

Miss Hamilton, M.D., the physician of the Ameer of Afghanistan, has been obliged to resign her office and return to England on account of ill health.

Two hundred gentlemen have gone out from England to settle down in Wynaad, India, as coffee planters.

The granddaughter of the late Baron Hirsch is heir to \$100,000,000, which yields about \$10,000 a day of income.

In South Africa the High Commissioner, the Governor of Natal, and the Agent General at Pretoria are all Irishmen.

A monument to the memory of Daguerre, the inventor of the daguerreotype, the precursor of the photograph, is soon to be unveiled in the little village of Brysur-Marne, France.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, having attained her sixteenth year, has just made her confession of faith as a member of the Dutch Reformed Church and has been confirmed.

Archbishop Benson left in the press an important work on St. Cyprian. Its publication had been repeatedly delayed by the more pressing claims of his office; but the proofsheets had been corrected and the preface written before he started for Ireland.

It may not be generally known that George Washington died the last hour of the day, the last day of the week, of the last month of the year, of the last year of the last century.

The Rev. P. J. Fothergill, formerly curate of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, and who has been in charge of the parish of Shigewake for the last three years, has been appointed to Drummondville, Que.

The Normans introduced their own style of writing letters into England, and, according to an edict of William the Conqueror, all legal documents were written in the Norman hand.

Col. Walter Raleigh Gilbert, C.B., Chief Constable of Cornwall, who died in England the other day at the age of 83, was a descendant of Sir Humphry Gilbert, half brother of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The iron crown of Lombardy takes its names from the fact that within the gold circlet is a strip of iron, supposed to be made of one of the nails of the cross. Napoleon was crowned with this symbol at his coronation as King of Italy.

Hendon, north of London, has a tavern in a churchyard, with tombstones all around it, which has been kept there for many hundred years, and is the only licensed house in such a place. The original building was burned down 200 years ago, the present house having been built soon after the restoration of Charles II.

On November 6th, two days after the election of McKinley was assured, orders for over \$36,000 of advertisements were received by *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

Correspondence.

All letters containing personal allusions will appear under the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

N. B.—If any one has a good thought, or a Christian sentiment, or has facts, or deductions from facts, useful to the Church, and to Churchmen we would solicit their statement in brief and concise letters in this department.

Historical Painting of the Late Sir John Thompson.

SIR,—I have just returned from a visit to the temporary studio of my friend, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A., where I had the pleasure of viewing under the most favourable light the now famous historical paintings commemorative of the obsequies of the late Sir John S. D. Thompson, K.C.M.G., &c. Certainly the artist, so well-known for his treatment of bold and heroic subjects, is to be warmly congratulated upon so fine a series as these historical portrayals of recent Canadian events. The public would do well to avail themselves of an opportunity, all too brief, in which to study subjects that every Canadian is naturally interested in. The first of the group, representing the scene in Windsor Castle, is a very fine piece of work, containing many admirable portraits of the notables then present. Two-thirds life-size and well executed, the figures of her gracious Majesty, the members of her household, of Sir Chas. Tupper, and others, stand out with great clearness, softened by the feeling of the occasion, which the artist has well caught, and rendered permanent on his canvas. The second, on board the *Blenheim*, while approaching the harbour in Halifax, is most realistic. The draped coffin, borne by eight blue-jackets, slowly heading for the gangway—the crew massed together with

uncovered heads on the bridge—the members of the Dominion Government slowly forming into line amid a heavy, steady downpour, make a picture in which are blended a nation's sorrow and nature's tears. The third, "last scene of all, that ends this strange eventful history," is that of the funeral ceremonies in the Cathedral of St. Mary, Halifax. Rich in colour, impressive, and with great truthfulness to detail, this painting is one which will not easily fade from the remembrance. The gorgeous ritual of the Roman Church, the solemn-faced, rich-robed ecclesiastics, the dark background of wall and colour, all give an effect that should be seen to be appreciated. For just two weeks longer will this interesting series be on exhibition at No. 96 Yonge street, and it would be a very good thing to arrange that the national spirit of our youth in our public schools should have a stimulus given to it by an object lesson such as these admirable paintings would afford. J. FIELDING SWEENEY.

More Help Wanted.

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if you will allow me a short space in your valuable paper to acknowledge the following donations to our church, and also say a few words in connection with this statement: Frere Richardson, Winnipeg, \$1; Bishop of —, \$5; H. R., \$5; Mrs. Hutton (collected by), \$13; Mrs. Hamer, \$5. I may say further that we still need \$120 to complete the church and pay for lumber, leaving out the question of pausing or seating. I see that the Governor General has set apart Nov. 26th for general thanksgiving for the harvest, &c. May I remind your readers that whilst other parts have been greatly blessed, we have suffered most severely all through this district, and I earnestly appeal for help to place us out of debt and put our church in order. Help sent to myself or Mrs. Hutton, 1013 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, will be most gratefully acknowledged. I enclose a copy of the Primate's letter in reference to our loss and endorsing my appeal. Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and asking for much needed help.

