



Toronto, Trinity, 1893.

THE ALL HOLY TRINITY.

Man was formed, GOD tells us, in the image of GOD, after Their Likeness, the Likeness of the All Holy Trinity. Every power and faculty of the soul bore some trace of its likeness to its Maker. They were shadowy representations of some aspect of the Infinite Mind. In GOD all is one, His Attributes are, even in thought, inseparable from Himself. His Power, His Will, His Goodness, His Greatness, His Wisdom, His Blessedness, are Himself. For He is One Simple Essence. The very Persons of the All Holy Trinity, in that mode of Existence which belongs to GOD, co-exist in One Another in perfect Oneness. In this image and likeness of the All-perfect GOD, man was made, his various powers shadowing Attributes of GOD, which though inseparable from GOD, we, as finite, can only conceive of, (as far as we can conceive of them) when set before us apart. But lo! the immortality of man is a faint shadow of the Eternity of GOD; man's forethought, of the Divine Providence; man's intuition, of the Divine Intelligence; Man's memory, of the Divine Knowledge; man's imagination of GOD's conception of all things possible, though they are not. More plainly yet, man's will, power, desire to communicate himself, love, complacency, tenderness, justice, truth, are imparted copies of GOD's Infinite Perfections. Nay, those three especially, memory, reason, will, have, both in earlier and later times of the Gospel, been thought to be a shadow of the All Holy Trinity in Itself. "That Holy and Eternal Trinity," says S. Bernard, in a passage of most condensed thought, "That Holy and Eternal Trinity; Father Son, and Holy Ghost, one GOD; Supreme Power, Supreme Wisdom, Supreme Goodness, created a certain Trinity after Their Image and Likeness, to wit, the reasonable soul: which therein showeth forth some trace of that Supreme Trinity, in that it consisteth of memory, reason, and will. Moreover, He created it such, that abiding in Him, it might be happy in the participation of Him; if turned away from Him, whithersoever it should betake itself, it should remain miserable. But this created trinity chose rather, through the motion of its own will, to fall, than by

the grace of its Creator, through free will, to stand. It fell then through suggestion, delight, consent; from that supreme and goodly trinity, power, wisdom, and purity, into a contrary foul trinity of weakness, blindness, and impurity. For memory became weak and powerless; reason, rash and clouded; will, impure. Moreover memory, which, while standing, meditated on the power of the Simple Essence of God, falling therefrom, was broken and dashed into three parts, carnal, cumbersome, empty thoughts. Reason fell into threefold ignorance, of good and evil; of truth and falsehood, of fitting and unfitting. The will, into lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, and pride of life. There is a trinity whereby we rise again, faith, hope, and charity. These have threefold sub-divisions. For there is faith of commands, of signs, of promises; there is hope of pardon, of grace, of glory; and there is charity out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned."

AN EVENING PRAYER.

ILLUMINA TENEBRAS NOSTRAS.

FATHER, ere yet another day is ended,
 Into Thy Hands be all its hours commended.
 Angels about our way keep watch and ward—
 Lighten our darkness with Thy presence, LORD.

When falls on life's gay noon the night of sadness,
 O may we feel Thee near, Eternal Gladness,
 Our feeble faith uphold, new strength afford—
 Lighten our darkness with Thy peace, O LORD.

Sunshine and cloud are Thine; yet gloom is dreary,
 Hope yields to fear and we are weak and weary;
 Lead us to rest on Thy unfailing Word—
 Lighten our darkness with Thy love, O LORD.

Pain wrings the heart and fierce temptations try us,
 Dimly we know that Elder Brother by us,
 Who in the garden suffered and implored—
 Lighten our darkness for His sake, our LORD.

FATHER, when earthly life for us is ended,
 Into Thy hands its deeds and years commended—
 Now our one guide, be then our one reward,
 Lighten our darkness in Thy heaven, O LORD.

— H. C. Shuttleworth.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE.

This, the latest and perhaps the most important of all the works entrusted to us, is progressing favourably, notwithstanding our fear and hesitation in undertaking it. We closed last term

with ten boarders and some day pupils, and expect to re-open in September with about twenty-five; so that we may look forward hopefully to the success of the School.

The difficulties incidental to the beginning of any new work were greatly increased for us in this case, by the serious illness of one of our teaching Sisters, so hardly spared from pressing duties at home, for school work at Oshawa; and we were a little overburdened last term. Miss Harmer, one of our Associates, is, however, giving her services for the coming year (a gift of much value to us), and Sister Lucy is gaining strength daily, so that we hope to begin in September with quite a full staff of teachers. We are greatly indebted to the Rev. Mr. Talbot, rector of S. George's Church, Oshawa, who read Matins for us daily, and gave the pupils regular instructions in Divinity during the past term.

A more beautiful and healthful situation for the school, could scarcely be found, and the pleasant grounds surrounding it were much appreciated by its merry occupants. Lawn tennis, croquet, base ball, not to mention "tag" and other less fashionable games, were the order of the lovely June evenings, and the bell which called to bed was always most reluctantly obeyed. Our hearts were often gladdened by remarks upon our happy-looking children, made by those who had seen their bright faces in Church, and during the daily walks, or had heard the peals of merry laughter, sounding from the school grounds during play hours. We had no home-sickness to contend with—only a few natural tears shed on the first evening away from home, by one or two; but these were soon dried, and our first term was, on the whole, a very sunshiny one, both indoors and out.

During the holidays the house has been full so far, as several of the girls are with us, and we are taking summer boarders. This, we hope, will help us, in a measure, to meet the many heavy expenses entailed by the necessary repairs, lighting, etc., of the school. Those who have come from the city, have greatly enjoyed the fresh country air, and pretty scenery, and the quiet and peace pervading the whole house, which, surrounded by trees and green lawns, stands at quite a distance from the street, whence, at its busiest times, the only noise to be heard is the rumble of an occasional cart, or the rattle of an antiquated stage-coach, as it makes its daily journeys to and from the station. People find the contrast to the constant ringing and rumble of electric cars and the shrill street calls, and other sounds of city life very pleasant for a time. There is much to be done in the way of preparation for the larger family we expect in September. We are looking forward with pleasure to seeing the empty

benches in the pretty little chapel quite filled with bright young faces, at the Morning and Evening Services, whereby the daily work and play are blessed and hallowed. An Associate has kindly lent us her organ until we can procure one for ourselves, thereby adding greatly to the brightness of the Chapel Services, and to the children's interest and pleasure in them. Our attempts at singing without any accompaniment, were more remarkable for their vigour and earnestness than for harmony or sweetness.

