

eign soldiers, he convened a council over which he presided, the Archbishop of Canterbury seated on his right hand and the Archbishop of York on his left; but at that council he heard much plain speaking, which convinced him that the bishops and clergy of England had by no means submissive feelings toward his lord and master, the pope.

But the position of the archbishop was most trying. Whenever he attempted to enforce discipline upon his own clergy, he was met with an appeal to the pope. Instead of being, as he was entitled to be from his position, the legal and spiritual adviser of the king, he found a foreign deacon ever whispering in the monarch's ear and living near him in all the magnificence of an exalted office. With the hope of getting some redress, the archbishop left England in 1238 for Rome, to hold a personal interview with Pope Gregory IX., from whom he had a right to expect a much better reception than that which was accorded him. The pope evidently had no place for archbishops that were not, body and soul, submissive to him. St. Edmund returned to England with a heavy heart, only to find Otho, the deacon, still in high favor with the king—the only bright spot being the desire of the legate to leave the country because of the strong popular feeling against him. But the power of the king kept him at his post, and when, in 1239, a young prince was born (afterwards the heroic Edward I.), it was Otho, the deacon, who was appointed to baptize him. In the interests of peace the archbishop yielded, and officiated himself immediately after the christening at the confirmation of the unconscious infant. Thus we see an evident condition of irregularity creeping into the Church of England—an irregularity destined, in time, to bear bitter fruit.

The king's object was obtained. His own archbishop was humiliated. A foreign power was exalted in his own land. Edmund tried to correct abuses, his last attempt being that regarding vacant bishoprics. The king was allowed to have the emoluments of vacant bishoprics. On the death, therefore, or translation of a bishop, it was to the interest of the king to keep the diocese vacant as long as possible. The archbishop succeeded in getting this abuse redressed in England, but the king induced the pope to refuse his consent to the measure, and thus it was found that in ecclesiastical matters England could no longer legislate for herself. Broken in spirit, shattered in health, worn out and attenuated, the godly archbishop withdrew from his own country to the monastery at Pontigny. Here had Thomas à Becket found a place of refuge, and here, too, had rested Stephen Langton, and now Edmund of Abingdon, in the year 1240, sought quietude for a few months before his earthly career should close. Finding the climate of Pontigny

too warm, he withdrew to the priory of Soissy, near Provins, and there on the 20th of November (1240), lying on the cold ground, he died. His poor emaciated body was carried to Pontigny, where it was buried, and pilgrimages from England were often made to the shrine of the holy St. Edmund. Six years later, after a great deal of controversy, in which many wonderful things were told of the departed archbishop, his name was enrolled, with much solemnity, among the canonized saints "whom the Lord had distinguished with countless miracles."

## THE ARCTIC INDIAN'S FAITH.

BY THE LATE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

From "Songs of the Great Dominion," Walter Scott, publisher, London, Eng.

We worship the Spirit that walks unseen  
Through our land of ice and snow;  
We know not His face, we know not His place,  
But His presence and power we know.

Does the buffalo need the pale-face word  
To find his pathway far?  
What guide has he to the hidden ford,  
Or where the green pastures are?  
Who teaches the moose that the hunter's gun  
Is peering out of the shade?  
Who teaches the doe and the fawn to run  
In the track the moose has made?

Him do we follow, Him do we fear,  
The Spirit of earth and sky;  
Who hears with the wapiti's eager ear  
His poor red children's cry;  
Whose whisper we note in every breeze  
That stirs the birch canoe;  
Who hangs the reindeer-moss on the trees  
For the food of the caribou.

The Spirit we worship, who walks unseen  
Through our land of ice and snow;  
We know not His face, we know not His place,  
But His presence and power we know.

A MISSIONARY tells the following story: "I want to send home, among other curios, some idols that have actually been used in worship," said a traveller we lately met in China. 'Can you help me in the matter?' 'Hardly, I fear,' was the reply. 'I never heard of priests or people selling such articles. But next day, wending our way through the streets of the native city of Shanghai to our mission church, we bethought us to make enquiry, on our friend's behalf, at a shop where we had often stopped to survey the hideous deities of wood and plaster arrayed in the open window front, and to watch the manufacture of such images going on within. To our surprise a good supply of second-hand images was produced for our inspection. 'How do you get these?' we asked. 'The people, when they are in want of food, bring them here to pawn.'"



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