

RELIGIOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Presbyterians of Riverside, California, amongst whom are quite a large number of Nova Scotians, have lately been organized into a congregation, and are to have for their pastor the Rev. J. B. Stewart, D.D., a minister who is well known on the Pacific Coast.

Rev. S. C. Gunn, of Springside, Upper Stowjacks, has accepted a call from the Scotch Church, Boston, and will leave for that city next month.

In thirty-two years, 207 Presbyterian Churches have been organized in the State of Nebraska.

Since the beginning of the reign of Her Majesty, the number of Presbyterians congregating in Scotland has doubled.

METHODIST.

Rev. J. Butterick, the new pastor of Beech Street Church, arrived last week from Bermuda. He occupied the pulpit of the church last Sunday evening.

The Methodist Conference of Newfoundland has just been held at St. John's, the Rev. Dr. Carman general superintendent, presiding.

Bishop Taylor, the well-known missionary, wants fifty more missionaries this year, for Africa.

On the 27th inst., the annual camp meeting will be held at Berwick.

Last year, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States expended \$407,232.46 for Foreign Missions. In the employ of the Society there are 282 missionaries, 328 ordained native preachers, 413 unordained native preachers, and 1,533 other native helpers.

The membership of the Methodist Churches within the bounds of the New Brunswick and P. E. I. Conference is reported at 10,374. Connected with the Sabbath Schools there are 1,506 officers and teachers, and 11,721 scholars.

CATHOLIC.

A mission has been established for the benefit of newsboys and waifs that roam at large in Chicago without home or care. The Rev. Thomas A. Campbell, formerly assistant pastor at St. Jarinth's Church, has been assigned as pastor and chaplain of the institution.

Sister Mary Inez, an inmate of Mercy Convent at Pittsburg, who is known in the world as Miss Mary Casey, and who received an inheritance of over \$100,000 from the estate of her father, the late James Casey of Erie, has turned over the entire amount to charity.

The Home for Destitute Orphan Girls in Philadelphia is now completed; only furnishing is needed. Archbishop Ryan has donated \$500 towards the needful plenishing; and the good Catholics of the city are following his example according to their means. The Sisters of St. Joseph will have charge of the home.

There are 2,273 priests in England, and 326 in Scotland; while the churches and chapels in England are 1,380, in Scotland 330. The Catholic population of the United Kingdom is set down at 1,251,000. In Scotland there are 326,000. In Ireland there are 3,061,000. Total, 5,641,000. There are forty-one Catholic Peers, fifty-eight Baronets, nine English, and nine Irish members of the Privy Council, five English and seventy-five Irish M's. P. The total of Archbishop and Episcopal Sees in the British Empire is between a seventh and eight of the entire Episcopate of the Catholic Church. The Catholic population of the British Empire is estimated at 3,682,000, half of which belong to Great Britain and Ireland. In Australasia alone there are 568,000.

BAPTIST.

Rev. Mr. Cahill, after years of service, has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Carleton, N. B.

The growth of the Baptist Church in London, during the past thirteen years, was 31 per cent.

The Sunday Schools of the First and North Baptist Churches held a very enjoyable picnic at Hosterman's grounds, on Wednesday.

Evangelistic Services are being held this week at the Starr Street Baptist Church, conducted by Messrs. Baker, Smith, and Rutledge, who came here from the United States.

A Memorial Service to the late Wm. Ackhurst was held in the First Baptist Church last Sunday evening. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Cline.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Synod of the Diocese, on Wednesday last, elected the Rev. J. C. Edgehill, D.D., Chaplain-General of the British army, to be Bishop of Nova Scotia. This choice is satisfactory to the Diocese at large, as we understand that a message, urging Dr. Edgehill to accept, has been sent to him by some of the members of the Synod most in favor of Bishop Sullivan. It is sincerely to be hoped that Dr. Edgehill may see his way to accept.

The Rev. D. Neish takes the *locum tenency* of Amherst, for six months, from the 1st September. The Vicar, Rev. E. Harris, goes on a holiday to England.

Rev. C. T. Easton will supply the place of Rev. Simon Gibbons, at Lockeport, for a few months.