Though the responsibility and anxiety of educational work are very great ; though it is often most discouraging (chiefly because we are too apt to look for *results*), still it is a great honour and happiness which Our dear LORD has conferred upon us in giving us this work to do for His Church ; in entrusting to our care these lambs of His flock, who, we know, are so dear to Him. May He, "in Whom is hid all the treasures of Wisdom," ever guide, enlighten and direct us in our efforts to train His little ones aright.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese paid us a kindly visit at the College, on the occasion of his coming to Oshawa to hold a Confirmation in the Parish Church. His presence and his encouraging words are very pleasant to remember. We hope ere long to hear his helpful words again, when we are able to arrange for the Dedication of our Chapel and School.

School re-opens on September 7th, and we have applications already for fifty-six boarders, of whom, even with increased accommodation, we can receive but thirty-eight. We therefore feel hopeful of the permanent footing on which we desire to see the College placed.

The Teaching Staff consists of the Sister in Charge of the Educational Department, who received her training in Cheltenham College, England, and who holds the Certificates of the Cambridge Higher Locals, together with several Science Certificates from South Kensington, and from Germany. She is aided by Miss Harmer, late of Miss Veal's School, Toronto, the holder of certificates in History, Literature, and Education from St. Andrew's University Scotland, and of Science Certificates from South Kensington : also by Miss Middleton, B. A., of Trinity University, Toronto,—daughter of the late Canon Middleton, to whom the School owes so much.

The dormitory accommodation was previously limited to the first floor, where there are 21 beds only. We have opened the second floor, and are having a second furnace put in to warm that and the wing where our refectory is, we are also making

*This was not done until
The Summer of 1894*

a good recreation room in the basement, where our children can indulge in more active amusement than is possible in the small "pupils' sitting room" upstairs. There will be two good rooms, with an arch between, which besides serving for the recreation hour, will be used for dancing, and classes in physical culture; also for practising. When our children have assembled, and school work begins, we hope that many of our Associates and friends will come down for service in Chapel, and formal opening of the school. There is a train from Toronto about one o'clock, reaching Oshawa a little after two. We will arrange for opening the school, and showing it to our kind friends during the afternoon, and (hoping for a bright, warm day) have tea upon the lawn, and then return to Toronto at about half-past eight o'clock. Due notice will be given, and we hope a large number of friends will show their interest by joining us in the Chapel in this formal Dedication of our school work.

The ladies of the congregation of S. George's Church, Oshawa, have asked for the use of our grounds at the College, for a Garden Party, which will be held on Wednesday, the 22nd inst. We are glad to be able to lend the grounds during school holidays, to those who have given us so kind a welcome amongst them, and who are very ready to aid us in our great undertaking at the College.

Our plan of entertaining "summer boarders" at the Bishop Bethune College at Oshawa, has been helpful to our work there and also, we hope, pleasant for our friends who have come to us for a few weeks. Certainly it is a lovely place—the large, airy house, its wide surrounding veranda, and really beautiful and extensive grounds—restful for "grown-ups" and safe and amusing for the dear young children who have enjoyed its freedom and fresh air. They owe something of their pleasure indeed, to our good friends and neighbours, who vie with each other in shewing kind attention to our guests. A very great delight it is to accept kind invitations from Mrs. Cowan, whose garden and greenhouse are a continual interest, and whose charming plan of giving some members of our party a drive through the surrounding country is thoroughly appreciated by all. Then kind Mr. Hindes (whose pretty English cart literally holds "more than you can put into it") seems to delight in a very large party of very young people whom he drives to the beach, and takes thence for a row upon the Lake. When the merry party returns—I am afraid it is nine o'clock and moonlight, before they do return—they are deeply impressed with

the extreme shortness of the evening and the great kindness of Mr. Hindes, and all agree in the hope that they may go again to-morrow! The kind Rector and Mrs. Talbot have also aided in giving pleasure to those of our pupils who reside at the College during the holidays. The children had a pleasant evening at the Rectory, enjoying the change of scene and companionship.

THE CHURCH HOME.

Pleasantly situated on John Street, with its bay windows overshadowed by large shade trees, stands the new Church Home for the Aged. Many of the readers of the MESSENGER will remember the old Home which had its inception on Larch Street, and where for six years it quietly fulfilled its mission of providing for the needs of both soul and body of the old people who there found their home. But in May the Home, was removed to this larger and more commodious building, where it is now fairly established, and is in every way a happy and comfortable home for the many dear old people, who, having lost their own homes and dear ones, through adverse circumstances, need the care and attention which loving hands alone can give, and money cannot procure. It is also conveniently situated, being within five minuits walk both of S. George's Church and the electric cars. At the back of the house there is a piece of land which has been made into quite an attractive, if a useful garden, by one of the inmates, who, whilst working faithfully for the benefit of the Home, has found real pleasure and satisfaction therein.

There are now resident two Sisters, an Associate, who is an invaluable helper, and fifteen inmates, with capacity for ten more—but before many others can be accommodated their rooms must be furnished. Manifold are the gifts which have been received at the Home this summer, sent by those who have known of, and are interested in it, but still the Sisters would be very grateful for that carpet, or stair carpet, which has been replaced by a better, that small table, that unused bureau, that old fashioned looking-glass, or any other article which has been laid aside as having fulfilled its purpose, but which would, when oiled and varnished, look quite fresh in its new abode.

And indeed help is needed in every department of this work of the Sisters, for there is the mortgage to be paid, the interest to be kept up, and much of the house to be furnished, beside the running expenses of the Home, and now the autumn is drawing

nigh, and soon the winter's fuel will need to be laid in. So who can be surprised at the anxiety often felt by the Sisters as to how these claims are to be met. And yet this work is a much needed one, and should appeal to many generous natures living in their own homes, surrounded by every comfort, if not luxury; for it meets a want long felt by the less fortunate ones, from whom our dear LORD in His infinite love and wisdom has removed those who would have cared for them—a home where elderly ladies and gentlemen, with small means, may be provided with the comforts and care of home life, united with the privileges of the Church.

Of the two Sisters, who live at the Home, one works in S. George's Parish, visiting the sick and needy, working up the Fuel Club, in charge of the Children's Sewing School, Mothers' Meeting, etc., and the other in S. Margaret's Parish, and as the winter advances it is hoped that some practical use may be made of the Mission and Guild rooms, which are in the basement of the Home.

Nor would it be possible in this connection to omit speaking of the Chapel, wherein twice in the week is celebrated the Holy Eucharist, in which all may join who will (and very many do avail themselves of this great privilege) for which they are indebted to the rectors of S. Margaret's and S. George's Churches, and also wherein the inmates have an opportunity of offering their daily sacrifice of prayer and praise.

Oh that the hearts of some might be touched to forward the cause, the comfort and the happiness of the Aged—those who, having finished their lives' work, have but to wait His time. The children, the poor, the sick, the convalescent, the incurables are all so well provided for in this our beautiful city, but the Aged, who in so many cases, after spending their lives in working for others, are left to take care of themselves as best they may whilst waiting for that last message so often longed for, "The Master has come, and is calling for thee."

