

## RELIGIOUS.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Rev. Dr. Partridge, Rector of St. George's, left for England for two months' vacation by steamship *Dumora* on Tuesday. Rev. C. LeV. Brino takes his duty at St. George's, and Rev. D. Neish acts as Secretary, and will be in attendance every morning in the Diocesan Room from 10 to 12.

The decision of Rev. Dr. Edgehill to decline the Bishopric of Nova Scotia, once more lays the Synod under the necessity of electing. It is to be hoped that the election will be conducted with fairness.

Rev. J. Lowry, lately of Ship Harbor, but now of the Diocese of Barbadoes, is on a visit to the city.

The Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., President of Kings College, is sojourning at Wolfville, where he takes the services during the vacation.

## PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. D. B. McLeod, has received a call from a Presbyterian church at Orwell, P. E. Island. He was received by the last General Assembly from the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

St. Paul's Church, Kentville, will shortly have the Rev. W. P. Begg as pastor. Arrangements have been made to induct on the 4th of August.

Rev. Wm. Maxwell has received a call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Sherbrooke.

Rev. J. Dustan, late of Truro, was inducted into the pastorate of the congregation at Brandon on the 29th ult.

Rev. W. Cruickshank, a Nova Scotian, and at the present pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Montreal, is spending his vacation in this Province.

## METHODIST.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Ferris, who has conducted for a number of years, and with great ability, the *New York Christian Intelligencer*, is about to vacate the position on account of ill health.

The annual camp meeting will commence on Thursday next, and will continue for one week. On Monday, the 1st of August, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will hold a meeting; on Tuesday, services will be held in connection with the Association for the Promotion of Holiness; Wednesday will be devoted to special services to children; and Thursday, Temperance Mass meetings will be held.

Rev. D. D. Moore, who has been granted a year's leave of absence by Conference, will, in a few weeks, start for Japan, with a view to engage in mission work in that country.

## CATHOLIC.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning has become a vice president of the Newspaper Press Fund.

Father Anderledy, the successor of Father Beckx as the Superior General of the Jesuits, is noted for his skill as a linguist. He speaks and writes all important languages with facility.

The Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda has appealed to all bishops throughout the world who have Irish in their flocks—and "what region is not full of our labor!"—to order special collections for the new Church of St. Patrick, in Rome, that is to be a crowning glory of the pontificate of Leo XIII. Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Bishop Herbert Vaughan, of Salford, have already ordered such collections.

The Montreal Catholic Theological College and the Polytechnic School have affiliated with Laval University, Quebec. The Seminary of St. Sulpice will give to the university the largest faculty of divinity in the province, while the Polytechnic School will supply the material for a faculty of applied science. The Rev. Fathers of the Seminary of St. Sulpice also purpose allying themselves with the university, and will act as professors in the faculty of arts.

In accordance with a pious custom long observed in Paris, his Grace Archbishop Richard paid a visit to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in the Rue Philippe le-Girard, where he served out with his own hands the dinner to 180 poor old men who are inmates of the institution.

The Rev. Father McDonnell, of Iona, Minn., is the founder and present rector of a Home for Indigent Boys, which has 2,000 acres of land, mostly under cultivation, with suitable buildings, stock and farming utensils, and has the care of about sixty boys.

Wm. J. Reed, of Pittsburgh, a colored student, sailed from New York recently for Havre, on his way to the College of the Propaganda, at Rome. He was encouraged to go thither by Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Phelan, Abbot Wimmer, and Rev. Father Tolton.

## BAPTIST.

Rev. J. F. Avery, late of the Tabernacle of this city, is on a visit to England.

Rev. Mr. Mellick, late of Manitoba, has accepted a call from Brussels St. Baptist Church, St. John, and will enter upon his duties immediately.

Rev. Dr. Saunders, of this city, is supplying the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Fredericton, during the absence of its pastor.

The Free Will Baptists of the United States have 1,542 churches and 82,323 members, 1,291 ministers, and 172 licentiates. The denomination exists chiefly in New England, New York, and Ohio.

Rev. Dr. Lorrimer, the well-known Baptist preacher, of Chicago, has declined the call to Washington.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## LADY LA TOUR.

They had hoped and waited; hope was nearly ended,  
Nearly ended waiting, and the death-stroke nigh.  
She their leader, dauntless, their despair contended,  
Housed with words of ardor, prayed them: "Win or die."

Win or die! Yet well they knew her heart was tender,  
Her soft hands had nursed them, her sweet lips had cheered  
Many a bed of sickness. Why Death, to defend her,  
Were as sweet as living! Shame on him who feared!