There are eight or nine candidates for the Rectory of St. Marks in this city. Rev. H. J. Winterbourne left for his new Parish of Lachine on Wednesday, 6th inst.

NOT THOU BUT ME.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup, and eat this bitter bread
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine;
If I alone did not walk now,
Thy spirit would have known my loneliness,
And did my bruised and halting feet not climb
This weary path and steep,
Thy feet had bled for mine,
And thy dear mouth had for mine own made moan.
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of peace,
To know thine eyes are tearless tho' mine weep.
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep,
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSH.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"TO A LOST ONE."

Oh! Childie when you lay a dying,
My poor heart ached with dread,
Of the lonely life before me, and
I would that I too were dead.

Do you know how I miss your gentle ways
How I long for your sweet face?
I can hardly believe that my darling is gone
Till I look at your empty place.

I miss your love, your sweet caress,
Your touch upon my brow,
Your tender words of sympathy,
Are all lost to me now.

How can I live without you, dear?
My guiding star of life;
Oh! could I have said "Take all I have,
But leave—ah, leave my wife."

Oh, Childie, I murmur rebellious words,
In the depth of my sorrowful heart;
For oh, it seems too bitter to bear
That we should be forced to part.

FRANK

TO THE FAR NORTH.

(Continued.)

DIARY OF A TRIP TO NORWAY ON THE "CYLON."

Friday, 16th. Breakfast was early to give us time to visit the Lapp encampment, about two and a half miles from Tromsø, on the other side of the harbor. We went as usual in the ship's boats, and had to land where there were enormous whales in an advanced stage of decomposition and half cut up. The smell is one never to be forgotten. The worst smell I ever smelt before, even at Naples, fades into insignificance in comparison. We put our handkerchiefs to our noses and ran as fast as we could away from it. We found our ponies waiting, for they had been telegraphed for before, each with a card with some one's name on it. I jumped on mine and started. It was a rough road and I was glad to ride, as I always prefer it to walking, as some of the people did, but they must have found it very hot, for even riding with a parasol I could hardly bear the sun. I soon came to the Lapps and their reindeer. The latter are generally mouse colored, with here and there a white one. Two photographers were there from Tromsø, and begged me to have my photo done, with reindeer in the foreground and Lapps sitting at my feet; but the reindeer didn't approve of this and charged wildly at everything near, first at a dear brave little English boy who had ridden on with me, and then at me, so I begged that they might be taken away and the Lapps alone substituted. The rest of the party soon after came up and it was a very lively scene, the Lapps bringing snow shoes, fur boots, old silver drinking cups, silver and reindeer horn spoons, to sell. An old Lapp lady took a fancy to a blue silk handkerchief a lady had tucked into her gown, and she pointed to it, admired it, and gradually drew it out, tying it round her dirty neck, and then shook hands with the unfortunate owner, evidently thinking that was reward enough.

The Lapp dogs are particularly fascinating with thick fur, black, brown or yellow, bushy tails and bright shrewd eyes. The Lapps are so fond of them that they refused to sell one to a gentleman, although he offered a good price. I shuddered at having to embark again and pass the whales, however it had to be done, as it was time to return on board for luncheon. After I started again for the town and spent the afternoon alone. I bought some photographs and saw the museum, which contains the usual collection of fossils, stuffed animals, birds, skeletons, and some quaint old altars of centuries ago, Lapp ornaments and implements, and the biggest walrus I ever saw from Spitzbergen. I found it very hot, 84 degrees in the shade. I went up the hill to the enchanted wood, where silence reigned supreme; none of the chattering groups we passed last night, nothing but a hum of insects and swarms of flies, which would alight on my face. I gathered some flowers and went back to the harbor, as the last boat for the ship left at 5 p. m. and we left Tromsø at 6. Though we had passed the Arctic circle I was very glad to put on a cool gown for dinner. Later on the sailors had a concert and sang very nicely, poor fellows! I wonder they were not too tired, as they were up all night fishing for the anchor, or dredging I believe it is called. It was lost the night before by the chain breaking, and contrary to most people's expectations they succeeded in getting it up. It was a serious loss, as they said it cost £300. I had no idea anchors were so