The Sisters are very grateful to Mrs. Coleman for a continuous supply of buns and rolls which, most kindly, are sent weekly to both Hospital and Church Home, and are greatly appreciated in both places. Mrs. Coleman is an old friend of the Sisterhood, and shows no sign of change in her friendship and goodwill, which take so practical and valuable a form. Perhaps there is no greater encouragement to the Sisters in their busy labours, than the evidence of unceasing affection and goodwill on the part of so many kind friends, who have steadfastly during the past nine years shown sympathy in the Sisters' lives, and helpfulness in their work.

HOSPITAL NOTES.

At last we can record the completion of our Chapel, in as far as we hope to finish for the present, and it is fully as satisfactory as we have expected. The proportions are good, and the open roof beautiful, whilst the lofty height shows the memorial screen to the best advantage. This was much admired in the old chapel, and has always been a delight to us ; but we never knew how really beautiful it is until placed in its permanent home. The window above the Altar, also a memorial, is seen to greater advantage than before. The addition to our house is in all respects what we desire, whilst the new ward which takes up the space formerly used as a chapel, is uncommonly bright and cheerful. The painted walls and panelled ceiling with plenty of air and sunshine, combine to render the ward very attractive. It contains nine beds, and within a month we hope to have them all furnished and ready for occupation. The seven small rooms hitherto occupied by hospital attendants, are being painted and furnished suitably for the reception of patients, so that we shall not have to refuse so many, or keep patients waiting as we were obliged to do last year. There is a pleasant, bright room on the same floor, which will be used as sitting and dining room for these patients. The " lift " has been raised one story, and supplied with a hydraulic engine. It has hitherto been the heaviest work we had to pull it up by ropes, and has been out of order from time to time. We shall therefore appreciate more the added comfort and convenience, and the lightened labour.

An unknown friend, Mr. Robert Cockburn, has lately left us a bequest of \$1,000 for our Hospital—a most welcome gift, helping so largely to relieve us of indebtedness on our additional building this year.

The Clergy of S. John's Church, Peterborough, have sent us \$1.75, an Offertory from an early Celebration, a gift to be repeated from time to time, and for which we are most grateful.

The Bishop Strachan School opens on September 6th quite full. We understand that here, as with the Sisters at Oshawa, the applicants outnumbered the school accommodation, and the Lady Principal has reluctantly been obliged to refuse pupils. During the Holidays the Lady Principal and Miss Isabel Grier have visited the World's Fair, and brought home many a picture of interest and instruction to describe to their pupils. The grounds are looking their best, and that is saying much, for the lawns, flower-beds, and noble trees are always beautiful. The old pupils must be gladdened on returning, and the new girls surprised to find such surroundings of their school life.

FURNISHING OF NEW WARD IN S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

The following subscriptions have been received per Miss Langton for furnishing a new room to be called "St. Anne's," endowed as a memorial, for the use of a gentlewoman of narrow means. Hitherto this memorial bed has been in one of the double wards, but it will now have a small private room alone.

Miss Langton.....\$10 00	Mrs. W. Wilcox Baldwin.... 5 00
M. M. Boyd, Esq..... 25 00	Mrs. H. C. Hammond..... 2 00
Mrs. J. H. Plummer 10 00	Mrs. E. H. Duggan..... 2 00
Mrs. F. E. Hodgins..... 3 00	Mrs. Langton..... 2 00
Mrs. G. F. Burton..... 5 00	Miss Mowat..... 2 00
Mrs. Snelling 1 00	E. & M. A. L..... 3 00
Mrs. Bedford Jones..... 5 00	\$75.00

TO ENDOW A HOSPITAL BED.

We are endeavouring to raise sufficient money for the endowment of a bed in a Private Ward at S. John's Hospital. By this means the rest, or medical care, needed by many ladies of limited means, and which their circumstances render unattainable, will be placed within their reach. Those who understand what bright and pleasant surroundings can do to alleviate sickness will, we feel sure, sympathize with us in our work, and do all in their power towards the attainment of our object. Small sums may be sent in stamps to the undersigned. Anything more than a dollar will be acknowledged by postal card.

HENRIETTA PECK,
Ashburnham, Peterborough.

The following statement of amounts collected by Miss H. Peck towards the endowment of a bed in S. John's Hospital, Toronto, has been handed in for publication. There is now deposited in the Bank of Commerce to the credit of the fund \$165.98, and Miss Peck has \$1.00 on hand. This makes \$166.98, made up as follows:—

Collected by personal canvass.....	\$ 92 00
Collected by circulars [\$54.38] less cost of printing, postage, etc. [\$11.10]	43 28
Collected by Miss Constance Body.....	2 00
Holy Communion Offertory, 25th June, 8.30 a.m., S. John's Church, Peterborough	2 29
Profit from garden party at Mrs. H. T. Strickland's, Ashburnham ..	22 82
Interest allowed by Bank.....	4 59
	\$166 98

ASSOCIATES' RETREAT.

The annual Associates' Retreat at the Bishop Strachan School, early in July, was conducted, as last year, by Father Benson. Those who were present have expressed their gratitude for the great help and strength gained during those few days of retirement, and we hope next year and every succeeding year, to see an increasing number of Church-women availing themselves of this great spiritual privilege. It is not intended exclusively for Associates, but for *all* who desire thus to come apart and rest awhile from the hurry and turmoil of their busy life in the world, that they may have time to look into the state of their spiritual life, and harken to the words of help, of warning, and of encouragement, which our LORD has to speak to every listening soul. Those alone who have been privileged to enjoy these seasons of spiritual rest and refreshment can tell what help and strength is to be derived from them. The retired situation of the Bishop Strachan School, surrounded as it is by beautiful shady grounds, makes it one of the most desirable places which could be chosen for these retreats.

Do you, dear reader, in your comfortable home and surrounded by all GOD has given and blessed to you, blame Him that He has provided for the heart-wants of other? Can you find fault with Him because, having made for you life beautiful and your cup of blessing to run over, He has allowed others to share in His labours and given them out of His cup of suffering to drink? To you a saintly life is not denied, and you may grow in union with Him by all He has given you to love; do not hinder those who would be united to Him by ministering of their substance and following Him to His Cross. Your married estate has been enobled by CHRIST and enriched by His grace, be diligent in correspondingly with it and not troubled by the Master's different call to another. "If I will that He tarry till I come what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

"Each, as they stand in their appointed lot
 And seek to do His bidding—here,
 Bravely set upon the right and noble duty
 'Midst earthly struggle; or 'neath the sheltered roof-tree
 Training with patient care the children of His love;
 Or, in the cloistered home, where prayer and service
 Blending make continual praise,—each will of
 The Master gain their blest reward."—*Extract from "Vocation."*

THE CROSS OF FLOWERS.

With Cross pressed close to my aching heart,
 A Cross that the dear LORD laid on me,
 Weeping I passed through earth's crowded mart,
 Treading its roughness wearily ;
 I could not look up to see the light,
 And around me was nothing but endless night.

