

of a Suffolk living. The retired colonial bishop is a well known figure in clerical circles in England, and whether or not he has a right to the title of semi-feudal respect never withheld from an English prelate is a question often raised.

Dr. Ryan, however, was a man of practical ideas and simple manners, on whom the lawn sleeves sat very easily, and like Gallio he did not trouble himself about these things. That day he gave the people an account of his former diocese, which he said was an archipelago rather than an island, with a strange medley of races, tongues and creeds, and related what his own experience had been in dealing with the Malays and the coolies, the English residents and the descendants of the French and Dutch settlers, and concluded by reminding the assembly that although very few of them were more than three miles from a church, had good roads to travel on, and in many cases horses and carts at their command, there were thousands of Christians in the scattered isles of the Indian ocean who had to traverse long stretches of land and sea on foot, or in slender canoes, if they cared to hear preached to them the Gospel of Christ.

Mr. MacDougal, missionary from Fort Garry, was the next speaker. He was Mr. Bloomfield's guest for the time, and was relied on to give some authentic anecdotes about the great work in the vanguard of civilization. The reader must remember that this was a year or two before the date of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition to the Northwest, when Manitoba was an unknown term even to the educated classes, and to whose minds the Red River and the Assiniboine meant nothing but lines on a map connected with perhaps the wildest of tales about red Indians and trappers. Mr. MacDougal spoke forcibly and well. Something of the freedom of the prairie seemed to be in his mind and manner. He talked about Cree Indians and white squatters, and alluded to the French half breeds as a rather troublesome class. He explained the position of the Hudson Bay Company, and told of his long drives across the country from station to station with the thermometer 40 below zero. He expressed his thanks for the substantial help he and his flock had received from the people of Aspal Stonham, and by way of a peroration sung the following stanza to the good old tune of Canterbury,—

Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on.

A fashionable looking London clergyman in a full clerical suit (by no means common in those days) then mounted the extemporized platform and faced the assembly. His language was polished and his delivery graceful, and he gave some details about the working of the Church Missionary Society, but he seemed to feel that he was speaking over the heads of his audience, so he finished

with a polite reference to Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield and sat down.

The next speaker was an elderly gentleman who had once been an army chaplain and who wore the medal of the Indian mutiny. He had been with the British army at Lucknow during the terrible siege, had known Sir Henry Lawrence, and told tales of Christian heroism on the part of English soldiers of all ranks, and of the extraordinary personal fidelity shown by some of the native servants to their white masters under very trying circumstances, which are the bright spots relieving the darkness of the dismal picture. Then a few lesser lights amongst the clergy followed in quick succession, but still though the afternoon was slipping away and the shadows were lengthening and the farmers were looking at their watches, no one thought of moving, because it was known that the Rev. J. C. Ryle, the handsome and eloquent vicar of Stradbroke had been sitting next to Mrs. Bloomfield for three hours and had not yet been heard from. The most attractive man had been kept to the last, and it was 6 o'clock before the favorite orator was fairly on his legs. Mr. Ryle (he is now the Bishop of Liverpool) was at that time one of the most brilliant of the Suffolk clergy, and his tracts had a large circulation, and were widely read by the country people. He was one of the pillars of the evangelical party and those who did not exactly share his views still acknowledged his ability and felt the spell of his eloquence. When the cheering with which he was greeted had subsided, Mr. Ryle said that previous speakers had left him very little to say, and all he had to do was to finish off what the others had done, and in fact to "plough the headlands of the meeting." The cheers which were again renewed showed how thoroughly the agricultural audience appreciated the happy comparison. Mr. Ryle's powerful voice roused the enthusiasm of the farmers, and though his speech was the last it was listened to with as much attention as any of his predecessors. A few words from the rector followed by the doxology closed this part of the day's observances, and then came the excitement of counting over the contents of the collection plates. There was a nice sprinkling of gold coins found in the heap, crowns and half crowns were of frequent occurrence, shillings were plentiful and the aggregate sum made in sixpences and threepenny bits was quite surprising. Mr. Bloomfield and his immediate circle were more than satisfied, and as the people slowly dispersed in the prolonged twilight of an English summer, the bells which had ushered in the morning service again filled the evening air, bringing to an appropriate end one of the most successful missionary meetings ever held at Aspal Stonham.

Of the eighty-four American and European societies represented at the General Missionary Conference in London last year, twenty-two were "Women's Boards," each sending accredited delegates, more than fifty in number.