

## Will Some Reader Answer?

SIR,—In the report of the committee appointed, at the last Lambeth Conference, to consider "the relation of the Anglican Communion to the Eastern Churches," the following clause occurs:—

"We must congratulate the Christian world that, through the research of a Greek Metropolitan, literature has been lately enriched by the recovery of an ancient document which throws unexpected light upon the early development of ecclesiastical organization." Could you kindly tell me the name of the Metropolitan, the author, date, and argument of the document referred to.

J. F.

## More Bishops.

SIR,—I was pleased to see another letter on this great question in the last issue of the CHURCHMAN, and while not fully agreeing with the views expressed by your correspondent "Anglican," yet it is, as you proposed, drawing out opinions on the subject. I agree with "Anglican" as to the want of discipline, but I cannot agree with him that for lack of it "it is folly to expect better results from more Bishops, as the clergy are not responsible to their Bishops," etc. What of the answer of the priests in the ordaining service, "Will you reverently obey your ordinary and other chief ministers, unto whom is committed the charge and government over you; following, with a glad mind and will, their godly admonitions, and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments?" I am pleased to believe that the cases are few indeed in which, as your correspondent implies, our clergy repudiate the authority of their Bishops, or question their godly admonitions, and am fully satisfied that both clergy and laity would cheerfully accept more of such from our Bishops, if they on their part were as fearless in the exercise of the episcopal authority and godly admonitions as were the apostles of old. For while the tendency of our day is the repudiating or resisting of authority, it is not so with good Churchmen, for they will ever hold their Bishops in high esteem, and willingly will submit to Episcopal rule, as from the head of the Church, and so essential to our well-being—but this can never be attained until we have more Bishops with smaller dioceses. "Anglican" further says, "But our Bishops do go round when the incumbents require them for confirmation or consecration rites, and there are enough of Bishops for this very limited service." I would ask, is this limited service the whole duty of a Bishop?—and further, how is he able to judge of the true condition of a parish whose visits are confined to his public official acts only—when our churches are filled with those who are not of us, but drawn to the service from curiosity and perhaps feeling its sacredness, as well as to hearing the Bishop, particularly if he be reputed to be a popular preacher? Can the true condition of the parish be rightly judged when this is all a Bishop sees or knows of it? "Another Episcopalian," in same issue with "Anglican," puts it correctly when he says, "Our Bishops become mere functionaries for ordaining, confirming, etc., and apart from these can have no time for the exercise of the spiritual and paternal office as essential and necessary for the development and progress of the parochial work of the Church."

It is a satisfaction to see movements all along the line on this question, Toronto Synod moving for a division, and what is also important, forming of Provincial Synods co-terminus with the civil province. Huron Synod had a committee appointed at last meeting on a division also, and will report at the coming Synod.

LAYMAN.

June 13th, 1894.

## Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay yet here awhile  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What were ye born to be,  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth  
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we  
May read, how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave;  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

K.D.C. the household remedy for stomach troubles.

## Family Reading.

## Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

"O yes, they are very lovely, Dr. Argyle. But, did you mean anything?" Stella asked; for the physician was looking deeply and questioningly into her little sad face.

"I was thinking, my dear child," he answered, "that perhaps you were looking a little too far off for hope, when these little frail pure messengers are speaking just beneath your very gaze."

"What do they say?" the child asked, smiling amidst her tears.

"I don't think there is any need for me to tell you," the physician replied; "for you have been taught early to read some of the hard lessons of trust and waiting. And I cannot help believing that, as surely as these little spring flowers are showing their blossoms again, so surely will your trust and affection not be disappointed."

Stella thought of the rector's words at the time when there were no snowdrops, and how he had bade her take courage, and go trustfully on, looking forward to the spring.

"O thank you for saying so," she whispered. "And you think that he is not really worse; that he will live?" she continued, looking eagerly into the kind strong face.

"Yes, I firmly believe it—this morning more firmly than before. And now I am going to prescribe for you, my little tired nurse," he said, taking her hand, and feeling the pulse for a few seconds. "Nothing very alarming, do not fear. You must put on your hat, and go down into the garden and gather a good large handful of those snowdrops for me to take to a little friend of mine in Belgrave-square. Yes, there is no need of questions: he is getting on to my astonishment, and will be ready to come to you before you are ready to go to him, if you do not take care."

"And may I pick some for Mrs. Argyle, too?" asked Stella. "Would she like some?"

"Yes, dearly. Get them, my child, while I go and see Miss Gower, and talk to Dr. Mostyn about your brother."

"My prescription has done you good already," the physician said, when, half-an-hour later, Stella came up to him in the hall with her snowdrops carefully arranged in a little fancy basket, a glow of colour on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips, as she thought of who would soon be handling the sweet flowers. "You will go back to your nursing fresher now, and don't be disheartened. You obey all my rules, I hope?"