As I stumbled along through the mire and dross
 There grew in the way Faith's blossoms pure.
 And I said : " I will bind them around my Cross,
 Its weight will be easier to endure ;"
 I bound them fast with links of prayer,
 And the bitter load seemed less to bear.

Then I found one day to my glad surprise
 In the path I was treading with patient feet,
 The flowers of Hope with their varied dyes,
 Blooming and shedding a fragrance sweet ;
 I gathered its clusters in eager haste,
 And the beautiful buds on my Cross I placed.

Peaceful and glad on my way I went,
 My Cross grew light as I passed along ;
 Towards the city of Rest my steps were bent,
 And, I sang as I journeyed, a pleasant song
 When beneath my feet rose a fragrance rare,
 And the blossoms of Joy perfumed the air.

I gathered and bound them with grateful tears
 To the burden my heart had learned to love :
 Forgotten were weariness, pain and tears,
 Bright was my path from the light above ;
 I felt for my Cross in those peaceful hours,
 And behold, there was nothing but fragrant flowers.

And some of the buds from those flowers of mine,
 That have made even grief so strangely sweet,
 And Angels of God in my Crown shall twine,
 When I lay the Cross at the dear LORD's feet.
 So I water and keep them with tireless care,
 That the Crown may be pure that my head shall wear.

—*Selected.*

" Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Wherein is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares,
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words and deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low !"

THE MESSAGE OF THE ROSE.

The August sun was shining. The rich, yellow corn was growing golden in the sun. The heavy ears swayed to and fro in the breeze, as if they knew their importance. If they felt proud of their fulness and beauty I can hardly wonder, for the farmers were constantly coming and looking at the corn-field ; and as they leaned over the gate, under the shadow of a great elm tree, they would praise the wheat, and say that they had never seen finer wheat before. I do not wonder, then, that the corn-field grew proud.

Close by the corn-field was a meadow, and at the corner of the meadow there stood, as I have said, a fine elm tree. The cattle had been feeding in the meadow, but now that the sun was hot, they were glad to gather for shelter underneath the shade of the elm tree. The sun grew hotter and hotter, and the cattle kept more closely under the shelter of the tree ; and the wheat ears grew richer and browner, and the corn-field felt prouder and prouder.

And at last, after the fashion of conceited people, the corn-field began to talk in that sort of complaining way, which is only another way of saying how much they have to do and how important they are.

"It is hot, hard work, bringing all these wheat ears to stature and growth. I am sure, except for the good it does, I should not take the trouble ; but of course one must not be always thinking of self."

"Yes," said the elm tree, "it is some consolation that we are not useless in the world."

"Well," returned the corn-field, "of course your case is different ; you are not called upon to toil as I am ; you can have no idea of the hard work food-producing plants have to go through. I almost envy—only that I like being of use—I almost envy your tranquil life. You are free from the anxiety of having others dependent on you."

"I do not know about that," said the elm, "I am not altogether so useless, I have my work to do, as well as you."

"But you don't mean to say that for a moment your work is as important as mine. Why, what would the village yonder do, if I did not work as I am doing? Half of them look to me for their food."

"That is true," said the elm ; "but these cattle would perish in the heat, and then the men and women would starve, unless I gave them the pleasant shelter of my strong arms."

"I don't think much of that," replied the corn-field. "Shelter is nothing compared with food, and pleasant shade is a poor substitute for the bread, which I give for the use of man. To my mind you are not much more use than the roses in the garden yonder. What do you think, little rose?"

"I think—oh I don't know much about such things, but I think that we all have some work to do, and that it does not much matter who does most, so long as we each do our own."

Then the corn-field and the elm tree laughed; but the rose blushed at the long speech which she had made; but she ceased to blush when the corn-field and elm tree joined together to deride her. I think they were glad to have some one to make fun of, or to quarrel with, it saved their quarrelling with one another, and to tell the truth, they were a little afraid of one another; but neither or them was afraid of the little rose; and so when they joined against her, they both thought themselves very courageous in attacking her as they did.

"What did you say?" cried the elm tree. "We have all our own work to do!" I wonder, you foolish, weak, little flower, what work you have to do?"

"Yes," echoed the corn-field; "but it is just like these conceited flowers, they think they are great people in the world."

"No, they don't live long enough to be of use," said the elm. "I wonder how many of them I have seen die."

"Besides," said the corn-field, "what does she do for men? She cannot make them strong and happy as I can."

"No," said the elm, "to be sure she can't, and she can't save them from catching their death through wet and cold, as I can, by my strong shelter." But the elm tree did not tell how once a huge branch of hers had been torn off by lightning, and had fallen on the head of a poor traveller who had taken shelter, and had killed him. No, of course she did not tell that story. She joined the corn-field in telling the rose that she was conceited and useless, and had never made any man, woman, or child happier or stronger.

The poor rose was very sad; for, like many others, she did wish to be of some little use in the world. Presently the bee came humming by, and gathered honey from the rose, and as he gathered it, he whispered in the rose tree's ear, and told her that not the corn-field nor the stateliest tree could give her the sweet gifts which she gave him.

So when he went humming merrily away to the hive the rose tree felt less sad, for she knew that she was not wholly useless in the world; but still she longed to be of service to the men, women, and children, and soon all her roses were plucked

and the bee came in vain, humming over the leaves ; there was no sweet store left for him ; and the rose tree felt indeed, that she was no use at all, So she said to the bee : " Poor friend, I have no sweetness left for you. I am but a useless thing."

" No, no," said the bee ; " you stay here and you know little of what goes on in the great big world, but I move about, and I see plenty, I know that you are not useless, but that you have made glad the hearts of many. Why, this morning I flew through a pleasant room where I saw bright faced children at breakfast ; they were very happy ; and I saw them eating the honey you had helped to make ; and I saw, too, in a vase in the middle of the table, one of your roses smiling at the children ; and as they came into the room, one by one, they said, ' Oh, what a lovely rose ! ' and I saw more than that," said the bee, " I saw a man in the church-yard, and he had a handful of your roses in his hand, and he went to a little grass-covered grave, and he tenderly placed the roses on the soft turf ; his face was very sad ; but I think, when he saw your roses smiling over the grave, that his heart was a little less sad."

So the bee tried to comfort the rose tree and to show her that her flowers had done some good. And it was quite true : the flowers had done good, and far more good than either the bee or the rose tree ever knew. To show you how this was so, I must tell you another little story.

The people were flowing through the streets of a great town. There is nothing so sad, I think, as the sight of the multitudes who may be seen hurrying along the crowded thoroughfares, all eager to get their work, or their pleasure, done ; and all feeling so lonely in the midst of it. For some do feel very lonely indeed, for their friends are not in London, but away in the far counties—perhaps at the Land's End, where the grand, purple sea leaps up over the gloriously coloured rocks, and shakes the wild flowers that grow upon the edge of the cliffs—perhaps in the quiet peaceful country villages of Bedfordshire and Herts, where the gentle meadows and trees look fresh and bright, and where the pretty cottage gardens are aglow with flowers—or perhaps in the flat, grassy country of Cambridge or Huntingdon, where beautiful lawn-like grass and rich hued flowers grow—and they feel lonely indeed, when they think of the pleasant fields, or the sweet homes and kind friends far away. For these crowds of people and these miles of streets and houses have nothing very homelike for those whose thoughts of home are in distant villages amid the grass and the trees and the flowers.

