

about £3,000, of which £2 500 was contributed by the Diocese and £600 was the munificent gift of Canon Bailly. The total available income from this source being only about £120, the Bishop also acts as rector of St. John's Church until such time as a sufficient income can be provided for him. An effort is now being made to increase the Episcopal Fund and appeals have been made to the S.P.G., S.P.C.K., and the Colonial Bishops' Fund, but the *Churchman* also makes an earnest appeal to the people of British Honduras. The population of British Honduras alone is about 30,000. Of these 400 are Europeans the rest are natives of Honduras, West Indians, Spaniards, Caribs, Coolies and Central American Indians.

ST. MARY'S.—The work of this Parish, of which the Rev. F. R. Murray (formerly of Halifax) is Rector, progresses most satisfactorily. The last report of the Treasurer shows a very satisfactory increase in income of the Church for the first four months of this year as compared with 1890. The services are always bright and hearty and the efforts of the people are not confined to the parish, but they do what they can for outside work.

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

RICHMOND.—Sunday, the 21st June, was a 'Red letter day' in the annals of St. Ann's Church, as our good Bishop administered both the rites of Ordination and Confirmation.

The services of the day opened with a choral celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 a.m., followed by Matins at 9.

At 10.30 the Ordination service began with Whitney's lovely processional hymn 'The Son of God goes forth to War,' which was followed by an able discourse from the Ven. Archdeacon Roe. The Anthem 'Oh! that I had wings like a Dove,' was then sung, Miss Robbins singing the solo. His Lordship then ordained to the Diaconate Messrs. Wilkinson, Wright and Dickson, and to the order of Priesthood, Rev. Messrs. Adcock, Sutherland and Rothera. The Kyrie was Woodward's Creed, Whitney; and the Offertory was Whitney's Festival. A choral celebration followed, during which the hymns 'Bread of Heaven,' and 'The Heavenly Word,' were sung.

Besides His Lordship the Bishop and the Ven. Archdeacon Roe, the Revs. J. Hepburn, Rector; Prof. Watkins, Lennoxville; A. J. Balfour, Quebec; Thos. Blaylock, Danville; and Vincent Lacey, Richmond, assisted in the service.

At 7.30 in the evening the Confirmation service was held, with the following order of music: Processional, 'Through the Night of doubt and sorrow,' followed by Bennet's service in D; the Anthem 'Seek ye the Lord,' in which Miss Smith sang the solo; Whitney's Offertory and Creed and Hymns 349 and 271, with Whitney's 'All hail the Power of Jesus name,' as a recessional.

Twenty-two received the rite of Confirmation, and the Bishop spoke to them in one of his practical, helpful addresses.

The Church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and at both morning and evening services many could not gain admittance, although there was fully 700 present. The music was faultlessly rendered and reflected great credit on the choir-master, Dr. Brown, and Mr. G. H. Aylmer Brooke, organist, as well as the whole choir.

See the spider casting out her film to the gale—she feels persuaded that somewhere or other it will adhere and form the commencement of her web. She commits the slender filament to the air, believing that there is a place provided for it to fix itself. In this fashion should we cast forth our endeavors in this life, confident that God will find a place for us.—*Spurgeon*.

NOTICE.

—TO—

Subscribers & Advertisers

—:00:—

'THE GUARDIAN' will not be issued on the 8th and 15th JULY. It is urgently requested, however, that Subscribers in arrears may send in amounts due. The total sum owing is very large: and this seriously interferes with our progress.

COUNTRY LIFE.

The quiet, plodding life of a farmer, with its monotonous round of duties, is by no means an easy one; nor is there to many persons any attraction in an occupation which obliges one the greater part of the year to rise at dawn, to go steadily through the performance of the lowest and meanest tasks, and to retire to rest—to use a country phrase—'before the chickens go to roost.'

But to men who look below the surface, and see the beauty which is so often to be found in the humblest employments, there is for the toil and drudgery which fall to the lot of the farmer ample compensation.

Like the great Creator himself, the farmer sows and reaps, with patient, loving hand separating the tares from the wheat, and taking away the weeds and useless stalks, that the green and living ones may not be choked up, but may bring forth their fruit in due season.

Living thus in communion with God, knowing that, no matter who may plant or water, it is He alone who can give the increase, and surrounded by all the beauties of nature, hard and cold must be the heart of the man who can shut his eyes to the glorious scenes about him and cannot, for a time at least, rise above the commonplace of life and feel that in his lowly occupation there is more real beauty than is to be found in the highest offices of life.

