

early in June. At the afternoon session, a valuable address was given by Mr. Woods, Gen. Sec. for the Brotherhood in the United States.

At the evening meeting, which was held in the same place, there was a good attendance of the members of the Brotherhood as well as of the general church public. The Ven. Archdeacon Fortin was in the chair. After prayers said by Rev. Rural Dean Burman, the chairman, in a short address introduced Mr. Woods, who then proceeded to deliver his address on "The Responsibility of Laymen". He based his remarks on the idea that "We are citizens of a kingdom, and as loyal citizens of that kingdom, we have a responsibility". All present he supposed, were baptized members of the church. He showed the illogical nature of the position of the man who would not be bound by the vows made for him at his baptism; as well as that of the man who enjoyed going to church, enjoyed giving for church schemes, etc., but who thought his responsibility ended there. The man who recognized his responsibility, was a citizen of a kingdom, and as a loyal subject, he must be a good citizen. Every man who had been signed with the sign of the cross had to engage in a real fight against very real foes. In carrying on this warfare, prayer was a real power. All great men of action had been men of fervent prayer. In this connection he spoke of Luther, General Gordon, etc. He (the speaker) was a strong advocate of having churches always open for private prayer. The church was not indifferent to any part of a man's life. The church stands for righteousness. A man cannot divide his life into sacred and secular. He must try so to live that without a word, people will understand there is a power in our life. He then went on to speak of ideas and ideals that attract and draw men. We have to focus our responsibility.

Married men should use their home life to help them to reach young men. A little hospitality went a long way.

Christ's last charge laid on men the duty and privilege of being witnesses to Him, in the Jerusalem of home life, in the Judea of our immediate surroundings, in the Samaria of our city life.

At the conclusion of Mr. Woods' admirable address, the "Church's One Foundation" was sung. Among those who afterwards spoke were Rev. W. A. Burman, Rev. C. C. Owen, Rev. J. A. Richardson, and Messrs. Webb, E. H. Taylor, R. D. Richardson, J. S. Mahood, Creighton, and Webber.

On Thursday morning, the Brotherhood met in Holy Trinity Church at 7 a. m., for their corporate communion when there were about 30 communicants.

This visit of Mr. Woods was in every way most inspiring and will, we are sure, be productive of good results.



Water Babies.

And now happened to Tom, a most wonderful thing; for he had not left the lobster five minutes, before he came upon a water baby.

A real live water baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why you are not one of us. You are a new baby! O how delightful!"

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long, they did not know why. But they did not want any introductions there under the water.

At last Tom said, "Oh where have you been all this while? I have been looking for you so long, and I have been so lonely."

"We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks. How was it you did not see us, or hear us when we sing and romp every evening before we go home?"

Tom looked at the baby again, and then he said: "Well this is wonderful! I have seen things just like you, again and again, but I thought you were shells, or sea creatures. I never took you for water-babies like myself.

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor dear little rock, a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with sea-weeds, and coralline, and anemones, and I will make it the prettiest rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing, singing, and shouting and romping; the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-babies all along; only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, and in the neatest little white bathing dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby, they hugged him and kissed him, and then they put him in the middle and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed and put all the rock pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the ugly storm swept in last week.

And this is the reason why the rock pools are so neat and clean; because the water-babies come in shore after every storm, to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.