Osler. It seems peculiarly fitting that in the Divine ordering of events the spirits of husband and wife should not long be separated. A life which has spanned a century of time is remarkable for its long continuance. Still more remarkable is such a life when it has given birth to sons, who in different departments of human endeavour have served their country with distinction, and in one instance has won world-wide fame. But the crown and glory of such a life was its blameless and beneficent piety, the pure and gentle light of Christian charity with which it so long and steadfastly glowed to the honour of God and the good of mankind. Surely of such a woman King Lemuel spoke when he said, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. . . . Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The Canadian Bible Society

at its annual meeting just closed at Ottawa, reported an income exceeding that of the previous year by \$16,000. It has remitted to the British and Foreign Bible Society \$30,000, being \$12,000 more than former contributions. At the same time the cost of the work in Canada had been met and a much larger balance of \$10,000 is kept to carry on operations on an extended scale throughout the Dominion. Nearly 90,000 copies of Scripture were circulated in Canada and Newfoundland during the year, many thousands of them among the polyglot immigrants in their many tongues at Quebec, St. John and Halifax, as they arrived, and at Winnipeg before they scattered over the prairies. The Society has forty colporteurs and Biblewomen. The Governor-General, the Earl Grey, speaking at the close of the public meeting in Ottawa, after addresses by Archdeacon Armitage, of Halifax, and Dr. Cameron, of Ottawa, said he had come as the patron of the Society to show his sympathy with its objects. When he heard of the six millions of copies circulated every year, and of the 200 millions issued since the Society was founded, he thought how the output must be the largest output of all the publishing houses in the world. And when he heard how these had been issued, not in one but in 400 languages, he thought of the complicated work which reflected the greatest credit on the gentlemen who had given their brains to the task. It was a privilege to belong to a Society which knew no denominational divisions and had a platform broad enough to include all.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

We commemorate at this season the "grand climactic" in the spiritual history of the race. On that dark and fateful day, when was consummated the blackest crime in human annals, the powers of evil reached high-water mark. Sin gained its final and crowning victory. And on that self-same day the tide began to turn, and has been slowly ebbing ever since. Sin snatched its short-lived victory, and in the moment of seeming victory received its mortal wound. On that day it began to die, and continues to die, though to us short-sighted, impatient mortals it dies slowly. Good Friday marks, therefore, the supreme crisis in man's moral and spiritual evolution. Humanity was born into new relationship a new consciousness, a new atmosphere. Mankind crossed on that day the great divide. Thus Good Friday is at once the darkest and the brightest day in history. For it marks the passing of the mid-night hour, and the onward coming of the dawn. Old things have passed away for ever, all things have become new. Sin had done its worst and last. And now comes the conqueror's turn. He has conquered the conqueror. He has enslaved the enslaver. He has destroyed the destroyer. He hath put all things under His feet, because He has vanquished that which is the sum of all human ills, the "last

enemy." Three short days before He hangs, between earth and heaven, a spectacle to men and angels. Could defeat be more abject and crushing. Sin apparently has won the day. Mankind has taken the fatal step and started on the downward course. The last word in the age-long controversy has been spoken, "We will not have this man to rule over us," and then at this supreme moment the tables are suddenly turned, and the victor becomes the vanquished and the vanquished the victor. And from that moment to this the tide has surely swelled, with many a backward rush, with many an apparent ebb that has deceived the very elect, and yet ever advancing in the end. Since the coming of Christ the world has morally "found itself." All progress before His advent was, if we may use such a term, in circles. Mankind never seemed to be able to get beyond a certain point. The history of the few thousand years before the coming of Christ is a monotonous record of how man has advanced, and then retrograded century after century, without ever attaining to anything higher than a certain standard of material civilization which perished from its own inherent corruption. Since the coming of Christ, however, the world has moved steadily forward, towards the goal supplied by Himself. He is the moral centre of unity, the pioneer of real progress, who goes before and shows the way, the man of light and leading, who has given man a definite moral purpose, a fixed and eternal standard. Humanity's conscience has been awakened and can never go to sleep again. The tide has turned.

THE PROMISE OF THE RESURRECTION.

Christianity is emphatically, first, last, and always, the religion of immortality, not because Christianity first proclaimed immortality, or rather the survival of death. Every religion the world has ever known, worthy of the name, has taught in some shape or form the immortality of the soul, or at all events the persistence of human personality. But the Christian religion teaches a different kind of immortality from any other form of religion. It teaches, what we may term in contra-distinction to all other, kinds of immortality taught by pre-Christian or non-Christian or anti-Christian religions, it teaches real immortality, an immortality in a word worth having. This can hardly be said of the other kinds of immortality set forth by other religious systems. Of, for instance, the unconscious immortality which is virtually little better than annihilation, the absorptive, which is still more unsatisfactory, or the phantom immortality of the Greeks and Latins, which represented the soul as an aimless wanderer, an exile from its fleshly domicile pining to get back again to the scenes and employments from which it had been rudely snatched by death. But all these theories of sage or savage failed to satisfy the deeper and higher cravings of the human soul. At best they simply reconciled man to death and induced a certain lofty despair. In many cases they actually aggravated death and increased its horrors. In contrast with all these theories, and others still more vague, gloomy, or depressing we have the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection, as especially set forth by St. Paul. Of this great cardinal doctrine of Christianity St. Paul speaks in very general terms. The subject seems to master him at times. He struggles with it, and apparently acutely feels the limitation of human language. He uses certain illustrations, which like all the imagery of both the Old and New Testaments, have been taken too literally, and pressed too closely. So far as direct and positive statements are concerned he is very reticent. He makes no attempt to define the "body that shall be." He simply says, "there are bodies terrestrial and bodies celestial," "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Of the exact nature of this "spiritual body" he says absolutely nothing, except to draw the parallel as furnished by

the plant and its seed. of the inadequacy of any the natural world, he attempt and says "Now and blood doth not inh neither doth corruption hold-I show you a mys words we have a feeling effect, "this great truth described. I have don terials at my command, its fulness can only be can only sketch its out of faith." Nevertheless be deduced from the A ing the Christian doct (1) Conscious survival our pathetic ignorance sonality shall endure, "Death" will create n more than a cataract c identity of a river, or corner that of the trav is a permanent thing. is a natural and there material and an immr body is just as materia as the natural body. have been calling "n which is perceptible to We are now just begin vast realms of matter ordinary or fleshly set the Apostle says, "to inhabit now are the other body which ris natural, a material be a finer quality of mat so shadowy and unre with our fettered ser muffled ears, our sh real body, infinitely. vesture of decay," w and blemishes, and b seeds of its own diss this "tabernacle fron scribes himself in an siring to be clothed he goes, but no futr Resurrection is no v a real immortality.

THE ARCHBI

This article was f and the only consi us, and compelled t and pressing necs the matter. Let years. The Bisho in the prime and deacons, one very v a staff of Rural D vanced in years. Metropolitan, Arc Canada. In orde duties, of this high perfectly free and face staff with trai plates of necessity tant or Coadjutor den of diocesan v that appointment s evident that ever, Archbishop to sur ficient to lighten s increased in numl tions of the dioce correspondence h years until the b amount to what i tered on his office of help. But wha had been increas this moment of v one thoroughly ; goodness, a real