

might constantly be a of a thoroughly ext centre of religious affairs of the diocese tired and discouraged for rest and spiritual refreshment. We talk we not have one with in this way a Bishop's e benefit to the dioc breadth, and not used in supporting a Bishop must believe in matter what people approve or disapprove. and that policy must the Church's system and the faith will take ect and prosper those et make the spiritual the money will come. at. He must in very is taken at his conse- lyself and to the doc- them; for by so doing and them that bear ist a shepherd, not a n not. Hold up the broken, bring again so merciful that you discipline that you the Chief Shepherd e never fading crown o the young and the e sick and those in orks of mercy, not in e support he needs. hearted and religious o would applaud and op. Of course the ulted. I would say ttle pains to under- and worship, that I rom that quarter.

CANADIAN.

Address.

Diocese of Algoma:

EN.—In compliance (D.V.) spending the hope to sail for Eng- making my departure ns for your careful

Dean of Muskoka, sary (in conformity of Canon XL), will half, and, as before, ripe experience. I his long and serious s not yet by any y will be very com- and will not impose y or other journeys arranged by cor-

nd mission reports ave to request (1) n to the minutest ng given at the foot en filled they be re- s to your respective Dean, to the Com- k. Carelessness in trouble and incon- n the past.

all of foreign mis- use of Bishops at ergy will make it a emselves intelligent- en reading the ap- ions (as they are Provincial Synod, dge them to obey) to the progress of athen. Obedience e for our own o us, in God's Pro- foreign missions— ospel over Pagan-) millions of the heard the name of ese considerations lemn to send "the ory of God in the " that dwell in the

held (D.V.) at a next year, owing a of certain grave of the synods in iastical Province future of Algoma ndaries, occupies

for us a foremost place. The problem is certain to be agitated and solved at the next meeting of the Provincial Synod. Any solution of the problem which may be unanimously agreed upon among ourselves will carry great weight in its deliberations, subject, of course, to the requirements of other interdiocesan re-adjustments. Reserving my own opinion on the subject, I would suggest that the clergy make the question a matter of thoughtful, prayerful investigation during the winter, and so come to the Triennial Council prepared to discuss it intelligently, and arrive at some unanimous conclusion which will fairly represent the mind of the diocese.

By the Canon framed and suggested at our last Triennial Council, and adopted, with some slight alterations, by the Provincial Synod, new regulations have been made for the election of lay delegates to the latter body. Copies of this Canon will be furnished to the clergy by the assistant-secretary of the council, and I bespeak a careful study of it, its "modus operandi" being somewhat complicated.

The Christmas Pastoral will be issued in accordance with the established custom of the diocese.

An ordination will be held during the session of the next Triennial Council, of which detailed notice will be given by the examining chaplain.

Asking your prayers during my absence, more especially when remembering those "travelling by land or by water," and commending you, in turn, with your families and congregations, to Him who is "able to keep you from falling."

I remain, My Dear Brethren,

Yours Faithfully in the Lord,

E. ALGOMA.

Bishophurst, Sept. 19th, 1894.

—We call the attention of our subscribers to the advertisement in this issue of the Canadian Musical Agency, which has its office at 15 King St. E., Toronto. The Agency has the exclusive management of the majority of the leading musicians, and can supply all information regarding dates, terms, etc., upon application. The book containing portraits and press notices of the different artists is now in press and promises to be the handsomest prospectus ever published in the city. We can heartily recommend all concert and entertainment givers to drop a line to the Agency and get full information.

Family Reading.

A Song of the Flowers.

"How Heaven loves color;
How great Nature clearly joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks,
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen;
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers!"

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us far and wide;
Unto sick and prisoned thoughts we give sudden
truce;
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest plaining,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian
vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mixed with our sweet juices,
Whether men or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers healed
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest
calm.

Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the
presuming.

* * * * *
Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down that Love might bring one piece
of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their
golden pinions."

—From "Song of the Flowers," by LEIGH HUNT.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

A little unwonted stir, with the opening and shutting of the hall-door, quite unnoticed by the unexpectant elder, fell like music on the ears of the excited little sister; and it was with difficulty that the remainder of her dinner was accomplished. Something told her that he was surely come.

"If you will bring me down a shawl and hat, we will have a turn in the garden, Stella dear," Lora said. "You are going up to see Tracy, I know. I will wait for you in the drawing-room." Crossing the hall, a card was put into Stella's hand.

"I was to give it to you," the servant said; "and Captain Flamank is in the library."

The next moment Stella was in his presence, her face one flush of joy and gratified longing; his radiant with the fulfilment of an almost-lost hope.

"She is in the drawing-room: she will tell you all. O dear Captain Flamank, she has been true to you, true as the very rock, only O so foolish!" and Stella knew scarcely whether to laugh or cry with joy.

"Does she know I am here?" Captain Flamank asked, moving, as he spoke, towards the door; for every moment seemed to him like a day after Stella's words.

"No—nothing, nothing," Stella answered. "I only found it all out this morning, and I thought it would be better for you to tell her first. O how surprised, how delighted she will be!"