"Yes, faithfully, Dr. Argyle."

"You go to bed never later than eleven, and take something before seeing your brother and sister in the morning?"

"Yes, always. And I am very well, indeed," she added, pleadingly.

Dr. Argyle smiled as he took the little basket from her hand, and stepped into his carriage. He drew mental similitudes between the fair picked blossoms and the sweet living flower who had just plucked them, as he drove rapidly away, on towards the busy ceaseless whirl of his daily work and duty in the great dim city.

At length the worst was over. By slow and lingering degrees, one stage after another of the fearful malady was met and conquered; and brother and sister both lived. But not unscathed: the fresh and exquisite loveliness of the beautiful Miss Gower was lost for ever. A mournful and touching contrast of the fair blooming creature of a few weeks back, Lora lay on her couch; pale, sunken, unsightly, save to the eyes of those who loved.

Many a tear of anguish was wrung from the eyes of the little tender sister in the silence and secrecy of her own room, over what was lost; for she knew, alas! too well, what that loss would be to Lora. But in her sister's presence during the few short minutes of each day that she was with her, Stella kept bravely up, cheerful, glad, and smiling, and vainly striving to dissipate the shade of sadness which the slow return to strength failed to bring with it.

One morning, one sweet spring morning which

Stella never forgot, she was sitting by Lora's bedside. She had been telling her of Somerset, how much better and stronger he was, and how the change into another room and lying on the sofa there the previous day had done him good rather than harm, and how she hoped that very soon Lora would be able to follow his example.

"Stella, dear," her sister said, after a pause, and speaking with painful effort, "I want you to bring me the little looking-glass from my dressing-table."

The colour, notwithstanding all her efforts to prevent, rushed into Stella's face; as yet, poor Lora had not looked upon her sadly-altered countenance.

"My darling," Stella said, "I can brush out your hair so softly; it will tire you, let me try."

Lora looked steadily into the little face bending over her. "I know what you mean, Stella dear; it is just like your constant thoughtfulness; but it is no use concealing it any longer. I wish to know the worst. Bring it to me, dear."

Reluctantly, and yet half-thankful for her sister to know what she emphatically called "the worst," Stella obeyed. She put the little mirror into her hand, passing her own arm lovingly around her sister's shoulder as a support, and turning her head away to hide her feelings.

She hardly knew how long Lora looked; but the glance of hopeless anguish and distress that met her gaze, as with a sigh her sister dropped the glass and sank back again upon her pillows, Stella never could forget. And the faintly-murmured words, "All over," in a tone of hopeless endurance, caught her ears. A few minutes afterwards Lora said, "there have been many letters for me, Stella dear, I think you said?"

(To be continued.)

## Prescience.

There is a strain so full of anguished pleading  
For life and love so full of grief to be,  
That present joys I pass as one unheeding,  
My mem'ry filled with its sweet agony.

There is a strain that echoes through my dreaming,  
Nor hath the day its subtle powers withstood,  
I hear it still where gayest life is teeming,  
It sobbeth in the silence of the wood.

It voices love, a love that knows no ending,  
But which in death shall know the end of bliss,  
Which feels the pang of that great parting lending  
Its passionate clinging to the lightest kiss.

It cries aloud at vision of that hour  
When love bereft must live, yet daily die,  
And feels in prescience all the awful power  
That lieth hid in that one word—good-bye!

Oh, tender strain! with quickened breath I harken  
Thy yearning cadence, echoing through tears;  
If love, the sun of life, in death must darken,  
We cry for strength to meet the empty years.

## The Anglican Communion.

The Anglican Communion embraces all Christians in full communion with the Church of England, viz.:

The Church of England, with its 52 Bishops and 80,000 clergymen.

The Church of England in Ireland, with its 13 Bishops and 2,000 clergymen.

The Episcopal Church of Scotland, with its 7 Bishops and 366 clergymen.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, with its 78 Bishops and 5,000 clergymen.

The Church of England in Canada, Newfoundland, and West Indies, etc., with its 29 Bishops and 1,500 clergymen.

The Church of England in Asia, with its 14 Bishops and 813 clergymen.

The Church of England in Africa, with its 16 Bishops and 400 clergymen.

The Church of England in Australia, with its 21 Bishops and 800 clergymen.

Scattered, 9 Bishops and 200 clergymen.

Bishops resigned, 30.

Say in round numbers, 259 Bishops and 40,000 clergymen.

These different branches of the Anglican Communion are entirely agreed on the three essential points: the Faith, the Administration of the Sacraments, and the three Orders of the Ministry.