Somerset, Man.

REV. ALBERT TANSEY.

A Further Explanation Wanted.

SIR,—Allow me in return to thank Mr. Biggar for the explanation he gives to my question with regard to the Tabernacle Court. Only one mistake in eleven years is a pretty good record: and that not really a mistake, but simply the overlooking one in a work he would naturally expect to be correct. It was not from any desire to expose an error that I asked for an explanation, but simply that I might know which was right. May I do the same thing again? On p. 130 of the current issue (Oct. 14th), second column, first paragraph, the Assistant says, "For an example of an ordination, see Acts xiii. 1-3, which describes the setting apart of Barnabas and Saul for the ministry." It happened that just an evening or two before getting up this lesson I had been reading Farrar's "Christian Ministry," and on p. 6, it says, "That transaction, therefore, can only be regarded as a valedictory benediction on the part of the college of the apostles, which was situated at Antioch, to two of their members, on the occasion of their undertaking a new mission, and not as ordination." A word or two on this point would again oblige the same COUNTRY TEACHER.

Family Reading.

The Meeting Place.

In a beautiful valley we all have seen,
Where the skies are blue and the leaves are green,
Where the birds are singing their musical lays,
Throughout the beautiful sun-lit days,
From a crystal spring, 'neath a red rose tree,
The brooklet of Joy flows on to the sea.

In the heart of a forest we have all passed through,
Where the branches above us hide sunshine and blue.
Where the shadows are black, and the wind makes moan.
Where there are paths that we ever must tread alone,
Flows a river so dark and deep and wide;
'Tis the river of sorrow we walk beside.

We come to a place before life is done,
Where we learn to value both cloud and sun,
'Tis a wonderful nook, both sad and sweet,
The place where the brook and the river meet,
And here we must dwell with friend and foe,
'Till the river of Life has ceased to flow.

Death only an Incident.

No one could ever bring himself to believe that he would ever possibly come to an end at death; in spite of all the daily, hourly news of death's doings over the whole earth, one's own death seems as inconceivable as ever. The preacher parades the overwhelming evidence, he reminds us that it is the one certain thing that happens to us: "You will be there carried out, over you the handful of dust will be thrown." Yes, we cannot deny it, but yet he does not persuade us; does any one of us believe it?—believe it not with the forced assent of the intellect only, but with the heart and imagination and conviction? It is in vain. Till it actually is there knocking at the door, till its first slow symptoms begin to give positive warning, we cannot take it, the imagination refuses it, the whole man repudiates it; we try to lay hold of it, we say over and over again to ourselves: "I must die, the end will come," but no, it eludes us, it is impossible. The preacher may complain of us, but ought he to complain? Is not this imaginative impossibility of accepting it just the clearest evidence of what we are? Being what we are, what we know ourselves to be, it is simply silly to suppose we come to an end at death; to suppose it is to be in direct collision with our reason and our imagination, not for selfish reasons, not because we desire some future happiness, not for that, but purely and simply because the idea is so radically inconsistent with our inward character, that it cannot adapt itself to it, cannot be harmonized with it; it is intolerable, nothing can conceivably make death look like a rational and consistent end of life. But death cannot be an end, it can only be an incident.—Canon Scott Holland.

Weariness of Soul.

How strangely true and full of comfort is that paradox of Dr. Pusey's: "It is well with thee, thou weary soul, even because it does not seem well with thee." What God doth with thee "thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." He Who through suffering is working in thee humility and hatred of sin, is preparing in thee a dwelling place for Himself, "Who dwelleth in the humble and contrite heart," and will compensate for His seeming absence by a fuller presence. Desolations of soul, even though chastisements of sin, are among God's choicest means of enlarged grace. By these God teaches the soul how unutterable an evil it is to be separated from Him. He teaches her to hate the memory of all sins, to cleanse herself from all lesser faults, which come between her and God. He teaches her her own nothingness, and to look for all from Him, not by any law, nor as requital, but of His own mere goodness. He stirs the inmost heart, kindles her longings, makes her love Him for Himself, increases her desires, that when they are increased and enlarged He may fill them. Dull not then thy pain by any distraction of earthly consolation.

Leave not any wonted exercise of piety because it is now insipid and lifeless; relax not in any strife, because it seems fruitless; shrink not to minister in love to others because thou seemest dead in thyself; leave not thy wonted times of prayer. If thou canst not go in gladness, go in sorrow; if not upborne by consolation, go desolate; if without any heart, yet do His will; if no good thought come, repel the evil; if thou canst not speak to God, look to Him as a servant to the hands of his master; if distracted, pray Him to knit thee in one; if thou seem repulsed, pray Him to fix thy soul on Him; if the affections seem dead, hold fast by thy will; forget thyself and remember God, and God shall make "snow like wool, and hoar-frost like ashes," and "ice as morsels" of bread. Thy coldness shall kindle thee, and dryness make thee fruitful, and barrenness shall feed thee. Only let Him not go until He bless thee.

Your Lips.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done. After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.—Prof. Drummond.