But the remainder of her sentence was quite lost upon her future brother: he was crossing the hall towards the drawing-room. At the door he paused a moment. Lora was spending the few moments of waiting for her little sister at the harp. Her face was turned from his direction; and the music deafened her ear from the well-known footsteps. She was playing the air from a little song that they both loved, the last song they had ever sung together; and those sweet often remembered notes told Captain Flamank in yet plainer words than Stella's that his loved one was unchanged.

Another moment and he was beside her. "My Lora!" and a kind strong hand was upon her shoulder.

She never could recall the thrill of that moment, Lora said afterwards, only she knew that the next she was in his arms with her head upon his shoulder, feeling like a little child again, asking his forgiveness, and telling all the truth.

"My poor darling, that you should have suffered all this, needlessly, on my account! As though it were possible you could ever be anything but beautiful to me, my little foolish Lora?"

"It is over now, over and forgotten—if indeed this is not a beautiful dream, from which I shall wake up by-and-bye," Lora said, raising her sweet eyes to the anxious ones which were bending over her, full as lovingly as ever.

"But I want you just to say the words, say that you forgive me," she continued. "O that is what I have been longing for all these dreary weeks!"

"But forgive you for what, my darling—for your too great love for me?"

"For my pride and self-will all along. If it had not been for that—yes, that and my want of perfect confidence in you—all these terrible troubles would never have come. At least they might not. I do not wish to question or even regret the past; for, O George, it was just what I needed. And I feel that I have now so far more than I deserve, that I would not for the world regret what has gone by."

And Captain Flamank felt the same when he saw what a sweet and wondrous change had come upon his darling; in comparison with which the partial loss of outward beauty seemed as nothing.

Minutes lengthened into hours, unheeded by either of the two, so happy in their fresh-recovered joy. It was after nine o'clock when a hand stealthily opened the door, and a little figure flitted up to the couch where they were sitting.

Stella knelt down beside her sister, and tried to see her face.

"This child must have a wreath of laurels," Captain Flamank said, taking one of her hands and holding it between his own and Lora's.

"Or of heliotrope," Lora murmured softly. "My darling, why did not you come to us before?"

"I knew that you were happy; and it seemed half-cruel to disturb you now, only"—here Stella lowered her voice somewhat, "Captain Flamank must be frightfully hungry; and there is supper waiting for him in the library. And auntie's head is better; and she is come down and enquiring for you. I did not like to tell her the news without your leave, you know, dear."

"We will all go in and tell her together," Captain Flamank said, rising.

"And O how thoughtless of me?" exclaimed Lora, "not even to think of a glass of wine, when I dare say you have had nothing since breakfast."

"I will make up for it now, you may depend," Captain Flamank replied. "Come, we will not keep Lady Trevannion waiting any longer. Whom does she think the supper is for, eh! Stella?"

"I can't think. She did not ask any questions. I suppose she was fancying we had dined early. And O, Captain Flamank, Tracy says that he must see you for one moment—that he shall lie awake till you come."

"Dear little man!" said Captain Flamank, "he shall not be kept long in expectation: we will go up directly after supper."

It might have seemed a little strange, but so it was, that scarcely a look of surprise passed over Lady Trevannion's countenance when her nieces, accompanied by their visitor, entered the library. Captain Flamank might have been coming and going as usual during the past two months for any unwonted display of emotion in her calm handsome face; and for this Lora felt very grateful. The quick glance of inquiry directed towards Stella was not unnoticed by the child; and then there was the old cordial greeting, and inquiries for London acquaintance.

But, when supper was over and Stella had taken Captain Flamank to see her little brother, and the two were left alone together, Lora came up to her aunt, and kneeling down beside her she took her hand and said, "Auntie you have been very good and kind through it all; but you never doubted that he was true, did you?"

"I can hardly tell, dear child. I could not understand it, but I knew it would be only cruel to worry you with questions. And I hoped all along that it would come quite right in the end; so you see it has; and I am so very thankful."

"Yes, auntie dear; only I must just tell you this; how good and noble and forgiving he is; and that it was I, not he, who made the misunderstanding. Not, however," and here Lora sank her voice to a scarcely-audible whisper, "not that I did not love him; only—"

But Lady Trevannion's womanly perception prevented the conclusion of poor Lora's difficult confession.

"I understand, my dear child. I understand quite, quite well. But I am very thankful it is over now, and that you are both happy again. For indeed you both deserve it."

"It was that dear little Stella," Lora said; but in what way it had been brought about she did not at that time disclose.

"And how about the wedding?" Lady Trevannion asked, looking forward, as was natural.

"Why, that is the worst part of it," Lora answered, smiling, notwithstanding the aggravation of her tone. "George wishes it to be as soon as possible, as near to the time."

(To be Continued.)

Certificate of Analysis.

Laboratory of Dr. R. Bryce-Gemmel, Consulting and Analytical Chemist,
228 Boylston street, Boston, Mass.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined the sample of K.D.C. submitted by the K.D.C. Co., Ltd., Feb. 10, 1893, and have been unable to detect any objectionable or injurious ingredients therein. It is a compound prepared from pure drugs, and it is my opinion that, if properly administered, it will give ready relief to sufferers from the different forms of the disease for which it is intended. It is a perfectly safe remedy. Respectfully,

R. BRYCE-GEMMEL,
"Late Analyst Surgeon's hall," Edinburgh,
Scotland.