

the most devoted and energetic of pioneer missionaries.

At Mr. Gunn's invitation the bishop paid Portsmouth a visit. Many people were very much impressed with his earnest and simple preaching and several were baptised and confirmed by him. The bishop organized a parish and appointed Mr. Gunn lay-reader in charge of it till a clergyman could be secured. The want of Prayer Books was very much felt. It was thought there were none in the village, but at last the printer of the place remembered that he had put away a large number of them, years before, as "unsaleable goods." These were produced and eagerly purchased and at high prices too. One man gave twenty bushels of corn for a Prayer Book, as he had no money. "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed," and all this was largely due to the work of one man, a layman. But from various causes which the bishop and the people could not well control, it was not till the twelfth year after this that a permanent clergyman was secured, and during all that time, Mr. Gunn, as far as a layman could be, was pastor of the flock. When the clergyman arrived he found but twenty-five families, for, of course, it was only the very staunch that held together without the guidance of a rector. Mr. Gunn was now old and somewhat feeble, still the clergyman found him a great help and support till, by a bad accident that happened to him, he was quite disabled and it was evident that his work was done. He was very anxious to see a church built before he should die and one day he called members of the congregation to him and said:—"You know, my friends, that I am not rich and that twice I have lost my all. Yet Providence has given me enough, and my property is now worth a little more than two thousand dollars. Of this I will give one third towards the erection of a church, if you will contribute the remainder of the necessary amount."

The offer was accepted and the money was subscribed. But the good old man did not live to see the church built, for even before the work could be commenced his soul departed to the resting place of the just, and from his memory we may learn how much one man, whether clergyman or layman, may do for the Church of God and her Lord and Master who is in Heaven.

A CERTAIN Queen of Denmark paid a visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and, having learned that he was a family man, graciously enquired how many children he had. It happens that the Danish word for "children" is almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep;" so the worthy bishop—whose

knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her Majesty to ask how many sheep he owned, "Two hundred." "Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, quite astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?" "Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the prelate, with a smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and, when winter comes, I kill and eat them!"

DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

Two little ones, grown tired of play,
Roamed by the sea one summer day,
Watching the great waves come and go,
Prattling, as children will, you know,
Of dolls and marbles, kites and strings,
Sometimes hinting at graver things.

At last they spied within their reach
An old boat cast upon the beach,
Helter-skelter, with merry din,
Over its sides they clambered in—
Ben, with his tangled nut-brown hair,
Bess, with her sweet face flushed and fair.

Rolling in from the briny deep,
Nearer, the great waves creep,
Higher, higher upon the sands,
Reaching out with their giant hands,
Grasping the boat in boisterous glee,
Tossing it up and out to sea.

The sun went down 'mid clouds of gold,
Night came, with footsteps damp and cold,
Day dawned, the hours crept slowly by,
And now, across the sunny sky,
Obscuring fast the light of day,
A black cloud stretches far away.

A storm comes on, with flash and roar,
While all the sky is clouded o'er;
The great waves rolling from the west
Bring night and darkness on their breast,
Still floats the boat through driving storm
Protected by God's powerful arm.

The home-bound vessel, *Seabird*, lies
In ready trim 'twixt sea and skies;
Her captain paces restless now,
A troubled look upon his brow,
While all his nerves with terror thrill
At shadow of some coming ill.

The mate comes up to where he stands
And grasps his arm with eager hands.
"A boat has just swept by," says he,
"Bearing two children out to sea.
'Tis dangerous now to put about,
Yet they cannot be saved without."

"Naught but their safety will suffice;
They must be saved," the captain cries,
"By every thought that's just and right,
By lips I hoped to kiss to-night,
I'll peril vessel, life and men,
And God will not forsake me then,"

With anxious faces, one and all,
Each man responded to his call;
And when at last, through driving storm,
They lifted up each little form,
The captain started with a groan—
"My God!" he cried, "they are my own!"