

On his death the venerable Archdeacon Patton was appointed to the rectory, but he did not remain long in charge, for he was soon called from the Church militant to the rest and peace of Paradise; but not before he had by his Christian and gentle manner won many warm friends. The death of the rector was not only a great loss to the church in Belleville, but to the whole diocese, of which he was the most efficient Archdeacon. Bishop Lewis never suffered so great a loss in the removal of a clergyman as in this case, the Bishop's words at the funeral told how keenly he felt his loss, he was indeed the Bishop's right hand man.

The Rev. J. W. Burke, the present rector succeeded the Archdeacon, and was assisted for some time by Rev. J. W. Muckleston, who had also assisted the previous rector.

Soon after Mr. Burke's appointment he had a chapel of ease, known as St. Paul's, erected in the southern part of the town.

St. Thomas is one of those fortunate or unfortunate parishes, as the case may be, in which the rector receives no portion of his stipend from the people, it being endowed. There is also in connection with it, a handsome rectory and Sunday-school house.

MOTHERLESS.

FROM a far-away country town a box of wild flowers had come to the Children's Hospital in the city of C—. Just at dusk the new nurse stopped in her rounds before one cot where a poor little sufferer lay, clasping in his thin hands a bunch of blue violets. The little fellow tossed and turned from side to side; ever and anon he would start up murmuring something about "Little Jack," then fall back whispering, "too late, too late."

"Bad case, bad case, nurse; father and mother both died of same fever, baby found dead, and this boy will go soon," and the old doctor shook his head gravely.

"Poor little fellow," murmured the nurse. "To die alone; no mother's hand to wipe away the gathering dews of death; no mother's arms; no mother's kiss!"

She brushed back the damp golden curls from the white forehead: the blue eyes opened wide and a faint voice whispered, "Mother!" The nurse bent pittingly over him, his eyes searched her face, then closed wearily. "Oh, I want my mother!" he moaned.

"Poor baby," said the physician, "he will have his mother soon."

The child started up, "Rock me, mother," he cried. Very tenderly he lifted the little figure and placed it in the nurse's arm; the weary head dropped upon her shoulder; the hands, still holding the violets, were folded lovingly

around her neck. To and fro she cradled him; the room was growing dark, a faint streak of light came in at the eastern window and slipped softly across the ledge.

"Sing to me," the child whispered; very sweetly on the air rose and fell the music of that old, old hymn:

Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;

Nearer and nearer crept the moonlight till it touched the swaying figure:

Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last.

The song ceased, "Mother, I'm too tired to kneel to-night," murmured the child, then softly added: "Now—I—lay me down—to—sleep—I—," with a long sigh the blue eyes closed tiredly; the arms slipped down; all was still. The moonlight flooded the room with silver; it lingered about the little white robed child; it fell upon the golden curls and half-closed lids; and the withered flowers fallen loosely now from the tired hands. There was a faint, sweet perfume of violets as the rocker crushed to and fro; nothing stirred in the room save the swaying figure in the moonlight.

The doctor touched the nurse and gently said: "The child is with its mother."—*Selected.*

MR. GLADSTONE advocates systematic giving and offers to assist in forming an association in its favour.

FRANCE which a century ago was the most populous country in Europe is now rapidly falling behind in that respect.

THE Mormons of the United States have abolished polygamy and will therefore become ordinary citizens of the great Republic.

WE are told that in New York alone there are now 500 millionaires, and that in the coffers of American Protestant Christians there are not less than ten thousand millions of dollars. Alas, that the mission cause should languish, when there is at hand such a tremendous power as this one item alone indicates!

To raise large sums for missions we have no need to depend on a few large givers, but only to organize "the littles." If hundreds of the poorer folk would only take subscription cards and fill them up with such sums as they were able, the result would be tremendous. The sea is made by the rivers, the rivers by the rills, the rills by the showers and the showers by the drops. Enormous sums are lost to the Church in this way, by not organizing the great masses of the poor and lowly.