

shop and his chaplain were the last to leave the ship. On Easter Monday they were rescued by a steamer; but the exposure and privations then endured so told on the bishop, who was not in good health when he started that, after a brief visitation of his Diocese he was taken dangerously ill on June 5th, and died on July 6th. He concluded a letter, written home just after his arrival in this Diocese, with a graphic account of the shipwreck. "Here we received a hearty welcome; here we have begun our new life, and here we hope to be able to advance the work of the Church to the great benefit of the mixed and wandering population of English, Scotch, Creoles, Negroes, Spaniards, Indians, and Caribs." So man proposes, so God disposes.

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A lady — Miss Talliman — has given \$100,000 to endow a church which was built by her brother and herself in New York. Would that we could have some such generous donor to endow the *whole* of the Church in this Diocese!

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The vestry of S. Andrew's Church, Harlem, New York, has set a good example to similar bodies elsewhere in the Church, by ensuring the life of its rector for \$50,000 on a 20 years paid-up endowment policy.

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It is reported that Bishop Macrorie, of Maritzburg, whose resignation we mentioned in our last, will, when he returns to England, probably become the Suffragan of the Bishop of Lincoln.

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Many have been the ludicrous mistakes made in consequence of the signature of the English Bishops, many of whom still use the abbreviation of the old I 'n names of the towns from which they take their titles.

In all cases it should be noted the meaning is "of" such and such a place, not as the modern fashion has it simply the name of the town as Liverpool, Manchester, &c., but the Latin equivalent to "of York," "of Canterbury." Two of the best of such mistakes that have been recorded are the following: The late Archbishop of York once, putting up at a certain hotel, excited the suspicion of the head-waiter there by writing his name in the visitor's book. "Why!" exclaimed Robert, "he's a regular impostor. He isn't the Archbishop. Look here! He signs himself 'W. Ebor'!" Again, there was a worthy tradesman who wrote, in reply to a letter: "I am in receipt of your esteemed order, but regret I cannot serve you without payment or a reference, as I am unacquainted with the name of your firm—I am, &c., —." "To Messrs. Sodor and Man." [Bishop of Sodor and Man.]

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## Children's Corner.

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### Where do You Live?

I knew a man, and his name was Horner,  
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;  
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,  
And he never was seen without a frown,  
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;  
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;

He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;  
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she  
Began to grumble as well as he;  
And all the children, wherever they went,  
Reflected their parents' discontent.  
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,  
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;  
And if there was never a cloud about  
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.