Those whose homes are in the country often get very homesick in London ; perhaps they feel saddest, and pine most for a

glimpse of the fields and faces they love, when they cannot get about because they are ill.

This was the case with one little boy. His home was away in a pleasant country where fields and trees and gentle hills had been his companions. The home he came from was a pretty cottage, with a trim little garden full of rose trees. He knew them all by name. The rich red rose that grew so strong and smelt so sweet, and the fair white rose, so gentle and pure and fragrant ; but now he is far away from the sight of the grass, and the fragrance of the flowers. He can only look through the window of the large room where he lies and see the smoke-hued bricks of the opposite houses ; he hears no more the light, joyous note of the nightingale, or the glad cry of the cuckoo ; he can only hear the roar of the streets, the rumble of carts and carriages and the shouting of the drivers, the shriek of the steam engine, and the dull, vibrating sound of the heavy underground train. He is very homesick. He puts away the picture books : he has conned them over and over again, he knows every picture : the stately old fashioned Elizabethan house with the dark trees around it, the group of people at the hall door, and the gentleman who has never succeeded in helping the lady to mount her horse ; the men who have been sitting so long in the village stocks ; the rich clusters of gaudily painted grapes and peaches that look so unlike real fruit ; the house where Bunyan was born ; the finish of the horse race which is never finished ; the portrait of the Lord Mayor ; the empty chair of great man who has died ; the Dutch people skating ; the claret jug presented to Colonel Snagsby. Oh ! he is quite weary of a those pictures ; he knows them all, and he knows that they will always be the same. The life is so lonely and so dull ; the air is so heavy, and the sunlight seems hot as it never was in the country. It is true that the building in which he now lies is much larger than his own home ; that the people in it are kind, very kind, and that every morning the doctors come round and look carefully at him, and use all the skill, and all the knowledge, and all the kindness which GOD has given them, to make him better, and he needs their care. He had once been strong and active—running about with the village boys—climbing the trees, and gathering the flowers. But, somehow, something had gone wrong ; his limbs had not grown straight, but strangely twisted, and his feet seemed to lose their power. His face began to grow pale, and his body, once brisk and stout, was thin and meagre ; and he could only sit at the cottage door, watch the growth of the red and white roses, or look wistfully at the strong limbed village lads as they chased one another

over the fields or across the village green. His mother and sister would come and sit with him in the evening ; and sometimes his mother would say : " Oh ! My poor boy ! I wish I could take you up to London where some of the famous doctors could make you well." This was his dream and his mother's too. The idea of getting well, and the idea of going to London ; they were too good to be more than dreams. But at last the dreams came true. They were given an order to go to one of the London Hospitals, and so the little village lad found himself in the great building amid the great houses and long streets and the strange noises of London ; and then in the Hospital from ladies, nurses and doctors he met with nothing but kindness. Still, he could not help being homesick, and he could not help wishing to have some token of the sweet country ; something to remind him of home. One day a new light seemed to rush into the long room where his cot was placed. It was not that the sun had grown stronger, but a glorious mass of rich colours came in, and fair hands were breaking up the mass and bringing little bouquets of flowers to the children, and making the whole place bright and fragrant. To him were brought a few roses, white and red, and the tears glistened in his eyes and his hand trembled as he took them. Oh ! home, home, where love and trust make a dwelling ! O sweet home flowers, which carry a home smile with them ! Why, the sweetness of these flowers brought before him so many glad home thoughts. The rose had fulfilled a mission and had made a human heart glad. The poor little rose tree far away little knew of the joy it had given to the poor little homesick fellow in the London Hospital. But one day something happened which all but told the rose tree the story. A straight-limbed, glad-faced boy came near. The boy had a book in his hand, and when he saw the rose tree he stopped. " See, mother," he said, " I do believe those roses are just the same as those I had in the Hospital ;" and he opened the book, and within the leaves of his Bible lay some flattened rose leaves. " There, mother, are they not the same kind ? Ah ! I keep them here ; they were so good to me. They brought a home-look and a home-smile to me when I was in the Hospital. They did make me glad, and now I keep the still sweet dead leaves here to remind me of the good GOD who gave me back my strength, and of the kind and good people who thought of me and brought me these sweet things to cheer me and to talk to me of home."

And so the little rose tree was glad ; her fragrance breathed forth more sweetly than before, and the dark elm tree and the broad corn-field, who had heard the boy's words, almost envied

the rose tree's mission, for they felt that they had no power to do what the poor despised flower had done. They could shelter from heat, or give food to the bodies of men ; but the rose had sent refreshment and gladness to the heart. So they never chided the rose tree any more ; they learned that the rose was right, when she said, " We have all our work to do, it does not much matter what we do so long as it is what we are sent to do."

That is the true moral of the story. It does not so much matter who does the greatest things so long as we each do what we have to do—and even the smallest has something to do in this great and beautiful world of GOD. I do not believe that the smallest and shyest little flower that nestled in the meadow, has ever grown in vain, and I do not believe that the smallest and shyest child need live in vain. If you think, children, that you can do nothing, think of the rose tree. You are not strong like men, or wise-thoughted like women, but men and women and children are sent here to do good. Men, like the corn-fields, win the bread for the homes ; women, like the elm tree, give sweet shelter to the weary and tired men ; and the children, like GOD's flowers, may make glad the hearts of those who look upon them. To be kind, to be loving, to be pure minded, to fill life with beauty and fragrance like the flowers—they are not useless who so live, for so CHRIST grew from childhood to manhood, with sweet ways, and wise, kind patience, making His Mother glad. This is not useless. This good never fades. The flower fadeth, but its beauty remains a joy after it has faded, and the good, kind deeds, the sweet, simple loving ways, and the pure words of childhood are undying.

The soul loses command of itself when it is impatient. Whereas when it submits without a murmur it possesses itself in peace and possesses GOD. To be impatient, is to desire what we have not, or not to *desire* what we have. When we acquiesce in an evil, it is no longer such. Why make a real calamity of it by resistance? Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul. We may possess it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence even in disagreeable things, not in exemption from bearing them.—*Feuilon*.

Many of our friends make a practice of sending us from time to time bundles of cast off clothing for distribution to the poor, and at all seasons we are most grateful for them.

Church Home.

