

casually remarked. "I can do that," said the young priest, a good linguist and the son of a Hungarian officer; and so his sphere of mission work was determined. And to this little colony he has faithfully ministered, and it must have been a touching sight when the Bishop held a Confirmation amongst them, and their clergyman stood by translating the service as it proceeded to his little flock as he stood by the Bishop's side.

This devoted man at one time lived thirty miles from a town, and he described to us most graphically how one winter, the severity of which was exceptional, the snow was so deep and lay so long, that all intercourse with the town was cut off. At last all the provisions of the colony gave out. Nothing was left but the animals which they could kill for food. The young clergyman and his servant boy (who had volunteered to go out with him from the old country to share his hardships) determined to make an effort to reach the town and procure food for the colony. At six in the morning, having given away his last loaf of bread, they started, laden with the commissions and money of the little settlement. Till eleven that night, without tasting food, they struggled through the snow, three or four hours of the time being spent in digging out their horses. When they reached their journey's end they were so exhausted that they could not eat. Food purchased, the same weary and exhausting journey had to be accomplished to reach home.

How strong the bond between priest and people can become in these far-off places we can easily imagine. The man who not only ministers to us in sacred things, but who is ready to watch day and night by our sick bed, or to hazard his life to obtain for us the necessaries of life, must be endeared to us by a thousand tender but strong ties. "Life is," indeed, "a system of compensations." And when such as these come amongst us and ask us to raise for them, say £200, a sum given without hesitation for the decoration of a single room, or for a small drawing for our already well covered walls, it is marvellous how we hesitate and give it with a niggard hand, out of our comforts and our abundance. We cannot take up the cross ourselves as these men do, it is too heavy for our shoulders. Can we not at least ease their burden a little, by offerings of our money, who patiently and uncomplainingly, after returning to the comforts of our homes and lives, set their faces "steadfastly" like their Master, to return to the cold and nakedness and hardships of their adopted country, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ?

C. C. L.

---

### BOOKS.

Our appeal for books has been very kindly responded to by Miss Farrant, Miss Stocker, Miss Sweet, Mrs. Shelly, and Miss Beaufort. The four first ladies sent books and magazines, the latter a sum to be expended on books, with which Miss Hope has been able to pur-