So that Easter morning, in the glad spring weather,  
Close they gathered round her, knelt with her to pray,  
Just as every morning they had knelt together,  
With, perhaps a difference: sadder words to say.

Crept they then as crafty wolves on sleeping cattle,  
Strove to climb the ramparts, but they beat them back.  
Fearless, she before them took the chance of battle;  
If a man lacked courage, she would mend the lack.

Vain they knew they struggle, vain the stern endeavor!  
For her husband's honor strove she, they for her.  
We now, looking backward, keep their memory ever  
Living with the moisture that our tears confer!

Nought could break their courage, so with craft he tried them,  
Offering life and safety—must she bid them die?  
Woman's heart forbade it. Standing there beside them  
She believed his promise, and it proved a lie!

He laughed—laughed! and took them one by one before her,  
Hung them one by one where she their death must see;  
And I think their last looks turned there to implore her  
Glance of recognition for their loyalty.

Then the great heart broke, men said; and little wonder  
Husband, home, friends, ruined, what was left for life?  
Death! And what for fame? The coming years shall thunder  
Praise of how she bore her in the unequal strife!

KING'S-CROFT, WINDSOR, N. S.

ELIZABETH GOSTWAKE ROBERTS.

## TO THE FAR NORTH.

(Continued.)

## DIARY OF A TRIP TO NORWAY ON THE "CEYLON."

Wednesday, July 21st. We arrived at Molde at 6 a. m. The night had been rough, and the sea tumbled and rolled us about a good deal; it was indeed "an up and down motion," but as fortunately we were comfortably in bed we hardly felt it, and the morning was sunny and beautiful. When I came on deck I thought Molde looked lovely, nestling at the foot of the hills. There were two hotels to be seen from the ship, and it is the brightest, cleanest town imaginable, with pretty villas all round it and interminable ranges of hills on every side, of endless variety and shape and coloring, some covered with snow and tops lost in mist, which made them appear to touch the clouds, others covered with grass or pines. I went on shore after breakfast, and went to the post office for my letters. As soon as I had got them I started to go up the Varde, the highest of the near range of hills, and from whence there is a wonderful view. Its height is 1,350 feet. The first half of the pathway is good. Two gentlemen, when they had gone about a third of the way, said they thought it was no good going on, as it would probably be misty at the top; but once I begin to do anything I like to go through with it, so I went on steadily, at first through fields of wild flowers with here and there very boggy places which wetted my feet, and higher up pines, which had a delightfully fragrant smell, and afforded a very pleasant shade that hot day. I lost the way at the beginning of the steepest part, and to my horror heard the bells of cattle, which soon came in sight. I had great work to induce myself to go on. I trembled when I saw their long horns, and, worst of all, there was a bull, and though he looked rather young, still it was very formidable. I kept as far from them as I could, and soon to my relief saw a little boy higher up, so I struggled on and thought that the truest courage is that which feels fear but does not yield to it, like the sentry in the Crimea who was found, white and trembling, at his post, and who said to someone who laughed at him "that if they'd felt half so frightened as he did, they'd have run away long ago," so I felt that most people who had felt the fear I did of those creatures would have turned back at once. Every time they raised their heads and looked at me, or came a step nearer, my heart stopped beating, but still I went on. I was so thankful when I got to the top, hot and breathless though I was, and saw them at a safe distance. The view is certainly lovely, the ship in the harbor looked like a boat, and far away on every side stretched apparently endless mountains and sea. As the ship was to leave at noon, I had to hurry back, and before I was halfway down heard the shrill steam whistle, which is sounded as a signal to return. I hurried on breathlessly, sometimes ankle-deep in a bog, stumbling in my haste over stones to find when I got down that there was plenty of time, and the signal whistle was from another steamer. We really did not leave until after luncheon, when everyone sat in the fore-cabin to see the superb scenery from Molde to Noes. Molde would be a capital place to make one's headquarters for a summer. There are good hotels, and innumerable expeditions to be made all round, and, I believe, shooting and fishing. It was like a dream, the beauty of the scenes we passed that afternoon in quick succession.

At 4 p. m. we anchored at Noes, where we were to stay until the next evening, and those who wished to sleep on shore left at once, but, as I then intended to sleep on board and to start early on the following morning to see the Romsdal Valley, I waited for the second boat, merely intending to have a cup of tea and perhaps get a cariole and have a little drive. However, when I got to the hotel Bellevue there was such a crowd of people I