DONATIONS,

Mr. Hebden.....	5 00
Per Miss Acres.....	8 00
Dr. Montizambert.....	10 00
Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet....	5 00
Per Rev. Canon Cayley.....	25 85
Samuel Taylor.....	50 00
Miss Acres.....	1 00
Miss Leman.....	1 00
Miss Nina Holland.....	13 00
Miss H. G. Patton.....	1 00
S. Stephen's Offertory.....	16 08
Miss Heathcote, England...	10 00
Mrs. Moore, (sp. for floors)..	10 00
<hr/>	
Mrs. Cayley, eggs.	\$155 93
Mrs. Montizambert, cake and	\$2.00.
Miss Walker, \$2.00.	
Miss Wynn, clothing.	
Mrs. Cayley, clothing.	
Mrs. Thompson, clothing.	
Mrs. Loudon, clothing.	
Mr. Markland, clothing.	
Miss Bates, clothing,	
Mrs. Henderson, cretonne, etc.	
Mrs. A. Plummer, cretonne, etc.	
Mrs. Toms, crockery, etc.	
Mrs. Nelson, plants,	
Miss Judd, wild flowers.	
Mrs. Montizambert, jelly and soup	
several times.	
Miss Walker, knitted shawl.	
Miss Lightbourne, flowers.	
Mrs. McCullough, jam, books, and	
clothing.	
Mrs. Kenrick, illustrated papers.	
Mrs. Baines, illustrated papers.	
Miss Watkins, illustrated papers and	
books.	
Mrs. Cayley, pr. slippers and pillow	
case.	
Mrs. Gosling, charwoman for 2 days.	
Mrs. Crowley, clothing.	
Mrs. Gurthrey, clothing.	
A Friend, clothing.	
Miss Langdon, clothing.	
Miss Davies, clothing and sundries.	
Miss Walker, box of thread.	
Mr. Spencer, clothing.	
Mrs. Wood, clothing and carpet.	

Mrs. Kenrick, curtains and carpet.
 Miss Bates, sodding front of Home.
 Mrs. Campbell, house linen.
 S. Mark's S.S., 81 packets of groceries.
 Mrs. Howland, shank of beef.
 Mr. Fellows, meat and vegetables weekly.
 Mr. Jones, meat weekly.
 Mrs. Hill, cake.
 Mrs. F. Cayley, bureau.
 A Friend, mattress, cretonne, etc.
 Mrs. Cameron, books and papers.
 Mrs. Cayley, fruit and cake.
 Mrs. Vankoughnet, cretonne curtains, pictures, 12 baskets strawberries
 Mrs. McCullough, sugar.
 Mrs. Wood, strawberries.
 Rev. C. Ingles, crate of strawberries.
 Mrs. Stovel, strawberries.
 Mrs. Walter Cassells, 6 jars of jam.
 Mrs. Miles, \$1.00 for flowers.
 Mr. Hughes, painting doorsteps.
 Mrs. Cayley, 2 bureaus, table, 2 looking glasses.
 Mr. Winter, load of manure.
 Miss Davis, crockery, odds and ends.
 Mrs. Moore, 12 baskets strawberries.
 S. George's Church S. S. pic-nic, buns, etc.
 S. Margaret's Church S.S. pic-nic, buns, etc.
 S. Mark's S.S. pic-nic, buns, cake, etc.
 Mrs. John Kemp, meat and vegetables weekly.
 Mrs. Coleman, buns weekly.
 Anonymous, 6 baskets raspberries.
 Mrs. Wood, potatoes, groceries, etc.
 Mrs. Reese, preserves.
 Miss Beaty, clothing.
 Miss Langton, clothing and books.
 Mr. Fellows, meat very often.
 Mrs. Melbourne, raspberry preserves.
 Mr. Nicols, vegetables.
 Mr. Holden, lamb.
 Mrs. Cayley, looking glass.
 Mrs. Wilcox Baldwin, curtains, etc.
 Miss Gamble, clothing.
 Mrs. Frances, kitchen dresser.
 Mrs. Jas. Plummer, basket of plums.
 Mrs. J. R. Cartwright, do.
 Anon, bundle of clothing.

Among the many gifts for which we have to thank our kind friends and Associates, is a very fine salmon, sent us by Mrs. Moore, during our retreat in July. We are reminded continually by some such kind act of the thoughtful love of our friends, both the gifts and the love which prompts them, are very gratefully appreciated by us.

S. John's Hospital.

BUILDING FUND.			
Miss Fanny Carey	\$5 00	McFarlane Shade factory ..	1 00
Per Miss F. Carey	2 00	Moss, Barwick & French....	5 00
Miss Winifred Wootryche ..	5 00	James Robertson & Co.....	5 00
Mrs. Driscoll	2 45	Davidson & Hayes	5 00
Per Mrs. Kemp, W.I.	4 00	Warren, Boomer & Co.....	2 00
Associates' Fees.....	45 85	Per Miss Docker—	
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ridout..	5 00	Mr. Walker	25
Miss L. O. Ireland	5 00	Mr. Munshaw.....	25
Mrs. Cayley	5 00	Dr. Winder.....	25
Per Miss Langton, (special		Mrs. Mendon	25
for furnishing)	75 00	Mr. Rosbrugh	25
A friend	15 00	Mr. Mumford.....	25
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith	2 00	Dr. Peters	5 00
Miss May Saunders	5 00	Mrs. Geo. C. Rogers	1 00
Per Mrs. Delamore	21 00	Mrs. Allison	25
Miss Mary Campbell	10 00	A Judge	25
Miss Jane McGann	2 00	Miss Marmion	25
A friend	2 05	Mr. Simpson	50
A friend	1 25	Dr. H. H. Oldwright	1 00
Per Miss McMullen	5 00	Mrs. Worts.....	1 00
Miss Nellie Hoffinger	1 00	Mrs. Rees.....	1 00
Per Miss Haycraft	8 00	Under 25c.	40
A friend	1 00	Mrs. Way (Barrie).....	1 00
Mary E. Strathy	10 00	Miss Raikes (Barrie).....	1 00
Mrs. Golding	2 00	Miss Way	2 25
Mr. Gander	5 00	Mrs. J. Cameron (Stayner)..	1 00
		Per Mrs. Roger—	
	\$238 60	Mrs. Larratt Smith	5 00
		G. A. Mackenzie	3 00
INTEREST		A. R. McKinlay.....	2 00
Miss H. Walker (Quebec) ..	\$12 00	Dr. Baldwin	2 00
Per Miss Acres	6 75	Mrs. Stress.....	1 00
Mrs. Henderson.....	3 00	A friend	50
		F. J. Jackes.....	50
	\$21 75	E. Fiske.....	1 00
		Mrs. Beverly	2 00
ENDOWED BEDS.		" Hoskin.....	1 00
M.C.L. (special for furnish-		" Williamson.....	1 00
ing)	40 00	" Burnside	50
M.C.L. per Miss Payne....	50 00	Rev. T. W. Patterson	2 00
Margaret Fitzgerald bed ..	37 50	Per Mrs. Murray—	
Milicent Memorial Bed....	37 50	Friends (three)	75
Mrs. Howard's Bed	50 00	Mrs. E. Chrickmore.....	50
		Mrs. Saunders	25
	\$215 00	Friends (five)	1 20
		Mrs. Kenny	25
MAINTENANCE.		A. Milliken	35
Per Mrs. Kemp, H. E. Walker	\$5 00	Mrs. Forster	25
" " Collected, ..	6 00	Mrs. Smiley	25
A. and A. Allan	5 00	Per Mrs. Cayley—	
Jones Bros., and McKenzie..	10 00	Mrs. Kendrick	5 00
T. K. Kerr	5 00	Miss Kendrick	1 00
Mr. Clarkson	5 00	Miss Wood	2 00
A friend	1 90	Per Mrs. Hutton (Sharbot	
Cash.....	2 00	Lake)	2 00
D. T. Symons	1 00	Per Mrs. A. E. Plummer—	
Heintzman & Co.	5 00	Mrs. Ball.....	1 00

