

you will already have learnt that we Associates meet under the cloud of sorrow which rests over this dear House. I arrived on Friday, and it was on that day at 3:30 a. m. that she, so lately our loving Mother, passed behind the veil, and though she had quite recently dropped the mantle of authority, yet it leaves this Community bereaved for the third time of its Head, and that in the short space of nine years."

Many letters from Sisters, Associates and friends have reached us since, all speaking with the same tender sorrow of our common loss. We in the "Far West" have indeed parted from one whose interest in and loving sympathy with our work was most cheering and helpful.

FROM Charlottetown, P. E. Island, sad tidings also were sent to us of the death of Miss Stewart, for some years Secretary of the Dorcas W. A. in connection with St. Peter's Cathedral there.

Although not personally known to us, long years of correspondence made us look on Miss Stewart as an old friend, and we feel the warmest sympathy with the members of the W. A. in Charlottetown, to whom her loss is very great.

Thus Time rolls on, and God calls His servants Home to rest. But the great army of workers in His Church, moves onward, ever onward. As one drops from the ranks, another steps forward, and the breach which at first seemed irreparable, is ably filled.

One goes forth with joy
To meet the Bridegroom's Face.
And one gives thanks ; then turns again
To work for a little space.

Notes of Address given by the Rt.
Rev. the Bishop of Columbia,
in All Hallows' School
Chapel, May 3rd.,
1899.

I am going to talk to you, dear children, about a text which is not in the Bible, though there is a great deal about it in the Bible, and the words of my text are, "A few drops of oil."

In every thing and among all classes of persons there must be a certain amount of friction, and friction is a very good thing in its way, it rubs off the rough edges, but with it "a few drops of oil" are needed.

To make the great locomotive which daily passes the windows of your School run smoothly, there must be "a few drops of oil": the watch I have here in my pocket, could not go without "a few drops of oil" the sewing machine,—I have not seen it yet but I am sure there *is* one *some* where in the house—could not do its work without "a few drops of oil." There *is* such a thing though as *too many* "drops of oil" when some one thinks, "Oh! it does not much matter if it *is* wrong, I will let it pass," or when we will not speak the necessary word of reproof because it is too much trouble, or we don't like to say it. We like to take things easily. The locomotive, my watch, the sewing machine would all be stopped or hindered, or clogged in their work by "too many drops of oil."

It is so easy to make things go a little more smoothly by "a few drops of oil." When one of your school-fellows cannot do her lessons or get her sum right, and sits with bowed head at her desk, a kind word or even a look would