

useful. And although gifts are not by true men desired for their own sake, yet they may be very thankfully received for the sake of assistance in the Master's cause and for the Master's use. The magnanimous Paul, who was willing to sustain himself and other preachers too, rejoiced much when a messenger on two occasions came to him from Macedonia at a time of need, loaded with brethren's kindness, sympathy, and assistance.

Please therefore, simply, in the meantime, receive my thanks for your double favour; and may both giver and receiver be ever worthy of giving and receiving in the name of Him who has given us richly of himself.

In faithfulness and affection,

D. OLIPHANT.

* * If all this should be thought too good, we must advise those who thus judge to re-peruse Mr. Holmes' letter, and also enquire into what has been openly and whisperingly said of us recently in the township of Whitby. Perhaps a little sour mixed with the sweet will operate happily. Of these latter developments we intend to say something next month.

D. O.

PIETY IN THE PENITENTIARY.

During the pastoral visit of the Bishop of Toronto to Kingston, his lordship baptized fifty convicts in the Penitentiary, and confirmed one hundred and ten others.—*British Whig*.

It is hard to believe that the Bishop is so desirous to swell the numbers of the Faithful as to admit wholesale the most debased specimens of our common humanity to the rites of the Church. If this is christianity it would be difficult to know what paganism is.—*North American*.

The Episcopal Bishop has eclipsed the Roman Bishop St. Xavier, who christianized Indians by the hundred through a few drops of holy water to every half-dozen or dozen. These Penitentiary sinners were surely bad enough without the Bishop's contraband unction. It will be remembered that we tendered kind advice to him to keep his hands off the convicts. Had he taken this counsel, he would have proved himself more like a bishop who "desireth a good work."

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

Under this "heading" we find, in a communication to the *Boston Traveller*, an anecdote worth repeating, for the benefit of prolix preachers. At the recent ordination of Mr. Greeley, at Haverhill Corner, New Hampshire, President Lord, of Dartmouth College, preached an able sermon, one hour and a half long. The other parts were like unto the sermon—in length, at least—until it came to the address to the people. This was assigned to a venerable patriarch, the Rev. Mr. Sutherland, a Scotch divine in the neighbourhood, who observed and sympathised with the excusable weariness of the congregation.

He rose and said, with great deliberation, and in a broad Scotch