Mrs. F. I. Phillips.....	1 00
Mrs. Rose	1 00
Mrs. Charles Fleming	1 00
A friend	1 00
A. E. Plummer	10 00
Per Mrs. Dykes—	
Friends (seventeen)	4 45
P. Dykes.....	1 00
Mrs. Pemberton Page	50
Mrs. Hogaboom	1 00
Mrs. Q. S. Williams.....	50
" J. S. Bond	50
" H. C. Bond	50
" Shenstone	1 00
" Aylesworth.....	50
" Lowndes	50
" J. Bertram	50
" Elmore Harris	1 00
" Atrill	50
" A. H. Baldwin	25
" Fred Millar.....	50
" Heinsworth.....	50
" Henry Thompson.....	2 00
" Todd	25
" Clarke	50
" A. M. Ross.....	1 00
" F. Rolph.....	50
" E. B. Brown	50
" Ellis	25
" F. Davidson	25
" A. A. Larken	10
" Argles	25
" Perram	50
" Shortise	50
G. Loudon	25
— Darrach.....	25
M. E. Bowers.....	25
Mrs. Horsey	25
" Harper.....	25
M. F. Baldwin	2 00
Per Mrs. Montizambert—	
M. Crombie	10 00
Miss Walker	20 00
W. Blachford.....	5 00
Mrs. F. Montizambert	60 00
R. Simpson.....	2 00
Kent Bros.....	1 00
Two friends	1 00
Ryrie Bros.....	2 00
W. Gill	2 00
Mrs. Cleghorn	2 00
R. Gamble	5 00
H. Bethune.....	1 00
C. Bogart	1 00
M. S. Bogart	1 00
Mr. Michie	1 00
C. Allan	1 00
W. Williamson	1 00
P. W. Clark	1 00

G. Colman	1 00
F. Jahn	1 00
Per Mrs. Edmund Osler—	
Mrs. E. B. Osler	15 00
Rev. Street Macklem.....	15 00
Mrs. Beccher	25 00
Miss Macklem.....	20 00
Mr. Oliver Macklem	2 00
J. Hodgins	2 00
W. Croft.....	1 00
R. Jenkins.....	50
R. Darling	1 00
Mrs. J. Henderson.....	10 00
Mrs. J. J. Follett	50
Mrs. T. M. Howland	50
Per Mrs. Campbell—	
Mrs. A. F. Campbell	3 00
" Cumberland	1 00
Miss Cumberland.....	50
Miss E. J. Perkins.....	1 00
Mrs. Stove	25
" Northcote	50
J. P. Bond	50
Mrs. Watlington	1 00
Dr. Spilsbury.....	50
Mrs. Close	25
" Macpherson	25
Three friends	90
Mr. Gunter	10
" O'Brian	25
An Indian servant.....	25
Mrs. Henderson.....	50
" Rogers	2 00
S. L. D.	25
Miss Davis	1 00
Mrs. Anderson	25
Two friends.....	60
Mrs. Lee.....	50
A. B.....	50
Miss Houghton	25
Mrs. Dyson.....	25
Five friends.....	1 35
Widow.....	10
Miss McMaster	3 00
Mrs. Hayter	1 00
" Beavers	25
" G. Harman	1 00
" Vankoughnet	5 00
C. Fellows	50
Mrs. Maclaurin.....	25
" Tempest	20
Per Miss Moffatt—	
Mrs. Esten	1 00
" Thompson	50
" Hamilton	1 00
" R. Gamble	1 00
" Gzowski	1 00
" Fitzgerald	1 00
Small sums.....	1 55

Per Miss Birchall—

M. S. McGee	50
Three friends	1 50
J. Langtry	1 00
Mrs. Walker	50
" H. Piper	1 00
" Ryerson	1 00
R. G. Morton	1 00
Mrs. H. C. Hammond	1 00
" Walter Cassels	1 00
" MacLeod Moore	50
" J. A. Lash	1 00
" Nesbitt	1 00
M. C. Campbell	2 00
Mrs. Birchall	1 00
Small sums	1 00

Per Miss Heacraft—

R. Barron	1 00
W. H. Norden	1 00
Small sums	2 05
H. Beck, Esq.	5 00

Per Miss Roper—

Mrs. Lukes	4 00
" Dymond	5 00
Miss Roper	4 00
Mrs. Preston	50
" McMichael	5 00
" Totten	1 00
" Galt	3 00
Miss Kendall	1 00
Mr. Gwynne	1 00
" Irwin	50
Miss Sawyer	1 00
Mrs. Francis	2 00
" F. Arnoldi	1 00
" Medland	2 00
" Sullivan	1 00
" Blight	50
" Martin	1 00
" Hewat	1 00
" Case	2 00
" How	50
" Scott	50

Miss Scott	50
Mrs. Warwick	3 00
Small sums	1 10
Dr. Caesar	3 00

Per Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Hallen, England	66 45
S. W. Hallen	5 00
Per. Rev. C. B. Kenrick, S. John's, Peterboro'	1 75

Per Mrs. Larratt Smith—

Mrs. A. J. Johnson	5 00
" McLaughlin	1 00
A friend	1 00
Mr. Giles	50
Two friends	1 00
Mrs. Brown	50
" Foy	25

Mrs. Hoag	25
" Oram	50
" Nicks	50
Four friends	1 50

Per Mrs. Canavan -

Mrs. Baker	13 60
Miss Hewart	3 00
" Kennedy	2 85
" Oxenham	78
A friend	55
Mrs. Canavan	2 00
Mr. Eden Smith	10 00

Per Miss Vivian—

Cecil street	7 20
Baldwin street	85
D'Arcey street	1 66
S. Patrick street	55
Grange Ave.	75

Per Mrs. Carter

Per Mrs. Carter	12 00
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" " Dykes

" " Dykes	3 80
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" " J. Henderson

" " J. Henderson	28 65
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P. Jamieson

P. Jamieson	1 00
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Annie McAndrew

Annie McAndrew	50
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Mrs. H. Ryan

Mrs. H. Ryan	50
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" Ellis

" Ellis	1 00
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" Brodie

" Brodie	50
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" T. Thompson

" T. Thompson	1 00
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" Massey

" Massey	50
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" Bath

" Bath	25
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" Dunstan

" Dunstan	50
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" A. Meredith

" A. Meredith	25
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" Scott

" Scott	50
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Anon.

