

youthful soul to pour forth in genuine sympathy and practical benevolence towards those who are so benighted and degraded, especially when, by reference to the history of our ancient British Saxon and Norman ancestors, it is pointed out that we, without the Gospel should have been in the same darkness and misery.

Closely allied to this, and serving a similar purpose in inspiring the scholars with sympathy for missionary work, is the story of Missionary Heroism.

Show them that our Lord and Saviour not only taught and exhorted His disciples to enter upon and engage heartily in missionary work, but also that He was Himself the great pioneer in the missionary field—that He not only said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel"; but that before He gave the command, He set the example by leaving His own beautiful home in heaven; coming to this sinful world, living the life of a servant; suffering the hunger and thirst of a beggar; enduring the scorn, contempt, hatred and abuse meted out to the most mean and degraded; and at last dying the painful and shameful death of the malefactor; in order that He might buy us back from the bondage to Satan, and give to us the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Glean for them from New Testament fields, and relate to them as graphically as possible the stories of the travels, trials and tribulations of the great missionary Apostle of the Gentiles. Tell them of his glowing zeal and glorious triumphs, as he held on his way, counting not his life dear unto him that he might finish his course with joy. Describe to them the deeds of Patrick and Columba and Augustine, in the early Christian centuries; and show them how glorious a record has been made by their successors in modern times. Relate to them the story of John Eliot, the missionary to the Red men of our own Continent, with his life of unwearied toil and patient gentleness; of David Brainerd's wearing out his soul among savages, while disease was fast consuming his body, his motto being, "My heaven is to please God and to glorify Him";—of Henry Martyn sinking into his lonely grave in plague-stricken India;—of Judson and the horrors of his Burmese prison;—of Bishop Heber, found dead in his bath at Trichinopoly;—of John Williams, dying a martyr's death at Erromanga;—of Allen Gardiner, starved to death in the long winter of an Antarctic island, while on a rock, near which his skeleton was found, he had painted the words, "My soul, wait thou upon God, for my hope is in Him";—of Bishop Mackenzie, sinking through fatigue and fever, in the swamps of the Zambezi, not looking for earthly happiness, as he said to his sister, but to be the "sharer of every one's sorrows, the comforter of every one's grief"; of David Livingstone, the missionary explorer, laying down his life in his African hut, with no

white face near, his last words being, "All I can ask in my solitude is heaven's richest blessing on every one who will help to heal the open sore of the world";—of Coleridge Patteson, the noble martyr-bishop of Melanesia, forsaking the refinements and comforts of his cultivated home, falling a prey to the bludgeons of the savages of the Pacific, whom he had gone to teach, and having his body, with a palm-branch in his folded hands, placed in an open canoe, and launched upon the lonely waters;—of Bishop Hannington, shot down in Central Africa, with his own rifle;—of his successor, Bishop Parker, who so nobly offered himself to fill the breach left open by the martyrdom of Hannington, and of his falling a victim to the deadly malaria; and (though last mentioned, not the least) of the Christian soldier Gordon, and of how, night after night he paced his lonely round, the only white man in a city swarming with dark-skinned traitors, of how each morning a folded handkerchief laid outside his door was the signal that he must not be disturbed during his hour of devotion to his God, of how he fell, stabbed by the cowardly rebel, and died—the noblest soldier-heart that has bled for a quarter of a century;—tell them of these, and assist them to find in the pages of *The Missionary Gleaner*, *The Spirit of Missions*, *THE CANADIAN CHURCH MAGAZINE*, and other publications, the stories of many others who are spending themselves, and are being spent, in order to win the heathen for Christ; and the effect must be to stir up the school to a grand missionary zeal, and perchance, under God, to lead some youthful hero to consecrate his bright young life to the same noble cause, and to win the reward of those who hereafter "shall shine like the stars for ever and ever."

(To be continued.)

OUR PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

NO. 55.—ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, BELLEVILLE.



HIS city was formerly called Meyer's Creek; it was given its present name in 1816 by the then Governor. It was incorporated as a town, 1850.

In January 1878, Belleville became a city by special act of Parliament, having 10,000 inhabitants.

Belleville is beautifully situated, the principal residences being on two hills. Between them runs the river Moira, which here empties into the Bay of Quinte.

The first church built in this section of the country was erected in this city in 1820, on the most beautiful spot in the city, the corner of Bridge and Church Streets, on the eastern side of the river. It was built of brick, many of the