

Bishop Wilson's and was truly Catholic and appropriate. Every one was struck with the noble presence of the Primate of All England and with the reverent and impressive manner in which with the usual ceremonies he invoked the Blessed Trinity at the laying of the stone. "Jerusalem the Golden" was sung, and on the Benediction being pronounced by the Archbishop, the procession returned in the same order to the mission church. The crowd was kept from breaking in upon the procession by a corps of volunteers, who in this way did good service. There were, as I have said, upwards of eighty priests in the procession, all in surplices and stoles. The majority of these wore college caps, a fair sprinkling of them birettas, and the remainder I am sorry to say, ordinary hats. The birettas were a sore puzzle to the worthy Presbyterians; at first they were supposed to adorn the Bishops, but on this mistake being discovered it was determined that the wearers of them were the Deans of the diocese.

#### EPISCOPAL HOSPITALITIES IN NORWAY.

"The Church in Norway," by the Rev. A. R. Webster, M.A., Vicar of Chatham, in the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, contains observations during a summer excursion. Mr. Webster and some pupils he had with him were frequent guests of the Bishop of Bergen during their short visit to that city, and he thus describes the residence and hospitalities of his host:—

"As some of my readers, with the episcopal glories of Fulham, or Lambeth, or Farnham Castle before their mind's eye, may be curious to learn something of the style and living of a Norwegian Bishop, I do not think I shall be infringing the laws of hospitality if I give them a sketch of one of our evening entertainments. No feudal castle nor lordly palace proclaimed the dignity of our hospitable entertainer, the Bishop of Bergen. He lived in a moderate-sized house in one of the best streets in Bergen, but with nothing to mark an episcopal residence save a brass plate on the door, with "Bishop Kaurin" in legible characters inscribed upon it. The house was neatly though plainly furnished, and rather in the French than English style; without any carpets on the polished floors, but with several large mirrors between the windows. His establishment appeared to consist of a couple of staid maid-servants and a man, and to be conducted in the simple and unostentatious style of a quiet, unpretending, middle-class family in England. Our English notions of gallantry, were at first severely tested during tea and supper by the ladies of the family waiting upon the guests; and we all more than once jumped up, as we naturally should have done at home, to save them the trouble of handing us the various dishes. They explained to us, however, that it was the "custom of the country" for the ladies to wait upon the company, so we were fain at length to submit, though not, I fear, with a very good grace, to this anomaly. After tea the everlasting pipes were introduced into the very sanctum of the drawing-room, and the good Bishop and the gentlemen of his family puffed away the whole evening, but without in the least interrupting the conversation. The ladies did not appear to mind it; but even the smokers of my party could not so far overcome their English proprieties as to smoke in the drawing-room among ladies. Habit, of course, will reconcile one to almost anything; but we may fancy the astonishment of his friends, if his Lordship of London were to introduce into the drawing-room at Fulham, after