Anon.	10
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Mrs. Herchfelder

Mrs. Herchfelder	1 00
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" Fuller

" Fuller	1 00
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" J. Stark

" J. Stark	1 00
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Miss Cassels

Miss Cassels	50
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Mrs. J. Cawthra

Mrs. J. Cawthra	5 00
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Miss Reid

Miss Reid	50
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Mrs. Forsythe Grant

Mrs. Forsythe Grant	2 00
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Friends

Friends	1 25
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Mrs. A. Harvey

Mrs. A. Harvey	1 00
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Mrs. Eastwood

Mrs. Eastwood	25
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" J. H. Thorn

" J. H. Thorn	1 00
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" Hooper

" Hooper	1 00
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" W. Smith

" W. Smith	1 00
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" Mitchell

" Mitchell	25
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" Brondgeest

" Brondgeest	50
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" Burgess

" Burgess	1 00
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" Burns

" Burns	1 00
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Two friends

Two friends	50
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Mrs. Hamilton

Mrs. Hamilton	1 00
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J. L. Craig

J. L. Craig	25
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Mrs. Meredith

Mrs. Meredith	1 00
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" Waldie

" Waldie	1 00
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" Warren

" Warren	1 00
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" Kirkland

" Kirkland	3 00
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S. Stephen's Offertory

S. Stephen's Offertory	5 55
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\$664 88

Collected by Mrs. Maclean Howard for Sisterhood S.J.D., August 31st, 1893:

R. H. Bethune	40 00
Mrs. Maclean Howard.....	8 00
A. Maclean Howard.....	5 00
Mrs. G. Smith (England) ...	5 00
Miss M. K. Caulfield	5 00
Miss Maclean Howard.....	5 00
Mrs. Williamson.....	5 00
Mrs. R. J. Gooderham.....	5 00

John Catto	5 00
J. R. R.....	5 00
Mrs. Horace Thorne.....	3 00
Mrs. Bunting.....	2 00
Mrs. J. H. Mason.....	2 00
Miss L. M. Howard.....	2 00
Miss Langarlad.....	1 00
Mrs. Elliott (Carleton Place)	1 00
Mrs. S. G. Wood	1 00

\$100 00

The approach of Autumn reminds us of the severe cold we may expect in two or three months now, and more eagerly than ever we appeal for continued and increased supplies. Our spheres of mission work increase each year; our mothers' meetings and sewing schools in three Parishes bring us in contact with an ever-widening circle of really poor and ill-clad but respectable people, both old and young. Men's clothing especially we ask for; it is so difficult to get and yet so continually required. Will any one help us with our fuel and blanket club at Seaton Village, through the coming winter? Work has been scarce, and money is far from plentiful among the labouring classes, many of our members have been able to spare very little so far to put by for the cold weather, after struggling to pay up arrears in house rent, grocery bills, etc. We would like this winter to be able to keep one or two ton of coal in the Mission house, to be given in small quantities in cases of real distress; we felt the need of some such provision very much last winter, for the dealers will not deliver less than a quarter ton, and in many instances a smaller quantity might have been given in cases where serious illness rendered immediate help necessary. Many of our poor live out of the reach of the city charities. Groceries also, of a kind useful in sickness, or where there are very young children, would be very thankfully received. A great deal of suffering came under our notice last winter, which we were not able to relieve as we wished for want of these things.

"In ordinary life contact with nobler natures arouses the feeling of unused power, and quickens the consciousness of responsibility. And when union with the Son of Man, the SON of GOD, is the basis of our religion, all these natural influences produce the highest conceivable effect. We each draw from fellowship with the perfect life that which our little life requires for its sustenance and growth."—*Extract from "Gospel of Life," Wescott.*

S. John's Messenger.

The following subscriptions to the MESSENGER have been received since the last issue :

Mrs. C. E. Montizambert.....	\$1 00	Mrs. Driscoll.....	2 00
Miss Robarts.....	1 00	Miss Hardinge	1 75
Miss Way	75	Miss Lett	1 00
Mrs. Armour	50	Miss Heathcote.....	75
Mr. E. Hallen.....	75	Mrs. Holmes.....	1 00
Miss Garlick	1 00	Mrs. M. E. Montgomery.....	75
Mrs. Smyth	1 00	Mrs. Roper.....	75
Mrs. MacCulloch.....	75	Mrs. Burns.....	75
Mrs. Maclean Howard.....	1 00	Mrs. Sewell.....	1 00
Rev. J. S. Howard.....	1 00	Mrs. Henry Thompson.....	25
Miss M. K. Caulfield	1 00	Jas. Henderson, Esq.....	1 00
Miss Willoughby	1 00	Mrs. Christopher Robinson....	1 00
Miss Featherstonehaugh.....	1 00.		



Sisterhood of S. John the Divine.



Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

Warden.—THE REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, D.D.

Chaplain.—THE REV. J. C. ROPER, M.A.

S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL,

MAJOR STREET.

Is for the treatment of the Diseases of Women. There are three endowed beds for free patients, a ward of ten beds where \$3 per week is charged. Also semi-private wards where the charge is \$6 and \$7 per week. A bed is endowed for a gentlewoman in reduced circumstances. Private rooms at \$10, \$12, and \$15 per week. Very shortly there will be seventeen more beds ready for occupation at very moderate charges. All denominations are received.



CHURCH HOME FOR THE AGED,

169 AND 171 JOHN STREET.

A comfortable Home for Men and Women in old age and reduced circumstances, where married couples may spend the closing years of life without the loneliness of separation, and where lonely people may find companionship and tender care.



MISSION HOUSE,

JOHNSTON AVENUE, SEATON VILLAGE.

Two Sisters resident, working amongst the poor, visiting the sick, providing food, fuel and clothing where really needed. They hold Mothers' Meetings, Sewing School, invalid dinners, a daily dispensary, when a doctor is always in attendance, the Sisters making up prescriptions, etc. Also there are Fuel and Clothing Clubs.



S. JOHN'S HOUSE,

MAJOR STREET, TORONTO.

Church Work Room: Orders gladly received for all kinds of Church Embroidery, for Cassocks, Surplices, Banners, etc. Associate workers are warmly welcomed. A Sunday School for young children is held at three o'clock by the Sisters. A Bible Class for Woman is held on Fridays at half past four o'clock, by the Rev. J. C. Roper.



BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE,

OSHAWA, ONT.

A School for Girls, conducted by the Sisters of S. John the Divine. Fees from \$40 to \$50 per term. Prospectuses may be had on application to the Sisters.