

The Bishop of Down has conferred the chancellorship in Down cathedral, vacant by the death of Canon Lyle, upon the Rev. H. W. Stewart, M.A., rector of Knockbreda, Belfast. The appointment is one that will be received with much satisfaction throughout the united diocese. To Canon Stewart more than to anyone else the Diocesan Board of Religious Education owes its present position and financial success. Canon Stewart had a distinguished undergraduate course in Trinity College, Dublin, and won a gold medal and senior moderatorship in logic and ethics in the year 1857, taking his Divinity testimonium the same year. He was appointed rector of Knockbreda in the year 1873, having been previously Vicar of Rathaspeck, County Westmeath, from 1863 to 1873. We congratulate Canon Stewart on his well-merited promotion. Rev. H. W. Stewart is a Canadian, son of Rev. E. M. Stewart, formerly of Guelph, in which parish Rev. H. W. Stewart was for some time assistant minister. His wife is a daughter of the late Ven. Arthur Palmer, Archdeacon of Toronto.

Correspondence.

All Letters containing personal allusions will appear over the signature of the writer.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

N.B. If any one has a good thought, or a Christian sentiment, or has facts, or deductions from facts, useful to the Church, and to Churchmen, we would solicit their statement in brief and concise letters in this department.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION.

Sir,—There are a number of little boys now in our Shelter who ought to be adopted into good homes, and it seems to me that many a Christian couple who are without children have only to be made aware of the fact, and have a description of the children, to be induced to apply for one of them. This is a partial description of them: Two years old—James A., auburn hair, fair complexion, brown eyes, sunny temper. Gilbert H., brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, a sturdy little chap. Three years old—James S., brown, curly hair, dark complexion, black eyes. This boy has some African blood in him, and is one of the brightest boys in the Shelter and a general favourite. Four years old—Frank F., brown hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, good tempered, quiet. Five years old—Albert S., dark complexion, brown hair, brown eyes, small for his age, but very bright and quick to learn. Nine years old—Albert C., fair hair, fair complexion, hazel eyes, bright boy. The society would also be glad to receive applications for baby boys under two years of age. There are in the Shelter two or three little fellows from four to six years of age, for whom it is not possible at present to find homes. These children would very greatly benefit by a residence in the country for the summer. If some kind persons would offer them the accommodation it would be a real blessing to the boys and might result in their finding permanent homes in the country. The secretary is desirous of hearing of some good woman, who may be going to Manitoba in July or August, who will consent to take charge of twins—a boy and girl—two years old, as far as Winnipeg. The only thing that will keep these children and the expectant foster mother in Manitoba apart is the difficulty of sending the children so far, and it is hoped some one will offer to do this kind deed for them and her. Applications for any of the children mentioned in this communication should be addressed to the secretary, Children's Aid Society, 32 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

J. STUART COLEMAN,

Secretary.

—The time of seed-sowing passes quickly. Ere it be gone, let me consider closely: "Have I sown the seed of all I purpose to have?" For as is the seed-sowing, so must be the summer glory and the autumn fruition.

Family Reading.

SERVICE.

One serves by incessant toil in a home; another by silent example as a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another with the pen, sending forth words that inspire, help, cheer, and bless; another by the living voice, whose eloquence starts impulses to better, nobler living; another by the ministry of song, which warms hearts and stirs holy emotions; another by sitting at Jesus' feet, drinking in His spirit, and then pouring out the fragrance of love; yet each of these serves Christ acceptably and hears His commendation, "Well done."

A KIND WORD.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may, or it may not, be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterwards regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation to which we have given utterance finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with a dead friend or fellow-worker, we may, indeed, regret that we were ever betrayed into a harsh or hasty or unloving word of censure or criticism in that intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had now the privilege of saying all the loving words that we might honestly have spoken while she was yet with us. But there will never come into our hearts at such moments a single pang of regret over any word of impulsive or deliberate affection which passed our lips at any time.

IN THE DAYS OF HORACE.

As far back as the days of Horace, the countryman found his delight in going to the town, and the townsman in going to the country. It is only natural that people should find their chief happiness in complete change, and no one ought to grumble if they do. Among queer ideas of holidays the following may be noted: A couple of servants saved up their wages, and at the end of the year had £3 to spend. Their holiday was to be limited to a day. They bargained with a livery-stable keeper for a brougham to be provided, with a footman as well as a coachman, and it was stipulated that the footman should touch his hat and say "My lady," every time he spoke to them. Here is another way: A gentleman staying at a first-class hotel in London, was struck with a face he was sure he knew, whose owner was seated at a table close by his. The gentleman saw that he was known, too, but evidently recognition was not desired. It turned out the familiar face was that of a porter who daily examined the gentleman's ticket. He saved up his tips, and gave himself a fortnight in some first-rate hotel as "a gentleman." He, accustomed to wait on others all the year, found his chief delight in being waited on himself. Two hospital nurses took a cottage in a small village for a fortnight, and duly moved in. The tongues of the village gossips soon began to wag in conjecture about them, for they were never seen. A servant did their marketing, and neither at the windows or in the gardens did the ladies themselves give any signs of life. On leaving they called on the vicar to give him a trifle for his charities, and explained the matter. They had spent their holiday in bed. Accustomed to sleep in such snatches as they could get, their idea of happiness shaped itself into one long, undisturbed repose. Every one to his taste must be allowed, especially on the matter of holidays.

THEY MOVED IN THE MATTER.

Directly opposite the house of a famous divine there was a very bad slough in wet weather. Of this he had often complained to the Local Board, but without avail. One day two members of the board, who had the care of the streets, were driving a dog-cart when the right wheel stuck fast in the hole, and the gentlemen were obliged to jump down into the mud to extricate their vehicle.

The minister came out, and, bowing respectfully, said: "Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance without any attention being paid to it, but I am glad to see you moving in the matter now."

A NORFOLK "PEANUT FACTORY."

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain, to the fifth storey of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next storey into large cylinders fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this storey the nuts fall through chutes to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a chute to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slow-moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons." Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the chute a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of negro girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass, and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work, that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers, one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second storey, where they undergo yet another picking over, on similar tables, the best of these forming a second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse-bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable, or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serves some useful purpose.

When the Empress Frederick is visiting Windsor she almost always occupies the famous tapestry-rooms—not on account of any fondness for the hangings from which the suite takes its name, but because of the remarkably fine collection of family portraits which are placed here. Among these are two striking pictures of the late Emperor Frederick, one of the present Emperor as a child, portraits of the old Emperor William and the Empress Augusta, a group of George III. and his family, and many others no less interesting, painted by Lawrence, Benjamin West, and other famous artists.