Near my home lives an old Canadian farmer who has given his whole time and devoted all his energies to beautifying and improving his land. He finds no pleasure in taking his ease while there remains anything which man can do to add to the loveliness of God's earth. To use his own quaint phrase, he delights in 'assisting nature to develop her charms.'

His little farm is a model of beauty and order; a hedge of evergreen extends around the whole of it; rows of fruit trees stretch out on either hand; a grove of forest trees forms a pleasing background; while in front of the house spreads the wide lawn, where in the summer flowers of every variety vie with each other in the beauty and fragrance of their bloom. I once took a party of young people to view the old man's treasures (as he calls them).

He was at that time engaged in clearing up another tract of land preparatory to building upon it. When asked why he was not content to live quietly where he was and enjoy his hard earned home he replied solemnly, 'So long as there is any work for me to do I must do it. I want the world to be better for my poor service here, so that when I die, though my name may be forgotten, my works may live on through the generations to come.'

O, surely beneath that battered straw hat and those queerly shaped garments, which at any other time we might have ridiculed, there beat a true and noble heart, there breathed a lofty soul, whose influence will be felt long after the old farmer has vanished from the busy whirl of life.

It is a well-known fact that many of the world's greatest men have been the products not of the ever restless, moving cities, but of quiet country homes.

Surrounded by rugged mountains, whose

wild beauty has in all ages been an inspiration both to the warrior and the poet, is it any wonder that Athenians, Spartans, Thebans, braved peril and death to preserve their country's honor? Is it not among the Highlands of Scotland that we find a Bruce, a Douglas or a Graham—men whose very names fill our hearts with enthusiasm? Or where but in the Lowlands a tender hearted Burns singing as he followed the plow?

Perhaps one of these ragged urchins whom we meet on the road-side, may have in him the making of a Ben Johnson, and some day may go up to a great city with his knapsack on his back to make his way up the ladder of fame (for though the country oftentimes produces great men 'tis in the city that they are matured).

Wordsworth, that great nature poet, found his chief delight in the trees and flowers, the woods and streams of the country, and by the side of the quiet lakes his love for them breathed forth in his poetry.

In our own America we have not the historical associations which give such interest to the mountains, plains and rivers of the Old World, but we do have nature fresh from the hands of God, and though the giant forests of the red man's day have vanished before the inroads of modern civilization, there is in many parts of the United States scenery as wild, as beautiful and as varied as in any other country in the world.

Travelling once over the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia a sudden turn of the road brought before us one of the loveliest views of which the mind can conceive.

As the old stage coach (which the modern railway has not entirely eclipsed) jogged along we had abundant opportunity for enjoying the prospect before us. The road lay for some distance along the mountain side, and below the great valley stretched out for miles and miles.

Broad fields of grass and clover, tall haystacks winding rivers and great trees, with here and there cottages nestled beneath their shadows, were to be seen. Above all the great blue canopy of heaven spread, and the sun lit up the whole scene with its flood of golden light. No noise broke the stillness; perfect peace reigned everywhere, and for a moment it seemed as if the world were all bright and beautiful, and that man, for whom this fair earth was created, must always be pure and good. But we cannot stay on the mountain top, for soon the sun will set, and perhaps on the morrow clouds may dim its radiance; and when the heavens are dark earth must reflect their gloom.

In front of a stone house not far from the mountains stands a grand old walnut tree. How many years has it stood there silently? How many human beings has it sheltered under those spreading branches? None can tell the number. Even as we gaze wonderingly upon its time worn trunk the merry laughter of children rings out upon the silent air, and the leaves rustle softly, as if inviting the little ones to stay under their protecting shadows, away from the storms of life. And the 'everlasting hills' look silently down on the restless, changing world of time.

No tongue may fitly sing the loveliness of God's earth; but hearts of all may listen to its wondrous melodies.

—V. C. C. In Southern Churchman.

NEW YORK.—It is said that the poor of this great city are to be found in 37,316 tenements and lodging houses therein.

THE Rev. J. A. Billingsby, a Presbyterian Divine of Brooklyn, says, 'The Church should have a large number of paid ordained workers.' In some of our Canadian dioceses, and indeed throughout the Church of England, there is grave danger of this fact—for it is a fact—being overlooked in the newly awakened cry of 'Lay Help,' 'Lay Readers,' &c.