

—as we will; we may obey this command or not—as we will; but whether we take share or not, whether we obey or not, Christ's words can never fall to the ground. This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, by whomsoever it is done. These words come to us from the lips—and we may believe—from the heart of the Saviour, and we shall be taking the part He would have us to take, even if we help to save but one soul from the darkness of heathendom. To some, the subject of missions is not an attractive one—they question whether there is any good done—whether it is not all a failure. But, consider; if we kneel and thank God for our many spiritual privileges—for the many Eucharists that we have been permitted to make—for all that we value most; can it be that we have any right to keep all to ourselves, as if we alone dwelt in the Saviour's heart—we alone were the objects of His love?

How can these nations who know Him not learn unless they be taught? How can they hear without a preacher? It rests with us—if we may not go ourselves—at least to send forth and support the messengers of truth. The appeal especially comes home to us of the Canadian Church. Are we seeking to do this, even at the cost of some self-denial to ourselves? It is often asked, What has been done through all these years of missionary effort? Has anything really been accomplished? What is being done now? Yes; something has been done. Take these figures relating to the work of one-half century: Eighty-four bishoprics have been founded in colonial and heathen lands; 14,000 clergy are now employed—a vast increase over the number in the past; there are many special societies doing all in their power to send forth men and means; there are some 8,000 lay workers—men and women working alongside the clergy—seeking to enlarge the borders of Christ's kingdom. Everywhere, in every land, our men of the Anglican branch of the Church Catholic are to be found.

Again, it is asked, Are you simply extending your own branch of the Church in these far-off lands—seeking to make Anglican converts? Not so; churches are being built up among these various peoples, ministered to in many instances by native clergymen—of whom there are now at least 800—one with us in faith and doctrine—bound by the same ordination vows and with the same right to minister at God's holy altar. Yes, there is work being done; albeit, some have ventured to say—despite our Lord's own words—that it has all been failure. Tokens of God's approval have not been wanting amid all the difficulties and discouragements, which have been so bravely, so heroically met. The very characters of the workers gives the work a claim upon our help and sympathy. To the honor of our church be it said, we too have had our saints and martyrs; men

such as Bishop Patteson and Bishop Hannington, who laid down their lives willingly in the Master's cause; such as Bishop Tucker, who went out at once to fill Bishop Hannington's place, where he has since bravely and faithfully labored. Has not the Church of our day its saints of God—its martyrs of God?

Look back for fifty years—here is a picture of what was happening then in British Guiana, on the banks of the Essequibo river, of which we have heard so much lately. The only dwellers in that region were four Indian tribes, who never met except in cruel Indian warfare. In 1840, one young man filled with missionary zeal went alone among these savage people, lived in a half-ruined hut, the only dwelling permitted to him, utterly despised by the natives for his lack of skill in all that they prized. He could not fish, he could not hunt, he could not manage a canoe; in their eyes he was only contemptible; yet he was a man of parts and power—one who would have succeeded in any profession or calling he had chosen in his own land. He suffered from fever, from the climate, from the dreariest loneliness; still he lived on for five long years, patient as you and I would scarcely conceive of patience. Then, like Nicodemus, one man came by night—the herald of the many who were to follow.

Eleven years later the scene is very different—there is the venerable figure of Bishop Austen; the young missionary is there; and there, too, a thousand Indian converts, already baptized; of these large numbers kneel together to receive the Holy Communion—men of different tribes, who before met only in the bitterest warfare.

Many years follow of earnest, chequered labor, and in 1868 we have the same Bishop gathering the harvest of the same heroic worker's toil. Another tribe, hitherto inaccessible to Christ, had been won. The scene seems almost to belong to the earliest times.

In the depths of the forest, below the Great Falls of the Demerara river, they stand on the river bank, and the sacrament of Holy Baptism is administered to 240 men and women and 145 children by the Bishop's hands. Had this man failed even as men count failure?

I say in the character of the workers—strong, gentle, patient, and faithful—missionaries have a claim upon our support. You and I, as members of the Canadian Church, are called upon to send help to one special mission field—we are responsible for work already undertaken in Japan. Mr. Waller, who is known personally to many among us, writes of their many needs, rouses our sympathy, perhaps—but what is done? These mission workers have no houses,—such as are needed by those going from this climate. It is a very bitter thing for a man to see his family suffering! And we are unable to build them any houses for lack of means!